

In vain!—the Vampire fangs of Grief
 Had fasten'd on his Soul.
 His tott'ring form rock'd to and fro,
 His arms he wildly threw
 On high,—and shrank,—as from a blow—
 Then—stagger'd out of view.
 Again was heard the Goblin laugh,
 Whilst through the throng there ran,
 Loud exclamations, doubting half,
 A fool, such like, was Man!—

SCENE IV.

Cadav'rous Envy, next appear'd,
 A Mummy, strode he by,
 His flesh, with cancers seam'd and sear'd,
 Disgusting to the eye.
 His mouth display'd an Adder's tongue,
 Snakes crawl'd across his breast,
 Or from his hair in clusters hung,—
 His heart,—a Scorpion's nest.
 He disappear'd,—but now no sound
 Arose,—nor grave nor gay,—
 E'en Spectres seem'd Ease to have found,
 When Envy slunk away!—

SCENE V.

Then came there one—with eyes of blue—
 And cheek of roseate glow,
 And clust'ring curls that sprang to woo
 A neck of spotless snow,
 And as he mov'd,—the rarest Grace—
 (Like Ocean's glassy swell,
 Or softest lines of Virgin's face,
 Or gambol of Gazelle)
 Shot from each step he noiseless took :—
 Around his parted lips,
 Bees humm'd, and fragrant flow'rs forsook,
 To drink, in tiny sips,
 The balmy moisture of his breath :—
 All captive to him, seem'd,—
 The Ghostly Throng forgot their death—
 Of life—again—they dream'd.
 He laughingly a mirror turn'd
 Towards the multitude,
 And show'd a thousand hearts that burn'd
 In Love's beatitude,—
 Then quickly turning it again,
 Was seen a pile of hearts,—
 Some broken, bleeding, torn in twain ;
 And some transfix'd by darts ;
 And Maid'ns with dishevell'd hair
 And thin consumptive cheek,
 Their bosoms bare, in wild despair,
 Their hearts too full to speak ;
 And Manly Youth too, mark'd the scene,
 The Maid'ns, side by side,
 As wo-begone :—but worse was seen !
 The ghastly Suicide !
 His mirror then he veil'd :—he bow'd

And laugh'd right merrilie.
 Love pass'd. Then burst there from the crowd
 Unearthly sounds of glee.
 Wild Goblin shouts rose peal on peal—
 So dread the sound,—so dear,—
 O'er mortal nerves, would horror steal,
 Would creep the flesh with fear,—
 Uproarious although the clang
 Of mirthful jest and jeer,
 The Elfin laugh above it rang,
 High sounding sharp and clear.
 "Ho ! Ho !" it rang in accents wild
 And thus, a Voice was heard :
 " Oh, Man ! thou less than idiot child
 With animals go herd."

SCENE VI.

Ambition,—rob'd in purple—now
 Upon the scene appear'd ;
 A diadem oppress'd his brow—
 His hand a truncheon rear'd.
 Of carriage dauntless—free and bold—
 He look'd—Audacity!—
 And lust of pow'r, liquid roll'd
 In that cold, ruthless eye!
 As Arctic Hecla, robe-ensnow'd—
 Of burning breast doth tell,
 That eye, Dominion's furnace show'd,
 Intense with heat as Hell.
 As Afric sands,—at noon-tide hour—
 Will drink the Ocean dry,—
 So, fell Ambition's thirst for pow'r
 This world can't satisfy!
 He wav'd his truncheon ! There stepp'd forth,
 From 'mid the spectral crowd,
 The Shades of Conquerors on Earth,—
 (None now before them bow'd !)
 Sesostris, king of kings, whose frown,
 Was like the siroc blast !—
 The Greek ! who struck Darius down,
 And Empires overcast,
 Who Vict'ry's glaive so bravely bore,—
 The boast of Macedon !—
 The Carthaginian Conqueror,—
 Hamilcar's Mars-like son !—
 Imperial Cesar !—Fiery Goth,—
 And unforgiving Hun !
 That modern Human-Ashtaroth,
 The dread Napoleon !—
 Yet more advanc'd,—but these the chief.—
 Scarce had they left the crowd—
 Than,—(as pursued the catiff thief
 By hue and cry !)—burst loud,
 From each and ev'ry throat, a shout
 Of mirthful, merry, scorn !
 So loud,—Ambition cast about
 A flick'ring glance, forlorn,—
 Then vanish'd cowering from the scene
 Pursued by yells of mirth !