

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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compiled
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Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

HINDOO GIRL.
FROM A GROUP BY WESTMACOTT.

HINDOO GIRL, BY AN URN.

FROM A GROUP, BY WESTMACOTT.

BY L. E. L.

SHE leant beneath an alma tree, which flung
A shower of leaves and blossoms o'er her head,—
But faded all of them: this made the place
A fitting temple for her; like her joys,
The fresh sweet flowers grew far above her reach;
But, like her griefs, the withered ones were strewed
Beneath her feet, and mingled with her hair,
Her long black hair, which swept round like a cloud,
And had no other wreath than those sad leaves.
Her brow was bowed upon a marble urn,
Pale as its cold, white pillow; on her cheek
Lingered the grace which beauty ever leaves,
Although herself be gone; her large dark eye
Was as a picture's, fixed and motionless,
With only one expression.—There are griefs
That hunt, like hounds, our happiness away;
And cares that, ivy-like, fix on our hopes.
But these are nothing—though they waste the heart—
To when one single sorrow, like the rod,
The serpent rod, has swallowed up the rest.

Her history was on every lip; they told,

At first, a common tale ;—she loved, was loved,
And love was destiny and happiness.
But red war was abroad ; and there are charms
In the bright sabre, flashing to the sun,
The banner, crimson as the morning sky
It seems to meet, the thunder of the drum,
The clashing atabal, the haughty steed
Impatient for the battle, and the ranks,
Glittering and glorious in their armed array :
Aye, these have charms—but not for woman's dreams.
The youth went to the warfare, where he fell,
Unknown, unnamed, unmissed ;—it is the fate
Of thousands, swept away like autumn leaves,
Young, brave, with heart and hand, and all that makes
The hero,—but in vain. And where is she,
His lovely, lonely one ? Not in her bower,
Not in her father's hall ; no more they see
Her white veil floating on the evening air,
The moon-light shining on the mystic bark
She watched so anxiously. Again she came ;
But not the same, as when, with summer flowers
And scented lamp, she sought the river side ;
But pale and silent, like a shadowy thing
That has looked on the other world, and known
The secrets of the grave, but forced, awhile,
To linger on the earth it loathes. She held
Within her arms an urn ; beneath the shade
Of the tree which had been the favourite haunt
Of her young lover, at the twilight hour—
For then they met—she placed her treasure down.

It was a tale of wonder, and soon spread.
She had been to the distant battle field,
And wandered 'mid the dying and the dead,
Gazing on many a ghastly face ; at last,
She found her lover, and this was his urn.—
And leaning on that urn is her employ :
And still, at the lone hour, when the first star
Rises o'er the blue Ganges, will she sing
A low and plaining melancholy song.
At other times, she leans beside the urn,
As she were but a statue placed by grief
In memory of love !



Hargerot pinx.

THE HONORS PAID RAPHAEL AFTER HIS DEATH.

W. P. sculp.

RAPHAEL'S DEATH-BED.

BY L. E. L.

How can the grave be terrible to those
Whose spirits walk the earth, even after death,
And have an influence on humanity,
In their undying glory. L. E. L.

'Twas a twilight of Italy and spring,
With those pale colours that the sunsets fling,
Of shadowy rose,—or ever they are bright
With the rich purple of their summer light !
A vaulted chamber was it,—where the day
Lingered, as it were loth to pass away,
Fainter and fainter falling, till the glare
Of taper, torch, and lamp, alone, were there,
Shining o'er glorious pictures, which were fraught
With all the immortality of thought,—
And o'er a couch's canopy, where gold
Broidered and clasped the curtain's purple fold.

And is that silken pillow thus bespread
For those who cannot feel its down—the dead !

Around that couch gathers a princely train,
 And swells the holy anthem's funeral strain ;
 Sweeps the rich incense round it, like a cloud,
 While the arch prelate's hand uplifts the shroud,—
 Flings, from the silver cup, the sacred wave,
 Which sains and smooths the passage to the grave.

Aye, one sleeps there,—if sleep it can be named,
 By which one half of waking life is shamed.
 Is *that* death, where the spirit stays behind,
 With much as ever influence on its kind !
 How can he die,—he who has left his soul
 On the rich canvass, or the breathing scroll !
 What is our life—our being—but the spirit,
 All of our native heaven we inherit !
 How can we die,—yet leave behind us all
 The intellect that lit our earthly thrall !
That seems like death, which leaves behind it
 nought ;
 No void in nature,—no remembering thought ;
 Or, but the tenderness affection keeps,
 Frail as itself—forgetting while it weeps !
That seems like death, the many thousands die,
 Their sole memorials, a tear—a sigh !
 But thus it is not to the mighty name,
 Whose death was as the seal affixed to fame ;—
 And he who sleeps there, dust returned to dust,
 Paler and colder than the marble bust
 Beside—now strangely like the face of death,
 As rigid as itself, unwarmed by breath,—

It hath death's semblance ;—but, how can depart
The soul, yet leave its influence on the heart !

No ! when the timid prayer for heaven's grace
Shall warm its zeal no more, at the sweet face
Of thy Madonnas ; nor the patient tear
Shall fall before thy Magdalen, with less fear ;
When never more a saint's pure brow shall speak
Hope to the trembling,—mercy to the weak ;
When the last hue is from thy canvass fled,
Their memory past,—then, Raphael, thou art dead !

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY L. E. L.

Oh Love! oh Happiness! is not your home
Far from the crowded street, the lighted hall?
Are ye not dwellers in the vallies green,
In the white cottage? is not your abode
Amid the fields, the rivers, and the hills;
By the sea-shore—where, with its thousand waves,
The ocean casts its treasures of pink shells,
And makes its melancholy music?

* * * * *

THEY dwelt amid the woods, where they had built
Themselves a home;—it was almost a hut,
And rudely framed of logs and piled-up wood;
But it was covered with sweet creeping shrubs,
And had a porch of evergreens: it stood
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree,
Whose boughs spread over it, like a green tent.
’Twas beautiful, in summer, with gay flowers,
Green leaves, and fragrant grass strewn on the floor;
And, in the winter, cheerful with its hearth,
Where blazed the wood fire, and its tapestry
Of soft rich furs—each a memorial
Of some escape, some toil, some hunter’s chance,—
And mixed with scarlet berries, and red plumes,

And glossy wings. There was one only thing
That spoke them strangers in the land, and told
The luxuries of other days : there hung
A Spanish maiden's ivory guitar,
With its rich fretting of gold ornament ;
And that was often waked,—as memory lived
Chiefly on its dear chords ; and she would sing,
That dark-eyed lady, sometimes when alone,—
And then her songs were sad : but when the eve
Came in the beauty of a June twilight,
With all its sleeping flowers, its dews, its clouds,
Touched with the sunset's crimson lingering,—
Or, when it came with its gay lighted hearth,
Sweet with the burning of the cedar wood,
Her voice was cheerful, as the sunny song
The lark pours to the morning and his mate ;
For then her hunter sought his lonely bride,
And, like a victor, brought his trophies home.

It was a little nook,—as nature made,
In some gay mood, a solitude for love,
And, at her bidding, love had sought the place,
And made it paradise. On the west side,
Like a dark mountain, stood the forest old,
Guarding it from the wind,—which howled at night,
As if that wood were its chief treasure cave.
And, opposite, there was a clear small lake,
From whence the morning, like a beauty, came
Fresh from her bath ;—the eye could span its breadth ;
And green savannahs, on the further bank,

Were lost in the blue sky. Just where the trees
Met the bright waters, was a lighter space ;
And, like the pillars of a mighty temple,
The pine, the beech, the maple stretched away,
In long and stately avenues—their dome
The glorious heaven! This was all nature's work,
And now was but as it had been for years.
But there were fragile flowers, and tender shrubs,
Whose feminine frail beauty asked for more
Than the rude nursing of the summer breeze.
There was the red rose, like an evening cloud ;
The white rose, pale as pining for the song
Of her now absent love, the nightingale ;
The orange tree—that miser of the spring,
Amassing gold and silver ; jessamine,
Showering down pearl and amber ; myrtle plants ;
And, where the sun shone warmest, olives green :—
For Inez had collected all that, once,
Her early youth had loved in Arragon ;
And, with all woman's sweet solicitude,
She had brought those, too, of *his* native land,
Her lover's England ;—there, the violet shed
The treasures of its purple Araby ;
The primrose, pale as the last star that fades
Before the day-break ; and the honeysuckle,
Hung as around an English cottage walls.
—No marvel woman should love flowers, they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history ; like herself, repaying,
With such sweet interest, all the cherishing

That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth ;
And, like her, too—dying beneath neglect.

'Twas like a fairy tale to pass the woods,
And enter the sweet solitude, and gaze
On the fair Spirit of its loveliness.
Delicate as a creature that but breathes
The perfumed air of palaces ; a foot
Light as but used to tread on silken down,
And echo music ; and a hand that looked
But made to wander o'er the golden harp ;
Eyes blue as a June sky, when stars light up
Its deep clear midnight,—languishing, as love
Were all their language,—eyes whose glance would
 make,
At masque or ball, full many a sleepless night ;
That dark black hair, which pearls so well become ;
And, added to young beauty's natural grace,
That courtly air which tells of gentle blood
And gentle nurture.—What can she do here ?
She loves, she is beloved ; and love is all
That makes a woman's world—her element—
Her life—her Eden. Native of that land
Where the sun lights the heart—romantic Spain,
Her early youth past in a convent's cell ;
Thence to her father's palace : but, or ere
Her heart beat answered to the passionate songs
That round her lattice floated, at twilight,
They came to England ; there the seal was set
Love never sets in vain,—and sets but once !

It was an English youth, with his fair brow,
 And island colour. One eve, when the sound
 Of music waked the spirit of delight,
 From Inez' braided hair there fell a rose;
 That night, that rose was treasured next a heart
 Of which, henceforth, she was the destiny.
 It needs not say how young affection sprung,
 Gathered and grew in its sweet course; they hung,
 Together, o'er the poet's breathing page,
 Till their own eyes reflected every thought;
 And both loved music, and love never yet
 Had an interpreter like song.

But as the rose,
 Even in the crimson zenith of its noon,
 Flings on the ground its shadow,—even so
 There is a shade attendant upon love.
 And Inez was betrothed, in her own land,
 To one she could not love—one whose dark brow
 Suited his darker spirit.—One June eve,
 Together they had read a traveller's tale
 Of far America's majestic beauty,
 Of its savannahs and its stately woods.
 They read till the pale radiance of the west
 Lighted the page no more; and, sighed the youth,
 “How happy we might be in these wild scenes,—
 A hunter I, and thou my gentle bride!
 Far from the heartlessness of crowded court,
 Where finest feelings are but as flowers sown

Upon a rock ; where hope sinks as it soars,
Like a lark wounded in its morning flight.—
Our home should be amid the wilderness ;
The leaves, flowers, clouds, echoes and singing birds
To us should be companions and dear friends ;
And we would pair together like two doves,—
Our nest of happiness a solitude !"—
—The dream grew a reality ;—they fled
O'er the Atlantic's mighty boundary,—
That stormy barrier of a parted earth ;—
And in the woods they made themselves a home,
Each one the other's world ! and, with them, dwelt
A circle of sweet feelings—peace, content,
And gentle hopes reposing on themselves,
Quiet but deep affection, and the health
That dwells but in the pure air of the fields.—
What though no train waited to catch the eye,
Ere the lip spoke its bidding ! though no halls
Were filled with crowds that waited on their state !
Yet had they more than all that fortune gives ;
For, *there* was nature's utmost luxury,
And theirs the happiness of hearth and home
Lighted by love !