

Dilating in a glow of proud disdain.

Hark, the approach of the far thunder's voice,
Cheering on the waves like famished wolves,
Yearning for blood! see how they shake their
manes,

Foamy with rage, trampling each other down!
While the mad breakers beat time to the song
Of the unconquerable winds;—midway
The fierce lightning darts its quivering sword,
Twining in snaky folds among the clouds,
And scaring ocean's back, as with a sythe
Heated by fire, salving the wound in smoke.
The wing'd spray flies up like muttered curses,
To return a chastening scourge; its salt tongue
Sought the rocky lair of that unpassion'd boy,
Licking his cheek, and yet he did not shrink,
But looked with calm wrap'd face upon the
storm,

Thrilling with a sense of new-born power,
That sprang unconsciously within—a voice
Which bade him paint upon his heart a type,
A vision of that hour, which might not pass,
Like its unworn sublimity, away.
Clinging with untired hands unto the rock,
He drank the music of the whirlwind's harp,
And laugh'd to see it flinging up on high
Huge fragments of the earth, like worthless
chaff;

Rending apart the veil of pall-like clouds,
Through which a ray shot down upon the deep:
Sunshine midst the tempest. The memory
Of a dead mother's smile was not more fair
To a mourner's heart—'twas like the mild eye
Of a protecting God, calming the waves.
All this was traced indelibly upon his soul,
And thence became as fuel to the lamp
Of his undying genius; its might
Was nourished in the strife of elements;
And all terrific things which strike deep awe
Into the breasts of common men, with him
Were loved companions, or foes that he
Had grappled strongly and subdued.—
His only love the *spirit* of the storm,
He learned its wildest language from her lips,
Deeming it most glorious melody—
And when the sinews of his frame wax'd strong
He made his home among the mighty hills—
Where the savage howl of wandering winds
Sang tenor to the deep eternal base
Of torrents, whose dim mists curdled round
The icy moon;—where, in the still midnight air,
Pale shadowy things were winging 'neath the
stars;—

A phantom world—but soon o'er-teeming with
The spoils heap'd thick within the miser mind;
His spirit, like a full cup, o'erflowed,
Frenzied with passion—so he went to Rome;

And in the city of the seven hills,
Amid the trophies of an age gone by,
The stubborn canvass warm'd beneath his
touch,

Replete with every form of wild conception
That had sprang within his brain, the children
Of his heart—a horrible creation!
Set breathing forth a dread sublimity of
Beauty most severe.

Thousands wond'ring came,
And gaz'd with admiration and mute awe
Upon his works, and him who thus had bound
The tempest to his car, and bid it drag
Him on to fame. To that which he had made
His daring theme, they link'd his name—
And yet a shade was ever on his brow,
Within his breast a principle of pain,
That never lull'd, as though his fellowship with
storm

Had stamped its seal of unrest on his soul.
His heart was ever haunted by a sad,
Solitary ghost, lamenting always,
That would not be appeas'd. Oh God, we dread
That power which strings the sense to keenest
touch

Of agony: that makes our sickly span
A fantasy of fever'd dreams, eating
To the core, and driving the hermit from
His solitude, to chase the shadow peace.

St. John, October, 1841.

EUGENE.



A JANUARY VOYAGE ON THE NILE.—A voyage upon the Nile at this season can never be otherwise than interesting. The weather is usually pleasant, and the traveller is surrounded by scenes and objects striking in themselves, and closely associated with all that is great and venerable in the records of the ancient world. The gleaming waters of the mighty river, rushing onward in ceaseless flow; the pyramids, those mysterious monuments of gray antiquity, stretching in a range along the western shore from Gizeh upwards beyond Shakkarah and Dashur; the frequent villages along the banks, each in the bosom of its own tall grove of graceful palm-trees; the broad valley, teeming with fertility, and shut in on both sides by ranges of naked barren mountains, within which the desert is continually striving to enlarge its encroachments; all these are objects which cannot be regarded but with lively emotions. Nor is this wholly a scene of still life. The many boats, with broad lateen sails, gliding up and down; the frequent water-wheels, *Sakieh*, by which