

With glad emotion a deep hidden source  
 Of wisdom, goodness, care, in all he saw ;  
 Now he beheld with superficial glance,  
 Yet warm and ardent as his boyish love,  
 Only th' effect—the palpable display,  
 Nor ventured e'er a thought upon the cause :—  
 The dark vicissitudes of life concurred  
 To impregnate his bosom with harsh thoughts  
 'Gainst man—and Heaven's unquestionable decrees—  
 Maturing Reason had perverted grown,  
 And weighed, in bitterness of soul, his lot  
 With prejudicial and reproachful thought ;  
 His judgment, tempered with no kindness, looked  
 On all things with uncharitable eye,  
 And thence erroneous estimates inferred.

Oppressed with sorrows fanciful and real—  
 Alas ! too real ! for pondering on these  
 To giant magnitude the others reached—  
 He, day by day, more melancholy grew,  
 Reserved and solitary—shunning all  
 That bore the semblance of humanity,  
 And then to 'scape the burden of his woes,  
 The weak altern'tive of an o'er-strained mind,  
 His hand insane against himself he raised,  
 And branded with self-murder—vilest stain—  
 He rushed into the presence of his God."

He ceased—oppressive silence once more reigned  
 Throughout that dismal region ; yet I wished  
 To know still further of the scene I saw—  
 Man's mind unsatisfied is ever straining  
 For knowledge farthest from its anxious grasp ;