

No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both.
Without him, even eternity would be
A void: without man, time, as made for man,
Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep
Which has no fountain; as his race will be
Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world. —
What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
No—all of heaven, they are so beautiful.
I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
How lovelily they move along the side
Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!
And after the swart savage spirits, whose
Infernal immortality pour'd forth
Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
For which I have so often pray'd—They come!
Anah! oh, God! and with her—

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Japhet! Lo!
Sam. A son of Adam!
Aza. What doth the earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?
Japh. Angel! what
Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?
Aza. Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a part
Of our great function is to guard thine earth?
Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my
In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours
When no good spirit longer lights below?
Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
Forgive me—
Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.
Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
We know thee not.
Japh. The hour may come when thou
May'st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.
Sam. Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,
And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
How have Azazel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?
Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
To save this beautiful—these beautiful
Children of Cain?
Aza. From what?
Japh. And is it so,
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
Partake his punishment; or, at the least,
My sorrow.
Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.
Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

Aho. So be it!
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
More to be mortal, than I would to dare
An immortality of agonies
With Samiasa!
Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
Thus.
Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?
Anah. Yes, for thee:
I would resign the greater remnant of
This little life of mine, before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.
Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the seraph thou
Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
Are made to minister on high unto
The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon
The hour will come in which celestial aid
Alone can do so.
Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.
Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.
Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children. Would
His power was greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
The ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!
Aho. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.
Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather whom thou vauntest
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
For all of them are fairest in their favour—
Aho. (*interrupting him*). And wouldst thou have her
like our father's foe
In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest strife.
Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!
Aho. But
He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?
Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged
him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself

Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.
Aho. He was our fathers' father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days—
Japh. They are number'd.
Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers.
Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?—
Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey.
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future, without the sweet past—
Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
I abhor death, because that thou must die.
Aho. What, hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus—But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?
Japh. He whose one word produced them.
Aho. Who heard that word!
Japh. The universe, which leap'd
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,
They are none.
Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!
Aho. I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.
Japh. Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.
Aho. 'Tis said so.
Japh. It is even so.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?
Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

¹ [In the original MS. "Michael."—"I return you," says Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, "the revise. I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of

Noah. These are they, then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?
Aza. Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.
Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?
Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's
image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?
Noah. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very *eve* of perishing, world,
Cannot be good.
Aza. What! though it were to save?
Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
Be general, not for two, though beautiful;
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemn'd.
Japh. Oh, father! say it not.
Noah. Son! son!
If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
That they exist: they soon shall cease to be;
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
And better.
Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them!*
Noah. Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt
not; he
Who can redeem thee.
Sam. And why him and thee,
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?
Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than myself
And mine, but not less subject to his own
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL¹, the Archangel.

Raph. Spirits!
Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,
Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected "seven,"
Your place is heaven.
Sam. Raphael!
The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!

Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler sympathies."
—Byron Letters, July 6. 1822.]

The world he loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted pinions:
Adoring him in his least works display'd;
Watching this youngest star of his dominions;
And as the latest birth of his great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?
Raph. Had Samiasa and Azazel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me:
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid:
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away! away!
Or stay,
And lose eternity by that delay.
Aza. And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?
Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God.
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space; together
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits: but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.
Our brother Satan fell; his burning will
Rather than longer worship dared endure!
But ye who still are pure!
Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For heaven desired too late?
Long have I warr'd,
Long must I war
With him who deem'd it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge him
Who midst the cherubim
Made him as suns to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him — beautiful he was: oh heaven!
Save his who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but, oh ye!
Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempted you: he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt:
But man hath listen'd to his voice,

And ye to woman's — beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.
The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law,
Yet, yet, oh fly!
Ye cannot die;
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! why partake
The agony in which they must be heirs —
Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares;
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.
Aho. Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;
And that on high
An ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver.
Obey him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine of clay
An hour beyond his will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,
For all the mercy which Seth's race
Find still.
Fly!
And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
Samiasa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep —
Farewell! Now rise, inexorable Deep!
Anah. And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azazel!
Oh my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true!
And yet thou wert so happy too!
The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new:
But yet depart!

Ah! why?
Yet let me not retain thee — fly!
My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deign'd
To one of Adam's race!
Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the spirits who have not disdain'd
To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd
From his once archangelic throne
Into some unknown world:
And thou, Azazel! No —
Thou shalt not suffer woe
For me. Away! nor weep!
Thou canst not weep; but yet
May'st suffer more, not weeping: then forget
Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep
Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!
Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.
Japh. Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, archangel, thou!
Surely celestial Mercy lurks below
That pure severe serenity of brow:
Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
Save in our ark, or let me be no more!
Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!
Live as he wills it — die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter his intent
For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.
Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desert, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
Oh God! be thou a God, and spare
Yet while 'tis time!
Renew not Adam's fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain, [graves,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.
Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a
crime.
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.
Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion:
Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.
Sam. It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.
Raph. Say'st thou?
Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!
Raph. Again!
'Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,

And aliens from your God,
Farewell!
Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!
Japh. The sun! the sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone,
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,
Proclaim's earth's last of summer days hath shone!
The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.
Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!
It cometh! hence, away!
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides!
Japh. Oh, father, stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!
Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!
Japh. Not I.
Noah. Then die
With them!
How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison
With just Jehovah's wrath!
Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?
Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even now?
Raph. Patriarch, be still a father! smooth thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;
But be, when Passion passeth, good as thou,
Ner perish like Heaven's children with Man's
daughters. [unite
Aho. The tempest cometh; Heaven and Earth
For the annihilation of all life.
Unequal is the strife
Between our strength and the Eternal Might!
Sam. But ours is with thee: we will bear ye far
To some untroubled star,
Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:
And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot. [birth!
Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of
And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?
Aza. Thy Spirit-lord.
Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.
Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.
R

Aza. It cannot slay us : threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes ?

Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy strength ;

And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands :
Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God ! oh God !
What have we done ? Yet spare !

Hark ! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer !

The dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd, in terror, innocent with men ;
And the birds scream their agony through air.
Yet, yet, Jehovah ! yet withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair !
Hear not Man only but all Nature plead !

Raph. Farewell, thou earth ! ye wretched sons of clay,

I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed !

[*Exit RAPHAEL.*]

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,

While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.

No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled stars be glorious : Death hath risen :
In the Sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying air.¹

Aza. Come, Anah ! quit this chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,

To turn it into what it was : beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's—Let the coming chaos chafe

With all its elements ! Heed not their din !
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
Ethereal life, will we explore :

These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[*AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*]

Japh. They are gone ! They have disappear'd amidst the roar

Of the forsaken world ; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.²

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah ! mercy on thy kind !
What ! wilt thou leave us all—all—all behind ?

While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark ?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET). Oh let this child embark !

I brought him forth in woe,

But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born ?

[In his description of the deluge, which is a varied and recurring master-piece,—(we hear it foretold, and we see it come.)—Lord Byron appears to us to have had an eye to Poussin's celebrated picture, with the sky hanging like a weight of lead upon the waters, the sun quenched and lurid, the rocks and trees upon them gloomily watching their fate,

and a few figures struggling vainly with the overwhelming waves.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

What hath he done—
My unwean'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn ?
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath ?
Save him, thou seed of Seth !

Or cursed be—with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd !

Japh. Peace ! 'tis no hour for curses, but for prayer.

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer ! ! !

And where

Shall prayer ascend,

When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst ?

Accurst
Be he who made thee and thy sire !
We deem our curses vain ; we must expire ;

But as we know the worst,
Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
Before the implacable Omnipotent,
Since we must fall the same ?

If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,
To make a world for torture.—Lo ! they come,
The loathsome waters, in their rage !
And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb !

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour
When Paradise upsprung,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopp'd,

Their summer blossoms by the surge lopp'd,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.
Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—
They meet the seas,
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly ! and take thine ease
In thine allotted ocean-tent ;
And view, all floating o'er the element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days :
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise !

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord !
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as his word,
Be the decree adored !

He gave me life—he taketh but
The breath which is his own :
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne
Be heard in supplicating tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is :
For all are his,
From first to last—

and a few figures struggling vainly with the overwhelming waves.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

[The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed.—*JEFFREY.*]

Time—space—eternity—life—death—
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
He made, and can unmake ;

And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan ?

No ; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake !

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly ?

Not to the mountains high ;

For now their torrents rush, with double roar,
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
Already grasps each drowning hill,
Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save !

Our valley is no more :

My father and my father's tent,

My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent

[This poem carries with it the peculiar impress of the writer's genius. It displays great vigour, and even a severity of style, throughout ; which is another proof, if proof were needed, that elevation of writing is to be obtained only by a rigid regard to simplicity. It may be perused without shocking the feelings of the sensitive, or furnishing an object for the discriminating morality of the Lord Chancellor. Lord Byron has evidently endeavoured to sustain the interest of this poem, by depicting natural but deep drawn thoughts, in all their freshness and intensity, with as little fictitious aid as possible. Nothing is circumlocutory : there is no going about and about to enter at length upon his object, but he impetuously rushes into it at once. All over the poem there is a gloom cast suitable to the subject : an ominous fearful hue, like that which Poussin has flung over his inimitable picture of the Deluge. We see much evil, but we dread more. All is out of earthly keeping, as the events of the time are out of the course of nature. Man's wickedness, the perturbed creation, fear-struck mortals, demons passing to and fro in the earth, an overshadowing solemnity, and unearthly loves, form together the materials. That it has faults is obvious : prosaic passages, and too much tedious soliloquising ; but there is the vigour and force of Byron to fling into the scale against these ; there is much of the sublime in description, and the beautiful in poetry. Prejudice, or ignorance, or both, may condemn it ; but, while true poetical feeling exists amongst us, it will be pronounced not unworthy of its distinguished author.—*CAMPBELL.*]

It appears that this is but the first part of a poem ; but it is likewise a poem, and a fine one too, within itself. We confess that we see little or nothing objectionable in it, either as to theological orthodoxy, or general human feeling. It is solemn, lofty, fearful, wild, tumultuous, and shadowed all over with the darkness of a dreadful disaster. Of the angels who love the daughters of men we see little, and know less—and not too much of the love and passion of the fair lost mortals. The inconsolable despair preceding and accompanying an incomprehensible catastrophe pervades the whole composition ; and its expression is made sublime by the noble strain of poetry in which it is said or sung.—*WILSON.*

This "Mystery" has more poetry and music in it than any of Lord Byron's dramatic writings since "Manfred ;" and has also the peculiar merit of throwing us back, in a great degree, to the strange and preternatural time of which it professes to treat. It is truly, and in every sense of the word, a meeting of "Heaven and Earth : " angels are seen ascending and descending, and the windows of the sky are opened to deluge the face of nature. We have an impassioned picture of the strong and devoted attachment inspired into the daughters of men by angel forms, and have placed before us the emphatic picture of "woman walling for her demon lover."

There is a like conflict of the passions as of the elements—all wild, chaotic, uncontrollable, fatal ; but there is a discordant harmony in all this—a keeping in the colouring and the time. In handling the unpolished page, we look upon the world before the Flood, and gaze upon a doubtful blank, with only a few straggling figures, part human and part divine ; while, in the expression of the former, we read the fancies,

ethereal and lawless, that lifted the eye of beauty to the skies, and, in the latter, the human passions that "drew angels down to earth."—*JEFFREY.*

Among all the wonderful excellences of Milton, nothing surpasses the pure and undisturbed idealism with which he has drawn our first parents, so completely human as to excite our most ardent sympathies, yet so far distinct from the common race of men as manifestly to belong to a higher and uncorrupted state of being. In like manner, his Paradise is formed of the universal productions of nature—the flowers, the fruits, the trees, the waters, the cool breezes, the soft and sunny slopes, the majestic hills that skirt the scene ; yet the whole is of an earlier, a more prolific, a more luxuriant vegetation : it fully comes up to our notion of what the earth might have been before it was "cursed of its Creator." This is the more remarkable, as Milton himself sometimes destroys, or at least mars, the general effect of his picture, by the introduction of incongruous thoughts or images. The poet's passions are, on occasions, too strong for his imagination, drag him down to earth, and, for the sake of some ill-timed allusion to some of those circumstances, which had taken possession of his mighty mind, he runs the hazard of breaking the solemn enchantment with which he has spell-bound our captive senses. Perhaps, of later writers, Lord Byron alone has caught the true tone, in his short drama called "Heaven and Earth." Here, notwithstanding that we cannot but admit the great and manifold delinquencies against correct taste, particularly some perfectly ludicrous metrical whimsies, yet all is in keeping—all is strange, poetic, oriental ; the lyric abruptness, the prodigal accumulation of images in one part, and the rude simplicity in others—above all, the general tone of description as to natural objects, and of language and feeling in the scarcely mortal beings which come forth upon the scene, seem to throw us upward into the age of men before their lives were shortened to the narrow span of three-score years and ten, and when all that walked the earth were not born of woman.

The Mystery of "Heaven and Earth" is conceived in the best style of the greatest masters of poetry and painting. It is not unworthy of Dante, and of the mighty artist to whom we have alluded. As a picture of the last deluge, it is incomparably grand and awful. The characters, too, are invested with great dignity and grace. Nothing can be more imposing and fascinating than the haughty, and imperious, and passionate beauty of the daughter of Cain ; nor any thing more venerable than the mild but inflexible dignity of the patriarch Noah. We trust that no one will be found with feelings so obtuse, with taste so perverted, or with malignity so undisguised, as to mar the beauties of pictures like these, by imputing to their author the cool profession of those sentiments which he exhibits as extorted from perishing mortals, in their last instant of despair and death. Such a poem as this, if read aright, is calculated, by its lofty passion and sublime conceptions, to exalt the mind and to purify the heart beyond the power of many a sober homily. It will remain an imperishable monument of the transcendent talents of its author ; whom it has raised, in our estimation, to a higher pitch of pre-eminence than he ever before attained.—*M. Mag.]*

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

[The waters rise ; Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains ; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.