

Nor stay'd to face the storm, I ween,
 The Conquerors of Earth !
 A few there were who made a show
 Of worldly dignity
 And, daring, ventur'd back to throw
 Retort reproachfully.
 At which, yet louder and more loud,
 Arose the deaf'ning roar
 Of ghostly glee,—and sway'd, the crowd,
 With laughter more and more.
 Again was heard, the Goblin laugh,—
 Whilst through the throng there ran,
 Loud exclamations, doubting half,
 If such a fool, were Man !
 Well did Ambition play his part !
 Well ap'd he Human shame !
 And prov'd,—the fineness of his art—
 The thunders of acclaim.

SCENE VII.

And now, crept on the scene, a form
 Attenuate and thin,
 So frail, the echoes of the storm
 Of ghostly, goblin, din
 (That moment pass'd,) to bear him down
 Were seemingly enough ;
 So tim'rous,—even woman's frown
 For him, it were too rough.
 He wistly gaz'd,—above, below,
 Then quickly threw behind
 A look so keen,—it seem'd as though
 He'd strain his eye-balls blind :—
 A start !—and then he leapt, to fly,
 (His eyes distended wide—)
 But sudden stopp'd, despairingly,
 And reel'd from side to side.
 He shudder'd, shriek'd,—convulsive groans
 Of horrid, hideous, tone,
 Burst from him fast,—and piteous moans
 Might melt a heart of stone.
 He wept and sobb'd and wrang his hands,
 In frightful agony ;
 Collaps'd his form,—(as Convict stands
 Beneath the fatal tree)—
 He sank at last upon the ground :—
 Attendants bore him off.—
 And now was heard, one only sound,
 Disgust too deep to scoff :
 No face, approving smile betray'd :—
 But this e'en made it clear,—
 How truly had the Actor play'd !
 That meanest Passion, Fear !

SCENE VIII.

Scarce were the sounds of loathing spent,
 That pain'd the wounded ear,
 Than one appear'd—how different
 From trembling, coward, Fear !

'Twas Fame ! a tall, majestic, Shade,
 Of beauteous symmetry,—
 As Hesper bright, resplendent,—made
 For man's idolatry :
 It beckon'd ;—quick appear'd a train
 Of those who on the Earth
 Have striven hard, that thing to gain,
 Which gain'd, is nothing worth,—
 That airy, phantom thing, a name !
 A breath-created bubble,—
 Yet sought—(Oh, boasting Reason ! Shame !)
 With toil, and anxious trouble.
 They came !—The Pride of Intellect !
 The jewels of the World !
 In splendid sheen, the Earth's Elect !
 Fame's Oriflamme unfurl'd !
 The Bard of Avon,—Shakespeare ! he
 By Genius deified,—
 And he, of Angel minstrelsy
 Blind Milton ! side by side.
 And all who *crowd* Parnassus' hill,
 As Byr'n * of hapless lot,—
 Child of the Sun ! in rapture's thrill
 " Conceiv'd !—in fire, begot !"
 Gigantic Minds ! and not alone
 The Great of fitful song,—
 Of strains divine ; but there too shone
 The glories that belong
 To Science, Lit'rature and Arts,
 Philosophy profound !
 The English Newton,—French Descartes,
 And Goethe, (trumpet-sound !)
 Th' Athenian Sage,—who, long ere blaz'd,
 (At the Almighty nod !)
 The Christian Faith,—an altar rais'd
 Unto,—“ The Unknown God !”
 Thus splendid, gorgeous, the array
 Refulgent on the scene,—
 And yet—('twill mayhap mar the lay
 To tell what now was seen,)
 The breeze spread out the Flag ! Was read
 A word—of magic sound
 To breathing men, but to the Dead
 Of emptiness profound :
 'Twas “ Immortality.” It blaz'd
 In characters of light :
 Upwards in adoration gaz'd
 The train !—and at the sight
 Convuls'd with laughter, sway'd the crowd,
 And mirth and jeer, abhorrent,
 Burst forth, as from the thunder cloud
 The rain descends, a torrent !—
 But still, uproarious though the clang
 Of mirthful jest and jeer,
 The Elfin laugh above it rang
 High sounding sharp and clear,

* The Lord-Poet pronounced his name as it is here written.