

And made them love their country more and more.
But while he sung, triumphant as the lark,
The tongue of Slander struck his spirit dumb—
For these young Poets are as sensitive
To pain, as the warm morning cloudlets are
To the consuming splendor of the sun.
Curs'd be the tongue that hurled the sland'rous shaft!
Withered the lips that spake the sland'rous tale!
For then his mind was strong, and in its strength
He gloried, as a giant o'er the thew
And sinew of his limbs. The sland'rer spake,
And, lo! the stately man became a child!
His mind, once full of bright imaginings,
Became as gloomy as the murkiest eve
That ever mingled with November's fog.
Thoughts that had ransacked heaven fell to earth,
Enfeebled with the fall. The eye that look'd
Fearlessly on the virtuous of the world,
That gazed admiringly upon the stars,
And drank their wondrous beauty in deep draughts,
Till it was drunken with delight, now quailed,
And sought the ground. And yet the tale was false.
But there was one who did believe it true;
One who had leaned upon his heart of hearts,
Like Innocence on Love. She thought it true.
And he was left alone with his crush'd heart,
To crawl mind-wounded through a cheerless world,
Like a lost planet through infinity,
Tortured with its unrest. He could have borne