

Poems in The London Literary
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by
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(L. E. L.)
(and as sole)

compiled by
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

IOLE.

'Tis a vain folly, and I know it such ;
 Yet who has not some weakness which the heart
 Has made an idol ? 'Tis thus with the name
 That to my lute is as the vizard is,
 Which hides the masquer's face. I have no hope,
 Nay, scarce the wish, for fame ; but yet it soothes,
 And gives me somewhat of a social feeling,
 To think that some, albeit they know me not,
 May share the grief that taught me poetry.

Beloved mine ! Iole has a sound
 Breathing of other days, and linked with thee :
 'Tis not the first time I have borne that name.
 When but a boy, (for I was fair and pale,
 And had some likeness to an antique gem,)
 In some young frolic, garb'd as a Greek girl,
 Named from that cameo with Iole's name,
 I taught my lute its earliest song of love,
 Pouring my feelings under that disguise.
 Ianthe, thou wast spirit of that song.—
 It was my first disguise, it is my last,—
 And both alike are thine,

IOLE.

TO LANTHE.

AND sounds of joy are ringing
 Again in that ancient hall,
 And tones of music fall,
 To answer a soft voice singing.
 Around it green leaves are wreathing;
 And, saved from the power
 Of the winter hour,
 Some few choicest flowers are breathing.
 The piled-up hearth is blazing;
 And around it stand
 A youthful band,
 Their gayest carol raising.
 I stood aloof, in my sadness—
 The silent lip, the heavy sigh:—
 Oh! what had they, or what had I
 To do with scenes of gladness?
 And my heart went back, in its sorrow,
 To the beauty and the bloom,
 Sleeping the sleep of the tomb,
 In a night that knows no morrow—
 At least, none of earthly greeting:
 And my spirits had not power
 To think upon that hour,
 Which hopes an immortal meeting:
 For at once to memory started,
 As I enter'd the festive scene,
 Thoughts of all that once had been,
 And all that was now departed.
 Again I saw thee reclining,
 With thy soft eyes and bow'd down head,
 And thy dark hair round it spread,
 Like the wing of the raven shining.
 But that dream of the moment past o'er me,
 And I waken'd again
 But to added pain,
 And to know that nought could restore the
 Alas! for Memory's folly!
 I but start from the sweet dreams,
 Where the past like the present seems,
 To an added melancholy.

One sweet hope is not denied me,—
 Though my vain wishes must not save,
 I get my share—the grave,—
 And rest, mine Ianthe, beside thee.

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LEZIONE PER L'AMORE.

WHERE, oh, where's the chain to fling,
 One that will chain Cupid's wing—
 One that will have longer power
 Than the April sun or shower?
 Form it not of eastern gold—
 Golden fetters never hold;
 They may chain, but not confine,
 Not allure—but only shine.
 Neither form it all of bloom—
 Never does Love find his tomb
 Sudden, soon, as when he meets
 Death amid unvarying sweets.
 But if you would fling a chain,
 And not fling it quite in vain,
 Like a fairy, form a spell
 Of all that is changeable;
 Like the purple tints that deck
 The gay peacock's sunny neck;
 Or the many hues that play
 In the colouring morning's ray.
 Never let a hope appear
 Without its companion, fear;
 Only smile to sigh, and then
 Change into a smile again.
 Be to-day as sad and pale
 As minstrel with his lovelorn tale;
 But to-morrow gay as all
 Your life had been a festival.
 If a woman would secure
 All that makes her reign endure—
 And, alas! her reign must be
 Ever most in fantasy—
 Never let a curious eye
 Gaze upon the heart too nigh—
 Never let the veil be thrown
 Quite aside, as all were known,
 Of delight and tenderness
 In the spirit's last recess;
 And one spell—all spells above—
 Never let her own her love.

L. E. L.

IO TRIUMPHE.

HEAVY had been the march that day,
 For long and sultry was the way;
 More weary far than if it lay
 To be cut through armed foes:
 The pennon drooped upon the air,
 As if it had no business there,
 With nothing rival near to dare,
 And nothing to oppose.

'Twas pleasant when the darkening west
 Called the worn soldier to his rest,
 Upon the green earth's mother breast,
 To dream of hearth and home:
 On many a rough cheek the soft smile,
 With an unconscious tear the while,
 Told how the visions could beguile
 That on such slumbers come.

But morning came—and with it came
 Tidings that lit the brow to flame;
 Forgot the night-dream's gentler claim—
 The weary march forgot:
 Hark to the clarion ringing clear!
 Hark to the trumpet's voice of cheer!
 And, like an omen on the ear,
 The distant cannon-shot!

There rode the eagles on the wind,—
 The hills are with the white ranks lined,
 And thousands gather dark behind,
 Like a storm on the sea:
 And face them—England's gallant bands,
 Their fearful welcome in their hands,
 In whizzing balls and flashing brands—
 Death, is this all for thee?

One moment, 'tis a gallant sight—
 Float the rich banners from the height,
 And helm and cuirass blaze in light
 From the young day-break's beam:
 Beneath the curb proud coursers prance,
 Like summer clouds the white plumes dance,
 And the red flags from the bright lance
 Like sudden meteors gleam.

One moment—and all sight is vain,—
 Reddens the sky with fiery rain,—
 Closes the smoke-cloud round the plain—
 Fit cloak for Death to throw :
 As mid the Alpines thunders sweep,
 Waking the mountains from their sleep—
 So comes the tumult, stern and deep,
 From the dread strife below.
 —'Tis moonlight on the quiet field
 Where sabre flashed and musket pealed ;
 Where was the fate of thousands sealed,
 'Tis calm as a child's rest :
 But ill suits earth with such a sky—
 One with its soft, sweet stars on high,
 While dead and dying thousands lie
 Upon the other's breast.
 And there they lie—the true, the brave,
 The morning's pride, like a spent wave ;
 And has not Glory even a grave,
 For those who for her died ?
 No ; there they lie—the young, the old,
 The steel cap by the helm of gold,
 The steed upon its rider rolled,
 Friend and foe, side by side.
 Enough of this—across the sea,
 To know what triumph there may be
 Where Glory joins Festivity,
 Rejoicing in its fame :
 There's feasting spread in gorgeous halls,
 The lamps flash round the city walls,
 And many a flood of lustre falls
 O'er many an honoured name.
 Turn thou from this, and enter where
 Some mother weeps o'er her despair,
 Some desolate bride rends her rich hair,
 Some orphan joins the cry !
 Then back again to the death plain,
 Where lie those whom they weep in vain,
 And ask, in gazing on the slain,
 What art thou, Victory ?

 IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE WORSHIPPER.**

It was a shrine, a sunny shrine,
On it the Statue stood of Love ;
Thrice beautiful, as morning's dream
Had brought the image from above.
There many an hour would Beauty kneel
Adoring at the lovely shrine—
Haunting the Statue with one prayer—
“ Would thou had'st life! would thou wert
mine !”
Wearied, at length, the pitying heaven
No more the maiden's prayer denied ;
Life darken'd in the Statue's eye,
And warm'd the veins life's crimson tide ;
Breath, mortal breath, was on the lip,
And Beauty caught it to her breast.
Alas! the shape had changed to Grief—
Love ever does when once possess'd.

L. E. L.

SONGS.

WHEN Love first came to me,
He had two companions sweet ;
Pleasure with her bright cup,
Hope with her silver feet.
But Hope and Pleasure fled,
As their wings were of the wind,
And they never came again—
But Love remained behind.
Oh ! why did Love remain,
With his light and colour fled—
For what avails a mourner
To the absent and the dead ?

(Song 2)

I WOULD that I could cease
 To think, false Love, of thee—
I would I could forget
 All thou hast been to me.
Is it some fault of mine
 That has changed thine heart and eye?
And have I sinned 'gainst love or thee?
 Oh, how unconsciously!
If a fault, surely tears
 May wash the wrong away,
 As showers melt the clouds
 That darken summer's day.
I would it were in me
 That cause of change were found,
Quickly it would be plucked
 Like a weed from the ground,
But, alas! too well I know
 What has made thy love depart—
 'Tis thine own inconstant mood,
 And thine own changeful heart.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PAST.

"Hope may charm Love, but Memory proves it."

My spirit may not turn away
 From Love, that was its first and last ;
 With thoughts the future cannot bring,
 I turn and dwell upon the past.
 You do not know how I have loved—
 You do not know what I have lost ; —
 My bark of venturing hope is wreck'd—
 My own heart only knows the cost.
 I may look on a face as fair
 As that for ever from me gone :
 However fair it be, can I
 Look as I look'd upon that one ?
 No—ere you bid me love again,
 Love as I once loved, you must bring
 The passionate feelings of my youth,
 The warmth and dew that made it spring.
 Love is divine in our belief
 Of its eternity—how vain,
 When we have known that Love can die,
 To think that he can live again !
 Even if I could dream once more,
 What have I left to offer now ?
 A heart which knows that it can change—
 A sullied faith—a broken vow,
 But this is vain :—go search the seas,
 And bring Oblivion's wave with thee,
 Its deepest one :—then thou may'st speak,
 And only then, of love to me.
 My heart is full of other days,—
 And its dark bodings are as those
 Felt by the Elders of the land,
 When Judah's second Temple rose :
 Those who had look'd upon the first,
 How could they think the second fair ?
 They only turn'd aside, and wept
 Another temple should be there.
 Then never name Love's name to me,
 Unless the gentle word is said
 As Pity names a buried friend,—
 As Sorrow murmurs of the dead.
 For love and death are grown to me
 Associate terms ; I only crave
 From one the gift of memory,
 And from the other of a grave.

IOLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEROYE.

THE breath is failing on my lips,
The light is fading from my eye !
My summons hath gone forth in spring—
I know that I must die.
Fall, fall to earth, ye fragile leaves,
And hide from my lone mother's sorrow
The last and lowly dwelling-place
Where I shall be to-morrow !
But should the fading twilight bring
Mine own dear maiden here to weep,
I cannot lose such precious tears—
Wake my soul from its sleep.—
His low voice fail'd—the morrow came—
But not to him—and strangers made,
Amid the fallen leaves, his grave,
Beneath the oak tree's shade.
The twilight darken'd, and the winds
Pined like a dirge upon the air ;
Like tears the leaves fell from the boughs,—
But never came his false love there.

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**A DREAM.**

I WAS wand'ring in my sleep—
 O what treasures thou dost keep
 In thy wild imaginings,
 Spirit of the folded wings!—
 Methought I was in a grove
 Sacred to and home of Love ;
 In it there were thousand flowers,
 Changing with the changing hours ;
 Fountains dancing in the shade
 To music by their murmuring made ;
 While around acacia trees
 Trifled with the sun and breeze.
 Wandering step and wandering sight
 Were at first enough delight ;
 I gazed upon the azure sky,
 Where the clouds went floating by,
 Some tinged with the serpentine
 Of the rainbow's opal line—
 Others laden with the dew
 Which illumines Morning's hue.
 Then I mark'd a temple rise,
 Made of marble, such as lies
 In the vein of virgin snow
 Round the Parian mountain's brow,
 White as it were snow had grown,
 By some magic, into stone.
 All were to that shrine adrest,
 And I enter'd with the rest ;
 All asked boons—what could I do,
 But like them ask something too ?
 Down I knelt before the shrine,
 Where was placed the Boy divine,
 And I pray'd that I might prove
 That deep happiness of love
 Which will find all that can bless
 In its own dear faithfulness.
 As the God smiled on my prayer,
 Melts the temple into air.
 I waken'd :—said my heart to me,
 How like to reality !
 Thus, alas ! our hopes take flight,
 Like the visions of the night ! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL FRAGMENTS.**

No. II—*King Henry the Second's Death Bed.*

RED meteors shot athwart the murk and trou-
bled sky,
And pall-like on the air the gloomy clouds
swept by ;
And as an evil omen, with its own ill-tidings
spent,
The dirge of the autumn wind pined in the
battlement.
The flash of the lightning lit the night of the
lone room,
Whose single taper could not light, but only
shew the gloom.
It was a stately room, though little state was
there,
For the tapestry hung in shreds, and the cold
stone floor was bare :
Yet there lay England's king—lay low on his
death bed :
He had three fair sons—is there not one to prop
his dying head ?
No!—one is sleeping in the grave, whence
nothing may him bring,
And one has drawn the sword against his father
and his king.
Raised the old king his drooping head, heavily
did he say,
The glory of fair England's crown from me
hath past away ;
For my foes have girt me round, and my weary
race is run,—

Mine ancient friends have turn'd from me to
 seek the rising sun :
 I soon shall be, like my best hopes, trodden
 down into dust,—
 Then gather round the faithful few whom yet
 my soul can trust ;
 O bring,—and fondly as he spoke the aged
 monarch smiled,—
 That I may bless him ere I die,—my true—my
 favourite child.
 How could they speak the truth ? how vex his
 dying ear ?
 Again King Henry spoke, “ Why comes not
 my child here ? ”
 He read upon their face, what their lips could
 not disclose,
 That his favourite child had join'd beneath the
 banner of his foes !
 He started from his couch, his wither'd hands
 he raised,—
 The lightning like the fire of hell over his pale
 face blazed,—
 “ Curses on my false 'children I pray that
 there may be !
 And may they die the evil death that they
 have brought on me ! ”
 The thunder shook the roof, as the troubled
 element
 Gave from the heaven above fiercely its stern
 assent :
 And soon the monarch's breath had pass'd, had
 pass'd like the night wind,
 And though his lips were cold in death, his
 curse remain'd behind.*

I O L E.

* The untimely end of all King Henry's children is remarkable; three died suddenly in the flower of their age, and the last, John, only survived to lead a life of shame, and see the fairest ornaments of his crown ravished from him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**GREEK SONG.**

WELL, fill the goblet, till the wave
 Dances above the golden rim,
 Sparkling as if a thousand stars
 Were floating on the purple brim.

Here is a rose, sweet as if Spring
 Had yielded her first love-sigh there—
 This red leaf has touch'd Leila's lip,
 And this has fallen from her hair.

Ay, fling the crimson leaves to float
 Like kisses on the sunny wine—
 Hallow it with thy maiden's name—
 Drink thou thy pledge—I will drink mine.

Here drink I to proud Marathon—
 Here drink I to our own blue skies—
 Here drink I to the Crescent's fall—
 Here drink I to the Cross's rise—

I drink to the red pine of War,
 And to the olive green of Peace—
 Here's to Greece and its memories—
 And here is to the hopes of Greece !

Break, break the cup—no meaner pledge
 This sacred goblet must profane ;
 And may its fragments emblem those
 Predestined to the Moslem chain !

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**MOON.**

THE Moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it was in vain she shined :

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne ;
She is a beauty and a queen ;
But what of this ? she is alone.

Where are those who may share with thee
Thy glorious royalty on high ?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother Earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death ;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a Solitary there. L. E. L.

IANTHE.—A PORTRAIT.

HER likeness! why it is a vain endeavour
 To image it. Painting or words may never
 Say what she was; yet dwell I on the task,
 As if that Poesy had a right to ask
 From Memory its treasure. She was fair:—
 Vague words! that is but what a thousand are.
 I will be more distinct: her face was fine
 And perfect, in its soften'd Grecian line,
 The temples were transparent, and so white,
 That the blue veins ran through like rays of
 light. [proud,
 The brow was noble, queen-like, somewhat
 But this seem'd as it were of right allow'd—
 For mind was in its beauty, and you gazed
 On its high meaning till no more amazed
 At what seem'd History's fiction, — when that
 queen— [been.
 Martyr—and heroine—woman—by turns had

I heard she was unhappy, and I checkt
 My eager gaze at first; she might suspect—
 For sorrow brings distrust— that it was less
 Pity for her than idle curiousness.
 This wore away; and then I loved to dwell
 On beauty, that to me was all a spell.
 How did I watch upon her soft eyes' keep,
 Half-hidden by the eyelids' fringed sweep,
 Which seem'd as if they hid from daylight's
 glare
 The mournful meanings settled darkly there:—
 The heart's deep-spreading sadness, till it made
 The very light around perpetual shade!
 But 'tis her voice that haunts me,—that low
 tone,
 Melting as Woman's, Love's, or Pity's own—
 Like silver tuned to music, or a bird
 Gifted with human language—but each word
 As sweet as any note that might belong
 To the first murmur of a Minstrel' song.
 I loved her with youth's first and fiery love,
 That holds its own divinity above
 All things which are of earth, yet not the less
 For this, I loved with manhood's steadiness;
 And yet it lives, though now its only food
 Is memory. IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE DEATH-FEAST.****Irregular Lines.*

THERE was martial clamour heard
 In the Convent's sacred halls,
 And the noise of armed men
 Sounded strange from cloister'd walls.

It was the vesper hour,
 But no vesper then was sung ;
 Instead of organ or of hymn,
 Iron boot and steel spur rung.

The Moon around the Chapel shone :
 What wont she to see there,
 But aged men bent meekly down
 In their still hour of prayer ?

Now her beams are lost in light
 That torch and taper fling ;
 And falls that light on a banquet board,
 And on a festal ring.

Cuirasses gleam'd, and waved
 White plumes in their war pride ;
 While with their beads and dark gray cowls
 The Friars stood beside.

They are foemen—they are Gauls—
 Curses to Spain's fair land ;
 How can the Convent's holy men
 Join with such lawless band ?

Yet the Prior sat at the board-end,
 And courteously carved he ;
 While his Monks mark'd not their hour of
 prayer,
 But join'd the revelry.

There were words of boasting joy,
 Of triumph o'er their foes ;
 And many a song and jest
 Around the wine-cup rose.

But somewhat of shadow fell,
 As came on the hours of night :
 The haughty lip grew wan—
 The flashing eye less bright—

The laughing voice broke off
 In the middle of its tale—
 And each one shudder'd as he saw
 His neighbour ghastly pale,
 Heavily on the air
 There toll'd a midnight bell—
 And every heart sank down—
 It was so like a knell.
 With a weak and trembling step,
 Rose the Prior from his place ;
 His voice was faint, his eyes were wild—
 It was a corpse's face.
 " Now think upon your *God*—
 For I warn ye, we shall meet,
 Ere another hour is past,
 Before his judgment-seat !
 " Spoilers of God's fair earth !
 Profaners of his shrine !
 Ye have feasted, and unto death—
 Mortal poison was in your wine !"
 —The morning Sun arose—
 Still the festal board was spread—
 Still hosts and guests were round ;
 But hosts and guests were dead ! TOLE.

* In the *Literary Gazette*, five or six years ago, the event was related on which this poem is founded. A wild and triumphant party of French officers were so entertained at a convent where they had established their head quarters.— I.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE moon is on the silent lake
 I loved so much of yore—
 And, as in other days, I stand
 Beside its willowed shore.

It is not changed :—the quiet wave
 Glides in its beauty on ;
 And not a bud, and not a leaf,
 Seems from the green tree gone.

Like fairy barks those lilies spread
 Their white wings to the air ;
 Those flowers, so lovely and so frail,
 Still are they floating there.

It cannot be that years have past
 Since last I saw the place—
 For years bring change, and here is not
 Of any change a trace.

I'll fling me down on you green bank,
 And dream my dreams of old—
 Drink Hope's Pactolus-draughts again—
 From starry waves of gold.

O no ! O no ! my heart's awake—
 I cannot sleep again ;
 I know Hope's golden sands are dross—
 I know Life's dreams are vain.

I would there were some sign of change
 Upon the scene around :
 'Tis sad to think in mine own heart
 Alone that change is found.

Like birds and winds that pass away,
 Our hopes and joys depart ;
 And Nature has no desert place
 Like the lorn human heart.

For there are thousand flowers that rise
 Fair from their winter tomb ;
 But Hopes are annuals that know
 No second spring of bloom.

L. E. L.

SONG.

FLOAT, float, down the stream,
Wreath that bound my raven hair ;
Ye shall be to me a dream
Of the things that were.

Float, float :—what, so soon
Has that red rose found a grave—
So soon that vale-lily's light
Lost beneath the wave ?

Gone, gone—not a leaf
Lingers on the faithless tide ;
Smooth and sunny, who would think
What those waters hide ?

Gone, gone, as those flowers,
Pleasures, feelings, hopes depart—
Launch'd upon Life's treacherous stream
By the trusting heart.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Oh it is long since we have met !
 And longer it will be,
 Ere I will cross the waters wild,
 And all for love of thee.
 It is not that I hope to find
 A fairer face than thine—
 However fair in other eyes,
 None will seem fair in mine.
 It is not that I hope to find
 Another love for me—
 It is to say farewell to love
 To say farewell to thee.
 I will go forth in the wide world,
 And in the tumult there,
 I may drown, though I may not cure,
 My spirit's secret care.
 Now for the battle and the storm—
 And when this may not be,
 Then for the red-wine cup that crowns
 The midnight revelry.
 And if in future years a cloud
 Shade my now brightening name,
 'Tis the strife of a wounded heart—
 And on thee be the blame !
 For thou hast turn'd to bitterness
 Thoughts that in love had birth ;
 There is no truth in that or thee—
 There is no truth on earth !
 I am too proud to sigh or kneel
 At any woman's shrine :—
 But 'tis beneath the lofty hill
 That sweeps the lava mine.
 I have past through a weary life—
 Found it harsh, base, untrue ;
 But linger'd yet one angel hope—
 The hope that dwelt with you.
 And I have lived to find that hope,
 Like other hopes, was vain ;
 And love and hope henceforth are things
 I cannot feel again.
 Oh it is long since last we met !
 And longer it will be—
 For never will I cross the waves
 Again for love of thee ! L. E. L.

LIFE.

IT is in vain—
 The heart must struggle with its destiny.
 Alas! the idols which its faith sets up—
 They are Chaldean ones, half gold, half clay.
 We trust, we are deceived—we hope, we fear,
 Alike without foundation : day by day,
 Some new illusion vanishes, and Life
 Gets cold and colder on towards its close—
 Just like the years which make it : some are
 check'd
 By sudden blights in spring ; some are dried up
 By fiery summers ; others waste away
 In calm monotony of quiet skies,
 And peradventure these may be the best—
 They know no hurricanes, no floods that burst
 As the destroying angel rode each wave ;
 But then they have no ruby fruits, no flowers
 Shining in purple, and no lighted mines
 Of gold and diamond. Which is the best,
 Beauty and glory in a passionate clime,
 Mingled with thunder, tempest ;—or the calm
 Of skies that scarcely change—which, at the
 least,
 If much of shine they have not, have no storms?
 I know not which is best : but I do know
 Which I would choose ; give me the earth, the
 sky,
 Of even, self-consuming loveliness—
 Though the too radiant sun and fertile soil,
 In their luxuriance, run themselves to waste,
 And the green valley and the silver stream
 Become a sandy desert. Oh ! the heart
 Too passionate in lighted energies
 May read its fate in sunny Araby—
 How every Eastern tale recalls its beauty,
 Its growth of spices, and its groves of balm.
 It is exhausted—and what is it now?
 A wild and burning wilderness—Alas !
 For the similitude ! L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PAST.

AND years have past since last I gazed
 Upon thy faultless brow—
 Have past without a sign of change—
 Thou art just as lovely now.

Yet somewhat there of change has come,
 Though what I scarce may say ;—
 Thou lookest as though our parting hour
 Had been but yesterday.

Thy lip smiles—but not with the smile
 It wore in days gone by ;
 'Tis studied, as a sunny mask,
 To hide the rising sigh.

A coronet of gems and gold
 Is shining through thy hair ;
 It is not worth the sweet wild flowers
 That thou wert wont to wear.

Yet let that pass ; and let us talk
 Over the days of old :—
 O no ! I could not speak of them
 To listener so cold !

That smile, it freezes up the flow
 Of many a kindly thought—
 That courtly carelessness !—And thus
 With thee the world has wrought !
 Is this the sweet and simple girl,
 Whose inmost soul would gush
 At her least word—whose laugh and tear
 Were genuine as her blush ?

I knew thee wed to wealth and state—
 'Twas with a foolish joy :
 I might have felt that all in life
 Had its own deep alloy.

But this—my once as sister—this
 I dream'd not to behold ;
 Thy candour into falsehood turn'd,
 And thy once warm heart cold.

It jars the thoughts of former days,
 To see thee as thou art :
 Farewell ! and can it be relief
 From one so loved to part !

I O L E.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**MORALISING.**

I CANNOT count the changes of my heart,
 So often has it turned away from things
 Once idols of its being:—they depart—
 Hopes, fancies, joys, illusions—as if wings
 Were given from their former selves to start:
 Or if they linger, longer life but brings
 Weariness, canker, hollowness, and stain,
 Till the heart says of pleasure, it is pain.

And thus it is with all that made life fair:—
 Gone with the freshness which they used to
 wear,

'Tis sad to mark the ravage which the heart
 Makes of itself,—how one by one depart
 The colours that formed hope. We seek—we
 find—

And find the charm has with the search de-
 clined.

Affections—pleasures—all in which we trust,—
 What do they end in?—Nothing, or disgust.

• • • •

Think no more of that sweet time,
 When the heart and cheek were young,—
 Think no more of that sweet time
 Ere the veil from life was flung.
 Still the cheek shews the young rose,
 Which its beauty had of yore ;
 But the bloom upon the heart
 Is no more.

We have mingled with the false,
 Till belief has lost the charm
 Which it had when life was new,
 And the pulse of feeling warm.
 We have had the bosom wrung
 When dropt the mask which Friendship
 wore,—
 Affection's trusting happiness
 Is no more.

We have seen the young and gay
 Dying as the aged die ;
 Miss we not the cheerful voice ?—
 Miss we not the sunny eye ?
 Wishes take the place of Hope ;—
 Hope hath dreamed till dreams are o'er ;—
 Its freshness made life fresh, and that
 Is no more.

Take away yon purple bowl ;—
 What is left to greet it now ?—
 Loathing lip that turns away,
 Sullen eye, and weary brow ;—
 Social joys that wont to laugh,—
 Mirth that lit its purple store,—
 Friends with whom we poured its wealth,—
 Are no more. L. E. L.

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

THERE are ten thousand visions of delight
 Floating around, as if their birth and flight
 Were with the golden showers of day that fall
 Through the thick leaves,—would I could live
 them all !

Beautiful fancies, wherefore are not ye
 Hopes, wishes, that are possible to be ?

I would I were a Fairy,—I would dwell
 In the pavilion of yon blue harebell,
 Companion of the butterfly and bee,
 Whose honey treasures should be shared with
 me.

Or, for an older dream,—would yon lone wood
 Had me the Oread of its solitude—

The gentle spirit of the place, to shed
 New springs of flowers at my lightest tread,
 And, with the sunny waves of my bright hair,
 To shake out dew and freshness every where :
 And when my green and summer life was past
 To die with one sweet pining song at last.

Alas ! alas ! we feel too much we live
 But by earth's soil and sorrow : I would give
 My own apart existence, to be blent
 With the sun-shine, or the blue element.
 Would I could plunge into the lighted air
 And be, transfused, of it!

II.

No more, no more, why should I dream
 Dreams that I know are vain ?
 Why trust the future, when the past
 I would not live again ?

Affection,—'tis the glittering wealth
 Of snow-work in the sun ;
 Pleasure,—the rocket's shining course,
 Ended ere well begun.

Hope, the false music, luring where
 The syren Sorrow dwells ;
 And Praise a very mockery,
 The chime of the fool's bells.

And yet, alas ! for the fond time
 When I believed all this,—
 Although 'twas nothing but a dream,
 At least the dream was bliss.

The heart is like those fairy rings,
 Where all of green has died ;
 Yet there, they say, the fairy race
 By moonlight wont to ride.

We hold to that gay creed no more—
 Gone is the elfin reign ;
 Yet, surely, such fair visions fled
 Is more of loss than gain.

But thus it is, as years pass on,
 Even with our own heart ;
 We see the visions, one by one,
 Of early youth depart.

We gaze around—all is the same
 O'er which our young eye ranged ;
 But—sorrow for the heart and eye !—
 Ourselves, ourselves are changed.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE WORLD AS IT IS.**

FAREWELL, farewell, and light farewell
 Is all you'll have of mine—
 So easily as I'm resign'd,
 So easy I resign.

Why should I shed a single tear,
 When none are shed for me?
 Or sigh amid a careless crowd,
 Where sighs should never be?

Why should I love? a fair exchange
 Is all my love will give:
 As I am loved, 'tis fair for that
 An equal love should live.

So, gay as any round your board,
 I'll give you smile for smile;
 Though well I know that, taper-like,
 I shine but for a while.

Great foolishness it were to weep,
 That when I am not there,
 Another takes my vacant place,
 And weeds me from your care.

I do not dwell amid the days
 Utopia may have known,
 When that affection's dearest bands
 Were round the absent thrown.

I hold our modern creed the best—
 To its decree resigned,
 I will confess, when out of sight
 Best to be out of mind.

For what can Memory do but tell
 How sweet the flowers were;
 And when they fade, it dims them more
 To say they once were fair.

And what is Love?—A weary spell
 To double every ill—
 To make our best of happiness
 Be at another's will.

No! careless laugh and mocking eye,
 That know no charm like change,
 These are the only wings wherewith
 Through this slight world to range.

L. E. L.

METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—No. I.

A young French Renegade told Chateaubriand he never galloped alone in the Desert without a sensation amounting to rapture.

I WOULD not dwell where palaces
Rise with their marble halls,
Though mirror bright and picture fair
Be on their tapestried walls.

Though for their gardens North and South
Alike have produce sent,
And songs of many a tuneful lute
Are with their fountains blent.

The purple couch has feverish sleep—
The carved roof dreary hour ;
And gilded though they be, no chains
Are like the chains of power.

I would not dwell in the wild bark,
Cutting the wilder sea ;
Why should I wish to gain a port ?
None will have rest for me.

Weary, O ! weary it is to gaze
For days on the blue main,
Round bounded but by the bright heaven
For which we pine in vain.

I would not dwell in Beauty's bower,
To bend me at her will ;
All rosy as her fetters be,
Yet they are fetters still.

And maiden smile is vanishing—
'Tis well it should be so ;
When her eye learns Love's deeper light,
What doth it learn but woe ?

And Love's last smile for me has smiled,
And its last sigh has sighed ;
Nor would I change its memory
For any Love beside.

I will not seek the battle-field—
The men I there should meet,
What have they done to me to make
Shedding their life-blood sweet ?

It is the veriest madness man
 In maddest mood can frame,
 To feed the earth with human gore,
 And then to call it fame.

I have been wrong'd ; but were my wrong
 The deadliest wrong ere done,
 I would not slay my enemy,
 But bid him still live on :—

And I should deem my vengeance more
 Than the death-wound in strife—
 What ills can death inflict like those
 Heap'd on each hour of life ?

Neither shall crowded city be
 A home or haunt of mine,
 Where heart and head and hand but work
 As the red gold may shine :—

Where the lip learns vague courtesy,
 And falsehood sets the cheek,
 And blush and sigh, and laugh and tear,
 But their taught lessons speak :—

Where all is false and base and mean,
 And man toils through his part
 Less by the sweat wrung from his brow
 Than the blood wrung from his heart.—

But in yon desert, wild and wide,
 I'll make myself a home,
 There with my white steed, comrade mine,
 And with the wind I'll roam.

On like that wind, my snowy barb !
 Enough that we are friends ;
 No other dwelling will we seek
 Than where thy fleet course ends.

Alone, alone—we'll dwell alone,
 In a world so cold and rude.
 Where may the wearied rest in peace ?—
 Only in solitude.

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—NO. II.***Tasso's last Interview with the Princess Leonora.*

A COURTLY scene it was, the tapers threw
 New gloss of beauty o'er the gather'd rose,
 Touch'd as if with the moonlight's soften'd hue;
 And on the ear there came the dying close
 Of a lute's love-song; 'twas a master drew
 From the charm'd chords such honey tones
 as those : [none
 Bright tears were in the bright eyes round; but
 Wept, lest one falling tear might reave a tone.
 Nobles and courtly dames stood round the Bard,
 Pouring those gentle flatteries in his ear
 Which ever are the Minstrel's best reward.
 Alas! and is the serpent's trail even here?
 Harsh all earth's destinies,—but his most hard
 Who may not trust the praise he loves to
 hear—
 Who may not hold his fame sure till, too late,
 The seal of death and truth is set by fate.
 There stood he, half in pleasure, half in scorn,
 Holding such homage at its genuine worth :
 But from some young lips was a murmur borne,
 And tears in pure and starry eyes had birth,
 Speaking in eloquent silence; and were worn
 Far in his heart, mid things most dear of
 earth.
 He felt his song was felt—to poet's lays
 Sympathy is more precious far than praise.

He moved away ; he had been standing where
 His eye upon a pictured shape could dwell ;
 A brow proud, beautiful, as temples are ;
 A neck curved with the white swan's
 haughtiest swell
 Above the waters ; the soft cheek was fair,
 But colourless,—as the heart had nought to
 tell
 That might disturb so pure a sanctuary
 With lights and blushes of a troubled sky.
 With one long look he turn'd away his gaze
 From thy high beauty, peerless Leonore !
 Too much the breast its secret thought betrays
 When it hath seemed glossed most securely
 o'er ;
 Suspicion more that hurried start would raise
 Than all his ardent look had done before :
 'Twas poet gazing with a painter's eye—
 But love was in that start and in that sigh.
 He entered in a small alcove, where hung
 A wreathed rose-tree, a snow-starr'd jasmine :
 The life-blood to the Poet's forehead sprung ;
 For bending there, like Spirit at her shrine,
 The Princess Leonore had backwards flung
 Her silver veil and tresses' grape-like twine,
 As if she had listen'd in so wrapt a mood
 That still she kept her listening attitude.
 Small likeness was there to the portrait now—
 Her cheek was crimson, and the soften'd eye
 Shed softness over the unsteady brow,
 And the lips parted with a half-breathed
 sigh :

She bent to pluck a flower that grew below,
 Hiding her face thus, all too consciously :
 But Tasso's heart drank in a hope, a thought,
 Which till that hour not even a dream had
 brought.

She spoke, they were but a few hurried words—
 Of the sweet flowers around, the heat, the
 night—

Yet were they such as the blest heart records
 For many an after-moment's long delight ;
 They touch'd upon his spirit's inmost chords ;
 Though broken was the sense, the accents
 light,

Yet sweeter was to him that tremulous tone
 Than all that eloquence were proud to own.

They parted—and they never met again ;
 For envious eyes were watching that dear
 hour,

Each had to expiate in tears and pain—
 He in the maniac's chain and gloomy tower,
 Till the fire fed alike on heart and brain :
 And she with lonely grief in regal bower,
 Mocking the misery by silence nurst ;
 Subdued, unpitied, and perchance the worst.

This was their history—alas ! too like
 All records that of Love or Genius are—
 Shafts sharpen'd into brightness but to strike
 Their deadliest.

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—NO. III.***Iole to his Love.*

IT is in vain I seek
 As I have sung to sing,
 My heart has lost a pulse,
 My lute has lost a string.
 For the sleeping veil is rent,
 And life may never seem
 Such as when Love the colour gave,
 And Hope lit up the dream.
 For Love is dead to me,
 And Hope has left my breast,
 And Memory, like a bird,
 Wails round her ruined nest.
 I live on in my youth,
 Although that youth to me
 Is blighted, sear, and reft,
 As autumn leaf could be.
 I look upon the world
 With too cold and clear an eye,
 And for its joys and griefs
 I have nor smile nor sigh.
 Smiles have turn'd too oft to tears,
 For me to smile again ;
 And wherefore should I sigh,
 When I know that sighs are vain ?
 A dark and sullen calm
 Is that upon my heart ;
 There is no change in earthly lot
 Can bid its gloom depart.
 Another spring may call
 The garden from its tomb—
 The green leaves in their freshness—
 The bright flowers in their bloom.
 But can the bud reblossom,—
 Hope,—Love, their beauty shed,—
 When the very soil is ruined,
 And the heart itself is dead ?

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—No. IV.***The Redeemed Captive.*

GLANCED the white moonlight o'er the silver
 wave,
 Clear, colourless, with not one stain or shade,
 Save when the little vessel past, and gave
 Its image to the waters, and so made
 A moment darkness, as her beakers lave
 Themselves in that bright bath : how glad she
 springs,
 Like sea-bird forth upon its glittering wings !
 Within that little bark are joy, and love,
 And hope almost too anxious for content ;
 And grateful eyes seek the blue heaven above,
 And eager gaze o'er the far sea is bent :
 With cross and prayer two priests amid them
 move ;
 Upon a blessed mission they were sent ;
 The pious ransom was not urged in vain—
 The Christian captive quits his Moorish chain.
 Near to their harbour, the fair winding shore
 Shews olive groves crusted with the pearl dew,
 And chestnuts tall, which seem as if they bore
 A century's growth ; close and more close they
 drew ;
 Cadiz, thy white walls shone the moonbeams o'er ;
 Like prison'd birds, each heart throbb'd at
 the view ;
 One moment more, the galley feels the strand,
 The rescued prisoners touch their native land.
 And there were meetings such as make the
 past [worst ;
 Forgotten, though that past had been life's
 Mother and child, maiden and youth, are cast
 Each on the other's heart ; breathless at first,
 The lips but look their meaning, till at last
 Tears make a way for words—a passionate
 burst

Comes of thanksgiving : O Life, this is bliss !
 But years of pain must purchase hours like this.
 But follow we our captive—one whose vest,
 And more his stately step and bearing proud,
 Spoke nobler birth and being than the rest ;
 A fair train waited him amid the crowd,
 And eagerly an aged servant prest—
 As by long service privilege allow'd—
 And caught his young lord's hand, then turn'd
 away
 To weep the welcome that he could not say.
 " My father, tell me, Garcia, is he well ?"
 " Oh ! God hath kept him in his trial hour."
 " And she, mine own, my gentle Isabelle ?"
 Slowly the answer came ; " Within her bower
 Such constant tears for thy long absence fell,
 That somewhat they have dimm'd thy lovely
 flower :
 But thou art come, and come again to see
 Roses which seem'd as if they fled with thee."
 He leapt upon his steed, and like the wind
 They speed them on ; at first his giddy brain
 Swam like a chaos—mystery of the mind
 Which would guide its own workings, but
 in vain :
 Happy he was, but somewhat undefined
 Prest on his spirit with a sense of pain.
 Hath the heart, then, foreknowledge of its fate,
 Warning at once too early and too late ?
 Eager he flung him from his horse ; he sees
 His father's towers mid the dark pines arise,
 Beautiful in the moonlight's last, those trees
 Hide a small pathway green, direct it lies
 To where the castle gardens load the breeze
 With lemon odours and the rose's sighs :
 He turn'd him to that path, he knew it well—
 It was his favourite walk with Isabelle.

He took that path; and many a sign was there
 In sweet shrub planted, and in lithe flower
 train'd,
 Of gentle nursing and of gentle care;
 And dear thoughts entrance in his bosom
 gain'd:—
 Was it for his sake it had won such share
 Of her fond culture? had she then retain'd
 Such deep, true memory of Love's early scene,
 As to make all a shrine where it had been?

He enter'd now the garden, and a fall
 Of singing, voice and lute, sank on his ear:
 At first it seem'd thrice sweet and musical,
 But it grew sadder as he came more near.
 He heard soft tones, he could distinguish all,
 But not the one voice that he sought to hear.
 Dark was the castle, save one red-drear glare
 From the chief hall:—what might such light
 mean there?

He rush'd in, and his step seem'd harshly loud,
 And jarr'd his ear—so still was all around:
 Maidens were there with faces downwards
 bow'd, [bound
 And tears had stopp'd their dirge; as if spell-
 He stood, he saw the coffin and the shroud,
 The pale flowers scatter'd o'er the sacred
 ground;
 He rush'd, and raised the pall—his young, his
 fair——

He knew the dead, and knew his own despair.
 His heart was wreck'd for ever; for a while
 He staid to watch his father's dying bed;
 But never more knew he a tear or smile—
 Their sources, fears and hopes, were with
 the dead.

Then—not that fame had aught that could
 beguile,
 But for its fate—sought he the warfare red,
 And died in battle.

IOLE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE SHADOW.**

I HUNG o'er the side of the vessel while cleaving
 Mid the blue rolling waters her pathway of
 light; [leaving,
 Behind was the white silver track she was
 And before her the billows lay buoyant and
 bright.

Her white sail was spread to the beauty of
 Morning,
 Which waked like a rose crimson from her
 night's rest—
 Now wooing the wind, and now, woman-like,
 scorning [breast.
 The lover whose home was yet deep in her
 On sprang the ship, like the stag from its pillow,
 In beauty, in music, in gladness, she past;
 But follow'd her still one dark shade on the
 billow; [be cast?
 That fair ship! from her could such darkness

The sunbeam hath its shadow, and youth hath
 its sorrow,
 The fair bark its dark side, and such is mine
 own;
 Brightness and gladness my pathway may
 borrow,
 But still my heart's darkness upon it is
 thrown. L. E. L.

METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—No. V.

The Frozen Ship.

THE fair ship cut the billows,
 And her path lay white behind,
 And dreamily amid her sails
 Scarce moved the sleeping wind.

The sailors sang their gentlest songs,
 Whose words were home and love ;
 Waveless the wide sea spread beneath—
 Placid the heaven above.

But as they sung, each voice turn'd low,
 Albeit they knew not why ;
 For quiet was the waveless sea,
 And cloudless was the sky.

But the clear air was cold as clear ;
 'Twas pain to draw the breath ;
 And the silence and the chill around
 Were e'en like those of death.

Colder and colder grew the air,
 Spell-bound seem'd the waves to be ;
 And ere night fell, they knew they were lock'd
 In the arms of that icy sea.

Stiff lay the sail, chain-like the ropes,
 And snow past o'er the main ;
 Each thought but none spoke of distant home
 They should never see again.

Each look'd upon his comrade's face,
 Pale as funereal stone ;
 Yet none could touch the other's hand,
 For none could feel his own.

Like statues fixed, that gallant band
 Stood on the dread deck to die ;
 The sleet was their shroud, the wind their
 dirge,
 And their churchyard the sea and sky.
 —Fond eyes watch'd by their native shore,
 And prayers to the wild winds gave ;
 But never again came that stately ship
 To breast the English wave.
 Hope grew fear, and fear grew hope,
 Till both alike were done ;
 And the bride lay down in her grave alone,
 And the mother without her son.
 Years past, and of that goodly ship
 Nothing of tidings came ;
 Till, in after-time, when her fate had grown
 But a tale of fear and a name—
 It was beneath a tropic sky
 The tale was told to me ;
 The sailor who told, in his youth had been
 Over that icy sea.
 He said it was fearful to see them stand,
 Nor the living nor yet the dead,
 And the light glared strange in the glassy
 eyes
 Whose human look was fled.
 For frost had done one half life's part,
 And kept them from decay ;
 Those they loved had mouldered, but these
 Look'd the dead of yesterday.
 Peace to the souls of the graveless dead !
 'Twas an awful doom to dree ;
 But fearful and wondrous are thy works,
 O God ! in the boundless sea !

I O L E

THE TUMULI.

THE Dead ! the Dead ! and sleep they here,
The lost of other years—

The Dead ! the Dead ! can they be here,
Where nought of Death appears ?

The Abbey it hath marble urn,
The Churchyard humble stone,
The Pyramid its spectral dead,
The Catacomb bleach'd bone.

But here is only sunny mound,
So quiet in its rest,
That though the dew be gone, the hare
Skips fearless on its breast.

A small green mound, a summer hill—
Why stand and gaze we there ?
Is it the consciousness of Death
Upon the silent air ?

Like Memory veiled, Tradition sits
Beside the haunted place,
And dimly out-lines other days—
Men of another race.

Race of the Forest Albyn's first,
Is yon lone mound your grave?
Did the dark Druid's mystic spell
Open earth's secret cave?

Or, rests the haughty Roman here,
Who left his home and hearth,
To win—O madness of mankind!—
A grave in foreign earth?

Or, was the fair-haired Saxon taught
The Victor hath his doom?
Or, lie here piled the Dane's fierce ranks:—
Who of them fill this tomb?

Yet these, so utterly forget,
Were heroes in their day;
And, like all heroes, thought their name
Would never pass away.

Each had their creed of faith and fame;
Priest's word or Minstrel's strain
Promised them immortality—
And promised it in vain.

Here may have been shed man's best blood,
There woman's bitterest tear;
Yet, of it all what now remains?—
One question—Who sleeps here?

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**CHANGES.**

LEAVES grow green to fall,
Flowers grow fair to fade,
Fruits grow ripe to rot—
All but for passing made.

So our hopes decline,
So joys pass away,
So do feelings turn
To darkness and decay.

Yet some leaves never change,
Some scents outlive their bloom,
Some fruits delight for years,
Mid all this death and doom.

So are there some sweet hopes
That linger to the last—
Affections that will smile
Even when all else is past.

Only to patient search
Blessings like these are given—
When the heart has turn'd from earth,
And sought for them in heaven.

L. E. L.
