

in interest the beauty of the language in which the tale is told.

The plot of the drama is simply this : *Astarte* and *Azoara*, two of the daughters of the race of Cain, are beloved by the spirits, *Oraziel* and *Isvaphil*. *Astarte* has previously loved a human being, *Irads*, the son of *Noah*, but *Oraziel*, the spirit, tempts her from her faith ; and lifts her nature heavenward, teaching her to enjoy a more glorious love than the earth gives birth to. She struggles for a time ; but at last resigns herself to the ecstasy, and leaves *Irads* to despair. Her character is beautifully delineated, as a specimen of the meekness of her race, while *Azoara*, her elder sister, is a fitting representative of the sinful pride and unholy ambition of her sires.

We have scarcely left ourselves space for extracts ; but we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the angel's picture of his mistress.—Look at the Mountains girdling thee, each peak Steeped in blue heaven ; and around their sides, The insuperable woods from base to height, Rising o'er each, as cloud o'er settling cloud ; The Woods—the solemn and majestic robes Nature assumes when seated on her throne. There is no visible motion save above : The changes of the Shadow and the Light ; The calm, slow march of the majestic heavens ! Be, what thou art, the Angel of this spot : And sit in thy exceeding beauty, here, Beside this withered trunk, contrasting well Against the beautiful its own decay !—Beneath whose over-canopying shadows Thou standest in thy self-reflected light, Even as a star amid the wastes of heaven. This grey and antique trunk, inert as Earth, Yet teeming like its Parents : high in air Raising its ponderous arms and visible veins, The innumerable leaves of its rich hair ; Each leaf itself a world of infinite life ; Each living point, one mirror of the Whole.

Such delicious scenes, however, are soon closed. The wickedness of earth has drawn down the wrath of the Immutable, and the Deluge is rapidly engulfing the trembling world. *Irads* vainly seeks to win *Astarte* back again to his arms, and to hope. The lovers, earthly and celestial, seek the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, where the spirits are warned by the Archangel of the approaching doom. The rising of the waters is thus powerfully described :

'Tis done—'tis done—
The Fountains of the Deep are broken up ;
The Waters are let loose upon the World !
Behold the Hills are heaving like the waves
In their great agony, and from their caves
And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
That, like Eternity, in their fierce path,
Sweep all before them ; or cast down below
The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe ;
Now flashing forth volcanic streams—now gone,
As if extinguished ; ever and anon
The Winds awake the Lightnings in their wrath,
From their deep womb of Clouds, which hurtle forth
Their arrowy vengeance ; every vale and height—
Each mountain—depth—and crag—and yawning
cave—
Blazes one moment in intensest Light ;

Swallowed, the next, in Darkness as a grave !
Through Earth's rent sides the waters of the Deep
O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
In waves like rolling Mountains ; while the woods,
And towers of men are borne before the floods ;
Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
Their course a moment—until heaved away—
Then swept like chaff before the whirlwind !—all
Sink in the Waters' universal pall.
Amidst the wreck the human race are lost ;
Appearing like the scattered ants : now tossed
Above—far struggling o'er the abyss profound :
Now in the overwhelming chaos drowned ;
The Clouds in molten shapes are hurrying past,
While the grey vapours, wildly flying, cast
On the pale face of Earth obscured beneath,
A lurid light—as o'er the corpse of death !
The screaming of the Fowls of Air—the roar
Of the tamed brutes that herd together cowed :
Even the Wind's howling sounds are heard no more,
Drowned in sky-cleaving thunders, where avowed
The Voice of God is heard—the lightning's ray
Showing his red hand manifest !

The waters rapidly rise, and one after another the inhabitants of earth are swallowed up. A giant, one of the mixed natures, combatting the waves, calls blasphemously upon the Most High. His last words are thus magnificently given :—
One boon I would have asked—but one ;
I ask it !—even while I defy :—
Show thyself, thou Invisible Agency !
By whom I die :

From whom I would not fly,
Could immortality by flight be won !
Had I but seen Thee—an embodied Form—
An energy none living might withstand :
Thine Eye, the withering Lightnings—in thy hand
The living thunderbolt—thy breath, the Storm ;
Then had I died
With the heroic pride
Of him who with undaunted eye
Doth, falling, look upon his Enemy !
Then, conquered, I had owned I fell
Beneath the arm of the Unconquerable !

Ye Elements ! I give ye back my dust :
Take this worn form, and in your bowels hide !
But my free will, that hath your rage defied,
Defies ye still ;—my will, my earliest trust,
And now my last—its innate hate and scorn—
Proves that from ye my spirit is unborn !
Thou pitiless Destroyer ! wheresoe'er
Thou art—careering now the fiery air,
Or—as the God—pervading every where ;
Look on me—throned above thy Anarchy :
Lo—how I conquer Fate by daring first to die !

Mountain after mountain has been swallowed up, until at last the waters reach the point where the lovers are stationed. The ark also approaches, borne safely over the boiling waves. *Irads* implores *Astarte* to enter. The woman, weak in all things else, is strong in love. She refuses. The angels are borne up to heaven, to escape the destiny of earth,—*Azoara* plunges into the waves, and *Astarte* dies at the feet of her heaven-bound lover.

The drama contains many ideas which are imbued with the very soul of poetry, and will entitle the author to an eminent rank among the poets of the age.