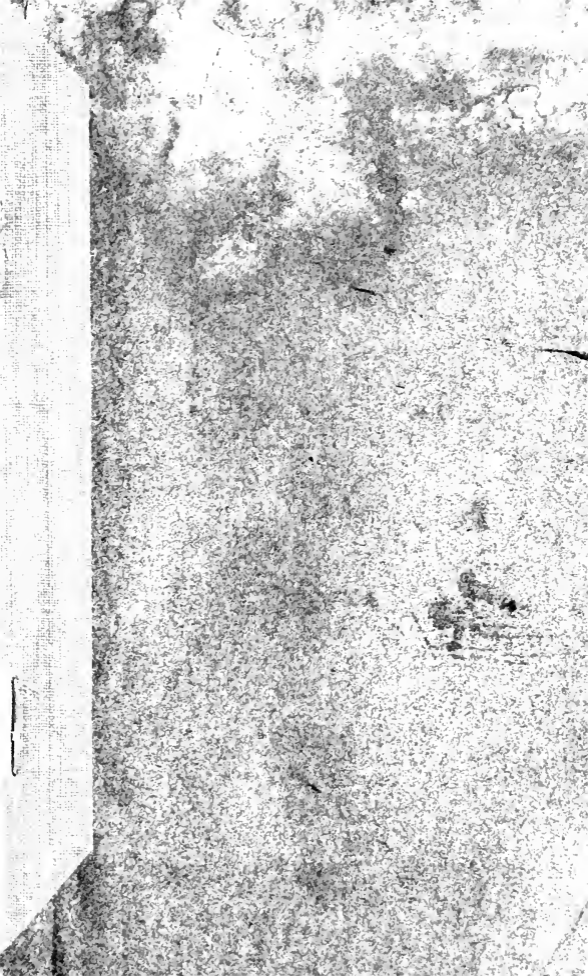
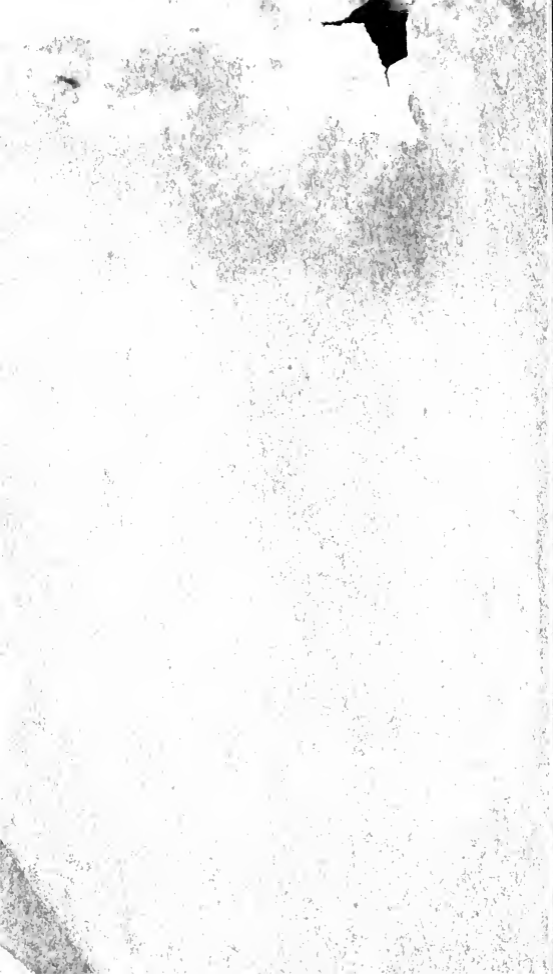




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THE
TROUBLES OF CHAOS

A POEM IN THREE PARTS

BY

THOMAS GORDON HAKE, M. D.

Author of "La Beatrice Cenci."



BADEN

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PREFACE.

The original intention was to affix a series of philosophical notes to this work, on some points which have only been obscurely hinted at in the poem; but, as a deeper research and reflection, is necessary to perfect the authors views on a subject which has occupied his unceasing enquiry and wonder, — the Origin of our Being, — he defers his disquisition to a future day. It is an easier, and more satisfactory task, to give the poetry than the inductions of science; and it is to be hoped that the principles contained in this composition, may inspire the reader with the feeling of how much more noble it is, and how much more worthy of the human intellect, to found its belief on reason, than on undisputed authority.

The orders of poetry are as various as those of nature, but the highest is, decidedly, that which can apply itself to those cravings of the mind which philosophy has hitherto been unable to appease. While the following poem celebrates the obscure workings of nature, it may appear to some as an allegory of this

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eventful century ; a display of ideas whose tendency is to excite in the minds of men, of whatever nation, a sense of their own natural greatness, and a horror of their submissive degradation. Of all our sufferings, none is so painful as that which arises from giving a moments pang to the mind of a sensitive fellow-creature. But the age has arrived in which it is a duty to assert the foundations of nature, as pre-eminent over the sublime doctrines of men of ruling genius ; in which philosophy is to supplant the various artificial religions which influence the minds of nations.

However severely he may have criticised certain habits, the writer has never acted through a contempt of popular intelligence ; but has used strong expressions, only for the purpose of inducing an examination into our motives of action ; and the probable result of all that we sanction, assert, or undertake.

To the lady, at whose request "*La Beatrice Cenci*" was written, the author begs permission also to inscribe this poem, in gratitude of the repose which his mind has found, during leisure hours, in the society of herself, and of her family.

Baden, in the Grand-Duchy, June 25, 1832.

Time was, when no bright worlds at evening
came,

Returning to each others arms, to show
How love produces mental harmony :
For, ere intelligence arose, the whole
Was gloom, and coldness, and wide solitude!
Darkness was space, and space was infinite!
Mind, had from all the past, in slumbers, mov'd
Among the chaos of the elements,
Existing thoughtless, senseless, passionless:
When, in the deep, a transitory ray
Of some strange orb, was bright, and closing, hid
Its beauty in the multitudinous void.
In shudder, mov'd, from the intrusive beam,
The crudes of embryon nature; and, the SPIRIT
Of VISION, starting from his sable bed,
Trac'd various colors o'er the airy shapes
Which shar'd the vast expanse, and then was
dark!

Hills murmur'd that event; and echo stirr'd
Those sleeping spirits, charmers of the ear, —
Those SEVEN, who hold the powers of harmony.
Unlink'd, they charm not now the silent sense,
But, all in discord moving, from one mass
Into another mass, — each other jar!
And to express her horrors, of the scene

Scarce variegated by it's misery,
 In their clash'd union, CHAOS found a tongue!

In time to such uproar, the elements
 Arise; their uncouth atoms disarrange,
 And cause new ruin, and confusion:
 Whilst VISION, wondring at his being, stares
 On darkness, and expects a second beam.
 His eyes unseal'd, and clear experience found
 Of life; with dismal sights, form'd into dreams,
 And restless sleep, henceforward is his task
 To rouse all dormant sensibility.

So ESSENCES, excited by the scenes, —
 Within their dire deformity, perceive
 A mental chaos, void of sympathy!
 In darkness mantled each uplifts his soul:
 And by the working passions, all great space
 Is peopled; and her farthest oceans, cross'd
 By pilgrims, searching out a better doom.

Now are there struggles of all elements!
 Strange natures interfere, and clashing, cause
 Signals of insurrection, civil wars
 With revolutionary hymns and tears,
 For order, life, and blessed liberty!
 Sometimes th' instinctive germs associate

To plant a stately forest on the rise
 Of hills; but, from the verdant top, decay
 Sinks down, and soon is all disorganiz'd
 In need of new support! Whence comes, alas!
 Scenes piteous, worse than barren! mountains
 lin'd

With wither'd trees, no fresh green leaf to hide
 Their naked forms! while, from their central
 hold

The mountains split in twain, such precipice
 Present, as from the brink the human mind
 O'erlooks with dread, tho' death, who habits
 there,

Beckons, with tempting witchcraft, to the limbs
 To spring into the deep sublimity,
 Which seems to offer wings, and light descent!
 Now, winding down a valley, one slight turn
 Unveils of rocks the wounded surfaces:
 Mind looks above, and with their torrent, falls
 From mountain, down to mountain, while the
 depths

Of precipice, in expectation lay!
 The madden'd floods, descending to support
 The ocean's sovereignty against the soil,
 Crush, with their liquid wheels, the rocky way.
 Tho' born among such utter miseries, —

Tenacious still of life, the herb and tree
 Such home prefer, to wither out their hour,
 To absolute decay; and try to screen
 The worm within their crevice! Awfully,
 The giant corpse of some tall pine, ascends
 The gulph, and is his own companion!
 In bord'ring parts, th' imperishable wrecks
 Of hills, produce an aspect which recalls
 The high wall of some amphitheatre;
 And o'er th' abyss below, whose valley holds
 Deep waters, hugest granites are pil'd up,
 Projectile, and descend not; every hour
 Threat'ning the timid rivers with their fall.
 Beyond, a frightful gap it's mouth reveals,
 Mutt'ring sepulchral hopes, to one day hold
 A lost creation! and the rocks around,
 In massive flights ascending, none could climb
 But the gigantic stature of a god.

To pass the frontiers of such scenery,
 The rivers, shudder by with swift attempt,
 And, with impeded course, the valleys gain.
 The vales of sands and waters; either side
 By mountains narrow'd, on whose mystic base
 The mists condense; while snowy tops are left,
 Like floating hills, in balance with the air,

And bring their cold, and savage misery,
To howl, in plaintive thunder, a complain.
Heights, whence the wide expanse of hills,
suggests

A shadow of the glorious rise and fall,
Of TIME's creative hand!

Scenes terrible,
And dubious of the future! cast astray,
To wrestle with the furious elements,
They urge creative influence on the birth
Of SPIRITS, to endure their agony!
For all combining atoms, organize
A sense of their own state. New SPIRITS rise,
To people such wild worlds with sympathy:
Fresh terror spreading, from their horrid souls;
And cursing those who plann'd their destiny,
Each, from the parent bosom, falls, and wreathes
To calm, or change, the nature of the pain!
They find no rest, to soothe the suffering
Of the raw heart, whose ever during pangs
Reduce their minds to imbecility!
And now they lift their idiot eyes, and pray
For mercy; but of mercy none obtain!
These troubles tending to assist the laws

Which holds the plots of ripe conspiracy.
 Then forward striding thro' the mists of space,
 He seeks if void, or solid, terminates
 The awful mysteries of chaotic time.

Born on the huge descent of avalanche,
 Came DANGER, as a warning to arrest
 Less daring gods. He rush'd, without a pause,
 Under the place where agitation blends
 The gush of waters, with the deep ravine.
 And rapid as the motion of those floods,
 His daring fall!

With slow, and careful tread,
 Moves CAUTION towr'ds the edge of precipice.
 Safely her limbs transfix'd above, with head
 And hands she gazes o'er, till vision drops,
 In dizziness, into the gulph whose depths
 Shrink minified! Within her trembling view,
 A gentle river, gliding heedlessly
 Runs o'er the other precipice: below,
 She sees the GOD of ANGER, stretch'd across,
 Suspending its new course; with either hand
 Driving the liquid on its swelling spring,
 And hushing, many a league below, the roar
 Of waters, till the thirsty lakes are dry.

Mean while, the SPIRITS
 Of SOUND, had wander'd far astray, with voice
 Still pouring forth the fond desire, to meet
 On hills of concord ! Tow'rds that happy place,
 The lightest child, on rising melody,
 Took wing: thereby inspir'd, the rest ascend
 Thro' all the ways of concert, or below,
 In deeper balance sink, to poise midway
 Th' ecstatic symphony ! The music spreads ;
 And pouring motion into things, in spheres,
 The elemental masses dance to song.
 Spheres over spheres, express themselves, to
 time,

Such as MOZART, or HAYDEN, but in part
 Have gather'd out of ancient memory.
 Each, in the anthem joins, and utters prayer.

“O save us, save us, greatest KING ! the father
 of our woe.

We pray to one, who, by the side of death,
 has set us low

In this unhappy place !

Oh ! when shall we this gloom escape, this
 world of pain, and sorrow ?

We never feel the light of day, nor see the
 change of morrow !

Support our falling race!

Into thy presence our spirits upraise,
That we may give thee praise!"

This melancholy bliss of music, charm'd
Their minds, and held in rapture, all the seven,
Who ceas'd, to listen if the spheres had drank
The gifts of song, inspir'd by melody,
So sweet, so new! but on a sudden, rose,
Such discord, that the faltering spirits, fell!
A breathless SILENCE swiftly spreads; it quells
The foreign charmers of her peace! they see,
With fear, how they have spell'd the wilderness,
And fly with piercing screams; and, once again,
The universal frown of chaos, rules.

As from a band, which plays the funeral dirge
Of battle, rising thro' the silence, came
A thin, attenuated sound, which thrill'd
The heart of ruin; and, in swelling vein,
Was join'd, again, by deep wrought harmony.

"Spirits! who once were fast asleep,
Lost in the silence of the deep!
No dream of midnight, to declare
That we had being in the air!
Let us assemble; on the wing,

Again, in meditation sing.
Ours, is an art to enchant this scene,
Where we, in dreadful death, have been, —
 Into soft harmony!
Chaos, her numbers must enroll;
Her fragments, mingle with our soul
 Of intellectual melody!
Chaos, shall vanish from our eyes;
Into the void, shall order rise.
Then raise the harp, into the wire
Strike thought; — draw out the gentle fire!"

(As long as sounds prevail, the spheres return,
And rise, in revolution, from the deeps.
Their surface, peopling, with the shadowy
 forms
Of life, while the creative western sun,
Tempt's vegetation to respire his beam.)

"Where was our dream, that things so fair,
With us, could breathe the vital air!
Were they before, or can things receive
As we inspire, a soul to live?"

What lovely creatures these worlds pervade!
Rejoice, rejoice at the scenes we've made!

Sweet MELANCHOLY rose, to meditate
 The misery of her birth; nor hope of change
 She cherish'd, but despair, that all the worlds
 Must rest, for ever, in vacuity!

Yet sorrow, more than death, she lov'd,
 and heard;

The sounds with grand emotion; sweeter gloom,
 Her torpor chang'd, altho' the voices sang
 A funeral hymn, and chaos but a tomb!

While the arrested thoughts, of those, who sang
 Their losses, watch'd her modest sympathy
 To tears; effectual consolation, came

From the mild SPIRIT of BENEVOLENCE!

Over her charms a graceful veil descends
 Of meekness, and of beauty; and her form,
 Humble, and delicate, and merciful,
 Clings to a virgin mantle! With a look

Of joy, she smil'd, to soothe their bitter woe!
 They, pleased, scarce knew such pity; yet
 their lyres

Rais'd to their eyes, to hide the grief, whose
 tears

Fell thro', and caus'd the strings a sadden'd
 strain.

Discord was charm'd away; she ne'er before
 Had wept: but at the smiles of pity, stones

Are soften'd, and the rivers' courses stay'd.
 SPIRITS, before unseen, came from afar,
 To join their centre of society.

The first, whose simple reveries were mov'd,
 Was LOVE, a tender girl, symmetrical
 In stature, thro' the thousand attitudes.

Sometimes, as if administ'ring to the sick,
 She mov'd in lightest pace, and then, she
 press'd

Her lips, to soothe the sufferer's pain! Or seen
 At happier time, she keeps her lover off
 From frequent intercourse, and thus maintains
 Her chastity immortal! When she heard
 The melody advance, conceal'd she stood,
 And o'er her treasur'd bosom, plac'd her arm.
 Of her light nakedness asham'd, her eyes
 In modest agony were turn'd aside!

The sculptor, void of perfect beauty here,
 From Chaos, to Creation brought her form:
 Now nam'd, LA VENERE DE' MEDICI.

When, in enamouring strains, this goddess
 heard

The music; with bewitching slight of hand,
 Her golden locks she motion'd from her
 ear,

And lov'd the heavenly song! and hop'd to love
The authors of the strain!

Still, on the rocks

Was ANGER, at his toils: a savage, loos'd
Against the famine, and the wilderness!
For now, with tumult in his hand, he burns
For empire, and he smiles on tyranny!
The rocks, he oftimes to his bosom fits,
And rooting, with endeavour, up their hold,
Off the stiff centre, — drops the masses down
The gulph, whose depths are not! for mind
and time

By thinking, never trac'd them to an end.
Sometimes, he pitch'd volcanoes towr'ds the
vault,

And laugh'd, as he beheld the fragile womb
Disburse a spreading fire; or, walk'd abroad
To watch the growling earthquake, under foot
In time to crush the monster, or escape
Uninjur'd as it rose! At times, he rode
The neighing tempests, o'er the wild abyss,
To agitate the credulous elements,
In fresh rebellion, and internal war!
And into torrents, when his passions flag,
He plunges, as the floods glide o'er the rock,

With fatal hope his essence to disperse.
 Thus, CHAOS, in his nature, found a son.
 As her, his eyes were sable, and in rags
 His hair, was, by the breezes, comb'd behind.
 His hand, half clench'd, was ever ready set,
 For mischief; when his whim was idleness,
 He gnash'd his teeth! not proof, his untam'd
 ire, —

The swelling harmonies which touch'd his ear,
 Fell thro' into his soul! At first, he tried
 To dash to atoms, those enchanted sounds!
 But finding how his murderous efforts, serv'd
 Their sweetness to extend, far over space
 On the swift winds; a conquest held
 His arm with gentleness, and won his heart.
 Himself subdued, the rocks, which down-
 wards sank,
 Caught sympathy, and stopp'd their headlong
 race;

And CHAOS, wonder'd what was harmony!
 Order, approach'd so near, that there arose
 To life, a SPIRIT gently feminine,
 Whose mild demeanour seem'd, and modesty,
 Half MOTHER, VIRGIN half: her sanctity,
 O'ershow'd by her cares! Her chief delight,
 Was o'er a garden, where she planted seeds,

And watch'd them, till their leaves surround-
ded flow'rs;

She dreams, meanwhile, that in her panting
womb

A baby weeps, and tow'rd's the joyful seat
Her heart inclines, to take away the tear!
For mother, when she hears the infants voice,
Feels, how its little being rests on her,
For raiment, for affection, and for food!
And with her naked bosom, longs to clothe
Its nakedness, and hush it into sleep!

The way which science tends, or seek the cause,
'Tis not the mother's province, to enquire.
Nor, did she marvel at the secret works
Of Chaos, or desire to know their ways:
But oft would wonder, how the infant grows;
The sexes how determin'd; love the same,
And sweet conception!

Following in her tract,
As if desiring to infect her child, —
Came SUPERSTITION the sole power, whose mind
Is shallow, yet acute at reasoning.
His second-sight was of the ghostly kind,
Familiar with the fate of things, which pass'd
From Chaos into life; and thence the grave.

The last, which was, still living on, to die!
 For, in his dreams of faith, and phantasy, —
 To die, the body seem'd, and to disperse,
 Limb quitting limb, yet absent sense of pain,
 And horror, at the thought of self decay.
 While from the corpse, the stately spirit
 fled

To take his station in eternity!
 Of this, the genius had prophetic view:
 So awful to behold, wrapp'd up in shades
 Of tombs, that both his eyes dissolved in tears
 Of terror, and his trembling limbs sank down,
 Pow'rless, the pallid lip repeating prayer.

The changes, breath'd alarm to ancient
 PRIDE,
 Who, from the anarchy emerging, wore
 The frown of armies, to annihilate
 The spirit of advance, and, cast the works
 Of beauty, on the darkness of despair!
 He came to claim his crown, with many a
 smile
 Of meekness, and self-gratulation,
 On birth, gifts, and estates! a common lot
 Of spirits! but he alone, to pique himself
 Was doom'd, on gifts, estates, or long descent.

None hoped to question , with success , his
claim.

A noble stature , bas'd on confidence.
With mind , and the appended countenance ,
Proof to the blush ! nor even susceptible
To understand , to hear , to feel , to see !

So , leaving PRIDE to meditate , at large ,
His inward scene ; the glorious BEING , came ,
Of CONSCIENCE , deck'd in a supernal light.
Around the beauty of her mind , diverg'd
The ray , an emblem of divinity !
And , to her standard flock'd the spirits of life ,
And hail'd the justice of her royal claim.
In her bright presence , was a charm , to turn
The mental tide of error , and subdue ,
Beneath a sense of truth , all living soul !

But , sad was still the morrow's prospect !
sad ,
The thoughts which fell on every hope ! Behold
The MISERIES prostrate , midst their bleeding
wounds ;
Woe , flying from herself , as she pursues
Her screams , along the comfortless abyss !
AFFECTION , like a female in distress ,

Pines o'er the solitary hours, no home
 No friend! or wildly clasps into her arms,
 DESPAIR for want of a companion!

There, the cold hearted MISER, makes his way
 Among the caves, and secret galleries,
 And toils for vain possession! Precious stones,
 And ores to gain, his industry the mines
 Has robb'd, and with a knife, has trac'd
 the veins

Thro' hill, and valley! Where an ocean ran,
 He strove to turn its course; or failing, div'd
 Beneath the deepest waves, to have access
 To stones, whose crystal light and luscious
 hue,

Made them delicious to his greedy eye!
 All that he found, he number'd; and he wrote,
 By heart, their value in his Mental Book.
 Alone on him, the music lost her charm.
 For, at his dismal ear, no melody
 An answer got, except the tinkling sounds
 Of metals! Near him sneak'd, the GENIUS
 Of SECRECY, who heard the lyrist's voice,
 And tow'rds it cross'd, the shortest way, to
 pry!

When erst he rose from Chaos, up he crept,
 To see what there was else; and what he learn'd,

He never told again. Expertly, moved
 The listener, without noise, and, now, he
 fain

Would hush the sounds, least any other ear
 Should hear the curious strain! At such display
 Of degradation, wept BENEVOLENCE,
 As she, with dewy fingers, partly veil'd
 The fountain of the tear!

 Now o'er the world,
 Roams SATIRE, seeking incongruities.

On MELANCHOLY, first, the spirit sneer'd
 And stabbed her morbid spirit! at his glance,
 Soon, from her misty sight, fled every shape
 Of dying spirits, of shrouds, of monuments
 Carv'd out of dreams, and universal sleep!
 And, now, a lively, cautious spirit, she seeks,
 The scene, whence flows the pensive melody.
 SATIRE, a spirit, dreaded worse than pain!
 His comprehensive tact, at once would strike
 At secret error; glorying in revenge
 On all things inconsistent! While the rest
 Of spirits, thro' their living veins, receiv'd
 Warm essence, to renew their faculties;
 The cold blood of the viper, SATIRE fed!
 Whence, he delighted in the mockery

Resembling airy cities, to the view
Wonderous, but by the slightest touch,
decay'd!

The GODDESS of IMAGINATION

Sat glancing over meditations page,
While vast, and wandering thoughts of Poetry,
Which she had gather'd, secretly escap'd
Her face, and hurried thro' the ascending
way!



THE TROUBLES OF CHAOS.

PART. II.

Silence, contains the night; and Chaos, lull'd
By the bewitching stillness, falls asleep.

The SPIRITS of young NATURE'S DRAMA, lean
Their bosoms on the deep; and, in repose
Of their wild thoughts, are sweetly slumbering.

TIME only, closes not his eyes! he moves
Along the seas of darkness, where, no wave
Trips neath his measur'd pace; and, in his
hand

He holds the wheel, which round his finger
turns:

His right, he keeps to regulate the spheres.

“Ah! when shall I escape this gloomy soil!
A savage, in the folded shades of light,
From all the past! till now, incapable
To count the hours, or be their centinel.
This never was my place! I could ascend
Some glorious orb, and looking down on day,

Meanwhile, ennobled by such influence,
 The spirits of the deep, their heads upraise
 Above the strata of the outer soil,
 And utter thoughts on their creative power.

IMAGINATION, visibly ascends,
 With eyes, which, as the spirits of a dream,
 Dictate in every glance, the thoughts of
 worlds

Passing into existence, and relapsing
 Again into the void. Her dulcet voice,
 Engraves the tablet of the countenance,
 With great ideas, beautiful visions, bursts
 Of allegory, and bold metaphor!

She proves her genius, as omnipotent
 O'er the vast combinations of ideas,
 Whence, independence springs, over the lands
 Of ruin, or of order. "For to one,
 Who shuts her outward eyes, to form her
 beam,

The darkness, is as vivid as the light!
 So whether in these plains of savage life,
 Where the Sublime has true original;
 Or among scenes of more perpetual peace,
 I will not bind my soul creations slave!
 But, planting mountains for my own abode,
 Shall raise, in their ascent and precipice,

A MONUMENT to CHAOS. There, you'll find
That, tho' the gloom, and grandeur of my
soul,

Inseparably mingle with the soil,
It will establish woe! where'er I dwell,
There, Melancholy mourns, to see my spirit
Alone, and happy! I remember, well,
That Chaos is original, whence no art,
Can close her in annihilation!

She will ascend the mountain breaks, and
hurl,

Downwards, the fragile hills, whose horrid fall
Threatens, to crush the shrinking globe below!,
And moves her centre, whose reaction, frees
Earthquakes, and their Volcanoes, struggling,
hard,

To find the disinherited domain!

When those continuous heats, which loos'd
the hills,

And made the wombs of nature, prophecy
In fire, are pass'd away; the winter cold,
Will freeze the vapoury atoms of the air,
T'alight, and gather, still, in Avalanche.

This, but the echo of a whisper, calls
Down tow'rds the valley, bursting in the way
Ten thousand pines! And, far below my path,

Will many a precipice gape wide, whose cup
 Fill'd up with rolling mist, receives, with hiss,
 A breathless cataract, and mutters flame:
 The chaos, of the ruin'd hell of fire!"

Now, o'er the general face of earth, is seen
 The lovely SPIRIT of BENEVOLENCE,
 Beaming with love for men. She sees, inscrib'd,
 On the round surface, that, the FINAL DOOM,
 Of all the individual things, which live
 In turn, is DEATH, and EVERLASTING SLEEP!
 And that the UNIVERSE, alone, with life,
 Survives its inward workings of decay.
 This matters, but for man: his glorious powers,
 The prospect ne'er can face, that he must die.
 But rather, by ambition driven, will raise
 Some science from the dead, whose arguments
 Are fancy worlds, and immortality.
 No sooner death was whisper'd, than I saw
 Thro' the prophetic mirror of the law
 The lover, at his mistress' grave in tears;
 The mother, leaning o'er her dying child;
 And friend, rememb'ring friend, at intervals,
 Till he, himself, was scatter'd into sleep!
 The colors of the light, are cast aside,
 And on the features, only, melts the day.

Among the gayest scenes, PHILOSOPHY
 Despises life, for nothing gain'd, and lost,
 And reasons on the chances of the tomb!
 While SATIRE, in the dance, o'erlooking time
 With mortal prophecy, sees corpses glad!
 The BARD, awoke, by night's solemnity,
 From the repose of worldly thoughts, enquires,
 With fear, into his mental origin,
 And, dreads the mystery, of his maker's will!
 Thus, o'er the mental city, gloom keeps
 watch.

T'avoid her all pursuing scowl, behold
 How some leap into seas, to drink the tides
 Of an oblivious sand; or spurn the bread
 Of sustenance, for poison of decay!
 Let man be born, and, his superior mind
 Gives birth, at once, to FEARFUL TRAGEDY!
 Not scenes of blood, alone; for tragic scenes
 Are not outlaid with bleeding images,
 Which only last a moment, and are past;
 But, with those bleeding thoughts, which
 long survive,
 The hour of trouble! For less tragical,
 Is death, than the survivor's misery!
 To see a woman struck, is tragical.

Next, rose the voice of cold NECESSITY.

„Let us not deem that we are free, to move
 These mighty elements, to our own views:
 For we belong, not to ourselves alone,
 But act thro' causes, most infallible,
 Under a civiliz'd divinity.

It may be the design, to one day pour
 Our essence in the soil, and leave us there,
 To act securely thro' accusom'd laws,
 If, as our creed now tends, we are not part
 Of matter; difficult to understand,
 Surrounded by these cumbrous elements,
 And born in mental night, midst evidence
 Of shadows only, of a power supreme.
 Whence first we came, and where our place,
 unknown!

So we must be the laws, the active laws:
 And, while our creatures live, must occupy
 Their systems, and exist as all in all.
 But, least the beings of superior mind,
 Maintain themselves thro' time; and, so increase
 As to possess, at length, the universe;
 Each shall, for safe continuance, depend
 On an unceasing factory of life,
 Whose circulation ceasing, ends his days.
 Thus, man will be immortal, in his line,

Not in himself; and always tribute pay
 Of love, for having seen creation's ways.
 But, as a LIVING UNIVERSE, is form'd
 Of working ATOMS, which alone can act
 Thro' an inherent weight, or property;
 Each, having but one place, which cannot err;
 And not the power of revelation, —
 A UNIVERSE, cannot investigate
 The endless secrets, of its inward frame.
For the most glorious thought, can never see
Those causes which produce it, as they work,
Not as its senses, but its origin:
 Hence, falls the hopes of an omniscience!
 This, reason will discover unto man:
 And, that all matter may know equally
 This truth, — the soil, which only vegetates
 At first, shall rise to be an animal;
 Whence, having learn'd, in mental offices,
 Of all its atoms, the co-sovereignty
 And power; will scatter, to commence again.
 How we have slept, from an eternal date,
 Let us commemorate in mind, as night
 Seems to decline into chaotic time.
 For all can not be day; nor, to the eye,
 The outward landscape ever visible:
 Eternal thought, itself annihilates.

So, save in seasons when the lights, appear,
 Of worlds, who do inhabit distances, —
 All shall, again, be dark as empty space,
 That man may think of his eternal rest."

Thus, o'er the circle of their influence,
 Their wilder eloquence they breath'd; when
 rose

The SHADE of SUPERSTITION, urging on
 A mission of their prayers, up to the gates
 Of the celestial court, to ask for help,
 And recognition, from the reigning king.
 "For, while we seem to rule, with mental sway,
 This elemental wreck; has GOD no power,
 Over this chaos of intelligence?"

At first, the gods agreed to his desires;
 And, deem'd the new hypothesis, of ONE,
 A most sublime, and glorious tendency.
 But, looking round, some saw, the hollow side:
 For under magic arts, their hopes declin'd;
 All incantations fail'd; all mysteries,
 To' induce the happy revelation.

And, all were disinclin'd, their views to yield,
 Of their own rightful glory, in exchange
 For the debasing tyranny of FEAR;
 Who, having heard the sophist speak, has
 faith.

Streak'd with the coming glory of the sun,
Saw, many a spirit, gather'd round the world,
To witness the effect, on its moist soil,
Of burning heat: and, breathless with desire,
They stay'd, awaiting the results of time.

At noon, the earth shot forth with numerous

HERBS;

These, in the course of change, put out their
buds,

And bloom'd; and, on the sweetest blossoms,
grew

The HONEY-BEE; while from the violet,
Rose on its wing, the AZURE BUTTERFLY.

For the harmonious influence of the cause,
Ran thro' the offspring: and together chain'd,
Their looks entic'd the STRIDING ANIMAL,
To come, and feed, on their rich meadow-land.

BIRDS born on boughs, had wings to reach
the corn.

And, FISH, that found their organs in the seas,
Had fins, given by the waters, as they grew.
Thus, laws, obey'd their local tendencies.

Perfected by long time, thro' many a grade,
And, by the wonders of creation, driven
To such conception, MAN his life obtain'd;
Mov'd by the solar flame, and circumstance

Such as but once, in an eternity,
 Could happen; tho' a greater being still,
 His chance retains. From simplest elements,
 Mingling in love, to form an order more,
 See how th' ascending grade has risen! We, now
 Behold intelligent, and lovely things,
 Folding their visible arms, to procreate
 Their kind! The spirits, mingled in these works,
 Feel their success, and hard-won liberty!
 Worthy of freedom, they, with joy, recal
 Their labors; and fair prospects of reward
 Their hearts enlighten, as, they feel themselves,
 In full possession, and the standard raise
 Of HAPPY ORDER! and, they bless the day,
 Which places on a level with the spheres,
 Their own peculiar earth, to form a part
 Of the MATERIAL DIVINITY!
 The stars, are but the atoms, which unite
 To form his great, his living universe!

The worlds are form'd! the ancient prophecies
 Which fill'd the councils of the gods, fulfill'd!
 The beauties of the earth, are prospering
 In the new seasons; form'd of rich campaigns
 Of rivers, and wide banks; of hills, and seas
 Plantations, level plains, — a sun in heaven!

Behold, the tourist, by the midland sea
 Advancing, while, along the distant waves,
 The orb forsakes the day. He traverses
 A hill, beside the beach, whose side along,
 Blossoms the myrtle, and the orange flow'r.
 The native peasantry arrest his pace,
 And, of their plenteous fruits, without reward,
 Make offer, — greeting with a pleasant tour!
 Now, from the setting globe, the waters face
 Receives a golden flooring, which, extends
 Tow'rd's land, and, half the purple sea conceals,
 Whilst numbers, gazing from the shingles, watch
 A fleet of boats, half on the purple wave,
 Half on the golden, hung on milk-white sails,
 And searching after fish! Behind the hill,
 A steady moon, gives twilight to the sky,
 And, seems a stranger to the scene below.

Now on Alpina, at St. Gothards base,
 I call on ANNALENA, with a shout
 Of joy, to follow, and behold the scenes
 Of new-created landscape! her kind voice,
 Softly as echo, answers to my soul!
 Spirits of human beauty! see ye not,
 How fair, her light blue eyes, among the
 mists?

THE TROUBLES OF CHAOS.

PART. III.

Thus ages waned, and slow was change: the
truth
Tho' visible, could not admission gain,
Into the guarded temple of the law.
But to disturb a moral war, there came
On earth the GOD of SATIRE, in the form
Of flesh: not to be spit on, or revil'd
In meekness; but on sarcasm, to enthrone
His genius o'er pretenders, and to crown
Their heads with bitter thorns! Resolv'd to
shed,
At every risque, the blood of prejudice,
And clear the mind for noble purposes,
He came on earth, to crucify mankind!
For equal born to all the universe,
With justice as his guide, he felt his power
To trample on the throne, tho' in the rank
Of beggar, which he chose as suited best,
To learn the sources of hypocrisy.
His will, was to behold the human race
All noble; rais'd, by education's gifts,
To their hereditary peerages!

A portion of his spoils, which all men praise:
Nor ostentations, even he bribes the poor,
To make no mention of his charity."

(Holding, in either hand, a human skull
He, next, dwells on the claims of royalty:)

"Which of these skulls, once wore a golden
crown?

My careful eye surveys them, but, the trace
Of honor has pass'd by, and memory
Which keeps the wide museum of my mind,
Scarce knows the things apart! This haggard
skull,

Once held a tyrant; see its meekness now!"

(He drops the rolling bone, and then proceeds.)

"I once sat in his presence, (for my mind
Could never feign an inequality)
So, was I sent to prison! But, revenge
Comes after, thence surpasses injury!"

(The beggar, shews a chair, made out of
bones,
And sitting, thus continues his discourse.)

"These are his bones, on which I daily sit.
And here, with thoughts fresh gather'd I enjoy
To flay alive the virtues, and, set free

The curling serpents, underneath the skin!
The greatest vice is shame! it masques the soul
In such disguises, that, even virtue, seeks
A splendid prison of hypocrisy!
Here comes a noble: hear our dialogue."

BEGGAR.

"I starve on charity! Oh! give me food,
And take my thanks!"

LORD.

"I never give relief,
In private."

BEGGAR.

"O most noble lord! your dress
Is better serv'd, than my poor tatter'd skin!"

(The noble frown'd; but to appease his wrath
The mendicant produc'd a scroll.)

"Behold,
This my subscription, which contains the names
Of many public men!"

(The noble, casts
His eye along the page: he writes his names
And titles; ending with his charity.)

"Adventurous coward! thus, with Charity,
He holds a broil of words, to save his gold!"

But brib'd by praise, he, for her wicked hire,
 Stabs pity to the heart, and, tells mankind,
 That he is pity! While the world applauds,
 He mounts the marble steps of charity,
 And weeps these golden tears! But, now behold
 That wealthy merchant, who, has paid his priest
 The price of an indulgence. Hear me beg,
 In heavens name: — "O rich man! have
 compassion."

MERCHANT.

"Faugh! begone."

BEGGAR.

"O whither? if to death,
 I am a sinner: only, give me, that
 Which gains us absolution; only, save
 A wither'd soul, from purgatory fire!"

(The merchant stares, but deigns not a reply.
 Next comes a youth: and, at his arm, a maid
 As fair as her creator, whose deep charms,
 Are veil'd in mystery.)

BEGGAR.

"Be merciful!

I ask no more than mercy."

MAID.

"Poor, old man!"

(She, with neat hand, her purse unloosing, gives.)

“What noise is this? I know: The gamling
rooms
Are breaking up: perhaps, more charity
May there be found, than, in a sabbath day.”

(A man, wrapp'd, closely, in an cloak,
descends.)

“Sir! with respect, my age asks pity!”

GAMBLER.

“True.

I don't believe in pity! and, to throw
The hypocrite aside, I hate old age!
Take my advice; walk calmly to the sea,
And drown your useless soul!”

BEGGAR.

“I trust in Christ!”

GAMBLER.

“You think, that, preaching can convert
the purse!”

BEGGAR.

“In his disguise, he feels himself unknown:
But I could strip him to the naked sin.
Terror his consciousness should drive away,
And dumbness curse defence! Enlighten'd man,
And moral nation! England! how thou art fool'd,

With all thy sense! that man receives of thee
 A missionary's pay, o'er foreign lands,
 To teach improv'd religion! This is he,
 Who, yester-morning, preach'd to multitudes
 On faith, on charity, and, hopes of heaven!
 He mention'd, being humble, for the grave;
 And merciful, around the poor man's home.
 He told the rich, to sell their goods; dispose
 Of all their wealth, and bear the naked cross!
 To day, this lamb clothed in the skin of
 wolves,

Visits the seats of plunder, to commit
 The murder of his brother's peace of mind.
 Oh! I am sick of selfish tyranny!
 And, yet, I'll try another heart, before
 I my last hope, resign."

(He looks around,
 And, hears a lady, at her door, address
 A person, thus, about her dying child:)

LADY.

"My child, my only treasure! dearer far
 Than husband, brother, sister, parent, friend!
 Save but my child, and, I will worship thee,
 The saviour of this heart! O! night and day,
 I've watch'd its little features in their growth,
 And, ere I watch'd, they were a part of me!
 I only had the hope, before this child!
 The virgin dream of hope, was realiz'd.

Bereft again, my youth, into the age
Of sorrow changes; and, the void, becomes
A bar before the prison of my chamber,
Where the sweet spirit of my infant, rests."

(Enters a house.)

PERSON.

"A little, puny wretch!
It is no matter, if it lives or dies.
Does nature care? we see the loveliest things,
Strangled, in their unlucky pass to light:
But minds, with double backs, and cloven feet,
Live, and inherit titles and domains."

BEGGAR.

"Here, lives a lady with a ruin'd heart."

(He enters; and, the curious scene, is chang'd
To the rich room, where, on an ottoman,
The lady sits, conversing with her maid.)

MAID.

A lady, living near us, has a child
As sickly as our own. It soon will die."

LADY.

Unhappy mother! do I know her?"

MAID.

"No."

LADY.

"Go, take my love, and offer all my power,
Her sorrow to appease: Unhappy mother!"

(The maid departs, but soon re-entering:)

"A poor man asks to see you; and, *he* speaks
Of some sick child."

LADY.

"What child? it must be mine!
Desire him to come in."

BEGGAR.

"My Lady, hear!
Then know commiseration. Tho' I stand
An ancient order of the human race,
I beg my daily bread! My daughter's babe,
Sweet daughter, now is dying of disease,
Caus'd by the famine of our poverty;
And, not the failure of prolific soil!
It breathes the hasty spasm of the air,
At distant intervals; and every hour
Brings promise of relief, from th'angel, Death."

LADY.

"And dar'd you tread this floor? If I had mines
Of running gold, for this presumptuous act,
They should not give you work!"

BEGGAR.

“O Tyranny!

Not in the despot's budding sceptre, born,
More than in those who rise, to overthrow
His throne! the peasant and the prince,
with thee,

Insults his subject; and, with thee, the rich
Assume divinity, to scourge the poor!

Old Age! I thee invoke, my only friend!

Let not this woman reach thy reverence.”

MAID.

“Is your child very ill?”

BEGGAR.

“Yes! very ill.”

MAID.

“Take this, 'tis all that I have, now.”

BEGGAR.

“Indeed!”

I don't believe thee, girl! altho' I love thee.”

(The girl, in blushes and in tears, replies:)

“I'll give you *all* I have!”

BEGGAR.

“No! stay, my girl.

I am not poor, for, I possess a mind

Superior both to wealth, and poverty.

Our struggling numbers! Ha! the mother lies,
 Stript of her costly robe, insensible;
 And, on the famine of her breast, a babe
 Cries, to give language to its misery!

The galley slaves are loosen'd, to assist
 The dying; and, to cry, thro' all the streets,
 The death-watch, gath'ring taxes for the
 grave.

There is a general truce, to dying mind!
 Behold this pile of bodies! one, his head
 Plac'd on his perish'd brother, for a couch,
 And others came, and made their monument!
 The houses, are turn'd into sepulchres.
 The vaults are open'd, to afford the sick
 A home, by the industrious few, whose doom
 But struggles with the hours! Th'immortal
 mind,

Who still survives, stricken and impotent,
 Wanders in ruin, treading, as he goes,
 O'er heaps of dead emotions; putrid lusts;
 Smash'd mitres, and, ambition with her crown!
 The intellectual fortress, once the hold
 Of Reason and her Court, is broken down
 By phrenzied spirits, a scene of civil war;
 And Human Nature, without glory, dies!
 No offspring, rises to perpetuate,
 The wonders of our name. And, yet,
 there seem,

Re-organizing efforts; for, I see
 Where once the skin was moisten'd, soft,
 and fair,

Minutest insects move, o'er every spot!
 The organs, once which chang'd the aliment,
 And fed the vital sluices, now, the rat
 Tears with his cautious mouth, and back-
 ward tugs!

And, from the human soil, the mushroom
 grows.

Now, while the dying continents, proclaim
 Their pardon to Ambition, and implore
 Mercy of heaven; suddenly, descends
 Over the troubled universe of things,
 A sable drop, and, all again is dark!
 But, indistinctly, from behind, are heard
 'Mid prayers, and groans, and lamentations, —
 Portions of revolutionary hymns,
 As if arising from a struggling world!
 And screams, and noises, such as only rise
 From forc'd destruction, ruin premature, —
 Send terror thro' the ghastly face of night.
 Whilst silence pregnant with events, draws
 breath

From time's unfathom'd schemes, the ear is
 shock'd

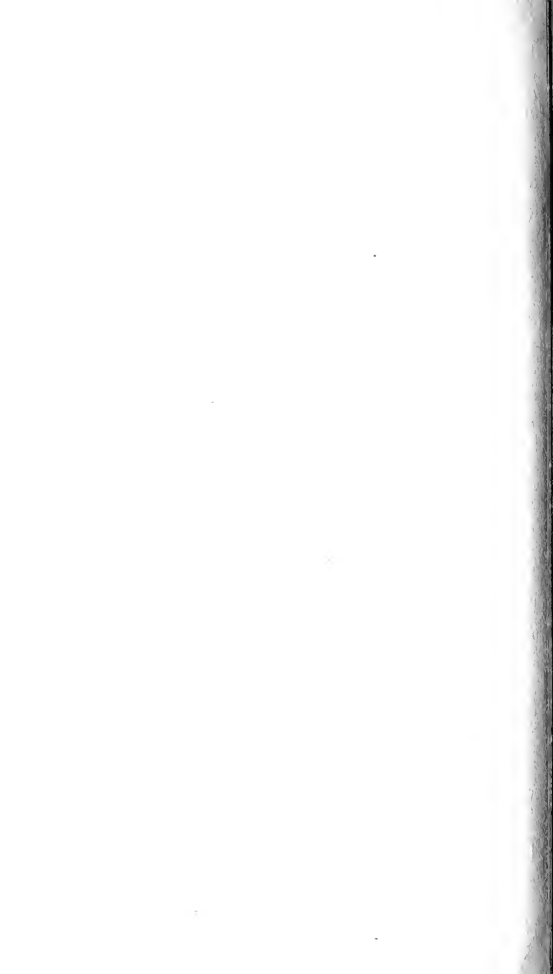
By the deep knell of some grand funeral,
 Which leaves, an awful murmur! now is heard,
 A choir of chanting voices, rising shrill
 And sinking, as did once the burial hymn,
 By vestals sang. Again is heard the knell!
 Slow music, walks to weeping paces; thoughts
 Are humble, looking down into the grave,

And, pondering over mortal VANITY!
 Now all is still, and Nature takes her rest.

The shadows of the past, still, haunt the
 night.

Spiritual cities, crowded with the souls
 Of happy men, a moment, stand on air
 And vanish; or the Ocean, with his fleets,
 Is seen, and merchant vessels, all becalm'd!
 The blushing virgin, to the altar led,
 Sinks in her lover arms, then disappears!
 The slave, snaps off his chains, and, o'er
 his head

He holds them, as from view he melts away!
 Now opens, to the void, a senate-house
 Of reverend heads, in serious debate,
 On human welfare! — As this glides along,
 The armies, lean in regimental line
 With bayonets; and cannon light as air:
 And, while the vision of their tyrant comes,
 Each soldier wears a smile, and, his reward
 Is peace! Unto the nations of the earth,
 A slow, and transitory flash of light,
 Reveals a judgment-seat in the obscure,
 And thereon sits, a grinning skeleton!
 And, last, the bard, and the philosopher,
 With instrument and book, in mist, arise
 To seek their promis'd immortality;
 And, once more, wane into oblivion!





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