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ABADDON.

THE

SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.

NEW YORK:
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Southern District of New York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eleventh day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Sumner L. Fairfield, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"Abaddon, the Spirit of Destruction, and other Poems. By Sumner L. Fairfield."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefit thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FRED. J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

THE DEDICATION.

TO FITZ GREEN HALLECK, Esq..

As the highest and purest evidence which a poet can offer of his admiration of Genius united to purity of heart, and great poetic excellence to devoted habits of business, with profound respect for virtue and ability, and the varied accomplishments of the scholar and the gentleman,

This Poem is Dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.



THE ARGUMENT.

ABADDON or Apollyon, as the name imports, is supposed to be subordinate only to Satan, the adversary or tempter, who prepares by intrigue and seduction for the terrible triumphs of the Fiend of Ruin. The scenes subsequent to the flight of Abaddon have been necessarily selected for a general illustration of the desolation and agony which sin has entailed upon the world; and the purpose of the author has been to exhibit, in the strongest light, the malevolence, the ingratitude, and the weakness of men; their ineptitude to choose the highest good; their bigotted perseverance in confirmed and habituated crime; their insusceptibility, in the midst of desperate vice, to permanent impressions of virtue; and their ill-fated adherence to all that demoralizes the heart and degrades the mind. From the vast empire of History but few examples could be delineated or even named in a poem so brief as this; but it is trusted that enough have been presented to unfold the melancholy truth, that man has too often been the dupe of fallacy and the slave of passion, devoted to the accomplishment of ambition or opulence—the common vain glories of life—though exposed to the penalty of popular execration and personal unhappiness. Little relief has been thrown upon the picture; for the purest religion has been for centuries made subservient, in too many instances, to the perfidious policy of designing men, who sullied the purity which opposed their ambition, or annihilated by ostracism, the scaffold, or the pyre, the enlightened few of a darkened æra.

True piety, averse from contention, and humble in its lofty devotion, exerts but little influence over the affluent and the worldly. The Spirit of Love breathes over the agitated waters, but seldom hushes their commotion; the rainbow of beauty only adorns the storm-cloud which it cannot disperse.



THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION.

WHERE the wild darkness of the nether world
Fell with its ghastliest grandeur, and vast clouds
Trailed o'er the panting firmament, and hung
Like sworded ministers of vengeance low
Upon the dismal, thick, and deadly air,
ABADDON stood companionless, and wrapt
In wasting thought—a pyramid of mind
On the dark desert of Despair! Alone
He stood, and his broad shadow quivered o'er
The jagged and tumultuary clouds,
Where living blackness struggled with the glare
Thrown from the fierce volcano's lava breast,
With even a deeper gloom; for moral guilt
Transcends the tempest's terror and the wreck
Of warring elements, and brands its curse
Upon the tortured spirit, from its throne
Hurled down, and doom'd to agonize and burn.
Abraded of his glory—shrouded now
In the dire garments of the accursed race
Whom Pride, the child of Intellect, o'erthrew,
Buried in blackness with the muttering slaves
Of his tremendous treasons—worst of all,

Too proud in desolation's loneliest hours
To hold communion with inferior minds,
Or, for a moment, bend the archangel's brow
To baser natures, pale ABADDON leaned
Against a towering pillar charged with flame,
And spurned the fierce coiled serpents at his feet
With calm derision, for he felt within
Strong anguish past their power. His blasted brow
Worked in a terrible torture as the throng
Of horrible remembrances went by,
And all the majesty of mind unblest
Glared in the high and haughty scorn that burst
From his indrawn, remorseless, withering eyes.

Hurled from the pinnacle of glory—hurled
From seraph throne, from love, from heaven and hope
The matchless mind, that consummated bliss
When o'er the crystal fountain of his soul
Hovered ethereal Purity and smiled,
Now sealed the utter madness of his doom.
Memory—the star-eyed child of Paradise!
Rushed o'er the burning realm of banished thought,
Raining her scorpion arrows—Shame, Remorse,
Vain Penitence and Hatred of himself
Haunted the ruined altar of his soul,
And offered up the sacrifice of death,
That found no mercy and could never die.
The glacier barriers of his banishment,
Perdition's shattered rocks, whose awful peaks
Gleamed in the holiest light of glory lost,
Closed round his prison-house—his living tomb

Of still tremendous intellect ; despair
Followed his steps along his lava path,
And pride restrained his anguish, though no more
He watched with the wild agony of hate
The dayspring or the twilight flight on high
Of gleaming seraphim, or heard the hymns
Of cherubs drinking knowledge from the fount
Of Love and basking in the light of God.
The thoughts, that cast him from his palmy state,
The limitless aspirings and desires
Of an immortal nature, once to him
The ambrosia and the diadem of bliss,
Came o'er him like the spectres of the past,
To shriek amid the ruins they had caused,
And pierce like fire-bolts through his maddened brain.
He dared, and perished in his power and pride,
Fell from the hallowed throne of cherished hope
And sunk to shame—it was enough to know
And feel as great minds feel their perill'd might
And ruined fame and conscious guilt beyond
The venal casuistry of proud self-love.
He would not be Mezentius to himself
And wed his great ambition to the corse
Of his dead being ; nor, Procrustes-like,
Measure departed happiness in heaven
By present misery in Hades' vault.

So back upon himself, with dire resolve,
The voiceless desperation of his doom,
He deeply shrunk, and reck'd not of the Power
Forever paramount, nor punishment

Doomed to the round of ages ; desolate,
He cherished not a hope of happier hours,
Loved not, confided not, but breathed above
All sympathy and fellowship and fear.
He poured not tears on thunder-riven rocks,
Nor sighs upon the burning air that fell
Like lava on his brain and through his heart
In livid lightnings wandered ; but he grasped
His garments of eternal flame and wrapt
Their blazing folds around his giant limbs,
And stood with head upraised and meteor eye
And still lips whose pale, cold and bitter scorn
Smiled at eternity's deep agonies,
The Spirit of Destruction undestroyed !
Remote from all who fought and fell like him,
In the lone depths of vast Gehenna's waste,
And by the lava mountains overhung
That darkened e'en the vaulted vapour's gloom,
He stood in that sick loneliness of soul,
That awful solitude of greatness lost,
The Evil, highly gifted, only know,
When every passion riots on the spoils
Of knowledge, and the fountain springs of life
Burst in a burning flood no time can quench.

But that which agonized his hopeless heart
And stung him oft to phrenzy—that, which hung
O'er his all-dreading yet all-daring soul
Like thousand mountains of perpetual flame,
Was earthly innocence. Ere then had flown
The fame of man's creation in a sphere

Fashioned in beauty for his joy and use
Through the black chambers of the central world :
And misery, leagued with being's deadliest foes,
Blighted Ambition and vain hope of Good,
Restless Remorse and desolating Shame,
Pictured the loveliness and love of earth—
The sunlight hills, to whose immortal thrones
Morn like a seraph in its glory came ;
The shadowy valleys, where autumnal airs
Mid pine and firwoods uttered those sweet hymns
That sink into the spirit and become
Oracles of future joy when earth grows dark ;
The leafy groves, still'd at the fervid noon
That silence may attend on solemn thought,
The incense rendered on the sun's vast shrine ;
The broad and beautiful and glittering streams,
Where Nature, in her soundless solitudes,
Smiled grateful back the eternal smile of Hope.

With the bright hues misfortune gives to joy,
The outcast angel, in his dungeon gloom
Girdled and counselled by the false and vain,
The wicked without aim save love of change,
The galley felons of unguerdoned guilt,
Painted the matchless charms of newborn earth ;
And, as he imaged forth its blissful scenes,
His burning, riven, desolated heart
Groaned till the caverns of remotest hell
Echoed, and all the envious demons laughed.
For well he knew that while the laws of God
Were as the breath of life to man, no power

Could loose Destruction's adamantine chains,
 Or shield his haughty spirit from the scoff
 And contumelies low of herding fiends,
 Who drivelled e'en in torment, and could find
 Meet mirth in wilder madness, and misdeemed
 Their crime and agony of less amount
 When mind alone was wanting both to rend
 And still renew the anguish ne'er to close.

But soon from Eden, o'er the wide void deep,
 Returned the adversary, the master fiend,
 Moulder of fiercest passions—queller, too,
 Of turbulence and vain ferocity,
 Whose serpent wisdom nourished matchless pride,
 Whose hope was ruin and whose counsel, death.
 In guile without a peer ; on holy works
 And customary rites attendant e'er
 As come their seasons, with a zealot's speech
 Prolonged and trumpeted that pours and pours
 Like turbid waters by the tempest hurled.
 He holds devoted natures with the grasp
 Of death, and 'neath the pictured mask of grace
 Hides the atrocity and doom of hell.
 Opinion, fount of action, falsely held,
 Founds and confirms his empire ; fallacies,
 With master skill and magic, he distorts
 And beautifies with the fair robes of faith ;
 The martyr's sacrifice—the patriot's doom—
 The just man's dungeon hours—the last despair
 Of virtue, and proud honour's agony,
 To him are mirth and music ; and he feasts,

With hecatombs of victims offered up
Upon the idol shrine of evil here,
His own eternal anguish and remorse.
The rushing of his dragon wings, like storms
In mountain gorges, shook the conscious air,
And rapture sounded in their vast quick sweep
Along the dim confines and swirling gulf
Of chaos ! Crowded round the cloudy throne
Of Pandæmonium all the rebel horde,
And rapidly, with haughty gesture, passed
ABADDON to his place, the loftiest there
Save one, and terribly his glowing eyes
Watched and awaited the descending chief.

As in the prophet's vision by the brink
Of Ulai's orient wave, the victor foe
Touched not the earth in haughtiness of power,
But, ere confronting, conquered in the spoil ;
So rushed the giant prince of darkness now
On condor pinions, with hyæna eye,
And broad brow in the storm-cloud deeply wrapt,
In his career exultant that despair
And death from birth to burial should infect
Man's heart pulse, paralyze his spirit's power,
Seal all his human hopes with vanity,
Burden all pleasure with besetting fear,
Wed honour to disgrace and pride to shame,
Bring widowhood in youth, and friendless leave
Unportioned orphanage in evil days,
And change each quickened breath to sobs and sighs,
And o'er all scenes of love and rapture cast

The gloom of peril, hopelessness and want,
That trails and languishes yet fears to end.

Crowned with a volcan glory, came the fiend,
Trembling amid his triumph lest the wrath
Of fiercer retribution should pursue
His victory, and o'er his deathless fate
Hang with unutterable revenge that grasps
Eternities of misery, though he felt
Awful capacities, transcendant powers,
Knowledge of good and evil past the scope
Of all created minds, and strength of will
Matched only by his restless agony.
On—on he rushed, like that dread vision borne
O'er Gilboa's midnight hills when shield and spear
Shiver'd and regal crown and sceptre rolled
Down desolate ravines—resolved to bear
All evil worst imagined with a soul
Of quenchless majesty, till o'er all space
Annihilation reigned by chaos' side.
So, fanning the black gulf of flame amid
The horrible profound, his cloud-like wings
Furled at the flaming footstool of his throne.

“Triumph, Dominions!” loud the arch-dæmon cried
His eyeballs flashing round; “The Son of Heaven
“Hath fallen as we fell! Ye Legions! Lift
“Your voices till the rifted concave shrieks,
“For I have vanquished His peculiar work!
“We lost our birthright for Ambition's wreath
“Of martyrdom, and for ourselves alone

“We bleed and burn ; but these weak beings sought
“Evil for evil’s sake—knew not, forewarned,
“That knowledge is the crown of destinies,
“And thought not that one crime in them must breed
“Myriads of myriads, and perpetuate
“Misery and madness till unnumbered years
“Have wafted hosts on hosts to one abyss
“And earth no more can sepulchre the dead.
“Who shall arraign the Tempter ? faith, untried,
“May be but falsehood ; innocence becomes
“Virtue but in victorious trial ; proved
“In his proud conquest o’er deceit and guile,
“Man has been worthy of his Maker’s trust,
“But, disobedient to well known commands,
“He stands disrobed, unfolding what he is.
“The Almighty held denial in his power
“Of the permission to attest his work,
“But used it not ; he might have crowned the man
“With perspicacity and strength beyond
“The daring of the bravest ; but he left
“His creature to the workings of his will,
“The illusions of his uncontrolled desires,
“Though oft premonished ; so, at once he fell
“And reaped the recompense, and where’s the guilt ?
“Not mine, but his who saw yet boldly sinn’d !”
While Satan thus harangued his rebel band,
Mounted in pyramids the lurid flames
On the black mountains and the vales of hell,
And loud the concentrated shouts went o’er
The radiant battlements of heaven, where stood
Seraph and cherub on their missioned charge.

Scarce ceased the wild acclaim, ere swiftly rose
ABADDON and down dropped his chains ; the blaze
Of battle burst along his broad high brow,
Its thunder from his voice ; he stamped his foot,
And hell recoiled ; he turned his scorching eyes
Upon the gathered fiends, and all fell back,
Save Moloch, with a shudder felt through all
The realm of darkness ; but a withering smile
Quivered o'er Satan's dreadful countenance
To witness thus his victory ; his thoughts
Sprung on eternity's vast shadowy wings,
And down the viewless future madly rushed,
With the uproar of ocean breaking through
The crashing mountain barriers of the earth.
Conquered and manacled, but unsubdued,
Despairing, yet devoted to his crime,
He grasped at all fantastic shapes—all shades
Of stalwart phantoms, gaunt, and grim, and huge,
And moulded them to giant foes of God.
Though in his Titan heart the poison stirr'd,
Thrilled through each vein, and every iron nerve
Convulsed, and mounted to his burning brain
In boiling eddies, yet his scornful lip
Still pressed the chalice of a vain revenge.
He started from his vision as the fiend
Of Ruin, dark ABADDON shook his plumes,
Broad as the tempest's banner, on the air,
And, roaring like the famished lion round
The wastes of Tadmor or Ipsamboul, cried—
“ My time hath come ! no more in this black den
“ Of sloth, and desolation, and despair,

“ Slumbers the Spirit of Destruction ! Sin
 “ Invokes her bridegroom Ruin ! Earth and Time
 “ Already shudder, conscious of my tread.
 “ We meet no more save on our embassies
 “ Of woe and terror till our prince achieves
 “ His gluttoned vengeance ; but in many a land
 “ Ye shall be gods to nations, who shall fall
 “ Before your shrines and sacrifice their blood
 “ In rites the stars shall mark with pale affright,
 “ Mysteries and sorceries and magic charms,
 “ To win the endless torment of our hell !
 “ My spirit feels the knowledge—fallen man
 “ Will dare beyond the damned—sink his soul
 “ In vengeance and corruption—bare his arm
 “ Against the heavens that bless him, and exceed,
 “ Once taught, e’en *my* capacity of hate.
 “ Therefore, exult ! exult ! and fare ye well !”
 He said ; and momentarily his pinions shook
 Their first quick curses o’er the quivering void !

The Spirit of Celestial Love, that stood
 Beside the throne of mercy, breathing bliss
 Through each ethereal bosom, inly felt
 By that mysterious mind, which guides all thought
 And unwilled feeling and directs all deeds,
 The flight of evil and the dæmon’s power ;
 And, silently commissioned by that mode
 Ineffable and yet well known in heaven,
 By which the electric will of Deity
 Pervades all spirits as light gleams through the eye,
 The Angel of Benevolence arose

And passed from peace and praise to wrath and hate,
 From perfect bliss to doubt and care and strife,
 From heaven's own glory to the gloom of earth.
 But great the guerdon and the final crown,
 A living and perpetual fount of joy,
 By human pride unsullied, by the lips
 Of guilt untouched, shrined in the unchanging skies.
 —Thou soul of music in a world of hate!
 Thou beautiful and holy spring of love
 And mildness by the bland and blessed voice
 Of martyrs and apostles gently called
 Charity, that hides unreckoned sins.
 O'er troubled earth thou breathest balmy peace,
 Hushing disquiet with a whisper heard
 Like greenwood hymns at eve; and men, unawed
 By storm and earthquake, to thy soft low voice
 Listen like convicts to unhopéd reprieve.
 Immortal love! though generations glide
 In shadowy armies to the spirit-land,
 And kingdoms perish, and their glories fade
 In fabled legends, and untravelled seas
 Lament o'er buried cities, still thy youth,
 Thy brightness and thy beauty glow the same.
 In living hearts thine empire changes not,
 And from the vale of sepulchres thy smile
 Wafts spirits purified to glory's home!—
 —Forth went the angel to his trial, meek
 In power, by soft allurements to o'ercome
 The savage wrath of men, and thwart the aim
 Of the remorseless fiend loosed on his prey.

Time with the silent speed of light passed o'er
 Eden's poor wandering exiles, and the gush
 Of their first anguish and remorse and woe,
 Beneath the hallowed influence of love,
 Daily endearment and affections linked,
 And blended destinies and humbled thoughts,
 Faded to an endurance and a hope
 That breathed like zephyr o'er them; and they drew
 From nature and her eloquence of bloom,
 Her moonlight music and her starry hymn,
 Her still green places of repose, her crowned
 And glorious mountains, where the bannered trees
 Against the sunset sky like angels stood
 And waved the way to heaven—they *daily* drew
 A blessing on their toil—a sacred charm
 For loneliness that fell not on the heart,
 Meek quiet filled with stilly dreams of days
 Unborn—and lifted up in thankfulness—
 And faith that linked them to immortal life
 With Him, the Christ, redeeming what he judged.

So in each others' weal and in the love
 Of children smiling on a wondrous world,
 And, like the lonicera round the palm,
 Climbing about their bosoms while the flowers
 Of young mind perfumed all the enchanted air,
 They found their solace; and winged pleasure sung
 Around their rest, undreading future ill.
 Years brought their fruits and flocks, and ABEL'S voice
 Cheerily went up on morning airs, and swelled
 In that sweet living melody of heart

Pure thoughts inspire at hallowed eventide.
 His home was on the hills, his altar there ;
 His sceptre was his crook, his soul his throne,
 Peace was his realm, his God was everywhere.

CAIN tilled the earth, a stern and wayward man,
 Cursing the curse of toil and barrenness,
 Though plenty clothed the hillside and the vale
 With golden beauty, and his generous herds
 Reposed, full banquetted, on broad green meads.
 He recked not of the gentleness of love,
 Calm virtue and submitted pride and thoughts
 Exalted o'er all evil, from the dross
 Of earth refined and fitted for their home.
 But great ambition panted for renown
 And monuments and temples and a fame
 Immortal as the skies that watched his soul.
 Tradition, uttered by the voice of grief,
 Had told the pomp of hierarchies throned
 And sceptred seraphim, and CAIN'S vain heart
 Burn'd for their princedoms and their potencies.
 So evil grew, and daily to his task
 He bore a darker spirit; envy cast
 Midnight o'er happiness not left for him,
 And hatred tracked the shepherd to the hills.
 There are two altars on a lonely mount
 Since named the Throne of Elbours, mid the land
 Of Iran, clothing its dark brow in clouds,
 While thunder voices down each shattered gorge,
 Ravine of rocks and dreary shagged glen
 Mutter and moan, and in the fiery depth

The dread volcano startles into wrath.
Beside each shrine stand two majestic forms,
Beautiful in early manhood, girt with strength
As with a robe of steel, whose thousand chains
Sleep 'neath the silken draperies and plumes
And brodered cloth of gold of courtier pomp.
Yet in their orisons and deeds unlike,
Their thoughts and sacrifice, a spotless lamb
Divided lay on ABEL'S shrine ; the fruit
Of earth, the haughty offering of a heart
That bade the Deity accept the form
Of worship, and give back the meed deserved,
Fell from the hand of pride upon the wood
Of CAIN heaped on steep rocks in shapeless piles.
The shepherd's prayer in stillness mounts to God,
And fire descends and curls in lambent wreaths
O'er faith's oblation and adoring love.
But darkly broods the storm of heavenly wrath
O'er the unholy sacrifice of guilt ;
Naked before the eye of judgment stands,
Benetted with hypocrisies and crimes,
The fierce conspirator, whom evil thoughts
Clothe as a garment ; and he turns aside
From the heart-withering glance aghast with shame,
Yet desecrated to revenge in blood.
Lowered the flushed brow of CAIN—his visage fell,
And through the darkened avenues of sin
The Fiend of Ruin to his bosom stole
And stirred the livid flame : “ Thy Maker scorns
“ Thee and thy service and he hath respect
“ Alone for slaves who prostrate do his will.

" Thy vassal brother wins the praise of God
 " By austere life and a feigned awe of heaven,
 " While thou, the victim, though thou hast the power
 " Of victor, waitest on his sanctity,
 " And, with a forced repentance, standest by
 " To breathe the accepted incense of thy foe!
 " Earth, sea and hell cry vengeance—be avenged!"
 CAIN listened and obeyed—his weapon fell—
 Death started from the gory ground and gazed
 With haggard horror on his father fiend,
 And fled, the trembling vanquisher! All heaven
 In awful stillness heard the martyr's groan,
 The cherubim amid their worship paused,
 And even the viewless throne of God was veiled
 In sevenfold darkness!—silence hushed her heart!

Cursed with a deathless agony—the seal
 Of terror on his brow, the fire of death
 Coiling around his spirit, to man's scorn
 And desolation and despair marked out,
 Creating solitude where'er he comes,
 Shunned by the death he summoned from the sod,
 And left a breathing sepulchre amid
 The mirth of nuptials and the feast of birth,
 Departs the Fratricide; and with him haste
 To the lone wilds of Elam, land of Nod,
 Belial and Moloch, grovelling chiefs of hell.

Hast thou beheld the Persecutor gloat
 O'er banished virtue, outcast guiltlessness?
 Hast thou beheld him following Want's slow tread

To poison every little stream of life ?
Oh, hast thou heard him whisper chill distrust
And viper caution into friendship's ear,
And seen the electric change—the altered eye,
The hand withdrawn—the petrified repulse—
While voiceless Innocence retired and wept ?
Hast thou seen hatred wear the guise of grace,
And robe revenge in the fair garb of heaven ?
Before me rises the inquisitor,
With meek hands folded on his breast—bowed head,
And downcast eyes, and noiseless, gliding step,
Proudly exulting in the awarded praise
Of mild humility and zeal chastised
By holy ruth that weeps the doom it speaks ;
While rancour revels in his bigot heart,
And chain and faggot—woe and lingering death
Rejoice his spirit more than temple hymns.
Thus to his spoil went forth the dreadful Fiend,
(And he hath many a *slave* even now on earth)
To gather in the harvest of his hate.

Crime came to consummation when the sons
Of heaven reviled the image of their King,
Wedded idolatries and nameless rites,
Debased their nature in the dust and sealed
Lovebonds with the accursed race of CAIN.
Hence miscreations came—the giant kings
Of old, and monsters, hideous birth of sin,
Phœnicia's Anakim—Titanic chiefs,
Centaur and Lapithæ, vampires and gnomes,
Malign and elvish dwarfs whom dregs suffice,

Save that they, serpent-like, will lick the dust—
 Briareus, Polyphemus and their peers,
 Nature's abhorrence and derision, sent
 To riot in all wrong and waste and woe.
 Bright, young and beautiful, the world o'erflowed
 With shame that hath no voice in better days,
 And mercy, wearied with perpetual guilt,
 Lifted her prayer no more, and justice cried
 "God's spirit shall not always strive with man!"

The years of long forbearance slowly fled,
 The vision of the prophet from all eyes
 Vanished like sunrise vapours, and the words
 Of wisdom echoed like a dying voice
 In Sinai's wilderness; no spirit bowed,
 No heart relented at the coming wrath.
 Revel that brought no joy, and shrill-voiced mirth
 Most melancholy poured their madness out,
 And lozels wantonn'd o'er the poisoned bowl,
 And blasphemy embraced the shape of death,
 Howling hoarse curses, and all forms of sin,
 All gross imaginations of desire,
 All vampyre appetites and goule-like lusts
 Trampled and triumphed o'er the laws of God.

The pictured cloud conceals the wildest storm,
 The earthquake leaps from slumber into rage,
 And guilt, most safe, is nearest to despair.
 All bosoms had been gored by man's excess,
 And all thoughts coined and coffered up to pile
 The matchless monument of evil deeds.

Poesy, the bride of beauty and the child
Of Purity, immortal in the skies,
Soiled by the atheist and the ribald, lost
The brightness of her birthright, the blest charm
Of her ecstatic being that hung round
Her sylphic form in rainbow robes of light,
And fell before the altar of the Fiend.
Struck by the pestilence that roamed each track
Of daily life, the Good in forests dim
Or Al-Gezira's loneliest caverns dwelt,
Pale famished anchorets, and hoary hairs
Waved in the winter-winds of Oman's sea.
These few ; the undreaded Future's destinies
Rival not present policy—the scope
Of proud example, and expediency,
That sullies more than less occult offence.
Hoar heads alone rever'd celestial laws ;
Exuberant youth, in confidence of time,
Held the late banquet, seeking pleasure's meed
Among the bowers of pain ; and Jubal's lyre,
Hung on the willow, harped in desert winds.
To crown the cup of vengeance and to bar
All hope forever, sons of Belial poured
On Noah's heart the gall of base report
And pointed at him with a scoff and jeer,
And drave him from their dwellings with reproach.
Then came the herald of the heavens and closed,
With awful words, the prophet's mission there ;
And, hovering o'er his victims in the pride
Of power, ABADDON listened to the roar
Of coming Ruin as the war-steed drinks

At morn the music of the noon-tide strife.

Lingering like hopeless love around the form
Of its young worship, slowly on the verge
Of the blue firmament a bannered cloud
O'er Taurus rose and rested in the air.
Upon its folds deep darkness hung and oft
Quick shooting gleams of lurid fire withdrew,
For momentary glances of mad fear,
The vast dark curtain of God's mysteries.
Then up t'was lifted o'er the lovely vault
Broader and blacker, and the thunder's voice
O'er Caucasus and Shinar's evil realm
Rushed, like the archangel's trumpet blast of doom,
Crying "Repent while judgment waits your prayers!"
But silence answered, and ascended higher
The tempest in tremendous masses swept
Like dust before the samiel. On the peak,
The utmost pinnacle of those vast clouds,
Grasping the arrowy bolts that round his brows
Hung like a crown, and glaring down on earth
With eyes of basilisk that drank the blood,
The Appearance of a giant shape appeared;
And, as the priest and prophet sadly paused
To gaze and weep, he raised his swimming eyes
To watch the moment when the door must close
And hope expire; and, like a swirling bark
In Norway's Maelstrom, sank his awe-struck heart—
For he beheld ABADDON, calling up
All wandering vapours from the shoreless Deep,
Guiding the hurricane and hurrying on

The dread reluctant ruin, and he heard
The laugh of hell beneath the stars of heaven.

Up to the zenith heaved the o'erfraught clouds
And hung—then fell, dread billows of the sky—
Upon the far horizon. Through the depths
Of the tumultuous welkin flew the flames
Like fiery scorpions; east to west replied:
Pole shrieked to pole; the brazen atmosphere
Grew ghastly mid conflicting lights and shades,
And quivered till the eyeballs blurred and reeled.
And peril and dismay and fainting fear
And terror and confusion and despair
Entered, like siegers furious for the spoil,
The abodes of the deserted, while the floods
Fell, like Araxes from Armenian hills,
Or thousand torrents from Cordillera' brow,
Down—down upon the drenched and gasping earth.
The apostates at their feast in songs obscene
Mocked Noah and his storm-ship, shouting "Lo!
"The madness of the hypocrite! his beams
"Of gopher to the cruel seas will tell
"A tale of wreck, and all his crowded beasts
"Will roar the lawless ocean into peace.
"Fill round and drink for wisdom—the red wine
"Mantles with pure philosophy—old CAIN
"Commends its cheering in the chilly night!"
So talked the infidels; but morn replied!

They slept the sleep of wassail; but, ere stars
Faded behind the universe of clouds,

All woke in the wild terror of the Bad.
 The solid battling skies poured deluge down,
 Typhon poured out earth's dirge from heavens of wrath,
 The forests shook and heaved and tossed and creaked,
 The waters through their dwellings dashed and moaned,
 The herds sent up a piteous cry—the flocks
 Were hurried o'er the illimitable waste
 Of countless torrents and the desert beasts
 Mingled their yells with the last wail of men.

Day broke and in the gray and quivering gloom,
 The dull, cold twilight of the cheerless morn,
 All eyes beheld on waters bubbling up
 From every fountain of the yawning earth,
 And pouring from each livid mass above,
 The Cypress Ark, the home of truth and love,
 The just man's sanctuary; and with shrieks,
 And supplications and despairing tears,
 Ten thousand voices blended in one prayer—
 "Receive us! save us from devouring deeps!
 "Receive us! save us from the tempest's rage!
 "Receive us! save us from the wrath of GOD!"
 But on o'er surging seas and broken waves
 Floated the Ark—the eternal door was shut.

The shuddering waters gathered, and the cries
 Of utter, hopeless, helpless agony
 Rose o'er the crash and howl of elements
 Convulsed and quivering in each other's wrath.
 Vain were uplifted arms and faces wrought
 To anguish; vain, the hoarse and strangled voice

Of sinking feebleness ; and vain the shrieks
Of beauty, erst the wonder and delight
Of human passion, while the torrents swelled,
And quick through shattered billows glanced pale brows,
Closed eyes and raven hair, amid the foam,
Like countless apparitions round the couch
Of fever, hovering for a moment's lapse,
Then vanishing far down the unfathomed Deep.

Down came the Deluge. Kuma's lonely vale
Beneath far stretching Caucasus no more
Glowed in its beauty like a virgin bride
Unclosing the barr'd vizer of her lord.
The bright and glorious hills above the flood
Looked forth and vanished, while the victims clung
To the drown'd cliffs and topmost trees and gasped
Their last quenched shriek for succour ; every pulse
Ceased in the turbid waters—every head
Sank on its cold, dark pillow—all was still !
One moment's struggle—and the silence fell ;
One awful pang—and Death swept o'er the sea
And found no sacrifice ! Then hoary CAIN,
Whom multitude of years, baptized in guilt,
And branded with impieties, had brought
To this dread expiation, 'mid his sons,
His nation of idolaters, o'erwhelmed
By the resistless billows, proudly fell
In sullen haughty silence and cold scorn
And unrepentant pride ; and his last breath
Quivered with voiceless curses as he swirled
Along the surf and vanished in the gulf.

Then with a music like the battle dirge
 From midnight mountains sent in waves of sound
 O'er forest and dark dell and starless vale,
 ABADDON whirr'd along the dreadful waste.
 Loud cried he in his glory: "Triumph yet!
 "Sin loves her bridegroom Ruin! loyal Death
 "Obeys his monarch and the world is mine!"
 Creation groaned; the universe throughout
 Infinity with sudden terror quaked,
 Then came a Voice: "Thou dost what GOD permits,
 "Apostate, reprobated slave of crime!
 "The author, punisher and victim too
 "Of recusant and unforgiven guilt!
 "Vaunt not, with fond ovation, evil done
 "By heaven's allowance, lest thy doom should be
 "To invent fresh torture for thy fellow fiends!"
 The Dæmon quailed; yet soon above the Ark
 Hovered on giant pinions, looking down
 With vulture eyes unsated by despair.
 The mountains trembled in the vast abyss,
 The Hazaldera to their centre shook,
 Hyrcania's sea forgot its ancient bounds,
 Wandering o'er precipice and wood and wild,
 And ocean's viewless monsters o'er their tops
 And in their awful caverns rolled their vast
 Unwieldy forms and played their giant game.

Meantime, the floating temple wandered on;
 And in the bosom of the house of God
 Rested the child of heaven; and praise and prayer,
 Chastened affection, gentle gratitude,

Serene devotedness and fearless trust
Worshipped in every pure though saddened heart.
Peace as in Paradise reigned sole ; the asp
And viper coiled beside the infant's couch,
Lion and elephant and cougar fed
With lamb, gazelle and antelope ; the breath
Of wolverines and leopards stirr'd the fur
Of slumbering creatures once their hate and spoil.
For there the Angel of Celestial Love
Abode as afterward above the seat
Of mercy and between the cherubim,
To commune with the spirit that had dared
The scorner's blasphemy, the earth-fiend's assault,
The hatred and contempt of men, and soared
Beyond the scope of evil—and to teach
His faith by prophecies of future good,
And glory and dominion ; how that vice
Should minister to virtue and guilt change
Its nature and be fashioned into good,
And all conspiracies of men and fiends
But consummate the last great praise of heaven.
So counsell'd and consoled when hung the Ark
On Ararat, and no more the dove came back,
Forth went the Patriarch to his own wide world.

When the clear rivers had resumed their banks,
And vivid verdure gladdened o'er the plain,
And every tenant of the storm-ship, robed
Again in its peculiar nature, had gone forth
To breathe the living air of mountain haunts
And graze upon the vale of fountains bright

With moon and sunlight and the stars' soft smiles,
 The rainbow revelation of the skies
 O'er wood and mountain glowed with hues of heaven,
 And on the altar of man's sacrifice
 Appeared the missioned Angel ; " Never more,
 " Saith God, shall Deluge drown the earth ; no more,
 " Till Time expires, shall dewy seedtime fail
 " Or cheerful harvest ; cold and heat shall track
 " Each other's footsteps in the round of years,
 " And birth and death to nations shall succeed
 " As nature dictates." Upward soared the voice.

Revered in reverend age, for all his deeds,
 Were chronicled in Honour's living scroll
 And with remembrances most sacred charged—
 Beloved in his last hour—the deeper then—
 For countless hearts had garnered up his thoughts,
 His counsels, his examples, faith and love—
 The Patriarch (by the sage of thousand years
 Named Noah, consolation for the curse)
 Summoned around his deathbed from afar,
 Cathay, fair Al-Gezira and the isles
 Since titled of the Gentiles, and the shores
 Of Oman's sea and the broad realms that clasp
 Those waters trusted in all times with wealth
 Of argosies and galleons and triremes,
 Laden by Egypt, Sidon, Tyre and Moors
 Of Afric and proud lords of Christendom—
 These called he—sons yet chiefs and kings—
 Before his presence ere the soul grew dim,
 Pour'd in their waiting minds dread prophecies,

And histories of mutable though prospered life,
 And then gave up to his Preserver God
 His spirit, tried and purified by time.
 In latter ages he, who wanders down
 Euphrates' banks, may see nomades stand
 Beside an ivied moss-grown monument
 Mid ancient woods, and hear the watchers say
 "Behold *Dair Abunah*—the temple-tomb
 "Of him who saw the world expire and lived."

Once more the earth was peopled, and the land
 Portioned among the children of the just.
 The branching olive in the valley grew,
 The vintage on the hillside blushed, and grain
 Waved its green glories o'er rejoicing fields.
 But men forgot their blessings and despised
 Their birthright, and the standard of their king
 Deserted in the faithlessness of sin,
 Deeming their own vain workmanship could build
 Castles impregnable, towers proudly crown'd
 By the blue heavens, secure from future wreck.
 Thus tempted he, ABADDON, for he knew
 That doubt brings terror—fear of boundless power
 Avoidance of communion and concern
 And final hate ; and to this scope he swayed
 The fickle mind of youth, with dread of ill
 Blending sublime and thrilling phantasies
 Of honour, greatness, affluence, and fame.
 Hence rose corrupt condemners—judges throned
 In bought authority and base insolence,
 Accusers, yet dispensers of men's doom.

Hence tyrants rose, who trampled on quick hearts,
And drank the shrieks and agonies of earth.
Hence envy sprung, armed at its birth with stings
Of scorpions, and revenge from midnight gloom
Leapt on its victim with uplifted hand.
But craftsmen skill'd like Sinon in old time,
Who offered ruin upon Ilium's shrine,
Or Clazomenian Artemon, who wrought
The fierce balista, or Dædalus fam'd,
Rival not wisely Him, whose moment's thought
Created myriad systems, stars and suns.
Each artizan on Babel sudden heard
Mysterious voices from familiar lips,
Unknown behests from architects wellknown,
And each misdeemed the other mad or seized
With fiend possession. Anger, wrath, distrust
Threw gloom on every stricken countenance,
And sundered the assemblage and dispersed
O'er undiscovered realms and regions wild,
Forest and seashore, mountain, dale, and plain,
Proud men and builders vain, who left behind
The monument of folly to proclaim
The nothingness of man's magnificence.

In earlier years, unvisited as yet,
Though fraught with many evils, by the rage
Of worst assassins, in my solitude
I sung the vengeance and the recompense
Of guilt that wrecked the Cities of the Plain ;
And, earlier still, the triumph on the waste
Of Israel o'er the banded host and pride

Of Egypt long renowned for arts and arms.
 And now, thou beautiful imperson'd Thought !
 Queen of the blest Camcenæ ! Dweller lone
 On promontories high, by pebbly spring,
 Clear as thy soul and mirror'd like thy heart,
 Here stay thy flight ; thou canst not follow death
 Through all its triumphs in all time, nor paint
 The Dæmon as he swiftly sweeps the world,
 Rushing from woe to woe, and bearing high
 His carnage front, crown'd with its wreath of flame.
 But thou canst picture such disastrous deeds
 As leave their deadliest wounds in-life, and so
 Offer upon thy country's shrine thy lay.
 Guide now my flying song through awful scenes
 That darken the soul's sunlight, and let not
 Thy deep moralities and lessons stern
 Be wanting to instruct the soul of man
 That wisdom dwells with cloistered gentleness,
 And greatness with a conquest o'er desire,
 And fame with justice and with duty, peace !

Remorseless avarice and serpent guile ;
 The ravine and the rapine of men loos'd
 By legal sanction on each other's weal ;
 Accursed usury and trade that seared
 The generous spirit of benignant youth ;
 Fend, faction, rivalry in court and camp,
 In nuptial pomp and gaudy obsequies,
 And daily intercourse ; pale jealousy,
 Blighting the mildewed heart and forging wrongs
 To consummate suspicion ; envy, hate,

Howling defiance or disguised to kill ;
All desolating slander, whispered out
In night assemblies, and ere noontide hurled
O'er the wide town to feast upon the slain ;
These and unnumbered terrors more were born
When cities rose and thronged societies
Drave sleeping passion into ruthless war.

Nor Sheikh nor Ephori nor Archon throned
In Areopagus, nor Consul stern
In curule chair, nor chief nor king nor czar,
Could ever crush the giant crimes of men,
Or hold, when maddened by indignities,
Their bandit natures subject to his law.
All codes and pandects and enactments framed
By skill'd and titled senates cannot bind
Man to his fellow's weal, nor countermine
The quick evasions of a mind resolved
To build on human heads its dome of gold.
Custom creates desire, and want uplifts
Its voice and yearns for common vanities ;
And folly, minister to pride, hath had
Its bribe in every age and clime and heart ;
And interest coins new gold from sack and spoil
To bear the gorgeous pageant bravely on.
So luxury dissolves the strength of men,
And poverty degrades the eagle thought ;
And faith deserts all commerce and all speech.
Then tyrants trample ; but the same dark fiend,
That covered them with purple, yet hath slaves
More terrible than this ; and rebels crouch

Around the throne to cleave one despot's brain,
 And seat another on their vassal necks.
 Thus doubt, intrigue, cabal and mutual hate,
 The monstrous birth and bane of social life,
 Bear retribution to the lips of all.

All history is but a scroll of blood,
 The record of destruction and despair ;
 The life of man hath parted from each sod
 Where spreads a kingdom, and the voice of woe
 Uttered its wailings round triumphal cars,
 And purple pomp and unrestricted power,
 Since first the astonished sun beheld the sin
 And shuddering horror of Earth's fallen sire.
 Ixion's wheel, the rock of Sisyphus,
 The Danaides' hopeless, endless toil,
 But image to our wiser sense of fate
 The misery and the madness that have crowned
 Lust and ambition since the cherub's sword
 Gleamed o'er the closed gate of lost paradise.

Lo! glorious Babylon—the gorgeous queen,
 The lady of earth's kingdoms ! beauty, strength,
 Dominion, glory, and magnificence
 Gleamed in her diadem, and nations quailed
 Before the rushing squadrons of her kings.
 Towers, castles, palaces and guarded walls,
 That shadowed the sheen dayspring ;—colonnades,
 Whose porphyry pillars glowed with crowns of gems,
 And glittering marts of merchant princes meet
 To purchase monarchies ;—and temples wreathed

With gold and diamonds, through rosy airs
Soaring to heaven ;—and from vast terraces
Gardens, like Eden's in its hours of bliss,
Gemm'd with the matchless flowers of all the east,
And shaded by the cedar, laurel, palm
And grovelike banyan, hanging from the walls—
All these defended and adorned her pride,
Her boasted immortality of power,
And captive monarchs laid their sceptres down
Beneath her footstool, while her king of kings,
Nabocolasser deigned to bid them serve.
Girded by battlements that mocked assault,
And beautified by every art of man,
Her bands invincible o'erspread the earth,
And garnered up in her proud palaces
The majesty and pomp of prostrate thrones.
But strength, on odours pillowed, faints and dies,
And glory brooks not love's voluptuous ease.
Fame sculptures its own throne and monument,
O'er perishable existencies and things
Doomed to decay it pours its deathless soul,
And in the realms of thought forever reigns.
But from the hidden urns of gold and gems
The spirit of magnificence enshrined
In darkness, from temptation's weak research,
The destined king, whom vice emasculates,
Bears to his banquet poison and despair !
Nimrod and Ninus and Semiramis
Gazed from the icy pinnacle sublime
Of restless action and unslumbering toil
On broken dynasties and conquered crowns ;

With wine and courtezans and sycophants
Belshazzar revell'd till the spectre hand
Wrote ruin on the radiant tapestries,
And ivory pillars of his banquet hall,
And Mede and Persian up Euphrates' bed
Rushed to the throne that held no more a king.

The solitary Syrian pilgrim roams
Through Hellah's dismal hamlet and disccrns,
He deems, from hot and drifted sand exhumed,
Relics of Babylon—yet doubts his quest,
And searches more intently, while the wind
Moans o'er the desert with a broken voice,
And bâts and bitterns hover, and the fox
Springs from his burrow, and the jackal's scream
Haunts the lone air throughout the livelong night.
This is ambition's triumph! this the crown
And consummation of earth's monarchies!
Myriads have toiled their threescore years, and bled,
And swallowed loathingly their galley food,
And died, the slaves of myrmidons, for this!
Childless Chaldea! realm of sorceries,
And worldly wisdom and enchantment! queen
Of all that charms man's nature and inflames
His fatal hopes—pale dust to dust gone down—
Thy sole memorial but a word—a name!

The pale pure pearl in summer daylight smiles,
But diamonds, gained by blood, alone shoot forth
Their radiance when the chandeliers disperse
Wavering darkness and the shapes it broods.

Thus joy and fame, possessed by others' good,
 Shed their blest beauty o'er our brief sojourn,
 While fierce ambition's earthquake ravages
 Leave empires blackened by a nation's gore,
 And glooming 'neath the volcan blaze of war.
 Stand thou upon the holy hill of truth,
 And mark below the struggles and the wrath,
 The dreadful patience of death's artizans.
 Behold the monarch trembling with the fear
 Of viewless treason, troubled and unblest,
 While envy gazes from afar and sighs.
 See magi erring—and enchanters lost
 In their own labyrinths of fraud revered.
 The wanderings of the wisest and the fall
 Of bravest combatants behold! and send
 Thy spirit on the winds o'er every clime
 To weep the ruin of earth's holiest hopes ;
 To weep that folly ministers to woe,
 That weakness reigns with wisdom, and the blood
 Of centuries but buys a gilded tomb !

Then what avails the voice of old renown ?
 The masques and riotings and glories past ?
 Lived Phalaris the merciless ? there are,
 Who doom deserving to the dungeon now,
 And chain high merit to the felon's wheel.
 Did Thais, frantic o'er the maddening bowl,
 Tempt him of Macedon to stain his name
 And in the torrent flame of Persia's throne
 Persepolis consume his memory ?
 OUR FATHERS—faith's poor exiles, fed

By Red Men's charity, and warmed to life
By their devotion to unfriended want,
Went forth from unbought refuges and fired
The dwellings of the monarchs of the land ;
And from that midnight slaughter all, who dared
The wreathing flames, fell by the sword or ball.
Did the bold Granicus back to its fount
In Ida bear the shrieks of dire defeat,
And Issus and Arbela wail aloud
O'er satraps, princes and Darius slain ?
Europe through all her coasts with terror saw
Destruction sweep o'er Austerlitz, and crush
Hispania 'neath his iron foot, and hurl
Embattled nations to the doom knell'd out
By the vast Kremlin's Tocsin when his host
Drank the cup of vengeance to the dregs.
She saw the man of destiny dethrone,
Demolish and confound the crowns of kings,
While on his banner-bearers in the van
Of desolation hurried, leaving slaves
To bury their dead conquerors—or die.
Drave Shalmaneser from Samaria sacked
And pastoral Naplousa's mountain land
The countless hosts of conquered Israel
To bondage, martyrdom—and buried all
Beneath the mysteries of viewless fate ?
Careered Sesostris in chariots drawn
By kings made vassals o'er the famished realms
Where erst they reigned in Plenty, Power and Peace ?
Who hath not wept o'er Poland's utter spoil
And Kosciusko like a star cast down ?

His country mangled, riven, with bleeding limbs,
 Hurl'd into Hinnom, darkened and devoured
 By boyars, starosts—ruffian hordes of chiefs—
 Banished and banned, her patriot spirits robbed
 Of home and hope—her throne in ruins laid—
 And tyrants trampling in her temples armed !
 Through ranks of victims crucified and racked
 Stalked fierce Volesus and his spirit glowed
 With demon gladness and a murderer's pride ?
 See Marat on the Grève ! or hear (and quail)
 The dying prayers of Glencoe, and the shrieks
 Of Saint Bartholomew—the feast of God,
 The holy eye of heaven ! and yet again
 Sicilia's Vespers and the torch of Fawkes
 Mark and compare ! be still and weep thy heart !

What hath been is and will be. Seasons change
 Their advent and departure ; empires fade
 And fall like autumn leaves ; and manners take
 New effigies, and customs like the moon
 Wax, glow and wane ; and e'en the steadfast earth
 Unfolds fresh aspects both of land and wave ;
 But man and man's strange nature never change.
 The mutability of brief frail life,
 The woes that weave their poison in the threads
 Of being, and the vanity that sinks
 In loathing sickness o'er accomplished fame—
 All utter counsel vainly—madly on
 Borne by the whirlwind of o'erweening pride,
 He pauses not—he breathes not in repose
 Till the grave buries pomp and great renown,

And desert winds o'er dreadful solitudes
Utter their voices—chanters for the Dead!
What can avail magnificence and might,
Dominion bounded by the ocean's surge,
And fame, whose herald was stupendous fear?
Search Memphian pyramids and mete by line
Gigantic obelisks; tread o'er the ground
Where stood Diana's temple, dashed to earth
In blackened masses on the fated night
That shuddered o'er the birth, in Macedon,
Of the world's scourge and curse; or print thy foot
Among the ashes of Moriah's mount,
And paint in burning hues its day of doom;
Dare the simoom and let thy voice be heard
In Tadmor's awful solitudes, or turn
And mourn dismayed in Balbeck's domes of death;
Toll yet again the thunder knell of Rome
And proud Athena, and let Egypt hear
And echo back thine eloquence of thought!
And what shall this avail thee, if thou drink
No loftier inspiration from the scene
Than wonder and amaze and vain romance?
But if thou wilt be wise and choose thy good,
The large revealment is before thee here.
Ruins of glory teach thee meek content,
Beatitude that offers silent praise,
And still content, the best religion,—love,
Untrembling confidence in Him who holds
The universe in scales, and faith prepared
To mingle with its Fountain at all hours.
Destruction hath not slept since fell his chains

In deep Gehenna at the fall of man ;
 But better minds, on high pursuits intent,
 Create and fashion fortune to their will.
 The outward ill may torture, and the strife
 Of the heart's foes may bow the spirit down,
 But over all they reign at last, and bring
 From the world's wreck and their own sorrows food
 To nourish christian meekness for the skies.

Receive the legacy of buried years !
 The thoughts sublime of high philosophy,
 The thrilling music of great intellects.
 It argues but a helot soul to pore
 O'er mouldering instruments of havoc—lance,
 Bowstring and javelin and catapult ;
 Or paynim rituals by Menes framed,
 Solon or Numa—fittest offered up
 To sculptured deities and pictured Gods.
 Holier than sage sanhedrim soared the thoughts
 Of Plato on their glorious way, and earth
 Grew lovelier than love's bright imagings
 Beneath the starry splendour of his soul.
 The lion-hearted son of Arcady,
 Diagoras hath shined *his* memory too
 Deep in the stainless fountain of all truth ;
 For with the wanton creed and faith obscene
 And faithless deeds of Jove's mad worshippers
 He held no commune, but with martyr voice
 Bade Venus bind her zone and veil her brow,
 And Pallas cast away her ægis and no more
 Gorge her beaked eagle with the blood of men.

The maniac son of Semele he bade
Forego his thyrsus, and no longer fill
The madden'd brain with fierce licentious thoughts.
Thus in the council of his country's gods
He stood—like Austin by Andraste's shrine
On Stonehenge, girdled by the Druid band,—
And with a dauntless eloquence portrayed
Their hideous idols, whom their bigots mocked.
Banished, proscribed and with anathemas
Burdened, alone into the desert passed
The stern philosopher from bondage free.
And Socrates hath left his legacy,
The immortal science of a heart resolved
To ratify its greatness in the hour
Of doom, and o'er the shrinking dread of death
Mount like Elijah to the heaven he saw.
Lo! what a hallowed beauty and a gush
Of soft seraphic beings float around,
When in the music of an elder day
The Samian sage Pythagoras reveals
The inner brightness of his spirit throned!
These in a gross and grovelling time gleamed out
As miracles of omen! and they stood
Untrembling at the tyrant's judgment seat
And heard, like Galileo from the lips
Of Bellarmine, the fiat undismayed.

Like them, devoted scholar! treasure up
The oracles of nature and be wise.
Look not on any faith with hate or scorn,
For who hath throned thee in the place of God?

Papist or Huguenot—Condé or Guise—
 Christian or Osmanlee or Brahma's chief—
 Guelph or Gibbeline—theist or priest—
 Their creeds revered call not thee arbiter !
 It can avail thee nought to sear the heart
 Of blest humanity and brand the brow
 Of intellect with evil thoughts of men,
 And hoard in the bright mansion of young mind
 Harsh sentences and judgments to corrode
 The fair work of the Deity, whose love
 Pervades alike all nature and all hearts.
 Rejoice that thou art free to feel and think
 And utter without fear; that human judge
 No more hath power to chain thee in the flame,
 Or on the rack or sachentege. Beware
 That while, with ashes on thy head, thou sitst
 In penitence, those ashes from the fires
 Of vanity and pride fall uot to sear
 The soul that should be purified by love !

Tura. Spirit of my song ! and gaze with grief
 Once more on death that in the noontide comes !
 Methinks in crowded solitudes I stand,
 At nightfall, by the serai's darkening walls,
 In beautiful Byzantium, laved by seas
 Of old renown, the Euxine, Hellespont,
 And fair Propontis ; and the turban'd crowd,
 With ataghan and scymitar, pass on
 With hastened steps that fear yet will not shun
 The dreadful pestilence that sweeps along.
 The distant light of Pera, one by one,

Shoot forth, and the sweet voice of love's guitar
Comes on the fragrant yet death laden air
With a heart-stirring influence and charm
That melts into the mind like childhood's smiles.
Below me lies a weltering trunk, and yon
The headsman sheathes his kinskal to relight
His quenched chibouque, and drops into the dust
The hoar head of the Hospodar. Along
The colonnades move slow the Soldan's guards
Silent and waiting death they *dare not fear*.
The wan moon o'er the Bosphorus ascends
With sicklied lustre, and her mournful smiles
Rest on the countless monuments that throng
Byzantium's land of burial; and methinks
The solemn cypress trees do moan the dirge
Of all the morning sun shall see entombed.
In stillness flies the pestilence; and prince
And slave lie writhing for an awful hour,
And perish; and the merchant's crowded mart
Of loveliness from fair Circassia's vale
Will open on the morrow to convey
Beauty unto her bridal in the tomb.
Life's breath is here extinction: moments grasp
A thousand destinies; and funerals glide
Like evening shadows by, as thick and fast;
And up the ladder of the dead methinks
I see the votaries of Islam pass,
In silent shadowy multitudes, to lay
The idols of the heart's worship where no more
Bereavement and lone widowhood of hope
Pour earth's deep night o'er visions of the blest.

Woe sits in every threshold ; and the hour
 Of prayer, by struck muertin call'd in vain,
 Passes without a voice ascending up.
 O night and pestilence ! and doubt and death !
 How terribly distinct the heart-pulse throbs,
 That soon may cease ! as through the quivering gloom
 The quickened vision glances on the shade
 Of fierce ABADDON'S form that hurries by !

—Anark and Rioter in myriad woes !
 The fierce orgasms of maddened agony
 Have been to thee electric ecstasy,
 Demoniac rapture—since the smile of God
 Was clouded by despair that weds with crime.
 Before thee sink the beautiful—the bard,
 Wasted in youth and in his flower age seared
 By the world's samiel and his own quick thoughts—
 The hero on the bosom of renown—
 The sun-eyed child whose being is a bliss—
 The virgin in her loveliness—the son
 Of many hopes and dreams sublime of love,
 When the first dawns of his fame gleam out.
 The mightiest armies of the dead rise not
 From gory battle field or lava seas
 Drowning still cities in deep floods of fire,
 Or earthquakes yawning to profoundest depths,
 Or tempest, or crusade, or ghastly plague.
 Deeper than the rent banners of the slain
 Was steeped the soul of Cæsar in men's blood ;
 And Atila from Chalons' streaming plain,
 Heaped with its hecatombs of victim's fled

Before Theodric with a heart afloat
 In gore of Hun and Goth. Judea's soil
 Grew rank in richness o'er the sacrifice
 Chivalric monarchs, led by bigot wrath,
 Offered to Saladin and the Sepulchre.
 Lo! awful victory o'er seas of blood
 Waving her standard, while the world contends
 On Zama, Cannæ, Waterloo, made rich
 By human hearts forever pierced in vain!
 But Persecution hath a wider range,
 An ampler spoil than these; lo! from the roll
 Of Record starts the pallid student up
 And cries—"Thou prince of justice and of peace!
 "Wolves ravin in thy fold, and mercy shrieks
 "In vain for succour while the guiltless die!
 "Familiar and inquisitor and doom!
 "Apostle, prophet, martyr—child and eld!
 "Freedom and shackles and the axe upraised
 "Red with the life of Hampden, Sydney, More!
 "Tyrants and parricides and length of years,
 "Ismaël, Aurung-Zêbe and Tamerlane!
 "Oh, the soul sickens o'er the scroll of fame,
 "The just man's wrongs, the widow's sightless tears,
 "The orphan's helpless woes, the tyrant's power,
 "The pride of Mammon, and the painted brow
 "Of hypocrites exulting o'er their prey.
 "God of the guiltless! in Peru's dark mines
 "Her kings dig gold for murderers! and see
 "Assassins goading to the Oregon
 "The ancient sovereigns of *our* plundered realm!"

Thus deems the nobler mind, intent to delve
 For knowledge and yet shuddering o'er its toil.
 Thus vanish generations down the gulf
 That opens to eternity, and thus
 The Fiend of Ruin wastes a dreaming world.

But there shall come an hour when truth shall stand
 Upon the mountain and declare to earth
 Her seraph oracles; when love shall thrill
 Each bosom wedded to the world's wide joy,
 And image in the fountain of the soul
 The universal bliss; when faith shall roam
 On lovelier meads and hills with glory clothed,
 O'er whose bright summits rainbows rest in heaven,
 And over the charmed universe of thought
 Pour its pure radiance from the shrine of God.
 Then, cries the vision of the banished saint,
 In deep Gehenna's darkest depth again
 Shall writhe in adamantine manacles
 THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION, and no more
 Vainly appeal pale famine's hollow eye,
 Or broken voice of burning pestilence,
 Or unheard groans of battle raging on.
 But dove-eyed peace shall float on snowy wings
 O'er nations banded in each other's love,
 And the free souls of Heaven's blest children flow
 In light and love o'er earth and rest in God!

THE HEART'S APOCALYPSE.

Ἐν ἔλπίσι χρεὶ τους σοφους εἶχειν βίου.
Ἀνθρώπος ἀτυχῶν σώζεται ὑπὸ τῆς ἐλπίδος.—*Menander.*

WHY wake ye, memories of devoted hours?
Delirious dreamers, sleep forever now!
Through the cold tempest, that around me lowers,
Glance not heaven's glory on my darkened brow!
Hushed hearts, that quail o'er still despair's last vow,
Breathe awful music 'neath a stranger's touch,
And minds, that rocky as their fortunes grow,
Like mountain torrents gush when tasked too much—
They bear long years, but dare not feel their burden such.

Though shook by every gale, yet, rooted, deep,
Youth's hapless love lives through all power of change!
Too pure to shrink, too proud to wail or weep,
It fills all things with memories vast and strange;
Where'er the rainbow bends or sunbeams range,
Or lightning flames or thunder heralds *God*,
In ruined castle or romantic grange,
It gathers flowers to clothe its native sod,
And o'er the birthplace hangs where young hearts rushed
abroad.

The wasted heart retains its earliest glow,
 As trampled flowers their odour, not their bloom—
 Though doomed no more the thrilling bliss to know,
 That threw its angel glance beyond the tomb ;
 Mid all that can man's lion heart illumine,
 Mid all his boundless hopes, ambitions, fears,
 One image steals o'er all its glow and gloom,
 Troubling the fountain of forbidden tears,
 And fading not, though borne far down the sea of years.

The worn mind clings to this—this beautifies
 The temple it must ruin ; all things sink
 Into one passion ;—life of earth and skies
 Becomes a frenzied ecstasy to drink
 The poison-cup, from which we vainly shrink,
 The deep cup brimmed with deathless destinies !
 Hurl'd on by agony, which cannot think,
 We search vast ocean and world-studded skies
 For one sweet home to rest from grief that never dies.

Again—and yet again, my earliest love—
Ellen ! thou fabled Clara of my song !
 My lonely heart, unchanged, is doomed to prove
 A sleepless watcher o'er thy nameless wrong—
 An unseen visitant, who roams along
 Thy desert way, and loves to trace thy tread,
 Though downward tending where Oppression strong
 No more can bow thy wildly throbbing head,
 Nor gore thy bosom fair among the scepter'd dead !

Pale, chilled, and passionless, thine image steals,
With wrought brow, hollow cheek, and faded eyes,
O'er me when most the quickened spirit feels,
The soundless hour of midnight phantasies ;
Then pallid Memory on dark wings flies,
Like birds to Tinian's isle from ocean's storm,
To thee and love, romance and May-night skies,
And for an hour it slumbers 'neath the charm,
That, as an angel garb, hath ever wrapt thy form.

Then, in communion with eternal days,
I clothe my soul in sanctities, and yearn
For that restoring hour when scorn or praise
Shall mock no more the heart that cannot learn
To quench the shrine where love's first odours burn ;
When courteous speech shall sanction spotted crime,
And tyrants from their sacrifices turn
No more exulting, but, beyond all time,
True hearts, long sundered, clasp in glory's realms sublime.

We feast on hope as 't were our vital food—
And linger o'er it with a vain delight ;
We banquet on the air when tempests brood,
And breathe the rose when at its heart is blight !
Misguided, hopeless pilgrims of the night,
Grasping at shadows in an unknown land,
Victims of visions, gathering wrong from right,
With foes behind us and on either hand,
And led by danger on where giant fiends command.

THE HEART'S APOCALYPSE.

Would I had been thy brother! life had then
Been pleasant to thee, and thy virgin smile
Had lingered yet—like twilight in the glen,
Revealing a truant spirit!—to beguile
Thy little cares, with deep and patient toil
To build a quiet refuge for thy rest,
To love thee with a hallowed love, and pile
Blessings around—in each myself most blest—
Had been my daily joy—so joy was in thy breast.

But thou art fated to endure reproof,
Linked to a serpent evil none can rend—
Doomed to the dismal refuge of a roof
Whence hope was banished by thy nearest friend—
Creating images of woe where blend
All separate features of thy own despair—
And, worse than madness, destined to depend
On him who peopled all thy landscape fair
With grief, repentance, doubt, and cold and crushing care!

And I, when vesper fits its diamond brow,
And zephyrs glide in music through the grove,
Oh! sink in anguish o'er thy fate, as now,
And mourn thy sacrifice of love!
Where'er o'er earth my wayward passions rove,
To thee we'er faithless, still to Derby's wood
They turn enchanted—and ascend above.
When by that silent forest shore we stood,
Rememberest thou, lost love?—the sun went down in blood!

DESPONDENCY.

THERE is no bliss in being ; all in vain
We toil and struggle here ; in grief and pain
Born to a world of sufferance and of sin,
And doomed to woo what none can ever win,
Life is a weary burden, hard to bear,
Of dark offence and desolate despair—
A lingering helplessness—a quenchless thirst
To taste and yet a shuddering o'er the worst.
The diamond dawn of being—its blest hours
Of love and innocence—young budding flowers !
Its earliest pleasures, bursting into bloom,
Only to blossom o'er the chill dark tomb,
Soon fade and perish, and hope's rosy light
Throws lurid gloom o'er sorrow's wailing night,
Which shrouds the heart in such unmeasured woe
As they, who deeply feel, alone can know.

Oh, how the heart-pulse throbs with burning flush
When life's young feelings o'er the bosom gush,
And earth unfolds her glories to the eye,
And angel harps are heard along the sky,
At that sweet season when the spirit pours
Its starlight beauty o'er the eternal shores !
What radiant forms glide through each Eden grove,
Forms full of loveliness and bliss and love—

Ideal shapes from fancy's magic mould,
Never beheld when the warm heart grows cold,
And the wan hue of sickly thought doth spread
O'er living brows the image of the dead !
The glorious skies, where angels sing in praise,
Their unfurled pinions flashing heaven's own blaze ;
The fair green earth—the vestibule of heaven,
Where spirits commune in the dusky even ;
The wild lone main, with all its worlds beneath,
The dim mysterious palaces of death ;
The joy of thought, the rainbow of the mind,
The silent rapture of a soul refined ;
All cease to charm when want and woe assail
The shuddering spirit with their spectre wail,
E'en in the dayspring of confiding youth
When the pure bosom is the shrine of truth.
Lost in himself amid the false and vain,
Man looks abroad upon a world of pain
With the cold eye of unobservant scorn,
And wonders why this wretchedness was born.

Oh, what is human hope ? a viewless star,
That never shines upon us where we are ;
A glimmering light, that, throned in other spheres,
Only reveals the darkness of our fears ;
A world beyond all other worlds on high,
That mocks the gaze of every mortal eye ;
A realm of dreams this life cannot fulfil,
Forever distant, wander where we will.
Oft and yet vainly hath my worn heart sighed
For joys that budded but to be denied ;

And vain hath been my spirit's airy flight—
 It fell from heaven in sorrow's troubled night,
 And sunk below the common hopes of man—
 Seared by the lightning of my being's ban.
 The loftier triumphs of the human breast,
 The proud ambition that can find no rest,
 The rainbow joys that glitter but to die,
 And love, our heaven or hell beneath the sky—
 All—all are vain ! the wide waste world is cursed
 By ills and wrongs—the wildest and the worst.

Trust not in man ! confide not in the best,
 But lock thy counsels in thine own still breast !
 He loves thee not whose venal voice proclaims
 Vile paynim worship to dark Mammon's names ;
 He loves thee not who honours thee in pride
 But to reject when fortune is denied ;
 He loves thee not, who, in a darkened day,
 Leaves thee alone to track thy desert way,
 Content to mutter—" O, I wish thee well !"
 When earth seems opening to the nether hell.
 Trust not in man ! the wisest err in ill,
 The greatest falter—and the human will
 Grovels forever in the darkness cast
 O'er life from the first sigh unto the last.
 Friends are but phantoms in thy bitter need,
 They counsel wisely while thy death-wounds bleed.
 Love lives in deep delusions born of youth,
 And dying in the dawn of awful truth ;
 Faith, like the raven from the ark sent forth,
 Wanders unresting o'er the lonely earth ;

And hope, earth's only happiness, doth nurse
 Wild thoughts that centre in a burning curse !
 Trust not in man ! confide not in his faith !
 His tongue breeds venom and his spirit—death.

There is no joy in life ; its hopes and fears,
 Its cold lip-smiles and unconsoling tears,
 Its woes that wither and its toil that tires,
 Its vain illusions and its false desires ;
 The keen pursuit, without a settled aim,
 Of bootless power and unaccomplished fame ;
 The changes, chances, and unwitnessed tears,
 The doubts that darken into endless fears ;—
 All pour the bitterness of wrath upon
 The heart of man—earth's dust compounded son !
 Alas ! how poor is all he seeks to gain !
 Clothed with bright pleasure but replete with pain.
 Bright with the colours fond self-love bestows,
 As mildew pictures like the morning rose ;
 Warm with the deep glow of the spirit's fire,
 As the dead earth beneath the victim's pyre ;
 Love spreads its glory o'er our youth, but leaves
 The bosom blasted, and alone it grieves.
 Misfortune, fount of pride, in silence sears
 The purest feelings of our earlier years,
 And dread dependance o'er the high mind throws
 The robe of Nessus ; and our wants and woes
 Blanche the fair cheek and furrow o'er the brow,
 And make our progeny what we are now !

GRAVE WATCHING.

BRING flowers and strew them here,
The loveliest of the year,
Wither'd, yet fragrant as her virgin fame,
Who slumbers in this sunny spot,
Yet to love's voice awaketh not,
Nor hears in dreams her lover sigh her name.

Where woods o'er waters wave
She hath her early grave,
And summer breathes lone music o'er the scene ;
It is a green and bloomy place,
And smiling like her living face,
Whom memory weeps o'er, sighing "She hath been!"

How sacred silence lies
With dreamy heart-filled eyes,
Shedding its spirit o'er the wanderer's heart,
Beside the mound of dust,
Where, throned, sit hope and trust,
Serenely watching awful death depart.

In sooth, 't were bliss to rest
On nature's rosy breast

'Mid all this sweetness, quiet, faith, and love,
 While heaven's soft airs flit round
 The still and hallowed ground,
 And the blue skies lift the pure soul above.

Albeit, I can but grieve
 That thou, pale girl! didst leave
 Thy lover lone in such a world as this,
 Yet tender is my heart's regret
 As the last beam of suns that set
 To rise again, like thee, my love! in bliss.

Then let me linger here,
 Where none of earth appear,
 Save gentle spirits, kindred of the skies,
 And muse beside the gushing spring,
 Where wild birds carol on the wing,
 And live as thou didst, love! on harmonies.

O'er this green bank of flowers
 Hover the dew-eyed hours,
 Blending the incense breath of earth and heaven,
 As thou didst hallow time
 By thoughts and deeds sublime,
 And seal eternal bliss by wrongs forgiven.

Inspire me with thy soul,
 And, while the seasons roll,
 No evil passion shall corrode my spirit!
 I can forgive my fiercest foes,
 And think not o'er inflicted woes,
 While I thy gentle soul, lost love! inherit.

What holy joy attends
Such commerce with lost friends,
Lost to our eyes but living in our minds !
Their memories breathe elysian bliss
Around e'en such a world as this,
Like Yemen's odours borne on genial winds.

Bring flowers and strew them here,
The loveliest of the year,
And I will watch their spirits as they part ;
For in a place so green and still,
'Mid wood and water, vale and hill,
My lost love dwells for ever in my heart !

PERE LA CHAISE.*

BEAUTIFUL city of the dead ! thou stand'st
Ever amid the bloom of sunny skies
And blush of odours, and the stars of heaven
Look, with a mild and holy eloquence,
Upon thee, realm of silence ! Diamond dew
And vernal rain and sunlight and sweet airs
Forever visit thee ; and morn and eve
Dawn first and linger longest on thy tombs
Crown'd with their wreaths of love and rendering back
From their wrought columns all the glorious beams,
That herald morn or bathe in trembling light
The calm and holy brow of shadowy eve.
Empire of pallid shades ! though thou art near
The noisy traffic and thronged intercourse
Of man, yet stillness sleeps, with drooping eyes
And meditative brow, forever round
Thy bright and sunny borders ; and the trees,
That shadow thy fair monuments, are green
Like hope that watches o'er the dead, or love
That crowns their memories ; and lonely birds

* The Cemetery of Paris.

Lift up their simple songs amid the boughs,
And with a gentle voice, wail o'er the lost,
The gifted and the beautiful, as they
Were parted spirits hovering o'er dead forms
Till judgment summons earth to its account.

Here 't is a bliss to wander when the clouds
Paint the pale azure, scattering o'er the scene
Sunlight and shadow, mingled yet distinct,
And the broad olive leaves, like human sighs,
Answer the whispering zephyr, and soft buds
Unfold their hearts to the sweet west wind's kiss,
And Nature dwells in solitude, like all
Who sleep in silence here, their names and deeds
Living in sorrow's verdant memory.
Let me forsake the cold and crushing world
And hold communion with the dead! then thought,
The silent angel language heaven doth hear,
Pervades the universe of things and gives
To earth the deathless hues of happier climes.

All, who repose undreaming here, were laid
In their last rest with many prayers and tears,
The humblest as the proudest was bewailed,
Though few were near to give the burial pomp.
Lone watchings have been here, and sighs have risen
Oft o'er the grave of love, and many hearts
Gone forth to meet the world's smile desolate.

The saint, with scrip and staff, and scallop-shell
And crucifix, hath closed his wanderings here :

The subtle schoolman, weighing thistle down
 In the great balance of the universe,
 Sleeps in the oblivion which his folios earned ;
 The sage, to whom the earth, the sea and sky
 Revealed their sacred secrets, in the dust,
 Unknown unto himself, lies cold and still ;
 The dark eyes and the rosy lips of love,
 That basked in passion's blaze till madness came,
 Have mouldered in the darkness of the ground ;
 The lover, and the soldier, and the bard—
 The brightness, and the beauty, and the pride
 Have vanished—and the grave's great heart is still !

Alas, that sculptured pyramid outlives
 The name it should perpetuate ! alas !
 That obelisk and temple should but mock
 With effigies the form that breathes no more.
 The cypress, the acacia, and the yew
 Mourn with a deep low sigh o'er buried power
 And mouldered loveliness and soaring mind,
 Yet whisper " Faith surmounts the storm of death ! "

Beautiful city of the dead ! to sleep
 Amid thy shadowed solitudes, thy flowers,
 Thy greenness and thy beauty, where the voice,
 Alone heard, whispers love—and greenwood choirs
 Sing 'mid the stirring leaves—were very bliss
 Unto the weary heart and wasted mind,
 Broken in the world's warfare, yet still doomed
 To bear a brow undaunted ! Oh, it were
 A tranquil and a holy dwelling-place

To those who deeply love but love in vain,
To disappointed hopes and baffled aims
And persecuted youth. How sweet the sleep
Of such as dream not—wake not—feel not here,
Beneath the starlight skies and flowery earth,
'Mid the green solitudes of Pere La Chaise !

AN EVENING. SONG OF PIEDMONT.

Ave Maria! 't is the midnight hour,
The starlight wedding of the earth and heaven,
When music breathes its perfume from the flower,
And high revealings to the heart are given ;
Soft o'er the meadows steals the dewy air,
Like dreams of bliss, the deep blue ether glows,
And the stream murmurs round its islets fair
The tender nightsong of a charmed repose.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love,
The kiss of rapture and the linked embrace,
The hallowed converse in the dim still grove,
The elysium of a heart-revealing face,
When all is beautiful—for we are blest,
When all is lovely—for we are beloved,
When all is silent—for our passions rest,
When all is faithful—for our hopes are proved.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer,
Of hushed communion with ourselves and heaven,
When our waked hearts their inmost thoughts declare,
High, pure, far-searching like the light of even ;

When hope becomes fruition and we feel
The holy earnest of eternal peace,
That bids our pride before the Omniscient kneel,
That bids our wild and warring passions cease.

Ave Maria ! soft the vesper hymn
Floats through the cloisters of yon holy pile,
And 'mid the stillness of the nightwatch dim
Attendant spirits seem to hear and smile !
Hark ! hath it ceased ? The vestal seeks her cell,
And reads her heart—a melancholy tale !
A song of happier years, whose echoes swell
O'er her lost love like pale bereavement's wail.

Ave Maria ! let our prayers ascend
For them whose holy offices afford
No joy in heaven—on earth without a friend—
That true though faded image of the Lord !
For them in vain the face of nature glows,
For them in vain the sun in glory burns,
The hollow breast consumes in fiery woes,
And meets despair and death where'er it turns.

Ave Maria ! in the deep pine wood,
On the clear stream and o'er the azure sky
Bland midnight smiles, and starry solitude
Breathes hope in every breeze that wanders by.
Ave Maria ! may our last hour come
As bright, as pure, as gentle, heaven ! as this !
Let faith attend us smiling to the tomb,
And life and death are both the heirs of bliss !

THE IMPERIAL SACRIFICE.

This poem was written at the request of my friend John Howard Payne, on the occasion of Charles X. laying the corner stone of the monument, in the square of the Tuilleries, to Louis XVI. ; one of the most unpopular acts which an ill-established monarch ever committed.

Hear ye the rush that, like the mountain storm,
Rolls deep and awfully along?
Lo! what mute horror, like a sorcerer's charm,
Holds that upgazing throng!
Amazed the unfettered vassal stands
Before his captive lord!
See how he gazes on his blood-red hands
And shakes the purple drops from his uplifted sword.

Where is the monarch? where his train
Of lords and ladies fair?
And where the adoring crowd, whose hearts, like rain
Or dew in summer's air,
Shed light and joy and regal pride
Round Bourbon's royal son?
Hark! 't was a groan as if a monarch died!
The earthquake has begun!

How the vast mass of human life doth move
And tremble like an avalanche on high!
Flows such deep terror from devoted love
And loyal truth and sacred fealty?

Alas! before the palace of his sires,
A glorious line of kings,
The crownless king beneath the axe expires—
The shout of triumph and derision rings.

Lo! where they move in long and dark array
With banner, pall, and shroud!
The smoke of censers dims the eye of day,
Religion cries aloud!
High o'er the pomp of royal funeral rites
In meek devotion paid,
The uplifted cross moves on 'mid thousand lights,
Where a great nation like one hermit tread!
How mournfully, 'mid chanted hymn,
And requiem murmured low,
And orisons round tapers dim,
While countless forms like shadows swim,
The deep knell tolls a nation's wailing woe!
Why throng they round the accursed spot?
Away! it was the deathbed of a king!
O banished Bourbon! knowest thou not
Thy brother perished like a felon here?
O hearst thou not the shout of madness ring?
And seest thou not the badge of death they bear!
Fly, chief betrayed! in silence fly,
Thy throne is stained with blood!

TURN not again thy blasted eye—
They come ! they come ! like Gierstein's torrent flood.

Ah ! 'twas the daemon forms of other years,
That hurried o'er my brain ;
The miscreant host that drank a nation's tears,
And feasted on the slain.
I see them now—each gory brow,
Each crimson hand—in wrath they stand
E'en on the spot where Louis fell
And Austria's lovely daughter died !
They throng around like shapes of hell,
The sacred pomp of funeral pride,
And shriek and yell and hurtle in the air,
In vain, to mock the rites that doom them to despair.

The sacrifice is paid !
Rest, martyred Louis ! in thy glory rest !
Thy riven crown is laid,
Thy broken sceptre on thy bleeding breast.
Rest, for thy requiem hath been said !
Rejoice, thou hearst our prayers among the blest !
Here, on the earth once hallowed by thy blood,
O royal martyr ! let thy presence dwell !
Where frantic murderers at thy death hour stood,
And o'er thee raised hate's maddening yell,
With holy joy and sacrificial praise
We build thy temple tomb—thy mausoleum raise !

THE LAST HOUR OF THE POLONESE.

COUNT PULASKI, banished from his own ruined country, sought fame and true glory by his services in the American Revolution; and fell at the siege of Savannah, while rallying the flying forces of the wounded Admiral D'ESTAING.

Vainly in battle's lava van
The highborn Pole had striven;
His warriors quailed beneath the ban,
The doom of earth and heaven;
And Warsaw's last proud spirit fled
Before the Cossack host,
While far and near the unburied dead
Shrieked wildly—"all is lost!"

Doomed to despair, by vultures rent,
And blotted from the earth,
Pale Poland to the tyrant bent,
The child of monarch birth!
And ravening hordes of serfs o'erran
And sack'd the imperial realm,
Where thousand kings in battle's van
Had banner borne and helm.

Wrenched from the heart of nations—thrown,
A felon's quivering corse,
A limb to each accursed one—
Could dæmons spoil thee worse?
Oh, how could men behold nor stay
The bandit league of blood,
The deed of that unhallowed day
Whose triumph none withstood?

Thou parted realm of bleeding hearts!
Thrice widowed child of woe!
The glory of thy power departs
And leaves thee—ah, how low!
Could one of all thy sons abide
To see the spoiler's sword
Wave o'er the ruins of his pride,
The standard of his lord?

Let tyrants vainly trample o'er
The wreck of feeble men,
Till Europe quakes from shore to shore
Like the wild thunder's glen!
They cannot break or bend or bind
The WILL sublime and free,
Nor chain nor crush the immortal mind—
Such, blood king! spurn at thee.

Dispersed like beams of deathless fire
The hunted Polonese:
Some lighted Stamboul's funeral pyre
Among the hills of Greece;

Some o'er pale Gaul their spirit cast,
And Freedom's voice went up ;
And some—PULASKI was the last—
Drank at our trial cup !

His sword—his only birthright now,
His heart,—his only dower,
His only pride—a soul to glow
O'er Freedom—hope's sole flower !
Pulaski from the ruins sprung
Of empire, shrine and throne,
Back on his foes a deep curse flung,
And wandered forth alone !

He rode upon the midnight wave
And dared the ocean wind ;
The billow was a happier grave
Than the earth he left behind :
His spirit mingled with the main
And drank its music then,—
There were no mounds of victims slain,
No screams of dying men.

He came where Famine held her guard,
And giant Danger stood ;
He was his own one great reward
In tent or field or flood !
His eye amid the brave and free
Shone like the brow of even—
The star of empire yet to be—
The Aurora light of heaven !

THE LAST HOUR OF THE POLONESE.

His banner came to earth again

The last his banner-bark :

The standard in his wounded stroke

Reverted to battle-ark :

His courage strong—his fortune faded.

The wound he died of.

And as the numerous widows crashed,

He was no longer war.

He came to bravest banner high

On Wisconsin's green.

And on his grave and victory

Thought none of buried men :

Whom never in a foreign war.

He and his name's own,

And sacred to a worshipped Star

As long as it is war.

When Oregon War in flame rolled on

To Oregon's mountain head.

And young power and strength and ground

Called warriors to their death.

Like now around scattered despair.

Plains hurried by.

Meek grandeur in his dauntless air.

And triumph in his eye.

The siege beneath Savannah's towers

Unbids its scarless band.

Who count not days but wasted hours

Dear to a bleeding land :

Yet few in peril now are blest
 While thousands war within—
 High floats proud Albion's scornful crest—
 Who shall the glory win?

Soul of the battle! son of Gaul!
 Beware thy dauntless tread!
 The bastion shakes—the ramparts fall—
 The dying and the dead
 Lie mingled 'neath yon trembling tower
 Where fires through darkness glow—
 On! on! 'tis victory's chosen hour!
 Why shrink the siegers now?

Where is Pulaski? Where the Gaul
 Sheds life upon the ground,
 Where Death stalks o'er the shatter'd wall,
 And mad Rout cries around!
 Hark! Flight and Terror hear his cry
 And Glory lights his spear—
 They mount! they mount! they fall! they fly!
 Where is that Form of Fear!

Low on the green turf bleeding, dead!
 Despair beside him lies,
 Fame from his plume and helm hath fled—
 The light of all his victories!
 Who doth lament the hero gone?
 The Patriot fall'n? Two nations there;
 Poland, her last devoted son!
 Columbia! her glory's heir!

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

'T was the midnight hour, when the Traitor bade
His country's foe adieu,
And broken gleams of moonlight played
The dew-dropp'd foliage through;
The autumnal wind, in gusty sighs,
The twinkling forest fann'd,
While Love seemed stooping from the skies,
To bless a bleeding land.

Ill-fated chief! youth on thy brow,
Ambition in thy heart,
Fame smiles in gladness on thee now—
Oh, haste not to depart!
A voice comes from the wildwood dim,
But breathes no midnight prayer,
And vague vast forms like shadows swim—
Lo! war and death are there!

Hark to the sound of the measured tread!
Mark yon quick shooting gleam!
Stern hearts are where that flash is shed—
Yon white tents are no dream;

Thy path lies through a host of men
Whose souls are in their swords,
And a cross of shame is in yon glen—
They heed no gentle words.

Oh! gallant is thy proud array,
But souls as proud as thine,
Like meteor lights, around thy way
In gloom of battle shine.
Beware the scathe of their patriot ire!
Though the Traitor gives thee scope—
Beware the blaze of the beacou fire!
Or thou hast no farther hope.

On, on the Briton warrior goes,
And the Traitor bids God speed!
Through the banded line of his sleeping foes—
Young hero! take good heed!
The woods are silent, but life is there,
And the weapons of war are round,
And a lone far cry rings on the air—
Thou art on forbidden ground!

“Who rides so late?” Three warriors start
From the shattered ravine dun,
And fear sinks on the Briton’s heart,
For his camp is almost won.
“Speak out the watchword!” sternly gleam
The bayonets raised on high,—
He looked to wood and field and stream,
But uttered no reply.

He marched to death with a daunted heart,
For his was the doom of shame ;
And his spirit shrunk from earth to part
With a brand upon his name :
And his sternest foe bewailed the fate
That stained his pride of mind,
As he stood in his last hour desolate,
To death, not shame, resigned.

He looked to the glorious sun and sighed,
And to earth he gave a tear,
And then, with a thought, he cast aside
The weight of his grief and fear.
For a moment's lapse each panting breath
Was heard amid the crowd,
Then the platform fell, and the groan of death
Rose fearfully wild and loud.

MEMORY'S REVEALINGS.

O'ER life's brief, fitful day,
Through the deep cypress vista of the Past,
Linger and watch, like pilgrims on their way
O'er Afric's voiceless waste.

What meets thee there, pale child?
The glimmering ghosts of being's happier years?
What hear'st thou? Sighs along the whispering wild,
Too full of woe for tears.

Gone to the realm of Mind,
To the dim dwellings of the seraphs gone,
The hearts that breathed their music on the wind—
And I am left alone.

Alone 'mid Life's wild stir,
Where toil o'erwears and thought corrodes the frame,
And great Ambition bears the felon's slur,
While Glory's but a name!

Grief and despair attend
 My wayward wanderings o'er the shadowy heath,
 Yet, many an image of a long loved friend
 Floats o'er the land of death.

O'er the quick spirit's eye,
 Like gleams through white clouds of Night's diamond star,
 Time's hallowed memories, from their haunts on high,
 Thrill me like things that are.

Oft to the echo of my song
 The earliest touches of my lyre have wailed
 O'er him who perished ere I cursed men's wrong,
 O'er her who never quailed.

Yet there were more—proud boys,
 Whose minds just budded when the stem decayed;
 Whose bright eyes gleamed with all earth's earliest joys—
 And mirrored worlds they made.

And others, to whose spell
 All spirits bowed in rapture and in bliss,
 Whose smile like incense on the bosom fell—
 Doomed to the earth-worm's kiss !

Electric Memory springs
 To one whom years of early love endeared.
 We parted ; Death closed round him his dark wings,
 He died—but never feared.

Descend, pale visions! come
Round my dark spirit on your angel pinions,
And waft my prayers to heaven's ethereal home
Of Princedoms and Dominions!

Glide, like June's twilight hues,
O'er the green mountain and its vale of flowers,
Round my lone path, and o'er its thorns diffuse
Odours of lovelier hours.

So my rough road shall lead,
Temptation foiled and persecution scorned,
Where youth no more shall struggle, toil and bleed,
But Virtue reign adorned.

So trial shall achieve
Its best reward, the conscious pride of Truth,
And Love no more o'er baffled transports grieve,
In blest eternal youth.

THE EUDÆMONIST.

LAST night, o'er glorious woods with leaves like wings,
Luxuriant meads and orchards all in bloom,
And the glass'd beauty of transparent springs,
Which seem'd elysium far beyond the tomb,
The sunset linger'd, and threw o'er the gloom
Radiant revealments of a holier trust,
And, as I gazed, methought the grave's cold womb
Could never quench the spirit proud and just,
Nor dim the light of God in earth's unhonoured dust.

From their blue orbits in the realms of air,
Forth flash the myriad monarchs of the night,
Regents of heaven! who hold o'er man's despair
The silent empire of serene delight;
Gloriously beautiful and deeply bright,
Their emanations blend like music's breath,
And to the bosom through the enchanted sight,
Their softness and their sanctity bequeath,
The knowledge how to live—the hallowed awe of death.

Memory, melancholy and patient hope
Attend your missions through the midnight hours,
Unflinching courage with life's ills to cope,
Devotion kneeling in forsaken bowers,

And breathing odours from youth's withered flowers.
 Life, at the best a dream of happier spheres,
 A dim, vague vision while the tempest lowers,
 In your soft light o'ercomes its human fears,
Bends o'er the throne of thought and worships heaven in tears.

How burns the spirit, in its seraph mood,
 To drink your mysteries, the shadowy smile
 Of Him, who beautiful from chaos' flood
 Wrought countless worlds! how boundless hopes beguile
 The heart that festers in its earthly toil,
 And give to night enchantment, when the mind,
 Untaxed, untasked, around its shrine may pile
 Sweet buds of thought, whose fragrance in the wind
Soars to love's glorious realm, by martyrs scarce divined.

With awful reverence on my soul I gaze,
 The echoed image of a birthless God,
 The trembling shadow of Jehovah's blaze,
 Whose light to heaven mounts from the buried sod;
 On seraph wings electric thought abroad
 Rushes and floats on midnight's silvery sea,
 And from all lands where human foot hath trod,
 And all that glow in fabling fantasy,
Return, with hoarded gems, too blest e'en thus to be.

'Tis only when the dust, the tomb's dark dust
 Hath shrined our ashes that our memories bloom,
 'Tis only then the intellect can thrust
 Aside the darkness of our mortal doom;
 But even now, though grovelling in the gloom

That broods perpetual o'er the deeds of earth,
 The soul, in hope of spotless life to come,
 Drinks in quick glimpses of that deathless birth,
 Whose happiest days endure nor agony nor mirth.

The evil know this not; the stained in soul,
 The sear'd in guilt, the branded and the lost;
 Cains of their kind, o'er them all seasons roll,
 Unmark'd, uncheer'd by all that gladdens most;
 The fiendish calumny, the tumid boast
 Darken their sun, and wassail wastes the night;
 But to the heart oft pierc'd and foiled and cross'd,
 Imagination, steeped in nature's light,
 Brings highest, purest bliss from its empyreal flight.

At Pentecost, THE ELEVEN together sat,
 Bereaved of Him who veiled his power and died,
 The Omnipotent, the Deathless! to his fate,
 That hurled destruction on man's maniac pride,
 Submitting meekly! poor, outcast, belied,
 Netted by foes, in danger, want and woe,
 They talked of him, from whose gored, writhing side
 Earth's poor life gushed, while heaven's own radiant glow
 Revealed the Godhead's brow, and nature shrieked below.

Darkened and desolate, and rent by doubt,
 Faith feebly soared though great love held its power,
 When suddenly high voices all about
 Uttered their oracles at midnight's hour,
 And heaven illumed revealed each holy bower

Of rest and bliss, and all spake tongues unlearned,
Adoring Him for this celestial dower.

Then grieved hearts bathed in bliss, for which they yearn'd,
While to the throne of God the Spirit blest returned.

And thus, though oft bewildered and astray,
Oft crushed by cares and every earthly ill,
We yet sometimes may drink a wandering ray
From the pure fount of Deity, and fill
Our burdened spirits, on the holy hill
Of the mind's Sion, with archangel thought,
That well atones for suffering bravely still,
And soothes the soul which years of woe have taught
To reap deep wisdom from each work that God hath wrought.

SUNSET AT SEA.

Armies of clouds, that with the dayspring rose,
In sable masses float and fade away ;
The summer-sun—Jehovah's shadow—glows
Along the shoreless verge of parting day ;
And Ocean lifts his vast brow to survey
The radiance heaving like his proudest swell,
And gorgeous companies in heaven delay
To drink new glory ere they haste to tell
In Fancy's phantom realms, how Ocean's sunset fell.

In storm and gloom morn came, and midday hung
Like a dark dream upon the o'erburdened brain,
And the worn mind o'er its creations flung
The hazy torpor of the listless main :
But now to landsick voyagers again
Fair heaven reveals the beauty of her brow,
And, where the wing'd clouds sudden part in twain,
Like Antisana's flame o'er mounts of snow,
The evening sunbeams gush, and skies and waters glow.

Lo! where the rainbow—radiant light of love,
 Arch of the Deluge—Hope's celestial bride!
 Metes the wild tempest in its wrath above,
 And seems o'er doubt, disaster, death, to guide
 Lone, trusting hearts beyond the scorn of pride!
 On its fair height, methinks, a gleaming throng
 Of cherubim repose, and seraphs glide
 Amid their choirs, with one most matchless song,
 To waft His praise who sees and shelters human wrong.

Far o'er the billowy deep the summer sun
 Bursts like high heaven upon the spirit's eye,
 Or new-made angel's gaze, when thought doth run
 Down the bright lapses of Eternity;
 Remotest ocean and unfathomed sky,
 Through all their depths of voiceless mysteries,
 Gleam at the glance of BEING thron'd on high,
 And mind is lost in what that will decrees,
 Which holds its power alone in two eternities.

Bosomed on grandeur 'mid the purple host,
 Soft, blue, and beautiful, the crystal heaven
 Looks down like Pity on the fierce self lost,
 And hushes hearts that long have bled and striven;
 And, with a smile like that of sin forgiven,
 Seems to allure the unhappy to its breast,
 Where GOD's high messengers, at morn and even,
 Come from the diamond mansions of the blest
 To whisper oracles and soothe the soul to rest.

So through the glory and the pomp of earth,
 The vain habiliments we weave in woe,
 The gentle hours, that blessed our joyful birth,
 Come o'er us with a bland and budding glow.
 In youth we feel, in manhood search and know ;
 One for enjoyment, and the other, Fame !
 Oh, happier far to treasure and bestow
 The diamonds of the heart, than crown a name,
 And shrine a memory here, where first Oblivion came.

Before the faint breeze, o'er the slumbering Deep,
 The clouded ship without a sound moves on ;
 And now the clear horizon seems to sleep
 In that soft sea of light, as on a throne,
 Where all the clouds adore the triumph won,
 And throng around the sun's immortal shrine ;
 They rise, sink, burn—and, ere the crimson's gone,
 The purple robes them in a garb divine,
 Till dusky death hastes on, and utters " All are mine !"

Where sea and sky, like love and beauty meet,
 The illumined vapour revels in the breeze ;
 So deep its brilliance, and its smile so sweet,
 So awful in their silence, trackless seas,
 With all their wild and maddening mysteries,
 Methinks I sail on that charm'd visioned wave,
 The saint in Patmos saw—where deathless trees
 By mirror'd waters bloom, and princedom's lave
 Their wings of thousand eyes—beyond earth's dungeon
 grave.

And yon the shore of Paradise, the home
 Of wrecked affections and unblest desires,
 And hopes that fed on poison ! thither come
 The forms that shadowed sorrow's wasting fires,
 The hearts that glowed along the thrilling wires ;
 And voices, wafted on the holy air,
 Echo the music of archangel lyres,
 And many a child of sin, in Love's high prayer,
 Adores the power benign that rescued from despair.

Wedded to images of lonely thought,
 Linked to the dim world of past revelries,
 The mind that long unto itself hath wrought
 Fairy enchantment from whate'er it sees,
 Creates a shrine in every cloud that flees ;
 Temples and châteaux, groves and meadows bright
 With violet smiles, that perfume every breeze,
 And towers and palaces, in that deep light,
 With the old look of pride salute the radiant sight.

And in those wing'd and wandering mansions dwell
 Affections, thoughts, hopes, fears, and transports past,
 The blighted love, that like Phaëton fell,
 The great ambition, like a shadow cast
 O'er the dead solitude of Barca's waste !
 And through the blue and glorious boundlessness,
 To each sweet star that visited our last
 And wild farewell, our visions haste to bless
 Hours happier for their doubt, and victors of distress.

Thou sacred Tempe of the wearied mind !
 Hope in stern trial—home in wildest storm !
 Imagination !—wing'd upon the wind,
 Child of the rainbow, gifted with a charm,
 That sanctifies the heart, and keeps it warm
 With beautiful humanities—delay,
 While years depart, and, in all trouble, form
 Thine airy armies round me, though my way
 Should lead o'er Hecla's fires, or orient Himmaleh !

Thou to our mood dost fashion outward things,
 And all the chainless elements combine
 To shed the bloom without the bitter stings,
 That panoply, O Earth ! each flower of thine !
 Thus in blest solitude we grow divine
 With a far higher nature than our own,
 And follow Hope along her golden line,
 While mingle smile and sigh and mirth and moan,
 To that bright realm of dreams where Mercy holds her
 throne.

Thus, in the solitude of Ocean, come
 Thrilling revealments of a holier state,
 Great thoughts that struggle for their native home,
 Deep feelings tortured in the cell of fate,
 Fame crushed by falsehood, love by causeless hate ;
 And, floating on the wave that cannot rest,
 E'en Death becomes companion, courteous mate,
 And friend and counsellor—and he is blest
 Who robes Life's tempest with the rainbow of the breast.

HOPE.

Like the foam on the billow
As it heaves o'er the deep,
Like a tear on the pillow
When we sigh in our sleep,
Like the syren that sings,
We cannot tell where,
Is the fond hope that brings
The night of despair.

Like the starlight of gladness
When it gleams in death's eye,
Or the meteor of madness
In the spirit's dark sky ;
Like the zephyrs that perish
With the breath of their birth,
Are the hopes that we cherish—
Poor bondmen of earth !

The pleasures and pains,
That pass o'er us below—
Fade like colours and stains
On the cold winter's snow ;

All the loves of the bosom
That burns with delight,
Are mildew'd in blossom
And wither'd with blight.

The sunbeam of feeling
Lights the ruins of love,
And sorrow is stealing
O'er the visions above ;
Like a spirit unblest
Hope wanders alone,
With a heart ne'er at rest
In the future or gone.

She drinks from time's cup
The bright nectar of heaven,
And her spirit mounts up
'Mid the glories of even ;
But the world drugs with bane
The chalice of joy,
And the storm o'er the plain
Descends from the sky.

From the bowers of repose
Like a spectre she starts,
And she breathes the spring's rose
O'er the depths of all hearts ;
But fancy and feeling
Must vanish in sorrow,
Struck hearts have no healing—
Hope sighs o'er to-morrow.

STANZAS,

Written in the Park of Versailles, May 19, 1826.

O'ER the bright lawns of liled France arise
The purple lights that herald springtime morn,
And perfume floats along the pale blue skies
Of countless flowers from shower and sunlight born.

The daybreak zephyrs breathe their rosy balm,
Bland music melts along the olive wood—
All nature smiles in joy's elysian charm,
The magic of the world's deep solitude.

Morning's young glories with their radiance gild
Park, vineyard, garden, forest, field and tower,
And fairy flowerbells, with night's pearl dew filled,
Breathe beauty o'er the sweetness of the hour.

How silent all! the monarch spell is gone,
That shed its bliss through every bosom here;
Earth's fairest palace yonder stands alone,
No voice is heard—no waiting forms appear.

None but the sentinels—whose hollow tread
Wakes moaning echoes in the faded halls,
That sound along, like sighings of the dead,
The ruined grandeur of those kingly walls.

All else is silent as the realms of shade,
And fountains gush and forests wave in vain ;
The slave commanded and the king obeyed,
And wild mirth mocks at desolation's reign.

Oh! 'tis a weary and a wasting thought,
The mirth and madness—triumph and despair ;
The pride and pomp—the deaththroe and the nought
That crown with ruin scenes so heavenly fair.

It glooms the light of love and chills the mind,
This awful dream of desolating years !
In vain, flowers breathe upon the blooming wind,
When every bud is wet with misery's tears.

Here blood like torrents poured in fierce affray
When anarch massacre swept o'er the land ;
Here groaned the gored Swiss in the trampled way
When proud France quailed beneath a mob's command.

Here Almaine's loveliest daughter—queen of mirth,
Reigned and rejoiced amid her glittering train :
Here terror hurried o'er the shuddering earth,
And death in darkness came—led on by pain.

Could nature speak—could every matchless flower
The demon deeds of other days attest,
What startling tales of tyrant treason's power
Would rise in throbs from every violet's breast!

How every statue from its throne would start!
And every sculptured lip grow quick with words!
Words whose deep accents chill the quivering heart,
And pierce like arrows plumed or fiery swords.

Oh, give me back my wildwood home again,
The deep lone forest where the tread of crime,
The shriek of woe, the clank of traitor's chain
Fall like an omen on the ear of time.

Here memory blasts the wreath that beauty weaves,
And the heart sickens o'er the bowers of death;
Stern truth the dreaming soul of bliss bereaves,
Earth's highest glory hangs upon a breath.

'Tis morn—why wake not Gallia's monarch train?
Closed the dim casements—silent every tower.
Ring out the matin chimes! more loud, again!
Proclaim the Levee! cry the banquet hour!

Still the proud palace seems a sealed tomb,
The glorious sepulchre of gorgeous kings,
Wrapt in the grandeur of a living gloom,
Where spirits flit on dim and shadowy wings.

Yet by each fountain where the tritons sport
With naiads 'mid the water's sunny play,
Methinks, the shades of other years resort,
Bask in the bloom and bless the purple day.

For o'er a scene so passing fair as this
Spirits must hover in the charm of love,
And deem it still the haunt of angel bliss,
The realm of blessedness and light and love.

But, even here, 'mid all that thralls the eye,
Dark thoughts and bitter memories will come ;
Though beauty dwells in fairy earth and sky,
Yet lovelier, happier is my own far home.

THE DISINTERRED MASTODON.

“Made desperate by too quick a sense
Of constant infelicity; cut off
From peace like exiles on some barren rock,
Their life's sad prison, with no more of ease
Than sentinels between two armies set.”—ANON.

Thy name is princely. Though no poet's magic
Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Unless he had a genius for the tragic,
And introduced it in a pantomime.

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,
As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.—HALLECK.

Dark mouldered relique of an elder time !
Wreck of some fierce convulsion, all untold !
Revealing voice of glory and of crime—
Of plenty's golden years—of garments rolled
In blood of bondage to which madness sold
The trusters of the traitors ! from the ground
Thou risest, giant of the days of old !
Scattering thy pale dust on the earth around,
Of buried monarchies to tell without a sound.

The deep wild forest, where the wailing wind
 Moans its lone dirge o'er doomed and banished kings,
 Where gushed the fearless heart and soared the mind
 Of angel nature on its glorious wings ;
 The prairie's vast green solitude—the springs,
 That from hill fountains sung through glimmering wood,
 Echoing the music of imaginings :
 O'er these thou oft hadst trod ere guilt and blood
 Rained dæmon curses on the holy solitude.

Ohio's marge—Wisconsin's mountain land
 Were prophets of thy footsteps, and thy tread,
 Like the far tempest's sigh, came o'er that band
 Of dauntless warriors, on whose crested head
 Rested the Atlas empire. O ye dead !
 Your godlike energies would once outdare
 The bison and the mammoth ; never fled
 The unsuccoured red man from most hopeless lair,
 Nor shrunk your hero chiefs from last and worst despair.

The spirit of a day that knew not fear
 Was on them ere the subtle fiend of gain
 Baffled and blasted all they hoarded dear,
 And left them not till poverty and pain,
 Abasement and disease, with all their train,
 Bowed the proud monarchs to the earth in shame.
 Then fell the sun they ne'er will see again,
 Then darkness brooded o'er their ancient fame,
 And doubt and dust and death effaced each trophied name.

From Katahelin to the Chippewan,
 From fair Mohegan to the Oregon,
 Thrilled the bright spirit of immortal man—
 Earth gloried in the Nation's humblest son!
 But time and truth and all the vision 's gone—
 The Ozark mountains o'er the wreck of crime,
 The living sepulchre of ruin moan,
 Yet their bold spirits, in their woe sublime,
 Like dying volcans, glare o'er the dark sea of time.

From Damariscotta the strong Norridgewock
 Went forth and dared Pejypscot's boiling flood,
 The winter night, the storm, the beetling rock,
 The wily foeman ambushed in the wood ;
 The Narragansett, in his simple mood,
 Nourished the child that sacked his secret hold,
 And drank Miantonimoh's guiltless blood :
 And Metacom, the hero, sage and bold,
 Battled for crown and life until his heart was cold.

And this is all your chronicle—huge bones
 Mouldering beneath the woods of ages—*ye!*
 Round whose green, living, and all-worshipped thrones
 Hurried a thousand tribes—dark destiny!
 Couldst thou not spare the good, the just, the free?
 The priests of nature and the kings of joy?
 And must these bones be offered up to thee,
 Moloch of gain! why quake not earth and sky
 When the Last Chief is shown—a beggar's mockery!

In vain, devoted people of the leaves !
 Your Lalage* called on Ishtohoolo's† name—
 The iron heart that crushes, never grieves
 O'er its black orgies, and earth-seeking shame
 Visits no spirit whose assassin fame
 Is hell's own lucre. The reward will come,
 The retribution of the gory game,
 And Logan yet shall utter Cresap's doom,
 And glutted havoc turn the mad destruction home.

Hopeless remorse and helpless agony
 Shall gnash and rend the slayers, for your doom
 Invokes meet vengeance from the eternal sky,
 The bolt that hurtles through the quivering gloom.
 Then tremble thou, hoar tyrant ! in thy home
 Of parricidal power ! a nation's curse
 Shall crown Tecumseh's and the years to come
 Shall load thy deathbed and unhonoured hearse
 With anguish, shame, despair, till none could wish thee worse.

Gone from your beautiful and glorious clime,
 Trampled and spurned and crushed by foes in power,
 Drenched and devoured, without a single crime,
 By the fiend's fire, that tempts ye in the hour
 Of outcast bondage, with your dreadful dower
 Blending the ruin of woe's gift—to feel—
 Ye yet may tell your tyrants in their bower,
 That, where your slaughtered fathers went to kneel,
 Your blood will sow the soil with curses on their weal.

* Counsellors and priests.

† The protecting deity.

SONNET.

YE eyes of Heaven! what forms behind you wear
Such radiant glories as ye shed on earth?
Where is the Eden of their heavenly birth,
Oh, where the dwellings of those shapes of air?
Perchance, loved ones who felt like us despair,
And all the sickening ills of this world's dearth,
Franchised from clay, may now come hurrying forth,
To waft above each heart-revealing prayer,
To listen to each sorrow of our lot,
And tell earth's children, with a voice of light,
They dwell forever in their holy sight,
And never can in glory be forgot!
Love, the pure fountain of all mind, imparts
Its bliss and beauty to the heaven of hearts.

THE STAR OF MEMORY.

Life! life! how many Scyllas dost thou hide
In thy calm depths, which sooner kill than threaten?

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

O'ER the lone temple of my secret mind,
That stands unnoted 'mid the pomp of men,
Beam, star of memory! ever mild and kind,
And wake the slumbering thoughts of youth agen,
That every green hillside and shadowy glen,
Peopled by angel visitants, may bring
Once more the sinless hours of pleasure when
The pure bright Spirit o'er the world could fling
The beauty, light and bloom of one unchanging spring!

Bliss of my childhood! sister of my soul!
Oft o'er thy name my voiceless spirit sighs,
As my path wanders and the fleet years roll,
And disappointments darken on my eyes.
Oft through the depths of vast, blue, glorious skies
My yearning though bereaved thoughts sadly roam,
Painting thy form 'mid those effulgencies
That glow forever round thy heavenly home,
Whence thy soft smiles effuse o'er trial days to come.

Thou wert my starlight, sister ! holy truth,
 Thrilling devotion and immortal love
 With seraph robes of beauty clothed thy youth,
 That breathed the mildness of the snow-winged dove ;
 At eve, accustomed by thy side to rove
 From toil unsoled, unrewarded, o'er
 The new-mown meadows where the flock and drove
 Gleaned after harvest, thoughts, bound down before,
 Gushed from their unsealed spring, with thee on high to soar.

For in thy dayspring not of earth wert thou,
 And feeling, mother of event, foretold
 That malady should blanch thy beaming brow,
 Quench that sweet eye and leave that fresh heart cold ;
 Yet not in fear, but grief, didst thou behold
 The hastened vision of thine early end,
 And from the sacred wisdom, stored of old,
 Thy sorrow with the slow discourse did blend
 Full many a promise blest to soothe thy weeping friend.

Thy widowed parent and thy brother heard,
 Cherubic Spirit ! thy pure breath depart ;
 Thy meek religion in our bosoms stirr'd,
 And hushed our dreadful hopelessness of heart ;
 For well we knew thine was the better part,
 That sin could never stain thy spotless mind,
 Nor evil—jaguar of the world's dark mart—
 Torture thy nature and thy bosom bind
 With chains of agony—and so we grew resigned.

Cease thy vain workings, memory! and be still,
And let me not repine o'er fading dreams
Of lost affection that with anguish fill
A wronged and troubled heart! Thy beauty gleams
Through being's storm, and by its hallowed beams
Watches pale melancholy unto its rest,
Where the rapt soul with truth prophetic deems
It holds communion with thee, Sister blest!
And sinks away from grief on thine ethereal breast.

SONNET.

WELCOME, Angelo ! to a world of care !
Fair firstborn of my youth, thou 'rt welcome here !
Thy smile can charm away the world's despair,
And light a rainbow in the heart's wild tear.
Thy fine intelligence, thy winning ways,
Thy deep affection in life's first hours blown,
Thy father's spirit, like a mantle, thrown
About thee, studded by the pearly rays
That float like music round the faëry soul
Of thy mild cheerful mother, with her smiles
Beaming like starlight o'er the ocean's isles,
That oft deep sorrow from my heart have stole—
These blend ; my boy ! in thy dark ardent eyes
Like zodiacs in the depth of heaven's deep skies !

THE DAWN OF THE DECADE.*

Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness and submitted mind,
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!

How I re-centre my immortal mind
In the deep Sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the Seraphim!—COLERIDGE.

FROM the dim shrine of ages come thou forth,
Bright year! in thy pure robe of light and love,
And shed upon the changed and darkened earth
The empyreal hues that ever bloom above!
Come forth, ye destined days! and gently move
Along the dream-land of youth's gay romance,
And, with a prophet's holy gladness, prove
The visions true that glitter in your glance,
As on to years of joy their fairy steps advance!

* Ten years, from 1830 to 1840.

Deep shadows hide revealments of events,
 That brood in thy dark bosom ; but thy knell
 Sounds through the solitudes of being, whence
 Time startles on our gaze, the doom to tell
 Of myriads trembling o'er the last farewell ;
 And vague presages of the awakened mind
 On the broad skirts of thy cloud-banner swell,
 And voiceless prophecies float on the wind
 To bid the evil fear—the good to be resigned.

The chill night airs moan in the withered grass,
 The tedded grain is garner'd up—the flock
 With bowed heads quiver as the frost-fiends pass,
 And seek the shelter of the beetling rock ;
 The leafless woods with dismal voices mock
 The storm-king as he rides through cheerless skies,
 And the deep mountain feels the rushing shock
 Of winter, on whose bosom nature dies,
 And birds, leaves, flowers and streams forsake their plea-
 santries.

The son of toil from mead and field retires,
 Stores the rich maize and serves the generous steed,
 Content with health and hope and honest sires,
 Who knew not wealth, remorse, nor bitter need ;
 While, 'mid the city's pomp, wrung bosoms bleed,
 And riot laughs 'mid naked misery's cries,
 Trembling with anguish like a desert reed,
 And plumed and banner'd fashion flaunts the skies
 With mockeries of earth's woe and glittering pageantries.

This hath been ever ; callous pomp preludes
 The burglar's dark atrocities, and crime
 Haunts the pale prodigal and around him broods
 O'er midnight deeds that steep the heart of time.
 Condemned and banished from hope's sunny clime,
 Wedded to guilt by desolation's curse,
 Youth's better thoughts and manhood's aim sublime
 Vanish before despair that follies nurse,
 And leave the victim where no change could make him
 worse.

Bring forth the criminal, stern justice ! hale
 The offender to atone for edicts broken !
 Who comes ? the quivering outcast, wild and pale ?
 No, 't is *Society*, whose voice hath spoken
 Ruin to hopelessness ; and many a token,
 'Mid its vain blazon, ratifies the deed !
 But who shall doom the tyrant, whom no ken
 Can track or power condemn ? Let justice read
 The uttered will of GOD and see the assassin bleed !

Time to the cold extortioner can bring
 No joy but gold, no profit but increase ;
 A frozen sea, his heart can never spring
 To shield the friendless and shed holy peace
 On life's wild ocean !—for the golden fleece,
 Though th' Argo's slave, he suffers, tortures, bends
 To baseness, courts contempt, and may not cease
 To feast on agonies, making fit amends
 For a hoar age of guilt by bribery when it ends.

But years on poverty confer the bliss
 Of a near close, and guide the weary soul,
 Through penitence, to meet the Earth-King's kiss
 With an abiding faith, that may control
 The dread and awe that o'er all spirits roll ;
 Wearied by toil uncheered, the child of grief
 Resigns his portion of earth's bitter dole,
 Wraps his worn thoughts in blest Religion's sheaf,
 And lies down to his rest secure of long relief.

Ye hasten on, devoted days ! and bear
 Change, trial, peril on your awful wings,
 Unsuccoured suffering and unwitnessed care,
 The wreck of empires and the fall of kings !
 Oh, thickly crowd most dread imaginings
 Of all that man must bear ere love can link
 The amities of life—ere mercy's springs,
 Unsealed, flow forth for passion's slaves to drink,
 And men, from bondage loosed, may utter what they think.

Weep, vigil stars ! be veiled, thou queen of light !
 Eye of the universe, great sun ! retire !
 For War, in hauberk mail, comes up through night
 To kindle on GOD'S shrine earth's idol fire ;
 And paynim banner and unholy lyre
 Mock the great rites by martyrs offered there ;
 Heathen and atheist, in hate's fierce desire,
 Band their bold legions with the fiends of air,
 And Antichrist leads on to trample and to tear.

The King of Sabaoth shall meet the foe,—
 Wreck and convulsion herald Him along,
 And the hills quiver and vast oceans glow
 Before His presence ! stained and troubled long,
 His true adorers shall uplift their song,
 And rebel armies mingle with the dust !
 Then unbelief, woe, want and sin and wrong
 Shall sink to Hades, and the true and just
 A thousand years rejoice in their immortal trust !

Beautiful vision ! Poesy hath had
 Her multitude of dreams—her holy bowers,
 Creatures of purity and brightness, clad
 With the soul's sunshine, crowned by deathless flowers,
 Breathing heaven's joy and leading on the hours ;
 But none so fair as this—oh, who shall see
 The maranatha broken ? the dark towers
 Of insult and oppression low ? or be,
 When dawns the day of peace from heaven's eternity ?

Patience, meantime, must wait on power, and pride
 Hurl back reflected scorn, and wisdom hold
 Counsel with prudence ; duty hath defied
 Ancient authority, and, mild yet bold,
 The unanswering tyrant on his throne controuled ;
 And conscious Virtue in an adverse time
 May triumph, and to love all hatred mould,
 Endure reproach and bear the charge of crime,
 Yet in the elysium dwell of hallowed thought sublime.

RELIGION UNREVEALED.

ANCIENT romance of visionary minds,
Shadow and symbol of a holier creed !
To thee wild voices, wing'd on mountain winds,
And countless hecatombs, predoomed to bleed,
And earth and heaven, submissive to thy reed,
Bore awful witness to surpassing thought ;
And many a vast emprise and godlike deed
Rendered its glory to thy fane unsought,
And o'er the soul of man its thrilling magic wrought.

Thy handmaid fable shadowed love and truth,
As sunset waters image summer skies ;
And genius blossomed in perpetual youth,
Wielding at will prophetic destinies ;
Each gem and pearl, that in dark silence lies,
O'er thee its beauty like a sunbow shed,
And for the heaven of thought, that never dies,
Men toiled and suffered, smiling while they bled,
Till heroes, sages, bards, rose gods among the dead.

O'er unlearned hearts, whence gushed translucent rills
 Of mind, the floating darkness of their day
 Lived with the presence of a Power, which fills
 Each dewbell, leaf and raindrop with a ray
 Of that divinity, all worlds obey.
 Clothed in his terrors, on his mountain throne
 The Olympian Thunderer sat, upon the play
 Of arrowy lightnings—weapons all his own—
 Gazing with that dread eye which ever smiles alone.

Below, that wondrous beauty of the heart,
 Dian of Delos, with a seraph brow,
 Threw the deep sanctity pure thoughts impart
 O'er the green vale of fountains, and the snow
 Of high Olympus. With his shaft and bow,
 Apollo wandered in his matchless might,
 The god of eloquence and song, ev'n now
 Invoked to crown the work of minds, whom night,
 In time's abyss, then brooded o'er with still delight.

Limpid and laughing waters leapt and sung
 Before the nymphs, and summer breezes came,
 Hymns of the watching heavens to chaunt among
 The old and solemn woods—wild haunts of fame!
 The birthbed of full many a deathless name
 Was hallowed first by thoughts, whence forms arose
 Of virtue, beauty, glory—all that claim,
 Resolve and wisdom—and each wildwood rose
 And oak wreath gave the power which great renown be-
 stows.

Imagination's Eden—Arcady !

Thy spirit triumphs yet o'er waste and death ;
 Thy hallowed hills, thy pure and glorious sky,
 And thy great thoughts, that burned in deeds beneath,
 And veiled with awe and beauty rock and heath,
 To vast renown thy chosen name have given ;
 And not less lovely in thy victor wreath
 Beam the bland smiles, like tender eyes of even,
 Of Oread, Dryad, Muse, robed in the hues of heaven.

The unsearched depth of the soul's mysteries
 Was to the men of elder time a home,
 A heaven, where dwelt their mightiest deities,
 Regents of good or ill—o'er years to come
 Scattering their blight or brightness !—Ocean's foam
 Gave birth to nature's crown of loveliness,
 Hope was their Iris through the sky to roam,
 And all their simple faith could not but bless
 Hearts quick to share all bliss, and soothe unshunn'd distress.

Watchers and warders o'er the changing fate
 Of life's brief season—thrones of spirits blest,
 Where envy entered not, nor rival hate,
 The stars were hope's eternal home of rest.
 The o'erwrought brain, the worn and wasted breast
 Drank in the nightsong of the Pleiades,
 Whose music of the mind, like leaves caressed
 By dayspring zephyrs, winged on melodies,
 Wafted Elysium's soul on every holy breeze.

The headlong torrent with its noise of war,
 The brook that gurgled o'er the velvet vale,
 The hoar and giant mountain, seen afar,
 Whose dusky summit seamen wont to hail,
 Ere Tiber or Piræus saw their sail—
 The awful forest, and romantic wood,
 Each had its god, its shrine, its song and tale,
 Twilight revealments of a restless mood,
 Gentle creations of the heart's dim solitude.

Gymnosophist or gnostic ne'er beheld
 Wilder or fairer visions ; every spot
 Was peopled by divinities ; hills swelled
 And valleys glowed with grandeur ; unforgot,
 Man felt his Maker everywhere, and nought
 Dimmed his deep faith that they, whose features won
 His household prayer, would guide him to a lot
 Blest as the flower that blossoms in the sun,
 When toil had gained its meed, and virtue's race was run.

Fear had its triumphs then—when had it not ?
 Cocytus, Phlegethon, the gulph of gloom,
 Forms shadowless in sunlight—shades of thought !
 But sacred sympathies o'er all did bloom ;
 And the fair urn, unlike the mouldering tomb,
 Freshened the memory of the cherished dead ;
 And, bending o'er it, love could still illumine
 The father's ashes, and around them shed
 The sunbeams of the soul, that followed when he fled.

Ancient romance! thy spirit o'er me came
In early years, and many a weary hour
Hath glided by, like music, while the fame
Of genius held me in its welcome power.
And now—though shadows rest upon thy bower,
And sorrow weeps o'er my vain vanished dreams,—
I feel, thou hadst a great and glorious dower,
From whose vast treasure, time's unnumbered streams
Have washed to us the gold that in our vision gleams.

THE FATHER'S LEGACY.

By Hudson's glorious stream, in death's cold rest,
Thy head lies low, my great and gallant sire!
Pillowed in peace on earth's eternal breast,
No more thy bosom pants with hope's desire.
Now, more than ever, doth thy name inspire,
For lingering years have wept above thy grave,
And shed their cold dews o'er my lonely lyre,
But to enhance the grief that could not save,
The settled woe that sighs o'er Hudson's midnight wave.

In the first gush and glory of my years,
Ere reason glo'ed, or memory held her power,
Thy pale proud brow was wet with infant tears,
And wild cries rose in thy deserted bower!
Oh, how the dim remembrance of that hour
Crowds on my brain like night's most shadowy dream,
When winds wail loud and o'erfraught tempests lower,
A glimpse of glory in a meteor's gleam,
Sunlight in storms—a flower upon the rushing stream.

The budding boughs, the limpid light of spring,
The mirrored beauty of the brimming rills,
The greenness and the gentle airs, that bring
Life's golden hours again, when heavenly hills
And vales bore witness to the soul that thrills
The heart of youth ere passion riots there—
Shed o'er me now the loveliness which fills,
At parted seasons, such as wed despair
When being's dayspring breaks and all but life is fair.

Yet from this scene of most surpassing love,
Not unrefreshed, I turn to happier years,
Quick in their flight, when through the highland grove
I ran to meet thee with ecstatic tears,
And in thine arms forgot my deepest fears!
Oh, then thou wert to me what I am now
To one blest boy—my sorrow's bliss—who wears
The very majesty of thy high brow,
The pride, the thought, the power, that in thine eye did glow.

No proud sarcophagus thy corse enshrines,
No mausoleum mocks thy mouldering dust,
But there the rose, amid its mazy vines,
Blooms like thy spirit with the pure and just;
And—image of earth's high and holy trust—
Deep verdure smiles and wafts its breath to heaven,
And, holier far than antique print or bust,
Lives in my heart the portrait thou hast given,
The worship of pure love—the faith of autumn's even.

Thy Legacy was not the gold of men,
 The slave of pomp, the vassal of the mine,
 But an o'ermastering intellect, that, when
 The world reviled and trampled, soared divine,
 And stood o'erpanoplied on GOD'S own shrine!
 This did'st thou leave me, Father ' and my mind
 Hath been my realm of glory—as 't was thine—
 Though much it irks me to have cast behind
 Thy godlike skill to quell the ills of human kind.

'Twas thine to grapple with the fiend of gain,
 'Twas thine to toil and triumph in the field—
 It cannot be that *I* should faint in pain,
 And like a craven, to the dastard yield;
 On the starr'd mead, and in the o'erarching weald
 It hath been mine to *think* and to be blest,
 And oft on mountain pinnacles I've kneeled
 To pray I might be gathered to my rest
 With glory on my brow and virtue in my breast.

Though anguish throbs through all my bosom now,
 And wild tears gush whene'er I think of thee,
 Yet like blue heaven upon Cordillera's brow,
 Thy memory clothes me with divinity,
 And lifts my soul beyond the things that be,
 The strife of traffic, falsehood's common fear,
 Friendship betrayed, unguerdoned vassalry,
 And every ill, that reigns and riots here,
 In this dark world so far from thine immortal sphere.

My earliest smiles were thine—my earliest thoughts,
Like rosy light in morn's translucent sky,
First from thine eye, my spirit's sun, were caught;
And as it gleams on days that vanish by,
It turns to thee, my fountain shrined on high!
—My Sister! is she with thee? where *thou* art
Thy children fain would be!—on starbeams fly,
Spirits of Love! and in my raptured heart
Make Heaven's own music till my soul in transport part.

And teach me with an awed delight to tread
The darksome vale that all must tread alone,
And gift me with the wisdom of the dead,
Justly to do, yet all unjustly done,
Freely to pardon!—Till the crown is won,
Be with me in the errings of my lot,
The many frailties of thine only son,
And when brief records say that he is not,
Hail his wronged spirit *home* where sorrow is forgot!

THE LAST SONG TO CLARA.

Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children.—MILTON.

“**WREATH** thou the laurel with the bay,
And let the Poet's triumph be
The prelude of a lovelier day,
The seal of immortality !
Crown thou the brow of thought divine
With glory born of mind below,
And fill with gifts the holy shrine
Where hopeless spirits kneel and glow—
Not with the light of joy to come,
But in the lurid splendour cast
O'er the wild story of their doom
From the soul's morning beauty past !
So to lorn love thou wilt fulfil
The fate denied in mortal days,
And bear affection's harplike thrill
Through all hearts in thy living lays !”

Thus, as beside the tomb of love,
 The monument of Heloise,
 When seraphs from air thrones above
 Leaned and sighed music on the breeze,
 I stood in that lone hour of thought,
 Which wafts time's shrouded memories on,
 And pours upon the waste of nought
 The loveliness of rapture flown,
 I drank from spring's all spirit air
 The accents of a voice unheard,
 And clasped one bliss in life's despair,
 One thought of joy that in me stirred.

“Thou of the bigot's darkened time!”
 (I murmured out a faint reply,)
 “Wert doomed to bear the brand of crime
 In the heart's home of ecstasy;
 Martyr and mission'd spirit, sent
 From throbbing depths of holiest skies,
 To bless earth's love in banishment,
 And gladden loneliest destinies.
 Come from the fountain home of heaven,
 Come from the mountainhaunts of youth,
 And o'er me shed the rapture given
 To first love in the years of truth!
 Give to the glance of memory's eye
 The flight of hope o'er future good,
 And to thy temple in the sky
 Summon dark thoughts from wave and wood!
 I oft have bled in bitter strife,
 I oft have dwelt in lady's bower,

But for this fated gift, earth's life,
'Tis time's worst mock and hate's worst dower ;
Nought in its heart but care and sorrow,
In anguish born, in darkness ending,
Haunting the footprints of to-morrow,
For hope toward joy in shadows tending !
The world can talk, but I must feel,
And men can counsel while I sigh,
Wealth crowns the spirit that can kneel,
But genius heralds destiny.
They murmur error past—but how ?
I was not born to bend and bow,
God made me free and proud and just,
Man, this dark thing of fire and dust—
Thought comes not from the mould of earth,
Nor feeling from the merchant's mart,
And Glory, wed to Mind, has birth
Alone in grief's mausoleum heart—
Would'st thou know more ? go ask the fiend
Why he veiled not his seraph head,
Why unto man he scorned to bend
The brow that heaven's own glory shed !
From thy shrined tomb in Paraclete
Breathe yet again thy spirit o'er me,
And I may better learn to meet
The storms and strife that gloom before me !
Thy cloistered wisdom, vesper prayers,
And matin hymns of hallowed love,
Shed o'er these soft translucent airs,
And fill me with the bliss above !
Tell me once more thy pillow now

Is Abelard's long widowed bosom,
And smiles may light my clouded brow,
And hope breathe life o'er youth's dead blossom!"

Doomed 'mid a selfish herd to tread,
To loathe yet leave not life's lone way,
To breathe despair among the dead,
And seek the warmth, yet curse the day—
To stand on midnight hills, and grasp
At glory's shapes, and find them madness—
This, Clara, since our last wild clasp,
Hath been my fate in silent sadness.
And as the Meccan pilgrim wends
Alone along the waste of death,
And cheers him, when the sand storm ends,
By the blest hope of Houri wreath,
So I through living solitude
Thine image bear with lonely joy,
And, shadowed by the ancient wood,
Paint thy bright features on the sky.
Then should I not invoke the past
To counsel and console my doom,
And deem I meet thee on the waste
Where towers sublime love's lonely tomb?
Shall not my spirit hover o'er
Thy slumbering brow and bless thee there?
And on thy children's bosoms pour
The incense of a holy prayer?
Sweet Clara! let me breathe my heart
Upon those amulets of bliss,
And, through their lips, to thee impart

The rapture of a farewell kiss !
 I seek not wisdom from the crowd
 Who laugh in woe to worship pride ;
 With the world's men I *can* be proud,
 And king with king stand side by side.
 I gaze upon the stars of God,
 And deem my soul hath lost its sphere,
 For some strange crime doomed to this sod,
 Buried in doubt and darkness here ;
 I sink my soul within the soul
 That lights with heaven's revealings earth,
 And in the dust before The Whole
 Drop prostrate into deathless birth !

But, Clara! in the dawn of mind,
 In the young glow, the gush of heart,
 Like music linked to autumn wind,
 Our spirits wed—and can we part ?
 Can time's mildew or fading flight
 Ruin the home of hope we built,
 And, as we roam through storm and night,
 Our meeting bear the curse of guilt ?
 Can we forget how oft we met,
 How deeply loved, how wildly mourned,
 When tearless grief and vain regret
 Before love's shrine their offerings burned ?
 Can we forget the sacred charm,
 The midnight hush of still commune,
 While the heart thrilled each folded arm,
 And hope soared up beside the moon ?
 Can we forget the starlight sail

On Housatonic's azure breast?
Can memory, mind, and love, all fail
To tell us that we have been blest?
There's not a grove in Ripton's vale,
There's not a flower beside the river,
That breathes not out Love's mournful tale,
When pale leaves in the cold winds quiver—
And shall we blot from life the hour
That sealed us for undying fate,
And o'er the bloom of young love's bower,
Cast the world's scorn and bitter hate?
I hear a voice from oceans past,
The heart's knell o'er returnless years;
I stand upon life's shoreless waste,
The haunt and home of buried fears;
And, as pale shades of hope flit by,
And love in tears slow follows on,
Missioned to one eternity,
That bosoms future, present, gone,
I cast my spirit o'er thy name,
And deem me blest by love's lone tomb,
For thou to me art hope and fame—
The Pleiad of the world's cold gloom!

TO MY HUSBAND.

I cannot but embrace the opportunity to present, in this work, the simple offering of a heart untainted by selfishness and unchanged by adversity when evil fortune darkened and afflictions troubled the fountain of my soul. The following verses, heretofore published, were addressed by **Mrs. JANE FAIRFIELD** to the author, and may illustrate to certain men of malevolence the depth and purity of a love which they can neither appreciate nor acquire.

Blest be the hour that called thee mine,
Hallowed in green bright memory !
When first we met, my heart was thine—
How could I choose but worship thee ?

Too well I felt that thou hadst loved
Some gentle heart to sorrow given,
And well I knew thou hadst bestowed
Deep feelings that were rent and riven.

And, in deep truth, I loved thee more
For having loved as years had gone,
For, oh, my spirit could adore
The heart that throbbed so long for one.

Dear destined maiden ! wedded now
To utter misery and woe !
I love her—for she kept her vow—
Though tears from her swoln eyelids flow.

Genius must suffer scorn and hate
And insult from the reptile few,
And I will glory that my fate
Is blent and blessed with one so true.

I love thee that thou art not loved
By those whose praise is infamy ;
It is enough that thou hast proved
Thy heart doth dwell in purity.

I've heard thee branded with a lie,
And witnessed many an insult given
By envious slanderers, who defy
Their God, e'en on His throne in Heaven !

For this, I love thee, wedded one !
The scorn of vice is virtue's glory ;
Grieve not o'er years of sorrow gone—
Thy name shall live in glorious story.

Would I could shield thee, chosen one !
By cold and cruel wrongs oppressed—
I'd wander through the world alone,
And find my heaven on thy breast.

Let me partake and soothe thy grief,
 And bear with thee an injured name,
 For wealth is but a gilded leaf,
 And venal praise crowns not true fame.

Can smiles light up thy face no more?
 Must sorrow bear thee to the tomb?
 Then while I breathe on earth's cold shore,
 Happy I'll live and share thy gloom.

Thy pallid brow, where genius glows,
 Thy stainless heart that fears not guile,
 Each, dearer than the first spring rose,
 Glance o'er my heart like heaven's sweet smile.

Thou shalt not vainly suffer hate
 From those who scoffed and spurned thy name,
 Heaven, with whom dwells atoning fate,
 Shall pour its blessing o'er thy fame.

Could I upbraid thee, dearest one!
 'Twould be for trusting those who hate thee;
 Yet gaze not thus on evil done
 For perfect bliss on earth would sate thee.

False men, who haunt thee and pursue,
 With hate, thy lone and sinless way,
 Cannot—oh, joy! cannot subdue
 The soul whose blossoms round thee play.

I've heard thy spirit's quivering sigh,
And seen thy heart in anguish torn,
When friends were far and foes were nigh,
And thou wert left alone forlorn.

Alone? oh, no!—not so! not so!
For one to love and bless was near thee,
Who pillowed oft thy head in woe,
And smiled in sadness oft to cheer thee.

Oft will we blend our prayers, my love!
And heart in heart through being roam,
They reckon not what the world may prove,
Who build and share each other's home.

Oh! let me suffer with the *just*,
Whose dowry here is nought but sorrow;
Heaven's rainbow gleams o'er earth's cold dust,
And lights the storms of life's to-morrow.

My heart hath felt no solitude
When far from all the world save thee,
Love, where no stranger steps intrude,
Soars to heaven's purest ecstasy.

Time cannot bring a change to blight
The love I long have borne for thee—
While back I gaze, with dear delight,
Or forward on the days to be!—

BIRTHDAY MEDITATIONS.

So when Detraction and a Cynic's tongue
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that the eye of skill true worth may see
To brave the stars, though low his passage be.—WILLIAM BROWNE.

O'er him, to whom the heartless world appears
One vast aceldama of guilt and woe,
A desert watered by the bosom's tears,
That long have flowed and must forever flow,
Life's earlier hours with roselight radiance burn,
Kindling deep incense in oblivion's urn.

Blest is each scene of simple, trusting youth,
Ere the heart breathes earth's thick and tainted air,
When the soul bowed and worshipped holy truth,
And bade its voice her oracles declare;
Backward he gazes on life's morn, and sighs,
And pours his spirit through his swimming eyes.

A sunbeam hovering on its golden wing,
Mission'd from heaven to light this lowliest sphere,
The heart breathes music in its blossoming,
And throws its beauty o'er each infant year ;
But, like a star in mist and moorlands lost,
It mourns, full soon, o'er all it loved the most.

Quick o'er the gloomier realms of life in mirth
Bounding, the spirit drank the rainbow light
Of heaven, and scattered o'er the desert earth
Fair thoughts that gush'd in fountains ever bright ;
Or brightness, shadowed for a moment, wore
A deeper beauty than it knew before.

Through the vast glorious depths of summer's heaven
Rush the glad musings of the high-soul'd boy ;
Wing'd spirits, harping 'mid the clouds of even,
Float round his path to crown his simple joy ;
And fancy fables what the heart desires,
And songs of rapture gush from golden lyres.

Then Nature triumphs : forest, field and grove,
Mountain and vale and ocean's pebbled shore,
All breathe out blessedness and hope and love,
Like Delphi and Dodona's woods of yore ;
And magic sounds from the stirred foliage flow,
And the wild billows, murmuring as they glow.

Love, truth and purity impart their sweet
And holy light to all they look upon ;
And childhood blesses all its wanderings meet,
Leaving a track of rays when years have gone ;
That when the bosom bleeds and thought grows cold,
We may look back and feel e'en as we felt of old.

Grief touches but taints not the budding heart ;
Quick tears start only from the flashing eye ;
Soon from young spirits mournful thoughts depart
Like melting vapours from the morning sky ;
The radiant sunlight of the pure mind throws
A glorious beauty o'er our darkest woes.

'T is the wide pestilence of sin, that makes
This world the desert and the doom it is ;—
Dark wanders midnight Fraud—and Baseness slakes
Its goul thirst in the nectar of our bliss ;—
A ffection shrinks—cold interest frowns on truth,
And love turns weeping to the bowers of youth.

There memory lingers o'er the hoarded words
Of sages old, the pleiades of earth ;
And thoughts, that pierce like skill'd and mirror'd swords,
From the heart's sepulchre in clouds come forth ;
Hoar wisdom and romance beneath the spell
Of music wed, and virtue cries "'t is well."

But soon from phantom dreams of happier days
We turn like pilgrims from the desert's fountain ;
Hope faintly lights our lone and wandering ways
O'er the steep rocks and thorns of grief's bleak mountain ;
Prudence and knowledge, gods of guilt and gain,
Fierce tyrants, rise and revel in our pain.

Alas ! a child, I sighed to be a man ;—
I little knew the meaning of my prayer ;—
I recked not as in youth's greenwood paths I ran,
How soon the clouds of ill would darken there !—
Sigh not for years—to tell thee life is woe—
Change, anguish, death—all thou canst feel below !



SKETCHES IN PROSE.

Probably, the subsequent articles will prove as entertaining as any poems could be; and they will serve a double purpose in this volume—though otherwise out of place—for the prose style of a poet will thereby be exemplified, and the intended number of pages, which a rapid edition and ill-health have prevented my accomplishing in poetry, will be completed in the description of poets.

THE YOUNG POETS OF BRITAIN.

SHELLEY, the eldest son of a British baronet, began his fatal career by espousing the most dreadful doctrines in morals, politics, and religion. While yet a youthful member of the university, with a daring temerity not more reprehensible for its impiety than its folly, he compiled from the works of the French and German atheists, and printed and published a pamphlet, every line of which was equally odious to the rational unbeliever and the true-hearted Christian. Though yet in his boyhood, when Shelley was summoned before the magnates of his college to answer to the general accusation, far from seeking escape under a denial of the act, or penitence for its accomplishment, he openly defied the gray-haired theologians, and attempted to vindicate the creed of Voltaire. The immediate consequence of his foolhardiness may be easily imagined; he was expelled the uni-

versity, shunned by former friends, deserted by his father, and driven forth upon the world, without wisdom to direct or funds to support him. 'The world was not his friend nor the world's law;' his unreserved opinions were directly opposed to the established religious and political canons of his native land, and, in the recklessness of unrelieved distress, he was fain to adopt the society and profligate career of associates, who were unrestrained in their excesses by any present or future fear. Thus the natural but impolitic indignation of his father only ratified the evil which he intended to correct, and haughty impenitence sprung up beneath the burden of his misery.

One would suppose that mankind, however they scorn precept, might be instructed by example; but age follows age, and generation after generation disappears, and the same follies are still predominant. Punishment, to be salutary, should be tempered by mercy, especially when inflicted by a paternal hand; for ten thousand instances illustrate the unremembered truth, that the fiery spirit of youth can never be redeemed from the peril of disobedience by the stern commands or even the curses of a father. Forgetful of this, the offended baronet offered his outcast son no refuge from his miseries, sought no knowledge of his pursuits, and appeared regardless of the fate that might attend him. From the deep humiliation of a spirit, waiting to be again received into favour, to the dark haughtiness of a banished heart, there is a quick and fearful transition. Day after day followed each other not more regularly than Shelley listened for the knock of the postman; but no tidings came. He inquired; his father had been in London, but had gone again. He wrote, but no answer followed. His humble

spirit was exasperated; he earned money by advocating atheism and opposing government in the radical prints; he felt himself abandoned, and in turn he abandoned all who had ceased to care for him. In a twelvemonth, he ran away from London with a boarding-school beauty, and spent many months in Scotland with as much pleasure as unwedded lovers, who live in defiance of the laws of God, can expect to receive from his hand.

He had now put the seal upon his father's ban; but he little cared what he or the world thought, so long as he was blessed by the smiles of his beloved. These were doomed to vanish soon. During his temporary absence, the partner of his guilt, actuated by the horror of her situation, threw herself into a deep river, and was brought out a corpse. On such a mind as Shelley's, this awful consummation was calculated to produce the most disastrous effects. Trouble and affliction, however accumulated, never melted his nature nor rendered it pliable to the touches of reason and loving-kindness. He gazed upon each successive stroke of the thunderbolt, upon each molehill added to the mountain of his curses, as a newer and more exciting impulse to revenge; and the most charitable construction we can extend to his writings is the belief that his manifold disasters, vicissitudes and trials thoroughly deranged his mind, led him to look upon the world as his sworn enemy, and, like Rousseau, to desire to grapple with the Being whose existence he denied, but whose omnipotence he felt. He plunged into the darkness of his creed; he revelled in unintelligible mysteries; he recited his woes in most touching strains; and the bitterness of his spirit pervaded every stanza of his poetry. His mind was restless, and sought relief from any thing that

could engage its powers; his fine energies were, therefore, wasted in bewildered gropings through the darkness of future destiny, and moaning discontent over everything on earth. He rushed from England to Italy, and from Italy to England, like an unblest spirit. Neither the charms of Byron's friendship, nor the kind-heartedness of Leigh Hunt, could compose his troubled mind, or relieve his bursting heart. Like Savage, he wandered beyond the knowledge of his friends, and more than once the heir of a baronetcy and £3000 a year, was doomed to make the streets of London his only shelter, while cold and hungry, weary and alone.

In the midst of these distresses his "Queen Mab" appeared; and the withering severity of all orthodox reviewers attended his poem with the same immitigable reiteration as persecution pursued the ill-fated but gifted author. The metaphysical mysteriousness, the sceptical sentiments, the vague terrors and churchyard horrors of that poem were all obvious to the dimmest perception, while its hidden beauty, its delicate refinement of thought and imagery, and its admirable idiomatic style were as little perceptible to superficial readers, as the clear water of the river is to the clown who hobbles over the ice. Shelley was disgusted with society in all its forms; he was dissatisfied with the existence of everything natural, moral, and political; he confounded the reformer with the poet, and, in the latter capacity, imagined an Arcadian Utopia, which, in the former, he proposed to people with every grace and charity. His deviations from the canons of criticism and the social laws were soon deterred by the giants who guarded them; and the friendless poet was thrown back upon himself with a mighty arm which might have crushed him but dared not.

After almost incredible sufferings from poverty and persecution, Shelley was partially reconciled to his father; and about the same time, he allied himself to the beautiful, accomplished, and gifted daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft. Educated in the doctrines of her intellectual but erring mother, and, with much of the mind, inheriting all the strong prejudices of her father, Miss Godwin affected to despise the chains of matrimony, and to rise above the common vassalage of her sex; but, though she was the same faithful and devoted wife before as after the consummation of marriage, yet, she did not pause to think what moral ruin the universal adoption of her creed and practice would spread over the world. It is most lamentable that the deism of Godwin and the libertinism of Wolstonecraft should have been associated, in such a mind as Miss Godwin's, with the self-accredited irresponsible atheism of Shelley. Had her deep affections united themselves lawfully to a pious and kindred heart, they might have won her to the cross she trampled on and the God whose being she denied; but, fascinated by the intellectual qualities of Shelley, and content to follow the example of her mother, she debased the spirit that might have soared to heaven, and lost the friendship of all who respected the institutions of the society they adorned.

Upon a large annuity allowed him by his father, Shelley, with Miss Godwin, removed into the country; and many months passed away more happily than the misguided poet had hitherto experienced.

There he produced many poems, and, among others, that wonderful creation of genius, "Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude."

In this strange emanation of his power, the poet has wandered through those invisible regions, and drank at those fountains of early light, where his spirit always revels in ecstasy. Throughout the poem he has scattered much beautiful description, but we often turn away in wonder at the purpose of its introduction. The splendour of his imagination gleams upon a mass of broken gems—gorgeous, but valueless, and the gloom of his doubting heart hangs over his highest thought, like the smoke of the battle over the triumph of death. He yearns after something beyond attainment, and, like all who pursue the dictates of abstruse argument rather than the impulse of an incorruptible heart, he is invariably unhappy, while he exerts all the power of his mind to make his reader so. Leigh Hunt esteems this poem as one of the finest productions of the age. We do not object to the language, for that is pure old English, but to the dark thoughts and heathen sentiments of “Alastor,” and these will forever deter the Christian from its perusal.

“The Cenci,” a tragedy produced about this period, though it has met with even a severer fate than Miss Baillie’s “De Montfort,” or Mrs Hemans’ “Vespers of Palermo,” or Coleridge’s “Remorse,” or Lamb’s “Woodville,” is pronounced by all who have read it, one of the most powerful plays which have adorned English literature. The characters are beautifully delineated, the plot artfully managed, and the denouement judiciously accomplished. Had Shelley always written like this, or never written any thing more, “The Cenci” might have held that exalted rank upon the stage and in the closet, from which it is now excluded by the name of the author.

Unaccustomed to economy, and, like all men of genius,

profuse in his liberality, Shelley was soon reduced to perplexing straits and obliged to leave England to recruit his finances in Italy. Here he became the familiar friend of Byron; and his wounded spirit was frequently consoled by the honest praises of the exile. Byron admired his genius but deprecated his sentiments; for amid all his errors, his master-genius never wandered from a secret credence, or perhaps apprehension, of the truth revealed. His mind was too exalted not to seek an Almighty mind, and we have abundant reason to believe, that, in his latter years, he often lamented the skepticism of his youth. During the remainder of his brief and tumultuous life, Shelley reposed in quiet; but in the propagation of radicalism and infidelity, his mind was more active than ever. "The Revolt of Islam," if it could be comprehended with less study than the Principia of Newton, would do great injury to young minds; but fortunately the very title is incomprehensible to ordinary readers, and the whole production is a mass of splendid absurdity. The most beautiful language is employed without purpose, and the finest images brought forth to array his visions of a political millennium.

The last production of Shelley was his elegy on the death of Keats. It is equally remarkable for its singular poetic beauty and its severe crimination of Croker, the savage reviewer of Keats. Mournfully he laments his departed friend, without apprehending that his words would soon be applicable to himself. Even while he poured out his lamentations, the doom had gone forth against him—and it was speedily fulfilled.

When he parted from Mrs. Shelley (such, at his request, she had become,) to go upon a sailing excursion with Cap-

tain Williams, he little thought that a strict account of his thoughts and deeds would be required of him before they met again. The day was beautiful and the sky serene, but a gust of wind suddenly arose, the boat upset and the friends were drowned. After a long immersion, the body of Shelley was found and buried by Byron; and his wife with two children returned to London. "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool:" we wish Mrs Shelley would remember that a *woman* may be the same, and present the world with no more such works as, "Valperga," and "The Last Man." She possesses a noble mind and writes with almost unequalled power, but she, as well as Lady Morgan, must have made the discovery that the wanton sacrifice of all the heart (the household female heart, especially) holds invaluable and sacred, tends but little to recommend her writings to millions whose only happiness lies beyond this world.

In a brief but affecting biography prefixed to his poems, Lord Craig has given the only information of which we are possessed relative to Michael Bruce; he was the son of an humble and pious Scottish cottager, who restricted his own limited expenditures to give him a free education, and was rewarded by the high expectations which his youth excited. But these were all rendered vain by that deadly foe to human life, consumption. In his twenty-first year, the scholar and poet was hurried away from all his pictured scenes of happiness and fame, and his broken hearted mother left to bewail her irretrievable loss. Most of his poetry was composed while he suffered under the influence of disease, and while he moved, like a shadow, among the woods, and held eloquent communion with nature, or, with a flushed cheek, talked of earthly bliss to his love, who well knew

that he was journeying to a happier world. It is soft, and kind, and gentle, as his own heart—gentle as the lapse of the summer rivulet—bright as the moonbeam that shone upon his wanderings—and melancholy as the poor girl who mournfully listened to his tale of hope. He never speaks of fame, but his whole spirit glows with that fire which lights the altar of immortality. With him life had no cares, no agitations, no remorse; and he avoided all anxious thoughts, by sending forth his spirit to admire the works of God, and resigning himself wholly to his will. The genius of Michael Bruce and that of the young German poet Körner were remarkably in contrast. Unlike the gallant hero of the sword and lyre, his spirit shrunk from war and tumult, and he enjoyed pleasure as exquisite on his still and lonely bed of lingering death, as thrilled the soul of Körner, when it parted from the battlefield to seek its everlasting abode. In the one, all was mildness and simplicity, in the other, patriotism and sublimity. Each was fitted for his station: Bruce to console and comfort his weeping mother, from whom he was soon to part; Körner to claim admiration, and to perpetuate an exalted fame. With calm philosophy, or rather Christian resignation, Bruce wanders and moralizes among the woods and waters of "Lochleven," with martial gallantry, Körner wakes his countrymen to avenge their rights by the trumpet notes of his "Wild hunting of Lutzow." In his parting elegy, Bruce bids a tender, pathetic, and holy farewell to all he loves on earth, and sinks to his final rest, mourned, but not lamented; Körner lies wounded on the cold ground at Asperne, and pours forth his last hymn to the God of battles, with the same sublimity of genius which had marked his brief but bright career.

They both fell in their youth, they both were devout Christians. The path of the German hero blazed with a grander light, but the mild radiance of the Scottish poet comes over the heart like a dream of beauty.

Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was not less remarkable for his modesty, than his genius and erudition. His few poems were produced at long intervals, and suggested more by opportune occasion, or irresistible inspiration than any desire of fame. Devoting himself equally to his duties in the college and the church, he was not less coy with the muses than they are reputed to be with their votaries. He felt that higher offices than any appertaining to the minstrel or poet, had been assumed and must be maintained by him. He was not hurried away by that desire of distinction, which has too often rendered the poet unhappy but accomplished the tasks which he assumed, with the same patience that marked the labours of Gray. During the angry contention among impudent competitors for the honour of having produced "The Burial of Sir John Moore," Mr. Wolfe entertained an opinion so modest of his inimitable poem, that he did not deem it worth notoriety to claim the authorship; but his friends, when he was no more, rescued this imperishable monument to his genius, from the hasty clutch of imposters, and exposed them to the shame they so deeply merited. Such an instance of unconscious power and disregard of distinction is seldom met with.

The poems of Wolfe are characterised by simplicity of expression, strong sentiment, purity and pathos. His images are not huddled one upon another in undistinguishable redundancy, but shadowed among his thoughts, like moon-

light among the woods. He discourses on human mutability with the jealous beauty, not with the stern austerity of a precisian, but the gentle persuasion of a philosopher and a christian divine. Unlike the polemic, who loses all discretion in his zeal, he does not hurry into the noisy din of strife, resolved to be victor or vanquished ; but meets his opponent on neutral ground, and sends him back to his entrenchments ashamed to protract the warfare. He advances no opinion, however indisputable, in direct defiance of prejudice, but, lamenting his dissent from the fond belief of others, gradually counteracts their errors, and wins them to the cause of truth. His writings prove him to have been a meek and untiring apostle of his faith : and his premature death is to be lamented both by the lover of genuine poetry, and by those who wish well to the interest of piety and virtue.

Of all the productions of Wolfe, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," has acquired and deserved the highest reputation. It is brief, but admirable ; not an image is misapplied ; not a word expletive. It moves with a solemn pomp like the burial it describes ; and touches, by its pathos, the finest sympathies of the heart. All the customary obsequies are dispensed with, and the noble chief is buried as he fell.

By this sublime hymn of death, Wolfe has immortalized both his own and the name of his hero. No British soldier can hear the name of Corunna, without rendering a tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, the heroic captain and accomplished scholar, and the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the unpretending poet of his renown.

The beautiful skies of literature are often darkened by storms of passion, interest and revenge, but the annals of letters cannot record a more fearful sacrifice to the unprinci-

pled vengeance of party, than the fine-minded and unfortunate Keats. His pure spirit allied itself to the kindred mind of Shelley, without imbibing contamination from his principles. His heart was ever reaching after a purer state of morals and society, but he did not scorn or offend the institutions of existing polity. The dim genius of antiquity hovered over his thoughts, and he basked in the imaginative glories of forgotten days. He shrunk from the follies and crimes around him, and sought refuge from their influence in the dreams and oracles of other years, yet, while he revived the beautiful and majestic imaginings of the olden time, and laboured to inculcate their high doctrines upon modern degeneracy, he was bitterly persecuted by the critical satrap of a mercenary government, who added to the hireling vindictiveness of office, the envy of a low-minded literary rival; and the fine sensibilities of Keats were wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of policy, while Croker exultingly performed the executioner's office.

A proud and dignified independence breathes through all the productions of Keats; but there is nothing in his "Endymion, or "The Eve of St. John," or the unfinished "Hyperion," which could, in any possible degree, justify the privileged virulence of the Quarterly. We can readily believe that high church Tories, whose faith reposes on the formulæ of obsolete usages, may have found but little entertainment in the writings of this gifted youth; but the bitterness of that undistinguished invective, which they lavished upon him, has, long ago, recoiled upon themselves with tenfold energy. There can be little doubt that the deep distress and despondency which terminated the life of Keats, were primarily occasioned by the relentless persecutions that

followed his writings; and this is not the only instance of premature death, caused by the perfidy and vindictiveness of partisan malevolence, secretly operating through the spirit of literature.

The clear genius of the poet was clouded, and his spirit broken down by the infinite contumelies of his enemies. The demon of party snatched him from his studies, arrested his composition of "Hyperion," and banished him to the continent; there he lingered awhile, and then departed to a happier world, in the flower of his youth, and vigour of his hopes. The savage decree of his foes was fulfilled—the sacrifice was performed, but woe be to those who personated the high priests of the fiendish rites! Let the poet be judged by himself. What can be more distinct, beautiful, and true, than this address to the nightingale:—

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I heard this passing night, was heard
In ancient days, by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Farther on we find a most original and beautiful metaphor, a rare thing; beauty sleeping is

"As though a rose would shut, and be a bud again."

The dethronement of Saturn by Jupiter, forms the subject of Hyperion. How awfully distinct are the images of the poet, as he guides the imagination to the refuge of the fallen god:—

" Deep in the shady sadness of the vale,
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon and eve's lone star,
 Sat grey haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair ;
 Forest on forest hung about his head,
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest." * * *
 * * * * Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unscattered, and his realmless eyes were closed ;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

He describes Saturn's empress, and then proceeds :—

" How beautiful if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self !
 There was a listening fear in his regard,
 As if calamity had but begun ;
 As if the banward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen roar
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up."

Yet the poet who was equal to continued and sustained passages like these, fell a victim to the cold-blooded atrocity of a cringing office-holder, to the malignity and envy of Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty. So long as literature and the fine arts are made the vehicles of political and religious intolerance and calumny—so long as genius is sacrificed on the altar of Belial and Mammon—so long as personal animosity guides the pen of the public reviewer, the difficulties to be surmounted, the trials to be borne, and the dangers to be resisted in the pathway of poetry, will

deter most men of genius and sensibility from the conflict. They will be more disposed to leave the gory arena to the Quarterly gladiators alone, and seek, in the bosom of retirement, that quiet happiness which seldom visited the heart of the unhappy Keats.

Literary biography furnishes no particular account of Herbert Knowles; all we know of him is, that he was a contemplative young man, who resided in the vicinity, and was accustomed to frequent the churchyard of Richmond. At what period he was born, how he lived, or when he died we know not. Like Grant, the author of the most celebrated Oxford prize poem ever produced, he seems to have thrown all his energies into one masterly effort, achieved the victory, and disappeared forever. His genius does not indeed glow with the fervour of a Milton, but the pathos and power of his thoughts and imagery are touching, because they are true. The "Churchyard" is an energetic epitome of the vanity of human hopes and wishes. To what should a tabernacle be built in that solemn realm of death? To ambition? oh, no! he is

"To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey."

To beauty? no! To pride? wherefore? To him nothing is or can be allowed, but

"The long windingsheet and the fringe of the shroud."

To riches? alas, nothing remains to them but

"The tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid."

To love? in that awful hour of silence,

"Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted and none have replied."

Thus proving everything vain and unsatisfactory, he resolves to build the three tabernacles to Hope, Faith, and the Lamb of the Sacrifice.

The conception of this poem is admirable, and its execution is remarkable for simplicity of style, and for strength and beauty of expression. It remains a durable monument to the memory of a *name* which, after all, is the glorious ultimatum of incessant aspirations, struggles, and trials. On a rational review of the history of literature, we become more and more persuaded that he who devotes the energies of his mind, and the treasures of his knowledge, to the acquirement merely of fame, is misguided and unwise. While a satisfactory proportion of just applause follows the steady and pleasurable exercise of the cultivated intellect, life glides on peacefully, and literature largely contributes to its enjoyment; but the restlessness of ambition, the quenchless thirst of vanity, the one unvarying desire to acquire notoriety at any expense, inevitably subject the wretched devotee to innumerable disappointments and vexations. Amid the comforts of a well spent life, it is pleasant to anticipate the applause of posterity; but during the tumult of persecution, and in the dust of the garret, the honours that may be awarded to our ashes, are empty as "air, thin air."

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

UNDER auspicious circumstances, it is a pleasant thing

To make a tour and take a whirl,
To learn bon ton and see the worl'—

for our admiration of novel beauties counteracts the numberless vexations to which we are exposed, and, while contemplating the glories of the past, we almost forget the sufferings of the present. The petty, though provoking annoyances of gendarmie and sub-perfectures too often awaken us from our dreams of other times, but the intensity of delight soon effaces these evils from the mind. It is exhilarating to visit strange places; imaginary pictures are displayed before living realities, and we turn and turn from the one to the other, pleased alike with the vraisemblance and the contrast. The longing curiosity, which has haunted our dreams for years, is gratified in its full extent; and, though this gratification is often associated with melancholy feelings, yet the enthusiastic consciousness that we tread upon holy ground—ground sanctified by the blood of patriots and martyrs—fills the heart with the glory of departed ages, and guides us to a proud participation in the honours of the dead. The venerable abodes of those who have passed away to the land of dreams, vividly suggest remem-

brances of their lives and deeds ; and every ruin inspires our hearts with high resolves to follow the pathway of the wise and good. There is a mentor in every trace of a good man's footsteps ; there is a high reward for all who reverence the memory and imitate the example which he leaves behind. The ancient chamber, where the just man dwelt, is more eloquent in its ruin than the most seraphic sublimity that ever fell from the lips of Bortaloue. The thoughts of our minds insensibly blend with the hopes and fears, the troubles and the trials of other beings in other times ; and, as we tread the same ground which once they trod, it behoves us to feel the influence of their example, and direct our course toward the same mansion of rest which has been allotted to them. Not less should we be deterred from evil deeds, and the indulgence of evil passions, by beholding the dilapidated abodes of those who were a curse to their species, and a dishonour to the name of man. The sensitive heart will feel alike the influence of the penates and the demons. Though the persons have disappeared, yet their spectres are present still ; and we can almost hear the prayer of the holy and the anathema of the unjust man ring through the antique dwellings where we tread with reverential awe or thrilling abhorrence.

The first peculiar object which attracts the stranger's attention in Paris is the immense height of the houses ; the next is the suspension of the lamps, at the altitude of nearly forty feet, across the streets ; and the third is the disgusting filth that everywhere prevails. The shadows of the night fell darkly around us ere we reached the London Hotel ; but the streaming lights of the lamps displayed the perils of our path, and our olfactory nerves suffered a thousand mar-

tyrdoms ere we crossed the *boulevard des Italiens*, and entered the echoing court of our sojourning place. Hence we were ushered up a long flight of stairs, and through countless corridors, which guided us at last, to the exalted apartments apportioned to our occupancy. Perceiving, on our entrance, that the floors were tiled, without even an apology for a carpet, we felt the April weather too sensitively without fire; but, when this was called for, the French chambermaid stared as if we had asked a miracle, until the request was repeated, when she left the room muttering something about fogs, *rosbif*, and *Monsieur Anglais*. The word comfort is outlawed among the French; it belongs not to their vocabulary; it appertains not to their speech; it is an alien to their hearts!—So that their tiles are finely polished, and their beds well adorned, and their rooms hung round with mirrors, it matters not if the lattices are half closed in a chilly day, or if an ague should follow the discomfort of a night's unrest. We were sufficiently acquainted with the vexations of travelling, however, to avoid the latter evil; and we awoke, in the morning, relieved from the fatigues of our journey, and prepared to enjoy the novelty of our new situation.

Coffee is a *sine qua non* among the French; and they may well boast of its excellence, for he who has partaken this delicious beverage in Paris, would scarcely endure the mockery among any other people. To drink French coffee from Severes porcelain is indeed a luxury.

Our breakfast had just concluded, when John Howard Payne, our distinguished countryman called upon me. He had received my introductory letters on the preceding

evening ; and the readiness with which he fulfilled his duties as a gentleman, dissipated, at once, all the idle falsehoods by which his enemies in London had laboured to blast his character. Modest, yet self-possessed ; instructive in conversation, yet scorning all display ; Mr. Payne delights the stranger as much by the qualities of his heart as the vigour of his mind. We recognise the writer, and admire his powers, but it is reserved for the man to complete the satisfaction we enjoy.

Yet no one has been more frequently and bitterly assailed by Grub-street lampooners and merciless creditors. His name has been uttered as a word of scorn by the lowest and the vilest of our species. His moral and literary character has suffered alike from the shafts of ridicule, the unfeeling attacks of the envious, and the cold treachery of pretended friends. There are always certain low-born drivellers in every community, who burrow for falsehoods—who banquet on lies—to whom the bread of life is the destruction of genius. These insolent pests always scatter abuse on the fairest characters, and make up in vituperation what they lack in truth. But Mr. Payne is above the influence of their malevolent injustice ; they can inflict no injury on a man who could be amenable to their attacks only by adopting their society.

During my residence in the French capital, and in Versailles, I had very frequent occasions to observe the personal and literary character of Mr. Payne, and I cannot do him the injustice to withhold my testimony to his generous traits of character, and his intellectual ability. It is his misfortune that the former sometimes degenerate into in-

considerate profusion, and that the latter is often misapplied to purposes unprofitable and unbefitting his genius. There are hearts, in this cold world of ours, so callous and obdurate—so utterly insensible to the outbreathings of an inspired nature—as to confound the impulsive errors of a noble mind with the deliberate crimes of an unprincipled character. It has been the destiny of Mr. Payne to encounter such hypocritical pretenders to martyr-like sanctity; and, from the fury of their holy zeal, he has suffered in the same degree as all must do who madly confide in the professions of fanatics, with whom there is nothing good beneath the light of that heaven to which they expect to attain. Things are very unequally and strangely bestowed in this world. It is almost unaccountable why generosity should be paralyzed through want of means; or why the possession of the power of beneficence should exclude the inclination. The income of Mr. Payne (which a little more worldly wisdom might greatly augment) is utterly insufficient to fulfil his benevolent purposes; and, therefore, he is not unfrequently subjected to that species of trouble which compelled Sir Richard Steele to write a pamphlet at a single sitting, and which domesticated Dr. Johnson in uninterrupted privacy, for no short time, in the dreary alley of St. Lambert.

For an impartial observer it is not difficult to trace those aberrations which terminate in disappointment; though the windings of the path are often imperceptible to the traveller, yet they are distinctly visible to all who are free to mark the objects in his way. Although Mr. Payne may be unwilling to believe that his departure from the Haymarket

Theatre was the proximate cause of much distress, yet all who feel an interest in his welfare are ready to aver it with deep regret. As an actor and manager, he attained a distinction, an influence, and an income, which he never can enjoy, as a dramatist. Formed for activity, and only happy when full of employment, Mr. Payne soon grew fat and indolent amid his sedentary advocations, and deferred opportunities of splendid success till the period had gone by. Let not this be understood as derogating from his merit as an author; his powers are not limited to his ordinary pursuits, but they are restricted by those pursuits to a narrow compass, and lowered to the petty standard of interested opinions. As a mere translator and copyist, he never can acquire renown; the faults, moral and literary, of the authors whom he translates, are always imputed to him, while the beauties are invariably assigned to the original writer. His profits as a dramatist must always be insignificant, for he exercises but little vigilance over his productions, and his labours have more frequently conduced to the independent livelihood of others than his own. He is therefore abused for opinions which he did not utter, and persecuted for errors which he did not commit. He will not return to his own country, for he fears that every body has forgotten him; he will not resume his station on the boards, for he is too corpulent for Hamlet; and he will not adopt original dramatic composition, for it is too laborious. Thus he shuts himself out from the favours of his countrymen and the applause of the public; thus he fritters away his gifts in an unprofitable cause, and despises that worldly wisdom which might have conducted him to opulence.

But he errs more in respect to his own welfare than towards his friends or the world; and therefore, while all who regard him cannot but blame his improvidence, and lament his indolent misapplication of no ordinary powers, they are compelled to admire his generosity, his magnanimity, his truth and honour—and to reverence the man, whose sufferings, however produced, are restricted to himself—but whose honours, worthily acquired, are reflected on the countries of his birth and adoption.

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