

Poems in The London Literary  
Gazette  
during the year 1823  
by  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)

compiled by  
Peter J. Bolton

---

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**
**FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.**

 XII.—*Sta Valerie.*

Raised on the rocky barriers of the sea,  
 Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie !  
 Lone like an eagle's nest, the pine-trees tall  
 Throw their long shadows on the heavy wall,  
 Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep  
 Of mountain-waters rushing to the deep,  
 The tempest's midnight-song, the battle-cry  
 Of warring winds, like armies met on high,  
 And in a silent hour the convent chime,  
 And sometimes, at the quiet evening time  
 A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,  
 When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet !  
 Sad is the legend of that young Saint's doom !  
 When the Spring Rose was in its May of bloom,  
 The storm was darkening ; at that sweet hour  
 When hands beloved had reared her nuptial bower,  
 The pestilence came o'er the land, and he  
     With whom her heart was, died that very morn—  
 Her bridal morn ! Alas, that there should be  
     Such evils ever for affection born !  
 She shrank away from earth, and solitude  
     Is the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain ;  
 Life had no ties,—she turned her unto heaven,  
     And on the steep rock reared her holy fane.  
 It has an air of sadness, as just meet  
 For the so broken heart's last lone retreat !—  
 A portrait here has still preserved each charm :  
 I saw it one bright evening, when the warm  
 Last glow of sunset shed its crimson ray  
 Over the lovely image. She was fair  
 As those most radiant spirits of the air  
 Whose life is amid flowers ; like the day,  
 The golden summer day, her glossy hair  
 Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory ;  
 Her cheek was pale, and in her large dark eye  
 There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow  
 Upon one small snow hand leant pensively,  
 As if to hide her tears—the other prest  
 A silver crucifix upon her breast.  
 I ne'er saw sadness touching as in thee  
 And thy lorn look, oh fair ST. VALERIE !

## XIII.

*Written after seeing Maid Marian performed.*

Oh, for the days of the bow and the spear, [deer!  
 And the hawk and the hound and the good red  
 I rather would dwell in the forest bower  
 Than in princely hall or in knightly tower,  
 Amid hearts as free as the shaft of their bow,  
 The tall oaks above, the soft grass below.  
 Oh, down and the purple canopy,  
 Are not worth the shade of the greenwood tree!  
 My Love would look well in the Lincoln green,  
 With his blade, and his bow, and his arrows keen;  
 And the hazel glance of his falcon eye  
 The maiden would love, and the warrior fly.  
 I would ask no gems but the flowers of spring,  
 No music but what the birds could sing:

And we'd lead a life like a fairy tale,  
 As free and as fresh and as light as the gale.  
 Oh, sweet and wild the hours would be  
 We past in the shade of the greenwood tree!  
 Oh, cities are all of smoke and care,  
 And gold is the curse that is laid on all there,  
 And feelings grow cold, and hearts lie dead,  
 And the fresh leaves of hope are withered!  
 But sweet is the cry when the wild buck bells,  
 And sweetly the horn of the hunter swells;  
 And life is of love and of liberty,  
 When past in the shade of the greenwood tree!

L. E. L.

Literary Gazette, 4<sup>th</sup> January, 1823, Pages 11-12

**MEDALLION WAFERS.**

We think we are right in classing among the *Fine Arts* one of the prettiest, and not the least useful inventions of the present period: we allude to what are denominated Medallion Wafers. These are Seals of a particular composition, which, being stuck on letters,

perform the office of wax or wafer in a very elegant fashion. They are of all sizes, colours, and devices; many of them beautiful as copies of the finest gems, cameos, and intaglios of the antique. Thus these specimens not only serve an every day purpose with facility, but are calculated to spread abroad an acquaintance and admiration of the most graceful forms of taste and genius. The composition is, we take it for granted, a secret to the inventors, Messrs. Thomson, of Wellington-street. We suspect isinglass and white lead to be ingredients; but however made, they are certainly exceedingly beautiful, and as fit for love-letters as any thing that could be imagined.

Advertisement on the 11<sup>th</sup> January, 1823, Page 30

**MEDALLION WAFERS.**—Messrs. T. & H. Thompson have on sale the following, viz.—The Works of CANOVA and THORWALDSEN; the Cæsars, two sizes; and Copies from the most celebrated Gemt. To the above Works the Inventors particularly solicit the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Amateurs, as they flatter themselves that they will be found on inspection to be exceedingly beautiful, and offer the cheapest mode of obtaining exquisite copies of the finest works of ancient and modern Art. Coats of Arms, &c. copied at a short notice.  
No. 1, Wellington-street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****MEDALLION WAFERS.**

[The hint for this series of Poems (to be continued occasionally) has been taken from the account of the Medallion Wafers in the *Literary Gazette*. These slight things preserve many of the most beautiful forms of antiquity; and they are here devoted to verse, on the supposition that they have been employed as seals to lovers' correspondence.]

**INTRODUCTION.**

I do so prize the slightest thing  
 Touched, looked, or breathed upon by thee,  
 That all or aught which can but bring  
 One single thought of thine to me,  
 Is precious as a pilgrim's gift  
 Upon the shrine he most loves left.  
 And if, like those charmed caves that weep,  
 Preserving tears of crystal dew,  
 My lute's flow has a power to keep  
 From perishing what it shrines too—  
 It only shall preserve the things  
 Bearing the bright print of Love's wings.

Here's many a youth with radiant brow  
Darkened by raven curls like thine,  
Beauty, whose smile burns even now,  
And love-~~tales~~ made by song divine :  
And these have been the guardian powers  
To words as sweet as summer flowers.  
I'll tell thee now the history  
Of these sweet shapes : they are so dear,  
Each has been on a scroll from thee ;  
Thy kiss, thy sigh, are glowing here :  
They'll be the spirit of each tone  
I fain would wake from chords long gone.  
Just glimpses of the fairest dreams  
I've had when in a hot noon sleeping,  
Or those diviner, wilder gleams  
When I some starry watch was keeping ;  
And sometimes those bright waves of thought  
Only from lips like thine, Love, caught.  
Oh dear, these lights from the old world,  
So redolent with love and song !  
Those radiant gods, now downward hurled  
From the bright thrones they held so long !  
But they have power that cannot die  
Over the heart's eternity.

**CUPID RIDING A PEACOCK.**

All the colours glistening  
On the rainbow of the spring,  
Mingled with the deeper hue  
Of the grass green emerald too,  
Are upon that bird, whose neck  
Crimson wreaths of roses deck,—  
Mounted by a Boy, whose lip  
Is such as the bee would sip  
For the first rosebud in May.

Love, upon a summer day,  
Bade the Graces link a chain  
Of sweet flowers, for a rein  
Round the peacock's glorious wing.  
Forth he rode ; then, like the king  
Of bright colours, smiles, and blooms,  
Sunny darts and golden plumes.

Oh this is not that sweet love  
Own companion to the dove ;  
But a wild and wandering thing,  
Varying as the lights that fling  
Radiance o'er his peacock's wing.  
I do weep, that Love should be  
Ever linked with Vanity.

**ATALANTA**, *represented as a Huntress with her bow.*

A Huntress with her silver bow,  
 And radiant curls upon the snow  
 Of a young brow, whose open look  
 Was fair and pure as the clear brook  
 On which the moonlight plays; 'tis she,  
 Companion of the forest tree,  
 Of Scyrus, she whose foot of wind  
 Left stag and arrow far behind,  
 Whose heart, like air or sunshine free,  
 Recked but to scorn what love might be.  
 " My soul is far too proud for love ;  
 I would be like yon lark above,  
 With will and power to wing my way,  
 With none to watch and none to stay ;  
 And Love's chain would be sad to me  
 As were a cage, free bird, to thee.  
 Ill would it suit a heart like mine  
 To live upon another's look ;  
 Ill could I bear the doubts, the griefs,  
 The all that anxious love must brook.  
 Thou bright winged god ! I mock thy chain,  
 Thy arrow points to me in vain."  
 But maiden vows are like the rose,  
 Bending with every breeze that blows ;  
 Or like the sparkles on the stream,  
 Changing with every changing gleam ;  
 Or like the colours on her cheek,  
 Or like the words her lips will speak,  
 Each firm resolve will melt away  
 Like ice before a sunny ray.  
 Soon that young Huntress of the grove  
 Bartered her liberty for love,  
 And sighed and smiled beneath the thrall  
 Of him whose rule is over all.           L. E. L.



See erratum at the foot of page 16 re correction to the title (The Cadets)

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

**THE CADET.** *An Indian Sketch.*

The banners are flashing, hurrah, hurrah!  
 The sabres are clashing, hurrah, hurrah!  
 For the star wept-on grave  
 Of the conquering brave,  
 Who would not rush to the field? Hurrah!  
 On to the battle, hurrah, hurrah!  
 The war thunder's rattle, hurrah, hurrah!  
 'Tis the music most dear  
 To the warrior's ear,  
 For it calls to the combat, hurrah!  
 The death song is singing, hurrah, hurrah!  
 The death shots are ringing, hurrah, hurrah!  
 By the musket's red peal,  
 By the light of our steel,

We will stand to our colours or die, hurrah! L. E. L.  
*New words to the Air of "The Campbells are coming."*

The ship rode o'er the waters gallantly,  
 Her pennons waving, hope and enterprise  
 Filling her white sails with their eager breath.  
 The shore lay dim behind. That long last look  
 Given at parting to our own dear land—  
 Our land of infancy, and home, and love—  
 Strained every eyeball now; and as the coast  
 Diminished to one dim and distant line,  
 How very tenderly each bosom clung  
 To all its old affections! Friends and home,  
 How dear they are when we are parting from them!  
 And "farewell" came in all its many tones  
 Of hope, and sorrow, and anxiety,  
 Freshly upon the ear, as never felt  
 Deeply and truly till in that last glance!—

On, on the vessel went. The waves grew red  
 Beneath the crimson of the setting sun;  
 Then rolled in silver light, when the pale moon  
 Claimed her so gentle empire o'er the sky,  
 Like the deep flush of anger calmed by meek  
 Enduring patience. How most beautiful  
 This radiant meeting of the sky and sea!  
 Above, the stars, like spirits in their pride  
 Wandering in music round their lovely queen,  
 Too glorious for idolatry. Beneath,  
 The ocean, like a mighty mirror, spread  
 In its immensity of emerald beauty.

Literary Gazette, 1st February, 1823, Pages 74-75

Then all around so calm, so passionless,  
 The silence, and the stillness, and the light  
 Unbroken by a shadow,—how the heart  
 Must feel its finer impulses alive  
 At such an hour as this!—Upon the deck  
 Of that tall ship, the only thing whose image  
 Was stamped in darkness on the moon-lit waves,  
 Two Youths were leaning: one with the fair hair  
 And blue eyes, with that falcon glance which mark'd  
 The graceful Saxon, when with his good sword  
 He sought a home and heritage; the other,  
 Like a young Roman, with his raven curls  
 And dark and flashing eyes. Like two spring pines  
 The youthful Soldiers stood there, side by side  
 They stood, and talked of all those buoyant dreams  
 Which colour life but once—those morning lights  
 That shine so cloudlessly and pass so soon!  
 Hope's waters yet were fresh with them; the cares,  
 The earthly cares, that stain each nobler aim,  
 And withering sorrows, falsehood, discontent,  
 Had not as yet profaned thy sweetest fountain,  
 Delicious Hope! And there they leant, and spoke  
 Of battle, glorious battle, till each ear  
 Rang with the trumpet's music, and each eye  
 Flashed at the thought of its first field.—  
 Then gentler feelings gushed upon their heart,  
 Fireside remembrances and kind affections;  
 They dwelt on the last evening they had past  
 Within their sweet home-circle, and recalled  
 How each one prest more closely than their wont  
 Around the hearth, all conscious that to-morrow  
 A vacant place would be in that sweet ring;  
 How each affectionate lip had prophesied  
 Fortune and fame; and how in glistening eyes  
 Hope had looked up but in the midst of tears  
 And then, as if each felt there was a tie  
 Of stronger unity in these recallings,

Each the more kindly grasped the other's hand,  
 And said again—they'd live or die together. - - -  
 - - Years have pass'd by ; those youths are in their  
     summer ;  
 Each cheek is darkened by an Indian sky :  
 Some of hope's hues have faded like their colour,  
 Their island colour, but énow remain  
 To make life's landscape still most promising.  
 Disease, the brand, the ball, alike have spared them,  
 Still they have fought together. Many times  
 Have English friends been proud to hear their name.  
 It is an Indian night : a starless sky  
 Flooded with moonlight—dark and giant palms  
 Fling their long shadows o'er the azure river—  
 The air is heavy with perfume—the dew,  
 Like love's power over woman, calling forth  
 The soul of sweetness, on the sumhal lies,  
 Till every scarlet berry yields its incense ;  
 The pale mangolia, with its flowers of light,  
 The carmalata, crimson as a blush,  
 All, all yield their sweet offerings to the moon :—  
 But war is in these groves, and the white tents,  
 Where dwell the children of the sword,  
 Are pitched amid the yellow jessamines.  
 Steps dashed into the ground, the earth torn up  
 And sulphurous ; patches of a blood-red hue,  
 And, worst of all, the gashed and ghastly slain,  
 And the far sounds of tigers, who can scent [gleam,  
 Their prey, yet scared by the red watch-fire's  
 Howl in the distant jungles. They are here,  
 These brother Soldiers : each, wrapt in his cloak,  
 Sat by the river : they were talking o'er  
 Combats where each had been the other's shield,  
 Marches whose weariness had been beguiled  
 By interchange of hopes ; yet 'mid the pride  
 With which they waited for to-morrow's battle,  
 Mingled a shade of deeper tenderness,  
 And each one charged the other with kind words,  
 Greetings of long remembrance, to old friends,

If only one should fall. Hark, hark! a rush  
 Of hurrying feet is heard amid the woods,—  
 A ringing peal of musketry, red lights  
 Flashing like meteors, clanging swords and shouts,  
 Deep groans, are on the wind—the enemy (spring,  
 Has rushed down from the mountains! Up they  
 Those friends, and each is at his post. Dark night,  
 Oh terrible is thy shadow on the battle!  
 Blows dealt alike on friend and foe, the dead  
 And dying trampled on—oh, day alone  
 Should look upon the soldier's deeds! At length  
 The sun rose o'er his palm and diamond land:  
 His first light shone on blood—the morning's tears  
 Fell over parching lips and weary brows, [wretch  
 And quenched the death-thirst of full many a  
 Already blackening in last agony.  
 But they are safe, those war-stars of the field,  
 The English warriors: one desperate rush,  
 And all gives way before them. See! they turn  
 Their recreant enemies: the dark-eyed youth,  
 Waving the colours, gallantly springs forth;  
 But death is on his course! that graceful arm  
 Is smitten in its strength. He fell, but stretched  
 With his last grasp the banner to his friend,  
 Who caught the flag, rushed forward as revenge  
 Were now his only hope. Why fall those colours?  
 Their gallant bearer never flagged before:  
 But fate hath marked him, too: they fell together!  
 L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****MEDALLION WAFERS.****HEAD OF TYRTÆUS.**

Glorious Bard! whose lyre was heard  
 Amid the armed ring,  
 As victory were upon each word  
 And death on every string—  
 Glorious Bard! to whom belong  
 Wreaths not often claimed by song,  
 Those hung round the warrior's shield—  
 Laurels from the blood-red field.  
 The soldier cowered beneath his tent,  
 His sword all rust, his bow unbent ;  
 His comrades, who had dared to die,  
 Unburied on the plain,  
 And, jeered by mocking foemen nigh,  
 He dared not taunt again.  
 The Bard took up his burning song ;  
 Each heart beat high, each arm grew strong :  
 He told them of the curse and shame  
 That darken round the coward's name ;  
 Told how the mother's cheek would burn  
 To hear her son had fled,  
 How the young maiden's smile would turn  
 To tears, should it be said,—  
 " The war strength of thy lover's hand  
 Is weaker than thine own fair hand ;"  
 And proudly rung his harp while telling  
 The fallen warrior's fame,  
 When trumpet, shout, and song are swelling  
 All glorious with his name.  
 It was enough,—each sword was out,  
 The mountains trembled in the shout  
 Of men prepared like men to die  
 For Sparta and for victory !

**UNKNOWN FEMALE HEAD.**

I know not of thy history, thou sad  
 Yet beautiful faced Girl :—the chestnut braid  
 Bound darkly round thy forehead, the blue veins  
 Wandring in azure light, the ivory chin

Dimpled so archly, have no characters  
 Graven by memory; but thy pale cheek,  
 Like a white rose on which the sun hath looked  
 Too wildly warm, (is not this passion's legend?)  
 The drooping lid whose lash is bright with tears,  
 A lip which has the sweetness of a smile  
 But not its gaiety—do not these bear  
 The scorched footprints sorrow leaves in passing  
 O'er the clear brow of youth?—It may but be  
 An idle thought, but I have dreamed thou wert  
 A captive in thy hopelessness: afar  
 From the sweet home of thy young infancy,  
 Whose image unto thee is as a dream  
 Of fire and slaughter, I can see thee wasting,  
 Sick for thy native air, loathing the light  
 And cheerfulness of men; thyself the last  
 Of all thy house, a stranger and a slave!

*A Youth, with a Lyre in his hand, kneeling to a Female half turning to him, as in the act of reconciliation.*

Yes! I have sinned 'gainst love and thee;  
Both heart and harp have been untrue:  
I cannot deem how they could be  
Wakened by any one but you!

But my harp in the sunshine hung,  
And I was proud to wake the strings,  
And other hands than thine have flung  
Flowers and laurel offerings.

Too dear I prized those flatteries,  
And bowed me at an idol's shrine,  
And breathed in vanity the sighs  
Which should have been thine, only thine.

I pray thee pardon, for the sake  
Of my so long devoted strain;  
I pray thee pardon me, and take  
Thy truant to thy heart again!

## HERCULES AND IOLE.

She held the cup ; and he the while  
 Sat gazing on her playful smile,  
 As all the wine he wished to sip  
 Was one kiss from her rosebud lip.  
 Half leaning to him, half withdrawn,  
 Like one above the waters bending,  
 And blushing like the maiden dawn  
 Before the bridegroom sun's ascending—  
 The head a little turned aside,  
 Downcast the eyes, as if to hide  
 Beneath their black fringe, shadowy dim,  
 The glance which yet would steal to him—  
 Her hero love, IOLE stood.  
 And the dark Chief had washed the blood  
 From his red hands, and thrown away  
 His arms, which there all useless lay,  
 As every trophy that he sought,  
 By time and toil and danger bought,  
 Were won in winning woman's sigh—  
 One glance from her bewildering eye.  
 His arms are round the graceful shape  
 As if he feared it could escape,  
 Guarding like life what is so dear—  
 All this is love's delicious fear—  
 And yet delaying ere he presses  
 That lip so soft, that cheek so bright,  
 As tho' the joy of those caresses  
 Would, like the burst of sudden light,  
 Be too much happiness. - - - There were  
 Warfare and danger, toil and care,  
 Even from earliest infancy,  
 Hero of sorrows ! marked for thee ;  
 But can they countervail the bliss  
 That lightens o'er an hour like this ?



**LOVE SLEEPING BENEATH A PALM-TREE.**

Ah, this is ours! that gentle Love  
 Sleeping beneath the palm-tree's shade,  
 Weaving the white wings of the dove,  
 His bow, unbent, beside him laid.

Give me the Love that will not change,  
 Tho' aught and all were changed beside;  
 The Love that nothing can estrange,  
 Whate'er of weal or woe betide;  
 Fixed in one faith, vowed to one vow,  
 Thro' every chance and change of ill,  
 Bearing with all Love meets below  
 Of sorrow, yet devoted still!  
 It may have wings, but they must be  
 Of colours in all lights the same,  
 Like the moth's, hovering constantly,  
 Even to death, around one flame.  
 A star that shines forth night and day,  
 A wreath of spring and winter flowers,  
 Emblem true love. And I may say,  
 May I not, dear!—"Such love is ours!"

L. E. L.

In our our last, the title should not have been the  
*Cadet*, but the *Cadets*.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****BALLADS.****I.—THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.**

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,  
 Beneath is a Soldier lying :  
 The death-wound came amid sword and plume,  
 When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,  
 By wet wild flowers surrounded ;  
 The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,  
 Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,  
 There was woman's gentler weeping,  
 And the wailing of age and infant cries,  
 O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,  
 With his father's sword and blessing ;  
 He stood with the valiant side by side,  
 His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,  
 When the red campaign was over :  
 One heart that in secret had kept his name,  
 Was claimed by the Soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky,  
 He left his sweet home for battle ;  
 And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,  
 And the cannon's long death rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man :  
 The path of the grave was before him,  
 And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,  
 For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer :—  
 These are words that are vainly spoken  
 To the childless mother or orphan's ear,  
 Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,  
 Half hidden by yonder willow ;  
 There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,  
 But who died on his own home pillow !

II. SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

Another day—another day,  
 And yet he comes not nigh;  
 I look amid the dim blue hills,  
 Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain-streams  
 Upon the echoes borne;  
 I hear the singing of the birds,  
 But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past,  
 The watchful chamois bounds;  
 But what I look for comes not near,—  
 My ULRIC's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watched the snow  
 Grow crimson with the stain  
 The setting sun threw o'er the rock,  
 And I have watched in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow  
 Across his shoulder slung,—  
 I love to see the golden horn  
 Beside his baldrick hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love  
 His falcon's sweeping flight;  
 I love to see his manly cheek  
 With mountain-colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now  
 Would that the chase were o'er;  
 Well may he love the hunter's toil,  
 But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus?—he would be here  
 If his love equalled mine;  
 Methinks had I one fond caged dove,  
 I would not let it pine.

But, hark! what are those ringing steps  
 That up the valley come?  
 I see his hounds,—I see himself,—  
 My ULRIC, welcome home!

### III. THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,  
 From the sainted battles of Palestine ;  
 The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor crest,  
 Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast.  
 His courser is black as black can be,  
 Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,  
 And he wears a scarf of 'broidery rare,  
 The last love gift of his lady fair :  
 It bore for device a cross and a dove,      love !"  
 And the words " I am vowed to my God and my  
 He comes not back the same that he went,  
 For his sword has been tried, and his strength has  
     been spent ;  
 His golden hair has a deeper brown,  
 And his brow has caught a darker frown,  
 And his lip hath lost its boyish red,  
 And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread ;  
 But stately his step, and his bearing high,  
 And wild the light of his fiery eye ;  
 And proud in the lists were the maiden bright  
 Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her  
     knight.  
 But he rides for the home he has pined to see  
 In the court, in the camp, in captivity.  
     He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown

Open and wide, but he stood there alone;  
 He entered the door,—his own step was all  
 That echoed within the deserted hall;  
 He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,  
 And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower;  
 And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,  
 Came the scream of the owl on the night wind borne;  
 And the turrets were falling, the vassals were frown,  
 And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.  
 His heart throbb'd high: oh, never again  
 Might he sooth with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain,  
 He never might think on his boyish years  
 Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears  
 Which hope and memory shed when they meet.  
 The grave of his kindred was at his feet:  
 He stood alone, the last of his race,  
 With the cold wide world for his dwelling-place.  
 The home of his fathers gone to decay,—  
 All but their memory was pass'd away;  
 No one to welcome, no one to share

He came in the pride of his war success  
 But to weep over very desolateness.  
 They pointed him to a barren plain [slain;  
 Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were  
 They showed him the lowly grave, where slept  
 The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept;  
 But they could not show him one living thing  
 To which his withered heart could cling. - - -

Amid the warriors of Palestine  
 Is one, the first in the battle-line;  
 It is not for glory he seeks the field,  
 For a blasted tree is upon his shield,  
 And the motto he bears, is "I fight for a grave:"  
 He found it—that Warrior has died with the brave!

L. E. L.

---

**LEANDER AND HERO.**

It is a tale that many songs have told,  
 And old, if tale of love can e'er be old ;  
 Yet dear to me this lingering o'er the fate  
 Of two so young, so true, so passionate !  
 And thou, the idol of my harp, the Soul  
 Of poetry, to me my hope, my whole  
 Happiness of existence, there will be  
 Some gentlest tones that I have caught from thee !  
 Will not each heart-pulse vibrate, as I tell  
 Of faith even unto death unchangeable !  
**LEANDER** and his **HERO** ! they should be,  
 When youthful lovers talk of constancy,  
 Invoked. Oh, for one breath of softest song,  
 Such as on summer evenings floats along,  
 To murmur low their history ! every word  
 That whispers of them, should be like those heard  
 At moonlight casements, when th' awakened maid  
 Sighs her soft answer to the serenade. - - -

She stood beside the altar, like the Queen,  
 The bright-eyed Queen that she was worshipping.  
 Her hair was bound with roses, which did fling  
 A perfume round, for she that morn had been  
 To gather roses, that were clustering now  
 Amid the shadowy curls upon her brow.  
 One of the loveliest daughters of that land,  
 Divinest Greece ! that taught the painter's hand  
 To give eternity to loveliness ;  
 One of those dark-eyed maids, to whom belong  
 The glory and the beauty of each Song  
 Thy poets breathed, for it was theirs to bless  
 With life the pencil and the lyra's dreams,  
 Giving reality to visioned gleams  
 Of bright divinities. Amid the crowd  
 That in the presence of young **HERO** bowed,  
 Was one who knelt with fond idolatry,  
 As if in homage to some deity,  
 Gazing upon her as each gaze he took  
 Must be the very last—that intense look  
 That none but lovers give, when they would trace  
 On their hearts' tablets some adored face.  
 The radiant Priestess from the temple past :  
 Yet there **LEANDER** staid, to catch the last  
 Wave of her fragrant hair, the last low fall  
 Of her white feet, so light and musical ;

And then he wandered silent to a grove,  
 To feed upon the full heart's ecstasy.  
 The moon was sailing o'er the deep blue sky,  
 Each moment shedding fuller light above,  
 As the pale crimson from the west departs.  
 Ah, this is just the hour for passionate hearts  
 To linger over dreams of happiness,  
 All of young love's delicious loveliness!

The cypress waved upon the evening air  
 Like the long tresses of a beauty's hair;  
 And close beside was laurel; and the pale  
 Snow blossoms of the myrtle tree, so frail  
 And delicate, like woman; 'mid the shades  
 Rose the white pillars of the colonnade  
 Around the marble temple, where the Queen  
 Of Love was worshipped, and there was seen.

Where the grove ended, the so glorious sea  
 Now in its azure sleep's tranquillity.  
 He saw a white veil wave,—his heart beat high:  
 He heard a voice, and then a low toned sigh.  
 Gently he stole amid the shading trees—  
 It is his love—his HERO that he sees!  
 Her hand lay motionless upon the lute,  
 Which thrilled beneath the touch, her lip was mute,  
 Only her eyes were speaking; dew and light  
 There blended like the hyacinth, when night  
 Has wept upon its bosom; she did seem  
 As consciousness were lost in some sweet dream—  
 That dream was love! Blushes were on her cheek,  
 And what, save love, do blushes ever speak?  
 Her lips were parted, as one moment more  
 And then the heart would yield its hidden store.  
 'Twas so at length her thought found utterance:  
 Light, feeling, flashed from her awakened glance—  
 She paused—then gazed on one pale star above,  
 Poured to her lute the burning words of love!  
 LEANDER heard his name! How more than sweet  
 That moment, as he knelt at HERO's feet,  
 Breathing his passion in each thrilling word,  
 Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.

That night they parted—but they met again ;  
 The blue sea rolled between them—but in vain !  
 LEANDER had no fear—he cleft the wave —  
 What is the peril fond hearts will not brave !  
 Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,  
 Delicious were the kind and gentle things  
 Each to the other breathed ; a starry sky,  
 Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury :  
 The measure of its happiness is full,  
 When all around like it is beautiful. [roses,  
 There were sweet birds to count the hours, and  
 Like those which on a blushing cheek repose ;  
 Violets fresh as violets could be ;  
 Stars overhead, with each a history  
 Of love told by its light ; and waving trees,  
 And perfumed breathings upon every breeze :  
 These were beside them when they met. And day,  
 Though each was from the other far away,  
 Had still its pleasant memories ; they might  
 Think what they had forgotten the last night,  
 And make the tender thing they had to say  
 More warm and welcome from its short delay.  
 And then their love was secret,—oh, it is  
 Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss  
 Sacred to us alone, no other eye  
 Conscious of our enchanted mystery,  
 Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell  
 Giving us happiness unutterable !



I would compare this secrecy and shade  
 To that fair island, whither Love conveyed  
 His Psyche, where she lived remote from all :  
 Life one long, lone, and lovely festival ;  
 But when the charm, concealment's charm, was  
     known,  
 Oh then good by to love, for love was flown !  
 Love's wings are all too delicate to bear  
 The open gaze, the common sun and air, - - -  
     There have been roses round my lute ; but now  
 I must forsake them for the cypress bough.  
 Now is my tale of tears :—One night the sky,  
 As if with passion darkened angrily,  
 And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main  
 Like hasty threats, and then were calm again :  
 That night young HERO by her beacon kept  
 Her silent watch, and blamed the night, and wept,  
 And scarcely dared to look upon the sky :  
 Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—  
 With, “ Surely in such a storm he cannot brave,  
 If but for my sake only, wind and wave.” - - -  
 At length Aurora led young Day and blushed,  
 In her sweet presence sea and sky were hushed ;  
 What is there beauty cannot charm ? her power  
 Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour ; [veil  
 And light and soft the breeze which waved the  
 Of HERO, as she wandered, lone and pale.

Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye  
 Roving in tearful dim uncertainty.  
 Not long uncertain,—she marked something glide,  
 Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide—  
 On rushed she in that desperate energy,  
 Which only has to know, and, knowing, die—  
 It was LEANDER ! L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****MEDALLION WAFERS.***Head of Ariadne.*

Oh, why should Woman ever love,  
 Throwing her chance away,  
 Her little chance of summer shine,  
 Upon a rainbow ray ?

Look back on each old history,  
 Each fresh remembered tale ;  
 They'll tell how often love has made  
 The cheek of woman pale ;—

Her unrequited love, a flower  
 Dying for air and light ;  
 Her love betrayed, another flower  
 Withering before a blight.

Look down within the silent grave ;  
 How much of breath and bloom  
 Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice  
 Offered to the lone tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,  
 How many bitter cares  
 Belie the smile with which the lip  
 Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face ! oh never blush  
 Has past o'er one more fair,  
 And never o'er a brighter brow  
 Has wandered raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths  
 Of curl are flung behind,  
 And mark how pensively the brow  
 Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete !—another proof  
 Of woman's weary lot ;  
 Their April doom of sun and shower,—  
 To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured,  
 A sky of storm above,  
 A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts,—  
 Ah, why must woman love !

*An old Man standing by the dead body of a Youth.*

I am too proud by far to weep,  
 Though earth had nought so dear  
 As was the Soldier Youth to me  
 Now sleeping on that bier.

It were a stain upon his fame  
 Would do his laurel crown a shame,  
 To shed one single tear.

It was a blessed lot to die  
 In battle, and for liberty!

He was my first, my only child,  
 And when my race was run,  
 I was so proud to send him forth  
 To do as I had done.

It was his last, his only field :  
 They brought him back upon his shield,  
 But victory was won.

I cannot weep when I recall  
 Thy land has cause to bless thy fall.

When others tell their children all  
 The fame that warriors win,  
 I must sit silent, and but think  
 On what my child had been.

It is a father's joy to see  
 The young eyes glow exultingly  
 When warlike tales begin ;  
 And yet I know no living one  
 I would change for my sleeping Son.

*A Nereid floating on a Shell.*

Thy dwelling is the coral cave,  
 Thy element the blue sea wave,  
 Thy music the wild billows dashing,  
 Thy light the diamond's crystal flashing :  
 I'd leave this earth to dwell with thee,  
 Bright haired daughter of the sea !  
 It was an hour of lone starlight  
 When first my eye caught thy sweet sight :  
 Thy white feet prest a silver shell,  
 Love's own enchanted coracle ;  
 Thy fair arms waved like the white foam  
 The seas dash from their billowy home ;  
 And far behind, thy golden hair,  
 A bright sail, floated on the air ;  
 And on thy lips there was a song,  
 As music wafted thee along.  
 They say, sweet daughter of the sea,  
 Thy look and song are treachery ;

Thy smile is but the honied bait  
 To lure thy lover to his fate.  
 I know not, and I care still less ;  
 It is enough of happiness  
 To be deceived. Oh, never yet  
 Could love doubt—no, one doubt would set  
 His fettered pinions free from all  
 His false but most delicious thrall.  
 Love cannot live and doubt ; and I,  
 Vowed slave to my bright deity,  
 Have but one prayer: Come joy, come ill,  
 If I am deceiv'd, deceive me still ;  
 Better the heart in faith should die  
 Than break beneath love's perjury.

*Conclusion.*

All, all forgotten ! Oh, false Love !  
 I had not deemed that this could be,  
 That heart and lute, so truly thine,  
 Could both be broken, and by thee.  
 I did not dream, when I have loved  
 To dwell on Sorrow's saddest tone,  
 That its reality would soon  
 Be but the echo of mine own.  
 Farewell ! I give thee back each vow,  
 Vows are but vain when love is dead ;  
 What boot the trammels, when the bird  
 They should have kept so safe, is fled ?  
 But go ! be happy and be free,  
 My heart is far too warm for thine ;  
 Go ! and 'mid Pleasure's lights and smiles,  
 Heed not what tears and clouds are mine.  
 But I,—oh, how can I forget  
 What has been more than life to me !  
 Oh wherefore, wherefore was I taught  
 So much of passion's misery !  
 Thy name is breathed on every song—  
 How can I bid those songs depart ?  
 The thoughts I've treasur'd up of thee  
 Are more than life-blood to my heart.  
 But I may yet learn to forget ;  
 I am too proud for passion's chain ;  
 I yet may learn to wake my lute—  
 But never at Love's call again.  
 I will be proud for you to hear  
 Of glory brightening on my name ;  
 Oh vain, oh worse than vanity !  
 Love, love is all a woman's fame.  
 Then deepest silence to the chords  
 Which only wakened for thy sake ;  
 When love has left both heart and harp,  
 Ah what can either do but break !—L. E. L.

---

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.**

[To be continued occasionally.]

*Vandyke consulting his Mistress on a Picture  
in Cooke's Exhibition.*

Beautiful Art! my worship is for thee—  
The heart's entire devotion. When I look  
Upon thy radiant wonders, every pulse  
Is thrill'd as in the presence of divinity.  
Pictures, bright pictures, oh! they are to me  
A world for thought to revel in. I love  
To give a history to every face, to think—  
As I thought with the painter—as I knew  
What his high communing had been.

Yes, he is seeking in those eyes  
His light, his fame, his own heart prize!  
How vain to that idolater  
Is this world's praise, if wanting her  
Sweet seal, a smile. His lofty brow  
Has almost woman's softness now;  
And that dark cheek, and darker eye  
Where lightning-gleams of genius lie,  
And that so haughty lip's proud curl,  
Are mild before that fair young girl,  
As if that delicate slight hand  
Had magic like a fairy wand,  
As if those deep blue eyes had power  
Like sunshine in a stormy hour.  
It was an almost childish face,  
Yet in its first soft spring of grace—  
A rosebud, ere the sun has set  
Which saw it bloom; a violet,  
Or ere the tears of morning melt—  
The first dew-fall it ever felt.  
Yet was it pale, as with excess  
Of overmuch fond tenderness.  
Her mouth—a very mine of bliss,  
A blossom fresh from the bee's kiss,—  
Was near to his, as if to steal  
But one breath from him was to feel  
The air of paradise;—her arm  
Was round his neck;—and oh the charm

Of the delicious drooping lid  
Which half her soft eye's lustre hid !  
Ah, Woman has no look so sweet  
As that, when, half afraid to meet  
The look she loves, blushes betray  
All the suppressed glance would say.  
'Tis a sweet picture ! But what shade  
Would not be lovely, which portrayed  
Genius and love, the union bright  
Of meteor-flash and soft moonlight ?

Literary Gazette, 15th March 1823, Page 171 (cont.)

*Hope, from a design by a Lady.*

She leant upon an Anchor, and a smile,  
Half light, half love, played o'er her lips the while ;  
A green braid in her chesnut hair was worn—  
The colour Hope and Spring have ever borne.

Radiant Spirit ! first of all  
Shining in the coronal  
Of the joys that yet arise,  
Rainbow gleams of paradise.  
Sweet Hope ! every pleasant flower  
Suns itself in thy glad power ;  
Every sorrow comes to thee,  
Desart fount for Misery !  
Guide and beauty of Love's wings,  
Cradle whence young Genius springs,  
Could the Poet's spirit cope  
This rude world, uncheered by Hope ?  
Could the glorious Painter trace  
Brow of beauty, shape of grace,  
Nurse his visions as they rise,  
But for thy dear flatteries ?  
Fair Hope ! are there none to raise  
Hymn and altar in thy praise ?  
Yes, thy hymn shall rise from her,  
On earth thy sweet minister,  
Woman, whose so soothing tone  
Caught its echo of thine own ;

And for incense shall arise  
Breath of her delicious sighs ;  
And thy shrine be flowers, that bear  
Morning sun and evening air.  
Bright Hope ! these alone can be  
Priest and Temple worthy thee !



Literary Gazette, 15th March 1823, Page 171 (cont.)

*Portrait of a Girl, in the British Gallery,  
by T. Stewardson.*

I do but give faint utterance to the thoughts  
That curled her coral lip, and filled her eyes  
With laughing malice.

In truth, dear Love, 'twas a fitting gift  
The gift which you gave to me :  
A spring-flower wreath, whose short sweet life  
Is like love's life with thee.

You are a gay and a gallant love,  
The wooer that woman likes best,  
With a heart that roves like that eastern bird  
Whose pinions are never at rest.

Never was lover more suited to me ;  
My heart is yet lighter than thine ;     [blows,  
Did it change like the vane with each wind that  
It could not change oftener than mine.

Some Cupids have wings of the butterfly's plume,  
While some have the wings of the dove ;  
The first is the Cupid most fitting for me—  
I could not wear the willow for love.

I care not for falsehood, I can be false too ;  
Lose one love, there are others in plenty ;  
And if that my lover should dare break one vow,  
To punish him I can break twenty.     L. E. L.

Probably 'Portrait of a Girl' (traditionally identified as Lady Catherine Powlett, Countess of Darlington) by Thomas Stewardson.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.**

[To be continued occasionally.]

**DIFFERENT THOUGHTS;**

*Suggested by a Picture by G. S. Newton, No. 16,  
in the British Gallery, and representing a Girl  
looking at her Lover's Miniature.*

Which is the truest reading of thy look ?

Just one look before I sleep,  
Just one parting glance, to keep  
On my heart and on my brain  
Every line and feature plain,  
In sweet hopes that they may be  
Present in those dreams to me,  
Which the gentle night-hour brings  
Ever on her starry wings.  
I have heard the deep tolled chime  
Of the moonlight vesper time—  
Scarcely seems one hour-glass run,  
Since beneath the setting sun  
Hill and vale were red, and I  
And OLAVE looked upon the sky,  
And said, ere the grapes, which now  
Shone green gems in the sunset glow,  
Might darken, that we two should be  
Linked in gentlest unity;  
And the soft twilight came on  
Ere our pleasant words were done;  
Stars were glancing overhead  
When our last ' Good night ! ' was said :  
Since, I've sat and watched this brow  
(Not so beautiful as thou,  
Yet thy shadow) in the light  
Of the fair moon. Now, Good night !

By the dawn-blush I must wake,  
OLAVE, if but for thy sake :  
We have flowers to plant and cull,—  
Our home must be beautiful ;  
Waking, I must dream no more,  
Night has lovelier dreams in store.  
Picture dear, farewell to thee,  
Be thine image left with me !

Yes, every lineament of thine  
 Full well the painter's skill hath given ;  
 That forehead the proud spirit's shrine,  
 The lightning of that eye's dark heaven.  
 Yes, here at least thou art the same  
 As once thou wert in years departed,  
 When truth and love shone o'er thy name,  
 Or ere I knew thee cold, false hearted !  
 How many a dark and bitter thought  
 These pictured features now awaken !  
 There is no balm by memory brought,  
 To hopes betrayed, to hearts forsaken.  
 Those whose life's Summer-path has been  
 A fairy round of light and pleasure,  
 May well recall each vanished scene—  
 To them remembrance is a treasure ;  
 But those whose year has only known  
 The clouds, the coldness of December,  
 Why should they pause on moments gone ?  
 'Tis searing wounds when they remember.  
 Drear was the hour of youth to me,  
 My hopes were stars that fell when lightest ;  
 But one sweet dream still clung to Thee,  
 My first, my best, my last, my brightest !  
 Would I could live that time again,  
 When life was but a void without thee !  
 To me 'twere worth an age of pain  
 To feel once more I did not doubt thee.  
 But, like this picture-frame, thy heart  
 Is but a gilded toy, concealing  
 A darker and a meaner part,  
 Bright coloured, but cold and unfeeling !  
 Farewell to love for ever past,  
 Farewell to the dear hopes that leave me !  
 I'd almost, could that bid them last,  
 Wish that thou couldst again deceive me !

I must turn from this idol: I am kneeling  
 With vows and homage only made for heaven;  
 I must turn from this idol. I have been  
 Like to a child who plays with poisoned arrows,  
 And then is wounded by them. I have yielded,  
 Foolishly, fondly yielded, to the love  
 Which is a curse and sickness to me now.  
 I am as one who sleeps beneath the power [throbs  
 Of some wild dream; hopes, fears, and burning  
 Of strange delight, dizzy anxieties,  
 And looks and words dwelt upon overmuch,  
 Fill up my feverish circle of existence.  
 My spirit wanders wildly: all in vain!  
 I would bring order to my troubled thoughts;  
 Like autumn leaves scattered by driving gales,  
 They wander round. Once my heart's sleep was  
 As a young bird's beneath its parent wing; [calm  
 That quiet is no more! for Love hath breathed  
 Upon my heart, and with him came a train  
 Of visionary things:—impatient hope,  
 Sickening of its own vanity; and more  
 Than all, concealment preys upon me; life  
 But animate with emotion, which must yet  
 Be hidden fire. Oh, I must, I must  
 Turn from this idol! Our love is forbidden—  
 You are above me, and in loving you—  
 Oh God! I dare not think to what that leads:  
 I dare not think on all I have been told  
 Of all man's cruelty to woman—how  
 He will soothe, flatter, vow, till he has won,  
 And then repay her confidence with ruin,

Leaving her trusting heart a desolate place,  
 Herself an outcast with an unwept grave,  
 Perhaps unhallowed too—her last lone refuge.  
 I've more than loved,—oh I have worshipped you ;  
 I have thought, spoken, dreamt of you alone,  
 And deep has been my misery ! my cheek  
 Has burnt even to pain when you were named ;  
 I have sat hours thinking o'er your last words,  
 Have sought my couch for solitude, not sleep,  
 And wept, I only know how bitterly.  
 I have no joy in pleasure : all I took  
 A pride in, once, has lost its interest now ;  
 The days I see you not, to me are blanks,  
 And yet I shrink from meeting you ! I have  
 Insulted heaven with prayers (prayers not to love  
     you,)

And then have trembled lest they should be heard.  
 I must forget all this : the veins that throb  
 In agony will surely learn from time  
 A calm and quiet pulse ; yet I will own,  
 Though woman's weakness is in the confession,  
 I never could have nerved my soul to this,  
 But that I know you wavering and weak,  
 Passionate, but unsteady ; born to win  
 Hearts, but not keep them. Tell me not you love  
 Intensely, wholly, well, as I have done.  
 But oh, farewell, farewell ! I give thy portrait  
 To the red flames,—it is a sacrifice  
 On which I swear forgetfulness !

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

SONGS.

I'll meet thee at the midnight hour,  
When their light the stars are weeping  
O'er the roses of our bower,  
In their pleasant odours sleeping.

Like a spirit I will glide,  
Softly thy dear bosom seeking,  
Till the eastern clouds are dyed  
With the light of morning breaking.

Thou shalt bid thy fair hands rove  
O'er thy soft lute's silver slumbers,  
Waking sounds of song and love  
In their sweet Italian numbers.

Then I'll make for thy dark hair  
A coronal of moonlit roses,  
Every rose-blush but less fair  
Than that which on thy cheek reposes;

Or with thy heart so near mine  
That I feel its every motion,  
Many wild tales shall be thine  
Of the wonders of the ocean.

But when morning comes I fly,  
Like the stars, away from heaven,  
Farewell plighted with one sigh,  
One kiss, half stolen, half given.

By those eyes of dark beauty,  
The spell of that sigh;  
By the blush that now burns  
Though thou art not nigh;

I would love thee as truly  
As woman can love,  
More dear than the light  
From yon blue sky above;—

But I know that thy vows  
Are too light to be true:  
They are sweet as spring flowers,  
And as perishing too!

## (Songs)

Pledge not that sparkling bowl  
To Memory, to Love, to Me ;  
I lay no spell upon thy soul  
Mid revelry :  
But when thy wreath is dead,  
And the dancers have left the hall,  
When the song and the lights are fled,  
Oh, then recall  
One, whose fate is also gloom,  
Withered and darkened and lone ;  
But whose heart was all light and bloom  
When first thine own !

---

## (Songs)

All over the world with thee, my love !  
All over the world with thee ;  
I care not what sky may low'r above,  
Or how dark our path may be.  
The cloud may gloom, the thorn may spring,  
And the desert before us lie ;  
I shall not look back,—can the fond dove's wing  
Ere fail when her mate is nigh ?  
I could follow thee over the dark blue main,  
In tempest or summer shine ;  
The voice of the storm would threaten in vain  
The heart that reposed on thine.  
Though past the lights that the many prize,  
And grief and shame were with thee,  
There yet would be hope enough in thine eyes,  
So that they but turned on me.  
I should be glad, but for thy dear sake,  
That thy planet were darkened above ; [make  
For the cloud that shadowed thy fate would but  
More apparent my truth and my love.

---



## (Songs)

The dream on the pillow  
That fits with the day,  
The leaf of the willow  
A breath wears away ;  
The dust on the blossom,  
The spray on the sea :  
Aye—ask thine own bosom—  
Are emblems of thee.

When I trust the dark waters,  
And tempests are near,  
List the blue sea's false daughters,  
And think not on fear—

Oh then I'll believe thee  
As once I believed,  
Nor dread thou'lt deceive me  
As thou hast deceived.

When the rose blooms at Christmas  
I'll trust thee again,  
Or the snow falls in summer,—  
But never till then !

---

## (Songs)

What was our parting?—one wild kiss,  
How wild I may not say,  
One long and breathless clasp, and then  
As life were past away,  
We parted,—I to weep o'er all  
My young heart's great excess  
Of passion, you to dream your love  
Into forgetfulness.

---

What has our absence been? a long  
And dreary while to me;  
And must I feel—I dare not ask—  
What it has been to thee?  
How shall we meet on either side,  
With heart so light as thine?  
On yours it may be fond again,  
It will be cold on mine!

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.**

[To be continued occasionally.]

*A Maniac visited by his Family in confinement:  
by Davis.*

His arms are bound with iron, though they look  
 Weak as a child's, for they are thin and withered,  
 And the large veins seem drained. Upon his cheek  
 Is scarcely left one single hue of life,  
 So gaunt, so ghastly, and the fierce dark eyes,  
 Set in their vacancy, scowl from beneath  
 The shaggy eye-brows like the lightning fires  
 Sent out from the grey cloud. For many years  
 His bed has been upon that cold stone floor—  
 It is worn with the pressure of his limbs.  
 For many years he has not breathed the air,  
 The wholesome open air; the sun, the moon,  
 The stars, the clouds, the fair blue heaven, the  
 spring,  
 The flowers, the trees, and the sweet face of man,  
 Song, or words yet more musical than song,  
 Affections, feelings, social intercourse  
 (Unless remembered in his fairy dreams)  
 Have all been strangers to his solitude!—  
 A curse is set on him, like poverty,  
 Or leprosy, or the red plague, but worse,—  
 The heart has sent its fire up to the brain,  
 And he is mad. What can have made this wreck?  
 He was once young and beautiful, and brave,  
 Trusting, as noble spirits ever are,  
 And he was wronged, betrayed, tortured, deceived,  
 Heard calumny come from the lips of friends  
 Whom he had served, lost riches by false tongues;  
 But that he might have borne,—till she he lov'd,  
 The mother of his children, left his roof  
 With one who owed him life and home, yet paid  
 His blessing with a curse! Then he grew mad,  
 And was chained down upon a dungeon-floor,—  
 A heart-sick, solitary wretch!—  
 There are sweet faces bending near his own:  
 A pale girl, beautiful as innocence!  
 With white hands clasped in pity and in prayer,  
 The daughter of the Maniac, who has come  
 In the vain vain hope that red insanity  
 Will feel the influence of her soothing voice.  
 And two fair boys are with her: one who clings  
 Around his brother, panting with the fear

Of simple childhood, while the other's eyes  
Have less of dread than sorrow. Still no looks  
Of love or memory from their father comes ;  
He sits with clenching teeth and grasping hands,  
Regardless of the gentle pity  
Which even the dark jailor, whose harsh brow  
Has no lines of compassion, even he  
Feels, almost moved to sadness!           L. E. L.

## APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year  
 Give April's month to me,  
 For earth and sky are then so filled  
 With sweet variety !

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,  
 The pear-tree's rosier hue,  
 As beautiful as Woman's blush,  
 As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh  
 Comes from the violet bed,  
 As there the perfumes of the East  
 Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup  
 To hold the morning's tear ;  
 The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star,  
 The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow  
 Upon the guelderose,  
 The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where  
 The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,  
 In every bud a flower ;  
 But scarcely bud or flower will last  
 Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,  
 Then all again sunshine ;  
 Then clouds again, but brightened with  
 The rainbow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me !  
 I could not love a scene  
 Where the blue sky was always blue,  
 The green earth always green.

It is like love ; oh love should be  
 An ever-changing thing,—  
 The love that I could worship must  
 Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me  
 Must be both brief and bright ;  
 Or formed of opals, which will change  
 With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs  
 The smiles she wore to-day ;  
 This moment's look of tenderness  
 The next one must be gay.

Sweet April ! thou the emblem art  
 Of what my love must be ;  
 One varying like the varying bloom  
 Is just the love for me.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****DRAMATIC SCENE.***Ianthe—Guido—Manfred.*

*Ianthe.* I can but weep your welcome, oh my own  
Dear warrior!

*Guido.* Look upon yon pale lone star,—  
Did I not say, when like a smile it came,  
My sweet IANTHE, on the heart-wrung tears  
Of the last time we met here, that its light  
Was hope's fair message, and that we should meet  
As we are meeting now?

*Ianthe.* How I have watched  
That silent star, and soothed me with the thought  
That you were watching too! The day pass'd by,  
Languid and listless; but when evening came,  
It was as a new spirit rose within me,  
Or I but lived when worshipping that star.

*Guido.* I cannot tell thee, love, how long I thought  
My wearying absence in the strangers' land,  
Without one thing to which thy love was linked  
By old remembrance,—not one object gave  
The image of thy beauty: here, each tree,  
Each flower, recalls thee in associate sweetness.  
This rose-tree is a favourite, the next  
Was planted by your hand; your fairy feet  
Have left their slight impress on yonder turf;  
All round, the odour of your presence breathes;  
Although the violet be gone, yet still  
Its perfume lingers on the air,—and dear,  
Soothing, these recollections are to love,

But the heart feels so desolate, when all  
That memory fondly treasures is afar—  
Oh this is absence!

*Ianthe.* Nay, nay, I must claim  
My own full share of sorrow. Do you think  
That it was nothing to look round and see  
Every thing changed, yet still the very same,  
Then feel the change was in my heart? to live  
'Mid doubts, anxieties, and feverish hopes,  
And such soul-sickening fears? I heard the fleet  
Had left Dalmatia; and that very day  
How dark the tempest gathered o'er the sky—  
'The wind came like a giant in its strength,  
The forest pines were bowed down to the ground,  
The oak, which had for ages stood, where sleep  
My ancestors—the sign our banners rear—  
Was blasted by the lightning, and all said  
Some doomed ill was hanging o'er our race.  
I only thought of thee: all day I sat  
And watched the crashing trees, the flooded plains;  
The night came on—the storm was at its worst—  
The thunder shook the earth,—and then the flash  
Glared like an angry demon, and more deep  
And black became the moonless heaven; fierce gales  
Went shrieking by,—in every gust I heard  
'The cry of drowning wretches, the last scream  
Heard 'mid the closing waters.

*Guido.* Why, thou'rt pale!  
I must not let remembered fears thus blanch  
Thy cheek, mine own IANTHE; we will talk  
Of nothing but sweet fancies, pleasant hopes.  
Oh mark how placidly the moonlight falls  
Over that jasmine palace, where the rose  
Sits like a queen, with her pearl crown of dew;  
Its moss and violet seat was made for love.  
Come sit thee in the shade, and let me tell  
Of a fair spot, which has been in my dreams  
Ever since I have seen it.

*Ianthe.* Nay, Guido, now  
Prepare thee for reproach: what, think and dream  
Of any thing but me? I am a miser  
Of all thy thoughts and words, and looks and  
feelings—  
Oh, I am jealous of a leaf, a flower,  
A song, a star, if much thought on by thee!

*Guido.* But that sweet spot was sacred, love, to thee,  
 Thou wert the deity of its green beauty :  
 Its solitude was given to fond dreams,  
 A lover's dreams of thee. It was a dell  
 Just midway up a wood-girt mountain ; oaks,  
 Beeches, and darkling chestnuts, and old pines,  
 Amid whose leaves the wind was musical,  
 Guarded it round ; save in one open place,  
 A rocky point, from whence the eye might rove  
 O'er cornfields in their yellow wealth, o'er plains  
 Where wandered a fair river, olive groves,  
 The sun tipt minarets, some cottages,  
 Heaths wandering off in barrenness, yet sweet  
 With bee-sought wild flowers, just a shadowy glance  
 Of a far city with tall battlements ;  
 And to the east was spread the glorious sea,  
 Bounded and canopied by the blue sky :—  
 There is no entrance but by a rough path  
 Thro' the black forest, narrow and scarce known ;  
 When suddenly the gloomy trees give way,  
 And azure gleamings come through the soft boughs  
 Of white-flowered myrtles and the pink acacia,  
 And the glade is illumined suddenly  
 By blushes from ten thousand crimson roses,  
 Nature's own beautiful and fragrant lamps ;  
 And there is turf beneath, soft scented turf,  
 Mingled with thyme and violets. My IANTHE,  
 What a sweet home we might find there !

*Ianthe.* Dear GUIDO,  
 I should be happy as the lark at morning.  
 I do love the fresh air, the pleasant buds,  
 The song of the glad birds, the forest trees ;  
 The lights, the music of the carnival,



With its gay maskers, with its courtly feasts,  
 Its spices from the east, its Indian gold,  
 Are nothing worth the pageantry of summer !  
 There are no pearls like lilies.

*Guido.* Ah, my life,  
 Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee ;  
 I have no castle, in whose stately halls  
 Vassals or kinsmen wait to welcome thee.

*Ianthe.* Oh, Love asks nothing but the heart.

*Enter Count MANFRED unperceived ;*  
 My daughter ! ah, and listening to some lover !

*Guido.* My history is slight : I am the child  
 Of sorrow and of shame. I can recall  
 Only a humble home, and but one parent—  
 My solitary mother, and she watched me,  
 And wore herself to sickness for my sake.  
 She was so very pale, this little hand  
 Wears not more perfect ivory than her cheek ;  
 The veins ran colourless as those in marble ;  
 Yet I have heard my nurse say, in her youth  
 The first rose summer offers to the sun  
 Had not a fresher luxury of health.  
 There was a languor in her large dark eyes,  
 Born of long suffering ; yet at times a smile  
 Lighted them when she looked on me. Your voice,  
 And 'twas your voice that made me love you first,  
 Has the same tone as hers had—soft and low,—  
 So very musical, that were the sense  
 Inaudible, the ear would yet have dwelt  
 Only upon the sounds.

*Ianthe.* Oh, how I should  
 Have loved your mother !

*Guido.* The first grief I felt  
 Was when her voice grew feeble, and her cheek  
 Burnt with a feverish hectic, and her hand,  
 Though fire, trembled in mine as if with cold.  
 Then first I heard of wrongs, of love betrayed,  
 (How can love be forgotten !) of the vows  
 That win, then break a woman's heart ! She wept  
 In telling of the weakness which had given  
 Her fair fame and her happiness away  
 To one who could desert her. Then she left  
 (Her sole companion her old nurse)—the halls  
 Of her proud father. In the peasant's dress,  
 And peasant's home, none knew the high-born  
 Blanche :

*Manfred* (*aside*.) Blanche d'Arzaline, the flattered  
and the lovely,  
Wretched!—while I——

*Guido*. She died. I never knew my father's name;  
I should have loathed the kindness which could leave  
My mother desolate. And now, sweet IANTHE!  
You know me without fortune, without name,  
Are you mine still?

*Ianthe*. GUIDO, I swear to thee  
By the blue heaven, the moon, the flowers, the skies,  
By thy dear self, by love, I will be thine,  
Most tenderly, most truly!

*Guido*. Then to-morrow,  
When our own star looks on the pale twilight,  
I'll meet thee here.

*Count Manfred* (*discovering himself*.)  
No, no, she cannot be your bride,—her hand  
Is promised. I will give you riches—land—  
You shall be to me as a sou; but swear  
You will renounce her!

*Guido*. I would die for her,—  
For you, her father,—any thing but leave her!

*Manfred*.  
This is but vain romance. A soldier's sword,  
The music of the trumpet, soon will drive  
Love from your heart. We'll meet again to-morrow,  
And I will be your friend. IANTHE, come.

*Ianthe*. GUIDO! Oh my dear father!

*Guido*. You cannot leave me! By the many vows  
Your lips have uttered and your eyes confirmed,  
By all my love, by all the misery  
That would live in your falsehood, oh be true!

*Manfred*. My curse is on your love!—

*Guido*. Oh, my IANTHE, I live but in you,  
And I will win thee, through each obstacle  
By tyranny or fortune raised, my own,  
My best heart's treasure! [*Snatches her hand*.

*Manfred*. Wild fool! she is your sister!

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS.**

I looked upon the twilight Star,  
And young blue eyes shone by my side,  
And, with a lover's fondness, wished  
It were a home for my sweet Bride !

Were my words sin, that I should have  
To weep upon my fatal prayer ?  
My seat is by IANTHE'S grave—  
That twilight Star is shining there !

---

- - - - It is the last survivor of a race  
 Strong in their forest-pride when I was young,  
 I can remember, when for miles around,  
 In place of these smooth meadows and corn-fields,  
 There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,  
 Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt  
 Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow  
 Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth  
 Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,  
 Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,  
 Shading wild strawberries and violets,  
 Or the lark's nest; and overhead, the dove  
 Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home  
 With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech  
 Was there without a honeysuckle linked  
 Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;  
 Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds  
 Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee.  
 There dwelt the last red deer, those antler'd  
     kings. - - - -  
 But this is as a dream,—the plough has pass'd  
 Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked  
 On the green twilight of the forest-trees.  
 This Oak has no companion! - - - -

---

I should have prized thy heart, if none  
Had ever had that heart but me, —  
If I had been the only one,  
The first, the last beloved by thee!  
Thy hope, thy memory,—the all  
Thy wish could pant for or recall!  
But mine! mine is a second claim,  
Not incense from your earliest sighs;  
How can I love or trust the flame  
First lighted at another's eyes?  
The relics of another's shrine  
Are worthless offerings at mine!  
Can any love be like first love?  
Sweets to the withered rose impart?  
Light to yon setting star above?  
Then tell me I have *all* your heart;  
Till then, farewell,—I may not bear  
Not to possess, but only share.

There is a curse laid on the human heart  
Which hath a power, beyond all other things,  
To wither and to waste :—disease, distress,  
Remorse and poverty, are nothing to it !  
It comes like winter on the bloom of youth,  
Destroying and despoiling, till the cheek  
Is pale with that worst famine, want of *hope*,—  
Till the eyes have no brightness but their tears ;  
Till health be gone with *hope*, and till the heart  
Has not a wish beyond the quiet grave ;  
When every pulse throbs languidly, and life  
Has its best hours still numbered, as they count  
The listless moments in the solitude  
Of a sick room, but by their weariness.  
When pleasure's self is loathed ; when feelings turn  
With shuddering at the too impassioned past,  
Yet shrinking from the cold and gloomy future,  
And pine and prey upon the present time,  
Having no pity, as Death has on youth,  
On loveliness, on genius, or on glory,—  
This curse is ill-placed love ! - - - -

---

Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears  
Are Love's most fitting offerings:  
I'll weep his smiles, I'll weep his sighs,  
But, more than all, I'll weep his wings.  
I'll weep his smiles, for they first taught  
My young heart what his sighs could be;  
I'll weep his wings, for they have borne  
Away the truth! You plighted me! L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS.**

Just two or three faint chords.

The lights are fair in my father's hall,  
The red wine is bright to see ;  
But I'll flee like a bird and leave them all,  
My Ocean Love ! for thee.

There is gold around my silken robe,  
And white pearls are in my hair :  
And they say that gems and the broidered vest  
Are woman's chiefest care ;

But dearer to me is one silent smile  
Of thine eagle eye than them all ;  
And dearer the deck of thy bark to me  
Than my father's lighted hall.

I have no home now but thy arms,  
And they are the world to me ;  
And be thou but true, I'll never regret  
All, dear love ! I have left for thee.

---



Love once dwelt in a palmy isle,  
His palace of the green leaves' shade,  
A chain of rose upon his wings,  
Whose guardian was a dark-eyed Maid.

They lived in sweet companionship :  
Enough for him one smile so bright ;  
Enough for her to live for him,  
To watch his chain, to keep it light.

But once the Nymph lay down to sleep,  
Leaving her fragrant chain undone ;  
And Love awakened while she slept,  
Shook off his fetters, and was gone.

The morning came, the Nymph arose,  
And looked on her deserted chain ;  
Vain were her tears, and vain her prayers,  
For never Love returned again !

---

A blue Italian sky,—yet scarce more blue  
Than the clear lake beneath,—upon whose breast  
Are gliding two or three light boats, with sails  
Floating and waving gracefully like clouds.  
On the one side are corn and green grass fields,  
And olive groves and vineyards, and one shrine,—  
One ruined shrine,—sacred in other days  
To some most radiant nymph or starry queen,  
Whose sweet divinity was beauty. Near  
Is a lone cavern, with its azure fount  
Shaded by roses and a laurel tree,  
Beneath whose shade might the young painter lean,  
And gaze around until his passionate hues  
Caught light and life and loveliness. Steep hills  
Are on the other side, upon whose heights  
Dark Hannibal once rested. Who could dream  
That this calm lake was crimson once with blood?  
That these green myrtles waved o'er the death-  
Of men in their last agony? Oh, War! [wounds  
How soon thy red fiends can lay desolate  
The holy and the beautiful!

---

Then fare thee well, love, for a little while !  
Take this rose, I have kissed it for thee ;  
Now I will not give thee one single smile,  
If 'tis withered when brought back to me.  
The moon is now rising pale, pale in the east,  
Like a circle of silver dew ;  
And as she has looked on our parting kiss,  
She must look on our meeting one too.  
Wilt thou not, dearest, be back to mine arms  
Ere her zenith shines yellow above ?  
Bethink thee that then I am watching her course,  
And that moments are ages in love.

---

Do any thing but love ; or if thou lovest  
And art a Woman, hide thy love from him  
Whom thou dost worship ; never let him know  
How dear he is ; flit like a bird before him,—  
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower ;  
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird,  
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,  
And perish in forgetfulness. L. E. L.

## POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS.

*On May-day, by Leslie.*

Beautiful and radiant May,  
 Is not this thy festal day ?  
 Is not this spring revelry  
 Held in honour, Queen, of thee ?  
 'Tis a fair : the booths are gay,  
 With green boughs and quaint display ;  
 Glasses, where the Maiden's eye  
 May her own sweet face espy ;  
 Ribands for her braided hair,  
 Beads to grace her bosom fair ;  
 From yon stand the Juggler plays  
 With the rustic crowd's amaze ;  
 There the Morris-dancers stand,  
 Glad bells ringing on each hand ;  
 Here the maypole rears its crest,  
 With the rose and hawthorn drest ;  
 And beside are painted bands  
 Of strange beasts from other lands.  
 In the midst, like the young Queen,  
 Flower crowned, of the rural green,  
 Is a bright-cheeked girl, her eye  
 Blue, like April's morning sky,  
 With a blush, like what the rose  
 To her moonlight minstrel shows ;  
 Laughing at her love the while,—  
 Yet such softness in the smile,  
 As the sweet coquette would hide  
 Woman's love by woman's pride.  
 Farewell, cities ! who could bear  
 All their smoke and all their care,  
 All their pomp, when wooed away  
 By the azure hours of May ?  
 Give me woodbine, scented bowers,  
 Blue wreathes of the violet flowers,  
 Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,  
 Sights and sounds, and scenes like these !

---

Literary Gazette, 3rd May 1823, Page 285

**SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.**

THIS delightful lounge was so crowded on Monday that we could hardly see the beauties of Art for the beauties of Nature (we do not include gentlemen—especially lusty gentlemen.) The sight was altogether very gratifying, because very British and national. Next Monday is the last day—we mean, for opening this mansion so richly adorned with the productions of Native talent.

Literary Gazette, 3rd May 1823, Page 286

[Sketched from Sir John Leicester's Gallery.]

*The Hours, by Howard.*

Wouldst thou know what life should be,  
 Were it mine but to decree  
 What its path should be for Thee ?  
 Look upon those sister powers,  
 Chained, but only chained with flowers,—  
 That bright group of rose-winged Hours:  
   Sunny ones, whose beauty seems  
   Just made for the rainbow gleams  
   Of Fancy or of Pleasure's dreams ;  
 Softer ones, whose shadows suit  
 With the Maiden stealing mute,  
 Guided by her Lover's lute.  
   But all lovely, and all bright,  
   Smiles of hope and plumes of light,—  
   Happiness is in their flight.  
 Oh, if fond love could decree  
 Hours of life, just such should be,  
 Or fairer yet, the Hours for Thee !

*The Female Head on the left of "the Hours."*  
A dream of saddest beauty: one pale smile  
Its light upon the blue-veined forehead shed,  
As Love had lingered there one little while,  
Robbed the cheek of its colour, and then fled;  
Yet leaving a sweet twilight shade, which said  
There had been sunshine once. Alas! the bloom,  
The light, the hope, at Love's shrine offered!  
Yet all in vain,—that altar is a tomb  
Of broken hearts, its oracle but words of doom!  
L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****VALEDICTORY STANZAS.**

Oh not that look to me, my love,  
 Oh not that look to me ;  
 Cold looks I may from others bear,  
 But never one from thee !

I cannot bear that alter'd brow,  
 That wandering smile of thine,  
 To see it fix on others' eyes,  
 On any but on mine.

I meet thee in the glittering crowd—  
 We meet as strangers do ;  
 The pang that rives my inmost soul  
 Is all unmarked by you.

Last night we met as now we meet,  
 A gorgeous throng were nigh,—  
 I heard you scoff at constant love,  
 Then sternly pass me by.

It is enough !—I do resign  
 My claim on love and thee ;  
 I will forsake the hope that long  
 Has fed on memory.

Then look not so, I will forget  
 What once those fond eyes said ;  
 The dead will soon forget—and I  
 Shall soon be with the dead !



**FINE ARTS.****GLOVER'S GALLERY.**

**THIS** beautiful landscape painter has again opened his Gallery in Bond Street. To the pictures of last season his industry has added about twenty new subjects, full of nature and truth. These are chiefly from scenery in Yorkshire; but the picturesque forms of Dovedale in Derbyshire, also contribute to enrich the exhibition. In these we witness the closest details combined with the finest natural effects; the striking variations of light and shadow, so often observable as they rapidly and partially change the features of the landscape, are delightfully preserved; and on the whole, we think the additions, additions also to the reputation of the artist.

*Two Doves in a Grove. Mr. Glover's Exhibition.*  
 June bloom and foliage were upon the trees,  
 And glimpses of a blue and sunny light  
 Came through the hawthorn canopy, where leaves  
 Of emerald freshness blended with white showers  
 Of the luxuriant blossoms. On a bough,  
 The only one chained by the honeysuckle,  
 Sat two white Doves, upon each neck a tint  
 Like the rose-stain within the delicate shell

Of the sea-pearl, as Love breathed on their plumes.  
 And each was mirror'd in the other's eyes,  
 Floating and dark, a paradise of passion.  
 And on the ground, half hidden by the grass  
 And the pink clover flowers, lay a moss nest,  
 The sweet home palace of those birds. There came  
 A dim remembrance of a fairy tale,—  
 Those tales mine earliest dreams of poetry:  
 When halls built of the rainbows, perfumed isles  
 Lighted by roses, caves of gold and gems  
 Where Genii kept their treasures, gardens where  
 The fountains played in music; when these realms  
 Were my heart's world, and magic spells had charms  
 Whose power to me was passionate happiness.  
 There was one favourite tale: In the hot noon  
 I went to seek a little lonely nook,—  
 None sought it but myself,—and read it there,  
 My graver task too often laid aside  
 For this sweet secret idlesse. There I lay  
 Half buried by long grass and violets,  
 One arm on an old trunk, and with my book  
 Pillowed upon the moss, the sun shut out  
 By the dark yew o'erhead, and on one side  
 Hung two most graceful willows, and the pond  
 Beneath was like their mirror, and the sun  
 Shone through at times, and there like silver barks  
 (Just a ship for Camdeo) white and tall,  
 Floated the water lilies. This sweet tale  
 Was of two lovers, true, though tried by all  
 Of peril and of sorrow that the heart  
 Could bear and yet not break. There was one,  
 A gentle Fairy, pitied them, and gave  
 A gift of quiet happiness at last:  
 And two fair Doves, in the calm greenwood shade,  
 Their pleasant life was past. And this sweet dream  
 Of the fine Painter called this tale to mind,  
 With all its tenderness, its luxury  
 Of peace and feeling. Love, oh love! thy home  
 Is not in this rude world; oh gold and care  
 Are thy death sickness.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****ON THE PICTURE OF A YOUNG GIRL.**

A beautiful and laughing thing,  
 Just in her first apparelling  
 Of girlish loveliness: blue eyes,  
 Such blue as in the violet dwells,  
 And rose-bud lips of sweets, such sweets  
 The bee hoards in his fragrant cells.  
 'Tis not a blush upon her cheek—  
 Oh blushes but of love can speak;  
 That brow is all too free from care  
 For Love to be a dweller there,  
 Alas, that Love should ever fling  
 One shadow from his radiant wing!  
 But that fair cheek knows not a cloud,  
 And health and hope are in its dyes.  
 She has been over hill and dale,  
 Chasing the summer butterflies.  
 Yet there is malice in her smile,  
 As if she felt her woman's power,  
 And had a gift of prophecy,  
 To look upon that coming hour  
 When, feared by some, yet loved by all,  
 Young Beauty holds her festival.      L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

INEZ.

Alas, that clouds should ever steal  
 O'er Love's delicious sky ;  
 That ever Love's sweet lip should feel  
 Aught but the gentlest sigh !  
 Love is a pearl of purest hue ;  
 But stormy waves are round it :  
 And dearly may a woman rue  
 The hour that first she found it !

The lips that breathed this song were fair  
 As those the rose-touched Houries wear,  
 And dimpled by a smile, whose spell  
 Not even sighs could quite dispel ;  
 And eyes of that dark azure light  
 Seen only at the deep midnight ;  
 A cheek, whose crimson hues seemed caught  
 From the first tint by April brought  
 To the peach-bud ; and clouds of curl  
 Over a brow of blue-veined pearl,  
 Falling like sunlight, just one shade  
 Of chesnut on its golden braid.  
 Is she not all too fair to weep ?  
 Those young eyes should be closed in sleep,  
 Dreaming those dreams the moonlight brings,  
 When the dew falls and the nightingale sings :  
 Dreams of a word, of a look, of a sigh,  
 Till the cheek burns and the heart beats high.  
 But INEZ sits and weeps in her bower,  
 Pale as the gleam on the white orange flower,  
 And counting the wearying moments o'er  
 For his return, who returns no more !

There was a time—a time of bliss,—  
 When to have met his INEZ' kiss,  
 To but look in her deep blue eye,  
 To breathe the air sweet with her sigh,  
 Young JUAN would have urged his steed  
 With the lightning of a lover's speed,—  
 Ere she should have shed one single tear.  
 He had courted danger, and smiled at fear ;  
 But he had parted in high disdain,  
 And sworn to dash from his heart the chain  
 Of one, who he said was too light to be  
 Holy and pure in her constancy.  
 Alas, that woman, not content  
 With her peculiar element  
 Of gentle love, should ever try  
 The meteor spells of vanity !  
 Her world should be of love alone,  
 Of one fond heart, and only one.  
 For heartless flattery, and sighs  
 And looks false as the rainbow's dyes,

Are very worthless. And that morn  
 Had JUAN from his INEZ borne  
 All woman's prettiness of scorn;  
 Had watched for her averted eye  
 In vain,—had seen a rival nigh  
 And smiled upon: he wildly swore  
 To look on the false one no more,  
 Who thus could trifle, thus could break  
 A fond heart for the triumph's sake.—  
 And yet she loved him,—oh how well  
 Let woman's own fond spirit tell.  
 When the warriors met in their high career,  
 Went not her heart along with his spear?  
 The dance seemed sad, and the festival dim,  
 If her hand was unclaimed by him;  
 Waked she her lute, if it breathed not his name?  
 Lay she in dreams, but some thought of him came?  
 No flowers, no smiles, were on life's dull tide,  
 When JUAN was not by his INEZ' side.  
 And yet they parted! Still there clings  
 An earth-stain to the fairest things;  
 And love, that most delicious gift  
 Upon life's shrine of sorrow left,  
 Has its own share of suffering:  
 A shade falls from its radiant wing,  
 A spot steals o'er its sunny brow,  
 Fades the rose-lip's witching glow.  
 'Tis well,—for earth were too like heaven,  
 If length of life to love were given.

He has left the land of the chestnut and lime  
 For the cedar and rose of a southern clime,  
 With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand,  
 To fight in the wars of the Holy Land.  
 No colours are placed on his helm beside,  
 No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied,  
 A dark plume alone does young JUAN wear:—  
 Look where warriors are thickest, that plume will  
 be there.

But what has fame to do with one  
 Whose light and hope of fame are gone ?  
 Oh, fame is as the moon above,  
 Whose sun of light and life is love.  
 There is more in the smile of one gentle eye  
 Than the thousand pages of history ;  
 There is more in the spell of one slight gaze  
 Than the loudest plaudits the crowd can raise.  
 Take the gems in glory's coronal,  
 And one smile of beauty is worth them all.—

He was not lonely quite,—a shade,  
 A dream, a fancy, round him played ;  
 Sometimes low, at the twilight hour,  
 He heard a voice like that, whose power  
 Was on his heart : it sang a strain  
 Of those whose love was fond, yet vain :  
 Sweet like a dream, —yet none might say  
 Whose was the voice or whose the lay.  
 And once, when worn with toil and care,  
 All that the soldier has to bear,  
 With none to soothe and none to bless  
 His hour of sickly loneliness,  
 When, waked to consciousness again,  
 The fire gone from his heart and brain,  
 He could remember some fair thing  
 Around his pillow hovering ;  
 Of white arms, in whose clasp he slept ;  
 Of young blue eyes, that o'er him wept ;  
 How, when on the parched lip and brow  
 Burnt the red fever's hottest glow,  
 Some one had brought dew of the spring,  
 With woman's own kind solacing.  
 And he had heard a voice, whose thrill  
 Was echoed by his bosom still.  
 It was not hers—it could but be  
 A dream, the fever's fantasie. - - -

Deadly has been the fight to-day ;  
 But now the infidels give way,  
 And cimetar and turbaned band  
 Scatter before the foeman's hand ;

And in the rear, with sword and spur,  
 Follows the Christian conqueror.  
 And one dark chief rides first of all—  
 A warrior at his festival—  
 Chasing his prey, till none are near  
 To aid the single soldier's spear,  
 Save one slight boy. Of those who flew,  
 Three turn, the combat to renew :  
 They fly, but death is on the field—  
 That Page's breast was JUAN'S shield.  
 He bore the Boy where, in the shade  
 Of the green palm, a fountain made  
 Its pleasant music ; tenderly  
 He laid his head upon his knee,  
 And from the dented helm unrolled  
 The blood-stained curls of summer gold.  
 Knew he not then those deep blue eyes,  
 That lip of rose, and smiles, and sighs ?  
 His INEZ !—his ! could this be her,—  
 Thus for his sake a wanderer !—  
 He spoke not—moved not—but sate there,  
 A statue in his cold despair,  
 Watching the lip and cheek decay,  
 As faded life's last hue away,  
 While she lay sweet and motionless,  
 As only faint with happiness.  
 At length she spoke, in that sweet tone  
 Woman and love have for their own :  
 " This is what I have prayed might be—  
 Has death not sealed my truth to thee !" - - -

A cypress springs by yonder grave,  
 And music from the fountain-wave  
 Sings its low dirge to the pale rose  
 That, near, in lonely beauty blows.  
 Two lovers sleep beneath. Oh, sweet,  
 Even in the grave, it is to meet ;  
 Sweet even the death-couch of stone,  
 When shared with some beloved one ;  
 And sweeter than life the silent rest  
 Of INEZ ~~on~~ <sup>her</sup> JUAN'S breast.                      L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

## STANZAS.

Twine not those red roses for me,—  
 Darker and sadder my wreath must be ;  
 Mine is of flowers unkissed by the sun,  
 Flowers which died as the Spring begun.  
 The blighted leaf and the cankered stem  
 Are what should form my diadem.

Take that rose—it is nipt by the blast ;  
 That lily—the blight has over it past ;  
 That peach-bud—a worm has gnawed it away ;  
 Those violets—they were culled yesterday :  
 Bind them with leaves from the dark yew tree,  
 Then come and offer the wreath to me.

Let every flower be a flower of Spring,  
 But on each be a sign of withering ;  
 Suited to me is the drooping wreath,  
 With colourless hues and scentless breath ;  
 Seek ye not buds of brighter bloom,  
 Why should their beauty waste on the tomb ?

I am too young for death, you say :  
 Fall not and fade not the green leaves in May ?  
 Does not the rose in its light depart ?  
 Needs there long life to break the heart ?  
 I have felt the breath of the deadly power,—  
 My summons is come, and I know mine hour !

There came a voice to my sleeping ear,  
 With words of sorrow and words of fear,  
 Its sound was the roll of the mountain wave,  
 Its breath was damp as an opening grave ;  
 My heart grew colder at every word,  
 For I knew 'twas the voice of Death I heard !

It summoned me, and I wept to die,—  
 Oh, fair is life to the youthful eye !  
 Time may come with his shadowy wing,  
 But who can think on Autumn in Spring ?  
 With so much of hope, and of light, and of bloom,  
 Marvel ye that I shrunk from my doom ?



My tears are past,—the grave will be  
Like a home and a haven, welcome to me !  
I have marked the fairest of hopes decay,  
Have seen love pass like a cloud away,  
Seen bloom and sweet feelings waste to a sigh,  
Till my heart has sickened and wished to die.  
Falling to earth like a shower of light,  
Yon ash tree is losing its blossoms of white ;  
Ere its green berries are coloured with red,  
I shall be numbered amid the dead.  
The buds that are falling in dust will lie  
A prey for the worms, and soon so shall I !  
Be my tomb in the green grass made,  
There let no white tombstone be laid ;  
All my monument shall be  
A lonely and bending cypress tree,  
Drooping—just such as should lean above  
One who lived and who died for love !

## STANZAS.

Farewell, farewell! then both are free,—

At least we both renounce our chain;  
And love's most precious boon will be

Never to feel the like again.

There is no gift beneath the sky,

No fairy charm, no syren lure,

Would tempt me yet again to try

What love once taught me to endure.

Its burning hopes, its icy fears,

Its heartlessness, its sick despair;

The mingled pains of many years

Crowd into its one hour of care!

I blame you not,—you could not tell

That love to such a heart as mine

Was life or death, was heaven or hell;

You could not judge my heart by thine.

Each pulse throbs to recall again

What once it was my lot to feel;

I have flung off my weary chain,

The scar it left I may not heal.     L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****SONG.**

When last we parted, we stood beneath  
 The shade of the sycamore,  
 Which hung like a guardian over the rose  
 That grew by the cottage door.  
 There were two or three flowers of wildest bloom  
 Amid thy beautiful hair,  
 And thy sigh and thy blush were as sweet as those  
 Of thy sister, the rosebud there.  
 I have been like that bird of the eastern tale  
 Which has not a rest in the sky ;            [heart,  
 But the thought of that blush came in peace to my  
 Like a pledge for the truth of that sigh.  
 I had since looked on many a sunlit cheek,  
 And on many a brow of pearl ;  
 But I never saw brow or cheek like those  
 Of my own fair Peasant Girl.

At length we met,—thou wert robed like a queen,  
 And more fair, if more fair thou couldst be :  
 There were many that said thou wert loveliest ;  
 But thou didst not seem so to me !  
 Thou hadst still the charm of thy rainbow smile,  
 The spell of thy starry eye ;  
 But the trust and the hope of thy wanderer's breast  
 Are gone with thy blush and thy sigh.—L.E.L.

## VALEDICTORY LINES

*To a Cadet on embarking for India.*

Young Soldier! are not thy hopes  
 Light as the birds of the spring,  
 When their flight is amid new flowers,  
 Whose fragrance buoys up their wing?  
 Sweet will be the voice of their singing,  
 For awhile their flight will be gay;  
 But the flowers around them are falling,  
 And as those blossoms pass, so will they.  
 Yet sometimes one bird survives,  
 And one flower lives sweetly on,  
 Saved from the storm and the snare,  
 While the rest of their race are gone.  
 And such, young Soldier, I trust  
 Is what thy fate will be;  
 That the God which saved the flower and bird  
 Will watch in his care o'er thee!  
 Thou hast that which availeth thee much:  
 Pure prayers of the holiest love;  
 The sigh of thy Mother, her midnight sigh,  
 Cannot be unheard above.  
 Be thy pathway such as shall flush  
 The cheek of thy Father with pride;  
 Be thy step the first in the ranks,  
 Where the brave fight side by side.  
 Be thy sweet home-thoughts a spell  
 To keep thy heart as a taintless shrine,  
 That never the sullyng love of gold  
 May darken a spirit like thine.  
 Farewell! be thy doom as bright  
 As the bright land where thou wilt roam;  
 Thy colours be hope and success,—  
 Thy motto be, *Love and my home.*—L. E. L.

To this account it affords us a melancholy consolation to add a beautiful tribute of talent—not unworthy of FITZADAM, and breathing a tone of poetic feeling which will gratefully embalm his memory.

It was a harp just fit to pour  
 Its music to the wind and wave,—  
 He had a right to tell their fame  
 Who stood himself amid the brave.

The first time that I read his strain  
 There was a tempest on the sky,  
 And sulphurous clouds, and thunder crash,  
 Were like dark ships and battle-cry.

I had forgot my woman's fears,  
 In thinking on my country's fame,  
 Till almost I could dream I saw  
 Her colours float o'er blood and flame.

Died the high song as dies the voice  
 Of the proud trumpet on the wind;  
 And died the tempest too, and left  
 A gentle twilight hour behind.

Then paused I o'er some sad wild notes,  
 Sweet as the spring bird's lay withal,  
 Telling of hopes and feelings past,  
 Like stars that darkened in their fall.

Hopes perishing from too much light,  
 "Exhausted by their own excess,"  
 Affections trusted, till they turned,  
 Like Marah's wave, to bitterness.

And is this, then, the curse that clings  
 To minstrel hope, to minstrel feeling?  
 Is this the cloud that destiny  
 Flings o'er the spirit's high revealing?

It is—it is! tread on thy way,  
Be base, be grovelling, soulless, cold,  
Look not up from the sullen path  
That leads to this world's idol—gold.

And close thy hand, and close thy heart,  
And be thy very soul of clay,  
And thou wilt be the thing the crowd  
Will worship, cringe to, and obey.

But look thou upon Nature's face,  
As the young Poet loves to look ;  
And lean thou where the willow leans,  
O'er the low murmur of the brook.

Or worship thou the midnight sky,  
In silence at its moonlit hour ;  
Or let a single tear confess  
The silent spell of music's power.

Or love, or feel, or let thy soul  
Be for one moment pure or free,  
Then shrink away at once from life,—  
Its path will be no path for thee.

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—  
There are some that may praise thy lays ;  
But of all earth's dim vanities,  
The very earthliest is praise.

Praise ! light and dew of the sweet leaves  
 Around the Poet's temples hung,  
 How turned to gall, and how profaned  
 By envious or by idle tongue !  
 Given by vapid fools, who laud  
 Only if others do the same ;  
 Forgotten even while the breath  
 Is on the air that bears your name.  
 And He ! what was his fate, the bard,  
 He of the Desert Harp, whose song  
 Flowed freely, wildly, as the wind  
 That bore him and his harp along ?  
 That fate which waits the gifted one,  
 To pine, each finer impulse check'd ;  
 At length to sink, and die beneath  
 The shade and silence of neglect.  
 And this the polished age, that springs  
 The Phoenix from dark years gone by,  
 That blames and mourns the past, yet leaves  
 Her warrior and her bard to die.  
 To die in poverty and pride,  
 The light of hope and genius past,  
 Each feeling wrung, until the heart  
 Could bear no more, so broke at last.  
 Thus withering amid the wreck  
 Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,  
 What can the Minstrel do, but die,  
 Cursing his too beloved strings !—L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.**

**THERE** is a little Vale, made beautiful  
 By its blue gliding river, and its fields  
 Of tall green grass, wherein the lark has built  
 Her little ones a nest; its orchards hung  
 With crimson fruit, cherries like Beauty's lip,  
 And apples like her cheek; and more than all,  
 Its lowly cottages, with their thatched roofs  
 No higher than the wilding rose can reach:—  
 There seems so much of quiet happiness  
 In the white walls o'er which the honeysuckle  
 Has wandered in its sweetness, and above  
 The door has formed a porch, mixing its white  
 And pink veined bunches with the scarlet flowers  
 And broad leaves of the bean! A little raised  
 From the ascending ground, is one that stands  
 Close to the rest, yet different from them all,—  
 For it is desolate!—the honeysuckle  
 Darkens the broken lattices with boughs  
 Heavy with unpruned leaves; the summer stock  
 In the small garden of the flowers and fruit,  
 Is trodden down and wasted, and the weeds  
 Are many, like the evils of this world;  
 The stool, where yet the straw hive stands, is left,  
 Deserted by the bees, for the bindweed  
 Has choked the entrance with its matted leaves  
 And cold pale blossoms, - - - It is Autumn now,  
 And all the trees are loaded; saving one,  
 Which stands with neither foliage, fruit, nor flowers,  
 Leafless and lifeless. And beside its trunk



There sits a pallid Boy, with thin white lips,  
 And, spectre-like, his hand is on a Dog  
 As meagre as himself, the only thing  
 That he will let to share his solitude.  
 This was not always so ;—when the last Spring  
 Gave her first kiss to Summer, there were none  
 More happy than his Father and that Boy,—  
 He had a Father then ! and there was not  
 A neater cottage, or a garden where  
 Were fruit or flowers more plenty, in the vale.  
 They were not poor ;—can that be poverty  
 Where each day brings its own ? there is no food  
 Like that ourselves have gained, no sleep like that  
 Which is the rest of labour. It was worth  
 A day of toil to sit, as they would sit,  
 Through the long winter evenings, by a fire  
 Less bright than the glad face of the fair Child  
 Who sat beside his Father, listening  
 With eager eyes to the strange tales which he,  
 A sailor in his youth, could tell ; or else,  
 In gentler tones, heard how his Mother died  
 The very day that first he lisped her name.  
 And yet more pleasant on a summer eve  
 To sit in the cool shade of their own door,  
 While EDWARD, quite forgetful of how tired  
 He had been in the morning, would start up  
 And join and win his young companions' race,  
 His Father watching, proud of each fleet step.  
 They never seemed apart, for EDWARD was  
 His own dear parent's shadow—labour was  
 A pleasure by his side ; and oftentimes  
 He would leave all his sports, and fondly steal  
 To his most happy Father, whose whole life  
 Was centered but in his. There is no tie  
 Like that last holiest link of love, which binds  
 The lonely child to its more lonely parent.

One day young EDWARD sought the neighbour-  
 ing town,  
 With charge and promise of a swift return ;  
 And when the sunshine of a July noon  
 Fell hot upon the earth, his Father left  
 His solitary labour; the blue sky  
 Was darkened with a shadow, and the air  
 Weighed heavy on the brow, and made breath pain.  
 He entered the low cottage to prepare  
 Their meal for his tired boy, when suddenly  
 He heard a sound of thunder from the hills  
 Roll o'er the valley; looking out, he saw  
 A black cloud on the sun. While yet he gazed,  
 Like an imprisoned spirit bursting forth,  
 Swept a blue flood of lightning o'er the sky.  
 His EDWARD—where was EDWARD? out he  
 rushed—

Looked wistfully to the low garden gate,—  
 Shouted—then listened—till the heavy peal  
 Echoed him as in mockery. On a rise,  
 The limit of his little garden's stretch,  
 There stood a cherry-tree, now rich with fruit,—  
 It overlooked the land for miles around,  
 And from its branches he could see the path  
 Down which his child must come. He climbed  
 the tree,  
 But never looked around; the bolt came down  
 And struck him in its anger,—he lay dead!—

The storm sank into silence, and the Boy,  
 Drenched, but unharmed, came home;—with one  
 light bound,  
 Youth, health and happiness step on the wind,  
 He sprang beneath the porch. Was it surprise,  
 Or fear, or augury, that made him turn  
 Pale unto sickness as he looked around?  
 The cottage was quite empty, yet the door  
 Was open wide, the rain had washed the floor,  
 The dinner lay untouched, and on the hearth  
 The embers had burnt out; and, stranger still,  
 His Father's hat hung up. And EDWARD cried  
 Aloud in agony, and a long howl  
 Answered him from the garden, and he ran,

Led by the sound,—it was his dog had found  
His master's corpse, and EDWARD knew his father.  
Dim night fell round the boy,—hope, joy, love, fear,  
And every other sense but memory, fled,  
And that chained like a prisoner to one thought.  
He spoke not, and knew no one,—took no food  
Till natural hunger made him ravenous,  
And then he ate unthankfully, and showed  
No sign of notice to the hand which fed.  
He staid beneath that tree thro' heat, thro' cold ;  
For, from the hour he saw his father dead,  
He was an idiot !

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****GLENCOE.**

Lay by the harp, sing not that song,  
 Though very sweet it be ;  
 It is a song of other years,  
 Unfit for thee and me.

Thy head is pillowed on my arm,  
 Thy heart beats close to mine ;  
 Methinks it were unjust to heaven,  
 If we should now repine.

I must not weep, you must not sing  
 That thrilling song again,—  
 I dare not think upon the time  
 When last I heard that strain.

It was a silent summer eve :  
 We stood by the hill side,  
 And we could see my ship afar  
 Breasting the ocean tide.

Around us grew the graceful larch,  
 A calm blue sky above,  
 Beneath were little cottages,  
 The homes of peace and love.

Thy harp was by thee then, as now,  
 One hand in mine was laid,  
 The other, wandering 'mid the chords,  
 A soothing music made ;

Just two or three sweet chords, that seemed  
 An echo of thy tone,—  
 The cushat's song was on the wind  
 And mingled with thine own.

I looked upon the vale beneath,  
 I looked on thy sweet face,  
 I thought how dear, this voyage o'er,  
 Would be my resting place.

We parted ; but I kept thy kiss,—  
 Thy last one,—and its sigh—  
 As safely as the stars are kept  
 In yonder azure sky.

Again I stood by that hill side,  
 And scarce I knew the place,  
 For fire, and blood, and death, had left  
 On every thing their trace.

The lake was covered o'er with weeds,  
 Choked was our little rill,  
 There was no sign of corn or grass,  
 The cushat's song was still;  
 Burnt to the dust, an ashy heap  
 Was every cottage round,—  
 I listened, but I could not hear  
 One single human sound;  
 I spoke, and only my own words  
 Were echoed from the hill;  
 I sat me down to weep, and curse  
 The hand that wrought this ill.  
 We met again by miracle:  
 Thou wert another one  
 Saved from this work of sin and death,—  
 I was not quite alone.  
 And then I heard the evil tale  
 Of guilt and suffering,  
 Till I prayed the curse of God might fall  
 On the false-hearted king.  
 I will not think on this,—for thou  
 Art saved, and saved for me!  
 And gallantly my little bark  
 Cuts through the moonlight sea.  
 There's not a shadow in the sky,  
 The waves are bright below,  
 I must not, on so sweet a night,  
 Think upon dark Glencoe.  
 If thought were vengeance, then its thought  
 A ceaseless fire should be,  
 Burning by day, burning by night,  
 Kept like a thought of thee.  
 But I am powerless and must flee,—  
 That e'er a time should come,  
 When we should shun our own sweet land,  
 And seek another home!  
 This must not be,—yon soft moonlight  
 Falls on my heart like balm,  
 The waves are still, the air is hushed,  
 And I too will be calm.  
 Away! we seek another land  
 Of hope, stars, flowers, sunshine;  
 I shall forget the dark green hills  
 Of that which once was mine!     L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****EXECUTION OF CRESCENTIUS.**

I looked upon his brow,—no sign  
 Of guilt or fear were there,  
 He stood as proud by that death shrine  
 As even o'er despair  
 He had a power ; in his eye  
 There was a quenchless energy,  
 A spirit that could dare  
 The deadliest form that death could take,  
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—  
 He raised them laughingly ;  
 And had that grasp been on the brand,  
 It could not wave on high  
 With freer pride than it waved now.  
 Around he looked with changeless brow  
 On many a torture nigh :  
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,  
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode  
 Upon a coal-black steed,  
 And tens of thousands thronged the road  
 And bade their warrior speed,  
 His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,  
 And graced with many a dint that told  
 Of many a soldier's deed ;  
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,  
 The headsman by his side,  
 The plume, the helm, the charger, gone ;  
 The sword, which had defied  
 The mightiest, lay broken near ;  
 And yet no sign or sound of fear  
 Came from that lip of pride ;  
 And never king or conqueror's brow  
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
 With an uncovered eye ;  
 A wild shout from the numbers broke  
 Who thronged to see him die.  
 It was a people's loud acclaim,  
 The voice of anger and of shame,  
 A nation's funeral cry,  
 Rome's wail above her only son,  
 Her patriot, and her latest one.     L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.**

- - - - - Methinks  
 Beauty should be around the beautiful,  
 And these fine Arts live in an atmosphere  
 Of light surrounded by thrice delicate shapes  
 Of grace and love.

The light came dim, but beautiful, through blinds  
 Of the linked jessamine, which wooed the vine  
 With its white kisses; and a fragrant air,  
 Bearing low music from the wind-touched harp,  
 Came floating through the room. By glimpses seen,  
 As o'er the lattices the moonlight played  
 And lighted up its waters, shone the lake,  
 With its white swans, like spirits, gliding on  
 Its isles of floating lilies; and its banks,  
 Where swept the graceful willows, and the turf,  
 Silver'd with dew and star-light, spread beneath,  
 Dotted with clumps of gloomy cypresses,  
 Mixed with the fairer blossomed orange trees.  
 And far beyond, like shadowy thunder-clouds,  
 Rose high but distant hills; and over all  
 A soft and blue Italian sky,—the blue  
 That painters and that poets love,—the blue  
 The lover worships in the maiden's eyes,  
 Whose beauty is their power and spell. And, like  
 Sweet incense to sweet shrines, dew-scented flowers  
 Filled up the casements; roses, on whose leaves  
 The summer had just breathed; the buds of pearl  
 That are the myrtle's dower; carnation stems,  
 Rich in their perfumed blushes—all were here,  
 Looking and breathing June. The marble floor  
 Had not one spot, save two or three rich stains  
 Cast from the pictured roof, on which is told  
 The history of Aurora and her love,  
 The earthly Youth she wooed, and wooed in vain.  
 Oh, love is very constant! 'tis most cold,  
 Untrue, and heartless raillery, to say  
 That love's life is not longer than those flowers  
 Whose sunrise beauty is by noontide past;  
 That it should ever change, is but the curse  
 Shadowing our every earthly happiness,  
 And for one record of its fickleness  
 Are thousand memories of its deep truth,  
 Its entire faith, its self-devotedness.—

On one side of the roof a golden blaze,  
 Curtained by crimson clouds, told that the Sun,  
 Heralded by her star, had met his bride,  
 The sweet young Morning; and around, a ring  
 Of radiant shapes were gathered: in the midst  
 Was one, a very dream of loveliness,  
 Her hair streamed on the wind, a shower of gold  
 Hung from a crown of stars, and four white steeds  
 Were harnessed by spring blossoms to the car  
 Whereon she stood. Her eye was on a youth,  
 Graceful as young Endymion when the moon  
 Shed her pale smile upon his marble brow  
 And thick and raven curls: he stood beneath  
 A green beech tree, two hounds were by his side,  
 Impatient of his idleness, while he  
 Leant on his useless spear, watching the sleep  
 Of his young Bride. He had just heard his name  
 Murmured, in tones low as a bird's first song,  
 From her half opened lips, which like spring flowers  
 Drank the fresh air, then sighed it forth again  
 With added fragrance. There was shade around  
 The laurel, and the darker bay, the oak,  
 All sacred as the crowns of fame: the first  
 Bound round the Poet's tuneful lyre; the next  
 Around the Warrior's helm, mixed with the pine  
 And with the waving poplar. In the midst,  
 As in a favourite haunt, were flowers entwined;  
 And there the sleeper lay: one pearl white hand—  
 The violets rose to kiss its azure veins,  
 Coloured with their own purity,—beneath  
 One cheek was as a pillow, and that one  
 Was flushed with crimson, while the other wore  
 A tint less warm, but not less beautiful—  
 Two shades of blushing on the self-same rose;  
 And through the tremulous shadow of the leaves  
 Came two or three bright kisses from the sun,  
 Wandering in light o'er her white brow; a shower  
 Of rose leaves lay amid the raven curls  
 Of her long hair and on her neck. That morn



Around her slender waist and graceful head  
 She had bound new-blown buds. But all fair things  
 Are very fragile, and each scattered bloom  
 Had fallen from the loosened braid: even those  
 Prisoners in the soft hand, which lay like snow  
 Upon the grass, had half escaped; and there  
 She slept amid the roses she had gathered.

And round the walls were Pictures: some calm  
 scenes

Of Earth's green loveliness, and some whose hues  
 Were caught from faces in whose smile our life  
 Is one of Paradise; and Statues, whose white grace  
 Is as a dream of poetry. But, hung  
 Apart from all the rest, as if too dear  
 For aught but solitude, was one,—it was  
 The portrait of a lovely Girl: the lips  
 Were such as Summer kisses, when he first  
 Touches the pure and rosy mouth of Spring;  
 A languid smile lay on them, as just curled  
 By some soft thought, which spoke too in her eyes,  
 Dark and bewildering, whose light is like that  
 Of an Italian midnight, when the clouds  
 Send forth their summer lightning, but yet filled  
 With woman's tenderness. Those lips, those eyes,  
 Had been voluptuous, melting as they were,  
 But for the pale cheek, o'er which e'en a blush  
 Had scarcely passed, it looked so innocent;  
 And the white brow, with its dark parted hair  
 Shading its purity; and the clear temples,  
 Whose blue veins were half hidden by the braids  
 Of the thick tresses, which, unfastened, fell  
 Over the veiled bosom. The white dress  
 Just left the slender throat exposed, as fair  
 As graceful as the cygnet's. Neither gems  
 Nor gold marred youth's sweet simpleness; but one  
 Slight flower lay on her neck,—a green rosebud,  
 Tinged with faint promise of its future bloom;  
 And near it the young Painter leant his head,  
 Bowed as in bitter thought upon his hand;  
 Over his cheek there was a burning red—

Half passionate emotion, half disease—  
 And the damp lay on his white brow, and hung  
 On his thick curls of auburn hair; his eyes,  
 Blue as his native sky when it shines forth  
 Amid the pauses of an April shower, [bright  
 Seem'd as they drank the Moon's light, with such  
 And such wild glance they turned towards her ray.

He was a stranger in fair Italy:  
 He sought her kingdom, for it was a home  
 For genius and for beauty; it had been  
 His land of promise through the sunny dreams  
 Of his impassioned boyhood; he had come  
 With a rich store of burning thoughts, of hopes  
 Like sunrise, vivid fancies, feelings wild,  
 High energies, all that young talent has;  
 And he had nourished them amid those shades  
 Hallowed by memories of old, and still  
 Kept sacred by their own green pleasantness,—  
 Amid the glorious works of glorious men:  
 Pictures alive with light, and stately domes  
 Built for eternity,—music like hope,  
 So very sweet,—and poetry, whose songs  
 Are Love's own words, until he dreamed that fame  
 Was a reality that he might win.

He dream'd but to awake with withered heart  
 And wasted health, and hopes like fallen stars,  
 Crushed and stained with the earth to which they  
 Oh Genius! fling aside thy starry crown, [fell.  
 Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head  
 Lay dust and ashes—for, this cold drear world  
 Is but thy prison-house. Alas for him  
 Who has thy dangerous gifts, for they are like  
 The fatal ones that evil spirits give,—  
 Bright and bewildering, leading unto death.  
 Oh, not amid the chill and earthly cares  
 That waste our life, may those fine feelings live  
 That are the Painter's or the Poet's light.

Amid the many graves which in the shade  
 Of Rome's dark cypresses are graved with names  
 Of foreign sound to Italy's sweet tongue,  
 Was one,—an English name was on the stone,—  
 There that young Painter slept:—around the sod  
 Were planted flowers and one or two green shrubs.  
 'Twas said that they were placed in fondness there  
 By an Italian Girl, whom he had loved!—L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****SONGS.**

Oh never throw thy love away  
Upon a heart like mine,  
The rose's leaf, the blue sea-spray,  
Would be a safer shrine.

The rose's leaf will fade when blown,  
The spray pass from the sea;  
But neither are so quickly gone  
As love that trusts to me.

For e'en if love could touch my heart,  
Now free as yonder wave,  
It would a meteor fire depart,  
Its very birth its grave.

Chain winds that pass from flower to flower,  
And bid them cease to rove,  
And then I will believe your power  
Even to fix my love.

---

Yes, it was here, 'neath midnight skies,  
When the young Moon unclosed her eyes,  
Like Beauty, wakened from her dreams,  
When the fountain, bright with starlight beams,  
Or shaded by the clustering rose,  
Seemed emblem of fond love's repose ;  
When hearts all tenderness and truth  
Sleep in the confidence of youth ;  
When leaf and bud with dew were wet,  
'Twas there, my once dear love, we met.—  
This is the spot : how changed it is  
Since our last meeting-time of bliss ;  
The moon is darkened in the sky  
As if grief's shade were passing by ;  
The stars like life's young hopes are dim,  
And weeds grow round that fountain's brim ;  
A dank and gloomy diadem  
Of moss is on each rose's stem ;  
But changed as each thing here may be,  
False one, they are less changed than thee !

---

I envy thee, thou careless wind !  
How light, how wild thy wandering :  
'Thou hast no earthly chain, to bind  
One fetter on thy airy wing.

The flower's first sigh of blossoming,  
The soft harp's note, the woodlark's song,  
All unto thee their treasures bring,  
All to thy fairy reign belong.

Thy wing o'er the green ocean roves,  
An echo to the sea-maid's lay,  
Then over rose and orange groves  
Bearing their sweetest breath away ;

Then through the paths of the blue day,  
Earth and earth's griefs left far behind,  
To seek mid clouds a sphere more gay,—  
I envy thee, thou careless wind !—L. E. L.

---

---

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**
**POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.**
**STOTHARD'S ERATO.**

Gentlest one, I bow to thee,  
 Rose-lipp'd queen of poesy,  
 Sweet ERATO, thou whose chords  
 Waken but for love-touched words!  
 Never other crown be mine  
 Than a flower-linked wreath of thine:  
 Green leaves of the laurel tree  
 Are for Bards of high degree;  
 Better rose or violet suit  
 With thy votary's softer lute.  
 Not thine those proud lines that tell  
 How kings ruled, or heroes fell;  
 But that low and honey tone  
 So peculiarly Love's own;  
 Music such as the night breeze  
 Wakens from the willow trees;  
 Such as murmurs from the shell,  
 Wave-kissed in some ocean cell;  
 Tales sweet as the breath of flowers,  
 Such as in the twilight hours  
 The young Bard breathes; and also thine  
 Those old memories divine,  
 Fables Grecian poets sung  
 When on Beauty's lips they hung,  
 Till the essenced song became  
 Like that kiss, half dew, half flame.  
 Thine each frail and lovely thing,  
 The first blossoms of the spring:  
 Violets, ere the sun ray  
 Drinks their fragrant life away;  
 Roses, ere their crimson breast  
 Throws aside its green moss vest;  
 Young hearts, or ere toil, or care,  
 Or gold, has left a sully there.

Thine, too, other gifts above,  
Every sign and shape of love,  
Its first smile, and its first sigh,  
Its hope, its despondency,  
Its joy, its sorrow, all belong  
To thy so delicious song.  
Fair ERATO, vowed to thee,  
If a lute like mine may be  
Offered at thy myrtle shrine,  
Lute and heart and song are thine.  
Broken be my treasured lute,  
Be its every number mute,  
Ere a single chord should waken,  
By thee or by Love forsaken.  
Gentlest one, I bow to thee,  
Rose-lipp'd queen of poesy!

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****LINES.**

Dear Child, we now are left alone on earth,  
 The grave has those who loved us—desolate  
 Our home of happiness: the dear fire-side  
 Round which we clung has many a vacant place—  
 Death has pass'd over it.

There is no smile to answer thine,  
 No gentle lip thy lip to press;  
 There is no look of love, save mine,  
 To meet thy look in tenderness.

But thou art dearer, thus bereft,  
 Since all who loved thee so are gone;  
 Dearer to me thus lonely left,  
 Oh far more dear, thou orphan'd one!

I loved thee well in happier hour,  
 Not then thus desolate on earth,—  
 When thou wert as a favourite flower,  
 The cherished blossom of our hearth.

Now thou and I alone remain,  
 And thou art doubly dear to me!  
 A sweet link of the broken chain  
 Whose last fond relic rests with thee. L.E.L.

---



## FRAGMENT.

Oh it is veriest vanity to love!—  
 Lovers are misers, who hoard up a store  
 Of wealth that cannot profit them, but turns  
 To weariness or waste. And what is love,  
 So sought with deep anxiety till won?  
 Beautiful disappointment when once gained.

We are now seated by a green turf grave:  
 The white rose, which hangs o'er it droopingly,  
 Parched by the summer, for which yet it pined  
 Throughout the winter, is the history  
 Of its cold tenant. She was a fair girl,  
 The very flower of Andalusian maids;  
 No one so often heard the light guitar  
 Steal on her midnight; and tho' rarely gold  
 Or pearls bound her dark tresses, there were few  
 Of nobler birth, or of more Indian wealth.  
 So very young, so beautiful, 'twas like  
 The sudden fading of a bud in spring—  
 On which there is no mark of blight or worm,  
 When her place was found vacant in the dance,  
 And her soft voice was missed; when it was said  
 That in a convent's solitude she hid  
 The light and bloom of her sweet April time.  
 They did not know how youth's best pleasures pall  
 When the heart is not in them, or how much  
 Of happiness is in those secret thoughts  
 Which each hides from the other. ISABEL  
 Lived but in one deep feeling, for she loved—  
 Loved with that wild and intense love which dwells  
 In silence, secrecy, and hopelessness,  
 And deemed a cloister was the fittest shade  
 For unrequited tenderness; and love,  
 Nourished by blushes and by passionate tears,  
 Grew like a fairy flower, until it filled  
 The solitary heart with fancied beauty.—

They say there is a destiny in love :  
'Twas so with ISABEL. Some one had breathed  
The secret cause that turned her from the world ;  
She had been loved although she knew it not,  
And vow and veil of the dark convent cell  
Were changed for bridal ones.  
Alas, the vanity of these warm feelings !  
A little while, and hers was happiness ;  
But this low grave, where rests the broken heart,  
May tell how short it was. The heart which made  
A world itself of visionary hopes,  
Might never bear the chill realities,  
All that affection has to learn and brook  
When its first colouring is departed. Love,  
I can but liken thee to the red bloom  
Upon the apple,—making the outside bright,  
But reaching not the core !

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

## FRAGMENTS.

## I.—THE FLOATING BEACON.

Why art thou thus, thou lonely bark,  
The last on the darkling sea?  
Why are thy sails to the night-wind spread,  
And why shines that light on thee?  
Why art thou here, thou lonely bark,  
When the other ships are gone?  
I deemed thee away, with those to-day;  
But still thou art sailing alone.  
There came a voice from the lonely bark,  
Or mine own thoughts answered to me:  
Spread is my sail to the midnight gale,  
And my light shines lone on the sea;  
For my watch is by the shoal and the sand,  
And the rock that is hidden by night,  
And many a mariner kneels at home,  
And blesses the beacon light.  
Is not my light like that holier light  
That heaven sheds over life's path,  
Thought not of, prized not in stillness and shine,  
But welcomed in darkness and wrath!

---

## II.—SONG.

Oh leal I'll be to thee, my love,  
 If thou'lt be leal to me ;  
 There's nothing but thy falseness, love,  
 Can sunder thee and me.

It is not that in doubt I speak,—  
 Youth and love cannot doubt ;  
 But in the fulness of the heart  
 Which pours its feelings out.

In trusting and in fondness breathed,  
 Like prayers we send above,  
 My faith in heaven is not more sure,  
 Than my faith in thy love.

You pluck'd one day a flower for me,  
 Amid the corn it grew ;  
 You said its sigh was like my sigh,  
 Its blue like my eyes blue.

I've kept the flower : it was the first  
 Gift of your love to me ;  
 I kept it in fond trifling, too,—  
 I thought such I might be.

When parted from its love, the sun,  
 The flower sank to decay ;  
 And thus if parted, life, from thee,  
 I too should pine away.

But these are words of fear, not hope :—  
 When evening brings not dew,  
 When June comes without buds or bees,  
 Then we may prove untrue.

But be thou leal to me, my love,  
 And I'll be leal to thee ;  
 Oh, there is nothing but falsehood, love,  
 Can sunder thee and me.

---

## III.—CHANGE.

And this is what is left of youth! - - -  
 There were two Boys, who were bred up together,  
 Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;  
 Each tried the other's sport, from their first chace,  
 Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,  
 To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried  
 The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside  
 The silver trout stream, watching as the sun  
 Played on the bubbles; shared each in the store  
 Of either's garden; and together read  
 Of him, the master of the desert isle,  
 Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,  
 Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came  
 A thought of future days, 'twas but to say  
 That they would share each other's lot, and do  
 Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they parted  
 With promises of long remembrance, words [tears,  
 Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm  
 Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed  
 But which are thought upon in after years [them,  
 As what we would give worlds to shed once more.  
 They met again,—but different from themselves,  
 At least what each remembered of themselves:  
 The one proud as a soldier of his rank,  
 And of his many battles; and the other  
 Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill  
 And toil which gathered it; each with a brow  
 And heart alike darkened by years and care.  
 They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:  
 Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought  
 The other only changed, himself the same.  
 And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry  
 Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet thoughts  
 That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,  
 Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,  
 Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,  
 Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,  
 'Twas but to look contempt; and when they spoke,  
 Their speech was wormwood! - - - -  
 - - - - And this, this is life! L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****I.—THE BAYADERE.** *An Indian Tale.*

There were seventy pillars around the hall,  
 Of wreathed gold was each capital,  
 And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,  
 Such as light kingly diadems ;  
 The floor was marble, white as the snow  
 Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below :  
 In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers  
 Fell like beams on the radiant flowers,  
 Whose colours were gleaming, as every one  
 Burnt with the kisses just caught from the sun ;  
 And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,  
 Like those which the face of the young moon  
     shrouds,  
 But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour  
 When the dew awakens the rose's power.  
 At the end of the hall was a sunbright throne,  
 Rich with every glorious stone ;  
 And the purple canopy over head  
 Was like the shade o'er the day-fall shed ;  
 And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,  
 Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone ;  
 And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled,  
 Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.  
 But, though graced as for a festival,  
 There was something sad in that stately hall :  
 There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—  
 But the sweetest of every music is mute ;  
 There are flowers of light and spiced perfume,—  
 But there wants the sweetest of breath and of  
 And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear, [bloom :  
 For the smiling of woman shineth not here.  
 With urns of odour o'er him weeping,  
 Upon the couch a youth is sleeping :  
 His radiant hair is bound with stars,  
     Such as shine on the brow of night,  
 Filling the dome with diamond rays,  
     Only than his own curls less bright.

And such a brow and such an eye  
 As fit a young divinity ;  
 A brow like twilight's darkening line,  
 An eye like morning's first sunshine,  
 Now glancing thro' the veil of dreams  
 As sudden light at day-break streams,  
 And richer than the mingled shade  
 By gem, and gold, and purple made ;  
 His orient wings closed o'er his head,  
 Like that bird's, bright with every dye,  
 Whose home, as Persian bards have said,  
 Is fix'd in scented Araby.

Some dream is passing o'er him now—  
 A sudden flush is on his brow ;  
 And from his lip came murmur'd words,  
 Low, but sweet as the light lute chords  
 When o'er its strings the night winds glide  
 To woo the roses by its side.  
 He, the fair boy god, whose nest  
 Is in the water-lily's breast ;  
 He of the many-arrowed bow,  
 Of the joys that come and go  
 Like the leaves, and of the sighs  
 Like the winds of summer skies,  
 Blushes like the birds of spring,  
 Soon seen and soon vanishing ;  
 He of hopes, and he of fears,  
 He of smiles, and he of tears—  
 Young Camdeo, he has brought  
 A sweet dream of coloured thought,  
 One of love and woman's power,  
 To Mandalla's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne  
 When Mandalla awakened and found him alone.  
 He drunk the perfume that around him swept,  
 'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept ;  
 There was music, but where was the voice, at  
 whose thrill  
 Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still ?

Dim was the home at his native star  
 While the light of woman and love was afar ;  
 And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes  
 Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.  
 He veiled the light of his glorious race  
 In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,  
 And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one  
 Who might dwell in his hall and share in his throne.

*End of the First Part.*      L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****THE BAYADERE.—PART II.**

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest  
 The bee from the midst of its honey guest,  
 And open the leaves of the lotus lay  
 To welcome the noon of the summer day.  
 It was glory and light and beauty all,  
 When Mandalla closed his wing in Bengal;  
 He stood in the midst of a stately square,  
 As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;  
 Their gathering was round the gorgeous car  
 Where sat in his triumph the subadar,  
 For his sabre was red with the blood of the slain,  
 And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;  
 And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his name,  
 Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.  
 With gems and gold on each ataghan,  
 A thousand warriors led the van,  
 Mounted on steeds black as the night,  
 But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;  
 And another thousand came in their rear,  
 On white horses, armed with bow and spear,  
 With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,  
 And with crimson belts for the crooked blade.  
 Then followed the foot ranks,—their turbans showed  
 Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,  
 For white were the turbans as winter snow,  
 And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;  
 Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,  
 And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,  
 For this was the chosen band that bore  
 The lion standard,—it floated o'er  
 Their ranks like morning; at every wave  
 Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave  
 A martial salute to the radiant fold  
 That bore the lion-king wrought in gold.



And last the elephant came, whose tower  
Held the Lord of this pomp and power :  
And round that chariot of his pride,  
Like chains of white sea-pearls,  
Of braids enwove of summer flowers,  
Glided fair dancing girls ;  
And as the rose-leaves fall to earth,  
Their light feet touched the ground,—  
But for the zone of silver bells  
You had not heard a sound,  
As, scattering flowers o'er the way,  
Danced round the beautiful array.  
But there was one who 'mid them shone,  
A planet lovely and alone,  
A rose, one flower amid many,  
But still the loveliest of any :  
Tho' fair her arm as the moonlight,  
Others might raise an arm as white ;  
Tho' light her feet as music's fall,  
Others might be as musical ;  
But where were such dark eyes as hers ?  
So tender, yet withal so bright,  
As the dark orbs had in their smile  
Mingled the light of day and night.

And where was that wild grace which shed  
 A loveliness o'er every tread,  
 A beauty shining thro' the whole,  
 Something which spoke of heart and soul.  
 The Almas had pass'd lightly on,  
 The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone,  
 Yet gazed Mandalla on the square  
 As she he sought still glided there,—  
 Oh that fond look, whose eyeballs strain,  
 And will not know its look is vain !  
 At length he turned,—his silent mood  
 Sought that impassioned solitude,  
 The Eden of young hearts, when first  
 Love in its loneliness is nurst.  
 He sat him by a little fount ;  
     A tulip tree grew by its side,  
 A lily with its silver towers  
     Floated in silence on the tide ;  
 And far round a bannana tree  
 Extended its green sanctuary ;  
 And the long grass, which was his seat,  
 With every movement grew more sweet,  
 Yielding a more voluptuous scent  
 At every blade his pressure bent.  
 And there he lingered, till the sky  
 Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,  
 And crimson shadows rolled on the west,  
 And raised the moon her diamond crest,  
 And came a freshness on the trees,  
 Harbinger of the evening breeze,  
 When a sweet far sound of song,  
 Borne by the breath of flowers along,  
 A mingling of the voice and lute,  
     Such as the wind-harp, when it makes  
 Its pleasant music to the gale  
     Which kisses first the chords it breaks.  
 He followed where the echo led,  
     Till in a cypress grove he found  
 A funeral train, that round a grave  
     Poured forth their sorrows' wailing sound ;

And by the tomb a choir of girls,  
 With measured steps and mournful notes,  
 And snow-white robes, while on the air,  
 Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,  
 Paced round and sang to her who slept  
 Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept.  
 And she, that loveliest one, is here,  
 The morning's radiant Bayadere :  
 A darker light in her dark eyes,—  
 For tears are there,—a paler brow  
 Change but to charm the morning's smile,  
 Less sparkling, but more touching now.  
 And first her sweet lip prest the flute,  
 A nightingale waked by the rose,  
 And when that honey breath was mute,  
 Her low and plaintive song arose,  
 Wailing for the young blossom's fall,  
 The last, the most beloved of all.  
 As died in gushing tears the lay,  
 The band of mourners pass'd away :  
 They left their wreaths upon the tomb,  
 As fading leaves and long perfume  
 Were emblems of her ; and unbound  
 Many a cage's gilded round  
 And set the prisoners free, as none  
 Were left to love now she was gone.  
 And azure wings spread on the air,  
 And songs, rejoicing songs were heard ;  
 But, pining as forgotten now,  
 Lingered one solitary bird :  
 A beautiful and pearl-white dove,  
 Alone in its remembering love.  
 It was a strange and lovely thing  
 To mark the drooping of its wing,  
 And how into the grave it prest  
 Till soiled the dark earth-stain its breast ;  
 And darker as the night-shades grew,  
 Sadder became its wailing coo,  
 As if it missed the hand that bore,

As the cool twilight came, its store  
Of seeds and flowers.—There was one,  
Who like that dove, was lingering lone,—  
The Bayadere : her part had been  
    Only the hired mourner's part ;  
But she had given what none might buy,—  
    The precious sorrow of the heart.  
She woo'd the white dove to her breast,  
It sought at once its place of rest :  
Round it she threw her raven hair,  
It seemed to love the gentle snare,  
And its soft beak was raised to sip  
The honey-dew of her red lip.  
Her dark eyes filled with tears, to feel  
The gentle creature closer steal  
Into her heart with soft caress,  
As it would thank her tenderness ;  
To her 't was strange and sweet to be  
Beloved in such fond purity,  
And sighed Mandalla to think that sin  
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.  
Oh grief to think that she was one  
Who like the breeze was wooed and won :  
Yet sure it were a task for love  
To come like dew of the night from above  
Upon her heart, and wash away,  
Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,  
And win her back in her tears to heaven,  
Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven ;  
Yes, freed from the soil of her earthly thrall,  
Her smile shall light up my starry hall.—L. E. L.  
*End of the Second Part.*

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****THE BAYADERE.—PART III.**

The moonlight is on a little bower,  
 With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,  
 Built of that green and holy tree  
 Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.  
 Like a bridal canopy over head  
 The jasmines their slender wreathings spread,  
 One with stars as ivory white,  
 The other with clusters of amber light ;  
 Rose-trees four grew by the wall,  
 Beautiful each, but different all :  
 One with that pure but crimson flush  
 That marks the maiden's first love blush ;  
 By its side grew another one,  
 Pale as the snow of the funeral stone ;  
 The next was rich with the damask dye  
 Of a monarch's purple drapery ;  
 And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold  
 Worked on that drapery's royal fold.  
 Three or four vases, with blossoms filled,  
 Like censers of incense, their fragrance distilled ;  
 Lilies, heaped like the pearls of the sea,  
 Peeped from their large leaves' security ;  
 Hyacinths with their graceful bells,  
 Where the spirit of odour dwells  
 Like the spirit of music in ocean shells ;  
 And tulips, with every colour that shines  
 In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines :  
 One tulip was found in every wreath,  
 That one most scorched by the summer's breath,  
 Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow  
 Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.  
 And there, beneath the flowered shade  
 By a pink acacia made,  
 Mandalla lay, and by his side,  
 With eye and breath and blush that vied  
 With the star and with the flower  
 In their own and loveliest hour,  
 Was that fair Bayadere, the dove  
     Yet nestling in her long black hair :  
 She has now more than that to love,  
     And the loved one sat by her there.

And by the sweet acacia porch  
 They drank the softness of the breeze.—  
 Oh more than lovely are love's dreams,  
 'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these!  
 And sometimes she would leave his side,  
 And like a spirit round him glide:  
 A light shawl wreathed now round her brow,  
 Now waving from her hand of snow,  
 Now zoned around her graceful waist,  
 And now like fetters round her placed;  
 And then, flung suddenly aside,  
 Her many curls, instead, unbound,  
 Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,  
 Her long dark tresses swept the ground;  
 Then, changing from the soft slow step,  
 Her white feet bounded on the wind  
 Like gleaming silver, and her hair  
 Like a dark banner swept behind;  
 Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's  
 When it pours forth its first song in spring,  
 The one like an echo to the other,  
 She answered the sigh of her soft lute-string,  
 And with eyes that darkened in gentlest tears,  
 Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,  
 Would she sing those sorrowing songs that breathe  
 Some history of unhappy love.  
 Yes, thou art mine! Mandalla said,—  
 I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart;  
 I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach  
 Its faith, its grief, and its darker part;  
 And then, from thy earth-stains purified,  
 In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my bride.

- - - It was an evening soft and fair,  
 As surely those in Eden are,  
 When, bearing spoils of leaf and a flower,  
 Entered the Bayadere her bower ;  
 Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,  
 And playfully a bunch she caught  
 Of azure hyacinth bells, and o'er  
 His face she let the blossoms fall :  
 " Why I am jealous of thy dreams,  
 Awaken at thy Aza's call."

No answer came from him whose tone  
 Had been the echo of her own.  
 She spoke again,—no words came forth ;  
 She clasped his hand,—she raised his head,—  
 One wild loud scream, she sank beside,  
 As pale, as cold, almost as dead ! - - -  
 By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun  
 To shed his earliest beams upon,  
 Is a funeral pile,—around it stand  
 Priests and the hired mourners' band,  
 But who is she that so wildly prays  
 To share the couch and light the blaze?  
 Mandalla's love, while scornful eye  
 And chilling jeers mock her agony :  
 An Alma girl ! oh shame, deep shame,  
 To Brahma's race and Brahma's name !  
 Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside,  
 For a moment her bursting tears to hide.  
 None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire  
 Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre,  
 Then like a thought she darted by,  
 And sprang on the burning pile to die ! - - -  
 - - - Now thou art mine ! away, away  
 To my own bright star, to my home of day,  
 A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along  
 Gently as spring breezes bear the song,  
 Thy love and thy faith have won for thee  
 The breath of immortality.  
 Maid of earth, Mandalla is free to call  
 Aza the queen of his heart and hall !—L. E. L.

---

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****EXTRACTS FROM MY POCKET BOOK.****SONG.**

Oh do not talk to me of love,  
'Tis deepest cruelty to me ;  
Why throw a net around the bird  
That might be happy, light and free.

It may be sport to win a heart,  
Then leave that heart to pine and die ;  
The vows which now my bosom rend  
May not cost you one single sigh,

---

The love which is as life to me,  
Is but a simple toy to you ;  
The falsehood at which you but smile  
Is death to one so fond, so true.

Then do not talk to me of love,  
My heart is far too warm for thine ;  
Go, and 'mid pleasure's lights and smiles,  
Heed not what clouds and tears are mine.

---



## SONG.

Yes, still truly thine! Ah, they never Love knew  
Who drew him with wings of the Iris' hue ;  
Love is still the same, changeless, 'mid smiles and  
'mid tears,

The anchor for hope, and the shelter for fears.

Thy fate may be darkness,—I ask but to share  
The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care ;  
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be  
More dear than the smile of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love  
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove ;  
But the chain thou hast linked is more precious to  
Than liberty, if it divides me from thee. [me

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear,—  
A dungeon were brightness if thou too wert there ;  
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,—  
'Tis life to be near thee, and death if we part !

---

**MY HARP!**

Come, gentle harp, and let me hold  
Communion with thy melody,  
And be my tale of sorrow told  
To thee, my harp, and only thee.  
There are who marvel I should twine  
My wreath of flowers, whose bloom is gone ;  
And wonder hand so light as mine  
Should linger but on sorrow's tone.  
They say that life, to one so young,  
Must be a sweet and sunny view ;  
They know not how my soul has clung  
To hope, and found that hope untrue ;  
They know not that a smile for me  
Is but the feigning masquer's art,—  
That each low note I draw from thee  
Is the sad echo of my heart.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****EXTRACTS FROM MY POCKET BOOK.****SONGS OF LOVE.**

Farewell, farewell! Of this be sure,  
 Since thou art false to me,  
 For all the world I'd not endure  
 What I have felt for thee.

Oh never may I feel again  
 What once I felt for thee, love;  
 Never wilt thou be dear again  
 As once thou wert to me, love.

There was a time when not a shade  
 Could rest on aught about thee;  
 Now the young heart thou hast betrayed,  
 Alas, has learnt to doubt thee.

I will not bid thee call to mind  
 The sweet hopes thou hast banished,—  
 Why should the lamp remain behind  
 When the flame it fed has vanished?

Why should I picture to thy view  
 The feelings thou hast blighted?  
 Or bid thee think how fond, how true  
 The bosom thou hast slighted?

As the poor bird is left to pine  
 We once could fondly cherish,  
 So when my heart replied to thine,  
 'Twas coldly left to perish.  
 Go, false one! bask in other eyes,  
 Some one may then deceive thee,  
 And thou wilt know the tears, the sighs,  
 That come when fond dreams leave thee.  
 Farewell! each sweet link of the heart  
 Thy falsehood now must sever;  
 Go! cruel, faithless as thou art,—  
 Farewell, farewell for ever!

---

Air,— *Here's a health to ane I loo dear.*  
Farewell to my first dream of love,  
The bark of hope is wrecked :  
'Twas hard in its first upspringing  
The young bird's flight should be checked.  
But, Allan, thou art faithless to me,  
But, Allan, thou art faithless to me ;  
The peace of that heart for ever is lost  
That dares confide in thee, Allan.  
Thy love 's the false ore that glistens  
In the deceiving mine,—  
The treasures we find are but dross  
When the search is in hearts like thine, Allan.  
I'll trust the winds in their anger,  
I'll trust the dark rolling sea,—  
And hope for repose and shelter,  
Ere I'll put faith in thee, Allan.

---

*Air,—Tam Glen.*

My heart is not light as when first, love,  
That fond heart confided to thee,  
The passion-flowers which thou hast nurst, love,  
Are flowers of sadness to me.

Thou hast been to me as the spring gale, love,  
That wooes the young bloom to unfold ;  
But when once its caresses prevail, love,  
The warm sigh it breathed will grow cold.

Alas, when the heart is once won, love,  
It is not held dear as before ;  
When the race has in triumph been run, love,  
The prize is thought precious no more.

Farewell ! thou hast trifled with me, love,  
Yet for thee is my very last sigh ;  
She who trusted so fearless to thee, love,  
Can but weep o'er thy falsehood, and die.

---

'Twas sweet to look upon thine eyes,  
As they looked answering to mine own ;  
'Twas sweet to listen to thy sighs,  
And hear my name on every tone.  
'Twas sweet to meet in yon lone glen  
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed ;  
'Twas sweet to part and think again  
The gentle things that each had said.  
But all this sweetness was not worth  
The tears that dimm'd its after light,—  
Love is a sweet star at its birth,  
But one that sets in deepest night.—L.E.L.

[This signature was accidentally omitted to the three beautiful pieces in our last Number.—*Ed.*]

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

[ " A turban girds her brow, white as the sea-foam,  
Whence, all untrammelled, her dark thin hair  
Streams fitfully upon her storm-beat front;  
Her eye at rest, pale fire in its black orb  
Innocuous sleeps—but, roused, Jove's thunder-cloud  
Enkindles not so fiercely."—*Duke of Mantua.*

" This was the Sybil."

**THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.**

Ladye, throw back thy raven hair,  
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,  
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,  
And read the page of thy destiny.  
Little thanks shall I have for my tale,—  
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;  
By thy side is a red rose tree,—  
One lone rose droops withered, so thou wilt be.  
Round thy neck is a ruby chain,  
One of the rubies is broken in twain;  
Throw on the ground each shattered part,  
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.  
Mark yon star,—it shone at thy birth;  
Look again,—it has fallen to earth,  
Its glory has pass'd like a thought away,—  
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.  
Over yon fountain's silver fall  
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;  
Its hues of light will melt in tears,—  
Well may they image thy future years.  
I may not read in thy hazel eyes,  
For the long dark lash that over them lies;  
So in my art I can but see  
One shadow of night on thy destiny.  
I can give thee but dark revealings  
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings,  
Of love that past like the lava wave,  
Of a broken heart and an early grave!

---

## SONGS.

Beautiful are the hues that lie  
 On that Indian bird's blue wing,  
 With his rainbow crest and soft black eye,  
 And neck like the rose of spring.  
 Love's fond fancies are quickly caught  
 By links love only can see ;  
 But too much truth there was in the thought  
 That likened that bird to thee.  
 To each all outward gifts belong,  
 But each wants the inward part :  
 That fair bird has not the sweet gift of song,  
 And you—oh, you want a heart !

---

Last night, a fairy bark, for Hope,  
 That lily floated o'er the wave,  
 Which now curls round the scattered leaves,  
 Kissing the flower it cannot save.  
 A sweet hymn to the setting sun  
 Came yesterday from that white thorn ;  
 But no song welcomes his return,  
 The shade is bare, the nest is torn.  
 What can have made so desolate  
 What was last night so very fair ?  
 Were I to judge by my own heart,  
 I should but say Love had been there.—L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENT.**

- - - - - A solitude  
 Of green and silent beauty, just a home  
 Where I could wish to weep my life away  
 In utter loneliness, and never more  
 Hear human voice, or look on human face.  
 It is a secret place among the hills :  
 Little and dark the valley lies below,  
 And not a taint of earth is on the air, [source  
 Which the lip drinks pure as the stream whose  
 Is hidden here,—large rocks have girthed it in ;  
 All palaces for the eagle are their sides,  
 Safe or far safer than a sanctuary,—  
 For even that, though shielded by God's name,  
 Man holds not sacred. Here at least his power  
 Is neither felt nor feared. The chamois rests  
 When harassed, as the powerless ever are ;  
 It flies before the hunter. Small as still,  
 A skilful archer's bow would send the shaft  
 Across its utmost boundary, and half  
 Is covered with dark pines, which in the spring  
 Send forth sweet odours, even as they felt  
 As parents do, rejoicing o'er their children  
 In the green promise of their youthful shoots,  
 The spreading of their fresh and fragrant leaves.  
 The other part is thinly scattered o'er  
 With dwarf oaks, stunted both in leaves and growth.  
 And in the midst there are two stately firs,  
 The one dark in its hoary foliage, like  
 A warrior arm'd for battle ; but the next  
 Has lost its leafy panoply, the bark [bare  
 Stripped from the trunk, the boughs left black and  
 By some fierce storm to which it would not bend,—  
 Like a high spirit, proud, though desolate.

At one end is a cavern, musical  
 With falling waters: roof, and floor, and walls  
 Are set with sparry gems, snow turned to treasure;  
 Beyond is black as night, or grief, or death,  
 And thence there comes a silent stream, which takes  
 Onward its quiet course, then, through a break,  
 The only one amid the mountains, goes  
 Down to the world below. And it should be  
 My task in fanciful similitudes  
 To trace a likeness for my destiny.  
 Those pale blue violets, which in despite  
 Of snow, or wind, or soil, cling to the rock  
 In lonely beauty—they are like my love,  
 My woman's love: it grew up amid cares  
 And coldness, yet still like those flowers it lived  
 On in its fragrance; but far happier they,  
 They rest in their lone home's security,  
 While, rooted from its dear abode, my love  
 Was scattered suddenly upon the wind,  
 To wither and to die. And the blue stream  
 Will be another emblem: cold and calm  
 It leaves its dwelling-place,—soon over rocks  
 Torrents like headlong passions hurry it—  
 Its waters lose their clearness, weeds and sands  
 Choke it like evil deeds, and banks upraised  
 By human art, obstruct and turn its course,  
 Till, worn out by long wanderings, it seeks,  
 Its strength gone by, some little quiet nook  
 Where it may waste its tired waves away.  
 So in this solitude might I depart,  
 My death unwatch'd! I could not bear to die,  
 And yet see life and love in some dear eye.

Why should I wish to leave some faithful one  
 With bleeding heart to break above my grave?  
 Oh no,—I do but wish to pass away  
 Unloved and unremembered!

L. E. L.

## SKETCH.

The warrior went forth in the morning light,—  
 Waved like a meteor his plume of white,  
 Scarce might his gauntletted hand restrain  
 The steed that snorted beneath the rein ;  
 Yet curbed he its pride, for upon him there  
 Gazed the dark eye of his ladye fair.  
 She stood on the tower to watch him ride,—  
 The maiden whose hand on his bosom had tied  
 The scarf she had worked,—she saw him depart  
 With a tearless eye, though a beating heart ;  
 But when the knight of her love was gone,  
 She went to her bower to weep alone.  
 The warrior past,—but first he took  
 At the castle wall one parting look,  
 And thought of the evening when he should bring  
 His ladye his battle offering ;  
 Then like a thought he dashed o'er the plain,  
 And with banner and brand came his vassal train.  
 It was a thrilling sound to hear  
 The bugle's welcome of warlike cheer ;  
 It was a thrilling sight to see  
 The ranks of that gallant company :  
 Many were there stately and tall,  
 But Edith's knight was the first of all.—  
 —The day is past, and the moonbeams weep  
 O'er the many that rest in their last cold sleep ;  
 Near to the gashed and the nerveless hand  
 Is the pointless spear and the broken brand ;  
 The archer lies like an arrow spent,  
 His shafts all loose and his bow unbent ;  
 Many a white plume torn and red,  
 Bright curls rent from the graceful head,  
 Helmet and breast-plate scattered around,  
 Lie a fearful show on the well-fought ground ;

While the crow and the raven flock overhead  
 To feed on the hearts of the helpless dead,  
 Save when scared by the glaring eye  
 Of some wretch in his last death agony.—

Lighted up is that castle wall,  
 And twenty harpers wait in the hall ;  
 On the board is mantling the purple wine,  
 And wreaths of white flowers the maidens twine ;  
 For distant and faint is heard the swell  
 Of bugles and voices from yonder dell,—  
 The victors are coming: And by the tower  
 Had Edith watched for the midnight hour.

Oh, that lone sickness of the heart,  
 Which bids the weary moments depart,  
 Yet dreads their departing ; the cross she held fast,  
 And kissed off the tears—they are come at last !  
 But has not the bugle a plaintive wail,  
 As the notes of its sadness come on the gale ?  
 Why comes there no shout of the victors' pride,  
 As red from the battle they homewards ride ?  
 Yet high o'er their ranks is their white banner borne,  
 While beneath droops the foeman's, blood-stained  
 and torn.

Said not that young Warrior thus it should be  
 When he talked to his Edith of victory ?  
 Yet, Maiden, weep o'er thy loneliness,  
 Is not yon dark horse riderless ?  
 She flew to the gate,—she stood there alone,—  
 Where was he who to meet her had flown ?  
 The dirge grew plain as the troop came near,—  
 They bare their young Chieftain cold on his bier !

L. E. L.

---

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

SONGS.

The ring you gave, the kiss you gave,  
 The curl of raven hair,  
 Pledges of truth and gifts of love,  
 Where are they now?—oh where?

The ring is broken,—and by whom?  
 The kiss has been profaned;  
 And many, many, bitter tears  
 That shining curl has stained!—

---

Yes, each and all are wholly changed,—  
 More changed they could not be;  
 But the worst change is that which time,  
 False one! has wrought in thee.

---

I will swear to thee by that bright star,  
 Like thine own dark eyes' light;  
 I will be true, dear love! to thee,  
 As that star to the night.

I will swear to thee by that sweet tree,  
 With the red rose blossoming;  
 I will be constant as those flowers  
 Are constant to the Spring.

I will swear to thee by the green leaves,  
 By the low song of the bees;  
 By moonlight, by the violets,  
 And by the summer breeze.

I will swear to thee by frequent things,  
 That, when you are away,  
 All round you may recall the words  
 You taught my heart to say.

L. E. L.

---

**THE BIRD.**

Take that singing bird away !

It has too glad a lay

For an ear so lorn as mine ;

And its wings are all too light,

And its feathers are too bright,

To rest in a bosom like mine.

But bring that bird again

When Winter has changed its strain :

Its pining will be sweet to me

When soil and stain are on its breast,

And its pinions droop for rest;—

Oh, then bring that bird to me.

Together, poor bird, we'll pine

Over Beauty's and Hope's decline ;

Yet I'll envy in pitying thee ;

Never may the months restore

The sweet Spring they brought before

To me,—but they will to thee !

---

## STANZAS.

We shall not meet again, love,

As we once met ;

But our meetings have left

What I may not forget :

A thought of the past,

Like a ghost by a tomb,

A heart that is burning,

A cheek without bloom.

As those who have dwelt

In the lands of the Sun,

In the north fade and fall

When the Winter's begun ;

So my spirit, whose life

Was Love's passionate ray,

Must pine unto death

When its warmth fades away !—L. E. L.

## LINES

*Addressed to Alaric A. Watts, Esq. on receiving a  
Copy of his Poetical Fragments and Sketches.*

There is a dear and a lovely power  
Dwells in the silence of the flower,  
When the buds meet the caress  
Of the bee in their loneliness;—  
In the song the green leaves sing  
When they waken and wave in Spring;  
In the voice of the April bird,  
The first air-music the year has heard;  
In the deep and glorious light  
Of the thousand stars at night;  
In the dreaming of the moon,  
Bright in her solitary noon;  
In the tones of the plaining brook;  
In the light of a first love look;  
And in each bright and beautiful thing,  
That has aught of fine imagiuing,  
That power is dwelling. Now need I  
Name the bright power of Poesy?  
And, graceful Bard! it has breathed on thee  
A breath of the life which is melody,  
And given thy lute the touching strain  
Which the heart but hears to echo again.  
Mine is not the hand that flings  
Living or lasting offerings;  
With thy laurel, not mine the lay  
That either gives or takes away.  
Others may praise thy harp,—for me  
To praise were only a mockery;  
The tribute I offer is such a one  
As the young bird would pour, if the sun  
Or the air were pleasant: thanks, not praise,—  
Oh, not to laud, but to feel thy lays!—L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Fourth Series.***SKETCH I.—THE PAINTER.**

I know not which is the most fatal gift,  
Genius or Love, for both alike are ruled  
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence.

He was a lonely and neglected child;  
His cheek was colourless, save when the flush  
Of strong emotion mastered its still whiteness;  
His dark eyes seemed all heaviness and gloom,  
So rarely were they raised. His mother's love  
Was for her other children: they were fair,  
And had health's morning hues and sunny looks.  
She had not seen him, when he watched the sun  
Setting at eve, like an idolater,  
Until his cheek grew crimson in the light  
Of the so radiant heavens, and his eyes

Were eloquently beautiful, all filled  
With earth's most glorious feelings. And his father,  
A warrior and a hunter, one whose grasp  
Was ever on the bridle or the brand,  
Had no pride in a boy whose joy it was  
To sit for hours by a fountain's side  
Listening its low and melancholy song ;  
Or wander through the gardens silently,  
As if with leaves and flowers alone he held  
Aught of companionship. In his first years  
They sent him to a convent, for they said  
Its solitude would suit with GUIDO's mood.  
And there he dwelt, treasuring those rich thoughts  
That are the food on which young genius lives.  
He rose to watch the sunlight over Rome  
Break from its purple shadows, making glad  
Even that desolate city, whose dim towers,  
Ruins and palaces, seem as they looked  
Back on departed time ; then in the gloom  
Of his own convent's silent burying ground,  
Where, o'er the quiet dead, the cypresses mourned,  
He pass'd the noon, dreaming those dear day dreams,  
Not so much hopes as fancies ; then at eve,  
When through the painted windows the red sun  
Rainbowed the marble floor with radiant hues,  
Where spread the ancient church's stately arch,  
He stayed, till the deep music of the hymn,  
Chanted to the rich organ's rolling notes,  
Bade farewell to the day ; then to his cell  
He went, and through the casement's iron bars  
The moon looked on him, beautiful as love,  
Lighting his slumber. On the church's wall  
There hung one lovely portrait, and for hours  
Would GUIDO, in the fulness of his heart,  
Kneel, watching, till he wept. The subject was  
A dying Magdalene: her long black hair  
Spread round her like a shroud, one pale thin hand  
Pillowed a cheek as thin and pale, and scarce  
The blue light of the eyes was visible  
For the death dampness on the darkened lids,  
As one more effort to look on the cross,  
Which seemed just falling from the fainting arm,  
And they would close for ever. In that look  
There was a painter's immortality,

**And GUIDO felt it deeply, for a gift**  
**Like his whose work that was, was given him,—**  
**A gift of beauty and of power,—and soon**  
**He lived but in the beautiful creations**  
**His pencil called to life. But as his thoughts**  
**Took wider range, he languished to behold**  
**More of a world he thought must be so fair,**  
**So filled with glorious shapes. It chanced that he**  
**Whose hand had traced that pale sad loveliness,**  
**Came to the convent; with rejoicing wonder**  
**He marked how like an unknown mine, whose gold**  
**Gathers in silence, had young GUIDO's mind**  
**Increased in lonely richness; every day**  
**New veins of splendid thoughts sprang into life.**  
**And GUIDO left his convent cell with one**  
**Who, like a génie, bore him into scenes**  
**Of marvel and enchantment. And then first**  
**Did GUIDO feel how very precious praise**  
**Is to young genius, like sunlight on flowers,**  
**Ripening them into fruit. And time pass'd on;—**  
**The lonely and neglected child became**  
**One whom all Rome was proud of, for she gave**  
**At once birth to his fame and to himself.**

**There was a melancholy beauty shed**  
**Over his pictures, as the element**  
**In which his genius lived was sorrow. Love**  
**He made most lovely, but yet ever sad;**  
**Passionate partings, such as wring the heart**  
**Till tears are life-blood; meetings, when the cheek**  
**Has lost all hope of health in the long parting;**  
**The grave, with one mourning in solitude;**  
**These made his fame, and were his excellence,—**  
**The painter of deep tears. He had just gained**  
**The summer of his glory and of his days,**  
**When his remembering art was called to give**

A longer memory to one whose life  
 Was but a thread. Her history may be told  
 In one word—love. And what has love e'er been  
 But misery to woman? Still she wished—  
 It was a dying fancy which betrayed  
 How much, though known how false its god had  
 Her soul clung to its old idolatry,— [been,  
 To send her pictured semblance to the false one.  
 She hoped—how love will hope!—it might recall  
 The young and lovely girl his cruelty  
 Had worn to this dim shadow; it might wake  
 Those thousand fond and kind remembrances  
 Which he had utterly abandoned, while  
 The true heart he had treasured next his own  
 A little time, had never ceased to beat  
 For only him, until it broke. She leant  
 Beside a casement when first GUIDO looked  
 Upon her wasted beauty. 'T was the brow,  
 The Grecian outline in its perfect grace,  
 That he had learnt to worship in his youth,  
 By gazing on that Magdalene, whose face  
 Was yet a treasure in his memory;  
 But sunken were the temples,—they had lost  
 Their ivory roundness, yet still clear as day  
 The veins shone through them, shaded by the  
 Just simply parted back, of the dark hair, [braids,  
 Where grief's white traces mocked at youth. A  
 flush,  
 As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her cheek,  
 Then lingered there for ever, looked like health  
 Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip,  
 Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,  
 Brightest when night is coming. GUIDO took  
 Just one slight sketch; next morning she was dead!

Yet still he painted on, until his heart  
Grew to the picture,—it became his world,—  
He lived but in its beauty, made his art  
Sacred to it alone. No more he gave  
To the glad canvass green and summer dreams  
Of the Italian valleys; traced no more  
The dark eyes of its lovely daughters, looked  
And caught the spirit of fine poetry  
From glorious statues: these were pass'd away.  
Shade after shade, line after line, each day  
Gave life to the sweet likeness. GUIDO dwelt  
In intense worship on his own creation,  
Till his cheek caught the hectic tinge he drew,  
And his thin hand grew tremulous. One night—  
The portrait was just finished, save a touch,  
A touch to give the dark light of the eyes—  
He painted till the lamps grew dim, his hand  
Scarce conscious what it wrought; at length his lids  
Closed in a heavy slumber, and he dreamt  
That a fair creature came and kissed his brow,  
And bade him follow her: he knew the look,  
And rose. Awakening, he found himself  
Kneeling before the portrait:—'twas so fair,  
He deemed it lived, and prest his burning lips  
To the sweet mouth; his soul pass'd in that kiss,—  
Young GUIDO died beside his masterpiece!

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Fourth Series.***SKETCH II.—THE COVENANTERS.**

Mine home is but a blackened heap  
 In the midst of a lonesome wild,  
 And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep  
 Where human faces smiled.

I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,  
 And I worked for their infancy;  
 But, when like a child in mine own old age,  
 There are none to work for me!

Never! I will not know another home.  
 Ten summers have pass'd on, with their blue skies,  
 Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-kiss'd fruit,  
 Since here I first took up my last abode,—  
 And here my bones shall rest. You say it is  
 A home for beasts, and not for humankind,  
 This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale  
 Below is beautiful. I know the time  
 When it looked very beautiful to me!

Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak  
 Stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire,  
 While round it the ground seems as if a curse  
 Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,  
 Then covered with its leaves and acorn crop,  
 A little cottage stood: 't was very small,  
 But had an air of health and peace. The roof  
 Was every morning vocal with the song  
 Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest  
 Was built in safety underneath the thatch;  
 A honeysuckle on the sunny side  
 Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets,  
 Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs  
 Were there in comely plenty; and some flowers,  
 Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush  
 Gemm'd with red roses, and white apple blossoms,  
 Were food for the two hives, whence all day long  
 There came a music like the pleasant sound  
 Of lulling waters. And at even-tide  
 It was a goodly sight to see around  
 Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health  
 And youth and happiness: these were my children,  
 That cottage was mine home.

There came a shadow o'er the land, and men  
Were hunted by their fellow men like beasts,  
And the sweet feelings of humanity  
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,  
Darkened with blood and dust, was often laid  
Upon the murdered infant, for the sword  
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay  
Those who in age would not forego the faith  
They had grown up in. I was one of these:  
How could I close the Bible I had read  
Beside my dying mother, which had given  
To me and mine such comfort? But the hand  
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,  
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,  
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,

Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words  
 Praying for mercy, and then childish screams  
 Of fear and pain. There were these the last night  
 The white walls of my cottage stood; they bound  
 And flung me down beside the oak, to watch  
 How the red fire gathered, like that of hell.  
 There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,  
 Gasping for the fresh air,—my own fair girl!  
 My only one! The vision haunts me still:  
 The white arms raised to heaven, and the long hair,  
 Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head  
 Upright, from terror. In th' accursed glare  
 We knew each other; and I heard a cry  
 Half tenderness, half agony,—a crash,—  
 The roof fell in,—I saw my child no more!  
 A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-cloud,  
 Half darkness and half fire. At length sense came,  
 With a rememb'ring like that which a dream  
 Leaves, of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,  
 The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,  
 The sickly light through the dim bars, the damp,  
 The silence, were realities; and then  
 I lay on the cold stones and wept aloud,  
 And prayed the fever to return again  
 And bring death with it. Yet did I escape,—  
 Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,  
 And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;  
 I thought then I would seek my desolate home,  
 And die where it had been. I reached the place:  
 The ground was bare and scorched, and in the midst  
 Was a black heap of ashes. Frantically  
 I groped amid them, ever and anon  
 Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones  
 Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,  
 A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,  
 Stainless and golden, as but then just severed,  
 A love-gift from the head: I knew the hair—  
 It was my daughter's! there I stood, and howled  
 Curses upon that night. There came a voice,  
 There came a gentle step;—even on that heap  
 Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour  
 To the great God my gratitude! That curl  
 Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,  
 That voice, were sweet familiar ones,—one child,  
 My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!  
 That night he had escaped. - - -



We left the desolate Valley, and we went  
Together to the mountains and the woods,  
And there inhabited in love and peace,  
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,  
And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.  
Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm  
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.  
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds  
Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was spilt  
Or ever the deliverance was accomplished.  
We fled in the dark night. At length the moon  
Rose on the midnight,—when I saw the face  
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set  
In the death-agony, and from his side  
The life-blood came like tears; and then I prayed  
That he would rest, and let me stanch the wound.  
He motioned me to fly, and then lay down  
Upon the rock, and died! This is his grave,  
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell  
Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath?

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Fourth Series.***SKETCH III.—THE FALSE ONE.**

And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed?  
 Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made  
 Bot things wherewith to wound; that heart so weak,  
 So soft, laid open to the vulture's beak,  
 Its sweet revealings given up to scorn  
 It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne;  
 And, sorer still, that bitterest emotion,  
 To know, the shrine which had our soul's devotion  
 Is that of a false deity; to look  
 Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook  
 Their cold reply. Yet these are all for her,  
 The rude world's outcast and love's wanderer.  
 Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,  
 Should ever cause guilt, grief and suffering;  
 That the lorn heart should ever have to brood  
 O'er wrongs and ruin in its solitude;  
 And, worst of all, that ever love should be  
 Forgetful of its own dear memory!

Ride on, ride with thy bridal company,  
 Ride on thy coal-black steed, thou false one! ride.  
 How gallant is thy bearing, and how proud  
 Wave the white glancings of thy plume! Ride on,  
 And as a thousand shout thy name, heed not  
 If one shall deeply curse it. When thy heart  
 Beats with the presence of thy fair young bride,  
 Remember not the one which thou hast left,  
 A jewel tarnished in its light, to break;  
 And when her blush looks beautiful, forget  
 The blush you kissed, when on your bosom lay  
 The now forsaken Maid of Arragon!  
 And when before the nobles of the land,  
 Beneath the proud cathedral's fretted aisle,  
 You plight your marriage vows, think not of those  
 You breathed in the lone citron grove, the stars  
 Witnesses of the contract. Fare thee well!—

On rode the Bridegroom, to the breath of flutes  
And the salute of trumpets. Suddenly  
A gush of perfume and a sound of song  
Rose slow and sweet,—they ushered in the Bride.  
On came the Ladye, with her bright hair wreathed  
Around with Indian pearls; a silver veil [wed,  
Played o'er her jewelled waist. And they were  
That dark-eyed Cavalier, and that sweet dame.  
And as the gay procession left the church,  
Gathered a multitude around, and wished  
All happiness to their Hero and his Bride;  
And to the flourish of glad instruments,  
A chorus of rich voices made reply.  
Yet ever and anon a single song,  
A low and melancholy song, was heard,  
The very echo of a broken heart,  
Like the swan dying in soft music. None  
Of all the train could tell whence came that voice;  
But each one felt its influence, as it waked  
In each some sad forgotten memory;  
But more than all, it seemed to call dark thought  
Upon the Bridegroom's forehead, and his lip  
Grew pale with some deep feeling. But it ceased,  
And each felt as a weight had left his heart,  
When died those tones of sorrow into silence;  
But all remarked how strange a gloom had fallen  
Over the Count. Yet on they rode, and reached  
His palace, bright like day with perfumed lamps:  
The stately banquet was spread gorgeously,  
And in the glory of the festal hall,  
And in the gladness of its melody,  
All soon forgot the melancholy song. - - -

Next day there was a sound of pity heard  
In the proud streets of Seville : at the foot  
Of Count Hernando's statue— (that one raised  
To honour him, when, first and last in battle,  
He singly stood against the Moors, and turned  
The fortune of the fight)—as if in prayer,  
A Maiden knelt ; her long hair hid her face, [dew.  
And its black curls were drenched with the thick  
She had been all night there, for some recalled  
Seeing a pale girl kneeling there when first  
Upon the statue fell the cold moonlight.  
There was a wreath of laurel hung above,  
Fresh, green ; below it, like an offering,  
A cypress braid, with one pale withered rose [hands,  
Bound by a broken chain of gold. They touched the  
When the pale maiden answered not their words ;  
They were like marble, heavy, white and chill ;  
They parted from the face the thick dark hair,  
And looked upon a corpse !

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**  
**POETIC SKETCHES.**  
*Fourth Series.*

---

**SKETCH IV.—A VILLAGE TALE.**

. . . . . How the spirit clings  
 To that which once it loved, with the same feeling  
 That makes the traveller turn from his way  
 To look upon some boyish haunt, though dark  
 And very desolate grown, no longer like  
 That which was dear to him.

---

It was a low white church: the elm which grew  
 Beside it shadowed half the roof; the clock [deep  
 Was placed where full the sun-beams fell;—what  
 Simple morality spoke in those hands,  
 Going their way in silence, till a sound,  
 Solemn and sweet, made their appeal to Time,  
 And the hour spoke its only warning!—Strange  
 To note how mute the soft song of the wren,  
 Whose nest was in that old elm tree, became  
 When the clock struck; and when it ceased again,  
 Its music like a natural anthem breathed.  
 Lowly the osier'd graves around, wild flowers  
 Their epitaph, and not one monument  
 Was there rich with the sculptor's graceful art.—

There sat one, by a grave whose weeded turf  
 Showed more than common care, his face bent down,  
 A fine and manly brow, though sun and wind  
 Had darkened it, and that a shade of grief  
 Seemed natural from long habit ; by his side  
 A little laughing child, with clear blue eyes,  
 Cheek like a dimpled rose, and sunny curls,  
 Was gathering blossoms, gathering but to crush,  
 Till the sod was all colours with the leaves.  
 Even in childhood's innocence of pleasure  
 Lives that destroying spirit, which in time  
 Will waste, then want, the best of happiness.  
 I marked the boy's companion : he was yet  
 In life's first summer, and he seemed to watch  
 With such sad tenderness the child, which came  
 When tired to nestle in his bosom, sure  
 That it was welcome. And the grave was kept  
 So fresh, so green, so covered with sweet flowers,  
 I deemed 'twas some young widower, whose love  
 Had pass'd away, or ever it had known  
 One sting of sorrow or one cloud of care,—  
 Pass'd in its first delicious confidence  
 Of vowed affection ;—'twas the grave, I thought,  
 Of his young wife, and that the child was left  
 A dear memorial of that cherished one.  
 I read his history wrong. In early youth,  
 When hopes and pleasures flit like butterflies  
 Around our pleasant spring, had EDWARD loved,  
 And sought in MARION's deep blue eyes his world,—  
 Loved with the truth, the fervour of first love,  
 That delicate bloom which can come o'er the soul  
 But only once. All other thoughts and feelings  
 The heart may know again, but first love never !  
 Its hopes, bright as the azure flower that springs  
 Where'er the radiance of the rainbow falls,  
 Its fears, soft as the leaves that shade the lily,  
 Its fairy-land romance, its tenderness,  
 Its timid, yet so passionate devotion—

These are not annual blooms, that die, then rise  
 Again into a beautiful existence;  
 They may live long, and be the life of life,  
 But, like the rose, when they are once destroyed  
 They perish utterly. And like that tree,  
 How sweet a memory too remains! though dead  
 The green leaves, and decayed the stem, yet still  
 The spirit of fragrance lingers, loth to leave  
 Its dear abode. Just so love haunts the heart,  
 Though withered, and to be revived no more.  
 Oh, nothing has the memory of love!—

It was a summer twilight, crimson lights  
 Played o'er the bridal bowers of the west,  
 And in the grey horizon the white moon  
 Was faintly visible, just where the sky  
 Met the green rolling of the shadowy sea.  
 Upon a little hill, whose broken ridge  
 Was covered with the golden furze, and heath  
 Gay with its small pink blossoms, in a shade  
 Formed of thick hazels and the graceful sweep  
 Of the ash boughs, an old beach trunk the seat,  
 With a sweet canopy of honeysuckle  
 Mixed with the wild briar roses, EDWARD sat,  
 Happy, for MARION lean'd upon his bosom  
 In the deep fondness of the parting hour;  
 One of those partings memory will keep  
 Among its precious things. The setting sun  
 Shed such rich colour o'er the cheek, which press'd  
 Closer and closer, like a rose, that sought  
 A shelter next his heart; the radiant eyes,  
 Glorious as though the sky's own light were there,  
 Yet timid, blue, and tender as the dove's;  
 The soft arm thrown around his neck; the hair  
 Falling in such profusion o'er a face  
 That nestled like a bird upon his breast;  
 Murmurs, the very breath of happiness;  
 Low and delighted sighs, and lengthened looks,  
 As life were looking words inaudible,  
 Yet full of music; whispers such as are  
 What love should ever speak in, soft yet deep,  
 As jealous even that the air should share

In the delicious feeling. And around  
 All seemed the home and atmosphere of love :  
 The air sweet with the woodbine and the rose ;  
 The rich red light of evening ; the far sea,  
 So still, so calm ; the vale, with its cornfields  
 Shooting their green spears 'mid the scarlet banners  
 Of the wild poppies ; meadows with the hay  
 Scattered in fragrance, clover yet uncut ;  
 And in the distance a small wood, where oaks  
 And elms threw giant shadows ; and a river  
 Winding, now hidden and now visible,  
 Till close beside their bower it held its course,  
 And fed a little waterfall, the harp  
 That answered to the woodlark's twilight hymn  
 Their last, last evening. Ah, the many vows  
 That EDWARD and his MARION pledged ! She took  
 A golden ring and broke it, hid one half  
 Next her own heart, then cut a shining curl,  
 As bright as the bright gift, and round his neck  
 Fastened the silken braid, and bade him keep  
 The ring and hair for MARION's sake. They talked  
 Of pleasant hopes, of EDWARD's quick return  
 With treasure gathered on the stormy deep,  
 And how then they would build a little cot ;  
 They chose the very place ; and the bright moon  
 Shone in her midnight, ere their schemes  
 Were half complete. They parted. The next morn  
 With the day-blush had MARION sought that bower  
 Alone, and watched upon the distant sea  
 A ship just visible to those long looks  
 With which love gazes. - - - How most sweet it is  
 To have one lonely treasure, which the heart  
 Can feed upon in secret, which can be  
 A star in sorrow and a flower in joy ;  
 A thought to which all other thoughts refer ;  
 A hope, from whence all other hopes arise,  
 Nurst in the solitude of happiness !  
 Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is  
 To have the bosom made a paradise  
 By thee, life lighted by thy rainbow smile !—



EDWARD lived in one feeling, one that made  
 Care, toil, and suffering pleasant ; and he hailed  
 England, dear England, happy in success,  
 In hope, and love. It was a summer morn—  
 The very season he had left that vale—  
 When he returned. How cheerfully the fields,  
 Spread in their green luxuriance of corn,  
 The purple clover, and the new cut hay,  
 Loading the air with fragrance ! the soft river,  
 Winding so gently ! there seemed nothing changed,  
 And EDWARD'S heart was filled with gladness : all,  
 He fancied, looked as if they welcomed him.  
 His eyes filled with sweet tears, and hasty words  
 Of love and thankfulness came to his lips.  
 His path lay through the churchyard, and the bells  
 Were ringing for a wedding. What fond thoughts  
 They wakened, of how merrily their round  
 Would peal for him and MARION ! He kissed  
 The broken ring, the braid of golden hair,  
 And bounded, with light step and lighter heart,  
 Across the churchyard ; from it he could see  
 The cottage where his own true Maiden dwelt.  
 Just then the bridal party left the church,  
 And, half unconsciously, young EDWARD looked  
 Upon the Bride,—that Bride was MARION !—  
 He stopp'd not in the village,—spoke to none,—  
 But went again to sea ; and never smile  
 Lighted the settled darkness in his eyes :  
 His cheek grew pale, his hair turned grey, his voice  
 Became so sad and low. He once had loved  
 To look upon the sunset, as that hour (hopes ;  
 Brought pleasant memories, such as feed sweet  
 Now ever gazed he on it with the look  
 Of the young widow over her fair child,  
 Her only child, in the death agony.  
 His heart was withered. Yet, although so false,  
 He never parted with his MARION'S gift :  
 Still the soft curl and the bright ring were kept,  
 Like treasures, in his bosom. Years passed by,

And he grew tired of wandering ; back he came  
 To his own village, as a place of rest.  
 'Twas a drear autumn morning, and the trees  
 Were bare, or covered but with yellow leaves ;  
 The fields lay fallow, and a drizzling rain  
 Fell gloomily : it seemed as all was changed,  
 Even as he himself was changed ; the bell  
 Of the old church was tolling dolefully  
 The farewell of the living to the dead.  
 The grave was scant, the holy words were said  
 Hurriedly, coldly ; but for a poor child,  
 That begged the pit to give him back his mother,  
 There had not been one single tear. The Boy  
 Kept on his wail ; but all his prayers were made  
 To the dark tomb, as conscious those around  
 Would chide if he asked them ; and when they  
 The last earth on the coffin, down he laid [threw  
 His little head, and sobbed most bitterly.  
 And EDWARD took him in his arms, and kissed  
 His wet pale cheeks ; while the child clung to him,  
 Not with the shyness of one petted, loved,  
 And careless of a stranger's fond caress,  
 But as one that knew well what kindness was,  
 But knew not where to seek it, as he pined  
 Beneath neglect, and harshness, fear and want.  
 'Twas strange, this mingling of their destinies :  
 That boy was MARION's—it was MARION's grave !  
 She had died young, and poor, and broken-hearted.  
 Her husband had deserted her ; one child  
 Was buried with its mother, one was left  
 An orphan unto chance ; but EDWARD took  
 The boy unto him even as his own.  
 He buried the remembrance of his wrongs,  
 Only recalling that he once had loved,  
 And that his Love was dead ! . . . L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Fourth Series.***SKETCH V.—THE ISLAND.**

“ Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world,  
Thou ne'er wert made for me ! ”

A summer isle, one over which the wind  
Hath ever pass'd in melody,—such airs  
As are born in the rose's breast, and die  
Like singing on the waters. There were lakes,  
Some deep and blue, and clear as the bright sky  
Mirror'd upon them ; others, o'er whose waves  
Floated the broad green pennons of the lily ;  
Some barks for Love, coloured with his own blush,  
And others, white as fairy ships, for Hope,—  
Ah, Love and Hope should ever go together !—  
And in the valleys and beside the hills  
(Hills where the landmark was one stately palm)  
There grew ten thousand flowers, on whose leaves  
Shone every hue that ever yet hath shone  
In a king's diadem of Indian gems,  
Or in the tints an autumn sunset throws  
O'er the rich glaciers in the rainbow arch  
Of the departing shower ; and butterflies,  
Each like a ruby, glistened round the stems ;  
And birds as brightly feathered, for each wing  
Was like wrought tapestry of silk and gold,

And when night came the Isle was lighted up  
 With myriads of glowing natural lamps,  
 A beautiful green brilliance, which the moon  
 Veined with pure crystal, and the many stars  
 Like glories scattered o'er the midnight sky.  
 Just in the middle of the sunny Isle,  
 Lonely and fragrant, stood one graceful tree,  
 A rose accacia, whose pink boughs were linked  
 By silver fetters of the jessamine :  
 Together they had formed a perfumed bower,  
 A green turf, dropped with violets, the floor.  
 And there a radiant creature dwelt, a Girl  
 Lovely as love's first likeness, innocent  
 As the white antelope, whose large dark eyes,  
 Or the dove's softer blue ones, gave alone  
 Her own deep looks of tenderness again.  
 She dwelt a fairy in a fairy Isle :  
 Her only knowledge, that she knew the Spring  
 Brought blossoms, and the Summer fruit ; that night  
 Was beautiful with stars and with the moon ;  
 That the sun rose over the hill of palms,  
 And sank in the red billows of the sea ;  
 No other language than some soft sweet sounds  
 She had caught from the voices of the birds  
 When singing to the morning, and the notes  
 Sent from the waterfall, when, like a harp,  
 It held discourse in music with the wind.  
 - - - But a tall ship came over the far sea,  
 And bore the Maiden of the sunny Isle  
 Away from her sweet home, to other lands.  
 And there she dwelt, 'mid pleasure and surprise,  
 The loveliest amid the many lovely.  
 To what may youth's first joyance be compared ?  
 To daylight, and the glad song of the lark  
 Bursting together,—to a sudden gush  
 Of perfume, till the giddy senses sink  
 With overmuch delight,—a dream,—a tale,  
 Of Paradise, told in fair poesy.

Thus pass'd a season ; but IANTHE'S heart,  
 Tender and true, confiding, passionate,  
 Was filled with those warm feelings, which like gold,  
 Albeit itself so precious, often brings  
 Misery on the possessor. But to look  
 On the weak gracefulness of her slight form,  
 The gentle forehead, the imploring smile  
 Of the so delicate lip, the tremulous blush,  
 The full voluptuous darkness of the eyes,  
 So timid yet so tender,—light and dew,—  
 To look upon her was to know that love  
 Would be her destiny. IANTHE loved—  
 Loved with that womanish idolatry  
 Which makes a god of the beloved one,  
 A god for whom no sacrifice is thought  
 Too great, though life and soul were offered up,—  
 No worship worthy of the excellence  
 To which the heart bows down. But happiness,  
 Though often wooed, is rarely won by love.  
 IANTHE had to weep the worst of all,—  
 Ill-placed affection. - - -

She knew that death was in her heart, and pined  
 Once more to look upon the sunny Isle.  
 Not even its sweet healthfulness of air  
 Might save, but it would soothe ; she said her breath  
 Would pass more freely when its latest sigh  
 Had a companion in one from the rose.  
 Again the tall ship bore her o'er the main.  
 It was a strange, yet lovely, sight to see  
 How in the moonlight she would sit and watch  
 The glorious waters, her black hair unbound  
 And floating like a sail, heavy and dark,  
 As if an omen that the voyage was death ;  
 And her large eyes, so very wildly bright,  
 Her low and melaucholy song,—she looked  
 A spirit, paused one moment on this earth,  
 To chant a requiem over it. - - -

Sail on thy way, thou stately ship,  
 Over the deep blue sea,  
 Beyond thy waves there is a home,  
 A silent home for me !

It was a place of birds and flowers,  
 Of green leaves and sunshine :  
 I do hope I shall find no change,  
 Sweet Isle ! in aught of thine.  
 I'll seek again where the pink boughs  
 Of the accacia wave,—  
 My cradle was beneath their shade,  
 And so shall be my grave.  
 My spirit could not pass away  
 In yon great city's air,  
 Even my last sigh would be false,  
 For all things are false there.  
 I have let fall my red rose wreath,  
 Scattered upon the deep,—  
 The flowers I had such joy to cull,  
 I wished so much to keep.  
 There, they are floating far away,  
 Over the starlit sea ;  
 Is it not thus pleasures and hopes  
 Have pass'd away from me ?  
 Well, let them pass ; I have a home  
 Where pink accacias wave,  
 And sweetly will it guard my sleep  
 Within the quiet grave !

'Twas even so: they made the Maiden's grave  
 Beneath the lone accacia, which became  
 A shrine by lovers sought to breathe their vows ;  
 And a pale lily or a violet  
 Gathered from off that tomb, was a love-gift  
 Beyond all prize, and one that every youth  
 Offered his mistress, when a blush first owned  
 She loved him.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Fourth Series.***SKETCH VI.—THE SAILOR.**

Oh gloriously upon the deep  
 The gallant vessel rides,  
 And she is mistress of the winds,  
 And mistress of the tides.  
 And never but for her tall ships  
 Had England been so proud;  
 Or before the might of the Island Queen  
 The Kings of the earth had bowed.  
 But, alas! for the widow and orphan's tear,  
 When the death flag sweeps the wave;  
 Alas, that the laurel of Victory  
 Must grow but upon the grave!

An aged Widow with one only child,  
 And even he was far away at sea:  
 Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,  
 And low and small the room; but still it had  
 A look of comfort; on the white-washed walls  
 Were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells,  
 Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush  
 Caught from the sunset on the waters; plumes  
 From the bright pinions of the Indian birds;  
 Long dark sea weeds, and black and crimson berries,  
 Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.  
 Her Sailor brought them, when from his first voyage  
 He came so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce  
 Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth.  
 Like a memorial of far better days,  
 The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,  
 Lay on the table; and a fragrant air  
 Came from the window: there stood a rose tree—  
 Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich  
 With thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers:

It was a slip from that which grew beside  
 The cottage, once her own, which ever drew  
 Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane  
 Where her home stood, the home where yet she  
                   thought

To end her days in peace; that was the hope  
 That made life pleasant, and it had been fed  
 By the so ardent spirits of her Boy,  
 Who said that God would bless the efforts made  
 For his old mother.—Like a holiday  
 Each Sunday came, for then her patient way  
 She took to the white church of her own village,  
 A long five miles; and many marvelled one  
 So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.  
 They knew not how delicious the fresh air,  
 How fair the green leaves and the fields, how glad  
 The sunshine of the country; to the eyes  
 That looked so seldom on them. She would sit  
 Long after Service on a grave, and watch  
 The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,  
 The lane where yet her home might be; and then  
 Return with lightened heart to her dull street,  
 Refreshed with hope and pleasant memories,—  
 Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,  
 Wherein they say the rolling of the sea  
 Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,  
 Bless him, then dream of him. - - -

A shout awoke the sleeping Town, the night



Rang with the Fleet's return and victory!  
 Men that were slumbering quietly, rose up [lights,  
 And joined the shout; the windows gleamed with  
 The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths  
 Were filled with people; even the lone street  
 Where the poor widow dwelt, was roused, and sleep  
 Was thought upon no more that night. Next day—  
 A bright and sunny day it was—high flags [hung  
 Waved from each steeple, and green boughs were  
 In the gay market-place; music was heard,  
 Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea  
 Was covered with proud vessels; and the boats  
 Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands  
 Beckoned from crowded decks to the glad strand  
 Where the wife waited for her husband,—maids  
 Threw the bright curls back from their glistening eyes  
 And looked their best,—and as the splashing oar  
 Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice  
 Grew musical with happiness!

And there  
 Stood that old Widow woman with the rest,  
 Watching the ship wherein had sailed her Son.  
 A boat came from that vessel,—heavily  
 It toiled upon the waters, and the oars  
 Were dipp'd in slowly. As it neared the beach,  
 A moaning sound came from it, and a groan  
 Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,  
 When they looked on each ghastly countenance,  
 For that lone boat was filled with wounded men,  
 Bearing them to the hospital,—and then  
 That aged Woman saw her Son. She prayed,  
 And gained her prayer, that she might be his nurse,  
 And take him home. He lived for many days.  
 It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,  
 To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses,  
 The roses that were gathered one by one  
 For him by his fond parent nurse; the last  
 Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,  
 That very night, he died! And he was laid  
 In the same church-yard where his father lay,—

Through which his mother as a bride had pass'd.  
The grave was closed ; but still the Widow sat  
Upon a sod beside, and silently,  
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for.)  
The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left  
Alone amid the tombs ; but once she looked  
Towards the shadowy lane, then turned again,  
As desolate and sick at heart, to where  
Her help, her hope, her Child, lay dead together !  
She went home to her lonely room. Next morn  
Some entered it, and there she sat,  
Her white hair hanging o'er the withered hands  
On which her pale face leant ; the Bible lay  
Open beside, but blistered were the leaves  
With two or three large tears, which had dried in.  
Oh, happy she had not survived her child !  
And many pitied her, for she had spent  
Her little savings, and she had no friends ;  
But strangers made her grave in that churchyard,  
And where her Sailor slept, there slept his Mother !  
L. E. L.

Contents:

1

4th January 1823

Fragments in Rhyme: XII. Sta. Valerie

2

4th January 1823

Fragments in Rhyme: XIII. Written after seeing Maid Marion performed

3

11th January 1823

Advertisement for Medallion Wafers

4

25th January 1823

Medallion Wafers: Introduction

6

25th January 1823

Medallion Wafers: Cupid Riding a Peacock

7

25th January 1823

Medallion Wafers: Atalanta, represented as a huntress with her bow

8

1st February 1823

The Cadets

12

8th February 1823

Medallion Wafers: Head of Tyrtæus

13

8th February 1823

Medallion Wafers: Unknown Female Head

14

8th February 1823

Medallion Wafers: A Youth, with a Lyre in his hand, kneeling to a Female half turning to him, as in the act of reconciliation

15

8th February 1823

Medallion Wafers: Hercules and Iole

16

8th February 1823

Medallion Wafers: Love sleeping beneath a Palm-tree

17

15th February 1823

Ballads: I. The Soldier's Grave

18

15th February 1823

Ballads: II. Song of the Hunter's Bride

19

15th February 1823

Ballads: III. The Crusader

21

22nd February 1823

Leander and Hero

25

1st March 1823

Medallion Wafers: Head of Ariadne

26

1st March 1823

Medallion Wafers: An old Man standing by the body of a Youth

27

1st March 1823

Medallion Wafers: A Nereid floating on a Shell

28

1st March 1823

Medallion Wafers: Conclusion

29

15th March 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Vandyke consulting his Mistress on a Picture in Cooke's Exhibition.

31

15th March 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Hope, from a design by a Lady

32

15th March 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Portrait of a Girl, in the British Museum, by T. Stewardson

33

22nd March 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Different Thoughts Suggested by a Picture by G. S. Newton, No. 16, in the British Gallery, and representing a Girl looking at her Lover's Miniature.

29th March 1823

Songs:

37 - 1 I'll meet thee at the midnight hour

38 - 2 Pledge not that sparkling bowl

39 - 3 All over the world with thee, my love

40 - 4 The dream on the pillow

41 - 5 What was our parting? – one wild kiss

42

5th April 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: A Maniac visited by his Family in confinement, by Davis

44

5th April 1823

April

45

12th April 1823

Dramatic Scene. Ianthe – Guido – Manfred

19th April 1823

Fragments:

50 - I looked upon the twilight Star

51 - It is the last survivor of a race

52 - I should have prized thy heart, if none

53 - There is a curse laid on the human heart

54 - Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears

26th April 1823

Fragments:

55 - The lights are fair in my father's hall

56 - Love once dwelt in a palmy isle

57 - A blue Italian isle, — yet scarce more blue

58 - Then fare thee well, love, for a little while!

59 - Do any thing but love; but if thou lovest

60

3rd May 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures:

On May-day, by Leslie

61

3rd May 1823

Notice: Sir John Leicester's Gallery

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Sketches from Sir John Leicester's

Gallery: The Hours, by Howard

62

3rd May 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Sketches from Sir John Leicester's

Gallery: Female Head on the left of 'The Hours'

63

10th May 1823

Valedictory Stanzas

64

10th May 1823

Notice: Glover's Gallery

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Two Doves in a Grove, Mr Glover's

Exhibition

66

17th May 1823

On the Picture of a Young Girl

67

24th May 1823

Inez

71

31st May 1823

Stanzas: Twine not those red roses for me

73

31st May 1823

Stanzas: Farewell, farewell! Then both are free

74

28th June 1823

Song

75

28th June 1823

Valedictory Lines: To a Cadet on embarking for India

76

28th June 1823

(On Ismael Fitzadam)

79

5th July 1823

A Tale Founded on Fact

83

12th July 1823

Glencoe

85

19th July 1823

Execution of Crescentius

86

26th July 1823

The Artist's Studio

2nd August 1823

Songs:

90 - Oh never throw thy love away

91 - Yes, it was here, 'neath midnight skies

92 - I envy thee, thou careless wind!

93

9th August 1823

Poetical Catalogue of Pictures: Stothard's Erato

16th August 1823

95 - Lines: There is no smile to answer thine

96 - Fragment: Oh it is veriest vanity to love

23rd August 1823

98 - I. The Floating Beacon

99 - II. Song: Oh leal I'll be to thee, my love

100 - III. Change

101

30th August 1823

The Bayadere I.

103

6th September 1823

The Bayadere II.

108

13th September 1823

The Bayadere III.

27th September 1823

Extracts from my Pocket Book:

111 - Song: Oh do not talk to me of love

112 - Song: Yes, still truly thine! Ah, they never Love knew

113 - My harp!



4th October 1823

Extracts from my Pocket Book: Songs of Love

114 - Oh never may I feel again

115 - Farewell to my first dream of love

116 - my heart is not light as when first, love

117 - 'Twas sweet to look upon thine eyes

118

11th October 1823

The Gipsy's Prophecy

119

11th October 1823

Songs:

Beautiful are the hues that lie

Last night, a fairy bark, for Hope

120

18th October 1823

Fragment: A solitude of green and silent beauty

122

25th October 1823

Sketch: The warrior went forth in the morning light

124

1st November 1823

Songs:

The ring you gave, the kiss you gave

I will swear to thee by that bright star

125

8th November 1823

The Bird

126

8th November 1823

Stanzas: We shall not meet again, love

127

8th November 1823

Lines: Addressed to Alaric A. Watts, Esq. on receiving a Copy of his Poetical Fragments and Sketches.

128

15th November 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch I. The Painter

133

22nd November 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch II. The Covenanters

137

29th November 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch III. The False One

140

6th December 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch IV. A Village Tale

146

13th December 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch V. The Island

150

20th December 1823

Poetic Sketches: Fourth Series. Sketch VI. The Sailor