THE

Cottage of Pella,

A TALE OF PALESTINE:

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN HOLLAND,

Author of "Sheffield Park," &c.

"It is now no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem!"

"And I must bear thee with me, where are met,
In Pella, the neglected church of Christ."

Milman's Fall of Jerusalem.

Sheffield:

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1821.
TO

THE REV. H. H. MILMAN,

VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, READING,

Author of "The Fall of Jerusalem,"

THE

FOLLOWING POEM,

CONNECTED WITH THE SAME GREAT EVENTS,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR,

Sheffield Park, April 23, 1821.
PREFACE.

The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and the Roman arms, and the calamities attending the siege of that city, as detailed by Josephus, who was an eye-witness, present a series of events the most afflicting, and attended with circumstances the most remarkable, of any recorded in history. Portents, prodigies, and miracles,—those terrible realities of the Jewish historian,—present a system of supernatural agency, compared with which the fictions of the Greek and Roman poets dwindle into insignificance.—The recollection of these events is doubtless fresh and powerful in the mind of every reader of history.

Every person conversant with the New Testament, will also recollect the predictions of the Messiah relative to this catastrophe; and his injunction, commanding the Christians to retire, when they beheld the imprecation of the Jews, "His blood be on us and our children," about to overtake them. Milner, on the authority of Eusebius, thus records the completion of the prophecy, and the escape of the followers of Christ:—"What became of the Christian Jews, alone concerns us; the congregation were commanded by an oracle, revealed to the best approved amongst them, that before the wars began, they should depart from the city, and inhabit a village beyond Jordan called Pella*; thither they retired, and were saved from the destruction.

* This town was inhabited by gentiles; it was situated in the half tribe of Manasseh, on the other side of Jordan from Jerusalem, near the torrents of Hieromaces, and formed one of the boundaries of Perea.
tion which soon after overwhelmed their countrymen; and in so
retiring, they at once observed the precept, and fulfilled the
well-known prophecy of their Saviour," A. D. 68.—Milner's
Hist. Church, vol. i. p. 100.

Often has my imagination wandered to this interesting So-
ciety of Christians, concerning which the paucity of historical
information allowed me to model appearances according to my
own fancy; and when Poetry became the flattering delight of my
leisure and my hopes, this subject expanded as the vision of my
mind; they were cherished together, like two lovely infants,
which parental wishes intended hereafter to become one in in-
terest and affection.

But since,

"first this dream of ancient times
Warm on my fancy glow'd,
And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes
The song of wonder flow'd,"

a bolder genius has grouped together the mighty events, and
brought into dramatic action the sublime machinery connected
with "The Fall of Jerusalem." To Mr. Milman's splendid
Poem, which I did not read till my own was completed, and
which is as much beyond my imitation as above my praise,
"The Cottage of Pella" would only aspire to the honour of an
episode.

If, in transplanting a company of Christians from Palestine
to Arabia *, I have violated no historical authority, I trust the
poetica licentia will be a sufficient apology for the absence of
facts, though hardly so for any want of keeping; or graphic de-

* The Jews fled in great numbers into Arabia from the
fearful destruction of their country by the Romans, where they
made many proselytes; Christianity had likewise made very
great progress among this nation before the time of Mohammed;
whether St. Paul preached in any part of Arabia, properly so
called, is uncertain.
facts, for which the writer has no apology to offer, nor criticism to deprecate, although his personal circumstances might justly entitle him to the privilege of both.

The following anecdote from Abulfeda, as it is related by Sale in the preliminary discourse prefixed to his translation of the Koran, shall close these introductory remarks:—The Christians at Hira received great accessions by several tribes who fled there from persecution. All Nooman, surnamed Abukabus, King of Hira, who was slain a few months before Mohammed’s birth, professed himself a Christian on the following occasion:—This prince, in a drunken fit, ordered two of his intimate companions, who, overcome with liquor, had fallen asleep, to be buried alive; when he came to himself, he was extremely concerned at what he had done, and to expiate the crime, not only raised a monument to the memory of his friends, but set apart two days, one of which he called the unfortunate, and the other his fortunate day, making it a perpetual custom to himself, that whosoever met him on the former day, should be slain, and his blood sprinkled on the monument; but he that met him on the other day should be dismissed in safety with magnificent gifts. On one of these unfortunate days, there came before him, accidentally, an Arab of the tribe of Tay, who had once entertained this King, when fatigued with hunting, and separated from his attendants; the King, who could neither discharge him, contrary to the order of the day, nor put him to death, contrary to the laws of hospitality, which the Arabians religiously observe, proposed as an expedient, to give the unhappy man a year’s respite, and to send him home with rich gifts, for the support of his family, on condition that he found a surety for his returning at the year’s end to suffer death. One of the Prince’s court, out of compassion, offered himself as his surety, and the Arab was discharged. When the last day of the term came, and no news of the Arab, the King, not at all displeased to save his host’s life, ordered the surety to prepare himself to die. Those who were by, represented to the King,
that the day was not yet spent, and therefore he ought to have patience till the evening; but in the middle of their discourse, the Arab appeared. The King, admiring the man's generosity, in offering himself to certain death, enquired what was his religion; he answered, Christian; upon which the King, desiring the doctrines of Christianity to be explained to him, was baptized, he and his subjects; and not only pardoned the man and his surety, but abolished the barbarous custom."—SALE's Prelim. Diss. Koran, v. i., p. 31., 8vo. edit.

J. H.

Sheffield Park, April, 1821.
PROÈM.

O why in poverty is genius felt?
—Fancy 'midst toil?
Hath Providence a humble birth-right dealt?
Then till the soil;—

Or urge the craftsman’s tool, nor hope nor think
That fame’s reward
Will timely interpose, nor let thee sink
An unknown bard!

Nor hope nor think that patronage will reach
A hand to bless;
Too sad experience may at last but teach
Unblest success.

I once had thoughts and hopes and dreams like these;
And where are they?
Gone like the leaves from yon deciduous trees,—
Sun-beams in May!
Hope is fallacious; and those moody hours,

Indulged at first,

Might whisper promise to some infant powers,

By genius nurst.

Was it a cherish'd, dear-indulged deceit?

Yet wherefore past?

While it remain'd, its fallacies were sweet—

Too sweet to last.

I have not worshipp'd women, wine, nor wealth;

But gave to thee

Twilight, and darkness, and the flower of health,

Sweet Poesy!

If this hath been the idol of my heart,

Eternal Name!

Cancel the guilt;—we hence for ever part,

I and my shame.

My shame, my pride, my solace and my snare,

Can I forget?

Not till the dust this anxious bosom bear,

Or reason set.

O Thou who lead'st in harmony sublime

Earth and the spheres;

Guide me; nor let the transient things of time

Absorb my years!
PROEM.

Up to the Fountain whence my spirit flow'd,
Still let it rise,
Till death shall dissipate the mortal cloud
That veils my eyes!

My powers, my weakness, all that I have built
In rhyming strain;
Howe'er remote from injury or from guilt,
Pride may disdain.

But let not these sweet flowers from Palestine
Fade on the hand,
That cull'd them on so rich a soil as thine,
Thou Holy Land!

The wreath is bound, and haply some kind hearts
May deign regard,
And share the fragrance, which the theme imparts,
With PELLA's bard!

Sheffield Park, April, 1821.
THE

COTTAGE OF PELLA.
PART I.

BERNICE, a Christian female, walking in the neighbourhood of Pella, is accosted by a Jewess who has survived the destruction of Jerusalem and her own kindred—She inquires if Pella did not escape the consequences of the war—Bernice gives an account of the apostacy and flight of her husband.

Bernice. "Evening Star! now tranquil sleep
Reigns o'er twilight's balmy trance,
I my lonely vigils keep,
While the shadowy hours advance.

"Evening star! whose azure throne
He who spans yon concave built;
Bound in ocean's watery zone,
Are there islands free from guilt?

"Evening star! who canst beguile
E'en this hour of wonted rest,
Are there homes beneath thy smile,
Always happy, always blest?
"Evening star! whose silvery eye
Beams complacent and serene,
Dost thou light beneath the sky
Realms where war hath never been?

"Ah! for war hath crush'd this land—
Land of Canaan—land of God;
Galilee! thy mournful strand
E'en by fishermen untrod.

"Of Judea's woes, their part
PELLA's cottages still feel;
And this bruised and widow'd heart
Time—may soothe, but Heaven must heal.

"Israel's daughter, 'midst her woes,
O'er the Holy City weeps;
Where Jerusalem proudly rose,
Now Jerusalem lies in heaps!

"Buried 'midst her thousand slain,
With her captives carried far,
A deserter o'er the plain,
Or a hostage of her war;—
One, the subject of my prayer,
Lies in death, or abject roams;
Evening star, oh tell me where!
Jesus, guide him to these homes!

When Bernice ceased her hymn,
And for lost Elisaph wept—
Sad of heart, but light of limb,
O'er the path a Jewess stept:

Her's were looks, whose converse brief
Fixes our esteem or hate;
Robed in negligence of grief
Was her angel form and gait.

Jewess. "Christian, wherefore weep'st thou here?
Thine have not in battle stood;—
Fall'n, left thee a stricken herd,
Part of Judah's widowhood!

From Jerusalem's bitter curse
PELLA's cottages were spared"—

Bernice. "Jewess, widow'd, yea or worse,
I thy country's griefs have shared."
JEWESS. "Did the Roman legions, then,
Trample PELLA's peaceful fields?
Ravages of steeds or men,
None this hidden valley yields.

"Did the Patriarch of your sect
Feel the vengeance of our foes?
Even war must sure respect
Homes of harmlessness like those."

BERNICE. "Thou dost not with taunts upbraid,
Like thy fathers' smitten race;
Wherefore, Jewess, hast thou stray'd
Near this desecrated place?

"Hated, spurn'd—"

JEWESS. "Ah, Christian, cease;
I nor hate nor spurn this scene;
Would within its fence of peace
That my father's house had been!

"Would I here had been a guest,
And my parents, brothers too;
Orphan'd, outcast, and unblest,
Thus I had not mourn'd for you!"
"But I feel my heart, with thine,
Holds communion sad and deep;
While thy tears thus flow with mine,
Tell me, Hast thou cause to weep?

"Art thou widow'd here indeed?"

**BERNICE.** "When the martial trumpets blew,
Rousing man and battle-steed,
And the cohort banners flew;—

"While the forces of the fight
Muster'd from the realms afar;
Long and black o'er yonder height
Roll'd the thunder clouds of war.

"Flash ing down the mountain's side,
From their arms while lightnings broke,
Then was stirr'd my husband's pride,
Then of Salem's foes he spoke:—

"Trembling how to be untrue
To his spouse, his faith, his sire,
While within him all the Jew
Urged the half-unhidden fire."
"Did he not disclose to thee
Schemes on which his purpose dwelt?"

"He became reserved to me,
Less he said, as more he felt.

"Oft his fingers seem'd to grasp
Something in delirious sleep;
Then his infant he would clasp,
Bid us both farewell, and weep."

Memory's pangs now rent afresh,
Wounds time strove in vain to heal;
Yet such pangs her trembling flesh
Deem'd it luxury to feel.

"Cease thy tale—O spare thy grief!
PELLA's cottages are near."

"Jewess, it is sad but brief,
Wilt thou not the sequel hear?"

"Kindred misery loves to feed
On the fellowship of woe;
With thy story, then, proceed,
Though our kindred sorrows flow."
COTTAGE OF FELLA.

Bernice. "Not unmoved his sire beheld,
How he loathed each holy rite;
Thither still his feet impell'd,
But his soul's unhallow'd flight—

"Bore him where Jerusalem's domes
O'er her proud besiegers beam'd,
And where round his kindred's homes
Ensigns and artillery gleam'd.

"And his mother wept to think,
How, if he the faith betray'd,
She in death must quickly sink,—
Leave her son a renegade.

"Prayers, intreaties, tears were vain;—
He had vanish'd ere the dawn;
In the dews our sorrowing train
Traced his footsteps o'er the lawn.

"Sorrow brought his sire's gray hairs
Near the grave; but God at length
Gave our Patriarch to our prayers—
Gave to age its wonted strength:
"But our mother sunk in death!
O'er her venerable lips,
Prayerful and prophetic breath
Sanctified life's last eclipse.

"While in agony our sire
Wrestled for her soul's release,
O'er her came a holy fire,—
Soothed her spirit into peace:

" 'Jesus, to thy love I bow;
God will yet restore my son;
Lord, receive my spirit now!'
—And the breath of life was gone."

END OF FIRST PART.
PART II.

The two females walking towards Pella, the Jewess relates how her parents were murdered at the siege of Jerusalem—Professes herself a believer, and requests leave to reside with the Christians at Pella; and is received by the Patriarch—The discovery of the bracelet.

Kindly while the strangers talk'd,
Each to each still dearer grew;
Onward as they slowly walk'd,
Nearer Pella's homes they drew.

Bernice. "Yon embowering lindens rise
O'er the green sepulchral sod,
Where our mother's body lies,
While her spirit rests with God.

"Yonder, by devotion driven;
Have I seen our father kneel,—
Spread his wither'd arms to heaven,
Stir his soul's intensest zeal."
Jewess. "Ah! 'tis happiness to see
E'en the graves where kindred lie;
Happiness denied to me,
Last of all my kindred I!

"But they have no burial-place
'Midst Jerusalem's smouldering fanes;
There, with Judah's perish'd race,
Lie their scorch'd and pierced remains.

"Once, I saw my brothers dwell,
Meek in peace as unwean'd twins;
Lions in the war!—they fell,
Cover'd with their country's sins;

"I had parents; but the sword
Spared not e'en the hoary head;
At the altar of the Lord,
There my aged father bled!

"While his corse the frantic wife
Clasp'd, the steel was at her heart;
Kindred flow'd their streams of life—
Death and murder could not part.
"O'er them, like a wolf at bay,
Stood an iron-sinew'd shape;
Death was mercy in that day,
When 'twas misery to escape!

"Thither; thither, quick I ran,
-Wooed his stroke with suppliant breath;
But the cruel-hearted man
E'en denied the boon of death!

"Thence I rush'd; but through the fight,
Safely, as a spirit, past;
Not an arm was raised to smite,
Not a stone at me was cast.

"Months and moons seem'd brief and slow,
While I wander'd, spirit-bound;
Yet no friend so kind as thou
Hath my broken spirit found.

"Christian, wilt thou soothe my state,
Lead me to some resting-place?
Nor in Abraham's daughter hate
All the guilt of Abraham's race!"
Navigating in the wilderness, Pilgrims in this wilderness
him thy fathers crucified.
Canst thou own, adore, confess?

"I adore, confess, and kneel!"
And she knelt, and spread her hands—
"Saved for this from fire and steel;
Saved for this from murd'rous bands.

"I would pass through fire and flood,
Could the faith I now embrace,
From the guiltiness of blood
Cleanse my fathers' recreant race."

"Penitent, should lightnings fierce
Flash through persecution's storm,
Or a sword thy spirit pierce,
How shall stand thy feeble form?

"Then apostacy——"

"Then know,
I would meet the martyring knife."

"Heaven has register'd that vow,
Keep it as eternal life."
"But the evening shadows fall,  
Pella's glen the path beguiles—  
Hark, I hear my Hephza call,  
Angel of her grandsire's smiles.

"Haste we now!" Adown the slope  
Pass'd the lovely Christian twain;  
Their's the sisterhood of hope,  
Their's the fellowship of pain.

Dews had fallen on Hermon's hill,  
Where it dimly rose afar;  
Kedron's vale was lone and still,  
O'er it hung the evening star.

Soon they cross'd a narrow brook,  
Reach'd the Christian's dwelling-place;  
'Twas a sweet sequester'd nook,  
Bless'd with heaven's peculiar grace.

Bernice. "Father, Salem's daughter comes  
To implore your blessing here."

Christian Patriarch.  
"Welcome, stranger, to our homes  
Welcome to this frugal cheer."
Bread, and figs, and milk-seethed rice,
Fresh, and sweet as mountain-flowers,
Crown'd a board, which Paradise
Might have spread in sinless bowers.

Soon the plain refectio done,
And the benediction said,
Thus the patriarch sire begun:

*Patr.* “Stranger, wherefore hither led?”

*Bernice.* “Father, drifted on the waves,
Like a sea-weed cast a-shore,
Her I found by Pella’s graves;
She believes—we part no more.”

Like a rock, by surge and storm
Dash’d below, but calm above,
Rose the patriarch’s reverend form,
In an atmosphere of love.

Like a rock, whose snows sublime
Greet the hoary vale below,
O’er his head the frosts of time
Match’d his beard’s unsullied snow
While he pour'd, in baptism's rite,
O'er Rebekah's head the flood,
He, a venerable sight,
Like the risen Baptist stood.

Round his loins a leathern belt
Girt his coat of camel's hair:
With a heaven-ward look he knelt,
And preferr'd a solemn prayer.

When he rose, Rebekah's arm
Clasp'd her sister's bosom round;
Quick Bernice, as some charm,
Smote her—swoon'd—sunk on the ground.

**PATR.** "Haste for water! Prop her head!"

In with water Hephza sprung.

**HEPHZA.** "Mother!—see, she dies!—she's dead!"

Sobb'd the child, and round her clung.

Soon sensation through her frame
With her fluttering mind return'd,
And she sigh'd Elisaph's name,
Whom her stricken spirit mourn'd.
Paleness linger'd on her cheek,
And her restless eye look'd wild;
Faintly while she strove to speak,
To her heart she press'd her child.

**Bernice to Rebekah.**

"Thou wilt not my suit resist;
—Are my worst suspicions true?
Whence that bracelet on thy wrist?
—Here its plighted fellow view!

"Have I felt a double death?
Do I yet survive to prove
His apostacy from faith—
His perfidiousness in love?"

**Rebe.**  "Those suspicions are not true;
I his perjured love disclaim!—
Morning shall the theme renew,
See, expires the cresset's flame."

END OF SECOND PART.
PART III.

The Jewess, Rebekah, continues her account of the siege—Relates her interview with Elisaph, the husband of Bernice, how he was wounded—Sought her dwelling, gave her the bracelet, and again rushed into battle.

BERNICE. "Let Rebekah now proceed;

Let the tale unsoften'd flow;

We were misery's twins indeed,

Faith has made us sisters now.

"Hephza, trim the dying lamp;

Stir the embers in the grate;

Nought can now my spirit damp;

They have borne the heavier weight."

PATR. "Age, requiring needful rest,

Pleads the privilege to retire;

Bless thee, daughter! Bless thee, guest!"

REBE. "Farewell, Christian!"

BERNICE. "Farewell, sire."
"Ah, my father's feeble strength
Shrinks from what thou mayst disclose;
Come, pursue thy tale at length,
Though to me a tale of woes."

_RERE._
"Long and needless 'twere to tell,
Sternly how our brethren stood,
Till their ravaged dwellings fell—
Flamed—and quench'd their flames in blood.

"How, o'er forty thousand slain,
Fell Jotapa's ruin'd wall;
(There my brother press'd the plain,)
Not a man survived its fall!

"How, when lightnings cleft the skies,
And an earthquake heaved the ground;
Judas, and his fierce allies,
Dealt their massacres around.

"How, while slowly hope expired,
Vengeance claim'd each bolder part,
And like life's last blood retired
To the citadel—the heart:
"Till our triple walls embraced
Twice three hundred thousand men;
These, fire, rapine, murder chased—
Human tigers round their den!

"Faction leagued her wildest schemes;
Hadst thou heard each impious prayer!
When enthusiasm's maddest dreams
Were but preludes of despair.

"Twas while carnage paused an hour,
All was wrapp'd in lurid gloom,
Titus in Antonio's tower
Ponder'd on our city's doom.

"When, lo! o'er the welkin came
Direful gleams of ruddy light; —
'Twas the Temple's bursting flame
Chased the darkness of the night.

"Battle, shout, nor war-steed's hoof
Through our silent suburb broke;
I, alone, was on the roof,
When a warrior thus bespoke: —
'Maiden, thou has often bound
Salem's wounded sons to-day,
Wilt thou bind a stranger's wound?'—

Stranger, I would fain obey.

But I dare not trust thy speech;—
Onward!—when this street is pass'd,
Dwells an old experienced leech—

Maiden, I am fainting fast!

Soon I heard him sigh, and fall,
Dreading still his frown to meet;
Then I heard him feebly call,
Through the stillness of the street.

Now I ventured to the spot,
Where he lay upon the ground;
But his eye announced me not,
Till I staunch'd and swathed his wound.

Doubly blest for that thy deed,
Sister!—but thy tale pursue:
How and wherefore did he bleed?
Tell me, for I never knew.
COTTAGE OF PELLA.

REBE. "Slowly he revived at length,
     Call'd the spirit from its trance ;
     Aided by my feeble strength,
     Homeward now we both advance.

     "On a couch his manly form
     Sought to snatch a brief repose ;
     But we heard the battle's storm
     Raining vengeance on his foes.

     "'Stranger,' said I, faint with fear,
     'Words of truth and kindness speak,—
     Wherefore hast thou wander'd here,
     Wounded as thou art and weak?'

WARRIOR. "'Jewess, I will tell thee brief,
     Wherefore I have wander'd here;
     It will give my soul relief,
     Let it soothe thy needless fear.

     "'Wedged in phalanx firm we stood
     Round the Temple of the Lord,
     Slippery was the hill with blood,
     Red with slaughter was the sword:
"Dreadful rush'd the Roman swarms;
Round the holy House they press'd;
Burying our vindictive arms
Each infuriated breast!

"When a frantic soldier came,
Snatch'd an unextinguish'd brand;
Through a golden window's frame
Hurl'd it with an impious hand.

"Smote by an unerring dart,—
Instant his convulsive strength,
Through my arm and near my heart,
Drove his weapon's glittering length.

"Now the cedar-cloisters blazed,
O'er the roofs the flames aspire;
Some in stupid horror gazed,
Some ran wildly through the fire.

"While my strength obey'd, I ran,
Whither caring not at all;
Wretchedness betide the man,
That survives his country's fall!
"I will not survive!"—And then
From the couch he strove to rise;
Strengthless down he sank again;
Troubled slumber closed his eyes.

"When the lurid morning brake,
From Perea's rocky bounds
(At the thought my spirits quake)
Echoed dreadful groans and sounds.

"I was roused from musings deep,
Where I watch'd beside his bed:—
Starting from delirious sleep,
WARIOR. 'What, and whence those sounds?' he said.

"'Maiden, to the roof ascend;
Victory! or defeat!—'Tis o'er!'
REBE. "'Now,' I cried, 'our glories end,
God's own House exists no more!

"'Clouds of smoke the welkin fill,
Bursting from each blazing room,
One great altar Zion's hill,
Piled with Judah's hecatomb!
"In their sins and in their blood,
Lo, the holocaust expires!
Where God's pure-flamed altar stood,
Ravens war's unhallow'd fires.'

WARRIOR. "Does our Temple not exist?
Thou and I must perish both!
By this bracelet on my wrist—
By—' and he suppress'd the oath.

"Nay, but thou mayst yet survive;
For my sake this token wear;
Thou mayst yet embrace alive
One who does its fellow bear!"

"Now the bracelet he unhasp'd
From his arm, and on my own
He the golden cincture clasp'd,
While I trembled in his frown.

WARRIOR. "Lord, rebuke the spoiler's boast!
Angel of destruction, rise!
Slay them like Sennacherib's host!
Wield the lightning from the skies!"
“‘Land, by patriarchs, prophets trod,
Yawn!—embed them in thy womb!
Armies of the living God,
Rise vindictive from the tomb!”

“Thus he imprecated loud;
Then he sprang to meet the foe.
Whether death his spirit bow’d;—
Whether vengeance laid him low;—

“Or if he may yet return
To his God, his home, his wife,
Sister, I cannot discern:
Providence protect his life!”

B E R N I C E. “Thank thee for thy tale of grief;
Past the middle watch of night;
Rest may give the soul relief,
Joy may bring the morning light.”
PART IV.

Two strangers arrive in the neighbourhood of Pella; they accost an old man, who informs them that the Patriarch is on the point of death, when the Christians must leave Pella—He mentions the apostacy of Elisaph, who falls at his feet—They reach the cottage of the Patriarch, who receives his returning son:

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**Bright** on Carmel's golden crest
Morning's new-born lustres shone,
While each valley's fruitful breast
Slowly loosed its shadowy zone:

When two strangers thither came,
Toil-subdued, and faint, and slow;
Their dejected looks the same,
As allied to kindred woe.

One, a son of Roman pride;
One, a Jew of Abraham's seed;
Enmity personified,
Here a zealot's eye might read.
But the Roman and the Jew
Here were enemies no more;
Each could mutual vows renew,
That their deadly feud was o'er.

*Elisaph.* "Dost thou yon sequester'd nook,
Past that olive clump, behold,
Just across the little brook
Flowing as with ruddy gold?"

*Roman.* "Aye; it seems a lovely spot."

*Elisaph.* "That is Pella."

*Roman.* "Thrilling name!
Ne'er to be by me forgot—
Scene of glory, scene of shame!

"When our Roman legions lay
Round Jerusalem's leaguer'd wall,
While with dreadful odds the day
Hung o'er its protracted fall;—

"On a plundering party sent,
March'd a death-defying band;
I the fearless foremost went—
Shew'd the passes of the land:
"When we reach'd that village-bound,
Each his fellow's shadow fear'd:
'Midst the silence reigning round,
Not a human form appear'd.

"First of that marauding troop,
I espied an open door;
There a venerable group
In devotion spread the floor.

"O'er the rest a figure stood,
And, with uplift hands and eyes,
Seem'd as common flesh and blood
Did not there obtest the skies.

"Withering in his sacred mien,
Though his eye beheld me not,
I, transfixed before that scene,
Stood, and scarce could quit the spot!

"Thither, when my friends were brought,
Through each palsied limb they shook;
While our knees grew weak, and smote,
We, unspoil'd, that spot forsook.
"Never can that scene depart,
Nor that form from memory fade;
'Twas an arrow through my heart;
Yet I feel the wound it made.

"But a Father comes this way—
To the Father. 'Peace and blessings, holy man!
Thou art risen with the day;
Health and years attend thy plan.'"

OLD CH. "Strangers, wherefore early thus
PELLA's secret vale explore?
Seek ye here to dwell with us—
This our dwelling place no more!"

ELISAPH. "Father, all but words of truth
Sure those saintly lips eschew?"
And his eye rebuked the youth,
While they thus the theme renew:

OLD CH. "Rise and set to-morrow's sun,
And this valley we forsake;
Yet e'er those brief hours be run
Many a Christian's heart must ache."
ELISAPH. "Is your ancient Patriarch,  
And his aged spouse, alive,  
Reverend sire? Or do I mark  
One who does them both survive?"

OLD CH. "Ah! our Patriarch, full of years,  
Ripe for glory, waits to die;  
Ere the sun, which now appears,  
In the west conceals his eye.—

"O'er his body, dead and cold,  
We this night shall wake and weep;  
Thus a dream from God foretold  
In his last and latest sleep."

ELISAPH. "But his consort, is she dead?"

OLD CH. "Down with sorrow to the dust  
Sank her venerable head,  
Stricken by a son unjust!"

Smote by the reproof, the youth  
Wither'd in the Christian's look;  
Pierced his heart the cutting truth,  
While his every muscle shook.
Nathan once, the royal seer,
Thus his awful charge began,
When to guilty David's ear,
He pronounced, 'Thou art the man!'

**ELISAPH.** "I am he!" Then clasp'd his feet.
"That apostate from your fold,
How shall I my father meet,—
How my mother's grave behold!

"I have other, dearer ties,—
Are my wife and child alive?
Or do I, of all I prize,
Relict of my race, survive?"

**OLD CH.** "Haste, a father's dying breath
Thy forgiveness waits to seal;
As restored from double death
Thy Bernice's heart will feel."

Much the silent Roman felt,
Nor suppress'd the labouring sigh;
Often did his feelings melt,
Oft o'erflow'd his pitying eye.
They together sought the glen;
First, the father mark'd the road,
Leading those wayfaring men
To the dying saint's abode.

Soon they reach a simple scene,—
PELLA's tree-sequester'd graves,
Where the olive ever-green
'Midst sepulchral silence waves.

Here, ELISAPH's mother lay;
From the dust her spirit cried;
Trembling through the kindred clay,
Here he felt a matricide.

In an agony of prayer
Here he knelt, imploring Heaven,
Till hope triumph'd o'er despair—
Faith reveal'd his guilt forgiven.

Quick they pass'd the cottage gate,
Enter'd now the Patriarch's room;
On a couch upraised he sate;—
Calmly look'd beyond the tomb.
Gazing on his tranquil mien,
His endear'd attendants wept;
And like angels 'midst the scene
Instant, anxious watch they kept.

Such a season—such a sight!
Years into that moment press'd;
When the scandal of his flight
Rush'd on the returning guest.

Instant, and Elisaph's arms,
Wife, and child, and sire embraced;
New-born hope and wild alarms
Through each breast in tumult chased.

Mutual greetings, mutual grief,
Mingling sighs, and prayers and tears,
Brought the o'erburthen'd heart relief,
Sooth'd to confidence its fears.

He whom faithless all had mourn'd,
Whom as lost they all deplored,
Knelt, a prodigal return'd—
Knelt, a penitent restored.
"How unmark'd the moments steal,
And this awful day beguile!

HEPHZAB, spread thy father's meal,
Cheer him with a daughter's smile.

"Then the few remaining hours,
Prayer and death must consecrate;
Round this dwelling-place of ours,
Unseen angel-legions wait.

"Wait to bear my soul to God,
Ere yon sinking sun shall set;
Heaven hath spared its chastening rod.
Spare, O spare that vain regret!"

END OF FOURTH PART.
PART V.

Elisaph, at his father's request, relates his escape from Jerusalem; his residence and penitence in Arabia, and how the King of Hira was expecting his return with some Christian missionaries—The Patriarch, warned in a dream, consents that the Christians shall leave Pella for Arabia with Elisaph, whom he blesses, and dies.

PATR. "O MY children, wherefore weep?
Rather for my sake rejoice:
God his precious saints will keep;
You have made a noble choice.

"Thee, my son, a hand divine
Must mysteriously have led:
Say, what mercies have been thine,
Since thy vanquish'd country bled?

"Like the persecutor Saul,
Hast thou been subdued, restored—
Then gone forth a second Paul,
Wise and valiant for thy Lord?"
ELISAPH. "Father, I will briefly tell,
What REBEKAH hath not told,
How I fought, and how I fell,
How restored to PELLA's fold.

"When I left REBEKAH's house,
Wild despair my spirit flush'd;
Then thy image, O my spouse,
O'er my mind a moment rush'd.

"Rage succeeded to despair;
Bonds seem'd bitterer than death:
Vengeance then was all my prayer;
O the theme pollutes my breath!

"Then from the ballista rain'd
Thick and fast its arrowy shower;
Many a nerve in vengeance strain'd,
And relax'd in death, that hour.

"Swift through many a Jewish heart,
With the blood of Jacob warm,
Sped the fierce assailant's dart,
Dreadful from each Roman arm.
"Heaven against our nation fought,
Salem's God was Salem's foe,
And his wrath in judgment smote,
Whom his mercy could not bow.

"From a *catapulta* thrown,
Came the fragment of a rock;
I, amidst our band alone,
Senseless, stunn'd, received the shock.

"Then, nor felt, nor fear'd the lance,
Life on few quick pulses hung;
O amidst that horrid trance,
How remorse the conscience stung!

"Then methought the slaughter'd hosts
Charged on me their crimes and blood;
While their disembodied ghosts
Frowning and upbraiding stood.

"When those phantoms from the brain,
And that dream delirious fled,
I was stretch'd amidst the slain,
Left with the unburied dead."
"Father, I will not pursue
Of that day its scenes of death,
How the Roman and the Jew
Breath'd in vengeance their last breath.

"How at last our tribes were driven
East and west, and south and north;
Outcasts, we from earth and heaven
Sadly, slowly, wander'd forth.

"O'er Arabia's plains of sand,
On a wretched journey bent,
Our forlorn dejected band,
Exiled, houseless, homeless went;—

"Till, the desert-dangers past,
Camels, tents, our eyes arrest;
There I found a home at last,
I became the Arab's guest.

"Deeply versed in occult themes,
And the learning of the sphere,
Was mine host; and all his schemes
Were familiar to my ear."
COTTAGE OF PELLA.

"Oft together, plants and flowers,
Drugs and odorous gums we sought;
Oft we through the moonlight hours
Communed in mysterious thought;—

"Hail'd the starry hosts, that drive
Nightly round the glittering pole;—
Watch'd the planetary five
In their golden orbits roll.

"But in Yemen's fruitful land,
E'en in Araby the Blest,
Fugitive from every strand,
Hope, and happiness, and rest,—

"Aden's * vales could not suffice,
Sire, estranged from home and thee;
Though that spot were Paradise,
Paradise was lost to me!

* Aden, once a thriving but now a depopulated district in Arabia Felix, has been said to occupy the site of the garden of Eden.
"Sad at heart, and sick of life;
My despairing spirit mourn'd;
Lost to parents, child, and wife,
Comfortless where'er I turn'd.

"Till, blest hour, my Arab host
Was converted to the truth—
Next-born of the Holy Ghost
Was this friendless Roman youth.

"Last to me the blessing came,—
Soothed compunction's keenest smart;
'Twas as tongues of living flame
Spake in burning to my heart!

"That, my day of second birth;
Then, I first began to live;
Then I felt that joy which earth
Cannot take away, nor give.

"Sire, my tedious tale is done;
Other lips have told the rest;
Father, hear thy suppliant son,
Hear, and grant this one request:—
"Go!—but haste thee back, and bring
With thy kindred, men of grace.'
Thus demanded Hira's king—
This I pledged, then sought thy face."

PATR. "Go!—thou must to Hira's fold
Lead these truth-devoted sheep;
Thus a dream of God foretold
In my last and latest sleep.

"Go!—with Abraham's God thy guide,
Back to Abraham's God, to lead
(Converts of The Crucified)
Ishmael's race and Hagar's seed!

"Heaven protect your mission-band,—
Make the little one a host!"
Then he laid on him his hand,—
"Son, receive the Holy Ghost."

This was his last prayer and breath;—
Feebly from Elisaph's head
Fell the nerveless hand of death,
Instantly the spirit fled.
Round the lovely corse they clung,
Grief's spontaneous tribute flow'd;
Elders wept not, but the young
Gazed, and wept, and sobb'd aloud.

Ne'er before had Pella known
Such a sad, eventful day,
As beheld that sun go down
O'er their Patriarch's lifeless clay.

'Twas the watch-night of the tomb!
Wrapp'd in meditations deep,
Not a soul profaned the gloom,
Not an eye-lid closed in sleep.

End of Fifth Part.
PART VI.

Apostrophe to Palestine—After the burial of the Patriarch, the Christians leave Pella, under the conduct of Elisaph—An old man accosts them on the journey, enquires their destination, and predicts their degeneracy, the conquests of Mohammed, the extirpation of the Christians from Arabia, and even Judea.

SPIRIT of each bard divine,
Fire my breast, and guide my hand;
Sun of ancient Palestine,
Rise, and bless the Holy Land!

Land of deeds, exalted long,
Where the chosen people trod;
Land of prophecy and song;
Land of Israel, land of God!

Land of miracles sublime,
Brightening with each century's loss;
Transcript of coeval time,
From creation to the Cross!
There through clouds, prophetic light
Kindled as they pass'd away:
Land of shadowy Jewish night!
Land of glorious Gospel day!

Prophets, patriarchs, kings, and priests,
There predicted and adored;
Slaughter'd hecatombs of beasts
Piled the altars of the Lord!

There the Holy City stood,—
First and second Temples fell;
There the Saviour shed his blood,
Triumph'd there o'er death and hell!

There the apostles, call'd and sent,
Faith's mysterious themes reveal'd;
Till with toils and sufferings spent,
Martyrdom their mission seal'd,

Bards unborn, in future times
Here may glow with nobler fire;
Mine are unambitious rhymes,
Measured to a simple lyre.
COTTAGE OF PELLA.

—Soon as morning's crimson zones
 Stretch'd across the hemisphere,
 Earth received the Patriarch's bones,
 And the mourners' farewell tear.

On his father's new-closed grave,
 Then Elisaph knelt, and pray'd
 That his father's God would save
 Those who his behest obey'd.

PEL LA, now, the saints forsook;—
 Hieromace's cataract pass'd;
 Homeward, heavenward, many a look
 The departing pilgrims cast.

Firm the desert-rover first
 Led the missionary van;
 Hunger, nakedness, and thirst
 Awed not the undaunted man.

On the strong the feeble lean'd;)
 Elders made the youth their care;
 Age, and infancy unwean'd,
 And weak womanhood were there.
There, the patient camel went,
Snuff'd his persevering track;
Food and water, child, and tent,
Piled his unresisting back.

O'er these champions of the Cross,
Badge nor purple banner play'd;
All for Christ they counted loss,
Bloodshed stain'd not this crusade!

They, unscreen'd from mid-day heat,
Shelterless through chilly night;
Pain may swell their sandal'd feet,
And their trembling knees may smite:

But in Jacob's God their trust,
His sole glory their design;
Buried with the Patriarch's dust,
Their last hopes in Palestine.—

As they pass'd o'er plains and slopes,
From the thistle coverts, stirr'd,
Leap'd the graceful antelopes,
Flutter'd round the startled bird.
Now—they reach'd the latest sleep
Whence, far-seen, rose Salem's domes;
Here they halted,—some to weep,—
Look'd their last on Pella's homes.

From a cave, before unseen,
Came a venerable man;
Gaunt he stood, and tall and lean,
Wondering at the caravan.

Him ye might have deem'd the first
Of that eremitish band,
Who, when Decian fury burst,
Sought, and dwelt in Egypt's land:

Or those deep-secluded Greeks,
Hid in glens of Ida's mount,
Where Gargarus piles his peaks,
Round Scamander's gushing fount.

OLD MAN. "Whither, Pilgrims, are ye bound?"
ELISAPH. "To Arabia's realms we go;
Stranger, wherefore art thou found,
Lonely, on this mountain's brow?"
OLD MAN. "Persecution's fiery rage
Drove me to this lonely spot;
Christian themes absorb my age,—
Soothe my solitary lot.

"Seldom, since Rome's thunder-storm
On devoted Salem broke,
Have I seen a human form;—
Hast thou borne the Jewish yoke?"

ELISAPH. "Yes, this heart's misguided zeal
Urged me to their godless strife;
Through this arm the Roman steel
Smote, but miss'd the recreant's life.

OLD MAN. "Pilgrim, I would fain enquire,
When the fury of the Lord
Gave his Temple to the fire—
Gave his people to the sword;—

"Did not portents strange appear?"

ELISAPH. "Aye, those portents we misread!
Then we thought deliverance near,
Then with double rage we bled——
"But our flock from PELLA's fold
Join; and, journeying, I will tell
What dire prodigies foretold,
What calamities befell."

Now the ancient's visage changed,
Strangely wild; then fix'd became;
Nimbly through his features ranged
Symptoms of a hidden flame.

OLD MAN. "Go, since earth with heaven enjoins;
You with Gospel hopes are shod;
But the children of your loins
Shall deny the faith of God.

"Where you plant the church divine,
Preach with apostolic zeal,
Infidels shall build the shrine,
And the False One's votaries kneel.

"Conquest and devouring flame,
Heralds of his creed shall be;
And his cursed and withering name
E'en be hail'd in Galilee!"
"In Arabia's land of spice,
Shall that turban'd prophet-king
Fix his sensual paradise,
Thence his murdering legions bring.

"Lo, Judea he invades!
There his temples rise!—but now
The prophetic vision fades,—
Far and fainter seems to glow.

"Farewell, pilgrims!—Palestine
Holds the mountain-prophet's grave:
'Go, your mission is divine!'
Thus he spoke, then sought his cave.

Onward—onward—now they went,
O'er the wilderness of sand,
—Pitch'd by night the sheltering tent,
Urged by day the drooping band.

Till they found their journey done,
Hail'd the desert-nurtured race—
Reach'd the regions of the sun,
Hira's promised resting-place.
How they grew in after times,
How their stricken followers fell,
Kindling at Mohammed's crimes,
Other, bolder bards must tell.

END OF SIXTH AND LAST PART.
OTAHEITE:

OR

VALEDICTORY VERSES,

PRESENTED TO

GEORGE BENNET, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND, FOR THE ABOVE ISLAND, AS A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

"Eaorana utou choama, eaora hoe au, Eaora hoe ta tou e"a Jehovah." Pomare.

"Friends, I wish you health and prosperity: may I also live, and may Jehovah save us!"

Vide Transactions Miss. Soc, 1807.
OTAHEITE,
§c. §c.

Strown on ocean's paths sublime,
Far from Albion's shores away,
Fair-blooming since the birth of time,
Undiscover'd islands lay;
Peopled with a race, begun
From the ocean, earth, or sun?
—Nay, in feature, mind, and grace,
Fallen sons of Adam's race.

Ages pass'd:—towards either pole,
Lo, the instinctive needle turns!
Now bold discovery fires the soul,
Fierce its new-born spirit burns:
From the coast, unfearing, now
Seaward turns the adventurous prow;
Lo! white-winged, before the gale,
Onward, like sea-swans they sail.

Wallis, first to Otaheite,
Britain's gallant vessel bore;*

* June 19, 1767.
He first unroll'd her standard sheet
On the new-discover'd shore;
But no missionary seal
Stamp'd his bands with holy zeal;
Nor sought he, Spaniard-like, to mix
Cannon, sword, and crucifix.

As from Heaven, a voice is heard—
"Be thy daring sails unfurl'd;
Still British valour is preferr'd;—
—Circumnavigate the world!"
As that voice had thrill'd his ears,
Lo, a mightier name appears,—
Cook, who dared to breast thy wrath,
Ocean, in thy dreariest path!

Science saw him nobly live,
How he err'd, and why he died;—
Yet Heaven has mercy to forgive,
Earth has charity to hide;
Yet his memory shall be hail'd,
Where the navigator sail'd,
While the southern ocean smiles
Round his multitude of isles.

Are there regions yet untrod
By these rovers of the main?
Yea, even there the living God
Hath not wrought his works in vain:
OTAHEITE.

What, though men from Europe's climes
Have not stain'd them with their crimes;
Shall the Eternal's will be done?
God will give them to his Son.

Once, like visions o'er the mind,
Otaheitan tidings came;
Now, living hope and friendship bind,
With the charm of BENNET's name,
Every interest, every word,
Wish'd for, pray'd for, wrote or heard,—
All that, as with God's own seal,
Stamps his missionary zeal.

Where the bread-fruit trees abound,
Where the cocoa and the palm,
Now, prayer hath sanctified the ground,
Heaven has heard the Christian psalm:
Prayer and praise!—how doubly sweet
Are those sounds at Otaheite!
Hailing on their plains and slopes,
This high birth-morn of their hopes.

Ages in the Eternal's mind,
Mercy's glorious purpose lay;
That on these outcasts of mankind,
Should arise the gospel-day:
Lo it breaks; dispels the gloom;
Lights the midnight of the tomb:
Gentiles in its beams are blest,
Kings its rising have confess.

Yeilding to Jehovah's will,
While our Christian friend departs,
Beloved by thousands—thousands still
Shrine his image in their hearts:

He is neither dead, nor lost;
But resolved to count the cost,

Light rose country, home, and friends,
Weigh'd against life's nobler ends.

All that man could ask of heaven,
Life's short pilgrimage to bless,
Kind Providence to thee had given,
Fill'd thy cup of happiness;

Leisure, competence of wealth,
Books, friends, literature, and health:
All that charms a polish'd mind,

All for Christ thou hast resign'd.

Fancy sees thee on the deck,
Looking, longing for the land;
Behold! a dim and distant speck
Little as a human hand;
'Tis a cloud, some hovering thing—
'Tis a sea-bird on the wing—
Nearer—'tis the land in sight—
'Tis the haven of delight!
OTAHEITE.

Now, the olive-colour'd chiefs
Push their light canoes to sea;
And, swiftly past the coral reefs,
Spread their naked arms to Thee:
Wilt thou not rejoice to find
There the'brethren of mankind?
Wilt thou not rejoice to prove
These thy brotherhood of love?

Fare thee well! the church of God
Calls thee with unerr'ring voice:
Oceans unvoyaged, lands untrod,
These had not deter'd thy choice:
But discovery's daring prores
Plough'd those oceans, touch'd those shores,
Where our prayers thy sails expand,
Where our faith beholds thee land.

Heaven vouchsafe propitious gales;
Lord, thy servant safely keep!
Expand the missionary sails,
Speed the pilgrim of the deep!
When we in God's temple meet,
Prayers shall crowd the mercy-seat,
From our morning altars rise;
With each evening sacrifice,—

Prayers for thee, and thy success;
Prayers for all thy brethren there:
That Providence may guard and bless
Thee with Heaven's peculiar care;
That thou may'st our souls refresh,
With thy presence in the flesh,
That we may again embrace,
And behold thee "face to face."

Fare thee well!—these rhymes may be
Feeble; yet e'en they may turn
The index of the mind to thee
While its best affections burn.
I have loved thee, and will pay
E'en such tribute as I may;
Every heart that loved thee joins
In these valedictory lines.

March 21, 1821.
ALINÉ.

BOUND for the soil whence sprung her father's race,
With features beautiful, and form of grace,
Aliné sail'd, obedient to the call
Of parents' wishes breathed from fertile Gaul;
From Martinique she sail'd, her place of birth,
To the gay land of music, wine, and mirth.
Twice seven summers of the West had shed
Their rich and ripening powers upon her head;
And on the deck in conscious charms she stood,
The blooming pride of virgin womanhood.

They safely pass'd those straits where Ceuta's rock
Defies the sea-storm and besiegers' shock;
But brief the triumph,—lo, a sail appears!
A pirate boards them,—bears them to Algiers;
The nameless crew, 'midst all that pity craves,
Were sold and barter'd at the mart of slaves:
The beauteous Creole, at a sordid price,
To grace some eastern's sensual paradise,
Was purchased: and the glorying merchant bore
His precious bargain to the Smyrnan shore.

Her weeping friends, their lovely daughter lost,
Essay'd to ransom at whatever cost;
And her redemption seem'd at length secure,—
Her parents' broken hearts to feel a cure.
But vain their hopes; a strange and subtile pride
Its knot of mysteries round her heart had tied;
And she preferr'd, to freedom and her kin,
The silken bondage of a secret sin.
She feign'd to read, unfolding in her state,
A prescient passage in the book of fate.
A shrivell'd negress, once, of Sybil fame,
Read in her palm her great and future name,—
Predicted, she, 'midst gorgeous state unfurl'd,
Should reign, the richest princess in the world.
A slave, she now to every chance resign'd
The vague direction of her fluttering mind;
And still the meteor of her hopes, unspent,
Turn'd bright and brighter to the high event.
A Turk, ambitious of the Sultan's smile,
Beheld, array'd in oriental style,
The fair Aline, and the merchant paid
The costly price of the Odalisque maid.
Soon the Seraglio's massy gates received
The ambitious victim,—ne'er to be reprieved.
Successive favours quickly were conferr'd,
Her name was honour'd most, and oftenest heard,
Exalted now to fortune's high degree,
The proud and favourite first Sultana she:
Anon, the prince that now sways Othman's sword
Sprang of Aline to her noble lord:
Long, long this princess of the Harem shone,
Her power and splendour to her parents known;
ALINE.

Yet past those walls to her could never reach,
From them, a cartel, glance, or word of speech;
She, dead to them, and dead to the delights
Of days of liberty and happier nights,
Pass'd, when no more, from infamy to earth,
—A thing of mystery from her very birth.

MAHOMET.

He came, saw, and conquer'd; wherever he trod,
Seem'd left to the scourge and the vengeance of God;
More dreadful in terror his name and his form,
Than the angel of death on the wings of the storm.

Like locusts descending, the curse of the year,
His turban'd and scymetar'd legions appear;
Deep blasphemy's voice was the breath of their joy,
And Alla their watch-word to kill and destroy.

He seem'd, 'midst the slaughter that stalk'd in his van,
Like the spirit of evil incarnate in man;
Or daemon broke loose from his adamant chain,
The herald of Satan's millennial reign.
MAHOMET.

Tho' the bones and the blood of his slaughter'd have built
With a pyramid firmness his statue of guilt;
Yet prostrate and mouldering, that statue shall lie,
Though based on a mountain and piled to the sky.

His memory shall rot on the gibbet of shame,
And the blast of derision shall wither his name;
E'en time may to insult his carcase reveal,
Though templed at Mecca, and coffin'd in steel.

The Gospel shall triumph, the Cross be unfurl'd
On Constantine's city, once queen of the world;
Lo, Prophecy points to the day-beaming star,
And visions of glory burst bright from afar.

And the Turk, while he tramples the name he adored,
Advances and kneels to his crucified Lord;
While the Crescent, that moon of his infamy sets,
And Stamboul weeps not o'er her fall'n minarets.

THE END.

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