

Poems in The London Literary
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by
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(L. E. L.)

compiled by
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

First Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
 To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
 In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
 Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

LANENT FOR THE PAST YEAR.

Farewell, thou shadowy Year, farewell!
 My heart feels light that thou art gone;
 That last star was thy burial light,
 That passing wind thy funeral moan.
 Another year? It cannot be,
 Surely, what thou hast been to me!
 Twelve months ago I sat, as now;
 Glorious was the blue midnight,
 A glad sound came from many bells,
 And never shone the stars more bright;
 I thought the sky, so calm, so clear,
 Might be an omen of the year.
 False sky! false stars! showed they their light
 But as in mockery to the eye,
 That sought in their bright page to read
 A something of its destiny?
 Why looked they beauty, looked they hope,
 On such a darkened horoscope!
 For, not one warning shadow told
 How many clouds were on the wind,
 Of hopes that fell like autumn fruit,
 Leaving the sapless boughs behind!
 All that has been may be again,
 And yet lives in my spirit's pain.
 Now there is storm upon the sky,
 The clouds hang heavy, as with care;
 The stars have darkened one by one,
 A moaning sound is on the air;
 And be the year the worst to me,
 'Tis but what I expect should be.
 Come, thou new Year! I doubt thy life
 Will be such as thy birth has been,
 Ended as it begun, in tears,
 A desolate and darkened scene.
 There is now but one only thing
 Which I can wish, or thou canst bring.
 A deep, a lone, a silent grave,
 Is all I ask, dark Year, of thee;
 To others hope and pleasure bring,
 But only bring the grave to me!
 The wearied heart, in its despair,
 Will seek and find a haven there.

LOVE'S WREATH.

It is an April wreath : blue violets,
Sapphires from a moss mine ; pale primroses,
Wearing a yellow and forsaken dress,
And yet too beautiful to be forsaken ;
And daisies, simple daisies,—surely love
May trace its likeness in the gentle flower
That blossoms every where and any how,
Bearing alike with storm and shine, with still
The same fair summer face,—seen on the grave,
The heath, the field, the garden ; cowslips, too,

Tall and green turrets for the fragrant bells
Which the bees love so,—bound with the young
leaves

Of the sweet briar, sparkling with the rain,
Which has called forth an odour like the scent
Floating around the coast of Araby,
Till the rich sails are heavy with perfume.

I have read somewhere, in far Indian lands,
That maidens write a whole fond history [ters.
In braids of leaves and buds, love's best love-let-
And read you thus my history in my wreath :
Just as these flowers have in the sunlight sprung
To a most sweet existence, so your love
Has called my feelings into sunny life ;
And as the wreath will fall away and fade,
When gathered from the green and natural stem,
So my heart, severed from its home, your love
Would pine and wither.

SONG.

Oh meet me once; but once again,
Beside that old oak tree;
It is not much, of all thy vows,
To ask but this of thee.

Oh meet me when the evening star
Shines on the twilight grey,
Just while the lark sings his last song,—
I have not much to say.

I know that when to-morrow's sun
Lights up the vale again,
You'll lead your fair Bride to the church,
And cannot meet me then.

But this last evening is your own,—
Come to our old oak tree;
Surely, dear love, you cannot fear
Aught like reproach from me.

No, dearest mine! then pray thee come,
When that star lights the sky;
I do but ask to pardon thee,
To kiss thy lips, and die!

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

Second Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
 To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
 In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
 Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

SONG.

Oh speak not of love
 As of that which might be,
 If the love could pass over
 I now feel for thee.

Oh speak not of falsehood,
 For it must be thine;
 I cannot in fancy
 Dream of it as mine.

I have lived but for one love;
 If that were no more,
 Oh never could new love
 Its likeness restore.

When the lamp of the vestal
 Had chanced to expire,
 It might be rekindled
 By morning sunfire;
 But, love once extinguished,
 All efforts are vain,
 There is nothing can brighten
 Its embers again.

Literary Gazette, 10th January, 1824, Pages 27-28

STANZAS.

Is it not so?

It is a green and sunny place
That silent tomb,
And over it, with summer grace,
The wild flowers bloom;
And shadily that willow-tree
Floats on the air;
But lift up the smooth sod, and see
Its dark things bare:
A blackening corpse, a rank, cold smell,
Discoloured bones;
And slimy earthworms are what dwell
In the damp stones.
And look thus on the human face—
Is it not fair?
Yet look within the heart, and trace
Such foulness there.

Literary Gazette, 10th January, 1824, Pages 27-28

THE DREAM.

Farewell! and yet how may I teach
 My heart to say Farewell to thee?
 My first young love, the light, the hope,
 'The breath, the soul of life to me!

I had last night a strange wild dream,
 The very emblem of my love,—
 I saw a stately eagle's wing
 Become the refuge for a dove.

And for a while most tenderly
 The eagle cherished his guest;
 And never had the dove a home
 Of happiness like that fond breast.

It was a sight for Love to see
 That haughty and that gentle bird,
 Caressing and carest, so soft
 The mingling murmurs from them heard.

But troubled grew the eagle's crest,
 And stern and careless his dark eye,
 And so, regardless of the dove,
 I marvelled that she did not fly:

Then sudden spread his mighty plumes,
 And flung the helpless dove away;
 There on the ground, with broken wing,
 And soiled and bleeding breast, she lay.

Poor silly bird! if thou hadst flown
 Before, this fate had not been thine.
 I wakened, and I thought how soon
 Such fall, such falsehood, might be mine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

Third Series.

Gleamings of poetry,—if I may give
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
 To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
 In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
 Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

THE FORSAKEN.

Oh cast that shadow from thy brow,
 My dark-eyed love! be glad awhile:
 Has Leila's song no music now?
 Is there no charm in Leila's smile?
 There are young roses in my hair,
 And morn and spring are on their bloom;
 Yet you have breathed their fragrant air
 As some cold vapour from the tomb.
 There stands the vase of crystal light,
 Veined with the red wine's crimson stains,—
 Has the grape lost its spell to-night?
 For there the cup untouched remains.
 I took my lute for one sad song,
 I sang it, tho' my heart was wrung,—
 The sweet sad notes we've loved so long;
 Yet heard you not, tho' Leila sung.
 I press'd my pale pale cheek to thine,—
 Tho' it was wet with many tears,
 No pressure came, to answer mine,
 No murmur breathed, to soothe my fears.
 Ah, silent still? then know I all
 My fate! And must we part at last?
 In mercy, gentle Heaven, recall
 Only the memory of the past!
 Never yet did the first June flower
 Bare purer bosom to the bee,
 Than that which yielded to Love's power,
 And gave its sweetest wealth to thee.
 'Twas a new life: the earth, the sky,
 Seemed to grow fairer for thy sake;
 But this is gone,—oh destiny,
 My heart is withered, bid it break!
 My garden will lie desolate,
 My flowers will die, my birds will pine;
 All I once loved I now shall hate;
 With thee changed every thing of mine.
 Oh speak not now, it mocks my heart,
 How can hope live when love is o'er?
 I only feel that we must part,
 I only know—we meet no more!

INDIAN SONG.

*Founded on a romantic species of Divination
practised by Indian Maidens.*

To the moonlit waters of the lake
My little bark I gave,
And gentle as the jasmin's sigh
Was the wind that swept the wave.

I chose the night from many a one,
It was so very fair;
Scarcely the cocoa's light green plumes
Waved on the languid air.

Last year, beneath the summer moon,
I planted a young rose,
I watered it at the sunrise,
And at the evening's close.

I only let one single flower
Amid the boughs abide,
Soon as they came I culled the heads
Of every bud beside.

I shaded it from the hot noon,
And from the midnight dew,
And fresh, and red, and beautiful,
My lonely rosebud grew.

This morning it was in its prime,
And then my bark I made
Of the green fragrant grass that grows
In the bannana's shade.

I made a taper of white wax
From my own hive, whose bees
Had fed but upon hyacinth bells
And on young myrtle trees.

And in the bark that taper stood,
Hung with a wreath of green,
And in the midst my lovely rose
Sat like a fairy queen.

I threw rich spice and scented oils
Around the lighted flame,
And gave it to the stream, and called
Upon Camdeo's name.

My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high,
The bark moved slowly on;
There breath'd no wind, there moved no wave,
Yet like a thought 'twas gone.

Alas, my bark! Alas, my rose!
Yet what could I expect?

I sent them on a voyage of love,
And when was love not wreck'd?—L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.***Fourth Series.*

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

A small clear fountain, with green willow trees
Girdling it round, there is one single spot
Where you may sit and rest, its only bank;
Elsewhere the willows grow so thick together:
And it were like a sin to crush that bed
Of pale and delicate narcissus flowers,
Bending so languidly, as still they found
In the pure wave a love and destiny;
But here the moss is soft, and when the wind
Has been felt even through the forest screen,—
For round, like guardians to the willows, stand
Oaks large and old, tall firs, dark beech, and elms
Rich with the yellow wealth that April brings,—
A shower of rose leaves makes it like a bed, [arm
Whereon a nymph might sleep, when, with her
Shining like snow amid her raven hair,
She dreamt of the sweet song wherewith the faun
Had lulled her, and awakening from her rest
When through the leaves an amorous sunbeam
stole
And kissed her eyes; the fountain were a bath
For her to lave her ivory feet, and cool
The crimson beauty of her sleep-warm cheek,
And bind her ruffled curls in the blue mirror
Of the transparent waters. But these days
Of visible poetry have long been past!—
No fear that the young hunter may profane
The haunt of some immortal; but there still—
For the heart clings to old idolatry,
If not with true belief, with tenderness,—
Lingers a spirit in the woods and flowers
Which have a Grecian memory,—some tale
Of olden love or grief linked with their bloom,
Seem beautiful beyond all other ones.
The marble pillars are laid in the dust,
The golden shrine and its perfume are gone;
But there are natural temples still for those
Beautiful though dethroned Deities, [incense:
Where from green altars flowers send up their
This fount is one of them. - - -

SONG.

Take back your wreath, your sunny wreath,
'Tis mockery to give it me !
The summer's bloom, the summer's breath
Are not what should be offered me.
For though those flowers may fade and fall,
How very sweet their life has been !
And fragrant still the coronal,
Though dead the blush and sear the green.
They are perhaps an offering
To scatter on my funeral stone ;
For flowers are not made for the Spring,
Which only blight and blast has known.
But take some veil in darkness wove,
And fling its shadow o'er my brow,
It will be like the cloud which love
Has thrown around my past and now !—L.E.L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

Fifth Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn
Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

It spread beneath the summer sky,
A green turf, as just meet
For lilies and blue violets,
And moonlight fairies' feet.

And in the midst a rose-tree grew,
Covered with buds and flowers,
A crimson cloud of breath and bloom,
Like that of evening hours.

I watched the beauty of that rose,
Its June-touched bloom, its love-sweet breath,
When suddenly I marked how dark
Its shadow fell beneath.

Clings darkness to—I sadly thought—
'The fair in form, the fresh in hue?
Alas! there's not that thing on earth
-So bright but has its shadow too!

REMEMBRANCE.

That Portrait! aye, it was a lovely face.
 Those eyes, like violets on which the sun
 Has looked as favourites; the long dark lash,
 Sweet twilight to their playfulness; that brow,
 Open as morning, white as Indian pearl,
 Shadowed by those light clouds of pale brown hair,
 Braided by lilies pure as she herself:—
 It looks just what she was, all youth, all life,
 All girlish innocence and happiness.
 We were companions in our youth: we loved
 With that first love life never quite forgets.
 We parted,—parted too without a hope!
 Hope waits on Fortune. After many years
 I saw my early idol once again:
 How changed, yet still how very beautiful!
 Pride sat upon her brow, a reckless scorn
 Mingled with bitterness in each light word,
 And sorrow, ill concealed, seemed at her heart:
 Yet had she wedded, and won rank and wealth.
 But once we met; how deep the tenderness
 That softened her so lovely countenance,
 When, with a voice half music and half sorrow,
 She gently said, “The seared heart doth not
 break.”

THE SWAN.

I pass'd by a lake in its darkness :
It was dark, for upon its breast,
In rolling clouds and in shadow,
The face of the sky was imprest.
The air was thick and heavy,
And the mist hung round like a blight,
And the boughs of the trees on the banks
Closed round with the closing of night.
But amid the blackening waters
Was one bright and beautiful thing,—
A swan, which, sailing in beauty,
Spread ruffled each snow-white wing.
A sunbeam rested upon her
From the only red cloud in the sky,
And a flush of crimson glory
Lit the waves where that swan sailed by.
Then turned my heart, my beloved one !
'To sweet thoughts of thine and thee :
Such, in the hour of my darkness,
Thy beauty has been unto me.
My white Swan, lovely and lonely,
Brightening life's sullen tide,
Bland light and hope of the bosom
Which had nor light nor hope beside !

SONG.

The wreath of green leaves that was bound
Amid your chesnut hair,
Is scattered,—look upon the ground,
The leaves are lying there.
And some are faded, some are stained,
Some crushed, and not one has retained
Its sweet and summer share
Of graceful shape and fresh green hue,
Such as they were when given you.
Around thy heart there is a wreath
Of fair hopes fresh and green,
Breathed on by young Love's summer breath ;
A little while, I ween,
The green hopes will have died away,
As utterly gone to decay
As they had never been.
The wreath that bound your heart and hair
Were made the self-same fate to share.
Your shining curls flow wild on air,
Their braiding wreath undone ;
Your heart lies desolate and bare,
Its hope's glad foliage gone.
And such the destiny that clings
To all earth's fair and fragrant things ;
And such will be thine own ;
The wasted heart, the withered tree,
Are emblems of thy fate and Thee. L.E.L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L.E.L.

Sixth Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn
Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

THE STAR.

Oh, there are sorrows like blighted leaves,
And cares like the web which the spider weaves,
And doubts and tears, that claim a part
For each pulse that throbs and maddens my heart;
Yet still there is one fresh Eden spot,
Where sorrows and doubts and cares come not.
Yes, love! tho' withered my heart may be,
It yet has a gentle place for Thee.

I stood on a weary and wandering bark,
The heavens above in their midnight were dark,
And gloomily spread the mighty sea
In the depths of its drear immensity.
Yet amid the darkness one sweet star shone,
Like an angel of light, most lovely and lone;
And like that starbeam, I thought, to me
Is the influence sweet that has come from Thee.

Yet felt I sad, as I watched that star,
And fed on its beauty, to think how far
It shone; yet I deemed there might come a day
When the spirit should mingle and meet with its
ray.

It was like an omen; and I hoped, though now
Apart with no solace save one dear vow, [be
That the time might come when thy lover should
Where his heart and his soul are, beloved one!
with Thee.

THE LAMP.

Brightly the stars shed their light,
 Like love on the bosom of night,
 Each rolls on his course, like a king
 Come in pride and in triumphing.
 But brighter the lamp that shines
 Through yonder lattice of vines.

Thrice glorious that sunstar above,
 Bright Jove; and the fair Queen of Love
 And Beauty yet holdeth her reign
 O'er a glad and a lovely domain;
 And their rays, like the shivering of spears,
 Glance in silvery light thro' the spheres.
 But give me the lamp that shines
 Through yonder lattice of vines.

By that lamp bends a Maiden fair,
 Shading off the fresh night air,
 Lest the gentle flame should decay,
 Nor brighten her wanderer's way.
 Around stream her locks in their light,
 And the rose-cheek and blue eye are bright,
 Of the Maid by the lamp that shines
 Through yonder casement of vines.

I am near to the casement now,
 I can look on her graceful brow,
 I can feel the light of her eye
 As she smiles when her love is nigh.
 Oh brighter to me by far
 Than the blaze of each glorious star,
 Is the light of the lamp that shines
 Through yonder lattice of vines.

ROMANCE.

Maiden, listen ! thy hunter's horn—
 Thrice has the wind its echo borne ;
 Should not this our moment of meeting be ?
 Hast thou no answer, maiden, for me ?

Ah, yes, I can hear thy silvery feet,
 Like the lute's music, light and sweet ;
 Soft on the air comes the breath of thy sigh,
 As the odours that tell when the Spring hours
 are nigh.

Invisible, still I should feel thou wert near,
 Be conscious that something was by me most dear.
 Oh, haste thee, beloved, I've built thee a bower,
 Not like the halls of thy father's tower—

Where the banners are sweeping o'er helm and
 o'er plume,

And crimson and gold clothe each stately room—
 Where censers are burning with incense and
 light—

Where winecups of silver are foaming and bright—
 Where an hundred minstrels sing thee to sleep—
 While an hundred knights watch o'er those
 slumbers keep—

But my bower is built by an old oak tree,
 With an ivy and woodbine canopy ;
 And the turf beneath is thickly set
 With primrose, lily, and violet.

The nightingale, love, shall thy minstrel be ;
 And my two dark hounds shall be guards for
 thee ;

And for crystal vases of eastern perfume, [bloom ;
 The wild rose in the freshness of morning shall
 And more than all, thou shalt have for thy slave
 A heart that will beat for thee till in the grave.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL TALES.****I.—THE THREE WELLS—*A Fairy Tale.***

“*J'ai grand regret à la fairée.*”—*Marmontel.*

There 's an island which the sea
Keeps in lone tranquillity;
Filled with flowers which the sun
Never yet hath looked upon,—
Flowers lighted with the light
Left by fairy feet at night;
Worshippers of the sweet moon,
Veiled from the eye of noon,
For, by daylight, bud nor bloom
Smiles amid the island gloom.
All is desolate and drear,
As no spring were in the year:
But beneath night's shadowy wing
Violets and roses spring;
Perfume floats upon the air,
Myrtle boughs are waving there;
Stars shine in their beauty forth,
Meteors glisten from the north,
Rode by radiant shapes that seem
Creatures made of bloom and beam,
With their hair and plumes' gay dyes
Glorious as the morning skies.
Seldom hath a mortal eye
Looked upon their revelry;
Yet sometimes, for what is there
Love in young hearts will not dare,
Lover's step has dared to press
That ground's haunted loveliness.
When the moon in her blue hall
Lights her zenith coronal,
On each mystic leaf and flower
Lies a spell of true love power:
Often have they borne away
Rosy leaf and scented spray;
Next the heart the charm have worn,
Long as true love faith was borne.
But as old tradition tells,
There are other, deeper, spells
In the lone and mystic wells—
Spells of strange wild augury
Few have had the heart to try.—

She came, or ever the dawning bright
Banished in blushes the grey twilight;
Like a spirit she seemed to float,
As the morning star guided her lonely boat;
With her golden hair, like a sunny sail
Spread by hope for a favouring gale;
With a cheek like the rose, when first the spring
Wakes its life of scented languishing;
And eyes, to whose dazzling beauty were given
The blue and the light of a summer heaven—
She sat alone in the boat, as it went
Calm thro' the sleep-hushed element.

Now joy thee, *ASTARTE*, thy voyage is done,
 The day is unbroken, the island is won.—
 She passed thro' a drear and desolate track,
 Seen dim in the shadow of glimmering rack;
 A silence and stillness weighed in the air,
 And the trees in their age stood gaunt and bare;
 There was not a flower or a leaf on the ground
 Till she came where some cypresses gathered
 around;
 She entered the funeral shade of the dell,
 And looked on the depth of each haunted well.
 Thickly around did the tall grass wave, [grave—
 Like the green dank growth that springs on the
 There it was that the charm must be done.
 To hide the wells from the beam of the sun,
 She took the webs of silvery white
 Herself had wove in the lone moonlight,
 And threw them o'er, so that not one ray
 Could lighten their depths with a glimpse of day;
 And with silent lip, tho' with beating heart,
 She watched the hours of sunlight depart.
 The moon rose up, and with it a sound
 Of low sweet music breathed around;
 There came a gushing of perfume, [bloom.
 For the earth was now covered with bud and
 The maiden unveiled each mystic well,
 And as the light of the moonbeam fell,
 Sparkled and shone each darkling stream,
 Like molten silver or diamond gleam.
 Then down the maiden knelt and prayed
 At the first well, for its lady's aid,
 And there up rose a sparkling chain
 As chanted a soft voice the magic strain:—

First Fairy's Song.

Here are burning brighter gems
 Than on kingly diadems;
 Rubies, like the crimson light
 Seen upon a winter night;
 Pearls, the whitest that can be
 Hidden in the deep blue sea;
 Emeralds, let summer show
 Greener light; like winter snow
 Virgin silver, pure and white;
 Gold, red as the morning light.
 For the service thou hast done,
 Shading me from the hot sun,
 Stores from every Indian mine
 And Afric river shall be thine.

Oh, this is not what my boon shall be,
 Gold and gems have no charms for me.
 Then turned the maid to the second well,
 And waited the fate of her next tried spell;
 And up from the water, on air, there played,
 Of a thousand colours, a mingled braid.

Second Fairy's Song.

I have caught the tints that deck
 The proud peacock's tail and neck ;
 I have caught the many rays
 Of the opal's changeful blaze ;
 I have mixed a thousand hues
 From the rainbow's arch of dews ;
 Here is blent each changeful thing
 For the wild heart's wandering :
 For thy cool and pleasant shade,
 This shall be thy meed, young maid.

Oh ! not for me, oh ! not for me
 Is the heartless spell of inconstancy.

There yet is a well ; one trial more,
 Sure, that has a better prize in store.
 She knelt again, and on the well
 A simple wreath was visible.

Third Fairy's Song.

I have been to the low dell,
 Where the sweetest violets dwell ;
 I have been to the lone vale,
 Where there droops the lily pale :
 Sweet and pure, they are bound
 With a myrtle bough around—
 Myrtle, for its leaves are seen
 Even in the winter green :
 If true love be sought by thee,
 Maiden, this thy meed shall be.

My spell is done, my prize is won ;
 True love ! thou hast equal none ;

True love ! who could choose for thee
 Gold or gems or vanity ?
 Where is the spell whose charm will prove,
 Like the spell of thy charm, true love ? L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL TALES.****Tale II.—THE POISONED ARROW.**

Love lives on Hope and Memory.

'Tis an old tale of love and truth
 We used to read, I scarce know when,
 And still it brings back to my heart
 All that my heart was full of then.
 We read it one blue summer night,
 Half by lamp, half by moonlight,—
 An English summer night, thrice fair,
 For that its loveliness is so rare ;
 Just three or four nights at the full of the moon,
 When the flower-filled air is breathing of June ;
 Three or four nights that rejoice the year
 With a dream of light from another sphere.
 I remember a pink woodbine
 That hung round the lattice its coral twine ;
 I remember the vine, whose green
 Shone in the ray like silver sheen ;
 And how through the leaves a sweet air came,
 For beside grew a rose with a crimson flame
 Lighting its life, as love lived on its spring ;
 But all are departed or withering.
 I remember a fond arm placed,
 Zone of my heart, around my waist ;
 I remember a dark eye that shone,
 And turned to me, as the tale went on,
 To look its so gentle sympathies,
 And ask, Are we not as fond as these ?
 I remember an honey tone,— [gone !
 But that clasp and that look and that voice are
 Why think I now of them ? Oh, woman's heart
 Treasures the memories that depart

From sterner man,—when will love be
 Enshrined as in her memory!—
 Thou wert not false,—I cannot now
 Reproach thee with one broken vow ;
 I may not say thou art estranged,
 I rather feel than know thee changed ;
 Thy heart is now in other things
 Than love's once dear imaginings ;
 The world has claimed thee,—crowds and care
 Are things in which love has no share ;
 You would but smile now to recall
 Many sweet vows and gentle fears,
 Or marvel they were ever felt,—
 Such change is in a lapse of years.
 But I have treasured looks and words,
 Till memory's links are as soft chords,
 O'er which, if but one breath shall fall,
 They wake in tones thrice musical.
 But thou! thou hast forgotten all.
 Oh this is vain, I cannot bring
 Again the freshness of our spring.—
 On to my tale—it will recall
 All that is from my bosom reft,
 Bereaved of love's original,
 'Tis much to have its picture left.
 Amid the groves of Lebanon,
 The scented cedar groves, is one,
 The very loveliest of all,
 So clear, so cool, the fountain fall,
 So gracefully the roses grow,
 Mirrored in the clear water's flow ;
 So beautiful athwart the boughs
 Comes morning's rise or evening's close ;
 And when the moon shines forth at night,
 Or, in her absence, gleaming light
 Darts from the stars upon the vale,
 Sings to them the lone nightingale,
 As an enchanted harp were breaking
 The calm with its delicious waking.
 'Tis strange to find in such a place
 Aught that resembles human trace ;
 Yet, underneath a cedar's shade,
 Whose boughs, defying sun or rain,
 Keep the white marble free from stain,
 A tomb is placed ; a statue there—

A woman, by the flowing hair,
 The small feet and the delicate hand ;
 Yet by it lies the warrior's brand,
 And on it is a warrior's dress,
 Ill suited to its gracefulness :
 'Tis exquisitely carved : the brow
 Seems as if life were in its glow,
 As the small fingers still could guide
 The broken lute-chords by their side.—
 There was a hermit once, whose cell
 Of loneliness was in this dell :
 He lived in silence and in gloom,
 His sole employ to raise this tomb ;
 None heard his voice, none saw his face,
 Few ventured near his dwelling place,
 For the fair tomb was said to be
 The work of potent witcherie ;
 'Twas potent, for grief was the spell,
 And love that wrought the miracle. - - -
 Oh Glory, sunlight of the grave,
 What is thy spell to charm the brave ?
 What thy spell, that it could divide
 Earl Richard from his young fair Bride ?
 The first spring blossoms saw her his,—
 The fruit shone on their parting kiss.
 The Earl to Palestine is gone,
 The Bride sits in her bower alone.
 Aloue ! so thought her lord, when, turning,
 His full heart with the fancy burning,
 To the white shores, he breathed her name—
 An echo to his murmur came,
 'Twas answered by his name,—his breast
 Again is to his EDITH's prest !
 Garbed as a page, her home she left ;
 Bereaved of him, of all bereft.
 Lost, in that thought all else above,
 A woman's fear in woman's love.
 Woman, what fearless faith is thine !
 She went with him to Palestine ;
 She went with him,—through toil, through fear,
 Her gentle smile was ever near.
 And sometimes, from the rush of war,
 Beneath the lovely evening star

They stole a quiet hour, to share
 The perfumed coolness of the air ;
 And she would take her lute, and sing
 Sweet songs of old remembering,
 Breathing of home—talk of the fame
 Gathering round her Warrior's name,
 And mix with future hope a sigh
 Given to pleasant days gone by.—

The day of battle ! Hark, the sound
 Of the deep trumpet swells around ;
 The Earl goes forth : 'tis EDITH's hand
 Has girded her own Warrior's brand,
 Has smoothed the war-plumes on his crest,
 Has buckled on the mailed vest.

Felt she not proud at heart to see
 He was the flower of chivalry,
 As, curbing in his steed of gray,
 He rode the first to lead the way ?
 That morn he went forth like a king,
 Glorious in his first triumphing ;
 But the sweet evening's scented breath
 Flowed cool upon his wound of death !
 Curses upon the coward craft,
 His foeman's was a poisoned shaft.

There came no tear to EDITH's eye,
 But she knelt by him tenderly,
 And parted his thick raven hair,
 That he might feel the soothing air ;
 And placed his head upon her breast,
 And lulled him with soft words to rest.
 'Twas as she hoped,—he sleeps ; and now
 Her lips are on his throbbing brow,
 Sucking the poison forth : 't was bliss
 To know she gave her life for his.

He woke, but not to feel again
 The hot fire rushing through each vein,
 But as aroused from slumbers deep,
 And sweet as those which infants sleep.
 But EDITH ! ah, her pulse beats low,
 Her cheek has lost its sunset glow,
 The violet of her eye is dim,—

He knows it all,—she dies for him. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL TALES.*****Tale III.—THE SISTERS.***

Now, Maiden, wilt thou come with me,
Far over yonder moonlight sea?

There's not a cloud upon the sky,
The wind is low like thine own sigh;
The azure heaven is veined with light,
The water is as calm and bright
As I have sometimes seen it lie
Beneath a sunny Indian sky.

My bark is on the ocean riding,
Like a spirit o'er it gliding:
Maiden, wilt thou come—and be
Queen of my fair ship and me?

She followed him. The sweet night breeze
Brought odours from the orange trees,—
She paused not for that fragrancy:
There came a sound of music nigh,
A voice of song, a distant chime
To mark the vesper's starry time,—
She heard it not: the moonbeams fell
O'er vine-wreathed hill and olive dell,

With cottages, and their gay show
 Of roses for a portico ;
 One which stood by a beech alone,—
 Looked she not back upon that one ?
 Alas ! she looked but in that eye
 Where now was writ her destiny.
 The heart love leaves looks back ever ;
 The heart where he is dwelling, never.
 Yet as her last step left the strand,
 GHERALDI then might feel her hand
 Grow cold, and tremble in his own ;
 He watched her lip, its smile was flown ;
 Her cheek was pale, as if with fears ;
 Her blue eyes darkened with their tears ;
 He prest her rosebud mouth to his,
 Blush, smile, returned to grace that kiss ;
 She had not power to weep, yet know
 She was his own, come weal come woe.
 Oh, who—reposed on some fond breast,
 Love's own delicious place of rest—
 Reading faith in the watching eyes,
 Feeling the heart beat with its sighs,
 Could know regrets, or doubts, or cares,
 That we had bound our fate to theirs !
 There was a shadow on their mirth ;
 A vacant place is by their hearth,
 When at the purple evening's close
 Around its firelight gathered those
 With whom her youth's sweet course had run,
 Wept, for the lost, the altered one !
 She was so beautiful, so dear,
 All that the heart holds precious here !
 A skylark voice, whose lightest sound
 So glad made every heart-pulse bound !
 'Twas a fair sight to see her glide
 A constant shadow by the side
 Of her old Father ! At day-rise,
 With light feet and with sunny eyes,
 Busy within ; and then, at times,
 Singing old snatches of wild rhymes
 Italian peasants treasure up,
 O'erflowings of the poet's cup,
 Suited to those whose earth and sky,
 Temples and groves, are poetry.
 And then at eve, her raven hair
 Braided upon a brow as fair
 As are the snowy chesnut flowers
 When blooming in the first spring hours,
 She sat beneath the old beech tree,
 Her mandolin upon her knee.

But **BLANCHE** was gone, and guilt and shame
 Made harsh the music of her name.
 —But he had yet another child,—
 The **Father BLANCHE** could leave—who smiled
 Gently and cheerfully away
 The cloud that on his spirit lay.

It was a lovely morn in June,
 And in the rosy light of noon
 The olive crowned village shone
 As the glad sun were all its own ;
 And, sultring with such golden hours,
 With music, and with songs and flowers,
 A bridal train pass'd gaily by :
 In the midst, with blue downcast eye
 And blush of happiness, came the **Bride !**
 And youths with flutes were by her side,
 And maidens, with their wreaths, as gay
 As life but lasted one sweet day.

One followed them with bursting heart,
 With pallid cheek and lips apart,
 As every breath were gasped ! Ah this,
 Alas, is what love ever is !
 False or unhappy, twin to sorrow,
 Forced **Hope's** deceiving lights to borrow,
 Guiding in joy a little way,
 Doubly to lead the heart astray.
 Beneath a shadowy beech tree
 At length paused the gay company :
 And there sat an old **Man**. The **Bride**
 Took off her veil, and knelt beside,
 And from his feet looked up and smiled,
 And prayed that he would bless his child !
 The gentle prayer was scarcely said,
 Yet lay his hand upon her head !
 When knelt another in that place,
 With shrowded form and veiled face ;
 A broken voice breath'd some low words,
 They struck on memory's tenderest chords :

“ My Blanche ! yes, only ask of Heaven,
Thy father has long since forgiven.
Look up ! ” “ Oh not till thou hast pray’d
For the unhappy and betrayed ! ”
And paused at once the bridal song,
And gathered round the gazing throng.
And as the old man prayed, **BLANCHE** prest
Closer and closer to his breast !
He raised her, for he longed to gaze
Upon the loved of other days,
And threw the veil back from her head,
And looked,—but looked upon the dead !
L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL TALES.***Tale IV.*—**THE TROUBADOUR.**

Oh, sleep in silence, or but wake
The songs of sorrow, my loved lute !
Thou wert but waked by one sweet spell—
That spell is over, now be mute.
Yet, wake again, I pray thee, wake ;
My soul yet lives upon the chords—
My heart must breathe its wrongs, or break :
Yet can it find relief in words !
My glorious laurel ! pine and fade—
Oh, round some happier bard go twine—
Those bright green leaves were never made
To crown a brow so lorn as mine.

Break, break, my lute! fade, fade, my wreath!
 Laurel and lute are dead for me;
 Laurel and lute are vowed to Love;
 And, Love, I dare not think on Thee.

It was a deep blue summer night,
 A night with star gemmed coronal;
 And music murmured thro' the dell,
 A song sent from the waterfall.

And there was fragrance on the air;
 For roses, like sweet lamps, so bright,
 So red, so fresh, were shining there;
 And jasmies with their silver light.

It was a night, soft as the hope,
 Calm as the faith with which I said
 Farewell to thee, my lovely one—
 My Provence rose, my fair haired ZAIDE.

She tied her white scarf on my breast,
 She gave a bright curl from her brow,
 Her rose-bud mouth to mine was prest—
 Scarf, curl, and kiss, are with me now.

That kiss has been kept like the leaves
 Of the young rose, or ere the sun,
 Like love, has opened the sweet flower,
 It fades while it is shining on.

That curl has waved amid the light
 Of flashing steel and flying spear—
 That scarf has been blood-dyed—I fought
 In honour of my maiden dear!

And never did I wake my harp
 To any name but hers—that one
 I taught the gales of Palestine,
 I taught the groves of Lebanon.

Again I sought her bower, and brought
 A laurelled lute, a laurelled blade;
 It was the same sweet summer night,
 Of fragrant gales and moonlight shade.

The moon in the same beauty sailed,
 The brook in liquid music ranged;
 There stood the old accustomed oak,
 But every other thing was changed.

The roses drooped, neglected; dead
 Upon the ground the jasmies lay;
 And little (my foreboding said,)
 Has she thought on me while away;

Or she had sacred kept the bower,
 The temple of our parting kiss,
 For well love cherishes each thing
 That has a memory of its bliss.
 I stood beneath the old oak tree,
 My harp was on my shoulder slung,
 When suddenly a plaining breeze,
 Like to a dirge, across it rung.
 And almost, as in mockery,
 Answered a light and cheerful sound—
 Young voices singing to the flute,
 And distant bells that pealed around.
 I saw bright torches, and I went
 To gaze upon the gay parade—
 It was a bridal pageantry,
 And the bride was my faithless ZAIDE!
 Oh, worse than death! I had not thought
 That such a thing could be; too well
 My heart had loved, to deem that aught
 Like falsehood could be possible.
 Farewell then, ZAIDE, with that farewell
 To all that bears a woman's name:
 Heart, harp, and sword, were vowed to thee,
 They'll never know another's claim.
 I take thy white scarf from my heart,
 And fling its fragments on the air;
 Thy bright curl—no, I cannot part
 With this one pledge—thy silken hair.
 My heart is scared—I have lost all
 My dreams of bliss, my golden store;
 For, what is life when love is gone?
 And what is love when hope is o'er? L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

It is a lovely lake, with waves as blue
 As e'er were lighted by the morning ray
 To topaz—crowded with an hundred isles,
 Each named from some peculiar flower it bears :
 There is the Isle of Violets, whose leaves,
 Thick in their azure beauty, fill the air
 With most voluptuous breathings ; the Primrose
 Gives name to one ; the Lilies of the Valley,
 Like wreath'd pearls, to another ; Cowslips glow,
 Ringing with golden bells the fragrant peal
 Which the bees love so, in a fourth. How sweet
 Upon a summer evening, when the lake
 Lies half in shadow, half in crimson light,
 Like hope and fear holding within the heart
 Divided empire, with a light slack sail
 To steer your little boat amid the isles,
 Now gazing in the clouds like fiery halls,
 Till head and eye are filled with gorgeous thoughts
 Of golden palaces in fairyland ;
 Or, looking through the clear, yet purple wave,
 See the white pebbles, shining like the hearts
 Pure and bright even in this darksome world ;
 There is one gloomy isle, quite overgrown
 With weeping willows, green, yet pensively
 Sweep the long branches down to the tall grass ;
 And in the very middle of the place
 There stands a large old yew—beneath its shade
 I would my grave might be : the tremulous light,
 Breaking at intervals through the sad boughs,
 Yet without power to warm the ground below,
 Would be so like the mockery of hope.
 No flowers grow there—they would not suit
 my tomb :
 It should be only strewed with withered leaves ;
 And on a willow, near, my harp might hang,
 Forgotten and forsaken, yet at times
 Sending sweet music o'er the lake.

THE FAREWELL.

Yes, I am changed ; yes, much much changed
 Since first I sang to thee ;
 I marvel, knowing what I am,
 At what I once could be.

The trace of pleasure on my heart
 Was like that of the wind,
 And sorrow's self had not then left
 A deeper trace behind.

My song was like the bursting forth
 Of the first birds in spring ;
 I had some thought of future flowers,
 But none of withering.

I thought of love, but of love as
 Love never yet was known ;
 Of truth, of hope, of happiness—
 But all these dreams are flown.

As sometimes on Italian shores
 At dawn of day is seen
 A fleeting show of fairy land,
 Just such my life has been.

How I now loathe my dreams of song !
 They have been so untrue ;
 But more I loathe the dearer dream,
 The one that dwelt with you !

Farewell to one, farewell to all,
 Both song and love are o'er ;
 The essence of their life is past,
 For they deceive no more !

SONG.

False as thou art, yet still farewell!
With every wish that love can frame,
With fond hopes for thy happiness,
With blessings breathed upon thy name.
I loved, I may not say how well,
While that I thought my heart might be
A thing of bliss;—now I can charm
No more, but I can die for thee!
Farewell, farewell! and I will shroud
My wrongs in silence, for thy sake;
Tho' still adored, henceforth my heart's
Sole proof of love shall be—to break.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**SONGS.**

Do you recall one autumn night
We stood by the sea-side,
And marked a little vessel tost
Upon the foaming tide?
The shoals were rough, the winds were high,
Wild was the billow's roar ;
The little vessel reeled, yet still
Steered for, and gained the shore.
And thus my heart—however light
You deem that heart to be—
By all the storm and change of life
Cannot be turned from Thee !

Young Beauty once dwelt in a bower,
A fairy bower of rose, with Love;
There was a fragrant earth beneath,
There was a cloudless sky above.

And they were happy, till one day
Beauty bethought her of Love's wings,
And watched her moment—o'er his neck
A chain, a golden chain, she flings.

Alas, the folly of such care!
Alas, that e'er the chain was thrown!
For Beauty found Love disappear,
And that the fetters were her own!

Literary Gazette, 3rd April, 1824, Page 219

They say, that when the oyster shell—
 (Listen the tale, my own fair Girl)—
Is wounded, straightway it is closed
 By ocean's loveliest gem, a pearl.
My heart is wounded;—with the eyes,
 Have thou the heart too of the dove?
Be not more cruel than the Sea,
 But close the wound up with thy love!

Do any thing but doubt me, Love!
I cannot bear a doubt from thee;
I wonder, loving as I do,
That such a thing as doubt can be.
I love you! life and love are one—
At least they seem but one to me:
I trace your voice, I trace your look,
In all I hear, in all I see.
I have love's feelings—all, oh! all,
Save that I never learnt to doubt—
Is doubting, then, your proof of love?
Oh, surely love can live without.
And feeling thus, it seems so strange
That you can doubt one vow of mine;
I pray thee, Dearest! only trust
My faithfulness—as I trust thine. L. E. L.

THE KNIGHT.

Farewell to thee, dearest! my banner is playing
 Like a meteor of blood on the gale;
 Impatient for battle, my white steed is neighing,
 And the trumpet tells loud its war tale.

This brand must be red ere I meet thee again,
 Or it would not be worthy of thee; [stain,
 Oh, daughter of heroes, whose name has no
 How gallant my bearing must be!

Around us the walls of our ancient hall wear
 The pictures of warriors of yore: [swear,
 They look on me now! by each dark brow I
 I will equal, or see them no more.

The scarf thou hast bound must be dyed in the
 My plume must be first in the line. [field—
 When the valiant shall fall, and the coward shall
 Oh, then I may claim Thee as mine! [yield,

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Oh, tell me not that this is life,
The life that now I lead ;
The life that wants the light of life
Is worse than death indeed !
Love is life's light ; and, lost that light,
What star can rise on such a night ?
I dread the pictures of my dreams,
For, then I gaze on thee ;
And thou art near, and thou art all
That I would have thee be.
And then I startle from my sleep,
And know all false, and watch and weep.
I would I were upon a bark !
That bark before the wind ;—
I would sail o'er the sea, and leave
All thoughts of thee behind :—
How very vain ! I could not flee
The spell of passion set by Thee.

THE REVENGE.

Farewell, farewell, thou heartless one !

I marvel now how it could be,
That my heart's deepest tenderness
Was vowed so utterly to Thee.

Marvel, ah, no ! I must not look
Upon that darkly arching brow,—
I must not meet that liquid eye,
Nor gaze upon that neck of snow.

Or I shall marvel at my hope,
My wish, my will, to break thy chain—
Watch thy surpassing loveliness,
And be thy spell-bound slave again.

I could have pardoned Thee, if love—
Some other love—had thwarted mine ;
I know too well his wildest power,
Not to have felt for it, if thine.

But thou art all of vanity,
And I may not forgive—forget
That my heart's deepest pulse has been
Trifled with by a light coquette. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RAPHAEL SHOWING HIS MISTRESS HER PORTRAIT.

By Mr. Brockedon. (British Gallery.)

Surely he imaged this from his own heart?
 He had been wandering with some one he loved—
 Some dark-eyed beauty—when the sunset threw
 In vain its crimson o'er a cheek, which blush
 (That gentle answer to a lover's look)
 Had died already. Parted from her side,
 He thought upon her face, and painted this,
 Bidding another's love breathe of his own.

I've thought upon thy brow when Night
 Threw o'er my pallet her summer moonlight,
 And I have looked on the midnight sky
 To catch the depth and light of thy eye;
 I painted from these and from memory,
 For I could not paint when I looked on thee.
 I saw thee one day—the bath had shed
 Over thy cheek that loveliest red
 I never saw matched by rosebud or rose,
 By morning's rise, or by evening's close:
 Around thy brow was a turban rolled,
 The hair was veiled by its graceful fold,
 Save one or two rich curls that fell,
 The beauty of the rest to tell;
 Thy neck and rounded arms were bare,
 Marble statue was never so fair; [hand
 Thy zone was unbound, but one small white
 Held thy robe while thy dark eye scanned
 How it floated round in the glass beside,
 With youth and woman and beauty's pride.
 Now this be thy mirror—Is thine eye bright?
 Curls that lip, blooms that cheek aright?
 Now this be thy mirror, and it shall be
 A glass, my beauty! worthy of thee—
 A glass, the emblem of my heart,
 From which thy image will not depart.
 Perish the other works, for whose fame
 I have wasted the light and oil of life's flame—
 Let not one single fragment be
 Of what they say is immortality.
 If Time will but spare this loveliest trace
 Of thy fairy form and thy radiant face,
 Just leave this record of my heart
 To tell how lovely and loved thou art!

MOONLIGHT. *T. C. Hofland.*

A luxury of deep repose! the heart
Must surely beat in quiet here. The light
Is such as should be on the poet's harp
When he awakens his first song of love,
Echoed but by the wind and nightingale.
There is a silver beauty on the leaves—
The night has given it; and the green turf
Seems as just spread for fairy revelling.
I will not look on it—it is too fair!
Its green, moonlighted loveliness but mocks
The hot and hurried scenes in which we live.
God! that this Earth should be so beautiful,
And yet so wretched!

SONG.

I cannot bear to look on thee,
And think on all that thou hast given
Of happiness and misery,—
Alternately a hell! a heaven!

How can the merchant bear to gaze
Upon the deep blue ocean wave?
The sea, in which his wealth was lost,
At first its source and then its grave!

My every hope is wrecked for thee,
My life is clouded for thy sake;
You taught my heart love's richest store,
Must its next lesson be to break? L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Farewell! for I have schooled my heart
 At last to say farewell to thee!
 Now I can bear to look on death,—
 Its bitterness is past for me.
 There was a time I should have wept
 To look upon my altered brow—
 The lip, whence red and smile are fled—
 But I am glad to see them now!
 The faded brow, the pallid lip,
 Proclaim what soon my fate will be;
 And welcome is their tale of death,
 For I have said farewell to thee!
 When first we met, I saw thee all
 A girl's imagining could feign;
 I did not dream of loving thee,
 Still less of being loved again.
 I felt it not, till round my heart
 Link after link the chain was wove;
 Then burst at once upon my brain
 The maddening thought—I love! I love!
 We then were parting, others wept,
 But I let not one teardrop fall;
 And when each kind Farewell was said,
 Mine was the coldest of them all.
 But mine the ear that strained to hear
 Thy latest step; and mine the eye
 That watched thy distant shape, when none
 But me its shadow could descry.
 And when the circle in its mirth
 Had quite forgot Farewell and Thee,
 I went to my own room, and wept
 The tears I would not let thee see.
 And time pass'd on; but not with time
 Did thoughts of thee and thine depart;
 The lesson of forgetfulness
 Was what I could not teach my heart.

We met again, and woman's pride
Nerved me to what I had to bear;
I would not, tho' my heart had broke,
Have let thee find thine image there.
I felt thine eyes gazing on mine;
I felt my hand within thine hold;
I heard my name breathed by thy voice,
And I was calm, and I was cold.
And then I heard you had a bride—
I know not how, I know not when—
For, still my brain swims round to think
On all, all that I suffered then!
I knew the day, the very hour,
That you were wed, and heard your vow;
I heard the wedding bells—oh, God!
Mine ear rings with them even now!
I may not say that you were false,
I never had one vow from thee;
But I have often seen thine eye
Look as it loved to look on me.
And when you spoke to me, your voice
Would always take a softer tone;
And surely that last night your cheek
Was almost pallid as my own.
But this is worse than vain Farewell!
Of Heaven now I only crave
For thee all of life's happiness,
And for myself an early grave! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
 Are all thy love has left to me ;
 I love thee still! but dream no more
 Of happiness in loving thee.
 My heart has been too rudely crushed,
 For its deep wounds to ever heal ;
 My hopes have been too coldly checked,
 For me again such hopes to feel.
 My very soul is wrung! it has
 Borne for thee all that it could bear,—
 Two silent pulses vibrate yet
 In pain—its love and its despair !
 Love! for, to love so fond as mine
 Only the grave an end can be ;
 Despair! what is there that my heart
 Can hope from love, or life, or thee?
 Upon my lute there is one string
 Broken, the chords were drawn too fast,—
 My heart is like that string—it tried
 Too much, and snapt in twain at last!
 Then, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
 Are all thy love has left to me ;
 And they will fall less bitterly,
 If that I think they fall for Thee.

THE POET'S RETREAT.

Oh! not in stately halls, or gilded rooms,
 Or crowded city, would I dwell with thee!
 But in a lowly cottage, not so high
 But that the jessamine could reach the roof,
 And in a lonely valley, paint thee, love!
 A small white dwelling, in a paradise
 Of many-coloured flowers: at the door
 Should be a little porch of honeysuckle;
 The lattices should have no other blinds
 Than branches of red roses. In the room
 A lute be placed, whose music should be heard
 Together with the woodlark's evening song;
 Fresh flowers in green rush baskets; and some
 O'er which the Spirit of sweet Poesy [books,
 Had shed his soul of beauty and of passion;
 And landscapes on the walls—landscapes that
 gave
 The skies of other nations—rock, and storm,
 And mountain-torrent—and black woods, where
 dwell
 The dark banditti; so that we might prize
 Still more the quiet of our own calm home.
 Our garden should be beautiful—but ours
 The only hands that made it beautiful.
 We would be proud of it. Our crocuses
 (Those golden promisers of April's wealth)
 Should be the first in Spring, and ours the rose
 That bloomed the last in autumn. In the shade
 Of an old ash, whose boughs hung o'er a bed
 Of purple violets, we'd place our hive

Of bees, and plant a sweetbriar by the stand.
Around, the country should be pleasant fields,
Corn and green meadows, and their hedges rich
With the luxuriant May and wilding rose ;
And in the summer time wood strawberries,
Mixed with the azure bird's-eye at their roots.
Away, yet still the village should be seen
Visible, peeping from the tall elm trees,
With its white church and sunset-gilded spire.
And there should be a little brook, o'erhung
With graceful willows, and the water lily
Upon its calm cold surface; and at noon
Its ripple would come musical and low,
Mixed with the wood-dove's plaining to her mate.
I could be happy any where with thee !
But this, dear love!—this would be Paradise !

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANTINOUS.

The thick curls cluster round thy graceful head,
 And over thy pale forehead, where the mind
 Her visible temple hath; upon thy lip
 Is throed a rich yet melancholy smile—
 So sad, it seems prophetic of the doom [wears
 That hangs on thy young life; and thine eye
 An inward look, where outward things but pass
 Unnoticed—thou dost hold communion with
 Thoughts dark and terrible. A blight hangs o'er
 The spring flowers of thy morn, the seeds of
 Are sown within thy bosom, and there is [death
 Upon thee consciousness of fate. The light
 That lingers on thy face is as a star—
 The last remaining one—a shadowy beam
 Of those which have been, Ardent hopes were
 thine,

And dreams of victories and high renown,
 Ere health departed; and on thy wan lip
 And hope-forsaken cheek a spirit burns,
 Which will not wholly pass till in the grave.
 I looked upon thee, young ANTI-NOUS! thou
 Wert like the lovely presence of a dream, [brain
 Such shapes as come, when o'er the sleeper's
 The memory floats of some wild maddening tale,
 And he has slept, his inmost spirit filled
 With sorrow's beautiful imaginings.
 How often have I gazed on thee, and felt
 An interest almost like to life in thee!
 Thine influence is upon the heart! around
 Are many glorious forms—kings, heroes, gods,
 Bright queens and nymphs radiant in loveli-
 ness—
 Yet the eye turns to thee; for thou hast power
 To awaken such sweet sympathies. We think
 Of youth and beauty, gathered like the rose
 On the first blushing of its purple morn;
 We look on those with wonder and delight—
 We look on thee, and weep! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**STANZAS.**

“ I too am changed, I scarce know why,
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
 And youth and health and visions high
 Melt like a wreath of snow away.

Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill,
 Tho' worn in this world's sickening strife ;
 In soul, in form, I linger still

In the first summer month of life.
 Yet journey on my path below,
 Ah, how unlike ten years ago ! ”

A. A. W.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

The moon is shining o'er the lake
 We used to rove beside,
 And, as they're wont to do, the swans
 Are sailing o'er the tide.

And there, beneath the willow tree,
 Our little boat is laid ;
 How pleasantly the moonbeam falls
 Upon its quiet shade.

And there, too, is the red rose tree
 Bending in its sweet grace,
 A beauty o'er her mirror bowed,
 Reading her own fair face.

The deer are crouching on the sward,
Save two white fawns at play,
As they had not enough of mirth
In the long summer day.

There are our silver pheasants too,
I see their gleaming wings ;
And there the peacock to the moon
Spreads wide his glittering rings.

There is no change upon the lake,
No change on leaf or flower ;
There the same deer, there the same birds,
The same moonlighted hour ;

As the last time when here we stood,
And looked our first farewell,
Looked as if things inanimate
Each inmost thought could tell.

E'en then my eyes with tears were wet,
But they were pleasant tears—
An offering to the memory
Of many happy years.

My heart was light with Hopes, and these
Are Birds which never sing
With the same sweet familiar song
They utter in our Spring.

Blessed privilege of youth, to look
On time without regret ;
To think that which has past was fair,
That to come fairer yet.

'Tis well for us there is no gift
Of prophecy on earth,
Or how would every pleasure be
A rose crushed in the birth.

How would my inmost heart have shrank,
 If then I could have known,
 Pass a few years, and I should stand
 Beside that lake alone!

That I—so cherished, loved, carest—
 Must learn to live apart,
 Bear with unkindness, wrong, and all
 That breaks a woman's heart.

I should have died; and would that then
 It had been mine to die!
 I should have been but as the lute,
 Broken by its first sigh.—

I sought the world, and for a while
 Mine was a splendid dream—
 Of lighted halls, of palaces,
 Of music, bloom, and beam.

My soul was sick, my ear grew palid;
 I felt that pleasure's gem
 Could not be found in courtly scenes,
 The heart was not with them.

But I had yet the worst to learn:
 There was one dream that still
 Held empire o'er my soul, that seemed
 Above all chance of ill.

I thought it—as I thought the stars
 All earthly change above;
 When that I say that dream was false,
 I scarce need say—'twas love.

And thus could change avail to rend
 Affection's early band;
 Ah! she who builds her hope on love,
 Has built indeed on sand.

But see—the wind has swept a leaf
 From yonder willow tree,
 And it is sailing down the lake;
 Let that the emblem be.

As well you might hope that slight leaf,
 With its white flower, would sail
 In safety down, as trust to love;—
 Love's bark is yet more frail.

That flower will sink, and will not mark
 A trace on wave or wind;
 But when love disappears, it leaves
 A broken heart behind. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**STANZAS.**

Race of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye
 Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
 Who rode upon the breathing of the rose;
 Drank from the harebell; made the moon the queen
 Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
 The pink-veined honeysuckle; and who rode
 Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
 Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves,—
 Where are ye now? And ye of eastern tale,
 With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;
 Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
 Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,—
 Where are ye now?

Alas! alas! the times are fled
 Of magic gift or spell;
 No Fairy aids true lovers now,
 Let them love ne'er so well.

In vain the moon, in vain the stars,
 Shine on the haunted ring;
 In vain the glow-worm's lamp—it lights
 No elfin revelling.

And even from their eastern halls
 The mystic race of yore
 Have fled; they build their palaces,
 Give their rich gifts no more.

Would some kind Spirit would arise,
 And lead me to the shrine
 Where is Aladdin's lamp, and make
 The spell of power mine!

I would not bid its genii rear
 Their glorious hall again;
 Oh, marble walls and jewelled throne
 Make but a gilded chain.

But I would have a little ship,
 In which I'd cross the sea;
 How pleasant it would be, to sail
 In storm, or shine, with thee!

And we should hear the silver tides
 Make music to the moon,
 And see the waters turned to gold
 Beneath the summer noon.

Then we would have an island made
 Of Summer and of Spring,
 And every flower from east and west
 My Spirits there should bring.

The tulip should spring up beside
 The purple violet,
 The carmalata's crimson bloom
 Round the pale primrose set.

The pine should grow beside the palm;
 And our sweet home should be
 Where jasmine the green temple wreathed
 Of a Banana tree.

And there should be the Indian birds,
With wings like their own sky;
And English songsters join with them
The music of their sigh.

And we would have a fountain tuned
As if a lute were there,
And yielding forth, in sound, the sweets
Caught from the rose-filled air.

And there should be a coral cave
Close by the ocean side,
Lighted with spar, and just a home
For some young sea-god's bride.

Here we would pass the noon: each shell
Upon the sea-beach thrown
Should send forth music, and each one
Should have a differing tone.

And we would sometimes see the world—
Just see enough to bless,
Amid its tumult, strife, and wrong,
Our own calm happiness.

But this is very vain to dream
Of what may never be;
I have enow of spells, when Love
Has thrown his spell round me.

In truth, dear love! there's but one spell
That has a thought of mine—
That of affection's gentlest charm,
To make and keep me thine. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**STANZAS.**

Is this the harp you used to wake,
 The harp of other days?
 Or is it that another hand
 Amid its music strays?
 No! the same harp to the same hand
 Yields up its melody—
 The song, too, is the very same,
 Yet they are changed for me.
 They are the same—but, oh! how changed
 Since last I heard their tone;
 The change I vainly seek in them
 Is in my heart alone.
 Nay, fling not back thy cloud of hair,
 Its roses are unbound;
 See, LEILA, see thy carelessness,
 They're scattered o'er the ground.
 Yet, but an hour, when first the dew
 Fell from the twilight star,
 How tenderly these flowers were culled,
 And now how crushed they are!
 And must I in those roses read
 What my heart's fate will be?
 That when the prize is once possest,
 How slight its worth to thee.
 Oh, all in vain thy small snow hand
 Awakes its wildering strain;
 Thy dark eyes breathe the soul of song,
 To me they turn in vain.
 I heard thee wake the deep harp chords
 For other ears than mine,
 I saw the light of thy soft eyes
 Upon another shine.
 The heart must speak or ever words
 My depth of love can tell;
 But eyes, hand, heart, must be all mine,
 Or else, farewell, farewell!

Have the dreams of thy youth departed,
While the bloom of thy youth remains?
Has the gilding worn off from thy pleasure,
And left thee only the chains?
Thou art young, and the world is before thee;
New pleasures will rise on the old;
'Tis too soon for thy brow to be clouded,
Too soon for thy heart to be cold.
Has wealth been the dream that has vanished?
Gold and silver have many a mine;
Plough the deep, seek the populous city,
And the wealth of the East may be thine.
Has fame been the thing to allure thee?
The blast which her trumpet has blown
To the name of another to-day,
To-morrow may be thine own.
Hast thou listened the song of the charmer,
Till pleasure has palled on thy soul?
Has thy race been the race of ambition,
While others have reached the goal?
For all these still hope has a rainbow,
A something remains to be done;
The wounds of thy heart may be healed—
There's a cure for all sorrows but one.
But if, as thy pale brow confesses,
That sorrow 'tis thine to endure,
Then go to thy grave in thy sadness—
Love, betrayed, has no hope of a cure.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE WITHERED FLOWERS.**

There is a white Vase in my hall,
 'The sweetest, the saddest, the dearest of all;
 'Tis a Grecian vase, and was brought by thee
 From the shores of sunny Italy.
 Well I remember the fanciful things
 That floated in light imaginings,
 Of the Nymph that was wont to bear
 The snowy urn on her raven hair
 To a fountain near; and then to shed
 The fresh cool wave o'er some rose's head.
 Its use is changed, tis now filled to the brim
 With roses, whose colours are faded and dim—
 With violet leaves, which have not a shade
 Of the purple in which they were once arrayed.
 Yet not a flower has faded there, [hair;
 That graced not my bosom, or bound not my
 Everyone was gathered by thee,
 In the light of their April revelrie.—
 Their blush is departed—yet feel how sweet,
 As you lean o'er the vase, is the air that you meet!
 And is not this Love, tho' the glories may fall
 Of the light of his earlier coronal?
 How sweet a memory lingers still,
 Mid wreck and mid ruin, mid sorrow and ill!
 Love's wings may pass, but still they fling
 A scent from the flowers that bind each wing;
 And I, tho' wronged and slighted, yet
 Have been too happy to quite forget:—[flowers,
 I hang o'er my thoughts, as I hang o'er these
 And think what they have been in summer hours.
 Farewell to love, and farewell to thee—
 But not farewell to your memory!

SONG.

This is enough! this broken heart
Is fitting gift for me ;
I would it had the voice to speak
All it should say to thee.

Last year I sent the brightest gems
To hail thy natal day ;
They told my love,—this broken heart
May speak as much as they.

And when it shall be thrown aside,
Unprized by thee or thine,
You will but only waste this heart,
As you have wasted mine! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
POETIC SKETCHES.
Fifth Series.—Sketch the First.

FIDELITY.

- - - - There is

A self-devotedness in Woman's heart
 That has no place in Man's. A man may love—
 Aye, yield his life, his fortune, as the Roman
 Once gave the world for his Egyptian Queen,
 The dark-eyed beauty—but not his the faith;
 Gentle, confiding, tried with chance and change,
 Yet still the same, vowed to the grave, the absent,
 And to the false. There is but one such love!
 Yes—Man can leave his heart's religion, turn,
 And kneel apostate to some novel creed—
 But Woman never. - - -

— — — — —

There is a low sweet sound of voice and lute
 From yonder casement, which the Provence rose
 Hides with its thousand flowers; a maiden there
 Leans, with the roses clinging round her arms
 And neck, as if they loved her; from her lute
 Her hand is waking music, and her lips
 Almost unconsciously repeat the words
 Of some old song, by love and sorrow made
 An echo of the heart. 'Tis a fair scene:
 Those silver olive trees, more silvery
 As the moonlight shines o'er them; the blue sky,
 Which seems to join the old dark wood, and make
 The boundary of the quiet world; the vines
 Girdling those distant hills; the river hung
 With willows, whose green weeping only shows
 At intervals the diamond waters, set [towers;
 With broad leaved lilies and their snow white
 Small islands, with their fairy palaces;
 And then the lute, the lattice, and the girl,
 The white rose, and the melancholy song—
 Oh, Night, thy reign is over lovely things!—

A broader shadow is upon the stream
Where yon old castle stands, and melody
Comes forth, rejoicing on the ear of night ;
Not one lone lute, but a full gush of sound,
Heard from a thousand instruments : the harp
Sends its rich sweep of music, and wind-horns
Wake like deep voices of the element.
And there are rainbow lamps around the hall,
Shedding a rosy hue upon the pearls
And purple glory on the diamonds
In the dark tresses of the high-born dames, [seen
Who move around like queens; and there are
Vases, like silver clouds, whose glimmerings soft
Light alcoves, filled with rare and costly flowers,
The Indiau rose, the golden jessamine.
And there the beautiful recline, whose arms
Look snow in the white ray. Around the walls
Hang purple draperies and gorgeous frames,
Each one a picture of long ancestry, [dames ;
Armed knights, and robed lords, and lovely
And, like their shadows, on the ground beneath
Move knights and ladies, each as fair and proud.
Red wine and golden cups are on the board,
And their gay benison is AMIRALD'S health,
The castle's younger lord. And many an eye
Shed its blue morning on the graceful youth,
And many marvelled at the silent mood
In which he turned away from the bright dance
To listen to some minstrel. Oh, the heart
Knows not the power of music till it loves !—
And AMIRALD stood lost in gentle thoughts,

Till, like a sigh, the music ceased, and then
 Turned softly to a window, and flung back
 The crimson curtain, and saw the cold moon
 Shine o'er the olive-crested plain beneath :
 It was a window that he loved, it looked
 Upon the cottage of the white rose tree—
 The cottage of his Love. But morning came
 To end their revelling. And strange it was,
 And something sad, to mark the sudden change :
 The dancers gone,—the music, and the lamps
 Dying before the cold gray glare of day,—
 The silence, solitude, the withered flowers—
 Oh ! moral of enjoyment !—scattered, crushed :—
 The pale cheeks of the few that staid, like ghosts
 Haunting the footsteps of departing mirth,
 While the bright pictures over them looked down
 Almost in mockery. And AMIRALD,
 Like his guests, left the hall—was it to cool
 His fevered brow with the fresh breath of morn ?—
 His is a hurried step for that. But see,
 A fair shape bounds to meet him. 'Tis his Love—
 The same sweet spirit of the last night's lute,
 Bright as a spring day, and as beautiful ;
 The colour of the morning on her cheek,
 Her auburn curls flung loose upon the air,
 Their only pearls a few clear dew drops, caught
 In passing thro' the roses. Her sweet face
 Is lighted up with gladness, and her eyes
 Are laughing as her lips ; but in their blue,
 Their deep, their changeful melancholy blue,
 There is a passionate tenderness, too like
 Warning or omen of her destiny.
 It is not happiness ! “ See, AMIRALD, dear—
 (She said, as, stretching forth her small white
 hands, [have
 She showed them full of flowers)—see, I too
 A birth-day offering for you ; take my wreath,
 'Tis bright as hope, and try if you can read
 Its gentle meanings ; or—no, I will be
 My flowers' interpreter : This violet,
 My AMIRALD, is like your EVA's fate ;
 This rose—is it not summer-sweet as love ?
 And this green myrtle is our constancy.”

Within his bosom AMIRALD hid the buds,
 And led the maiden to a little bank
 Covered with violets—they were Spring's last.
 The chestnut overhead had kept the sun
 From wasting their pure lives; and by the side
 There was a little brook, whose pebbles shone
 Like Indian stones—and there they past the noon.
 And day by day thus past, till came a time
 For tears, for farewell, and fidelity. [change,
 And AMIRALD sought the court. Oh, then the
 The contrast, in the spirit of their love!
 The one went on his round of gaiety, [helm
 The crown'd knight of the tournament, whose
 Wore every lady's colours as they came;
 The troubadour, with song to any vowed;
 The cavalier, the gayest of the hall—
 And this was AMIRALD. Now for his Love:
 There is a pale girl on that violet bank—
 Her bright curls hang neglected, and her cheek—
 Has sickness wasted thus its bloom away?
 Or is it the heart's withering? She has pined
 In that worst of all solitudes—the blank
 That comes when love's enchanted world decays
 Into reality. She was forgotten—
 But she could not forget, nor even reproach.
 His name still lingered on her lute, and still
 The chain he gave was treasured next her heart.

It was a summer noon—she had beguiled
 Time with an old romance; it told how once
 A maiden had cut off her long dark hair,
 And as a page had with her lover gone
 To Palestine, and with her life saved his.
 And EVA pondered o'er and o'er the tale,
 And thought on the deep happiness, to see,
 Perhaps to serve, her AMIRALD again.
 All day she thought upon it, and at night
 It was amid her dreams. At last she went
 And join'd her faithless love. He knew her not;
 But yet she was his favourite—none could tune
 The lute with so much tenderness, none sing
 So soft a love lay. Twice the Spring had flung
 Her gift of bloom and balm upon the wind
 Since she was with him; and sometimes she
 thought

His heart still hers, although he could not break
 The chains that pleasure, habit, round him flung—
 Perhaps false shame; for, that he would not sue
 For pardon, tho' he knew that pardon were
 The happiness of both. . . . But, fell at last
 A deadly sickness on the city; death
 Came like a conqueror; the lover died
 By his bride at the altar; upon some
 It came down sudden, like the lightning stroke;
 On others, slow and wasting, not less deadly.
 AMIRALD sickened, but all fled his couch,
 For their flight was from death—but EVA staid
 And watched, and soothed, and solaced. 'Twas
 one night
 For the first time she dared to hope—his hand
 Lost its red heat, and he slept quietly.
 At last he waked, and waked to consciousness.
 With but a dim remembrance of his pain,
 And some fair shadow that had by his couch
 Watched like the spirit of health, he gazed
 And saw a boy, a wan and sickly boy, [around,
 Kneeling in silent tears before the cross—
 And then he knew his EVA's deep blue eyes,
 And called upon her name; and, with a cry
 Of joy and thankfulness, she sprang beside,
 And bowed her pale lips softly on his brow—
 That kiss sealed his recovery!
 Again the lamps are bright in his old hall!
 Again the feast is spread, and music heard!
 It is a marriage festival! The bride
 Is EVA, and her long fidelity
 Has won her AMIRALD!

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

Fifth Series.—Sketch the Second.

INFIDELITY.

And in that Castle was a pictured hall,
 Filled with all shapes of loveliness; and there,
 When the pale moon shone with her sweetest light,
 I saw three telling the same tale of love—
 I have remembered it. - - -

There were three lovely pictures. In the first
 Is an Italian scene of summer beauty :
 In the back-ground a vineyard, poplar stems
 Supporting the thick grapes which stretch across
 From each tree to the next in rich festoons
 Of green and purple drapery. Far behind
 A river loses itself amid green hills;
 And on its banks there stands a hunter youth :
 White plumes are in the cap, which only press
 On one side his dark curls. The graceful boy
 Has one hand raised to the blue sky above,
 As calling the fair sun to hear his words
 And witness to their truth; and his bright eyes
 Are filled with passionate eloquence, and gaze
 On the soft eyes that now are fixed on his
 Oh! so undoubtingly!—and there it seems
 As he had paused in his full tide of vows
 To look upon her as she looks on him,
 Until the very colour of their eyes
 Blend together : her soft blue orbs catch
 The darkness of that youth's, and his become
 Filled with the gentle hue and light of hers.
 The girl is beautiful : hair, like the stream
 Of sunshine flung o'er snow, is on her brow ;
 Upon the cheek a blush shines, delicate
 As the first break of morning; and the wind,
 Amid a thousand roses, never kiss'd
 One fresher than her lip. And there they stand—
 Young, loved, and lovely. Surely there is truth
 And happiness with them! - - -

Now for the second picture. She is there—
 That young and radiant beauty!—but how
 changed!—

Sorrow can do the work of years, and love
 Is the heart's worst of sorrows! On her brow
 How much has misery graved! Her cheek is
 flushed

With bitter weeping, and the tears yet shine
 Upon the darkened lash! She stands beneath
 The shadow of a large old cedar-tree, [night,
 Whose branches hang above the stream like
 Scattering a letter's fragments; yet one part
 Is in her hand, that cannot let it go—

There is his name upon that last dear line.
 Her head is turned away from it. You feel
 One moment more it will be with the rest.
 Around the cedar-tree are cypresses,
 Making a solitude with their dark boughs,
 Just fit for slighted love ;—there it might weep
 With silence and with shade, in unison
 With its o'ershadowed hopes and wounded heart.
 Oh, the deep penalty of happiness !—
 At least of woman's happiness. Young love,
 Alas ! for the fond heart that yields to thee,
 Borne on by feelings, gushing like sweet waters
 Amid hope's gardens of the rose, at first
 'Thro' the green banks of confidence, to end
 In the red desert, there to waste away,
 And be no more remembered. Is not this,
 Bewitching and false Love, the destiny
 Of those that trust in thee ?—Beyond the shade
 Of the dark cypress is the self-same scene
 As in the other picture—the blue sky,
 Glorious in sunlight ; the same green clad hills ;
 And the bright river, which seems to rejoice
 At having pass'd the black cedar. In the midst
 Of the glad landscape is a gallant band—
 A bridal company. The bride is there : . . [hair,
 White roses bind her veil and pearl-wreathed
 'Thro' which her changing colour, like a star
 Upon the twilight verge, glances tremulous.
 And by her side there is that hunter youth—

Is he the bridegroom?—ah! that tells the tale!
 The common history of trusting love—
 Neglect and change. - - -

In the last picture is no sunny sky—
 No landscape, with its grapes and leaves and
 flowers

Revelling in summer, but a convent cell—
 With its dim grating, and its crucifix
 Beside the skull and hour-glass. And here lies
 Upon the pallet the false hunter's love.
 Death has most awful lessons! It is sad,
 Aye, strange, to see even the aged die;
 But about youth there is a confidence
 In life, that makes it terrible. But here,
 Fear is forgot in sorrow; and the heart
 Goes back to the fair girl and her first dreams
 Of hope and happiness, the purple flowers
 Springing beneath the rainbow-light of love
 Into such luxury! Then comes the change—
 From utter confidence, to just a thought
 There is a shade of coldness; then the pulse,
 Awakening to the torture of distrust,
 The hope that clings to the least glimpse of blue
 Amid a sky of murkiness; the fear
 That sickens at itself; the fond deceit,
 That will not see the truth; the tenderness,
 That only asks to trust; and, at the last,
 The knowledge we have known in vain so long
 Comes like a thunderbolt, and crushes. Then
 Loses the blue eye its full azure beauty,
 For tears have darkened it; then the young cheek
 Fades in the autumn of the heart—despair!
 And brow and lip grow sunk and wan, just like
 The pale inhabitant of this dim cell.
 The sun is setting, and one last red gleam
 Is on the sufferer's forehead; and her eyes
 Are lighted strangely by it, yet the lids
 Droop heavily upon them; and the cheek
 And wasted arms wear the cold marble hue
 Of parting life. The painter had just seized
 The broken heart's last pulse, and look, and
 breath. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**POETIC SKETCHES.***Fifth Series.—Sketch the Third.***THE KNIGHT'S TALE.**

Oh, there are evil moments in our life,
 When but a thought, a word, a look, has power
 To dash the cup of happiness aside,
 And stamp us wretched!

— — — — —
 And there are bitter tears in ARNOLD's hall—
 A wail of passionate lament! The night
 Is on the towers, but night has not brought
 Silence and sleep. A sound is in the courts,
 Of arms and armed men; the ring of spears,
 The tramp of iron feet, and voices, mixed
 In deep confusion. With the morning's rise,
 Lord ARNOLD leads these men to Palestine.

There were two figures on a terrace, raised
 O'er all the rest. The moon was on its sweep,
 Lighting the landscape's midnight loveliness!

Below it, first were gardens set with flowers,
 In beds of many shape and quaint device,
 So very sweet they filled the air with scents; [oaks
 Beyond, the ground was steep and rough; dwarf
 Spring on the sides, but all the nobler growth
 Of those proud trees was seen in yon dark wood,
 Its world of leaves blent with the distant sky,
 And sheltering a green park, where the smooth
 Was fitting herbage for the gentle fawn, [grass
 Which sported by its mother's spotted side,
 And some so white that in the moon they shone
 Like silver. In the midst, a diamond sheet
 Of clear bright water spread, and on its breast
 There was a group of swans; and there was one,
 Laid on a little island which the leaves
 Of the waterflag had made; and suddenly
 A sound of music rose, and leaf and flower
 Seemed hushed to hear the sweet and solemn
 hymn

Sung by the dying swan. And then the two
 Upon the terrace, who as yet had looked
 But in each other's eyes, turned to the lake:
 It was to them, even as if their love
 Had made itself a voice to breathe Farewell!—

Ceased the unearthly song, and ADELINE [said
 Threw her on ARNOLD's breast, and wept, and
 It was her warrior's dirge and hers—for never
 Such sad sweet sounds had breathed on mortal
 And yet no omen. But her ARNOLD kiss'd [ear,
 Her tears away; and whispered 'twas the song
 Of some kind Spirit, who would guard his love
 While he was fighting for the Cross afar.
 Oh, who can tell the broken-heartedness
 Of parting moments!—the fond words that gush
 From the full heart, and yet die in the throat,
 Whose pulses are too choked for utterance;
 The lingering look of eyes, half blind with tears;
 The yet more lingering kiss, as if it were
 The last long breath of life! Then the slow step,
 Changing anon to one of hurried speed,
 As that the heart doubted its own resolve!
 The fixed gaze of her, who, left behind,
 Watching till shadows grow reality!
 And then the sudden and sick consciousness—
 How desolate we are!—Oh, misery! [took
 Thy watchword is, Farewell!—And ARNOLD
 A few sweet buds from off a myrtle tree,
 And swore to ADELINE, before the spring
 Had covered twice that plant with its white
 flowers.
 He would return. With the next morning's sun
 Lord ARNOLD led his vassals to the war,
 And ADELINE was left to solitude—
 The worst of solitude, of home and heart.
 If I must part from those whom I have loved,
 Let me, too, part from where they were beloved!
 It wrings the heart to see each thing the same;
 Tread over the same steps; and then to find
 The difference in the heart. It is so sad—
 So very lonely—to be the sole one
 In whom there is a sign of change! - - -

There are two words to tell the warrior's course,
 Valour and Victory. But fortune changed,
 And ARNOLD was a prisoner at last.
 And there he lay and pined, till hope grew tired,
 Even of its sweet self; and now despair
 Reached its last stage, for it was grown familiar.
 Change came, when there was not a thought
 of change
 But in his dreams. Thanks to a pitying Slave
 Whom he had spared in battle, he escaped!
 And over sea and land the pilgrim went.
 It was a summer evening, when again
 He stood before his castle, and he paused
 In the excess of happiness. The sun
 Had set behind the towers, whose square heights
 Divided the red west; and on its verge,
 Just where the crimson faded, was a star—
 The twilight star—pale, like dew turned to light.
 And on he went thro' his fair park, and past
 The lake and its white swans; at length he came
 To his sweet garden and its thousand flowers.
 The roses were in blossom, and the air
 Oppressed him with its fragrance. On a walk,
 As if just fallen from some beauty's hair,
 There lay a branch of myrtle—ARNOLD caught
 Its leaves; and kiss'd them!—Sure, 'twas ADE-
 He stood now by a little alcove, made [LINE'S!]

Of flowers and green boughs—ADELINE is there—
 But, woe for ARNOLD, she is not alone!—
 So lovely, and so false!—There, there she sat,
 Her white arm round his neck, and her fair brow
 Bowed on his shoulder, while her long black
 hair [still,
 Streamed o'er his bosom—There they sat, so
 Like statues in that light; and ARNOLD thought
 How often he had leant with ADELINE
 In such sweet silence. But they rose to go;
 And then he marked how tenderly the youth
 Drew his cloak round her, lest the dew should
 fall
 Upon her fragile beauty. They were gone—
 And ARNOLD threw him on the turf, which still
 Retained the pressure of her fairy feet—
 Then started wildly from the ground, and fled
 As life and death were on his speed. His towers
 Were but a little distant from the sea;
 And ere the morning broke, ARNOLD was tossed
 Far over the blue wave. He did not go,
 As the young warrior goes, with hope and pride,
 As he once went; but as a pilgrim, roamed
 O'er other countries, any but his own.
 At last his steps sought pleasant Italy.
 It was one autumn evening that he reached
 A little valley in the Apeunine:
 It lay amid the heights—a resting place
 Of quiet and deep beauty. On one side
 A forest of a thousand pines arose,
 Darkened with many winters; on the left
 Stood the steep crags, where, even in July,
 The white snow lay, carved into curious shapes
 Of turret, pinnacle, and battlement;
 And in the front, the opening mountains showed
 The smiling plains of grape-clad Tuscany;
 And farther still was caught the sky-like sweep
 Of the blue ocean. Small white cottages
 And olive trees filled up the dell. But, hid
 By the sole group of cypresses, whose boughs,
 As the green weeping of the sea-weed, hung
 Like grief or care around, a temple stood
 Of purest marble, with its carved dome
 And white corinthian pillars strangely wreathed
 By the thick ivy leaves. In other days, [there,
 Some nymph or goddess had been worshipped
 Whose name was gone, even from her own shrine.

The cross stood on the altar, and above
 There hung the picture of Saint Valerie :
 Its pale calm beauty suited well the maid,
 Who left the idol pleasures of the world
 For solitude and heaven in early youth.
 And ARNOLD knelt to the sweet saint, and prayed
 For pity and for pardon ; and his heart
 Clung to the place, and thought upon repose.
 He made himself a home in the same cave
 Where once St. Valerie had dwelt : a rill,
 That trickled from the rock above, his drink,
 The mountain fruits his food. And there he
 lived :

Peasants, and one or two tired pilgrims, all
 That e'er disturbed his hermit solitude. [noon
 Long months had passed away, when one hot
 He sat beneath the cypresses, and saw
 A pilgrim slowly urging up the height.
 The sun was on her head, yet turned she not
 To seek the shade ; beside, the path was rough ;
 Yet there she toiled, though the green turf was
 near. [knew

At last she reached the shrine—and ARNOLD
 His ADELINE ! Her slender frame was bent,
 And her small feet left a red trace behind—
 The blood flowed from them. And he saw her
 kneel,

And heard her pray for him and his return.
 “ ADELINE ! art thou true ? ”—One moment more
 Her head is on his bosom, and his lips
 Feeding on her pale cheek !—He heard it all—
 How that youth was her brother, just returned
 From fighting with the Infidels in Spain ;
 That he had gone to Palestine to seek
 Some tidings of her ARNOLD ; and, meanwhile,
 Herself had vowed a barefoot pilgrimage
 To pray St. Valerie to bless the search !—
 And she indeed had blessed it !—

There is that English castle once again,
 With its green sweep of park and its clear lake ;
 And there that bower ; and in its shade is placed
 A statue of St. Valerie ; and a shrine,
 Graven with names of those who placed it here,
 Record and tribute of their happiness—
 ARNOLD and ADELINE ! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**CONSTANCY, A SONG.**

Forget thee—or forget
What my heart hath so dearly known?
Deemest thou that wholly from earth
All truth and faith are flown?

Oh! write your love on the sand,
And the wave will wash it away;
Or, place your trust in the flower
The next summer sun will decay!

But take an emerald ring,
And thereon grave your name;
Thro' the lapse and change of years
It still will be the same.

And such my heart—if you fear
That aught like change will be shown;
'Tis I that shall weep for the change,
For the falsehood must be thine own.

L. E L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**SONGS.**

It is not for your eagle eye,
 Though bright its glance may be—
It is not for your sunny smile,
 That, ULRIC, I love thee.

It is not for your marble brow,
 Nor for your raven hair ;
It is not that you ride the ring,
 And wear my colours there.

It is not for your gifts of gold,
 Not for your lute's sweet chords ;
It is not for your lordly birth,
 Nor for your honied words :—

But it is that I deem your heart
 Is given quite to me :
You love me, and can I do less,
 Dear ULRIC, than love thee ?

Oh ! no, no, this love is not love for me ;
This life and death love is too grave : [wings
Be mine like the flight of yon sea bird, whose
Just skim, but sink not in, the wave.

If but for one moment a chain I could bear,
It must be as light as the day ;
Oh ! form it of opals, which change with the sky,
A fresh colour for every ray. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE PHANTOM BRIDE.**

— — — — —
And over hill and over plain
He urged his steed with spur and rein,
Till the heat drops hung on his courser's hide,
And the foam of his speed with blood was dyed.
He saw a bird cut through the sky,
He longed for its wings as it fled by ;
He looked on the mountain-river gushing,
He heard the wind of the forest rushing,
He saw a star from the heavens fall, [all
He thought on their swiftuess, and envied them
Well the young warrior may fiercely ride,
For to-night he must woo, and must win his
bride—
The maiden, whose colours his helmet has borne,
Whose picture has still next his heart been worn.
And then he thought on the myrtle grove,
Where the vjlla stood he had built for his Love :

With its pillars and marble colonnade,
 Its bright fountain beneath the palm-tree's shade;
 Fair statues and pictured porticos, [rose;
 Where the air came sweet from the gardens of
 Silver lamps; and vases filled
 With perfumed waters, from odours distilled;
 And the tapestry hung round each gorgeous room
 Was the richest of Tyre's purple loom;
 And all that his love, and all that his care,
 Had had such pride in making fair:
 And then he thought how life would glide,
 In such a home, and with such a bride,
 Like a glad tale told to the lute's soft tone,—
 Never hath happiness dwelt alone.
 And swifter he urged his courser's flight,
 When he thought on who was waiting that night.
 But once beneath a spreading shade,
 He stopped his panting steed for breath;
 And as a flickering moon-beam played,
 He saw it was a place of death.
 The lonely cypress-tree was keeping
 The watch of its eternal weeping;
 And at the head was a grey cross;
 And scattered o'er the covering moss
 Lay withered flower and faded wreath,
 That told some maiden slept beneath.
 The youth took one or two dried leaves—
 Perhaps, thought he, some lover grieves
 O'er her who rests, and now can know
 No more of human joy or wo.
 And answered to his thought a sound,
 A murmur from the plaining ground—
 He started! oh, it could but be
 The wind that swept the cypress tree.
 And almost midnight's hour was come,
 Ere he had reached his maiden's home.
 All, saving one old slave, were sleeping—
 Who, like some stealthy phantom creeping,
 Silently and slowly led
 The wondering stranger to his bed:
 Just pointed to his supper fare,
 And the piled wood, and left him there.

It was a large and darksome room,
 With all the loneliness and gloom
 That hang round the neglected walls
 O'er which the spider's net-work falls ;
 And the murk air felt chill and damp,
 And dimly burnt the one pale lamp ;
 And faint gleams from the embers broke
 Thro' their dun covering of smoke,
 And all felt desolate and drear—
 And is this, he sighed, my welcome here?
 " No—mine be thy welcome, from my lone home
 To greet thee, and claim thee mine own, am I
 He heard no step, but still by his side [come."
 He saw her stand—his betrothed bride !
 Her face was fair, but from it was fled
 Every trace of its beautiful red ;
 And stains upon her bright hair lay
 Like the dampness and earth-soil of clay ;
 Her sunken eyes gleamed with that pale blue light,
 Seen when meteors are flitting at night ;
 And the flow of her shadowy garments' fall,
 Was like the black sweep of a funeral pall.
 She sat her down by his side at the board,
 And many a cup of the red wine poured ;
 And as the wine were inward light,
 Her check grew red and her eye grew bright :—
 " In my father's house no more I dwell,
 But bid not, with them, to thee farewell.
 They forced me to waste youth's hour of bloom
 In a grated cell and a convent's gloom,
 But there came a Spirit and set me free,
 And had given me rest but for love of thee—
 There was fire in my heart, and fire in my brain,
 And mine eyes could not sleep till they saw thee
 My home is dark, my home is low, [again.
 And cold the love I can offer now ;
 But give me one curl of thy raven hair,
 And, by all thy hopes in heaven, swear
 That, chance what may, thou wilt claim thy bride,
 And thou to-morrow shalt lie by my side."
 He gave the curl, and wildly press'd
 Her cold brow to his throbbing breast ;
 And kiss'd the lips, as his would share
 With hers their warmth and vital air,—
 As kiss and passionate caress
 Could warm her wan child loveliness.

And calm upon his bosom she lay,
Till the lark sang his morning hymn to the day;
And a sun-beam thro' the curtain shone,—
As passes a shadow—the maiden was gone!
That day the youth was told the tale,
How she had pined beneath the veil
And died, and then they show'd her grave—
He knew that cypress's green wave.—
That night, alone, he watched his bride—
The next they laid him by her side. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**LANDSCAPES.**

- - - - And must
Such loveliness as this be unto me
But as a dream?

The Glen.

It was a little glen—a solitude—
By Nature fashioned in her gayer mood :
There was so much of sunshine in its shade ;
Such pleasant music from the brook, that made
Its way o'er pebbles, shining white, like pearls
Amid some royal maiden's raven curls.
It had no distant prospect : The blue sky
Closed like a dome o'er the sweet sanctuary ;
And forest trees, like pillars, girt it round,
Whose branches, summer tapestry, swept the
And then there was a little open space, [ground ;
Enough to mirror on the water's face
A glimpse of the bright heaven. Upon its banks
Grew the sweet thousands of the harebell's ranks,
Amid white daisies, that, like light and air
And hope and love, are common every where ;
And like a couch spread the voluptuous heath,
Scenting the air with its Arabian breath.
And all was silence.—save when the wild bees,
Intoxicate with their noon revelries,
Murmuring, kiss'd the blossoms where they lay ;
Or when the breeze bore a green leaf away ;
Or when the flutter of the cusha's wing
Echoed its song of plaintive languishing—
The music of complaint it filled the grove,
A mingled tone of sorrow and of love.
On one side of the brook a willow tree
Grew droopingly, as if foredoomed to be
For aye a mourner,—as but made to wave
A sign and shadow o'er some maiden's grave,
Who with some deep and inward secret pined,
Till the pale beauty of her youth declined ;
And still her secret with her life was kept,
Till both together in the dark grave slept—
And then they said 'twas love. But in this spot,
Whence care departed, and where grief came not,
It drooped, but not in grief, but as it meant
To kiss the ripples over which it bent.
'Twas just a nook for happy love to dream
O'er all the many joys and hopes that seem
To its fond vision like the bursting flowers,
Whose opening only waits the summer hours ;
And yet, with all it breathes and blooms of June,
Not this the spot that I would seek at noon—
It has too much of happiness.

The Lake.

The last pale light was on the sky,
 That comes when summer sunbeams die ;
 An amber wave, with just a surge
 Of crimson on its utmost verge ;
 And, spread beneath, like a green ocean,
 With not one single wave in motion,
 Stood a thick wood ; then far away,
 Dark outlined in the sky's clear gray,
 Rose mountain-heights, till, to the eye,
 They gloomed like storm-clouds piled on high.
 Upon the other eastern shore
 Grew, in light groups, the sycamore—
 Gay with the bright tints that recall
 How autumn and ambition fall ;
 Alike departing in their hour,
 Of riches, pride, and pomp, and power.
 And in their shadow the red deer
 Grazed as they had no hour of fear ;
 As never here a bow was drawn,
 Nor hunter's cry rose with the dawn.
 Near, like a wilderness of bloom,
 Waved the gold banners of the broom—

Light as the graceful maiden's shape,
 And sunny as the curls that 'scape
 From the blue snood with which her care
 Has had such pride to braid her hair.
 The Lake was that deep blue, which night
 Wears in the zenith moon's full light ;
 With pebbles shining thro', like gems
 Lighting sultana's diadems :
 A little isle laid on its breast,
 A fairy gift in its sweet rest.
 There stood a convent once—bright eyes
 Wasted their light, soft lips their sighs.
 Oh ! who can say how much each cell
 Has known of youth and hope's farewell—
 Of midnight's vigil, when each prayer
 Laid all the burning bosom bare,
 Of those who bowed not down to sleep,
 Of those whom they alone saw weep ?
 Or it might tell of those who sought
 The peacefulness of holy thought—
 The broken heart, the bleeding breast,
 That turned them to a place of rest.
 All is forgotten : There is not
 More than trace to mark the spot
 So holy once ; just a stained stone,
 Broken, and with gray moss o'ergrown ;
 A fragment of a shattered wall ;
 One fallen arch ; and these are all.
 Wild roses, with their summer glow,
 Are tenants of the island now ;
 Perhaps thus springing fresh and fair
 Upon the graves of those who were
 Once lovely as themselves.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**SONG.**

Farewell to all! I shall not gaze
Again on the blue sea :
As flits the shadow o'er the wave,
So flits my life from me.

Farewell, then, to the glorious main,
The beauty of yon sky ;
The memory of the orange groves,
Where dream like time pass'd by.

I bid farewell to each, to all—
But bid it not to thee—
Oh! surely even in the tomb
Some sign of love may be.

When thou art mourning o'er my grave,
My spirit may be near ;
Come on the breeze to catch thy sigh,
To kiss away the tear.

And should another ever claim
The heart once only mine ;
What comfort! that the heart is still
Which could but beat to thine. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE STARS.**

Last night I by my casement leant,
 And looked on the bright firmament;
 And marked a group of stars, which met,
 Almost as if on purpose set
 Together for their loveliness,—
 As sisters round each other press.
 I thought how fair they had seemed to me,
 If I had gazed on them with thee :
 Never do I so wish thee near,
 As when somewhat of fair and dear
 Is by me—when the night wind, sighing,
 Amid a thousand flowers is dying ;
 When the young rosebud I have nurst,
 Opens its crimson beauty first ;—
 When the sweet bird that I have cherished,
 Since so near in the snow it perished,
 Pours to the violets of May
 The music of its earliest lay ;—
 When I have paused upon some thought
 Found in the minstrel page, and fraught
 With Love's aroma—how my heart
 Has treasured up for thee a part
 In its rejoicing—pined for thee,
 To share in its felicity.

Alas ! my spirit sinks to-night ;
 Oh, absence is as love's twilight !
 When the eye sees, or thinks it sees,
 In the grey boughs, the waving trees,
 Ten thousand flitting shapes pass by,
 Yet none perhaps reality :
 And thus, in absence, will the lover
 Ten thousand feverish shapes discover ;
 And not a care, and not a pain,
 But fills the heart and racks the brain.

Beautiful stars ! in other days
 The prophet's eye might read your rays ;
 And tell of many a strange event,
 Of warfare, and of warning sent.
 I would not wish to know the fate
 Of purple crown or royal state.
 The stars might show to other eyes
 Their deep and mighty mysteries—
 Enough for me to know them fair,
 And read my lover's safety there.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**CONSTANCY.**

- - - - - Can the heart change
 When it hath made unto itself a home
 And place of worship, sanctified by all
 Those gentle ties that are as chains of gold—
 Affection of long years, and faith, like wine,
 Made bright and pure by keeping?—Is not this
 The Paradise of Love? - - - -

Aye, let us look on all around,
 And see how all have changed.
 This jasmine, with its amber shower,
 How its green stems have ranged!
 This mountain-ash, whose flower-fill'd boughs
 Spread like a cloud at noon—
 Whose shade is as a haunted place
 For the sweet airs of June:
 'Twas but a little shrub when first
 I wreathed amid thy hair
 Its berries, like the coral crown
 That the sea-maidens wear.
 One of my earliest gifts of love
 Were apples from yon tree;
 And then the red fruit of its boughs
 Might well be offered thee.
 Now it stands, a deserted thing,
 All desolate and bare;
 The grey moss with'ring round the boughs,
 And not a leaf is there.
 A road winds where there once was seen
 A steep and green ascent;
 And not a willow's left, of those
 That o'er the rill once bent.
 Aye, look, there are the foot-prints mark'd
 Of change on every side;
 How much has altered since the bells
 First hail'd thee as my bride.
 And in this dream of chance and change,
 We, too, have had our part—
 In years, in face, in thought, have chang'd,
 In all, except the heart.
 But there at least there is no change;
 There Love is burning still;
 As constant as the sun at noon
 On yonder southern hill.

L. E. L.

FADED FLOWERS.

Lingers yet a perfum'd breath
 Even mid these flowers' death?
 Once on these dry leaves was red,
 Like that o'er the ruby shed;
 Yellow, like the serpentine
 Of the rainbow's softest line;
 Blue, like that of April's sky;
 Purple, like the Tyrian dye;
 Not one hue is left, of all
 That lighted up this coronal!
 Were it not for the perfume,
 Haunting, like a ghost, their tomb,
 Who would dream that they had been
 Fairies of a summer scene!
 Passing thus with time away,
 'The sweet gifts of youth decay;
 Fleet their blooms, thus one by one,
 'Till their very form is gone;
 Memory left but to declare
 How beautiful and sweet they were!
 In the first blue noon of Spring,
 Who can think on withering?
 Sear'd leaf and scentless flower
 Seem'd but made for Autumn's hour;
 Yet how much of blight and doom
 Mingles with May's breath and bloom!
 And the faded blossoms fall
 As November ruled them all.
 Youth and spring are both alike;
 Flowers rise and pleasures strike—
 These to fade, and those to be
 Nothing in reality—
 'Till the heart is like a bed,
 But with yellow leaves o'erspread;
 With the faintest odour left,
 As to make them more here't;
 By recalling what they were,
 And yet being what they are!

SONGS.

Farewell! and soon between us both
Will roll the trackless sea;
I would that it could wash away
All thought of thine and thee!
Fast flies the white sail o'er the wave;
I would I too could part,
As I part from the sand and rock,
With all that wrings my heart!
But what can I see that will not
Still bring thee to my mind?
Thy smile is in the clear glad light,
Thy voice in the soft wind.
And even if I could forget,
The blank that then were mine
Were worse than all. O, better far,
Be wretched, and yet thine!

The sun was setting o'er the sea,
A beautiful and summer sun,
Crimson and warm, as if not night,
But rather day were just begun ;—
That lighted sky, that lighted sea,
They spoke of love and hope to me !
I thought how love, I thought how hope,
O'er the horizon of my heart
Had poured their glory, like yon sun,
Like yon sun, only to depart.
Alas ! that suns should ever set,
Or Hope grow pale, or Love forget.

My heart is filled with bitter thoughts,
My eyes with bitter tears ;
I have been thinking on the past,
And upon future years.
Years past—how sad they all have been,
And how long too they seem !
And years that are as yet to come,
Of them I dare not dream.
The past is as a battle-field,
Where many a hope lies dead,
Haunted by ghosts of pleasures past,
And feelings long since fled.
The future is a desert waste,
Unknown, and dark and drear, [dread,
Where my thoughts know not what they
They only know they fear.
Are there not stars whose evil light
Is given but for ill ?
One such is mine—go where I may,
That star shines o'er me still !
L. E. L.

Contents

3rd January, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. First Series:

- 1 Lament for the past Year
- 2 Love's Wreath
- 3 Song (Oh meet me once, but once again)

10th January, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. Second Series:

- 4 Song (Oh speak not of love)
- 5 Stanzas (Is it not so?)
- 6 The Dream

17th January, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. Third Series:

- 7 The Forsaken
- 8 Indian Song

24th January, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. Fourth Series:

- 9 Untitled (A small clear fountain, with green willow trees)
- 10 Song (Take back your wreath, your sunny wreath)

31st January, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. Fifth Series:

- 11 Light and Shadows
- 12 Remembrance
- 13 The Swan
- 14 Song (The wreath of green leaves that was bound)

7th February, 1824

Fragments by L. E. L. Sixth Series:

- 15 The Star
- 16 The Lamp
- 17 Romance

18

28th February, 1824

Metrical Tales: I. — The Three Wells — A Fairy Tale

19

6th March, 1824

Metrical Tales: Tale II. The Poisoned Arrow

25

13th March, 1824

Metrical Tales: Tale III. The Sisters

29

20th March, 1824

Metrical Tales: Tale IV. The Troubadour

32

27th March, 1824

Untitled (It is a lovely lake, with waves as blue)

33

27th March, 1824

The Farewell

34

27th March, 1824

Song (False as thou art, yet still farewell!)

3rd April, 1824

Songs

35 Do you recall one autumn night

36 Young Beauty once dwelt in a bower

37 They say, that when the oyster shell—

38 Do any thing but doubt me, Love!

39

10th April, 1824

The Knight

40

10th April, 1824

Love in Absence

41

10th April, 1824

The Reverse

42

24th April 1824

Raphael Showing his Mistress her Portrait. By Mr. Brockdon

43

24th April 1824

Moonlight. T. C. Hofland

44

24th April 1824

Song (I cannot bear to look on thee)

45

1st May, 1824

Untitled (Farewell! for I have schooled my heart)

47

8th May, 1824

Love's Lament

48

8th May, 1824

The Poet's Retreat

50

15th May, 1824

Antinous

52

5th June, 1824

Stanzas (The moon is shining o'er the lake)

54

12th June, 1824

Stanzas (Alas ! alas ! the times are fled)

19th June, 1824

Stanzas

56 Is this the harp you used to wake

57 Have the dreams of thy youth departed

58

26th June, 1824

The Withered Flowers

59

26th June, 1824

Song (This is enough! this broken heart)

60

17th July, 1824

Poetic Sketches: Sketch the First. Fidelity

65

24th July, 1824

Poetic Sketches: Sketch the Second. Infidelity

68

31st July, 1824

Poetic Sketches: Sketch the Third. The Knight's Tale

73

14th August, 1824

Constancy, a Song

4th September, 1824

Songs

74 It is not for your eagle eye

75 Oh! no, no, this love is not love for me

76

18th September, 1824

The Phantom Bride

2nd October, 1824

Landscapes:

80 The Glen

81 The Lake

82

23rd October, 1824

Song (Farewell to all! I shall not gaze)

83

30th October, 1824

The Stars

84

20th November, 1824

Constancy

85

25th December, 1824

Faded Flowers

25th December, 1824

Songs:

86 Farewell! and soon between us both

87 The sun was setting o'er the sea

88 My heart is filled with bitter thoughts