

**Felicia Hemans**  
**in**  
**The New Monthly Magazine**  
**Volume 19**  
**1827**

**Compiled**  
**By**  
**Deter J. Bolton**

## Contents

	Page
The Last Tree of the Forest	68
Records of Woman X. Pauline	155-157
The Deserted House	238-239
The Parting Ship	255
The Graves of Martyrs	350-351
Breathings of Spring	457-458
The Memorial Pillar	522-523

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,  
One, where a thousand stood !  
Well might proud tales be told by thee,  
Last of the solemn Wood !  
Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,  
With leaves yet darkly green ?  
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—  
Tell us what thou hast seen !  
“ I have seen the forest-shadows lie  
Where now men reap the corn ;  
I have seen the kingly chace rush by,  
Through the deep glades at morn.  
“ With the glance of many a gallant spear,  
And the wave of many a plume,  
And the bounding of a hundred deer  
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.  
“ I have seen the knight and his train ride past  
With his banner borne on high ;  
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast  
From his gleamy panoply.  
“ The pilgrim at my feet hath laid  
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,  
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,  
Kneeling at Vesper-hours.  
“ And the merry men of wild and glen,  
In the green array they wore,  
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,  
And the hunter-songs of yore.  
“ And the minstrel, resting in my shade,  
Hath made the forest ring  
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,  
Once loved by chief and king.  
“ But now the noble forms are gone,  
That walk'd the earth of old ;  
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,  
The sunny light looks cold.  
“ There is no glory left us now  
Like the glory with the dead :—  
I would that where they slumber low,  
My latest leaves were shed !”—  
Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,  
That mournest for the Past !  
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,  
Embower'd from every blast.  
A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;  
For the poor man's children sport around  
On the turf, with nought to fear.  
And roses lend that cabin's wall  
A happy summer-glow,  
And the open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.  
And the village-bells are on the breeze  
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !—  
—How can I mourn, amidst things like these,  
For the stormy Past with thee ?

F. H.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. X.

*Pauline.\**

————— One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.

WORDSWORTH.

Along the star-lit Seine went music swelling,  
Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth ;  
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling  
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth ;  
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,  
A happy chime of many-dancing feet.  
For in a palace of the land that night  
Lamps and fresh roses and green leaves were hung,  
And from the painted walls a stream of light  
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung :  
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride  
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.

---

\* For the affecting story of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, see *Madam de Stael's L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

Pauline, the meekly bright!—though now no more  
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,  
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,  
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;  
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—  
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,  
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,  
Sate on her brow, beneath its graceful hair,  
As her young daughter in the dance went by,  
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known  
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast?  
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?  
—Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest  
'Midst the light laughter of festivity :  
Whence come those tones?—alas! enough we know,  
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of Evil, when young feet were flying  
In fairy rings around the echoing hall,  
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,  
Glad pulses beating unto music's call?  
—Silence! the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound ;  
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—  
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed!  
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,  
One moment holds them still in breathless dread ;—  
The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—  
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and spear—  
To the green coverts of the garden-bowers ;  
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,  
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :  
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven  
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight Heaven.

And where is she, Pauline?—the hurrying throng  
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast  
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along,—  
—Till now the threshold of that Death is past,  
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,  
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“ Bertha! where art thou?—speak, oh! speak, my own!”—  
—Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,  
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,  
Powerless hath sunk amidst the blazing pile ;  
A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for Death,  
With flowers all shrinking at the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep Love!—there is no power  
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,  
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,  
And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave.  
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—  
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar  
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?  
None!—Courage there stood still—and never more  
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!  
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell,  
And died they heart to heart?—oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke  
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades;  
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke  
And lonely stood its marble colonnades:  
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound—  
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around!

And bore the ruins no recording trace  
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?  
—Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,  
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!  
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,  
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.\*

And they were all!—the tender and the true  
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,  
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,  
To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and love!  
—Oh! we have need of patient Faith below,  
To clear away the mysteries of such woe! F. H.

---

\* “ L'on n'a pu reconnoître ce qui restoit d'elle sur la terre, qu'au chiffre de ses enfans, qui marquoit encore la place où cet ange avoit péri.”  
MADAME DE STAEL.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,  
O silent House! once fill'd with mirth;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;  
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood  
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,  
Mine own sweet Home of other days!  
My children's birth-place!—yet for me  
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much ! for all about thee spread,  
I feel the memory of the dead,  
And almost linger for the feet  
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles,—all vanish'd now,  
Follow me where thy roses blow ;  
The echoes of kind household words  
Are with me midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away  
In yearnings for what might not stay ;  
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,  
For all which went with "dust to dust !"

What now is left me, but to raise  
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's gaze,  
To lift through tears my straining eye  
Up to my Father's House on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,\*  
But not in one hath grief a share !  
No haunting shades from things gone by  
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien  
In earthly home no more is seen ;  
Whose places, where they smiling sate,  
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread,  
We miss them when the prayer is said ;  
Upon our dreams their dying eyes  
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain  
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;  
The sadness of this aching love  
Dims not our Father's House above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,†  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !  
Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,  
And by your joyful hope in death,  
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,  
The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good, and true !  
No change can cloud my thoughts of you.  
Guide me like you to live and die,  
And reach my Father's House on high !

F. H.

---

\* "In my Father's house are many mansions."—St. John, chap. xiv.

† From an ancient Hebrew dirge—"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead ; for he is at rest, and we in tears."



THE PARTING SHIP.

“ A glittering ship, that bath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain.”

WORDSWORTH.

Go in thy glory o'er the ancient Sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell ;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be—  
Fare thee well, Bark, farewell !  
Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,  
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song ;  
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left ?—  
And yet the Deep is strong !  
But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles  
Of Summer tremble on the water's breast !  
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand Isles,  
In lone, wild beauty drest.  
To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,  
The Genii-groves of Araby shall pour ;  
Waves that enfold the pearl, shall bathe thy side,  
On the old Indian shore.  
Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie  
O'er glassy bays, wherein thy sails are fur'd,  
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,  
Tales of the elder world.  
Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies,  
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the Heavens and Deep !  
Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,  
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way ;  
Strange creatures of th' abyss that none may sound,  
In thy broad wake shall play.  
From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark ;—  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !  
Hail, and farewell, thou Bark !  
A long farewell !—Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth  
Many are thine whose steps no more shall track  
Their own sweet native earth !  
Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain-shade,  
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright ;  
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light :  
And some far down below the sounding wave—  
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep ;  
Never may flower be strown above their grave,  
Never may sister weep !  
And thou—the billow's queen—e'en *thy* proud form  
On our glad sight no more, perchance, may swell ;—  
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—  
Fare thee well, Bark ! farewell !

F. H.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

THE Kings of old have shrine and tomb,  
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;  
And green, along the ocean-side,  
The mounds arise where Heroes died ;  
But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
Earth ! where thy nameless Martyrs rest !

The thousands, that uncheer'd by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days ;  
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,  
Resign'd the bitter cup to take,  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ?—by no proud stone  
Their narrow couch of rest is known,

The still, sad glory of their name,  
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;  
No—not a tree the record bears  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd  
The ashes of that multitude;  
It may be that each day we tread  
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,  
And the young flowers our children sow,  
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many-rustling leaves  
Which round our homes the summer weaves,  
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice  
Our own familiar paths rejoice,  
Might whisper through the starry sky  
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd  
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,  
And by its breathings taught to prize  
The meekness of self-sacrifice?  
—But the old woods and sounding waves  
Are silent of those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there  
In pilgrim-love and awe repair?  
So let it be!—like Him, whose clay  
Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
They sleep in secret—but their sod,  
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God.

F. H.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—sweet voices in the woods,  
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;  
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,  
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,  
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,  
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,  
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,  
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whispery shade,  
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,  
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—  
Spring, the Awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep ;  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours  
And pencilling the wood-anemone ;  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring?  
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?  
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!  
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—  
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—We know not well  
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,  
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,  
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!  
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,  
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,  
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,  
Past words of welcome to our household door,  
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—  
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,  
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the Dead!—why come they back  
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?  
—Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track,  
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?  
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,  
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

F. H.

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.\*

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued  
Each mountain-scene magnificently rude,  
Nor, with attention's lifted eye, revered  
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd,  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?"—*Pleasures of Memory.*

MOTHER and Child! whose blending tears  
Have sanctified the place,  
Where to the love of many years  
Was given one last embrace;  
Oh! ye have set a spell of power  
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought,  
A still, small under-tone,  
That calls back days of childhood, fraught  
With many a treasure gone;  
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,  
Though long untroubled, of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone  
Which marks your parting spot,  
Who but a mother's love hath known,  
The *one* love changing not?  
Alas! and haply learn'd its worth,  
First with the sound of "Earth to earth?"

---

\* On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

But thou, true-hearted Daughter ! thou  
O'er whose bright honour'd head  
Blessings and tears of holiest flow  
Ev'n here were fondly shed ;  
Thou from the passion of thy grief  
In its full tide couldst draw relief.

For oh ! though painful be th' excess,  
The might wherewith it swells,  
In Nature's fount no bitterness  
Of Nature's mingling dwells ;  
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,  
Poison'd the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more  
Which thy young heart first knew ?  
And all—was all in this world o'er  
With ties thus close and true ?  
It was : on earth no other eye  
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze  
Where, deep within thy breast,  
The sounds and dreams of other days  
With Memory lay at rest ;  
No other smile to thee could bring  
A gladdening like the breath of Spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still  
Its lone memorial keeps,  
While on thy name, midst wood and hill,  
The quiet sunshine sleeps,  
And touches, in each graven line,  
Of reverential thought a sign ;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear  
The impress of the Dead,  
Think of the love embodied there,  
As of a vision fled ?  
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower  
And glory of an earthly hour ?

Not so !—I will not bow me so  
To thoughts that breathe despair ;  
A loftier faith we need below,  
Life's farewell words to bear !  
Mother and Child !—your tears are past,—  
Surely your hearts have met at last !

F. H.