

A LYRIC
OF THE
GOLDEN AGE.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

[Excerpt—Just the Beginning]

"AND I SAW A NEW EARTH"

New York:

1856.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and fifty-five, by

THOMAS L. HARRIS,

in the clerk's office of the district court, for the southern district of
New York.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Universe may, be regarded as a grand musical instrument, on which the Divine oratorio of the Creation—revealed in the endless scale of ascending forms and faculties—is improvised. Nature is a many-toned Lyre whose chords are moved by Deity. To our limited comprehension, outward objects and events seem discordant, because their relations to each other, and to the ultimate designs of the Creator, are unknown, or but imperfectly distinguished. It requires a man of strong faith, of liberal feelings, and vast intellectual comprehensiveness, to reconcile the world's apparent discords, or to perceive the grand harmony that runs through all human experience and universal history. But Divine Wisdom can regulate the scale and dispose of all events. From the beginning the world has been full of beauty and melody. It is true that successive periods and innumerable generations of men—a stately throng, moving to the great "Harmony not understood—" lived, died, and were forgotten, before our hearts beat in unison with the first strain of Deific music. But all is well. Innumerable suns and systems still move by Divine impulsion, and the shades of

uncreated worlds, clothed in white nebulae, sit together in the Infinite presence. Long before men chronicled their thoughts and deeds in precise language, there was order in Heaven, and on earth an uninterrupted succession of Divine manifestations. The sun shone on many forms of life and beauty; the skies were bright and the waters were clear; flowers bloomed on the hills and in the valleys; the birds carolled in all the sylvan arcades; soft perfumes and melodious sounds danced together in the cerebral halls of the Spirit; the winds played with the fair maiden's tresses, whilst Love played with her heart-strings, and heroes who were brave in battle went to dwell in the courts of Valhalla. From the threshold of Time the illuminated seer explored the mysteries of Eternity; the philosopher, in his profound abstraction, was led away to other worlds, and the poet sang his inspired song in Paradise. Angels have walked with men in all ages, and the apostles of Righteousness and Truth have been divinely strong.

There is harmony in all the works and ways of the Infinite. A loving purpose and an omnipotent hand are revealed in the endless variations of Being. We were not present when the performance commenced; we have not witnessed its termination, and who will venture to say that the Divine plan is imperfect? Our voices were not demanded in the sublime overture of the singing stars. Millions appeared on the stage before us, and having performed their respective parts, retired behind the scenes. The world did not miss them. In like manner the great musical drama will proceed, without stop or pause, when our voices are heard by the natural ear no more. But we presume that, to the infinite understanding, the harmony is never broken. It is true that the physical and spiritual atmospheres are sometimes darkened. Dense clouds, like frowning battleships, ride in the midst of the ethereal ocean, and black banners

are unfurled against the sky. Suns and systems are obscured, and the light of immortality shut Out from the soul. To the benighted spirit, Divine ideas look like frightful monsters; inspiration may pass for a species of delirium, and angelic voices be mistaken for ordinary thunder. The world has its mournful scenes and sounds, and in the music of life there is many a wild refrain. Here are desolate homes, noisome dungeons, and bloody battle-fields. Men build sepulchers and write requiems; plaintive songs are heard in the wilderness and notes of terror on the sea. These all have their place in time and their use in the progress of the race. Between the prominent scenes and solemn acts of life axe graceful interludes and delicate symphonies; and at life's close, all who have been divinely great or good join with the choral Angels in the triumphal *finale*.

If the story of Prometheus was once a fable, we are sure that in an important sense it is fabulous no longer. Invisible bands have rekindled immortal fires on our own altars, to warm the heart and to light up the face of Humanity. The relations of great thoughts and noble deeds to the realms of spiritual causation are daily becoming more perceptible. Through all the inherent forces and essential laws of the celestial, spiritual, and natural worlds, a Divine energy is interfused, and Powers unseen speak in the inspired thoughts of living men, who sit like stars at the celestial gates. In all eras and dispensations the natural and human have sustained intimate and unbroken relations to the spiritual and Divine. Indeed, this connection is indispensable to the existence of Nature and Man. Hitherto Literature, Art, Science and Religion have left their monuments along the ages, to mark the world's development. They are diversified and glorious forms of thought! Nevertheless, if we "seek" we shall not find "the living among the dead." Divine powers

and ideas are not entombed in ancient monuments. Stone" and parchments have no life-sustaining elements. Men gaze at the Pyramids, but are not made strong; courage does not proceed from the ruins of the Colosseum, nor wisdom from the Parthenon; deserted banquetting halls are places where men hunger and thirst, and thousands die in spirit beneath the shadow of St. Peter's. Talking of summer winds never dissolves frozen seas, nor will the memory of sunny skies warm the cold earth. *The sun shines now; therefore is the earth beautiful and fruitful.* This suggests a more important idea, GOD IS IN THE PRESENT; there is a divine significance in the events of To-day, and in the most vital and essential sense inspiration belongs to the LIVING AGE.

MR. HARRIS AND HIS PUBLISHED POEMS.

It would be vain to search the annals of literature for a more striking example of poetic Inspiration than is presented in the case of THOMAS L. HARRIS, whose recent, rapid and brilliant improvisations have astonished many of the most intelligent witnesses, and established for himself a secure foundation for a wide and lasting reputation. From his youth Mr. Harris has been accustomed to write verse, and many of his earlier Lyrics, already widely circulated through the religious and secular press, have been universally admired. They are usually characterized by bold thoughts and brilliant images, and are especially remarkable for their spiritual significance and beauty. His early poems were never mechanically composed—were rarely, if ever, the result of previous thought; they were unstudied, spontaneous, and seemingly almost as involuntary as respiration. By degrees the exercise of a spiritual agency, alike foreign to himself and the sphere of mundane existence, became more and more apparent, until Spirits stood unveiled before him, and

either moved his hand while he 'was partially entranced, addressed him in audible voices, or communicated their thoughts through cerebral impressions. The phenomena in the case of Mr. Harris have been constantly increasing in interest and importance. His normal life has been mysteriously diversified by many startling episodes, which, for their singular novelty—for the evidence they afford of the truth of spiritual existence and intercourse, as well as for dramatic impressiveness and the sublime ideas they contain—are worthy to be recorded among the most thrilling and instructive incidents of human experience. For the last five years his daily counselors and nightly guardians have been Spirits who have "put on immortality." At all times and in all places they visit him and converse freely as friend with friend. His familiar guests are shades of the immortal Bards, who from his lips pour the fiery torrent of Heaven-inspired thoughts.

The poems of Mr. Harris were not only everywhere admired by the lovers of metrical harmony, but they were highly complimented by the Press, until their spiritual origin was made known. Of late, however, the secular journals have rarely copied them; much less have they been disposed to acknowledge their peculiar claims. In this respect the excessive caution of some men is not more apparent than their want of correct taste and a manly independence. They listen with delight to a mortal, and stop their ears when an angel sings! But when the real authorship of some Spirit-utterance through Mr. Harris is lost sight of by the critics, they are extremely liable to indulge their admiration—obviously, at their own expense and for our amusement. Indeed, they sometimes unwittingly sanction all that is claimed, by making the implied admission that his inspiration is derived from the Spirit World. The justice of this observation is illustrated by the example of the Cincinnati Weekly Times. Soon

after the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was published, Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the poem, making copious extracts. Subsequently, through the carelessness of the press, the reviewer became the reputed author, and the legitimate claims of the Lyric to a spiritual origin were lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those extracts have since that time been traveling the circuit of the Secular press, prefaced by complimentary remarks from literary gentlemen who are opposed to Spiritualism. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms! The journal just referred to, some time since, copied into its columns the subjoined verses, from a Fairy's "Song of the Violet:"

There came a fairy blue, and sang:
 O, maiden dear, attend, attend!
 When first on earth the Violet sprang,
 Each earthly maid had fairy friend,
 Who whispered in her ear by night—
 Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
 And so the violet grow more bright
 Within her eyes from day to day.
 Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
 Wake, fairies, on your azure steep;
 For ye shall throng to earth again,
 And sing to maidens in their sleep.*

Appended to these verses, as they appeared in the *Times*, was the following editorial comment:

From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's "Lyric of the Morning Land," the mind reverts so much to "Queen Mab," that one can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris, in some of his brilliant effusions, was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular

* "Lyric of the Morning Land," by Thomas L. Harris, page 232.

journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt. Yet our opinion is here virtually indorsed by, an opposer. When the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, *the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and "can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."*

Several journalists have been constrained by the irresistible force of internal evidence to associate other poems, uttered through Mr. Harris, with the names and genius, of Shelley and other departed poets. The following is extracted from a review of the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," which appeared in the Philadelphia—*Daily Register*:

We are strongly reminded of Shelley, in reading many passages in this Poem; and if any Spirit that was once encased in visible clay was the dictator of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be that of Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is every way extraordinary. It is remarkable as a poem, unattended by any real or imagined abnormal circumstances of the author. Its merits, aside from any curiosity on the subject, will cause it to be widely read. The extraordinary rapidity of its composition makes it unequaled by any other literary production in the world.

A number of similar illustrations might be cited in this connection, but our limited space will only permit us to introduce one additional example. On Thursday, November 30, 1854, while Mr. Harris was seated in the office of the Spiritual Telegraph, the writer and Mr. Lewis L. Peet being present, it was observed that the physical and mental condition of H. were strongly influenced by some foreign agent, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and, while under the influence of invisible intelligences, improvised two Poems, making in all *one hundred and fifty lines*. The second Poem, a bold and graceful utterance, containing sixty-two lines, and purporting to be a relation of the experience of Edgar**sc A. Poe, in his transition

to the Spirit-world, was spoken in *fifteen minutes*. Below we give some fragments to further illustrate Mr. Harris' astonishing powers of improvisation while under spiritual influence, at the same time they most forcibly vindicate his claims to direct intercourse with Spirits of the invisible world. The abrupt and frightful termination of mortal life; the birth of the Spirit, surrounded by unearthly terrors, and the opening of the inner senses amid the glories of Paradise, are thus graphically and beautifully described in the First Part of the Poem:

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form,
 Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born,
 Torn from the body, terribly downcast,
 Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast;
 Those seething, torrents maddened me; I fell,
 But woke in Paradise instead of Hell;
 Like song-waves circling in a golden bell,
 Like fragrant odors in a woodbine dell,
 Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown,
 Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shown,
 Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given;
 And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven
 Finds land-locked port in Araby the blest,
 So I, through terror, entered into rest.

A lovely maiden, whose angelic beauty is revealed in the transcendent light that emanates "from her full bosom," comes to the Poet, who is filled with rapture while she sings:

"I have waited, I have waited,
 As the Evening Star belated,
 When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door.
 I have found thee, I have found thee,
 And with heart-spells fast have bound thee."
 So from out the glowing halo sang the Angel-Maid Lenore.

The Poet then rehearses the dark scenes of his Earth-life—the poverty, despair, desolation and madness—

All Earth's undivided sorrow,

which broke his young heart and veiled his spirit in the gloom of a tempestuous night. The feeling of utter desperation which possessed his soul and burned in his brain like an unquenchable fire, and the blissful repose of the liberated Spirit in the home of the Angels, are vividly contrasted in the closing stanzas.

And I fled Life's outer portal,
Deeming anguish was immortal,
Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore.
Hate for hate and curse for curses,
Through abyssmal universes,
Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore."

So the whirlwind bore my Spirit,
But to lands that Saints inherit,
And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er.
I am blest beyond all blessing,
And an Angel's pure caressing,
Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its shore.

While Mr. Harris was speaking the poem from which these extracts are taken, his whole manner was highly dramatic; at the same time his countenance and intonations were expressive of all the tender and terrible emotions which the poem so impressively indicates. The internal evidence that it was inspired by the author of the "Raven" is so strong that no unprejudiced mind, at all familiar with the circumstances of its production, will be likely to dispute its claims. Even the critical Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*—who has heretofore manifested an inveterate hostility to Spiritualism—was impelled to write and publish the following, in a commendatory notice of this poem:—"*It has all the 'fine frenzy' of that wild son of*

genius and some of the stanzas are quite equal, in our view, to his best efforts."

Great Poems and living Evangels axe earthly echoes of the Infinite Harmonics. Few in any age are able to apprehend their meaning. That the Epic and Lyric are not everywhere appreciated will occasion no surprise with those who have measured the distance between the earthly plane of the common mind and the heaven of imagination to which the inspiring Spirits lead the powers of thought. In the ranks of the *dilettanti* the philosophy of these Poems is doubtless a sealed book. Nor do we look for a just estimate of their peculiar merits to those critics who flit above the flowery lawns of Poesy, and flash in the gray twilight, like fire-flies over the garden walls of popular literature. No, never. Men whose ideas are begotten and born in drawing-rooms, seldom recognize the great thoughts that silently move the world. When the vibration of a harp-string, under the gentle pressure of some fair hand, fully realizes the highest conception of Divine harmony, there will be few to follow the bold, free spirit that goes out to unbar the portals of other worlds. But the revealing Angel must open the everlasting doors, that men may listen if they will to the sublime Sphere-music, and feel the stately measure to which constellations march through Heaven.

But there are many persons of strong, illuminated minds, who have experienced the most intense and exalted pleasure in reading the poems of Mr. Harris. They are men whose critical and independent judgment is entitled to respect. Their brains are not the machinery of Mammon, and their opinions were never bought and sold like merchandize. Not a few of this class have dared to say great things of the Epic and Lyric; but the limited space allotted to this Introduction will not admit of their being recorded. I trust however, that J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Esq., of London, a gentleman known

in both hemispheres as a learned author and a competent critic, will pardon the liberty I take in making this public use of his words contained in a private letter. After referring to some interesting spiritual developments in England, Mr. Wilkinson thus concludes: "And now, may I ask you to express to Mr. Harris, in the names of myself, my wife and many, many friends, our sense of the delicious gales from inward lands that have blown over us out of the Books which have been given through him. The Epic and Lyric are New World—doors opened, never to be shut again."

THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. HARRIS.

The wonderful gift of improvisation in which Mr. Harris so far excels the unaided powers and normal operations of the human mind, that he may, perhaps, be destined to stand alone in the literary annals of our time, is by no means the only evidence that may be adduced to prove that he is a medium of communication between the spiritual and natural spheres. It may not be uninteresting, or out of place in this connection, briefly to enumerate some of the phases of his mediumship, and, as a further illustration of his powers, to refer to several well-authenticated examples. The remarkable spiritual clairvoyance which Mr. H. often exhibits does not depend on the influence of mundane conditions or agents; it is induced by invisible beings, who lift the veil from the inner sense, and thus reveal scenes of the immortal life. In like manner, if we are not mistaken, the power of thought-reading is developed, or the faculty of perceiving ideas existing in the internals of the human mind. Occasionally Mr. Harris has been employed by Spirits in the transmission of a healing power; but the illustrations of this phase of his mediumship are not numerous. At times he appears to be so far disconnected from the body that he can travel in spirit with

great rapidity, visit distant places, and have an accurate perception of remote objects and events. It is also alleged that when Spirits enter his sphere they become visible to others; that persons of refined habits and acute sensation both see and hear them; that the Spirits are able to cause atmospheric undulations, and to produce the most delicate chemical combinations and sensational impressions. These operations of the Spirits are made manifest to the outer senses of men by distinct vibrations, concussions, vocal and instrumental music, and also by the diffusion: of aromas through the natural atmosphere. The phenomenon last mentioned occurs less frequently than many others, but intrinsically it is no more improbable, since all the simple elements of which the aromas consist are everywhere diffused in the earth and atmosphere, and it needs but the subtile chemism of the Spirits to so combine them as to render their presence manifest to the senses. Such are some of the more important phases of mediumship, as developed in the experience of Mr. Harris, and which I propose to further illustrate by particular examples.

In December, 1852, Mrs. C. called upon Mr. Harris, in the hope of attaining some evidence of immortality which might afford her the consolation she needed in a season of deep affliction. Her husband had departed this life, and her spirit yearned for the assurance that life was renewed and love immortal beyond the grave. Mr. Harris knew nothing of her history, and had no external perception of the object of her visit; but becoming entranced in her presence, all was revealed to him. He informed the lady that her husband was an officer in the United States Army, described his mental and physical peculiarities, his dress, a scar on his face, and said that he carried a repeater watch, and was in the frequent habit of applying it to his ear and striking the hour. The father of Mrs. C., an eminent divine, was also described on the same occasion, and the lady declared that

the delineations were in every essential particular true to nature and the facts.

During the same month another interesting illustration of the author's mediumship occurred. The name of the individual and his place of residence are suppressed for reasons which will be obvious to the reader. A professional gentleman at the South was invited to hear Mr. Harris lecture on Spiritualism, but declined, having no faith in the alleged manifestations from Spirits. On being requested to make a personal visit to Mr. H., he consented, at the same time affirming that no Spirit could reveal the facts in the life of the person that purported to communicate, in such a manner as to insure identification, as all the phenomena were mere psychological hallucinations which he himself could produce at pleasure. This gentleman was accordingly introduced to Mr. Harris, and after a brief interview, the latter—being under the magnetic influence of some Spirit—retired to his interior plane of observation. The visitor was informed that the Spirit of a young female attended him as a guardian. Her personal appearance, costume, and other things connected with the life on earth, were described; the relation which had previously existed between the gentleman and his Spirit-guardian was intimated; the nature of her life, and the circumstances of her death, were referred to; the Spirit also gave him an impressive communication, indicating her condition in the Spirit-world, the habits of her earthly friend, and concluded by admonishing him to reform. At the close of this interview the gentleman went away, but not long after called on Mr. Harris again, and related the story of the life and death of the young girl whose Spirit had so unexpectedly addressed him, affirming, at the same time, that he was fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism from the astonishing accuracy of the disclosures made through Mr. U. The gentleman also expressed

his conviction that the medium could not have derived his impressions by a psychological process from his own mind, and that this was rendered evident to him from the statement of *an important fact* respecting the Spirit, which, until that hour, was neither known nor conceived of by himself. Since the first interview, a personal investigation had fully established, in his mind, the truth of the statement.

While in New Orleans, in February, 1854, our friend the author was requested to officiate in his ministerial capacity at the funeral of Augustus Wang. After promising to comply with the request, he was subjected to a powerful spiritual influence, and Impressed to say that the spirit still preserved its connection with the body; that Mr. W. had a partial consciousness of what was going on, but that he would be released from his mortal restraints in about thirty-six hours. These statements were communicated to the family, and the body was thereupon taken from the coffin and placed in bed, after which faint but distinct signs of life were perceptible. Mr. Harris directed a lady to take Mr. W. by the hand and tell him that T. L. H. was conscious of his situation, and would see that he was not buried alive. The lady did so, whereupon Mr. W. *distinctly pressed her hand*. He remained in that state, without undergoing any apparent change, from that morning until the afternoon of the next day, when Spirits announced that he had left the body, and marks of decomposition ensued.

Several facts in our Author's experience seem to warrant the inference that the spirit occasionally retires from the sphere of its outward relations, and is so far separated from the body that the animal functions are temporarily suspended, while the immortal entity is free to roam abroad through space. An experience of this kind occurred during the winter of 1852. Mr. Harris was one day conversing with an eminent lawyer in New Orleans, when he suddenly

fell into a lethargy so profound that he was motionless, insensible, and apparently lifeless. He remained in this condition about twenty minutes. On returning, he stated that he appeared to himself—as a Spirit—to have gone in person to a place at the North, where he had previously resided, and to have ascertained the contents of a letter which had reached the Post-office in that place by the man of that day. Mr. H. mentioned the date of the letter, stated that it had been written by a gentleman hi Griffin, Ga., under the erroneous impression that he was still at the North, and that it contained a request for him to take Griffin in his way, and to deliver a course of lectures in that place, should he visit the South during the winter. Mr. Harris was so well satisfied that the invitation thus spiritually received had really emanated from citizens of Griffin, that without hesitation he resolved to comply with the request, and accordingly went to that place. Rev. A. Buckner testifies that Mr. Harris, on his arrival at G., stated that he had received their invitation, also the singular manner in which their wishes were made known to him. His impressions were found to agree with the facts, precisely such a letter having been written mud sent in the wrong direction.

The friends of Mr. Harris relate a still more striking fact of a similar kind. Early in the month of June, 1853, while the Medium was in Western Virginia, he passed into the same condition and remained for several hours. When his external consciousness was restored, he said that he had visited New Orleans, accompanied by a Spirit-guide. After seeing his friends In that city, he was requested by the Spirit to go with him to a strange place. He complied, and after traveling a short distance found himself on a level road, bordered on either side by swampy ground covered with shrubbery. At the right there was a small canal, and a building with a tall chimney. The guide called his attention to these objects, and bade

him recollect what he had seen, saying, emphatically, "*Remember, there are the water-works.*" He traveled on about three miles when he approached the entrance to an extensive cemetery. The massive gateway was in the Egyptian style of architecture, and apparently constructed of granite blocks. He was requested to pause, and stand on one of the piers; he did so, and the guide then made the following communication.*

The yellow fever is about to prevail in this city, and from ten to fifteen thousand persons will be deposited, during the summer and autumn, in these grounds. The bodies will be buried so carelessly, and the coffins will be covered so sparsely with earth, that the ground will crack open by the heat of the summer sun, and make visible that which is below."

In the Spring of 1854 Mr. Harris visited New Orleans in person. While in that city, he on one occasion mentioned to a circle of friends the occurrence just related, and observed that he would have supposed that his former visit was not imaginary but *real*, had he not known that they had no water-works, and been informed that the entrance to the cemetery was made of wood instead of granite. On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Harris was invited to visit the cemetery in company with a friend. He soon found himself on the identical avenue he had formerly traversed in spirit with his angelic guide. He saw the same building he had been told to remember as the water-works, and his friend informed him that it was used *in draining the city*. Pursuing the same road three miles further, he arrived at the cemetery, and found that the principal

* This singular experience occurred before publicity was given to the fact—through outward channels accessible to the medium—that the terrible epidemic of 1853 was approaching, and which resulted in the death of more than ten thousand persons.

entrance was constructed after the Egyptian order, and corresponded in appearance to his vision. It is only necessary to add, that the victims of the pestilence of 1853 were buried so densely and so near the surface, in portions of that inclosure, that the remains were here and there visible through small fissures of the earth.

In the summer of 1833, Mr. H.—in company with two other gentlemen whose names are in the writer's possession—was induced to visit an unsettled and mountainous region in the northern part of the Empire State, for the purpose of trout-fishing. They were obliged to camp out in the woods over night, during which the whole party was exposed to a heavy rain. On the following morning, in attempting to retrace their steps, they were lost in a wide and trackless forest. After wandering until they were quite exhausted, one of the number proposed to ask if their guardian Angels could direct them out of the forest. In a few moments the right arm of Mr. Harris began to oscillate like the needle of a compass, and soon became rigidly fixed in one direction. They were then informed by the Spirit-friends of the Medium that his arm was controlled by their agency, and that by pursuing the course thus indicated they would soon reach the point of destination. This instruction from the invisible guides was implicitly followed, and in as straight a line as could be drawn they were conducted to the very place they had most desired to find.

In January, 1854, while Mr. Harris was in New Orleans, he was one day conversing with a Mr. Robbins—an entire stranger—when he was suddenly entranced, and proceeded to introduce and identify several of Mr. R.'s departed relatives. Among the number was a distinguished soldier who was killed in the attack on Quebec; his military costume and the distinguishing traits of character were described; several of the more interesting facts of his private history were mentioned, and the circumstances of his death disclosed;

he was in the front rank of the assailants, and fell by a cannon-shot. These statements were confirmed by Mr. R., in whose mind they were sacred recollections.

On the same day, the Spirits produced an unusual phenomenon in the presence of Mr. Harris, with the recital of which we must conclude these evidences of his mediumship. The phenomenon to which I refer consisted in projecting, through the mediatorial sphere of Mr. H., the essential properties or essences of various spices and aromatic gums—camphor being most apparent—into the external atmosphere, so that, first the spacious room where Mr. Robbins and the Medium were sitting, and finally every room in the house (a large three-story building) was filled with aromas. On examination it was found that no camphor or other substances capable of diffusing an odor were in the house. It was said that this manifestation was given by an Israelite who had been for several centuries in the Spirit-world, and whose employment on earth had been that of a dealer in spices, silks and precious stones.

THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE."

In the "Lyric of the Morning Land," it was distinctly announced, that another Poem would soon be given through Mr. Harris. That promise is redeemed in the "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE," which is herewith submitted to the public. Reserving for the present what I design to say respecting the merits of this remarkable Poem, I will now briefly set forth the alleged objects of the inspiring Spirits in its production. As the purpose to perform any labor naturally and necessarily precedes the actual performance, with respect to time, I shall observe the same order, in the execution of my task, and first make known the original intentions of the Spirit-authors as the same were disclosed to me on the morning of October 19, 1855.

WHAT THE SPIRITS DESIGNED TO ACCOMPLISH.

The writer does not feel authorized to essentially modify the form of the statement made by the Spirits, during the interview referred to, but will here present a faithful transcript of the same from his original notes. (The Poem was completed, excepting two brief passages, which were necessary as connecting links to different portions of the work.) Early on Friday morning, October 19, while the writer was conversing with Mr. Harris respecting the specific objects of the Spirits, as indicated in this extraordinary work, the latter was unexpectedly entranced, and the Spirits, addressing the writer, said, "The objects which we design to accomplish through this Poem are in part comprehended in the following statement:"

1. We designed to represent various forms and phases of the great struggle between the internal and spiritual mind of the Race, and the oppressive restrictions in the social, philosophical and theological spheres, which prevent harmonious ultimations of Divine Wisdom and Love.

2. Our object has been to indicate the various agencies from spiritual spheres connected with this earth; from harmonic orbs in space, and their encompassing worlds of Angels; and from angelic spheres encompassing the sun, as now cooperative for the elevation and consequent unfolding of the universal Humanity of the planet Earth, into composite and harmonic perfection.

3. It has been our purpose to direct the attention of minds in your sphere to the existence of harmonic Heavens, which operate on special organizations among the children of earth, ultimating through their expanded interiors archetypal forms of social, mechanical, theological and poetical harmony, and into corresponding forms of Love, Wisdom, and Beautiful Use on the natural plane.

4. Our object, in the fourth place, has been to suggest the existence

of Types of Mankind, harmonically existing in corresponding spiritual spheres, and developed from corresponding races of antiquity, which still maintain the same physico-spiritual traits, freed, however, from the irregularities by which they were naturally characterized.

5. Again. We have designed to suggest the existence of an interior, divine significance and truth in the historical religions of Greece and India, identical with the life-essence of Christianity; also, to redeem the majestic and beautiful symbolism of ancient religions from disrepute and degradation, and to reaffirm their original spiritual significance and use.*

6. We have further endeavored to present the images of majestic and venerable benefactors of the Human Race, whose existence on earth was antecedent to, or not comprehended in, the accredited records of past and contemporaneous history.

7. We would also disabuse the mind of the gross superstition which confines the aesthetic exercises, developments and avocations of the soul to the natural plane, and point out the important truth, that the human spirit flows into as many forms of beautiful expression and employment, in the ulterior life, as are suggested by all human faculties revealed through the external organization, and this in multiplying proportion, resulting from the combination of harmonies.

8. Another purpose has been to indicate the existence of creative forces in the spiritual and celestial degrees of the Universe, by and through whose mediatorial operations Infinite Causation projects into material ultimates, suns and their systems, perpetually.

9. And, finally, we have endeavored to delineate the uses and employments of angelic Spirits, whether of recent or most ancient origin;

* Here the communicating Spirit digressed for a moment, for the purpose of saying that "this subject will be more fully treated in future productions" from the same source.

to show the Unity of the Universe, the Unity of Humanity as an immortal people inhabiting all peopled Earths and their unfolding, Heavens; to indicate somewhat of the organic human connection of earths with earths, and systems with systems; and thereby, as far as in us lies, to establish intellectual avenues of communication between Man the Microcosm and Man the Macrocosm—Man the child on earth, and the God-father of all men in Heaven. With these ends in view, we have not scrupled to speak directly to the issue, when treating of errors on the earth-plane, whether political, ecclesiastical or moral, which obstruct communication between the earth and skies.

MUNDANE HISTORY OF THE POEM.

The more important facts relating to the physical and mental conditions of Mr. Harris during the delivery of the Poem, and several examples of coincidental phenomena, require to be stated in this connection. During the greater portion of the time thus employed, outward sensation was either wholly suspended or greatly diminished; the Medium seemed to be quite oblivious of external circumstances and objects, and at times respiration was apparently interrupted. The general state of his mind and feelings, during the progress of the work was one of profound tranquility; with a single exception, the influence of the poetic Spirits was soothing as low-toned music; and, at the same time, productive of combined vigor of thought and elevation of the affections. This exception occurred at the time Mr. H. was subject to the Spirit purporting to be Byron. While under the inspiring influence of that mind he was conscious of a great excess of stimulating energy, and the departure of the Spirit occasioned a corresponding physical reaction in the Medium, which interrupted the flow of the subsequent utterance for twenty-four hours.

During the delivery of the Poem a variety of physical sensations and objective manifestations transpired, which will interest the spiritual reader. The Medium, at each succeeding session, was made sensible of the presence of Spirits by direct contact, often feeling the Spirit-hand on his head, breast, and other portions of the system. Electrical lights were frequently produced and made visible to all who were in the room; frequent sounds were also heard by the amanuensis, during the time occupied in the delivery of the Poem, for which no physical causes were ever discovered. At one time, in the presence of Mr. Charles Partridge, a sudden and powerful shock occurred, as if a spark had been communicated to a quantity of detonating powder. At other times invisible intelligences seemed to be conversing, in subdued voices, in the apartment. In one instance, while Mr. Harris and the amanuensis were at Schroon Lake, the room wherein they were sitting was suddenly flooded with a delicate aroma, resembling the perfume of jessamine flowers, which so pervaded the natural atmosphere that it could be most distinctly perceived and recognized through the medium of physical sensation.

The Spirits, though often visible to Mr. Harris, invariably sought to impress themselves qualitatively through the psychometrical sense, and the Medium appeared, by degrees, to develop a capacity to sense their presence and to distinguish one from another, as the psychome-trist discovers the physical condition, mental and moral attributes, and social qualities of individuals, by a kind of spiritual analysis of aromal essences emanating from their spheres. It was the usual custom of the Spirits, first of all, to manifest themselves by low, sweet melody or harmony, which seemed to address the outward ear, and to proceed from an immortal choir, standing at the right and above the Medium. Sometimes this angelic choir was apparently composed of little children. In this manner "a multitude of the

heavenly host" appeared from time to time, and furnished an exquisite prelude to each succeeding portion of the Poem. The Spirits were generally, though not always, visible to the spiritual sense. Their forms were illuminated by a supra-mortal light, which flowed through them as if they were media to transmit the rays, or delicate shades to temper and soften the divine effulgence.

In the composition of the "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE," it is claimed that the particular Spirits referred to in the Poem dictated such parts of the work as are ascribed to them. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Pollok, contributed the several portions which bear their respective names. The part descriptive of Rousseau's vision emanated from him, and the description of the Indian Heaven was given by a spirit from that abode, whose name, Indra, is frequently occurs. Those portions which refer to the Greek Heaven were produced, as the invisible intelligences affirm, by a general influx of ideas from a society of Spirits who inhabited ancient Greece. Finally, it is claimed that the remaining descriptive passages, which represent various phases of the Spiritual World, as presented to a spirit intromitted from the Earth-sphere and transported through the scenery of the Heavens, are the actual spiritual experiences of the Medium.

The first half of the "Lyric of the Golden Age" was dictated at the Irving House in this city, at intervals, in the course of December and January, 1854-5. During the progress of the work a number of intelligent Ladies and Gentlemen—personal friends of Mr. Harris and impartial investigators of the spiritual phenomena—were present, from time to time, for the purpose of observing the results of spiritual agency as developed through him. We are permitted to record the following names of persons who witnessed the delivery of portions of the Poem.—Prof. J. J. Mapes; Dr. and Mrs. Warner;

Evangeledis, a Greek from Athens; E. D. E. Green, a well-known artist; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burroughs, of the Irving House; Mrs. J. G. Dow; Charles Partridge; William Fishbough, and S. B. Brittan. About five thousand lines had been dictated when the engagements of Mr. H. calling him to other spheres of labor—the work was suspended by the Spirits, and the Medium supposed it was completed. Some one inquired if the Poem should be given to the public, when the Spirits answered negatively, assigning as the reason for delaying its publication that it was not finished.

On his return from the South, in July last, Mr. Harris located himself at a quiet country house near the foot of Schroon Lake, for the purpose of recreation and repose, having previously learned from his spiritual friends that they had communications to make from the interior. On this occasion he was accompanied by a learned and gentlemanly associate, in the person of Mr. B., who had previously assisted him in the capacity of amanuensis. After a long day's ride they arrived at the village of Pottersville, in Warren county, N. Y., weary with the journey and oppressed with the heat of the day. Soon after their arrival Mr. Harris was entranced, and induced to walk at twilight to an eminence at the East, a distance of half a mile from the village. On reaching the place, his Spirit friends and guardians identified themselves, and informed Mr. H. and his associate that the hotel at which they proposed to sojourn was unsuited to the character of the Medium and the objects of their retirement. The right arm of Mr. Harris was then made rigid, and pointed in a south-easterly direction, whereupon the Spirit, en rapport with his organization, proceeded to say, that if they would but travel a short distance in that direction they would find a place precisely suited to their necessities. Accordingly, on the following morning, Mr. B., pursuing the course previously indicated by the

Spirit, crossed a bridge at the outlet of the Lake, and found the place denoted, but he was himself utterly averse to remaining there and repeatedly interrogated the Spirits respecting their designs. At length, however, his objections were removed; and there, at a retired farm-house, situated on a little eminence which commands a view of Schroon Lake, the river and the adjacent mountains, the Spirits dictated the portions of the Poem attributed to Shelley and Byron, together with that which relates to the Indian Heaven.

Four weeks were spent in that delightful retreat, when the Spirit-mother of the Medium, who frequently acts as his guide, requested him to go to New York, to the Telegraph office, where he would see Mr. Partridge. No reasons were assigned and no explanations were demanded. Mr. H. had learned from his previous experience to respect the source of his instructions, and feeling that some important use was to be promoted by his acquiescence be started for New York on the ensuing day. While our friend was on his way to this city no incident transpired, worthy of record in this connection; but he had been seated in our office but a short time when a loud concussion occurred, somewhat resembling the report of a pistol, whereupon the Medium was immediately entranced. The guardian Spirits of Mr. Harris then appeared in his presence, and stated that, owing to existing causes, the remaining portions of the Poem could not be given in the locality which the Medium had last occupied. It was further stated that at 12 o'clock (midnight) he would pass into an interior state preparatory to the last effort of the Spirits in completing the present work. At the same time Mr. Partridge was requested to act as amanuensis, and it was intimated that twelve sessions would be required to finish their labors.

At midnight H. was profoundly entranced; but there was evidently some impediment in the way which obstructed, the current of inspired

thought. The invisible powers made several abortive attempts to control the Medium. At length a few lines were spoken, apparently with much labor, and then the flow of ideas was interrupted, and the Medium was silent. After waiting nearly two hours, the amanuensis retired for the remainder of the night. The writer of this Introduction occupied the same apartment with Mr. Harris, and had the best possible opportunity to observe all the phenomena exhibited in his case. Soon after Mr. Partridge left the room, and while the Medium was stretched at full length on a couch, apparently in an unconscious condition, the inspiring Angels suddenly broke over all restraints, and the work proceeded, the undersigned acting as amanuensis. The Spirits proceeded to deliver that portion of the Poem which relates to BRAHAM, the ancient Indian poet and Seer. Twelve sessions followed this in rapid succession—Mr. P. being the scribe—in the course of which the poem attributed to Pollok was dictated. Daring its delivery the Spirit communicating signified his willingness that the amanuensis should invite in such persons as he desired to have present. This privilege was exercised with some degree of latitude, and accordingly several additional names might here be added to the list of witnesses.

On the return of the Medium to Schroon Lake, the concluding portion of the stanzas credited to Byron, and also those descriptive of the death of Keats and his translation to the Spiritual World, were dictated; likewise the entire ode attributed to Coleridge, except two stanzas, which were given to the Medium at an early stage of his development, some five years since. It is also proper to mention that the brief description of a vision in the sun, which is incorporated into Rousseau's Dream, was given in a similar manner on a previous occasion. The Poem was finally completed; but having been given in disjointed portions, without any suggestions respecting

their appropriate places in the book, it was impossible for the Medium to compile the work. This task was likewise performed by the Spirit-authors with great apparent ease and a just discrimination.

The whole time occupied by the Spirits in communicating the entire Poem was about NINETY-FOUR HOURS. The greater part of the work was dictated with a rapidity only limited by the capacity of the amanuensis to follow the utterance. At times it seemed to be difficult for the inspiring intelligences to restrain their mental pace, and to accommodate themselves to the movements of the tardy pen. Indeed it is quite impossible to disclose all the mysterious phases of the phenomena which accompanied this inspired utterance; much less could the reader be made to feel, even by the aid of the most subtile powers of analysis and the fascination of a masterly description, the peculiar and irresistible evidences of its spiritual origin which were ever present to the mind of the careful observer. Throughout the entire performance the Medium appeared to be a living instrument—gifted with perception and consciousness—of almost unlimited capacity, alike with respect to delicacy of feeling and power of expression, whose inmost chords were moved by some of the Master Spirits of Song.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

Those who would become acquainted with the intrinsic merits of the "Lyric of the Golden Age" must read the entire Poem. Every page abounds with splendid images and thoughts that have immortality, while here and there are magnificent revelations of the power of language which must cause thousands who have felt its weakness to likewise feel its omnipotence. This Poem so far transcends the ordinary literary standards that it can not be judged by them. It must be extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, for one who views it from a physical or merely intellectual point of

observation, to characterize it with any degree of precision. The *sealed measures* which a host of poets and poetasters, and a majority of our literary critics, borrow from the proper authorities, are all too small to be serviceable on the present occasion. Jupiter's satellites are not weighed by a steelyard, nor Saturn's belts measured with a foot-rule. To such minds this Poem will doubtless appear to be wanting in unity, since they may not be able to trace the relations of its several parts to each other, and to a fundamental design. But If it were consecutive, in the sense which such an objection must naturally imply, the strong internal evidence by which its spiritual claims may now be triumphantly vindicated, would be totally wanting. As it purports to be the composite utterance of a number of the most gifted English poets, each of whom was distinguished by strong individual characteristics, it is fit that the theme and style of the Lyric should be similarly diversified. It may require unusual discernment to discover all the golden chords that unite to combine the whole in spiritual and harmonic relations. Moreover, a high degree of mental activity may be necessary to enable the external mind to follow the Spirits in their transcendent flights; but this is true of all really inspired writings, simply because the sources of a genuine inspiration are essentially superior to its mortal receptacles, and necessarily discredited from the earthly plane of the human mind.

It must be admitted by every intelligent reader, that the "Lyric of the Golden Age" is a splendid triumph of the Ideal. The sublime heights of the ancient Parnassus are lost beneath the heaven of imagination from which the Poet

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought."

There is a startling reach and boldness in many of the flights, while the ideas look like stars that rise in heaven to illuminate the world. The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos and almost unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime concord,

while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty and divinely just. The moral influence of the poem must be good, and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. Error, vice and crime, every species of tyranny and slavery, and all forms of evil, are condemned and spurned; Truth and Love are crowned with divine honors, while personal virtue, practical justice and universal holiness are hymned as the appropriate graces and of purified and perfected Humanity.

In all these respects, and in whatever else is most essential to true poetic excellence, this "Golden Age" may be measured with any poem of ancient or modern times. The principal Spirits speak with world-awakening voices. Pollok rises far above the standard of his earthly efforts; the words of Shelley, of Byron and Rousseau, sound like shrill clarion-tones that summon nations to battle against kings, and priests, and tyrannies; while Coleridge lifts his orphic Lyre and sings as only the "English Plato" was wont to sing. This Lyric has scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur, while in parts, at least, it has more than Miltonic splendor. The descriptive portions are wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our language. It would severely tax the capabilities of the most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which, however, is neither strained nor far-fetched, but natural, flowing, and melodious as a valley, brook. The poem contains many passages which are not surpassed, in exquisite delicacy and beauty, by anything in the whole range of English poetry. We extract a part of what a Spirit-maiden says of Shelley, as an illustration:

Our darling is not dead, he lieth here,
Where the blind groping earth-worm duds him not
As water-lilies mourn the fading year,
Fond hearts deplore him on the earth. No spot

Defiles the crystal pureness of his fame.
The efflorescence of his being blooms
On earth, blooms splendidly. Like May he came,
Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs
And rocky peaks and solitudes. He sped
Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,
That by no torture can be hushed asleep,
But pours In music hastening to the deep.
Peace, peace, bewail him not with garlands sere,
Ye Autumn Months, his is no funeral bier.
No pale dissolving *Eidolon* is he
Of that which was but never more shall be
Shelley the Spirit lives eternally."

It must be apparent to those who deny, as well as to those who accept, the peculiar claim of the author's poems, that Mr. Harris is endowed with extraordinary gifts, such as have distinguished few men, whose names and thoughts are chronicled in the literary history of the world. What the Invisible Powers have thus far accomplished, through the instrumentality of my friend, is now before the world. The present writer is not inspired to record what shall be hereafter. Hence, his work is finished. With a serene confidence that still greater things are reserved for us all, I wait to see the developments of the FUTURE.

S. B. BRITTAN.

NEW YORK, *December 15, 1855*

Contents

Preface	3
Part I	13 [mostly skipped]
Part II	69 [skipped]
Part III	173 [skipped]
Part IV	283 [skipped]
Part V	343 [skipped]
A Parting Word	379 [skipped]

A LYRIC
OF THE
GOLDEN AGE.

PREFACE.

FROM THE LYRICAL PARADISE OF THE HEAVEN OF SPIRITS.

As many ages as it took to form
The world it takes to form the human race.
Humanity was injured in its birth,
And its existence in the past has been
That of a suffering infant. God, through Christ
Appearing, healed that sickness, pouring down
Interior life; so Christ our Lord became
The second Adam, through whom all shall live.
This is our faith.—The world shall yet become
The home of that great second Adam's seed.
Christ-forms, both male and female, who from Him
Derive their ever-growing perfectness,
Eventually shall possess the earth
And speak the rhythmic language of the skies,
And mightier miracles than His perform;
They shall remove all sickness from the race,
Cast out all devils from the Church and State,

And burl into Oblivion's hollow sea
The mountains of depravity.
Then earth, From the Antarctic to the Arctic pole,
Shall blush with flowers; the isles and continents
Teem with harmonic forms of bird and beast
And fruit; and glorious shapes of Art, more fair
Than man's imagination yet conceived,
Adorn the stately temples of a new
Divine Religion. Every human soul,
A second Adam or a second Eve,
Shall dwell with its pure counterpart, conjoined
In sacramental marriage of the heart.
God shall be everywhere, and not, as now,
Guessed at, but apprehended, felt and known.

This Poem strives to wake the Soul from sleep.
It aims not to expound a perfect faith
In art, mind-culture or philosophy,
In ethics, statesmanship or natural law;
Much less to serve the ends of any sect
Or shelter any fiction. 'Tis to thee,
O Reader, in its deepest utterance,
A picture of thine own interior life,
In its dread heritage of present pain,
Its future Golden Age of happiness.

What seems to be superfluous and remote,
What seems to be extrinsic and no part
Of this, our Lyric Gift, fulfils an end;
Without it we could not our work complete.

We aim to quicken and excite the mind;
To stimulate the hunger of the heart
For spiritual food; to make you feel
The vast around you and the vast within;
The wonders that lie hid in history;
The greater wonders hidden in the soul.

The gleams and glimmerings of a spirit-light
Illume the dusty highways of the Time;
And at the corners of the public streets,
And in lone cells of wretched poverty,
In all the wants and throbbings of the age,
God stands a-waiting to reveal Himself.
There's not a living man in all the earth
But hath God near to him as his own soul.
There's not a woman in the world but bath
God nearer than the love in her deep he"
There's not an infant in the womb but bath
God near to it as blood in its young veins.
There are no souls forsaken of their God.
As Christ came near to Mary Magdalene,
As Christ came near to that Unfortunate
Whom all condemned, and said, "Go, sin no more,"
Christ comes even to the harlot in the streets,
Proffering the gift of all the Infinite,
The star-wealth of the radiant upper space,
The sun-wealth of the everlasting day,
The mind-wealth of the universe of truth,
The love-wealth of the heaven He fills with love,
And calls her sister, mother, spouse and child,
Asking but virtue as the one return.

There are no evil men shut out from God.
 The pining convict, whom iron gratings close
 From freedom, hath an Angel in his cell,
 Hath many Angels waiting on him there.
 God stands to smite the shackles from his soul,
 And burst the brazen dungeon gates of sin,
 And lead him forth, with His Almighty hand,
 Into the New Jerusalem, whose streets
 Are gold, and whose bright gates translucent pearl.

The end of government is to perfect
 The human spirit. Laws that merely serve
 To aggrandize and elevate the few,
 Destroy at last the stateliest Commonwealth,
 Which topples by its own ill-balanced weight,
 Crushing the builders in its overthrow.
 God's government, unlike frail mortal man' 's,
 Contemplates as its chief design and end
 A perfect life for every human soul.
 There waits each man in that wise Providence
 Life everlasting in the world to come.
 Earth is the nursery of Spirit Spheres
 Man's crimes have made that nursery a hell;
 God's love shall make that nursery a heaven.
 For this chief end of Providence the race
 Labors inspired of God. Mankind to-day
 Thrill with the burnings of a deathless hope,
 Which blooms into fruition everywhere.
 England, that aged phenix, droops its wing
 And builds its funeral pyre, and flames arise

Around it and within it: from the dust
And ashes of its present state shall spring
Its new-created form, free as the air
It breathes, and brilliant as the rising sun.

God plans; man works; God oversees the work.
The stately frame of the Harmonic World
Rises even now, though men perceive it not.
From all the quarries of the earth are hewn
The stones of that vast fabric. Based on all
The columned isles and vaulted continents
Poised in mid air, a golden dome of light,
Thy crystal firmament, O Liberty,
Like a new heaven shall span the Coming Age,
And all the nations underneath thy arch
Worship in peace together!

We have wrought
This poem with a deep interior art;
Something it hath for every mental state;
In this 'tis like the Bible. Many minds
Have poured the effluence of their living joy
And the exceeding splendor of their life
Beyond the planets through the Medium's mind
To make it what it is; and he hath been
Illumined to behold in solemn trance
The soul of every truth whereof he sings,
He is its author in the outward sense,
For it was formed and fashioned in his brain,
As stars and suns are fashioned in the skies.

But Spirits, too, claim its paternity;
They made his mind their instrument, whose chords
Vibrated wondrously when deathless hands
Woke the far-sounding octaves. Shelley came,
And Keats and Byron; yea, a deathless choir
Who throng the ante-courts of Paradise
And worship in the Heaven beyond the sun.
'Twas in their sphere the Poem had its birth;
Its outer shape but partially unveils
The grand interior archetypal form.
The language is the Medium's, and he kept
His individuality and wrought
In the deep chambers of his inmost brain
Language and imagery, that he might give
Fit drapery to the thought that Heaven sent down.

In deep trance-slumbers when the world asleep
Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,
His liberated soul rose from its dust.
We led him far beyond the veils and floods
And labyrinths of sleep; the clouds of death
And all the shadowed dwellers in the world
Were far beneath him; through his consciousness
Streamed the celestial sunrise; hills and vales
And groves and seas and flower-bespangled meads,
Cities and temples of celestial space
Were mirrored in his mind. Oppressed with wealth
Of spiritual imagery, he strove
In his interior being to become
A clear mind-crystal, bathed in every tint

And seven-fold luster of the Light Divine,
And, as a dew-bead twinkling in the morn,
With diamond Clearness, to reflect the day.

So grew the Poem through his consciousness
Into expression. In it we fulfil
Last summer's promise

God alone is great.
He is the primal splendor who illumines
The full-orbed intellect; He gave the power
To plan and execute; the work is His.
Its faults grow from our creature finiteness.
Would it were worthier of its origin.
'Tis but a wandering Voice, the harbinger
Of a great Poem that, Messiah-like,
Shall tread down Evil with its feet of fire,
And clasp all sufferers to its heart of love,
The lachets of whose shoes it may not loose.

Five years will lead their swift revolving dance
In choral music round the brightening world
Before that Poem shall unfold its form,
And we will make the Medium worthy it,
And give it as his spiritual powers
Wake from their slumber. For the time, farewell.

* See Lyric of the Morning Land, p. 16.

Part One

A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

ERE Europe perished, on her temples hoary
Wearing a crown of scorpions fierce and bold,
And nursing in her bosom pierced and gory
That fraudulent basilisk, the lust of gold,
"Ah me," she cried, "ah me, 'tis bitter cold,
Press poppies to my lips for I am dying.
Once I was young, alas I am not old
E'en now." The serpents hissed through all her sighing.
"Die, die," "yes die," the basilisk replied.
But e'er she slept once more aloud she cried
For priestly unction and in madness died.

She passed away, yet still her mighty form
Cumbered the Earth; her ruins bred a swarm
Of crawling adders; some were fierce and red,
These on her rank heart's blood for ages fed;
And others were like newts, these on her lips
Reveled; her eyes, like meteors in eclipse,
Cradled their hollow emptiness within

Filmed lids red-stained with loathsome looks of sin,
And her shrunk limbs and bloated frame supine
Fed fierce, malignant shapes of Poverty and Crime.

She was a harlot while she lived; she perished
Of in-bred evil; Kings her splendor cherished
Priests hymned her praises, Prelates graced her board,
And Pope and Kaiser shared her couch and poured
Their lavish treasures in her lap. She fed
Her darling basilisk with blood-drops shed
From starving multitudes to sorrow born
Unclothed they watched her flocks, unfed they reaped her corn.

So proud old Europe died; 'twas in the night;
Yielding her ghost in terrible affright.
But ere she died she made her will; she gave
First all her people as perpetual slaves
Unto the Kings, and also gave with them
For every head a snaky diadem.
She parceled out the free-born minds of all
The multitudes bound in her iron thrall;
Some were to Calvin, some Arminius given,
But most to him who claims the keys of Heaven;
And be with thumb-screw, rack and fiery flame
Was Legatee to execute the same.

With holy oil her brazen brow they crossed,
With sacred wine they cooled her parched tongue,
And empty masses, ere her eyes had lost
Their lurid glare, were o'er her said and sung.
Men said that while she lay in anguish dying

Her eyes were fixed, and looking up, she saw
Her triple yoke of custom, creed and law
On the bright threshold of the Future lying
Broken to fragments. Be this as it may,
She groaned, sighed, inly raved and blindly passed away.

There was a Genius, hating hateful things,
And loving virtue, as a lover clings,
Not wholly pure, unto some chaste sweet spirit,
This man from God a burning soul did 'herit—
Swift, eager, passionate, intensely strung
To joy and sorrow, and he moved among
The sons of Time, a meteor 'mid pale lamps,
His brightness veiled in loathsome grave-yard damps
Exhaling from corruption. Oh! I the clod
Where violets bloom than he was happier far,
And he went wailing, like some falling star,
Companionless, heart-broken after God.

This was Rousseau, the dreamer of strange dreams.
Sweet Clarens! oft he turned to noblest themes
Amid thy shades; and when, in later years,
He won a name, his agonies and tears,
And hopes and expectations and despairs,
Wild mimicries and secret burning prayers,
His solemn midnights, his delirious mornings,
His mockeries and his jests, his dim forewarnings
And prophecies, all took through speech new birth.
His three-fold nature touched Heaven, Hell, and Earth.

His three-fold thought, outspoken, thence became
Sweet sunshine, cheering dew, and scorching flame.
A million murdered heretics, white sown
In calcined ashes, and o'er Europe strewn,
Made him their wild avenger. It was he
Who whispered thy great name, O Liberty!
With his own heart communing, awed and still,
He knew not how that name ere long should fill
Mankind with hope, and despots with dismay.
As forked lightnings, harmlessly that play
Around the cottage roof, but strike the spire,
And change the fortress to a funeral pyre,
Fell his swift thought; it broke the enslaving charms
That numbed mankind; it shook with fierce alarms
The settled ease of nations; hollow groans
Were heard reverberating under thrones
Old dungeons preached with stony lips to men.
"Better," he spoke, "to share the lion's den,
Go clad in skins, and grasp the savage lance,
Than wear gay robes and in the minuet dance.
Better to feed on Nature's simple fare
Than feast where slaves the kingly board prepare.
Better wear Indian costume, far, and rule
O'er worlds of thought, than be the Tyrant's tool,
Fettered in velvets, manacled in lace,
And eating dust to win a lackey's place.
Better go houseless, fetterless and free,
Than, palace-hived, to crouch the fawning knee.
And better, better far, to worship heaven
'Mid the magnificence of morn and even,

Where stars their burning chariots drive through space;
 Where Nature mirrors back her Author's face
 Where with cathedral voices, grand and high,
 The storms and seas chant praises to the sky;
 Learn of the flowers their lesson; from the dust
 Of graves extract the solemn words of trust;
 In the deep heart find God, and breathe the prayer
 Of penitence and faith through midnight air;
 Commune with Deity where he unveils
 His face in lightnings and his breath in gales
 Find Pentecostal flames in morning light,
 Baptismal waters in the dews of night;
 Than worship where an impious priest Pretends
 That God through wafer and through wine descends,
 And eats the God he makes, and wets his lips
 In Deity's red blood."—The dark eclipse
 Of doubt lay on him, but in heart he tried
 Religious forms by Jesus crucified.
 Finding priests recreant, perjured, false and vain,
 He turned to Nature's ancient lore again.

God loved him in his errors, and he sent
 Three mighty Men from heaven, who, in the tent
 Of mortal sorrow, thrilled his mind asleep,
 In trances lifting him where Angels keep
 Their solemn vigils o'er Humanity.

He rose in spirit, and the stellar sea,
 Whose waves are suns that break upon the shore
 Of God's Infinitude for evermore,

And, breaking, far diffuse a diamond spray
Of sphered immensities, beneath him lay;
And, swift as Morning, whose bright car is driven
By the young Sun-god through the spheres of heaven,
The Centuries, habited in robes of light,
Past, present, future shone upon his sight,
And every Age, all great and glorious
And strong and lovely and victorious,
And mild and wise and sweet and innocent,
And fierce and fearful,—many forms being blent
In one and shining forth alternately;
And joy and grief, sweet love and misery,
Hope, agony, desire and expectation,
Remorse, distress, triumphant exultation,
Weepings and wailings, prayers by deep distress
Wrung from the bursting heart of tenderness,
From those veiled statues, each distinct and clear
Invaded him.

Then came an ancient Seer,
Holding a golden bough, such Eneas bore,
Adventuring toward the Spirit-realm of yore.
Grasping the golden bough he spake and said,
'Dark is the path, O Soul, thou hast to tread,
But guided by three Angels thou shalt find
Elysian States, wise, fortunate and kind
There learn what waits the Earth."—He spake and ceased.
Swift as a meteor from its cloud released,
He rose and vanished.

Through a vale of wo,

A dark Aceldama,* sank down Rousseau,
Through discords, shadows, clouds of lurid fire,
Whirling like flames from a funereal pyre,
Till by degrees a soft and seven-fold ray
Shone round him, and a calm clear-shining day,
Absorbed the darkness from his brain and fed
His mind with light. The sky that shone o'erhead
Held not a sun, but was the sun, for he
Had passed through Earth's dim spheres of misery
Into the Sun's dominion; there he woke,
This vision there beauteous upon him broke.

An Angel stood within the sun,
Upholding in his mighty hand
Time's Horologue, whose years had run
 Till but a grain of sand
Remained within that golden vial.
Near his left hand appeared a dial
Whereon a pendulous instrument
Backward and forward slowly swung,
By a pale crescent overhung;
Within the orb appeared a rent,
And a great bell with ponderous tongue
Above the ball vibrating rung.

Slowly the Angel moved the bell,
Faintly reverberating fell

*Rousseau is here represented as passing in spirit through the sphere of spiritual evils, fantasies and lusts, exhaling from the interiors of European nationalities, both secular and ecclesiastical, existing alike in the natural earth and the world of spirits.

The cadence of a Sabbath hymn,
Sweet as celestial choirs might sing
But that low music with a stroke
Of thunder through the concave broke,
And cleft the dark vibrating globe.
While spouting blood from either lobe
Enwrapped the dial and shut in
The vision of expiring sin.

While this upon the dial's face
In rapid movement found a place,
The last remaining sand-grain fell
From out the gnomon's empty shell.
It poised and spread, and like a mist,
Or cloud of golden amethyst,
Exhaled its life, and with a breath
Of music melted into death.

Tw'as but a moment, then a loud,
Clear trump was heard, and from afar
The Angel of the Morning Star
Descended through a silver cloud.
He lifted up the vase of sand
Whose golden drops were all outrun,
And turned it in the Angel's hand.
Each drop shone radiant like a sun.
All heaven with hallelujahs rang
And thus the twain together sang
The golden years again return,
The golden ages newly burn."

Meanwhile another Angel stood
Beside the pall of tears and blood
The dial's face that darkened o'er.
"Grow bright," he cried, "be dark no more!"
Then radiant on the dial glowed
An orb redeemed and crowned with light;
Around its concave gently flowed
 An ocean of delight.
Above it shone a golden bell,
Moved by the harmony that fell,
Chiming in softest unison,
From Heaven and from its Spirit Sun.
And when the music of the bell
The orb's expanse vibrated on,
A golden sand-grain from the shell
Dropped down, and ere its light was gone
A seven-fold splendor was unfurled
And bathed in light the radiant world.

"Thus shall it be, thus shall it be,"
In concert sang the radiant three,
"For Earth the golden years await
In glory at the Eastern gate.
For Earth the golden years begin,
O'erwatched by banded seraphim.
Her spiritual life renews
Its morning, bathed in heavenly hues,
Forever bright, forever pure
The new-born Eden shall endure."

Men to angelic stature wisely grown,
Embody in one form of might and grace
Not the perfections of one mind alone,
But all the forms and forces of the race.
Angelic men remote in spheres afar
Shine forth, as beams a many-splendored star,
Akin through harmony and style of brain
With separate nations on the earthly plane.
Through them, as mediatorial forms, divine
Perfections are diffused, and they refine
Vast races by their influence, and stand
Each one *en rapport* with some kindred land.*
These are the heavenly Hierarchs and they
Guide earthly empires on their conquering way
And when their influence is withdrawn 'tis then
That empires crumble into dust again.

Stars are the figures in life's shining dial
Above the ebbing waves of sorrow's sea
Their mild light shines, outlasting human trial.
Orbs burn in space, man ne'er on Earth can see,
Yet ever more, O weary, worn mankind
They strive for thee, with calm life-quickened mind.
The stars are all connected, like bright beads
In one rich necklace that some heavenly girl
Wears on her bosom. As a ruby bleeds
Set mid translucent emerald and white pearl,
Earth sparkles redly 'mid her kindred stars.
As a foul grave-yard with defilement mars

* See Daniel chap. x. ver., 5, 6, 12 and 13.

A street of palaces and lifts dark rows
Of monuments near where the bride-train goes,
So, Earth, thou art placed in Heaven's bright universe
Thou art to other worlds as is a hearse
Beside a street of thrones, a mournful yew
'Mid myrtles whose red flowers are bathed in dew,
And all because Death holds thee in his thrall.
Thou art a crysalis whose throbbing ball
Conceals bright wings; ere long shall be unfurled
Thy pinions rare, O Spirit of the World!

There came a mighty Angel from the North,
Whence all the sons of Muscovy go forth,
Swift from the Boreal Heaven whose circles roll,
Vast, luminous beyond the Arctic pole.
Not his the chorded harp, not his the charm
Whose magic shall the world at last disarm;
Not his the power of language or of verse,
Not his the thought that shapes the Universe.
As grand Orion lifts his massive bar,
In constellated realms of space afar,
Gigantic he, and keen his thought and clear
As crystal skies that rule the northern year.
He gathered up the frore winds in his palm,
The lightning and the thunder and the hail
And held them still. Then fell sepulchral calm
Upon the face of Europe. Peace obtained
A seeming victory, and order reigned.

The second Angel of the triad came

From out the West, and he was clad with flame,
Armed with mailed lightnings, and his feet were shod
With swift, resounding thunder; where he trod
Strange voices echoed; mountain, vale and sea
Woke as from sleep and sang of Liberty.

Then came another by the south wind driven,
Balmed in sweet odors, and to him was given
A floral garland. These three Angels flew
Where dead old Europe for her burial lay.
The Angel of the North stooped down to view
The ghastly corpse. Rousseau then heard him say,
"Out from the ashes of this great decay
Shall spring swift Revolution, for I hear
A voice prophetic, pregnant with all fear
All terror all confusion all distress."
"And I will crown him with a radiant tress
Of glory and wild joy, and I will make
Him beautiful as morning," gently spake
The Angel of the south wind breathing low.
"And I will arm him to avenge the wo
Of millions on despotic heads. His call
Shall rouse all nations; he shall tear the pall
From the slain Christ, and it will wave so bright
That tyrants, pierced and blinded with affright,
Shall reel and perish from the morning light
I'll temper him a sword, and he shall smite
Revenge and Bigotry; but ancient Night
Shall rise against him, and his feet must tread
Where blood shall rain as from the Ides o'erhead;

The lurid flames shall follow him; his form
Shall burn with agony, through strife and storm
Battling with all the enemies of man."
The Western Angel ceased; then tremors ran
Through the dissolving form of Europe dead.
These Angels then beside Jean Rousseau's bed,
In midnight slumber pierced his breast with keen
Heart-anguish, and he dreamed this wondrous dream.

Wakening in the midnight lonely,
 Spirit-born he seemed to tread
Where no being dwelt, but only
 Shadows of the nations dead.
Each returning apparition
 Like a specter seemed to rise
From the vault of its perdition,
 Gazing, blindly to the skies.
And the solemn Angel nations,
 In their deep harmonic tongue,
O'er those living desolations
 Mournfully together sung

"Spring blossomed once within the human soul,
 'Tis dreary Winter now.
Dark Pain sits moaning by the silent goal,
 And Death with frowning brow.

The Earth is fallen from its high estate,
 With man it fails and dies,
No more it sits beside the morning gate
 In converse with the skies.

The curse of Beauty taints the stifling air,
The Eden trees are dead,
And the foul odors of the sepulcher
O'er isle and ocean spread.

O Earth! O Man! how desolate ye arc
Weep, weep, for ye decay;
The smoke of evil from your fallen star
Obscures the light of day.*

Like some fair maiden, by the spoiler's art
Robbed of her lily crown,
Earth droops despairing, and her broken heart
Into the grave drops down.

Alas! the beautiful companion stars
Deplore their sister slain;
The third great harp string rudely, wildly jars,
And wailings end the strain.

As Ajax wrestled blinded in the gloom,
So Earth with Wrong contends,
But reels upon the threshold of her tomb,
And Death the combat ends.

As the fierce basilisk with flaming eyes
Subdues the fainting dove,
So Evil triumphs o'er his conquered prize,
And bate consumes her love."

And the Spectral Nations wondered,
Wrapped in darkness for a pall,

* Rev. vi. 12, 13.

While the solemn music thundered
From the far celestial hall.
Waved the banners dark and solemn
O'er those armies of the tomb,
Mournfully that spectral column
Chanted through the midnight gloom.

"Yes, the aged world is dead,
Dead are all its mystic dream,
Angels from its thought are fled,
Angels from its groves and streams;
Faith is lost, and, being fled,
In its loss the world is dead.

Yes, the aged world is dead;
Truth is gone from court and shrine,
And a sensual pall is spread
O'er the tomb of Life divine.
Hope is lost, and, being tied,
In its loss the world is dead.

Yes, the aged world is dead;
Cold the heart and dim the brain
Wise men filch the orphan's bread,
Fear and Hate in temples reign.
Love is lost, and, being fled,
In its loss the world is dead."

Then through all the midnight speeding,
Like the wind euroclydon
O'er the sounding seas receding,
Swept the stormy chorus on,

"The day of burning comes at last,*
 The world is dead, the world is dead.
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, past,
 Youth, Manhood, Age, like vapors fled.
 Alas! alas!

All Beauty passes from our sight;
 The world reposes on its bier;
 Morn, Noon and Eve and starry Night
 Depart and leave but chaos drear.
 Alas! alas!

Sun, moon and stars, groves, fields and flowers,
 Ye pass away, ye pass away.
 Shrines, temples, minarets and towers,
 Ye are but tombs where minds decay.
 Alas! alas!

The Dreamer woke in fancy, all unseen,
 Yet viewing all things, where a royal feast
 Lay spread. Three earth-worms of ignoble mien,
 A king, a harlot and a mitred priest
 Wasted the midnight. On the monarch's knee,
 Yet leering on the priestly debauchee,
 The woman sat. Put in the self-same room,
 As Angels stand in some spice-lighted tomb,
 Three deathless beings, pure as these were vile,
 In solemn splendor gazed and shone the while.
 The palace was Versailles; the aged king
 The Fifteenth Louis. "Sing," he cried, O sing,

* Rev. vi. 15,16,17. 2 Pet. iii. 10,13.

Good Priest, good wassailer." The priest complied
But as he sang the spirit glorified,
Peter, the stern apostle of the right,
The champion of the cross, who through the night
Of ancient ages fearlessly uprod
The great world calvary to his rest with God,
Stood there and gazed with calm rebuking mien.
On the wine-bloated reveler unseen.

But ere the Priest poured forth his impious soul,
The King drank deeply from the maddening bowl,
And with age-palsied lips first sought a kiss,
Then madly chanted in a strain like this.

"Fill, fill the cup with ruby wine,
O, mirth and laughter are divine
When beauty's lips caress the glass,
No king can let the goblet pass.

Come drink, O drink, my mistress sweet,
'Twill make thy red heart warmly beat.
A health to thee, a health to thee,
Great Legate from St. Peter's see

Haste, baste the flowing cup to drain.
Could old St. Peter rise again,
Methinks, my worthy priest, he'd say
The world has changed since Peter's day."

The maudlin Bishop drained the bowl and sung
A bacchanalian lay with stuttering tongue.

"Ora pro nobis

Pax bis cum vobis,

Latin is good for the banquet and bowl,
Here's a health, here's a health to the king of the soul.
Most Christian Defender of Peter's wide See,
The bodies of Frenchmen are given to thee;
But nobler than crown is the miter and cowl,
And the mightiest of monarchs is lord of the soul."

Meanwhile imperial Charlemagne stood near,
And gazing, as a father on the bier
Of a dishonored son, whom his own crime
Hath brought to felon's death before his time,
Fixed on the King his stern rebuking eyes.
But mad the revel grew, though in the skies
The stars grew pale with promise of the light
And, fever-flushed, the woman crowned the night—
With this wild glee; and as she sang drew near
The Virgin Mary from the mother-sphere
Of heaven, where pure th' unblighted children dwell,
Gazing like heaven, unknown, on that delirious hell.

"Aha, aha, both Beauty's slaves

O King and Priest are ye;

The good old saints rest in their graves,

The Bishop rests with me.

'Tis true, the world is changed since when

St. Peter lived on fish,

For prelates drink with sinful men

And feast from every dish.

Most Christian King, fill up the bowl,
A toast I drink with thee;
Come, pledge our Father with the cowl
Who loves both you and me."

'With fearful indignation Charlemagne
Gazed on the felon king, and, when the strain
Sung by the woman, lingering died away,
He spake these words; the dreamer heard him say
Reptile, a curse is on thee; thou shalt rot
In chaos; hath thy treacherous heart no spot
Of soundness? Art thou all one bloated mass
Of infamy? Yes, drain that sparkling glass,
Blood fills it from my children. France is mine.
I'll arm my sons against thy cursed line;
I'll breathe upon all infant in the womb
That infant's name shall be Napoleon,
And he shall wear this crown.
Blood, blood shall flow,
And France, arising from her midnight wo,
Strangle the parricidal brood who feed
With priests and starve the people in their need."

Then mild, but in his mildness terrible,
Peter the pure Apostle held on high
A silver cross, and radiant as the sky
When morning splendors Night's dark death dispel,
The Word wide opened, and his voice in prayer
Rose to the Highest throng the startled air.

God of the Bible and the cross,
I lift my prayer to thee

For all Humanity.
 O where the wild Waves toss
 On Plymouth's rock-bound shore,
 Reveal thyself once more.
 By altar and by pix,
 By lifted crucifix,
 Stand cruel priests, their hands are dipt in
 With wanton eyes of greed
 On all earth's wealth they feed,
 And hound poor starvelings from the lordly door
 Come, Lord, in might once more."

But far more beautiful, in love serene—
 Type of Celestial Womanhood, a Queen
 Of Charity and Faith—the Virgin shone,
 Lifting her pure eyes to the Father's throne
 Then gazing on the wanton inly dead,
 With tenderest love the sainted Virgin said

"Emblem of desecrated womanhood
 Soiled floweret, broken from heaven's deathless vine!
 Type once of good, insphered in form of good,
 Thy spirit's grief is mine.
 I mourn for thee from out my high estate,
 Sweet wreck of Eve, gone from lost Eden's gate;
 I yearn for thee as for a daughter slain,
 The cup of agony is thine to drain
 True woman's nature, foully stung and torn—
 O grief, O agony, I mourn, I mourn.
 Thy desolations sadden me with loss,
 As when of old I knelt beneath the cross.

The wolf and serpent reign in Church and State
From either utter ruin doth await,
O daughter! for thy sisters as for thee.
Jesus, I plead for woman's chastity;
Save, save my daughters! since help cloth not rise
From priest or king, send Angels from the skies."

When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—
And yellow daffodils awake,
The virgin Spring is fair to see.

When streams through banks of daisies run—
Sing cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—
And sky-larks hymn the rising sun,
Spring holds her court in grove and lea.

When cowslips load with sweets the air—
Sing cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair
And bids the mating birds agree.

Rousseau the dreamer—ah, 'twas bitter sweet,—
Rose in his dream and sped, with rapid feet,
O'er undulating plains with sunrise kissed,
Floating above the world as floats a mist
Far up in air, he heard a fairy choir
The flute, the dulcimer, the seven-stringed lyre.
The blessed human voice together blunt;
And happy children in an element

As ether fine seemed sporting, robed in green.
Blithe as Titanic the Fairy Queen,
An airy nymph, like April, with a crown
Of rainbow light and wings of thistle down,
Vailed in a silver mist, before his way
Flew singing with her sisters this sweet lay
Around, below, above those cherub loves,
Numerous as linnets are in sylvan groves,
Echoed the strain deliciously, and bore
The dreaming spirit to the English shore.

High over Albion, built on purple clouds
Of jasper, amethyst and sardonyx,
Lighter than air, yet firm as hammered steel,
Fashioned by spiritual art, appeared
A snow-white temple, Doric in its style,
And spiral pathways to the temple wound;
And whoso stood within it grew inspired
As if he wore the Jewish vesture plate.

The beating Soul of the wide land below
Nakedly bared its secrets to the Seer,
In that huge temple throned apart; and there
Alfred, the ruler of the Spirit-realm
Of England's Worthies dwelt. The misletoe
Formed, twined with oak, the chaplet on his brow,
His yellow beard, covered his ample breast,
A Saxon robe in texture like white wool
Concealed the outlines of his perfect form
He bore a magic scepter in his hand,

The gift of a wise sage from Jupiter,
Named Zaphthalim. Twelve maidens round his throne,
Types of the months that rule the English year,
Each on an ivory footstool sat; and all
The deeds of England's Worthies were displayed
On the Vast walls in deathless imagery,
Shining from inward light, and seemed to live
And each illustrious hero who had won
A place in England's chivalry of mind,
In his angelic likeness had fit place.

Rousseau knelt on the tessellated floor,
A spirit pale, and Alfred with his wand
Of miracle touched his trance-lumined brain,
And bade him see the Hanoverian George,
Flushed with young vigor, in his Cabinet.

'Twas thus the king addressed his minister,
A servile Scot, his mother's tool, by her
Throned o'er the council board, a courtly knave,
In act a despot and in speech a slave.

“Whip them with rods, my lord, and they'll submit;
Shall misbegotten knaves, whose fathers sped
To cheat our justice of each outlawed head
Bandy hot words with us, as they see fit!
No! let the red-coats have at them—unless
They bow. Methinks they lay too much of stress
On Magna Charta. Shall a rebel horde
Impugn at will our royal council board
What! what! Let's flog them till the canting knaves
And varlets grow as tearful as their waves.”

The royal favorite, weakest of the clan
 Of parasites, applauded well the speech
 Of his 'dread Sovereign,' half a fool at that,
 With chronic madness latent in his blood,
 Then added in a dignified court speech:

"Your Royal Majesty, I must admit
 These colonists should to Vie throne submit.
 The colonies as fiefs the king must own,
 They are the appanages of the throne.
 To tax, to govern is the kingly right,
 'Tis theirs to own their gracious Sovereign's might."

As shines in heaven a sun-illumined cloud,
 That in itself holds thunders, by them stood
 The Spirit Cromwell, Sydney by his side.
 'Tis thus stern Nemesis awaits to-day
 At each king's council-board in Christendom.
 And Cromwell heard those hateful words, the old
 State-language of all tyrants since the flood,
 And with a smile of triumph on his face
 He spake exulting to that kindred mind.

Sydney, O Sydney, God hath loosed my bands
 The triple cord of slavery parts its strands
 The iron yoke is broken. O the, men
 Who fought the ancient king and from his don
 Tore out the wild beast Prelacy once more
 Praise God upon the bleak New England shore.
 I gazed once on the great Arch-traitor's head
 My heart, God knoweth o'er the Man it bled,

But, for the Tyrant, never England's fill
Was not with the crowned Stuart at Whitehall.
No; England died when base, lascivious knaves,
Called back the Second Charles to ride o'er slaves.
Then, Hero England died, then, Cruelty
Tore out the living entrails of the free
Noblest and best, led to the assassin's sword,
Bled for the sake of Freedom and God's Word.
The men of Naseby and of Worcester fight
Gazed from God's sky through Liberty's dark: night
Now, swooping down like eagles to their prey,
They seize the power while kings with baubles play."

Then Sydney calmly smiled to answer him.
Yes, Cromwell, once again the Good Old Cause
Revives, and Freedom's violated laws
Shall find avengers. Wondrously our God
Wrests from this would-be tyrant's hand the rod,
Parting with it Oppression's blood-red sea,
Guiding his sons to Peace and Liberty."

Rapid as light flashed from the scimeter
Of Dawn, who rides triumphant in his car,
Sun-axled, through the city of the stars,
Came to king Alfred a white messenger,
And the pale dreamer, lifted up, was led
Into that Heaven whence man below is fed
With power and beauty. 'Tis the sanctuary
Of the Creative who doth fill