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1860

And I dreamt I had seen nothing else but a dream  
A world full of contradictions  
A world of mad men's mad schemes  
In nothing more than fiction's head; Hand

1

It might be Quincy's dubious ray,  
That in my Chamber beamed,  
Or lit by Phospor's constant lamp  
The Bygone present seemed;  
When, on a sultry Summer's day,  
I was curiously dreamed

2

I saw, within a spacious cave,  
Beneath a Sea-cliff's base,  
Across whose mouth the turbulent waves  
The fleeting foam did chase,  
A Wizard arose, of manhood grown,  
And some old Orient race

3

His cave, like the Dardanuel den,  
Was "neath the roots of Ocean";  
Less fit for the abodes of Men,  
Than wicked sprites' communion,  
When warlock fiends at midnight meet,  
For rites of dark devotion

4

Yet there were halls of beauty, there  
And chambers wide and high;  
The crystal roof was far beyond  
The reach of human eyes;  
And in the distance, through the  
Crystal walls, I saw the



quiet

74  
5  
And there were couches gracefully curved  
Of rare and perfumed wood  
Where pillows of the eider down  
To gently slumber would  
Lead which it seemed that gentle Sleep  
Must lovingly must brood.

6

And there were wondrous cabinets  
Of metals coins and gems  
And curious things that Science loves  
Far more than glittering diadems  
And ancient scrolls which well might seem  
The ages requiems

7.

And instruments of Magic art  
The triangle and Sphere  
And mystic books and chemic tools  
Of every form were here  
For incantations, charms and spells  
Which mortals well <sup>might</sup> ~~would~~ fear.

8.

The Wizard was an ancient man  
With wondrous wealth of lore  
Who left the busy groveling world  
And sought the "sounding shore"  
That he might draw from Nature's heart  
The mysteries it bore.

9

His beard hung down upon his breast  
In patriarchal guise  
His habit was the sable robe  
That marked the scholar and wise  
And mild but piercing was the way  
That lit his thoughtful eyes

He gazed upon a volume old  
A cabalistic tome

Whose eye might rival that of those  
So careful kept awhile  
By priests and scribes to preserve  
The liberties of Rome.

11

And as from right to left he scanned  
The ~~so~~ parchment-dim and old  
It seemed as if the mystic page  
Fresh knowledge did unfold  
For brighter grew the wizard's eye  
As line by line he told.

12

And then I dreamed that by him stood  
A youth of countenance serene  
Who with a look of smiling scorn  
Surveyed the mystic scene;  
And gazed upon the grame old man  
Who long had been unseen.

13

(For years before a slighted sprite  
Did fearful vengeance wreak  
By slanting him within the cave  
And withering his cheek)  
Long time they on each other gazed  
And not a word did speak

14

At length half kindly and half sternly spoke  
The magic-working seer

But in that due the slightest effort true  
Would bring a thrill of fear,

75  
"What would'st thou of old Archimago  
That thou hast ventured here"

15

The echoes of the cave caught up  
The accents of his tongue  
Afar through hidden galleries  
Like demon shouts they ring  
And pierced the unaccustomed ear  
Like starts by spectres flung.

16

Yet reckless stood the daring Youth  
And boldly answered him  
"Thou saidst that thou canst bring to Earth  
Spirits bright or demons grim  
To see the fairest and the worst  
I've sought thy cavern dim.

17

And first I'd see the potent fiend  
Whom mortals most do fear  
And now if thou hast any power  
O'er Satan's kingdom drear  
I charge thee by the cross to make  
Hell's Monarch to appear.

18

Rash Youth, dost thou not fear to meet  
The foe of all our race  
To mark his spirit withering glance  
And on his brow to trace  
The angel look of majesty  
Which Sin cannot efface?



16

19

Bethink thee, that if, in thy heart,  
There lurks one thought of ill,  
Or thou hast one unchaste desire.

Within thy bosom still  
His demon looks thy unshrouded soul  
Eternally will kill.

20

"Thou'st heard my wish", replied the youth,  
"No ill can come to thee

And for myself you need not fear  
No juggling fiend for me;  
In all his Gorgon terrors clad,  
The Devil I fear would see!"

21

The Wizard sighed and shook his head  
And stroked his hoary beard  
— And hot and smelt the cavern air,  
This way and that he peered,  
With trembling hand a circle drew,  
As if he were afeared.

22

Then stepped within the mystic line  
And all the echoes woke;  
As with a deep and fiendish tone,  
Each deceitful charm he spoke,  
And every power and attribute  
Of evil, which invoke.

23

He uttered many a fearful spell,  
"In Hebrew and in Erse,"  
He named each evil thing that makes  
A human being woe,  
And muttered many a backward prayer,  
That sounded like a curse.

At length, along the dismal den,  
 There swept a seething blast,  
 And While all around a spectral glare,  
 A sulphurous light was cast.  
 While o'er the trembling Youth's fair face,  
 A deadly pallor passed.

25

Fiercely gleamed the Wizard's eye,  
 Like to the wild fanatics;  
 It seemed as if he were inspired  
 By Hell's most fierce-fell erasties,  
 As to the startled Youth he threw  
Bartlett's Mathematics.

Darwin's  
 profen. A

++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++  
 The echoes ceased the spectral gloom  
 The dismal charnel light  
 Had vanished from the Wizard's den  
 With all that could affright  
 And when the fair youth spoke again  
 His face with smiles was bright.

27

Now bring me here the fairest sprite  
 That ever met thine eye  
 The brightest being that e'er left  
 The bowers of the sky,  
 To seek this world of sorrowing  
 Where mortals live to die.

28

Come in thy loveliness sweet and fair  
 Come like the breath of angel-prayer  
 Floating along on the evening air  
 Come in the charms of thy fearless Youth  
 Spirit of Beauty - Spirit of Truth.

Omit these stanzas.



Come as thou comest to the sinful heart  
 To bid the spirit of Error depart  
 When the tear of Penitence first doth start  
 Come - for the longing heart of Youth  
 Waiteth for thee bright beautiful Truth. Spirit of  
 30

Come as thou comest when the Earth was young  
 Ere falsehood eat on the human tongue  
 Or the cry of woe from the heart had been wrong  
 Come, and banish the wasting death  
 Of Sorrow and Sin - bright beautiful Truth.  
 31

Come - maiden of Heaven pure and fair  
 With thy soft blue eye and thy golden hair  
 And form more bright than the angels near  
 Come in the charms of thy fadeless youth  
 Spirit Beauty - Spirit of Truth.  
 32

Soft and pure was the rosy light  
 That filled the spacious cave  
 And fairer than the goddess born  
 From Egeu's sunny wave  
 Was she whose matchless loveliness  
 The bright effulgence gave.  
 33

They gazed upon the angel form  
 The youth and aged seer  
 One bosom thrilled with new delight  
 And one with memories dear,  
 As thus the sage her story told  
 In whispers soft and clear.



Long, long ago, before bigoted with  
 Had stripped our bright world of the charms of its youth  
 Ere warriors and tyrants and Misers became  
 4 The objects of envy — the favorites of Fame  
 Ere Religion had closed her gorgons array  
 Ere priests sought the altar their robes to display  
 And hypocrites knelt there with uplifted eyes  
 8 And the sin of devotion was — wickedness' guise  
 For those golden days when the God-seeking heart  
 Saw Jehovah in Nature without aid from Art  
 This maiden immortal first came upon Earth  
 12 To entice to enchant with her beauty and worth  
 14 None knew whence she came but her smiling eyes  
 Bore the spirit as well as the hue of the sky  
 It seemed that the maid had chose Earth for her home  
 16 And sought not beyond its bright precincts to roam  
 18 She cheered with her smiles, she pointed above  
 And lighted each heart with the sunlight of Love,  
 She lightened each labor she sweetened each pain  
 20 And brought every joy in her fairy-like train  
 22 To teach Man his duty, from Heaven she came  
 And Althea, the same — was her mythical name  
 But when by transgression Man lost his high place  
 24 The maid fled affrighted from Shame and Disgrace

Low knelt the youth with clasped hands  
 Before the spirit true  
 Who traced her emblem on his brow  
 Then first I dreaming knew  
 He was the genius bold and fair