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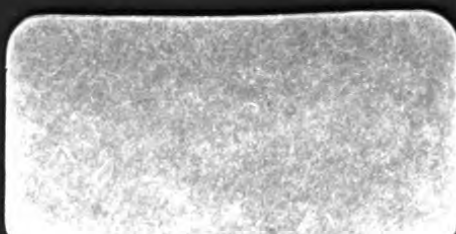


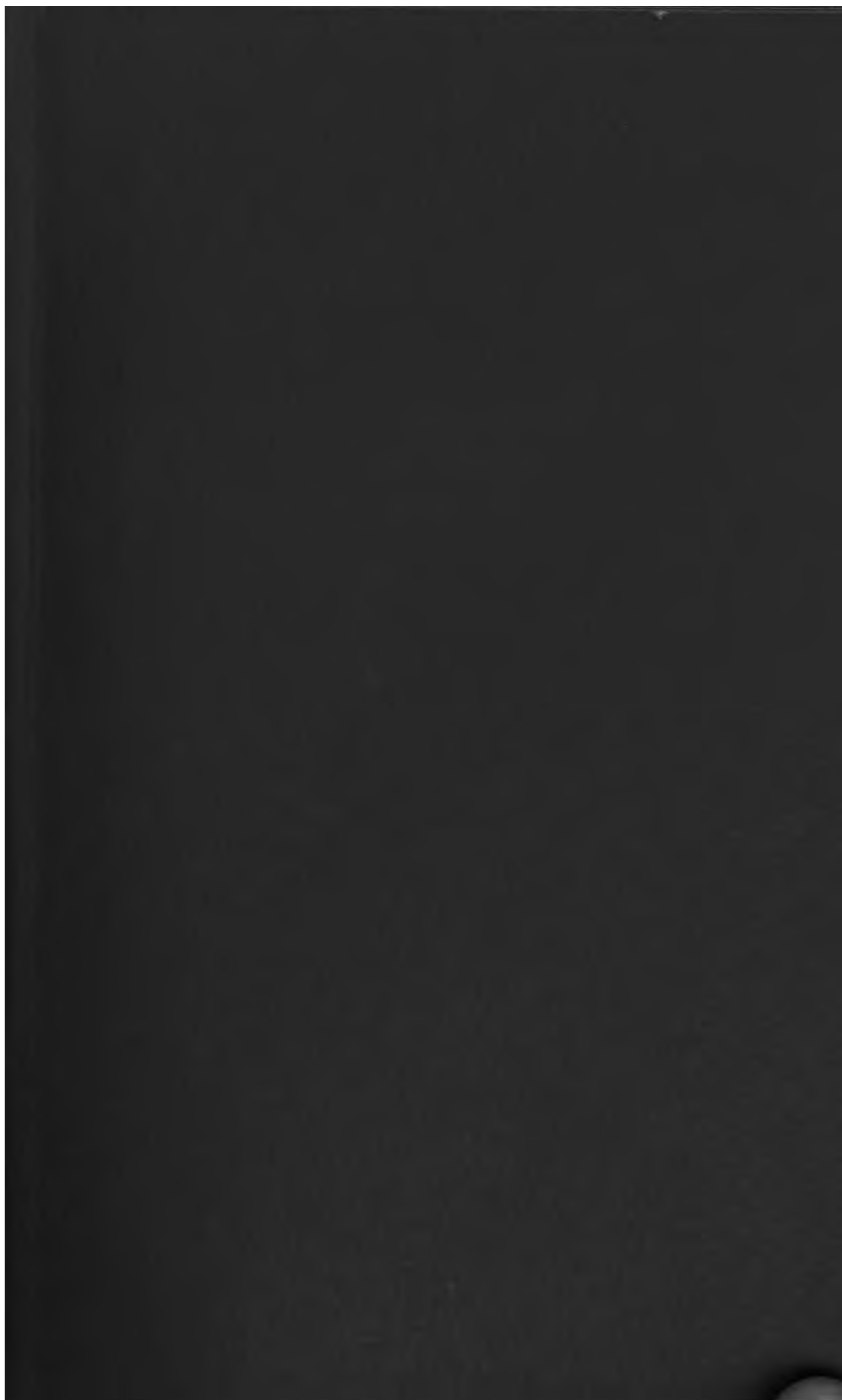
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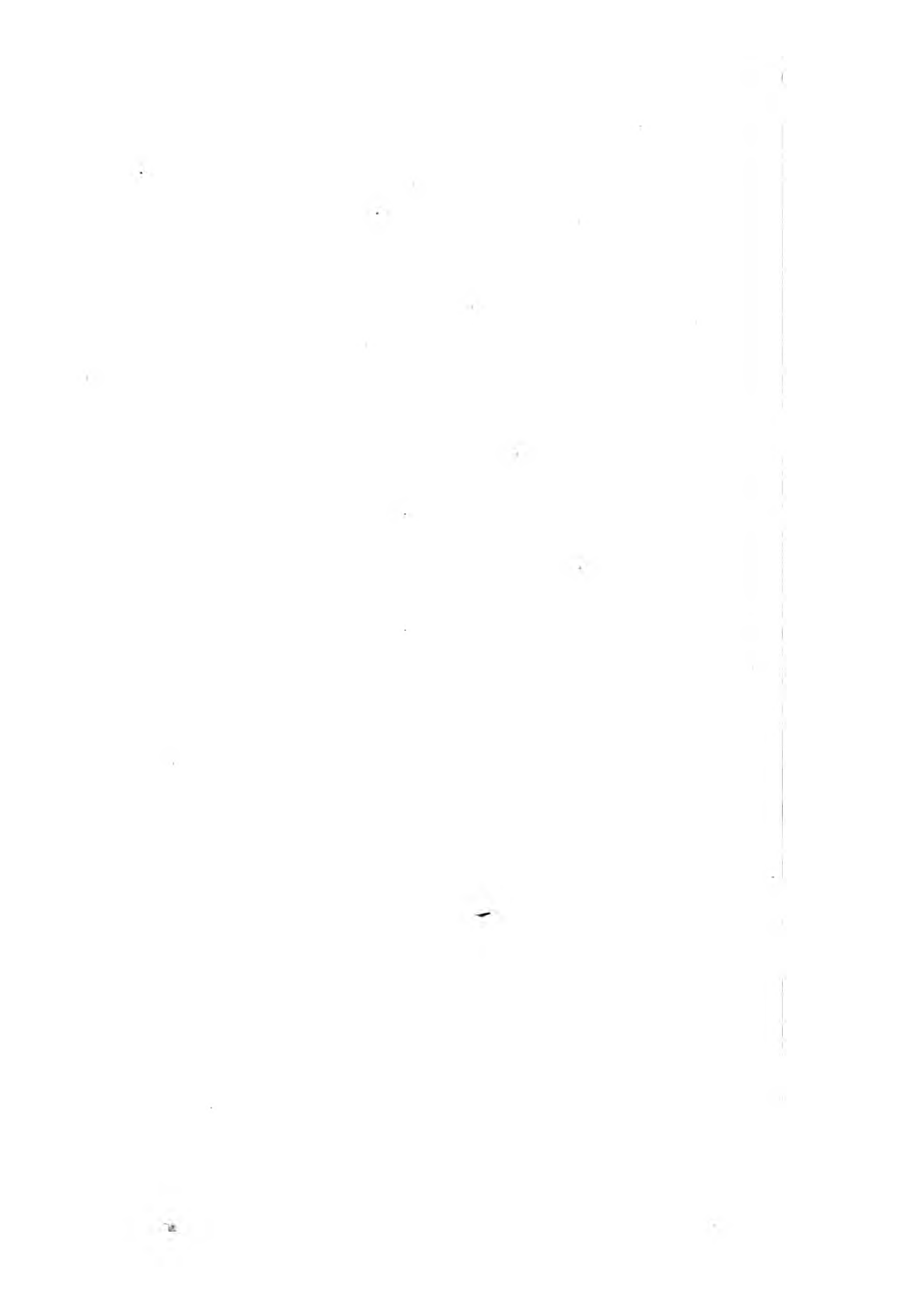
Flights
of
Phædo.



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FLIGHTS OF PHÆDO.

Great ideas flow from great minds.—Lofty and magnificent sentiments are not the creatures of art or education, but they are the exalted aspirations of Intellect, the gems of Genius, and the gifts of God.

Phædo

LONDON :
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, & HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 23, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1859

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FLIGHTS OF PHÆDO.

WHETHER there is any inherent sweetness in the term *Poem*, or whether this term possesses any absolute affinity to the idea that it represents, it may be difficult for the most recondite Philologer to show; but if some modern specimens of Poesy are fit criteria to assist our judgment in this matter, we may, without rashness, infer that the term *Poem* is in a sort of transition state, fast losing its primitive import, and becoming the vehicle of a very different idea to that which it originally embodied. This may seem a bold, and perhaps whimsical proposition, but it is not without foundation; for though the terms *Poem* and *Doggrel* have not yet become synonymous, we sometimes have learned authority and example for the application of the term *Poem* to compositions of a very inharmonious if not doggrel kind.

The Spirit of Poesy is a faculty which is but seldom manifested in any great or exalted degree.

It is a mental power which is but very rarely highly developed. Doubtless, Rhymsters and metrical writers of a kind are abundant enough in every age, and for the most part their labors are well received by the multitude: these are sometimes heralded with much pomp and puff before the reading world; but they soon pall upon the public taste, and pass away without leaving any good or permanent effects behind them. Productions of this kind, for awhile, are made to attract our notice; but they do not deeply impress our affections; much less do they shed an influence which can extend to succeeding ages, or a light that can ever become a beacon to remote posterity. They are mere meteors in literature, which may be made to attract and beguile the public eye for a time, but which soon complete the period of their transit through the social spheres, and then merge in the mists of obscurity for ever. It is not so with those whom we may truly call *Great Poets*: they are altogether of another genus, always grand and illustrious; shining with a light that never fades and emitting a virtue that never fails—so great indeed and so luminous, that we cannot always appreciate their magnitude nor comprehend the nature of their lustre, reflecting as they do that intellectual effulgence which is an emanation from *The Light*

of all Lights, and which therefore no time can obscure or extinguish.

— Genius kindles her own fires,
Creates her flame, and bids her altar blaze
With lustre varied in a thousand ways.
From unseen stores, she bids her currents flow :
She speaks, and atoms into mountains grow :
Her touch gives motion to a thousand wheels :
Age after age, her mystic impulse feels.

May we not compare great Poets to those stupendous orbs that occasionally visit our system, and which seem not to be governed by the common laws of sidereal motion—whose presence commands at once our admiration and astonishment—whose brilliancy amazes our sight and whose eccentricities baffle our comprehension—which appear at distant periods, remain visible but for a brief time, and then fly through the regions of space to depths that the eye cannot pierce nor the understanding fathom,—leaving us to meditate upon their probable effects upon our system, whose harmony and stability may in some measure be regulated and secured by their occasional visitations.

The class of which we speak contains but few individuals, not that Nature is chary in her choicest gifts, or niggard in her bounty ; but because it is her law in such matters to compensate fewness by excellence, and to counterpoise rarity of produc-

tion by durability of character or greatness of influence, adapting the power and energy of every agent to the field of its action and to the functions it is intended to perform. On this principle the truly great Poets who have illumined the world with their intellectual splendors—who have delighted us with the glowing beauty of their thoughts, or astonished us with the awful coruscations of their pen, have been but few in number, yet have they left mighty and indestructible impressions. Their manifestations have been during brief periods of time, but their influences will extend to eternity. They may have arisen unexpectedly, and, like great lights suddenly bursting from the depths of darkness, have commanded the notice of mankind in the social horizon ; but the penetrating lustre of their beam has been universal in its extent and boundless in its operation upon the human family, piercing as it were into the heart of civilization, and to some extent affecting almost every rank of social organisms.

Every truly great Poet is unique in mental constitution and genius—*sui generis* in ideal power and intellect, having no counterpart or compeer. Each is original in his kind, and Psychological science forbids us to expect it to be otherwise. Yet, there is one distinguishing characteristic which pertains to all great Poets in common, and

which may be considered the essential element of their nature. It is, that greatness of soul, that towering loftiness of mind which seems to transcend all earthly trammels—which soars as it were into the intellectual heavens, blending itself with the infinite and indicating an affinity with the Deity himself. This faculty demonstrates at once its source and its end by continual approximations to the Great and the Good. This extraordinary faculty not only conceives great and noble ideas, but also clothes them in magnificent and harmonious language. It is this faculty that constitutes that rare and astonishing kind of intellectual action which may be termed the *divine afflatus of Poesy*. Whether this faculty is latent and inherent to the mind that displays it, and ready to be developed at all times at the will of its possessor, is not quite apparent; but certain it is, that its exercise is intended for the advantage of mankind, and that its office is ever to improve and exalt the character of the human family—to enlarge and enlighten the understanding—to fill the heart with great and generous sentiment—and to enrich and ennoble the mind with aspirations after intellectual and moral good. And while we do not account any Poet truly great who is not endued with this essential element of intellectual greatness, we believe that those who possess it will not, nay, cannot,

employ it to dishonourable uses, nor make it subservient to the ruling vices or follies of the day. Neither Lucre nor Laurels can induce the truly great Poet to lay a snare for the moral sense or happiness of mankind. He at least will not put "*bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter,*" nor call *good evil, and evil good*, as some of another order have done ; but he will ever evince that native dignity and boldness in the support of Truth and Virtue which constitute at once the surest indications and the unfailing accompaniments of a noble and lofty mind. He who has the genuine spirit of Poesy—who is blessed with one of the most sublime and sacred of all intellectual gifts—endued with a faculty that no worldly wealth can purchase, no human industry acquire, no education attain, no learning limit or define—will never so far forget the office and the function of his muse, as to prostitute her to such unhallowed purposes as insulting Truth or libelling the greatest of social blessings and the best gifts of God.

Is it well that the spirit of Poesy, which quickens the mightiest powers of our intellectual nature, and gives an impetus to the loftiest aspirations of the Soul—that illumines the eloquence of the Orator and imparts life to the Painter's toil—

That bids the stony mass with sculptured beauty glow,*
And makes the canvass into life and action grow,

should be profanely invoked to pronounce a curse upon that which God himself has declared to be a blessing—to degrade PEACE and her offspring, or to mock human misery and aggravate the vices of our nature ? Yet have we lived to see this perversion of things ; and what may grieve us more, that pseudo-critics are to be found in this age of boasted refinement and excellence, who affect to admire and presume to applaud this abominable abuse of poetic talent ! Could we invoke the noble spirits of some that long have slept, even of some that once adorned the heathen world, that they might be the arbiters upon our modern productions in the fund of letters, what would be the judgment of those illustrious shades of intellectual greatness ; or in what words would they condemn that lucre-loving race of our day who, incapable of any nobler sentiment, seem to imagine that the only legitimate use of talent consists in the accumulation of gain ; who account the fleeting honors and advantages of time as ample equivalents for the blessings and enjoyments of eternity, and who therefore are ever ready, for sordid lucre, to denounce the fairest virtues, applaud the grossest vices, and betray the best interests of society.

Surely the standard of intellectual and moral excellence must have sadly fallen in this age, when men of letters and learning, who should shine as

stars of the first magnitude in the social firmament, descend from the real dignity of their sphere and sacrifice their proud talents at the shrine of Mammon—when genius lays aside its native boldness, and foregoes its freedom of action to become a hireling to minister to popular prejudice and fashion—when, in short, those who should be the legitimate instructors of a People become the perverters of the public taste, and, for the sake of gain, slavishly wield their fertile pens in praise of that which every truthful tongue must needs condemn.

It is said that a man is known by his works, and doubtless the labors of the Poet show the animus of his muse, for the scope and tendency of his flight, the point at which he aims, the purpose of his pursuit, and the element in which he delights to range, are all clearly shown by the issues of his pen.—

Wings fledged with Liberty will never grovel
 In the dust, nor love to hover o'er the mire.
 They upward tend, and ever soaring rise
 Aloft, with flight seraphic to the skies.
 Afar and high—afar and high—until
 They reach the confines of Infinity !
 There scaling o'er the broad and bright expanse
 Of many spheres, they seek that blest abode
 Where sordid souls no entrance find : where all
 Is joyous Life, and Light, and Liberty, and Love !

As regards the subject-matter of the following pages, it may be pronounced imaginative, historical, descriptive, or prophetic, just as may suit the taste, fancy, and digestion of the reader. The writer has occasionally touched upon uncommon subjects, and perhaps he has handled them in an uncommon manner; but it is hoped that there will be found nothing in the succeeding compositions (he will not call them *Poems*) that can either deprave the heart of the foolish or shock the understanding of the wise. And as he lays no particular claim to either novelty or excellence, the reader will not expect to be either edified or amused with many new or luminous sentiments. Certainly he will not meet with any commendation of the *blessings and advantages of Warfare*; nor with any denunciations of *the horrors and evils of Peace*. Such new and glowing sentiments may be expressed with bold and graphic grandeur by *the Poet*; but far, very far transcend the inventive genius of one who accounts himself happy in that he has neither the courage nor the capacity to revile the best gifts of God, or to insult the understanding of every virtuous and thinking mind, by such presumptuous flights of poetic fancy as were a short time since commended to the public eye.

Finally, although the writer has not been

prompted by any sordid hope of gain, yet he acknowledges the fruition of his labor and a full reward in the delight which he has had in the contemplation of his subjects—in the sympathy of those whom alone he would seek to please; and more than all, in the reflexion that this little book may be the means of inclining other minds to the contemplation of great and important matters. However, he will not add anything in commendation of this puny product of his pen, for though a few of the flowers which he has culled from the fertile heights of Parnassus have seemed fresh and sweet to him, yet he would not presume to offer them as such to others, who may have already explored the same regions with more advantage than he has done; and especially he would not invite a perusal from those whose refined and curious taste has lately been delighted with such pungent, rare, and novel specimens of poetic excellence and worth as may be found in “*Maud*,” for they could have no relish for the flights of PHÆDO.

London, 1856.

FLIGHTS OF PHÆDO.

I.

THY song shall be of PEACE : to her thy lays
Attune : a subject worthy Poets' praise—
Tho' this may seem a humble source of song,
Beneath the notice of the babbling throng,
Who lavish blood to feed unhallow'd wars,
And banish native strength to foreign shores :
Who glory most when strife the hotter grows,
And revel 'mid their waning country's woes :
Yet, such the theme that shall inspire thee
Whose lofty soul can ne'er obsequious be—

Insulted Peace is driven forth afar,
And onward come the tempest clouds of War.
Fast rolling o'er the main, behold they come,
Like southern mists to cloud the noonday sun.
From East and West their giant forms arise
With anger pregnant spreading o'er the skies.
Now mark their course, and tell, if tell ye can,
Who banished Peace; and how the strife began.
What cursèd heralds hurried her away :
Why jarring night enshrouds the peaceful day :
Why new-fledged horror from the distance cries,
And terrors vast amaze a myriad eyes !

Let pigmy heroes sit in soft repose,
Awhile unconscious of approaching woes :
In self-sufficient pride and haughty scorn,
Affecting to despise the notes that warn,
And token give of the uprising storm.
Till unawares their doom in dismal form
Come on—their empty grandeur melt away
And darkness prematurely close their day.

But is Peace gone ! is she no longer here ?
Who long hath blest and crowned the circling year
With flowing Plenty's sheaves of rich delight,
Untouch'd by baneful worm, or blast, or blight,
And free from taint of that pestiferous breath,
That breeds fell famine, loathsome strife, and death—
Fierce Phantoms dire, that nine times cursed of Hell
Are belchèd forth, on peaceful earth to dwell !

Yea is she gone—but wherefore is she flown :
Rejected and despisèd from her own :
By cruel demons who the War-cry raised,
And fann'd the angry embers till they blazed—
Impell'd the boiling surges till they rose,
Like monsters pregnant with a People's woes ;
And made the frothy breakers into mountains grow,
Till trembling Powers tottered to their overthrow.
So tiny sparks to conflagrations swell,
And mighty states are whelmèd in the flames of Hell !
So vast convulsion from a little folly springs,
And Peasants' wrongs may lead to overthrow of Kings !

Has *Peace* no charms, that she is treated thus ?
Has she indeed become a Nation's curse ?
That clamorous fools would sacrifice her store
Before the blood-stained shrine of baneful War :
Forego the shelter of her outspread wing,
And hail the thorns that o'er her footprints spring.
To them, let Peace be ever strange, and far
Removed from them, the lustre of her star,
Whose sweet benigance they can never know,
But endless strife, and everlasting woe !

Why fails the oil ; and wherefore scarce the corn—
Why thrive the rankling weeds, and hated thorn ;
Where late fair flowers of Peace abundant grew ;
Where rich profusion cheered and charmed the view ?
War—War—with reckless feet and damned tread,
With wicked hand her wanton waste has spread ;
Wild havoc scattered thriving regions o'er,
And rampant rides the Lands from shore to shore.

What Pines are these, that far and near,
With ruin'd limbs and storm-crush'd heads appear ?
Whose ancient crests no longer spiring rise
With verdant beauty to the sunny skies,
But drooping, pining, languid, and forlorn,
Disgraced, dishonor'd, and of glory shorn,
Now bow them down, Destruction's blast before,
And fail beneath the withering breath of War !

What Oaks are these—whose mighty limbs bestrew
Their parent soil, and rot where late they grew ?
Full oft have they embrac'd the storm and flood,
And tempest wild in wildest form withstood :
When threatening thunders bellow'd o'er their head,
And angry powers round about them spread
The havoc wild of wasteful War—then they
No symptom gave of weakness or decay.

These are the toppled powers of crested pride,
That on their own imagined strength relied,
That mocked fair Peace, expelled her from their shore,
And oped their arms to welcome cursed War !

II.

HASTE, Phædo, haste ! and fling fresh incense on the
Pyre,—

The smould'ring embers turn,
Strange fuel on your altar burn,
Nor let the hidden spark expire.

Haste, Phædo, haste ! invoke again the triple throng
Whose powers never fail,
Whose golden glories never pale,
And who alone can lead thy mystic song.

Haste, Phædo, haste ! dost hear the Queen of Love
complain ?

This poor deluded throng,
Misled, have done me grievous wrong,
Their rebel tongues have slandered my fair name.

Start not, to hear the charge ! but rise in her defence.

Already is PEACE gone :

Already do her children mourn ;

A blood-stained herd have banishèd her hence.

To PEACE a pæan sing, mayhap she will return—

Again 'neath silvery wing

The golden sheaves of Plenty bring,

That else the direful flames of War shall burn.

Rebuke that coward crew : the pest of every shore,

That hateful hireling brood,

That make accursèd strife their food,

And glory in the dismal bray of War.

Let pseudo Bards not quicken'd with celestial fire,

With rude and rugged rhymes

Adapted to degenerate times,

And cringing critic scribes 'gainst PEACE conspire.

But thou, O Phædo! thou at least one voice shalt raise,
 A warning voice to men,
 And wield a bold and fluent pen
To tell of PEACE, and sound her lofty praise!

Let regal Vultures quarry o'er a ruined State;
 And lucre-loving, letter'd scribes,
 Accept from Princes paltry bribes,
To flatter, fawn, and cringe before the great:

Applaud the horrid deeds, by cruel Tyrants done;
 Feast o'er the bloody strife,
 Approve the waste of human life,
And show by what base arts the Victor won:

But thou, no laurel-wreath shall weave for such; nor vie,
 With vain inflated lays,
 With Bards who tune their fulsome praise,
To Foes of social Peace and Liberty!

III.

Her Palm-trees she plants our cities among,
And her Olives our waters beside ;
She charges them flourish ; she bids them be strong,
And wave their brave branches awide.

Be stable : be stable, and fruitful she cries,
Your strength and fertility show :
Deepen your roots, lift up your heads to the skies—
Let the broad Earth your excellence know.

The dews of the morning your heads shall adorn,
With pearls and gems of the opening day,
The smiles of the East shall greet you at morn :
Rubies and gold when the day fades away.

The Palm-trees of Peace shall be crowned with delight,

And welcome the day-spring's bright throne :

The Olives of Peace shall sing in the Night,

And hail the high stars for their own.

Then stretch forth your branches, O peaceful Palm !

Be evergreen, fruitful and strong,

And lift up your head, O Olive of Balm,

The quarrelsome thorns from among.

Let Learning repose 'neath your boughs evermore :

Let Liberty thrive in your shade :

Shield Art and her Sons from the blast of War,

And ye shall have crowns that never shall fade !

Peace builds up our Temples, and strengthens our

Tow'rs,

For her hands, they are busy and free ;

Peace ennobles our State, refreshes its pow'rs,

And helps our rule by land and sea.

She waves her fair wand o'er the ocean wide,
And calms the rough surges that rise ;
She bids our proud Ships in safety to ride,
And welcomes our flag in the distant skies.

She raises her wing, and fans away care,
She cheers us with songs of repose ;
Of blessings she gives us a copious share ;
In rivers of Plenty her bounty flows.

Then hail to fair Peace ! we sing to her praise,
Her Palms let us glory to own :
Denounce her, not we, with slanderous lays ;
But, for that, let others atone.

IV.

Awake, O harp ! awake ye soft-strung lyres,
And let your silvery chords have play :
Let notes of Peace enthrill your golden wires,
And Love's sweet measures tune the lay.

Awake, O harp, that gentle Peace hath strung,
That her fair fingers only play ;
From thee no notes of strife are ever flung,
Nor sounds of discord and dismay.

Thy soothing tones, the din of trouble calm,
And give to favor'd lands repose ;
Thy tranquil voice, doth wealth and plenty charm
With blessings such as warfare never knows.

Ah, happy coast, where thy sweet accents float,
Where breathe thy blissful whispers free—
From shore to shore thrice welcome every note
That comes, *O Harp of Peace*, from thee !

Twice blest the harp that ne'er was strung for War,
Nor made to quicken hatred's flame ;
And blest the Bard, who never laurels wore,
O Peace, to slander thy fair name !

But, comes the time, when clamors loud shall roar,
And bellow forth thro' many a coast ;
When War's fell wings shall shade the haughty shore,
And sadness shroud the vaunting host.

Yes, Time's fleet chariot-wheels fast roll along
With Strife to cover all the sea—
Then thou, O Harp, shall not enchant the song,
And mighty States, *O Peace*, shall mourn for thee

V.

Hail, gentle Dove! blest Bird thou art of Paradise,
Foredoom'd to dwell 'neath happy skies:
We hail thee glorious—we hail thee thrice
Supreme 'bove every Bird that flies!

Tho' Eagles build the lofty rocks among,
Tho' Vultures scale the pyramids:
Thy charms alone command of truthful tongue
The praise that truth to them forbids.

Fly forth, O gentle Dove! fly forth, and bring
The Olive balm that gives repose;
Let Kites and Ravens flutter vengeful wing,
But thine sweet concord ever shows.

Return, O Dove of Peace ! sweet Peace return,
 And spread again thy fostering shade :
 Ere War's aspiring flames intenser burn,
 And Havoc's blast hath ruin made !

VI.

So sings the muse, that flies aloft unseen :
That tunes no notes to royal rhymes :
That chants no lays, to flatter vice, we ween,
And scorns to pander to the times.

So sings the muse, that cherub wafts along
Above the range of cruel eye :
That welcomes *Peace*, to aid her lofty song,
With sounds that thrill of Prophecy.

So sings the muse, that hates the broils
That sordid Mammon's imps can raise :
That has no share in ruin'd Freedom's spoils,
Nor *Peace* betrays for paltry praise.

So sings the muse, that mocks the tyrant frown,
And holds her course in peaceful skies :
That looks on raging wrongs with pity down
From heights where War-fiend never flies !

VII.

But hark ! the whisper of Slander ascends,
Foul as a vapor from darksome Hell :
A myrmidon throng of traducers attends,
Shouting, " Here *Peace* no longer shall dwell."

Aloud in the furor of folly they cry,
Peace is a pest, a canker, a bane,—
" Hysterical mock-disease," let her die ;
'T were well if she in her grave had lain.

Her Palms we'll uproot, her Olives we'll burn,
Their branches cast poison around :
They darken our glory, their shade we spurn,
Too long have they cumber'd our ground.

Away with her Harp, its notes we detest,
That, the Harpies of War shall unstring ;
And as for her Doves, we'll fire their nest,
And put the vile birds to the wing.

So Slander increased : so clamor'd the crew,
Attainting the weak public mind
With crimes 'gainst *Peace* that she never knew,
And infamies black of every kind.

In silence she stood, and made no reply,
But pointed around to her toils :
Profusion and Plenty from many a sky,
Not trophies of War or its spoils.

Unwilling to leave the Land she had blest,
She brooked the contumely long ;
Till Letters and Learning proclaimed her a pest,
And Poet reviled her in song.

Then she in dismay her fair pinions outspread,
And languid as Love in despair,
The tears of adieu o'er Bialon shed,
And bade her for turmoil prepare.

Disgraced and defamed, she took to the wing,
'Mid the scoffs of a faithless band :
Ere she shall return, new Bards shall sing
To her praise in a fainting Land.

Away, and afar, on her plumes she sped,
Her glories fast fading from sight ;
Like Sol in the west, when his golden bed
Is enshrouded by wings of Night !

VIII.

Now discord spread, and confusion began :

The sparks of fiery anger fly—

The foes of exiled Peace the embers fan ;

The imps of Mammon raise their cry.

Hail ! hail ! O ruddy Strife, we welcome thee !

Thou giv'st our wordy heralds wings ;—

Hail ! hail ! O ruddy War, we welcome thee !

From thy foul deeds our harvest springs.

Your steeds we'll spur : we'll urge their mettle on :

O'er right and reason tramp your way :

So bloody deeds are done, and fights are won ;

No rule of right ye need obey.

Let cities crackle in the blast of war,
And drench their streets with human blood :
Let slaughter'd thousands fester in their gore,
We'll shout 'tis for the public good !

So Mammon's Sons invite the worst of foes :
Corrupt the Truth—pervert the Laws—
Exchange blest Peace for Warfare's horrid woes,
And unrelenting sell their Country's cause !

IX.

Then came with her hireling harpies before,
Fierce hell-hounds around her flying ;
A hateful Fiend, the fell Spirit of War,
Her whelps for blood ever crying.

She came with a breath—she came with a blast—
She came amid thunderbolts pealing—
Clouds of destruction around her were cast,
Proud Nations beneath her were reeling.

Her breath was a poison that evermore bred
The plague-spots of Pestilence foul :
Her blast was a bellowing whirlwind dread,
Such as Hell in commotion might howl.

Her thunder shook thrones and palaces down

With ireful tumult terribly grand :

Her clouds obscured the lustre of many a crown,

And darkened the hopes of many a land.

She rode like a Tempest by Hurricane borne

On the wings of a desolate Night ;

Nations convulsed at her presence, were torn,

And Freedom was put to the flight.

A scorpion scourge she held in her hand,

And poisoned chains from Hecate's store :

Fierce Hell had ignited her deadly brand,

And crown'd her the *Spirit of War !*

She dried up the fountains and rivers of Peace :

She blighted whate'er she could find :

She bade useful toil and industry cease,

And left nought but ruins behind.

She blackened the corn, she blasted the vine—

Dealt fire and blood on every side :

Made widows to wail, and orphans to pine :

Spread famine and death far and wide.

Wherever she rode she scattered dismay,

Rent Liberty's heart to the core ;

Fair Peace and her labours all melting away

At the blast of the *Spirit of War !*

She spreads forth her storm-clouds, and darkens the sky,

The horizon is lurid and wild—

She belches her fires, and bids her bolts fly,

Till ruins on ruins are piled.

On she comes, to scatter destruction amain

Her Imps are around and before ;

Inflicting strange torments, exulting in pain,

Such, such is the *Spirit of War !*

X.

Then droop the proud Cedars, and topple the Pines,
For their climax of glory is past ;
Their strength is endangered by neighbouring mines,
And their fate in the balance is cast.

The Firs of the Mountain are topt of their spires,
And yield to the withering wind ;
Strong Oaks are as straw in her ravenous fires,
And her thirst no slack it can find.

Then pant they for Peace, yet she is away,
Exiled by the Harpies of War—
High Powers are palsied, and sit in dismay,
Lest Peace should o'ershade them no more.

The mighty are seized with a frenzy of fear ;

The Tempest rolls over the sea ;

The *Spirit of War* and her legions appear—

In terrible triumph comes she !

Then Kings are aghast to see her approach,

And tremble her legions before ;

Their strength is dissolved, so they cower and crouch

'Neath the hateful *Spirit of War* !

XI.

Recall your proud Navies—concentre your might !

The day of confusion's at hand.

The Spirits of War sit in council by night

And privily kindle the brand.

Still boast ye of prowess—still thirst ye for wars ?

Then quickly for turmoils prepare—

The surges of strife are nearing your shores,

Oh, bid the proud Keepers beware !

Who revel in blood, and glory in strife,

The bonds of destruction shall bind :

Oppression they made the prime office of life ;

But their pride shall be cast to the wind ;

And who shall give succour—who shall console,
When Ruin's dark waters advance ;
When the *Spirit of War* her thunders shall roll,
And Death to the piper shall dance ?

Proud ships are broken, and scatter'd afar,
No longer majestic they ride ;
The War-imps pursue, dismantle and mar,
And scatter them over the tide.

XII.

When worldlings in power are strong in their pride,
Dominion is easily lost :
Fell Tyrants awhile o'er Peoples may ride,
But soon to destruction are tost.

They courted the wind, but the whirlwind came,
And the hurricane's dismal blast :
They panted for strifes, and the demons remain,
While Peace to perdition they cast.

They blindly invoked the dark powers of Hell ;
But how shall they put them to flight ?
They have broken the seal, and mutter'd the spell,
And conjured a terrible Night.

But when will the storm and the night pass away,
And when will the War-fiends retire ?
Their numbers increase in fiercer array,
The Fates with the Furies conspire.

Foul carnage and ruin, commingled uproar—
Wild shrieks upon the midnight ride—
Strange tumult and strife now visit their shore ;
New terrors float in with each tide !

XIII.

Then trembles the sword in the powerless hand,
Oppression herself sits amazed :
She shrinks from the touch of her hireling band,
And flees from the Phantom her Folly has raised.

Hence, hence, and away ! we want thee not here ;
No longer we will thee to stay.—
Avaunt ! the fell fiends that throng in the rear,
They are clothed with death and dismay.

But the Demon remains, to mock and despise
The rebuke of a faithless crew ;
She heeds not their clamor, she scoffs at their cries,
And exults at the ruin they rue.

Yet, her gesture replies, I came at your call,
Ye bade me to visit your shore :
Why then should my Imps and my Thunders appal—
Am not I the *Spirit of War* ?

In darkness I dwelt, 'mid the vapors of Hell :
Where else could I fix my abode ?
But ye conjured me forth, on Earth to dwell :
At your bidding, my presence I show'd.

And would ye now mock me, and drive me away,
Athirst, and unsated by food ?
Yet my appetite grows the longer I stay ;
I pant for destruction and blood !

My bolts are ignited, my brands are ablaze,
I've havoc and horrors in store :
Proud Nations to ruin, and Kings to amaze,
For I am the *Spirit of War* !

So, on she rode, to scatter confusion and woes :

On hurricane wild and fierce, rode she ;

Till Earth was convulsed with terrible throes,

And Empires rocked from sea to sea.

So, on she rode, with her harpies before,

Foul Hell-hounds around her flying :

This demon of strife, the *Spirit of War*,

And her whelps, for blood ever crying !

XIV.

Loud wailings are heard, and shrieks of despair ;
For ruin still spreads far and wide :
The cries of deep anguish float through the air ;—
Murder and Lust on the midnight ride.

Proud Palaces fall, and Crowns are cast down,
False Powers now shrink from the light ;
The Gods of Dominion are crushed by a frown,
And cast off their robes in their flight.

Yet, 'midst the convulsion, a whisper goes forth,—
A breath that a warning would give—
Repent, O ye Mighty ! appease this wrath,
That ye and your children may live.

Ere Ruin is ripe, let Tyranny stand,
And stay the rough current that flows,
That Peace may once more inherit the land
That Oppression has deluged with woes.

Hear, O proud Rocks! ere ye crumble to sand,
And the waters shall wash ye away,—
Your reward shall come with a terrible hand—
Your greatness like mists melt away!

XV.

Tremble, O ye Mighty ! tremble, O ye Proud !

For amain the flying whirlwinds come ;

Bolts of destruction quiver in the cloud,

And fierce from its womb they shall come.

Your glories are fleeting, fast fleeting away,

Like shadows in darkness to merge ;

The night that's at hand shall swallow your day :

From her shroud ye shall never emerge.

Ye have conjured the Storm, and on it shall roll

With a fearful and ruinous roar :

Its Thunders the knell of Kingdoms shall toll,

Which invoke the *Spirit of War !*

The shafts of fierce ire are flashing around,
Pale Fear chills the apex of power;
And Death, with a flaming diadem crowned,
Rides forth on the Storm-clouds that lower.

O whence comes your help ? for vain are your cries :
They are lost 'mid the ruinous roar.
Shall the voice of your prayer reach to the skies,
Who invoke the dread *Spirit of War* ?

XVI.

Let Clouds, and Darkness, and the veil of Night
Awhile o'erhang unfaithful eyes. Let Light
And Truth withhold awhile their gentle beam
From them that wallow in Life's vanities—
A strong delusion seize their soul, and on
Their sight the seal of obscuration set,
That they may neither see nor know how fast
Sets in the tide of coming woe.

On, on it rolls, though it in silence come,
With speed terrific, to overwhelm—to flood

The rocks, where late the haughty sea-bird dwelt,
Whose nest was high, whose wing was fledged with pride
That bade her scale in triumph o'er the tide;
Which long had call'd the watery waste her own,
And claimed the ocean bosom for her throne —

To drown the heights whereon the giddy great
In frothy grandeur sit—whose empty pomp
Hangs on the fickle wind, and hath no stay
To stem the tide of trouble and decay,
Or bear the test and trial of that day
When crownèd heads shall droop and empire fade,
And fall'n greatness languish in the shade!

But list, ye Fools! why are ye surd to hear,
When on the whispering winds, from every point,
The sounds and sighs of mighty ruin come,
And heralds fleet of wing, with silent flight,
Proclaim to Mammon's sons a dismal night?

Let vain delusions mock the faithless throng,
And hide from them the spirit of the song :
Who proudly scout the truth, and scorn the light,
Shall see, but not enjoy the visions bright
That Nature's shady pall e'en now unfolds.

E'en Time grows gray with age, and scatters fruits
Matur'd, that show a harvest is at hand ;
And ripe events throughout the world's broad range
Foreshow the coming of a mighty change.

A glorious vista dawns on faithful eye,
And opes bright scenes that in the distance lie ;
Yet surging seas of strife are close at hand,
And troubled waters 'croach upon the land !

O lofty cliffs ! no longer glory in
Your strength, nor raise your unscath'd crests on high
In pride of self-sufficient majesty.

Ee'n now your bases on a quicksand rest,
And comes the day your boasted strength shall test :
When Fortune's sun that long has cheer'd your shore,
Its light shall hide, and set to rise no more !

Not Phantoms these, bred in a brain o'ercharged
With melancholy, nor sprites that flit and
Sport fantastic thro' imagination's realm,
But rays of Truth, that on the mirror glow,
And shades of Time, that fast to substance grow.

XVII.

High-poised, upon a mighty wing,
More vast and grand than gold-deck'd clouds of morn,
Or mountain-mists that scud before the Sun :
And well sustained by power that cannot fail,
I soar aloof the ken of mortal eye
Beneath the gorgeous star-lit canopy.
With noiseless flight, and free I fan the
Subtle air : and buoyant ride the world's broad
Ambit round : for *strife* and *discord* seeking
In the azure deep profound.

Now East, now West, I wing my
Aerial way—now o'er the tropics bound :

And now the poles survey. So all at large
Than thought more free, I scan the world's immensity.
From height to height, with toilless speed I climb,
And fearless scale the towering spheres sublime.
Dismay or doubt ne'er moves my soul ; for HE
Who made the worlds sustains and comforts me.—
Yet, vain the search : no *discord* there I find ;
When earth I spurned, all strife I left behind.

Still forth, with motion swift as Cherub's wing,
Thro' all the broad expanse of space I fly ;
Soon pierce the dusky cone of silent Night,
Surpass the Lightning's coursers in my way,
And far transcend the glowing realm of Day.

Still soaring : soaring still, thro' space that has
No bounds, and can no limit know—thro' space
Whose wide-spread arc can never meted be—
Whose mighty bosom bears the impress of

Infinity—I yet pursue my flight :
While starry wonders throng upon my sight,
And beamy suns and glowing orbs retire,
And systems vast, in vasty space expire !
Yet other suns, and orbs, and systems, in
The azure distance rise—grand and grander
Scenes revealing ; for so their lofty glories grew
As worlds on worlds unnumbered broke upon my view !
Still all was *Peace* ; blest harmony prevail'd ;
No note discordant, that sweet *Peace* assail'd.

Then in the dizzy height, (if height it might
Be called ; where in so wide a realm, and free
From all the subtle force of gravity,
From every law that mundane motion knows,
And every force that from material action flows,
Unclogg'd volition moves without restraint,)
I turned, and lookèd forth in retrospect,
Thro' all the course my rapid wing had sped.

When strange, beyond the power of words to tell :
And inexplicable beyond the art
Of Man to show ; or human thought profound
To comprehend,—all things that I beheld :
Earths, Suns, and Stars, the orbs of every sphere,
In all their undiminished bulk appear !
No intervening distance makes them dwindle
In the field of space, subdues their lustre,
Or retards their race ; but every globe with
All its pristine and inherent glory shines,
And vastness with magnificence combines !

With keen perception unobscured and free,
All through the peerless star-deck'd realms I gaze,
And all the glowing infinite survey,
Unaided by the flux of solar ray
Or crude material light—my wondering soul
Enraptured with the sight of teeming worlds,
In rich profusion spread, on every side ;
All coursing through the ethereal tide,

Like thrones of Light, upon their dazzling currents
Borne. While beaming hosts still in the distance rise
And pour new glories through the boundless skies.

Here weightless Suns, from central thrones project
Their cryptic ray, and rule revolving Earths
With regal sway.—No discord jars : no strife
Ensues ; but all the same controlling power
Obey, the same supreme dominion own
And sweep their course along their track fore-known.
Each Earth well poised upon its axis turns,
Each Sun serene with glow majestic burns,
Each orb maintains its rightful path and rolls
In *peaceful* beauty round the fixèd poles.

Here golden globes, in spheres concentric, whirl
Their mighty mass with dizzy speed along :
And fleet thro' space with their attendant throng.
There, stellar clusters beam, effulgent in
The azure deep profound—stupendous groups

Of living fires, that fadeless burn and blaze,
And 'lume high heaven with their ceaseless rays.

There, sits in solitary state sublime ;
As 't were a *Unit grand*, on single throne ;
Some noble Star, unclustered and alone :
A giant Light, with mystic radiance crowned,
That has no equal in the spheres around ;
But, placed aloof from every other star,
Still beams and burns ; and burns and beams afar :
Like blazing beacon to a many worlds,
To warn them lest they should transgress their bounds.

There, too, full many a 'lustrous monad,
Unique in office, and in state sublime,
Supreme in speed, like special herald flies ;
And trails its glowing splendour thro' the skies :
Emits afar and wide its mystic ray,
And thro' the heavens wings its steady way.

On—on—the mighty missive fleets along,
With hyperbolic sweep careering, mid
A seeming labyrinth of stars; its course
With twofold centre drawn, each focus hails
By turns the stately orb's return—whose track
Is trackless; yet, like an endless chord unseen,
Connects the foci of remotest spheres:
And makes of distant worlds a universal whole—
So thro' its course the wondrous comet hies
With virtue beaming—flaming as it flies!

Still—still—the lofty spirit bears me on:
Sustains my flight, and bids me gaze upon
The dazzling heights: and that unnumbered throng
Whose complex motions, swift, but ever true:
Ne'er fail, nor pass the bounds they should pursue:
But ever keep within the scope and verge
That His almighty word assigned—when He
First raised the curtain of immensity:

Dispelled the barren shroud that overhung
Crude Matter's dormant unproductive womb :
And all the vasty void of space profound,
With joyous light and starry glories crowned !
His word invoked blest *Peace* and harmony,
In that sad realm where erst dread *Chaos* dwelt,
And throned *Erebus* in dismal darkness sat.

O God ! great are thy works, and boundless is thy sway :
Whose word alone celestial powers obey :
Whose touch sustains the far extended poles,
And all this universal frame controls—
Whose sovereign will upholds this mighty scheme ;
This outstretched firmament and all that it
Contains—the compass vast, that has no line
To mete its height, or sound its awful depth,
Or strike the centre of its broad expanse :
Within whose bosom stately systems lie,
Of wondrous parts that make a mighty whole ;

And myriad worlds on worlds in gorgeous
Grandeur roll—here Harmony unceasing
Rules serene ; and direful Discord has no place :
For Thy almighty hand doth hold the key
Of that tremendous realm, where hateful strife
And *foul accursed War* for ever dwell.

To THEE, whose word bars up eternal Night,
And opes the ports of everlasting Light—
That floods with bliss the soul—be boundless praise
For that best blessing PEACE, first bloom and fruit
Of Thy unbounded Love ; and lovely offspring
Sweet of Thy all-comprehending self.
That ever-flowing Peace that doth from Thee descend,
Exceeding all that human heart can feel :
Surpassing all that mortals comprehend —
Bestow that Peace ; ah ! give that hallowed light,
To quell the seeds of strife, and merge the
Hateful powers of darksome night.

Then came a beam, by gentle spirit borne ;
Sweet Sepiroth, by holy Seraph thrown :
The vehicle of voice, if voice it might
Be called, that gave no sound, or utterance
Audible of words that ears might apprehend ;
But, like the balmy breath of sacred Love,
Thrilled sweetly thro' my soul, and poured a flood
Of intellectual light. That instant
Oped the high Empyrean to my view,
And wrapt me in the state sublime—
Then ideas free from sensual fetters flowed ;
New faculties stupendous visions showed ;
And scenes of things ineffable and vast,
More swift than thought, in grand succession passed.

O'er boundless space, I saw outstretched afar
The fostering wings of Love—of Love divine :
Whose every plume, with radiant virtues
Deckt, emitted hallowed beams of gentleness

And joy. Blest wings of Deity, that seemed
To spread a thousand ways, and covered all
The glittering worlds beneath their sacred shade,
If shade it were, that pours forth quick'ning light,
And floods high Heaven with goodness infinite.

Around that sovereign Source of Love supreme,
The cluster'd Thrones of Glory thronged: and all
The powers of Cherubim—the lofty powers
Above—in adoration bowed them down
To worship HIM, the great high centre of
All being; who there, on Exaltation's
Pinnacle, above all height,* effulgent sat;
Transfusing currents infinite, of Light,
And Life, and Love—of glorious Hope,
And boundless Joy, and everlasting PEACE —
To worship HIM, the blessed fount of good,
From whose beneficent divine abode,

* See Note 1.

In myriad streams, the beatific
Virtues flowed—copious emanation
And bright efflux of the omniscient God!

HIM, with exalted song of Love, they hymned,
Commingling Praise and Joy unceasingly,
In accents that transcend the power of words
To tell—that thrilled thro' universal space—
Thro' all the immeasurable expanse
Of Heaven's high cope—thro' that superb domain,
Where mighty nature's beauteous framework lay,
And all the wonders of cosmogony.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE, and His benignant sway,
Celestial Love, sole burthen of the lay.
The lofty song, with solemn volume rolls,
From Heaven's bright centre, to its distant poles:
Vibrates the spheres—spreads forth to every place—
Fills every void—and echoes back thro' space!

No notes discordant jar the mellow sound ;
Restrain the dulcet measure's mystic bound ;
Or intercept the flow of hallowed song
Celestial thrones and powers of Peace among.
But fledged with Love, the lofty rapture flies
On blisful pinions, thro' the upper skies—
For *Him* ! for *Him* ! the glorious anthem rings :
Hail ! Hail ! O PRINCE OF PEACE ! O KING OF KINGS !

But now descend, O Phædo, from thy flight ;
With downward wing return : for sure no strife
In heaven is found ; nor discord 'mongst the stars.
There Peace prevails—there Love no thraldom
knows ;

Nor cursed strife from bitter envy flows.
In earth—in earth alone—let warfare rage :
Let men and fiends in deadly strife engage :
While sordid pens, that thirst for paltry gain,
Excite new feuds, and fan the dismal flame ;

Till friendly states become contending foes,
And overwhelm their shores in long-protracted woes;
Till languid kingdoms 'neath their burthens groan,
And pining nations in confusion thrown,
Become a mere epitome of Hell,
Where all the hateful powers in discord dwell!

XVIII.

Fast fleet the clouds—fast scud the shades of night
Before the beams of intellectual light ;
Whose rays now pierce the poisonous mists below,
And probe the gloomy depths of human woe ;
Expose the springs of baneful mischief dire,
And shew how Mammon's hateful imps conspire
To gender ill, the strifeful embers fan ;
And blast the best and brightest hopes of Man.

O Truth, sustain my flight, and bid me rise
To that fair realm where thou alone canst reign ;

The realm which darkness proves to sordid eyes,
And grovelling souls shall ever seek in vain.
Thence will I scan the dark abodes below ;
Where ill-got wealth and power, and empty pride,
The filth of vice, and every mortal woe,
Fierce lust, foul fraud, and every crime beside,
Like poisonous weeds, in rank luxuriance grow :
Where pigmy minds in tinsel pomp appear ;
And some, in pageant state and costume gay,
In wanton revels pass their brief career,
And vainly fritter precious Time away.
Like heedless seamen on the ocean wide,
They scorn the signal some on headland raise ;
And thoughtless toward the frothy breakers ride,
Despite the distant beacon's warning blaze :
Neglect their charge, misuse their helm, and steer
Where dangerous rocks, and shoals, and quicksands lie :
Nor change their tack until the ruin near
Cuts off retreat and hope, and bids them die.

E'en so, life's toys and pleasures lead them on ;
And Mammon's phantoms lure them to the brink—
Where dread Despair, with doleful aspect wan,
Declares the dreamy joys of Time are done ;
And bids them into hopeless ruin sink.

XIX.

From that effulgent state ineffable,
Which neither height nor depth implies; nor space
Nor local limits fixt; but co-exists
With all the lucid amplitude and range
Of intellectual heaven—look ye forth;
And with a pitying, yet indignant
Eye, survey the rampant Beast that rules awhile
The nether world, and holds imperial
Sway amongst the nations.

Afar beneath—full in the face of day—
On earth's fair form, a loathsome monster lay;

A dreadful incubus ; whose filthy nest,
Replete with every human woe, o'ercharged
With every ill that human heart can know,
Was on the breasts of many nations built—
They heaved, and strove, and struggled hard to rid
Them of the hateful and unwholesome load ;
Yet strove in vain : for there the monster clung
To suck, and feed its vampire appetite,
And crush its victims to the dust of Hell !

No throne had he, yet with imperial
Sway he ruled the destinies of mighty men :
Nor diadem had he, tho' on his brow
The trace of Hell's corroding jewels lay ;
And blasting care-worms ceaseless circled there !
Foul poison from his baneful locks distilled,
That tainted all the floods and springs of
Many a hopeful land with pestilence.
He robbed the laborer, and oppressed the poor,

And with his ravenous jaws devoured the food
Of starving babes. The wailing, and the cries
Of peoples desolate, heard he never ;
Or hearing disregarded all their woes ;
Or stamp't them 'neath his feet, and crushed them
Into dark and dreary death's repose.

Bedeckt was he, and 'dizened o'er and o'er
With spoils that reeked with human gore ;
And bribes of every kind hung thick upon him—
From bribes that put out eyes of Truth in petty
County courts, and warp the beam of Justice there ;
To those high fees that proud Ambition pays
To compass wicked ends, and bring about
Unhallowed purposes—Bribes to prompt the
Murderer's hand—Bribes to stimulate the babbling
Tongue to lie and rail 'gainst Innocence—
Bribes for Judges, Councillors, and Ministers
Of State—Bribes to rob a weakly prince

Of crown, domain, and dignity; and pretext
Give to butcher royal blood—Bribes for boastful
Powers to stir up horrid feuds; to plunder
Petty states of wealth and liberty;
Waste hopeful cities with a fiery fate;
O'erthrow a kingdom; or uproot a state!
Yet ships from many shores, of burthens vast,
Between his feet their hopeful anchors cast:
And lordly councils, and their hireling helps,
Did tax and plunder toiling Industry;
And ravished food from famished multitudes,
To feed his cursed jaws, that still consumed,
Yet, still unsated, craved, and craved for more!
And earth's great merchants pandered to his lusts;
And many mitred heads did shew him homage;
And potent kings bowed down and worshipped him:
For he had cast his sordid chains around
Their necks, and held them firm in bondage!

XX.

Then spread before my view a mighty waste,
A wilderness; yet, not by nature such—
A land by *God* enriched with every good;
But made by damning laws, and rule pernicious,
Desolate. Forth from her dust a sickly
Vapor rose; a gentle mist, that into
Shadowy column formed, and feebly went
Aloft. The darkness shrunk, and clouds dissolv'd
To let the vapor pass: the winds were hushed;
The zephyrs held their breath, and ceased to play;
Meanwhile the rising column made its way,
With faint and feeble speed toward the skies—
The vehicle of myriad prayers and cries!

Aloft it went, above the Lunar sphere :
Aloft it went, above the Solar glow :
Aloft it went, and left the stars below !
Metratton gave it welcome as it passed ;
Oped wide the portals of eternal day
And blest the vapor on its heavenward way.
Bright thrones, and powers, and spirits of the blest,
That bliss and peace ineffable enjoy,
Celestial speed imparted as it rose,
And angels sympathized with human woes !

Aloft, aloft, the dust-born vapor flies,
Thro' hosts of mighty Seraphim, whose wisdom
Chides it not ; and Cherubim, whose boundless
Love doth give it tenfold welcome—E'en to
The height of heights, unscattered, undissolved,
The vaporous column makes its way—
Yea, from the humble blood-drench'd dust it came,
To the Heaven of heavens ascending ;

The great Empyrean centre toucht ;
And there, evolved before the throne of God !

So came the cries of keen distress and woe,
The prayers of peoples crushed 'neath raging wrongs,
And soul-deep sighs from hearts oppress'd and torn,
Before the mercy-seat supreme of God ;
Like incense rising to the Throne of Grace,
And sueing there for justice and relief ;
For Judgment, Mercy, Truth, and those prime rights
That tyrant lords on earth denied.

And shall a people's prayers and cries remain
Unheard ? Ah, no ! But HE shall help, shall help
Them in the time of woe.—

XXI.

Then went the fiat forth, e'en *His* decree
Immutable, that hath no countervail.
The potent *Word* that gives a sense of *God's*
Almighty presence, and without utterance
Tells, to spirit-being, *His* instant will.

And thro' the bright expanse of Heaven's midst
A beamy herald sped—fleet messenger
Of wrath and ruin to the giant Beast
Below, and them that worship him.

With ireful indignation, forth the Spirit flies,
On fiery wing precipitate ; to cancel

Crushing wrongs, and crying woes, and give effect
To judgment. E'en now, the Spirit flies ; with
Retribution charged, he speeds his lightning way ;
And calls destruction's powers into play.

For awhile a doleful silence reigns on
Earth, and sullen darkness low'rs at every
Point of Heaven ; fit forecast of the coming
Doom, and boding prelude to the rising storm.

Then thrill'd the Word thro' all the vasty range
And amplitude of Heaven—

Quicken, O ye Storm-clouds, and your pregnant
Wombs prepare for terrible deliverance—
Gather, O ye brooding Thunders, put on
Your noisy chariot wheels, and for the
Ruinous battle make ye ready—
Arouse, O ye Whirlwinds, flap your wings for the flight,
And bring with rapt speed the terrible night!—

Awake, ye Hurricanes ; howl, ye Tempests dire :
Fell waterspouts commingle ye with raging fire—
Let blasting bolts their blazing barbs prepare,
And unseen powers of earth, and sea, and air,
Conspire to give the tempest force and speed ;
Till Vengeance with its fiercest anger glow,
And Ruin in o'erwhelming torrents flow !

Then densely rolling, tempest-powers spread their
Dismal shroud abroad : their thick'ning throng, with
Gloomy grandeur gathering as they come—
And pregnant Darkness comes, but not of night,
Her bowels teeming with the seeds of strife.

Appalled nature, trembling, stands amazed,
And bids her mighty wheels to stay awhile
Their wonted motion : till brooding Vengeance
Shall discharge its swollen ire, and downward pour
The wrathful blast—

The ripened storm-clouds with their burthens burst,
And from their wombs the dismal thunders roll :
The whizzing lightnings out of darkness leap,
And 'lume the stagnant earth from pole to pole.
Loud howl the whirlwinds in their fearful flight,
And ruin flies upon the wings of night !

Yea, all at once, destruction's forces fly,
To pour their dreadful vials thro' the sky :
Earth trembles at the stroke ; the sea recoils,
Upheaves her breast, and in commotion boils.
The floods retire, the deeps of death are shown,
And rocks and mountains from their bases thrown !

Mid flaming bolts of fierce supernal fire,
Convulsion vast, and dread confusion dire ;
Not such as Nature's storm-stores ever yield
Or from the raging womb of Etna peal'd,
Or all the madden'd powers of Stromboli

Conjoined, could blaze and bellow thro' the sky.
With hurried speed compulsive, rush along
Kings, Princes, Potentates, a mighty throng,
Ignoble too and vile, as well as proud,
Increase the fleeing mass ; and swell the crowd
Of those, whose faithless hearts, dissolving in dismay,
Would fain escape the terrors of the day !

Come, Darkness ! come ! and hide us from the Son—
Come, Night ! O come ! and hide us from his sight—
Fall, rocks ! O fall ! your heads upon us cast,
And hide, O hide us, from this dismal blast !

Then fall the rocks, and topple down ; and Earth
Convulsed, o'erthrows her mountains : but, nor rocks,
Nor mountains, can concealment give, nor hide
Them from the *Spirit that impels the tide* :
The tide of wrath, that flying, whelming, rolls,
To purge all earth from centre to her poles.

HIS word it is, that wings the battle-bolts,
And loads their shafts with angry fire—gives force
That no resistance knows; and speed, that far
Outstrips the lightning's flight; o'erleaps the bounds
Of Day, and tears the womb of Night. Those bolts
Explode, they shatter Hell's infernal shore,
And rend her realm of darkness to the core.

So rushing, wailing, forth they go—aghast,
Amazed, commingling cries of woe, and shrieks
Of wild despair—From Peace for ever shut;
From light and joy for ever cast away;
From God's bright presence barr'd; and to the deeps
Of dread perdition everlasting doomed.

On, on, the raging ruin whirls them on;
And bears both gods and worshipers pell-mell
In one vast vortex to the gulf of Hell:
Where, dismal sight! terrific to behold!
Her flaming portals ope, and on them fold!

XXII.

O unexpected turmoil! terrible,
Thrice terrible to them—to ye, who no
Monition heard; but on your ears the seal
Of wilful deafness set, to shut out truth,
And every warning sound of ruin's swift
Advance! Who slumber'd with a forced repose,
Nor saw the stealthy steps of coming woes;
Until the wreck and crash of riven powers,
And proud estates o'erthrown; shook torpor off,
And made gigantic horrors visible.

Invoke your gods, and claim deliverance:
The gods earth-born and base, at whose fell shrine
Ye 've sacrificed the soul's eternal peace,

And barter'd lasting joys for toys of Time.
Invoke your gods, the gods of Power and Gold ;
To whom a people's peace full oft ye 've sold :
On whose foul altars Innocence has bled,
And Public Worth been numbered with the dead.
Invoke your gods, mayhap they 'll render help
Anon, and hear when they are called upon.

XXIII.

Then Mammon accursed is hurl'd from his throne,
And his myrmidons scattered afar ;
His dominion o'erpast, his rule is done ;
And falls from its sphere his expiring star.

The Beast is unseated that fettered the lands,
And loaded the Nations with toils ;
That devoured the fruits of their lab'ring hands,
And consumed without stint the public spoils.

The Beast that enslaved the mighty and proud,
And darkened the hopes of our day ;
Beneath the breath of Omnipotence bowed,
His thraldom and power have melted away.

The earth he incumbered, a deadly pest,
A blistering blain to mankind :
To Hell he descends, in vain search of rest ;
In Hell no rest or repose he shall find.

There, there, he was born, and thence he arose,
A blight from the nethermost deep ;
In the pit profound, the founder of woes
His harvest of anguish ever shall reap.

XXIV.

Then all the clouds of destruction convolved :
And wrapping themselves in their own darkness,
They rolled away with a terrible noise—
And the earth-born powers, with their thronging hosts,
Both gods and worshipers, precipitate
In flight and fall, embraced their dismal doom ;
Besought infernal Space to ope the way,
And whirl them far and far beneath the face of day :
Less torment far experiencing in Hell,
Than 'neath the angry blast that chased them there.

The turmoil surged away into the distance,
And its elements shrank into the gloom ;
Like a sea shrinking from its shores, and seeking
To rush into its abyss. The sound of
The ruinous convulsion died away,
And the voices of the ruin faded
Upon the ear, like the murmurs of a
Tempest that is past, or the failing echoes
Of the mountain thunder when the storm is exhausted.

So the wreck of kingdoms floated away
Upon the bosom of Ruin, and dejected
Powers melted like a mist ; until they
Became as a streak in the horizon,
That glimmered on the sight, and then was seen no more !

So also faded and failed the spirit
Of Avarice ; and her power was sundered,
And her spell was broken, that she no more

Might sit in lordly councils, and prompt the
Making of pernicious laws; nor stimulate
Proud kings to wage accursed wars.

Fell Avarice! the filthy enchantress
That poisons every fount of public good,
Defiles the judgment seat, and drugs fair
Justice with a hateful draught: that frowns on
Truth, and seals her lips: commands the tongue to lie,
And gives to every vice immunity:
Makes social compacts fester at their core,
And then lets slip the cursed whelps of War!

And the wreck and the ruin rolled on
Until they were lost in distant darkness;
And the noise of the tumult and the blast
Grew fainter and fainter, with a doleful
Languor fast dying away—yet the cries
Of terror, and the shriekings of anguish,

And the moanings of despair commingled
Their countless voices to the last—and as
They expired, no sound of lingering hope
Was heard, nor sigh for mercy breathed; but to
The last sad wail that floated on the air,
Faint Echo made response, and cried “Despair!”

XXV.

Now, as the dismal turmoil roll'd along ;
And sounds of horror in the dizzy distance
Died away : the mighty deep of azure
Flusht with light, and pregnant symptoms gave of
Coming Day. Not day that from the solar
Fire springs, to gild the train of orient
Morn : not day that with its ever fleeting
Wings, around the earth's broad ambit takes its flight,
In endless chase of ever flying night :
But DAY with tenfold glory deckt ; and crown'd
With majesty supreme of Life, and Joy,
And Love, and uncorrupted Peace—to cheer
All earth, that late had trembling stood dismayed.

Revolve, O Earth! a mighty spirit cries :
From palsied state to pristine health return.
Rejoice, O Earth! the azure height replies :
The direful torch of War has ceased to burn ;
A potent hand yet succours the oppressed ;
And *Peace* returns, to give the nations rest !

Then, at a word, the globe stupendous whirls,
As if to quickening life and health restored ;
Or from the bonds of Age, to pristine strength
And Youth redeemed ; from West, with motion rapt,
Revolving : till all the vasty course and
Compass of a day were rolled within a
Lesser limit than an hour's span.
With equal speed the rising powers came,*
From East, a mighty host, on glowing thrones
Ascending : all clad in light's bright essence ;
In glory deckt ; that far outshone the morn

* See Note 2.

When in its fairest beauties ray'd ; and threw
Aurora's beamy splendors in the shade.
So came those powers rising ; bright and fair,
And full of joy, with heavenly beauty
Beaming. Not like the pigmy powers terrene ;
Their aspect bore no trace of slavish fear ;
Nor vain inflated pride ; nor cruelty :
But each with intellectual lustre
Shone ; while Love, serene and pure, appear'd their
Common attribute ; and o'er their mien such
Gentle radiance threw, that humblest
Mortals in distress might have no fear to
Crave their aid : and yet so full of holy
Dignity, that wrongful might would quail and
Shrink before their hallowed presence.

So, on the rising powers came ; superb,
But not supreme : mere heralds these, and
Harbingers of HIM that now in central

East appeared ; in solemn godlike grandeur
Ray'd, and thronèd on the flying wings of Light.

With instant speed, the orient portals
Part their beamy folds ; and bid their golden
Fringes glitter with celestial joy ; as
If the blazing day should burst at once the
Gates of Morn, and sunder all the bars of
Night, to flood the slumbering world with an
Efflux of premature effulgence.
E'en so, HE comes, with tranquil majesty,
And unexpected, on the astonished world !
Whose head is crowned with many crowns, that tell
Of universal sway : whose arm is armed
With undisputed power illimitable :
And on whose breast, in radiant letters
Written, glows a mighty name of Peace !

Then, all the widely scattered nations saw
The brightness of His rising, and welcome

Gave to His appearing : all earth rejoiced
At His approach ; and many-spherèd heaven
Was with His glorious presence filled.—

Then all Nature exulted before the
Spirit of Peace, and basked in the sunshine
Of His love. Even Night threw off her pall
Of Darkness, and clad herself in the mantle
Of glittering Twilight—Yea, even Midnight
Abandoned her throne, and the silent seat
Of her hiding. She cast aside her fears,
And the sombrous shroud of her retiring.
She decked herself in purple, and crimson,
And gold, and unfolded her bosom to
Receive the sweet impress of his goodness.
He banished her Terrors, and sundered the
Bonds of her silence, transmuting her sadness
To Joy. So she welcomed his coming, and
Sang a new song to his praise.

E'en so came the *Spirit of Peace*, to crown
The hopes of his beloved, and inspire them
With joy, to soothe and comfort the oppressed,
And give the troubled Nations an eternal rest.
The heights of heaven announced his advent,
And the thronèd Stars told of his coming !
Many mighty Stars reflected his glory,
And the cluster'd Nebulæ sang of his goodness !

Even so came He, the *Spirit of Peace*,
His Heralds and Angels him preceding ;
Whereat the thronèd Powers cast down their crowns
Before Him, and the loftiest orbs of
Light and all the constellated hosts of
Heaven shouted him a welcome. The Spheres
Exulted : the capacious firmament
Dilated to receive his glory ; and
Even Silence found speech to utter His praise !

XXVI.

Now the nations rejoice, and are free,
For fled are the demons of War :
Triumphant is *Peace* o'er Land and Sea ;
Fair Peace shall be banish'd no more.

She engirdled the earth as it rolled ;
She spread forth a garment of light :
She encircled its centre with gold ;
She vanquished Sorrow and Night.

She wafted over the waters wide ;
She fanned the wild floods with her wing :
She calmed with a breath the tossing tide,
And bade the shrieking Storm-bird sing.

So the Floods that were troubled and tost,
Surging and raging with angry roar,
With gentle wave now wash their coast,
With gilded crests play on the shore.

Then lift up your heads, O drooping Palm !
Send forth fresh scions straight and strong :
Blest Peace shall reign, and banish alarm,
And doves shall coo your branches among.

No jargon of war, no angry note
Now floats on the midnight air ;
No cries for help when succour's remote,—
No shrieks of distress and despair.

Peace hangs her garlands on every height,—
She opens her myriad stores ;
O'er desolate lands she takes her flight,—
She cheers and comforts fainting shores.

Libations of Love her altars teem ;
She covers the earth with joy,
Quickens the dust with genial beam,
And gives to Plenty's powers employ.

She crowns the hills with myrtle and thyme,
And covers the valley with flowers ;
She ripens the cluster, loads the vine,
And gilds with joy the rolling hours.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

"Above all height." Page 65.

It was not until after this was written that the author accidentally discovered that the same idea had been expressed by the great poet Milton, in that magnificent masterpiece of poetic genius, the "Paradise Lost." Upon this discovery, he did not feel it necessary, either to expunge the words or to attach them with quotative commas: he felt that he had derived the idea from the same source as the illustrious writer referred to. Nevertheless, the coincidence suggested to his mind a train of metaphysical reflexion and enquiry.

If this was a reminiscence, then it was the recovery of an idea that had certainly been lost for more than *thirty years*, for during that period the author had not read the noble poem referred to: but, if a reminiscence, then it obtruded itself unsought for, and came unattended by that concomitant which always accompanies the recovery of a lost idea, viz., a consciousness that it was once the property (whether original or derived) of the mind that recovers it. If the mind recovers a lost idea, it recognizes that idea as an old acquaintance, and not as a new visitor; and it distinguishes its own offspring from one that it has adopted.

Doubtless the human mind is capable of receiving an infinitude of impressions, and, perhaps, also of conceiving an infinitude of original and innate ideas; but, inasmuch as the mind is itself but a ray of the Divine Intelligence, and an emanation from the Deity, it would appear that even innate ideas are not properly original, but merely

derivative, and infused into the mind by the Great Spirit of all Intelligence.

It is a fact, better known than accounted for, that cognate ideas frequently proceed from different minds, and that individuals, as well contemporaries as those living in ages remote from each other, do conceive and express ideas which are not merely cognate or kindred, but absolutely identical. Many singular instances might be given, both in Science and Literature, where different minds have evolved the same idea, promulgated the same system, or made the same discovery, and this with equal claims to originality. Perhaps Astronomy and Chemistry would furnish us with a few examples in support of this proposition. Would not Copernicus and Newton have conceived the same idea of the Solar system which they did, even though they had never known the theory of Pythagoras? Sometimes a unity of ideas seems to pervade divers minds, as if their mental idiosyncrasies were in some respects alike. Pythagoras attributed the origin of physical nature to number. Had he ever seen the Mosaic account of the Cosmogony, or considered the mysteries of the *six* grand periods of Creation there referred to? What suggested to Thales that all nature was derived from water? Had he ever seen that sublime sentence, "*And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*"? When Milton penned that magnificent passage "*Now storming fury rose,*" &c., had he any reminiscences of Hesiod's Titan deities? We think not, though the ideas may seem akin. So also when another great poet makes Ajax pray for light, that the Grecian hosts may see their foes, we cannot help perceiving that the idea embodied in this passage is akin to that contained in the account of Joshua, when he commands the sun to stay its downward course till he shall overthrow his enemies. But this unity of idea is, perhaps, nowhere so conspicuous and so manifest as in the sacred writings of the Psalmists and the Prophets, whom we frequently find expressing the same ideas, and in

the same language. We cannot be surprised at this, if we consider that the same Divine Spirit inspired them all.

It would fatigue the reader to go into all the ramifications of mental philosophy into which this little speculation would lead us. Let us attempt a solution. The human mind is itself a vehicle or channel of communication between God and his creatures. May we not, then, suppose that *He* either impresses it with innate ideas, or gives it the capacity of original conception, *especially in matters relating to himself, or affecting his own honor?* On this principle may we not account for the unity of ideas indicated; and also for the grand, though often abstruse, conceptions that are to be met with in writers upon divine and solemn subjects, and even in some of the ancient heathen world, whose sublime sentiments regarding the Deity would not be unworthy the most enlightened of modern Christians? In confirmation of this view we may observe that our ideas are independent of our volition, and will neither come nor go at will. Both *Orators* and *Poets* are frequently sensible of losing ideas that they would wish to retain, but which fly through the mind, and are gone before they can express them : and which no exertion of the will can recall.

NOTE 2.

Page 94.

It will readily occur to the learned reader, to whom the mighty mechanism of the planetary spheres is familiar, that by accelerating the earth's diurnal motion upon its axis it would be possible to render any celestial and equatorial phenomena visible to all the inhabitants of the earth in an indefinitely short space of time. Let us imagine that such an impetus should be given to the earth's diurnal motion from west to east, that the globe should be made to rotate with a velocity twenty-four times as great as that which now affects it—in other words, that the earth should accomplish a single revolution on its axis in the space of an hour—then it is clear that any equatorial phenomenon, or celestial appearance in the equator, might become visible in every clime and latitude on the earth's surface within the short space of thirty minutes of time; so that all the inhabitants of our globe might actually behold such celestial appearance in a much lesser space of time than even the wings of electricity could propagate the news of it. This may seem a curious speculation, but it is possible enough to be realized, and we know not how soon. Doubtless *the great Architect* who created the heavens, and who set their vast machinery in motion, can throw them out of gear in an instant. He who founded the spheres, and established their various and complex motions, can either accelerate or retard their periods at will. Human ingenuity has fathomed great depths, and art has accomplished many wonders; but so far as the magnificent machinery of the heavens exceeds all the feats of human ingenuity and art, so far shall the demonstrations of divine intellect and power exceed all that the most subtle imagination can conceive or the most profound understanding comprehend!





