

# THE PIONEER.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

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## EMBELLISHMENTS.

GENEVIEVE. By J. B. Wright; engraved by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE DARK WOOD. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND BEATRICE MEETING. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

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## LENORE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl !  
 The spirit flown forever !  
 Let the bell toll ! — A saintly soul  
 Glides down the Stygian river !  
 And let the burial rite be read —  
 The funeral song be sung —  
 A dirge for the most lovely dead  
 That ever died so young !  
 And, Guy De Vere,  
 Hast *thou* no tear !  
 Weep now or nevermore !  
 See, on yon drear  
 And rigid bier,  
 Low lies thy love Lenore !

“ Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue  
 With tears are streaming wet,  
 Sees only, through  
 Their crocodile dew,  
 A vacant coronet —  
 False friends ! ye loved her for her wealth  
 And hated her for her pride,  
 And, when she fell in feeble health,  
 Ye blessed her — that she died.  
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be read !  
 The requiem *how* be sung  
 For her most wrong'd of all the dead  
 That ever died so young ! ”

*Peccavimus !*

But rave not thus !

And let the solemn song  
 Go up to God so mournfully that *she* may feel no wrong !  
 The sweet Lenore  
 Hath “ gone before ”  
 With young hope at her side,  
 And thou art wild  
 For the dear child  
 That should have been thy bride —  
 For her, the fair  
 And debonair,  
 That now so lowly lies —  
 The life still there  
 Upon her hair,  
 The death upon her eyes.

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“ Avaunt ! — to-night  
My heart is light —  
No dirge will I upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight  
With a Paean of old days !  
Let *no* bell toll !  
Lest her sweet soul,  
Amid its hallow'd mirth,  
Should catch the note  
As it doth float  
Up from the damned earth —  
To friends above, from fiends below, th' indignant ghost is riven —  
From grief and moan  
To a gold throne  
Beside the King of Heaven ! ”