

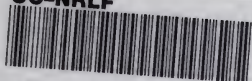
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ATLANTA:

OR

The True Blessed Island of Poesy.

A PAUL EPIC—IN THREE LUSTRA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

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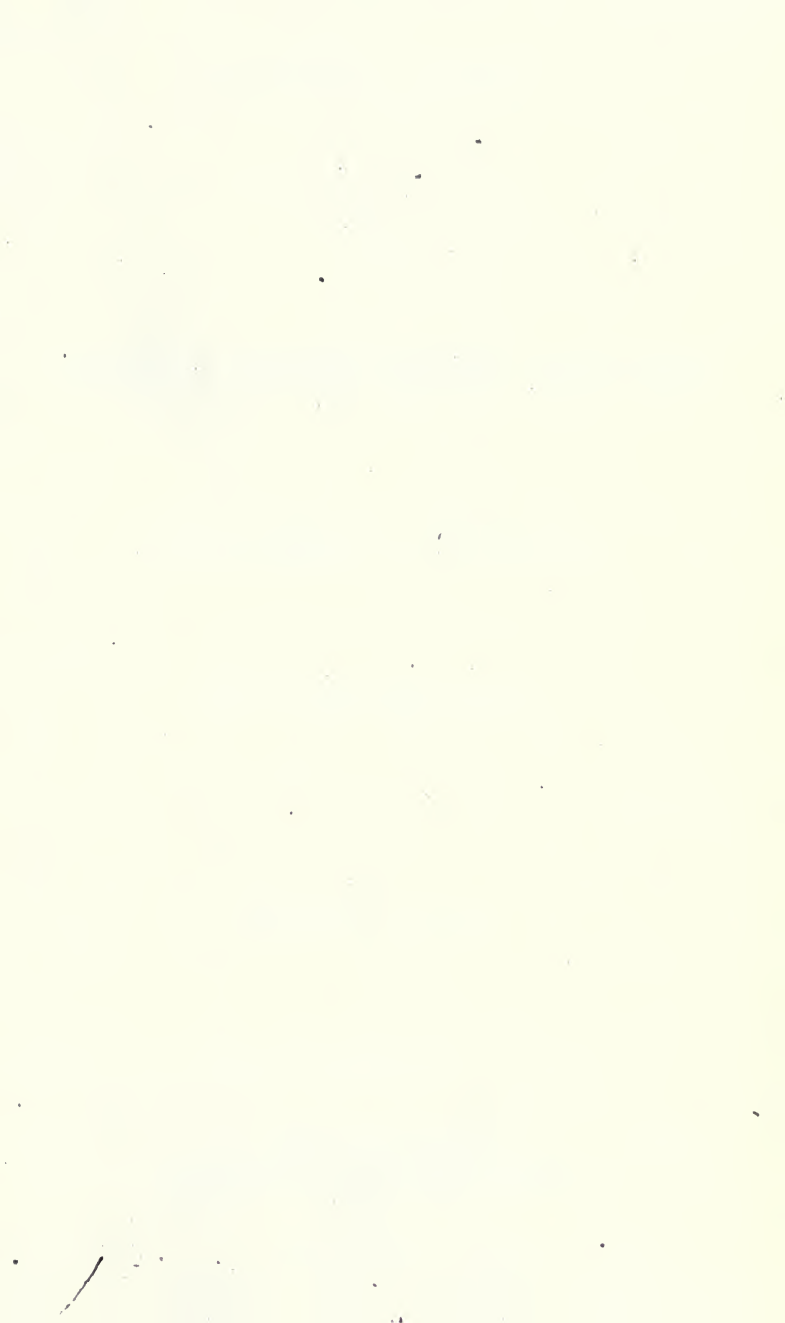
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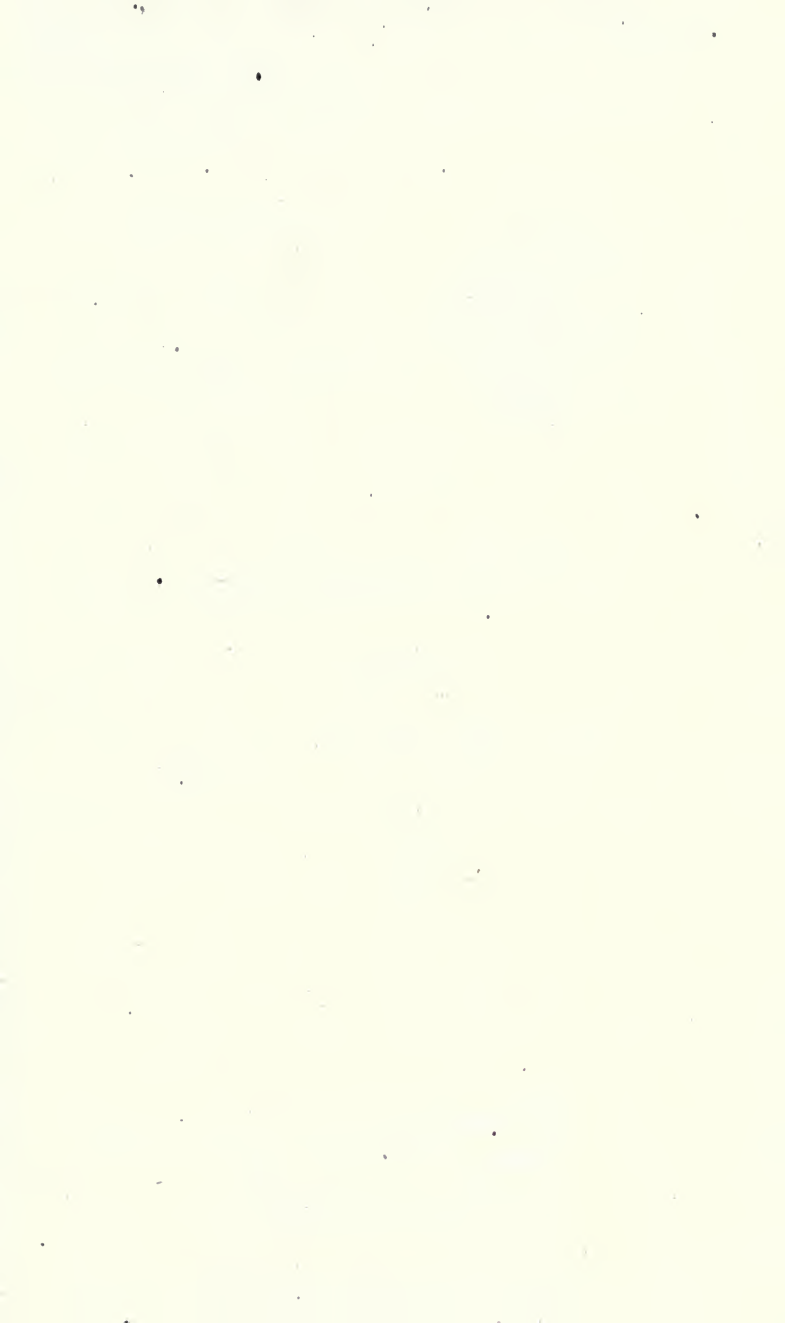
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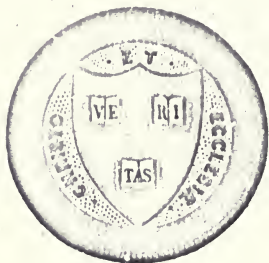
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P R E F A C E .

Why is it that a strain of music, on being heard for the first time, thrills us as with an unearthly joy? Because we hear it, of course.—What I mean by this is, that the organs of hearing are in a receptive capacity to acknowledge fine sounds. The vibratory molecules of the auricular organs are in that *untired* condition necessary to enable them to respond, *perceptively*, to the vibrations of the musical tones. But after these organs have become jaded by the continued application of the reverberatory molecules, or wavelets of the atmosphere, they lose the power to communicate these vibrations to the sensorium. The same thing is true in regard to the smelling of a rose. When too long applied, the sense of smell becomes dulled to the particles of odor.—But if a lily be applied, it will be recognized, not because it has awakened any new power in the organ already jaded by the application of the rose—but because its particles, possessing a different molecular action, stimulate that portion of the nasal organ untouched before by the effluvium of the rose.

Now, as by changing the application of different flowers, a continual and ever varying regalement may be kept up in the organs of smell; so, also, by the repeated application of new and melodious imagery in a Poem—novel intonations in music—is the soul enabled to enjoy, while forever thirsting after, protracted delights.

This will, at once, reveal to us the secret of that Art necessary to write a pure Poem—that is, one that will give us the greatest amount of pleasure, with the least tedium, in a certain given time. As all impressions are made upon the soul in time, which are subject to the mutations incident to it while in this life, it is obvious that no long-continued effort can last without a loss in those pleasurable sensations which are consequent upon freshness of nervous energy, and always attend first impressions. It is, therefore, clear that no poem of any considerable length, from the very nature of the relations subsisting between the power of the soul to receive, and the impressions to be made, can be pleasing to any well-educated person for any length of time.—The same may be said of music. This is the reason why Lyrical Poetry always has been, and always will be, pleasing to the soul.

It was a very obscure saying of Lord Bacon, that "*There is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness in its proportions.*" But this cannot be the truth; because that characteristic which makes beauty enchanting is independent of mere "strangeness"—for to the perfectly-couched eyes of an illuminated Seer, all things appear beautiful that are *really* so. It is the objective indefiniteness of the charms of any pure beauty, to an uncouched, subjective eye, which makes it appear

'strange.' But how could Pluto look upon the face of Jove without having his eyes put out!

But this would be making the Ipsiety of Beauty depend upon the manner of her being seen, and *not* on the peculiar graces of her person. Lord Bacon was led astray in contemplating the impressions made upon his own mind by beauty not very clearly perceived—for, who does not know that the clairvoyant soul of every true Poet—as well as every Angel in Heaven—becomes inspired by the pleasure of pure beauty, *essence* only when beheld in all her perfect entirety.

Now, the novel suddenness or rare unexpectedness of those impressions before named, will confer delight, because, at every appeal made, there will be something new—something the memory of which will not crowd out of the soul succeeding impressions. This is what constitutes delight. That which constitutes it in poetry, will, also, constitute it in music—because the *manner* of receiving pleasure is always the same.

All pleasurable impressions will satiate the soul if not varied. A rose, which is the sweetest of all flowers, will not smell so sweetly after a long continued application, as when first applied to the organs of smell. But if a lily be applied immediately afterwards, it will occupy the same place, *as* a lily, that the rose did *as* a rose. The reason of this is, because the sense of smell has become satiated with the odor of the rose. So, after the satiety of the application of the lily, the pink, *as* a pink, will occupy the place that the rose did at first. Thus we see that pleasure is the result of the application of ever varying successions of novel stimuli to the organs of sense.

Now, the oftener we vary this application of pleasurable impressions to the senses of the soul—keeping our appetite forever hungry for the Celestial Nectar and Ambrosia of new beauties—the greater will be our delight. This is the Art which every real Ganymede must possess, before he can confer unearthly delights on the fastidious souls of the Gods. In fact, this is the true mystery of those ineffable delights which the Angels enjoy in Heaven.

Now, as in a Parterre, it is necessary to have it variegated with different kinds of exotics, in order to give it that beauty which is most captivating to the soul, so is it necessary to confer all the delight of which the soul is susceptible, to have the ideas of a Poem infloresce it with a melodious novelty of beauty—the passion to imbathe it with its radiant odoriferousness as the perfume does the flower.

Now, the reason why a Parterre gives pleasure is, because it contains an infinite assemblage of beautiful flowers, (this always being the primary object of the Floriculturist in laying it out,) the appeals made by it to the senses being so manifold that they never produce monotony, or satiety—for, as soon as the soul satiates itself upon one regalement, it can fly off, like the hummingbird, to another, and suck up its ever varying sweets.

Thus, as the flowers in a beautiful garden give delight according to the art displayed by the Floriculturist; so do the images in a poem according to the art displayed by the poet. The same may be said of music—for what was the Garden of Eden but an Opera of beauty

written by the hand of God, in syllables of flowers, for the delight of the Angels?

A pure poem is like those winged creatures seen by Ezekiel—as full of beauties as the Cherubim with eyes. But no poem can be perfect whose munificence of passion is not glorified by the loftiest intuition into the divine nature of Art.

No person was ever yet pleased with the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*—nor, indeed, with any Epic of great length—the beautiful or select passages only giving him delight. The fact is, these are the only really poetical passages, the others being only the relatively connecting links of the whole. It is, therefore, obvious that the idiosyncratic merits of any poet depend entirely upon the manner in which he has realized his dreams of the *crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea*.

No Poem can be a perfect specimen of the Art which is not complete *in itself*—in which case it would possess all the merits of the old Epics without their tediousness. In fact, such a Poem would be an Epicul Song, or, in other words, a melodious relation of an irrepressible yearning in the soul to unfold to itself its own intuitive longings after the Divine Beauty.

From this it will be seen why the present Poem was written. It is an experiment upon the minds of the *Chosen Few*, wrought out in order to introduce, for their consideration, a partial fulfillment of the demands required by the souls of all true worshippers of the Divine Beauty, as hinted at in the foregoing part of this Preface.

It is only necessary for me to state here, that Epic Poems were common in Egypt, as it is related by Naucrates that Homer obtained many of his most sublime passages in the *Iliads* from the Epic Poems of the Egyptian Bards. That there were such Poems, is proven by Salvolini's translation of the Hieratic Papyrus, wherein is recorded the conquest of Romeses the great. Over the gateway of the magnificent Temple, by some called *The Memnonium*, by others *The Ramessesium*, is a hieroglyphical inscription which signifies, *The Remedy for the Soul*. Thoth, who was the same as Hermes Trismegestus, that is, the thrice great Hermes, was considered by them the *Lord of the Divine Writings*.

From the Pisgah-top of the present, I look abroad upon the far-reaching Fields of the Future, into that Promised Land of Beauty, through whose verdant Vallies the rivers of milk and honey flow, and behold the Angels with their ploughs of Pearl breaking up the fallow-lands of the Oriental Fields of Heaven into Auroral furrows.

As the penitent Pilgrim, on his way to Mount Zion, reclines, at the noontide hour of the day, from the burning heat of the tropical sun, in the cool refreshing shadow of the Rock of Rimmon, so does my wearied soul hide itself away into an ecstasy underneath the odoriferous dove-wings of the Divine Queen of Heaven.

Ministering Angels wait upon the soul of every true Poet to lead him into the way of all Beauty, just as the Sephiroth, or Divine Splendors, of the Cabalistical Doctors, guided the hands of David into the Empyrean Realms of a newer melody while striking music from his ten-stringed Harp for the pacification of the troubled soul of Saul.

VILLA ALLEGRA, GA., July 18th, 1842.

T. H. C.

ATLANTA:

OR, THE TRUE BLESSED ISLAND OF POESY.

"Nay, has not the Atlantis, or true Blessed Island of Poesy, been, in all times, understood to lie Westward, though never rightly discovered till now?"—*Carlyle*.

"Arise, O, North Wind, and blow thou South, upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!"—*Solomon's Songs*.

LUSTHUM THE FIRST.

Count Julian loved Ianthe well. She was
The fairest Maid in all the sunny South—
The summer South—where there are many fair—
The only Damsel in her father's house—
A Farmer's daughter, beautiful as pure,
Living in all the rich simplicity
Of cottage life alone among the flowers—
A fairer FLOWER herself—called by her Sire,
IANTHE, LILY OF THE LAND OF LOVE.
For, in the Halcyon Days of youth they met
By instinct, like two Doves in Harvest time—
Mating they knew not how—loving they knew
Not why—but still they came together—still
They loved, like two fond doves in mating-time—
Building upon the basis of their love
All hopes of joy on earth, all bliss in Heaven.

Lily Ianthe was the playmate of his youth—
A *Sea* Lily on the emerald Sea of life,
Whose saintly petals were not opened quite
When he beheld her first dawn in God's smiles;
But when the bud of her pure youth began
First to unfold itself to Heaven, then were
The snow white petals of her lily-limbs
Unfolded gently to his rapturous gaze,
Disclosing to his soul her inmost heart,
Lavishing upon him, with excess of joy,
The virgin redolence of purest love.
Her goodness was as boundless as the Heavens,
Because her love was infinite—for all
Pure love is infinite—knows no decay
In being lavished out upon the loved,

Because it is the image of God's love,
Which knows no diminution in its depths,
By being lavished out upon all worlds.

But old Lamorah, Mico of his Tribe,
A wild Ulysses, Bender of the Bow,
Leader of Mighty Men to fruitless war,
From Oostanalla to the Chestatee, *t*
Where Talapoosa rolls her Mountain rills—
From old Echota's Holy Land above
To Outhlacoochee's silver Vale below—
So long the White-Man's friend, became his foe.
The Tomahawk was now dug up again
From rusting underneath the Tree of Peace;
And old Lamorah swore never again
To smoke the Calumet of Peace with Man.
The Dove began to feel the Hawk was nigh;
The white Swan from the Silver Lake came back
Again with blood upon her snowy wings;
And never came the Angel of sweet Peace
To wipe it off, until Lamorah left
His native land for lands beyond the sea.

This old Lamorah had two sons—both brave—
But his Yathassa, Eagle of his heart, *n*
The elder loved the better of the two,
Because he was the White-Man's foe.
For many times Lamorah, in his ire,
Would fling the White-Man's children in the air,
And catch them falling, on his pointed knife.
One day, when he was doing this, he saw one smile,
With his blue laughing eyes, right in his face,
And from that fatal hour, until his death,
He never smiled, but hell raged in his heart—
Feeding upon his soul forever more—
A Vulture that could never have enough,
But, ever furnished, like the hungry grave,
Fed on, forever hungry—never full.
So to relieve his burning thirst for blood,—
The eternal Hell that raged within his heart—
He swore eternal vengeance on the Whites.
So, to the Cuscovilla's Vale he went
Against great Simighan, his father's foe,
Panting, like hell-hounds, for the White-Man's blood!
They fought—his Tribe was slain—slain every man,
Except his son Yathassa—he alone *n*
Escaped—was taken captive in the fight—
Bound fast in chains—borne from the field
Back to the White-Man's Tents where he had slain
The innocent children, where he lay confined
In heavy chains, waiting his awful doom!

So, old Lamorah, to avenge his death,
 Went, at the midnight hour, with torch in hand,
 And fired the old man's house—that good old man—
 And as they fled, escaping from the flames,
 He caught his young Moon-Daughter in his arms,
 And bore her swift away with him—away
 To some far distant land unknown to man—
 For never tidings came of where he went,
 Leaving young Julian mourning for her loss—
 Mourning that he could never more behold
 The beauty of her Angel-face, nor drink
 Delight again out of her heavenly smiles,
 Wherein his soul had sunned itself to peace.
 She was the Virgin of the first fond love,
 Who lay upon his bosom like the Swan
 Upon clear waters, while his soul grew white
 To image back her form—the very first
 That made him see the young Hind in his dreams.
 Now, in the Spring-time of the year, when all
 Things show their love to God—the birds show theirs—
 The Earth, exprest in syllables of flowers,
 Her love, (which is the Poetry of Earth—)
 Sweet syllables of rarest redolence—
 While sitting in her BOWER OF BLISS one day,
 Wooed by the odorous Winds which played around
 Her brow of living pearl, with downy touch
 Soft as caresses from some Angel's hand—
 She saw two Doves, the mother with her mate,
 Building their nest low in a cedar tree.
 Long did she watch them there, until the nest
 Was built, wherein the mother sat, from day
 To day, until she laid two little eggs;
 When Ostense, Lamorah's living son,
 From jealousy, because she watched them so—
 Watched any thing but his dark, ugly face—
 Drew forth his Locust-Bow and shot them dead!
 So, after this, one day, when he was gone,
 She clomb up to the nest—took out the eggs,
 And with her lily, snow white hand, placed them,
 With love-like innocence, in heavenly nest,
 Between the oval apples of her breast,
 Wherein they nestled in divine content,
 Until they hatched two little doves, snowwhite,
 Caught from the fair complexion of her breast,
 Which ministered not only vitalizing warmth,
 But gave, with her maternal tenderness,
 A parent's Angel-nature to them like her own—
 Making them meeker than the other birds,
 Because their Angel-mother was more meek—
 Which she caressed until they both were grown.

So, one day, while she sat within her BOWER
 Alone, unwatched by Ostenfe, who would *e*
 Not let her rest by day nor night, for his
 Exceeding love for her,—she wrote upon
 White satin with her own heart's blood,
 And tied it to the snow-white Pigeon's wing,
 And, whispering Angel's language in its ear—
 Language of purest love, (as it now sate
 Perched on the snow-white bough of her soft arm,
 Fluttering its saintly wings with joy to hear
 The amorous tidings she conveyed to it,)
 She bade it fly to her dear Julian's Bower;
 And, instantly, instinct with all her love—
 (As instinct with the knowledge of the way,
 Unknown—untraveled through the pathless air—)
 Up from the bough of her soft arm it rose,
 (Not by its absence lonely left, but clothed
 With such celestial fairness that it seemed
 A living Heaven of many suppliant Doves)
 A living, swift-winged ship, full-sailed,
 With God-directed instinct for the gale—
 Like some pure Virgin's soul, at death, to Heaven—
 And bent its flight swift for her Julian's Bower.
 Three hours, with swift unerring wing, it flew,
 And, at the fourth, anchored her rosy feet,
 Love-laden in the harbor of his hand.
 Rapt with surprise—with wonder more than new—
 To see such heavenly Messenger on earth—
 Fluttering so tamely on his tremulous arm—
 Thinking it was Ianthe's soul from Heaven,
 He took the satin letter from its wings,
 The soft, love-laden letter—which he read—
 Thrilling with tears of pure ecstatic joy—
 Which after kissing many thousand times,—
 Kissing the saintly Messenger as oft—
 (As tame as love in its own Mistress' heart—)
 Pressing it, fluttering, to his panting breast—
 He placed it in his bosom near his heart,
 And sitting down upon the moss-clad rock,
 Beside the spring where he was waiting now,
 (Waiting to hear some tidings of his love—)
 He wrote on paper of the purest silk,
 And, fastening his sweet answer to its wing,
 Brimful of love, returned it back again,
 And, straightway, started for St. Mary's Lake,

LUSTRUM THE SECOND.

Beneath an aged Oak, whose hundred arms
Were lifted up, as in mute prayer, to God,
Silvered with many hundred years, whose locks
Of argent moss hung waving to the ground,
Fringing the margin of that Inland Sea,
Jeweled with myriad multicolored Shells—
Prone on the silver sand, alone, the last
Of all his Tribe, the Chief, Lamorah sat.
Beside him lay his Bow upon the ground ;
Upon his back the well-stored Quiver hung,
His great Herculean form was clad in skins
Fantastically fringed with down of Swans,
And ornamented with the rarest beads.
His feet were sandaled with red Moccassins ;
His Wampum Belt was fastened round his waist,
An Eagle-Plume crested his head, which waved
Aloft, swayed by the odorous winds which came
Laden with perfumes from the Isle of Flowers—
An Emblem of his mighty heart now free.
Close to his ear, in his right hand, he held
A rose-tipped Shell, which sung mysterious songs,
And soothed his weary soul to peace ; for in
Its soft Æolian cadences it seemed
The soul of his Yai-hassa—his dead son—
Came back to lead him to the LAND OF SOULS.
Long did he thus apply it to his ear,
Listening, entranced, with mute response to hear,
As if his soul found music in its song,
For often have the souls of mighty men
Come back, at midnight, to their native land
To rest, by moonlight, in the Ruby-Bells.
Rapt with the sense of its sweet melody,
He lost all memory of his native Isle,
Forgetting all things in the living world
Remembering nothing but his own deep joy,
Born of his memory of the Olden Time,
In days gone by, when he was in his prime,
And young Yai-hassa was his son on earth.
Long held he thus the Shell unto his ear,
Until the tears in one clear stream profuse
Of briny dew, born of the ever deep
And fiery joy that reveled in his heart,
Gushed down in torrents on his high check bone—

The rugged highway of his burning thoughts—
 Like some clear stream rushing at noon
 From the red bosom of the Ochre-Hills,
 Through the warm Vallies of the Summer South,
 Singing of childhood in its happiness.
 Beneath this Jupiterian Oak,
 The Pride of Pan, he sate him down,
 Where he had sunk to silence on that day,
 Far from the gardens of his Eden-Isle,
 From which came perfumes floating on the breeze,
 Making delicious all the air around—
 Close by his rustic Boat, whose tapering prow
 Lay moored supine upon the pebbly beach.
 The golden cloud, like couches of the blest—
 (Like that which Israel out of Egypt led—)
 In dreary languor lay in mountain-piles
 Half way to Heaven—sweet dreams of days well spent—
 Like Beauty sleeping on the breast of Love;
 While, far beyond, the binding Heavens, serene,
 Looked down upon the abject world at rest,
 Rolling beneath the singing Stars—the Choir
 Of God's great universe—the azure vault
 Resounding with the everlasting song
 Of Man's great heart—the music of the storms—
 Great Ocean's loud, sonorous, troublous voice—
 And the eternal voices of the stars.
 For three long fallings of the leaf, with four
 Moons more, had he been living on this Isle.
 For three long fallings of the leaf, had he
 Been free from all mankind—from all his foes—
 From all things, save the perfect peace he sought—
 The presence of his God, whose voice he heard
 In thunders of the storms, the only thing
 He feared, or felt superior to his soul.

Then came young Julian to the great old Chief,
 Drest in the garb that young Yantassa wore
 When he was taken captive in the fight,
 But whom Lamoral thought was dead. He knew,
 At every falling of the leaf, the old man came
 From some far distant land unknown to man,
 Like spirits from the dead to those they love,
 To strew rich Coral on his father's grave,
 And pray beside him while he wept. So, when
 Lamoral saw him in his own son's garb,
 He ran to meet him from the silver sand,
 Where he sat musing by the lonely Lake—
 (For long had he been waiting there to see
 Some stranger in the person of his son—)
 And, rushing with impatient speed, fell on

'The breast of Julian, crying out, "*My son!*
My son! Yamassa! is it you, my son?
Hast thou returned from Death—the LAND OF SOULS?
Thy face is pale!—thou hast the WHITE-MAN'S face!
Yamassa, is it you?—can Earth do this?
Or has Manito sent thee here to mock *Death*
My soul by giving thee the White-Man's face?—
I hate thy face—hate it as I do Hell!
Speak to my soul, Yamassa! speak, my son!" *n*
 "Father," said Julian, "I am thine own son,
 All souls are pale-face in the LAND OF SOULS.
 Where is my mother? brother Ostence?
 CELUTA, that young Dove! the White-man's child?
 The LILY that Yamassa loved so well?" *n*

When thus Lamorah cried aloud again :
 "Art thou my son?—This is his Wampum-Belt!
 This is his Bow!—this is his Quiver here!
 These are the garments that he wore when slain!"
 "Father!" said Julian, "I am thine own son!
All souls are pale-face in the Land of Souls!"
 Then loud Lamorah cried,—"*This is my son!*
Yamassa from the Land of Souls!—Come home!"
 Then on the silver-shining level Lake
 Stretched out in measureless expanse beneath
 The snowy splendors of the full-orbed Moon
 That, though the silvered quiet of the night,
 Came down to smile thereon with matron joy,
 Like some fond mother on her infant child—
 Lying there couched in dreamless, sweet repose
 Low in the cradle of the rolling world—
 They both embarked in their divine Canoe.
 For now, beneath her Angel-smiles it lay,
 Like some great happy soul in prayer to God,
 Naked before high Heaven, stretched out upon
 His death-bed, while around his lightning-soul,
 Drawing God-loving strength from pious prayer,
 Angels, invisible to all besides,
 In shining garments, minister to him.
 So, in their crescent-like Canoe, all night,
 Unfettered from the pebbly breath, with one lone oar
 Worked by Lamorah's brawny arms—they ploughed,
 (Leaving no track behind of who sailed there
 For after years, should any seek to find—)
 The level field of waters till the dawn.
 For as the Dawn broke slowly in the East,
 Withering the Moon into the light of Heaven,
 Afar off in the bosom of the Lake
 Tinged with the radiance of the rising sun
 All golden in the Temple of the Morn—

Looking like some great sea of molten gold—
 (Like some great Emerald Mountain rising up—)
 They saw the EDEN ISLE burst on their sight!
 The Hills, like some great Caravan encamped,
 At noontide, on the desert of the world—
 Still billows of the World's great terrene sea—
 (As if they were the mighty graves of Gods— *d*
 The rising stepstones to the Deity—
 Bristled with lofty pines, that in the distance looked
 Like mystic moss covering their purple backs—
 Spread out in undulating lines afar—)
 Were deluged with rich radiance, as they lay
 Propping the thunder-clouds of Heaven, beneath
 The golden glory of the springing Sun
 Rising in such Empyrean pomp from out
 The Emerald splendor of the Eastern Sea—
 Flooding, with his great Seraph-splendor, all
 The cavalcade of golden glory-clouds
 That rolled, in lofty mountain-piles, on high,
 Like incense from an Altar up to God—
 Or that great Ladder Jacob saw at night,
 On Beth-el-plain, reaching from Earth to Heaven—
 Pavillioning his glory. While, to the right,
 As they rowed on, nearing this BLESSED ISLE,
 A flock of wild Swans, from the Jasper reeds,
 With side-long wings, rose up, darkening the sun,
 Whose clamorous shouts, redoubled by the Hills,
 Filled the wide Heavens with jubilations loud;
 And after circling on their snowy wings,
 Glinting the glory of the golden sun—
 Chequering the Lake with moving shadows—down
 They all descended, with Seraphic sail,
 On moveless wings, upon the Lake again,
 Like living pearl, or Angels out of Heaven,
 Far out of reach of farthest shot of man,
 Floating among the reeds in jocund joy.
 Upon the sand, close by the water's edge,
 Where smote their little boat upon the shore,
 Clusters of luscious grapes were scattered round
 In prodigal profusion on the ground,
 And ebon Muscadines of lustrous black,
 Like drops of polished night, weighed down their vines,
 So, that, the cool lips of the crystal wave,
 Swayed by the presence of the noontide breeze,
 Lapped them with liquid kisses from the shore,
 Till they went dangling far away from land,
 Like little ebon barques upon the Lake.
 So, as he wandered through the ISLE OF FLOWERS,
 He saw Ianthé, like the crescent Moon

Cloudless in Heaven, in her own beauty clad,
 As glorious to the Isle as she to night—
 The Angel of the place—the joy of life—
 Swimming about through all the placid Lake,
 Drawn by two silver Swans together yoked,
 Like some fair Naiad in her native stream;
 While from the emerald Alleys crowned with flowers,
 Born from the bosom of the oval Hills,
 Replenishing the treasures of the Lake,
 With waters pure, in serpentine soft flow,—
 A liquid music came from all the streams,
 Rising up, odor-like, around her form,
 From out the bosom of the limpid Lake,
 Soothing her sighing soul to heavenly peace.
 This was the music of Celestial Love,
 Speaking, in mystic language to her soul,
 Sweet as the Choral Symphony of Stars,
 Or heavenly harmony of the Pleiades.
 A Lily among lilies throned she lay,
 Lolling upon the hyaline Lake ~~above~~, *alone,*
 When, suddenly, alarmed at his approach,—
 Thinking that Ostence had come again
 To mar her rich felicity—she rose—
 When from her lily-limbs, fair as the Moon
 To young Endymion on the Carian Mount,
 The soft pellucid waves, in beaded dews,
 Made odorous by the sweetness of her form,
 Trickled in amorous showers, like dewy rain
 Wept by the Evening's azure eyes from out
 The snow-white petals of some lily-bell.
 So rose she from the bosom of the Lake,
 Like bright Naitha from her Sais-throne,
 Or Rhodope, the Beautiful, from out
 Th' Eternal Pyramid—so dewy-bright—
 Like lily in the morning sun—she looked
 Like Venus when she rose up from the sea,
 Wafted by Zephyrs to the Cyprian Isle,
 Where all the seasons waited with delight,
 With open arms, to welcome her on shore.
 So stood his soul to welcome her to bliss.
 Mild as an incarnation of the Moon,
 She rose as pure in her own innocence
 As thought-encircled Truth from out the soul
 Of him who contemplates the works of God
 In silent adoration—like that Boy,
 The Grecian God of Silence, clothed in light,
 Half risen from the Mystic Lotus Flower—
 As graceful as that Abyssinian tree
 Bending before the face of him who seeks
 Its shade—her Coral Chaplet on her brow—

The ebon Cross that Julian gave to her,
 With VIA CÆLI written on its front,
 In rich mosaic of pure gold, with chain
 Of virgin gold suspended round her neck.
 The lute-like voices of the Dryades
 Hid in the Willows weeping on the Lake,
 In mystic sweetness, hailed her as she rose.
 Thus looked she, when she first arose, to him.
 For, as the Grecian Sculptor gazed with joy
 Ineffable, upon his matchless work of Art—
 The rich embodiment of all his dreams
 Of Infinite Perfection—so he gazed,
 Ecstasied, on the naked loveliness
 Of that bright Beauty, shrined in all her rich
 Perfections, in the hyaline Lake alone,
 Whose soft pellucid sparkles rippled round
 The WHITE ISLE of her Heavenly Form, as if
 Reluctant now to lose so soon so much
 Of heavenly loveliness on earth—which she
 Perceiving, conscious of her innocence—
 Now hid her face, blushing with purest shame,
 Which he observing, rapt with perfect joy,
 With manly modesty, retired awhile
 Behind the moss-clad rock which stood upon
 The margin of the Lake, from which he watched
 Her all unseen. Then, turning round, with half
 Averted face, to see if he were gone—
 (Her eyelids drooping on her violet eyes—)
 She made her Naiad-like retreat out at
 The other side—leaving the sighing Lake
 Sighing that it should lose so much of Heaven—
 While from the opening rose-bud of her form,
 In delicate freshness of divinest youth,
 An amorous odor came of virgin love,
 Anthosmial in its redolence divine,
 Which Edenized all the Isle. Then, snatching up
 Her snow-white Zone from off the shore, she fled
 Into the neighboring Bower, where, all alone,
 Seen only by the blushing Flowers, that kiss'd
 With their delicious, amorous, odorous lips
 Her more delicious, amorous, odorous form
 A fairer Flower herself—she clad herself—
 Or, rather, she was by the graces clad.
 The robe she wore was made of down of Swans.
 The Sandals of her delicate feet were black—
 Made by Lamorah of the Roe-buck's skin—
 Both jeweled from the instep to the toes
 With multi-colored beads of various shapes.
 The languid quarters folded down below
 Her oval instep, snowy white, were gemmed

With vari-colored beads profusely placed,
 Three rows of beads different from all the rest,
 With beads of different kinds in every row.
 The Cap she wore was lined with down of Swans,
 And plumed with feathers from the Heron's wing,
 And rare Flamingoes, tipped with down of Doves.
 Her hair, in one rich flood of wavy gold,
 Poured down upon her alabaster neck
 Like rays of morning light, unshorn by clouds,
 Upon some far-off hill of virgin snow.
 Upon her lily-finger, emblem of her truth,
 In memory of the man she loved, she wore
 The jeweled ring that Julian gave to her
 Before they parted—long before the great
 Lamoral, Mico of his Tribe, stole her
 Away to wander on this BLESSED ISLE.
 Beside her stood her dappled Fawn, whose head,
 Of delicate shape, was lifted high above
 Its shoulder now in princely pride, whereon,
 In graceful carelessness, her lily-hand
 Of rosy-white, like lilies in the sun,
 Was placed caressingly, whose touch did seem
 To tame it to the meekness of the lamb,
 And sooth its soul to peaceful human joy ;
 While, with its golden sparkling eyes that burnt
 With the celestial light of one in love—
 (Two Heavens of innocence meek as the Dove—)
 Eyed its fond mother on the neighboring hill,
 Cropping the velvet emerald moss that faced,
 With verdant sheen, the ponderous rocks around.
 Thus on its tapering limbs it mutely stood,
 With lustrous, golden eyes, in childlike joy,
 Courting her blundishments with artless ease,
 And the soft soothings of her delicate hand—
 Seeming, in guileless joy, though standing still,
 An incarnation of most perfect peace,
 And instinct with the soul of swiftest flight.
 Its trumpet-nostrils, lifted high in air,
 Clear as the Hollyhock when first in bloom—
 Seemed scenting odors from the ISLE OF BALM.
 Its velvet skin, soft as the down of Swans,
 Was dappled with pure white on either side,
 And looked like petals of the snow-white pea
 On Autumn's russet leaves dropt sparingly.
 Such was the plaything of her innocent youth—
 An emblem of herself—her Sylph-like shape—
 All innocence—all truth—all love—as pure
 As Heaven—the Angel-Dian of the Isle—
 Loved for its rare simplicity—its wild,

Untameable docility—which seemed
 An incarnation of swift Liberty—
 The birth of motion ever to be born,
 For by the gentle wafture of her hand,
 Would it skip playfully from hill to hill,
 In wanton gambols various as the winds ;
 Then, after joyful vaultings in the air,
 Printing the greensward with its silver feet—
 Threshing out harvests of the newblown flowers—
 Till roses mixed with lilies made it seem
 Like damasked snow—(an emblem of her cheeks—)
 Return to her again, like Joy to Love—
 Delighted with the joy of giving joy—
 Which she, with pensive smiles, returned again,
 By combing back, with her soft, lily-hand,
 The velvet down upon its tender skin,
 Till, ravished with the fullest joy within,
 Born of the sense of her magnetic touch—
 Now growing weary of the glorious world,
 (Its languid lids, fringed with the purest jet,
 Tight-closing over its bright golden eyes—)
 Would fall asleep standing there by her side.
 Thus would it sleep for hours, did she not call
 It with her soft sweet voice to wake again ;
 For when she cried, GAZELLE! up it would jump,
 Alive again, as if her voice had given
 To its new-wakened soul an Angel's wings.
 But Julian soon arose from where he sat,
 Impatient grown to gaze once more on Heaven—
 (On whose bright threshold he now seemed to stand,
 And hear the songs of Seraphim within—)
 And followed her to her sweet Hiding-place,
 Seeing him thus approach her Sacred Bower,
 Blushing rich crimson as he entered in—
 With down-cast eyes she turned away from him,
 And would have fled, had he not stayed her thus :
 “ *Janthe! virgin Dian of this Isle!*
Worthy to be the Queen of all the world!
Fairest of all the fair-ones ever born!
My Morning Star! my ever-new Delight!
My joy on earth! my hopes of bliss in Heaven!
Behold! it is your Julian clasps you now!”
 “ *What! Julian? Julian! is this you? Oh! God!*
Is this my Julian? this my love? my Heaven?”
 When Julian clasped her to his panting breast,
 Glowing with rapture far too big for words,—
 And, that she looked so beautiful in tears,
 ‘ept tears of perfect joy to see her weep—
 Embracing her ten thousand, thousand times,

In one long embrace of entwining love—
 Prolonged till they seemed melted into one—
 She hanging, weeping, on his panting breast—
 Panting like some sweet Dove in mating-time—
 Her lily-hands clasped firmly round his neck—
 The white sea of her bosom, passioned-stormed,
 Beating in milky waves against his own—
 Such deep Angelic love now filled her soul
 It could not be exprest but by the aid
 Of Sorrow—Christian-sister of pure Joy—
 As if an Angel now should weep because
 She was in Heaven—had too much heavenly bliss.
 And when the rapture of divine delight
 Had settled to the calmness of sweet peace—
 The quick short ~~beatings~~ of deep joy were merged *breathings*
 Into the slow, sad sighings of content—
 Printing her lovely lips with kisses pure—
 United now never to part again—
 Twined in each other's arms, they laid them down,
 Couched upon Swan-down, where they spent, unseen,
 The whole night long in passion's amorous play—
 Mingling their burning, rapturous souls in one—
 Happy beyond all else that Earth could give—
 Till, sated with excess of heavenly bliss—
 Consumed by their own fires, they fell asleep,
 Nor woke again until the next day noon.

LUSTRUM THE THIRD.

Within this Temple's grand magnificent nave,
 Studding with ever-variant hues the dome,
 Myriads of crystals blazed, like diamond flowers,
 All hyaline, immortal in their bloom,
 A petrified Parterre, bright as the Palace-home
 Of Genii in the realms of Fairy-Land.
 Columns of glittering granite—pillars high
 Of crimson Porphyry, like trophies torn
 From mighty Kings in battle for the world.
 Such was the splendor of the place, when seen
 By torchlight, blazing now in glory bright,
 Like fragments of pure Beauty torn from out
 The burning Stars—forever burning there—
 More beautiful than that delightful Cave
 In th' Hesperian Land, where Saturn, with
 His People, spent the Golden Age in peace.

For, in this subterranean Vatican,
 Were Nature's most superior workmanship—
 The rich embodiment of myriad forms,
 Expressed in crystals, far surpassing all
 The richest Statuary in the world—
 As if they were the leisure thoughts of Gods,
 In emulation of some work divine
 Done by the Maker of the world in Heaven.
 Into this Cave they went to live alone,
 Celuta bearing flowers to deck their couch—
 Mantling their sweetness with the down of Swans—
 Where, on their rich Pelisse of costly furs,
 Garnished with beautiful prismatic Pearls,
 They laid them down in one another's arms,
 She on his arm pillowing her tender head—
 Gazing with pensive eyes into his face,
 Revealing all her heavenly charms to him—
 To take their fill of sweet, voluptuous toil—
 Where the crushed roses underneath their forms,
 In amorous play, exhaled such sweet perfume,
 That all the Cave was filled with rosy clouds,
 Like incense from an Altar, till the place
 Became like Eden in that heavenly hour
 When Adam first cohabited with Eve.
 This feeling, old as Death, ancient as Life,
 With immemorial sweetness, took
 Entire possession of their raptured souls—
 Until, exhausted by their amorous sport,—
 Now overcome by that sweet lassitude
 That earthly pleasure ever leaves behind—
 They sank, entwined in one another's arms,
 To sleep delicious as the sleep of him
 Who dies, knowing that he will go to Heaven.
 For, it was more secluded than that Cave,
 Where, fleeing Persecution's fires, there slept,
 Unseen by man, th' Ephesian youths, for years.
 So, on the morning, when they woke again,
 They rose with hearts filled with the tenderest joy,
 And through the Violet Valley, arm in arm,
 Went on, inhaling perfumes, as they went,
 From twice ten thousand Urns of fragrant flowers—
 Into their labyrinthine Bower of Bliss—
 A Sylvan, soft Pavillion of pure joy—
 Starred with ten thousand flowers of purest gold,
 With rich Carnations, Pansies, Pinks—
 While through the emerald Alleys softly came,
 From twice ten thousand birds, of various dyes,
 Poured forth, rich gushes of ecstatic song,
 Whose sweet jocundity went high as Heaven—

Celestial songs such as are heard in dreams.
 There sung the plaintive Nightingale, that, all
 Night long, beneath the vigils of the Moon,
 Whose pale, cold glory sitteth now in Heaven,
 Tinging, with melancholy, all the world—
 Poured forth rich gushes of effluvous wail
 To his sweet Rose, whose thorn was in his heart—
 Mourning her shortlived beauty, all the while,
 In lamentation loud. They heard him sing,
 And loved him for the sweetness of his song.

Then on the moss-clad rock they sate them down,
 His languid head reclined upon her lap,
 Pillowed on rich Carnations, Pansies, Pinks,
 While, with her snow-white hand, soft as the down
 That zones the Cygnet's breast, she soothed his brow,
 Counting his anxious sighings one by one—
 As on her open face, ringletted brow,
 Banded with Corals of the richest dyes,
 While pendants of pure Pearl hung in her ears—
 Smiles of ineffable sweetness passed,
 Haunting his soul with heavenly peace.
 Then, like the Dove upon her amorous mate,
 With pure, sad pleasure, calm, yet kindling, eye,
 As mild as Meekness in the hour of death—
 She gazed upon the face of him she loved,
 The rich inheritor of all her charms,
 Because the only owner of her love—
 Who, from the saintly petals of her rose
 Of womanhood, had rifled all the sweets,
 Opening to him with redolence divine—
 Rivaling the budding beauty of the rose—
 Such as no flower in Eden ever knew;
 Going behind the Veil of her sweet form—
 Her Holy of Holies—there to live
 Her Priest, her Levite—loved forever more.
 Then, with the Oil of Violets, she bathed
 His manly brow, his dark, long raven locks,
 As he lay there in Love's divine embrace,
 Couched in her Paradisial lap, asleep,
 Dreaming of newer bliss when he should wake.
 Then, with Rose-water, Orange-water pure,
 Made by her own fair hands, she laved his limbs,
 Until he seemed, anointed as he was,
 An incarnation of pure redolence.
 So, when he woke, she fed him with her own
 Fair hands, on fruits plucked from the Eden-trees—
 On golden luscious Nect'rines, Apples, Pears,
 And Mangoes, yellow Plums, delicious Dates—
 Conserve of Roses mixed with Damson Cheese,

And Curd, made of the creamy milk of Does,
 Sweetened with sugar from the Maple-tree—
 Sweeter than Ring-Dove; Turkey, or the Swan,
 Or softly macerated flesh of Deer.

The golden grapes hung clustering in the sun,
 Oozing their luscious Nectar on the ground—
 Rare Vintage ripe of rich deliciousness—
 Tempting the soul to eat continually.
 Large Orange-trees that blossom while they bear,
 Burthened with fruit of pure exquisiteness
 Like globes of vegetable gold on boughs
 Of lustrous emerald growing, flourished there—
 Fruit of Ambrozial richness fit for Gods.

Thus did she minister to his delight
 In many other most delicious ways,
 Soothing his appetite, from day to day,
 On Juleps, nectared fruits, delicious sweets,
 Which, while they satisfied his appetite,
 Brought not disease, but joyful, blooming health.
 So easy of digestion were they all,
 Imbibed with so much joy from her fair hand,
 That even intemperate he was temperate.
 So, by anointing her sweet limbs each day
 With Violet-oil, when tired of amorous sport,
 She grew to be as nimble as the Deer;
 For, like the Persian Virgins, she now bathed
 Her limbs for pure deliciousness of life,
 As for the cherishing of amorous joys.
 Thus did they bathe together in one stream
 Each to the other ministering delight—
 Living upon the pure air of the Isle,
 Like Adam with his Eve in Paradise,
 In perfect health, not thinking they could die;
 For, in the Golden Age of their deep love,
 They felt they were immortal—could not die.
 There was no death could make her more divine—
 None could exalt him into higher bliss.
 The Golden Age is always in the world
 To those who love. All things were gold to them.
 They saw beyond Time's confines far away
 Into the golden Portal of the skies,
 Where bloomed th' immortal Amaranth of Peace,
 Which they now gathered from their mutual love.
 Therefore, they needed not to die to find
 A happier Eden than this Blessed Isle—
 This rich Atlanta of the sunny South.
 For in this Aphroditean Isle they lived
 A sinless, pastoral life among the flowers,

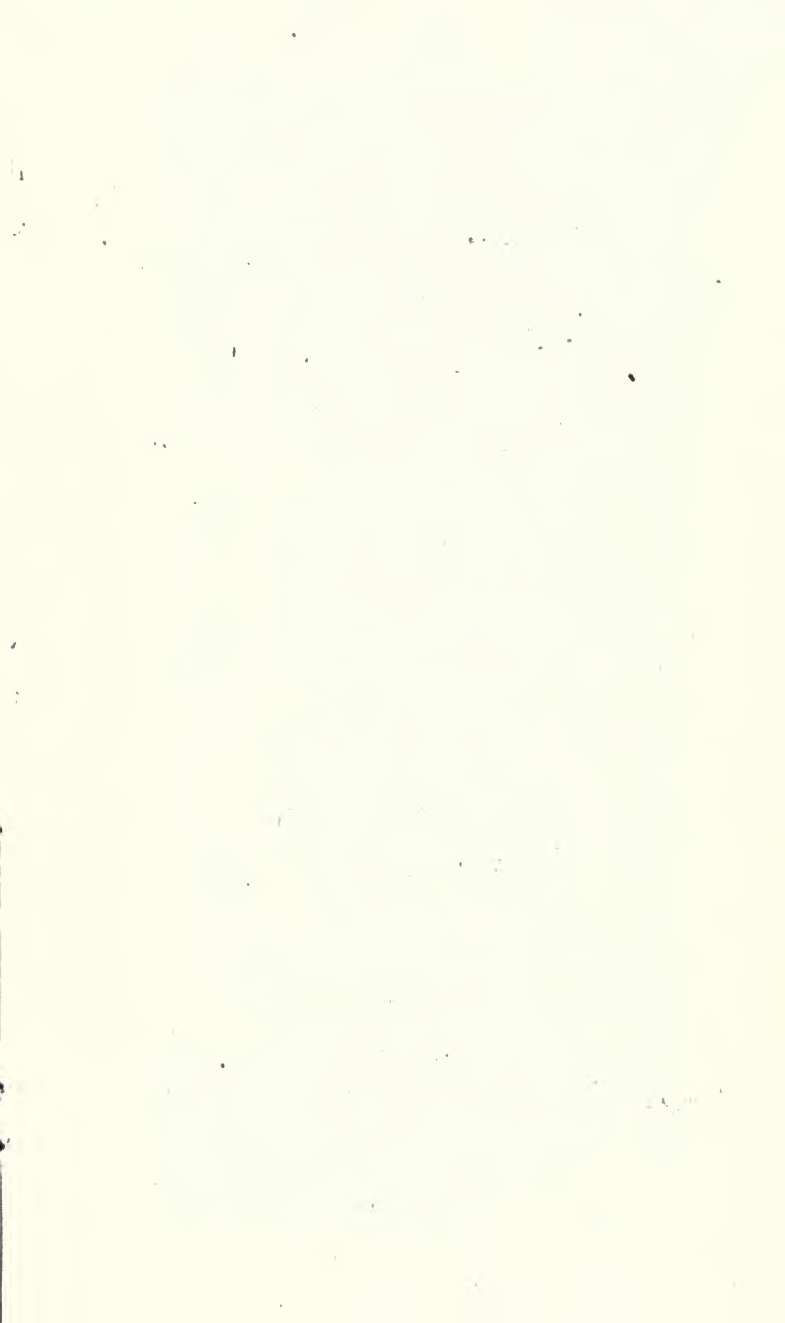
Tending the Fawns, living on rarest fruits—
 Richer than any that were ever grown
 In King Alcinous' Garden, rich in fruits—
 Like those Hesperian Apples, famed of old,
 Guarded by no fierce Dragon but pure Love—
 In all the rich simplicity of Truth,
 Like Saturn with his People, all their lives—
 Thus realizing, here on earth, their dreams
 Of Heaven, while wandering on from Bower to Bower,
 Through fairest Sylvan scenes of various view,
 Whose undefiled perspective wooed the soul ;
 Through ever-verdant lawns purpled with Thyme,
 Bordered by ramparts of the richest groves ;
 Through emerald Meadows damasked with rich flowers,
 Meandered by soft crystal streams whose shores
 Were graced, down to the water's edge, with flowers—
 Adown whose serpentine soft flow, at even,
 The Breezes, with delicious coolness, brought
 An ocean of sweet odor to the soul,
 Diffusing such vitality through all
 Their veins, celestial vigor filled their limbs.
 While, in the eddying sinuosities,
 Among the Jasper Reeds, all day were seen
 The milk-white Swan winding his pliant neck
 Around his amorous mate in constant joy,
 Singing rich Canticles of rapturous love.
 Thus did they realize the Golden Age
 In all its luxury of natural pomp—
 Interpreting the Pythagorean dream
 Of man's perfectibility on earth.

It was not sensual, but with mental, love,
 That sweet Ianthe loved her Julian now—
 Although that modified her spiritual love—
 Giving such fervent rapture to her soul ;
 But such as Angels feel in loving God,
 Or one another—pure celestial love
 For, in the Angel-meekness of her face—
 The melting tenderness of her blue eyes—
 He saw glimpses of that Celestial State
 Where Angels dwell in all their perfectness.

With eyes upturned, swimming in tears of pure
 Delight, they gazed upon the Sylvan scene
 In silent pence, filled with the joys of Heaven—
 While, in the East, they saw the full-orbed Moon,
 With mild, resplendent lustre, look from Heaven
 Upon the mirror of the quiet Lake that lay,
 Like liquid silver, showing back, in all
 Its calm benignity, her placid face,

Smiling on its original in Heaven—
 Even as Ianthe, in her body there,
 Imaged the form that was to be above,
 For she was Julian's Moon—Endymion he
 To her upon the Corian Mount of Time.

Thus did they wander through the Bower of Bliss,
 As Eden-like as that sweet Land of Love,
 Where, in perpetual pulchritude, now rove
 The souls of the departed of this world,
 Encircling, with Cherubic Choir, the throne
 Of Atiensic, clad in robes of light,
 Now hastening to embrace, with pure delight,
 The long lost objects of their earliest love—
 (Souls newly entered in the Land of Souls—)
 Dancing in concert to celestial song,
 Never to die again. Thus in the Fields
 Of Immortality by living streams
 That never dry—where flowers forever grow,
 But never fade—where Winter never comes—
 But where eternal Spring forever reigns—
 Beyond that soft, Lethæan stream that rolls,
 In solemn silence, through the Vale of Death,
 Under the grave—oblivious to the soul—
 The Indian thinks that, after death, the souls
 Of the departed go to rove away
 Amid the flowery lawns, soft, dewy meads,
 All odoriferous with divine perfume,
 Beside the Summer Seas, among their friends,
 Who join each other in the happy Chase—
 Living in death as they have lived in life.
 So did Count Julian, in his Bower of Bliss,
 Beside the golden-sanded streams that ran
 Along the Violet Valley near the Cave,
 Whose crystal-fretted, rich magnificence
 Did emulate the glory of the sky—
 (Treading, as valueless, beneath his feet,
 Rich Rubies, Amethysts, Cornelian Stones;
 Bright Garnets, Jacinths, Emeralds, Almondines—)
 Take such divine voluptuous delight
 With his sweet ravishing Houri of the Isle,
 That his lost Paradise seemed now restored
 To him again with all its former joys,
 And they were two immortals living there,
 Filled with the plenitudes of boundless bliss.





The British Museum copy
of this work has the word
"Conan" on page 24 corrected to
"Caran". The British Museum
copy has the inscription:

"To Horeu breely Epyr"
as the author's own hands as
are the corrections in that copy.

