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ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE CHURCHYARD.**

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
 Hallowing its place of rest; and here the dead
 Slumber, where all religious impulses,
 And sad and holy feelings, angel like,
 Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
 Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
 Which purify it, like a temple meet
 For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
 The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
 Do thy remembrances intrude?

THE willow shade is on the ground,
 A green and solitary shade;
 And many a wild flower on that mound
 Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
 Flings down upon the lonely flowers
 A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
 A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
 Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
 As if the wind that brought them there
 Had touched them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
 Away a twilight's idle rest;
 Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
 Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift, 's our own,
 Without its low and petty cares;
 Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
 To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
 Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
 Its froth and depth—where Love is what
 Love only in a dream can be-

I cannot muse beside that mound—
 I cannot dream beneath that shade—
 Too solemn is the haunted ground
 Where Death his resting-place has made.
 I feel my heart beat but to think
 Each pulse is bearing life away ;
 I cannot rest upon the grave,
 And not feel kindred to its clay.

• • • •

There is a name upon the stone—
 Alas ! and can it be the same—
 The young, the lovely, and the loved ?—
 It is too soon to bear thy name.
 Too soon !—oh no, 'tis best to die
 Ere all of life save breath is fled :
 Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
 Have long been numbered with the dead ?
 But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
 No check, no soil had either known ;
 The angel natures of yon sky
 Will only be to thee thine own.
 Thou knew'st no rainbow-hopes that weep
 Themselves away to deeper shade ;
 Nor Love, whose very happiness
 Should make the wakening heart afraid,
 The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
 The tears the stars at midnight weep,
 The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
 Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.
 For human tears are lava-drops,
 That scorch and wither as they flow ;
 Then let them flow for those who live,
 And not for those who sleep below.
 Oh, weep for those whose silver chain
 Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
 The doomed to drink of life's dark wave,
 Whose golden bowl has long been gone !
 Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
 Dragged downward by some earthly tie,
 By some vain hope, some vainer love,
 Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

L. E. L.

CHANGE.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
 For the departing colour of thy flowers—
 The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
 Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
 Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;—
 But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
 To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
 To former beauty; and the desolate
 Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
 It was not always desolate.

WHEN those eyes have forgotten the smile
 they wear now, [brow—
 When care shall have shadowed that beautiful
 When thy hopes and thy roses together lie
 dead,
 And thy heart turns back pining to days that
 are fled—
 Then wilt thou remember what now seems to
 pass
 Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain
 on glass :
 Oh ! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
 How rose-touched the page of thy future must
 be !
 By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
 But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are
 fair ; [spring,
 And what is thy present ? a southern sky's
 With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the
 wing.
 As the rose by the fountain flings down on the
 wave
 Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave ;
 So the heart sheds its colour on life's early
 hour, [flower.
 But the heart has its fading as well as the

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are
gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was
fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like
the dead !
Oh ! long ere one shadow shall darken that
brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou
lovest now ;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short
of their mark ;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness
more dark ;
When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in
frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost :
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has past
by—
What saith the Arabian? Its memory's a sigh.
L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**LINES TO THE AUTHOR AFTER READING
THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE.***

One of those gifted ones that walk the earth,
Like angels in their beauty, and the while
The air is filled with music from their wings.

Love's thoughts are writ on rose-leaves, but with tears;
And those are what she taught her charmed lute,
Looking herself the loveliness she sung.

THEY tell me, lady, that thy face
Is as an angel's fair,
That tenderness is all the trace
Of earth thy features wear ;
That we might hold thee seraph still,
But sighs with smiles unite,
And that thy large dark eyes will fill
With tears as well as light.

They tell me that thy wit when gay
 Will turn to sad again—
 The likeness of the lightning ray,
 That melts in summer rain ;
 And that the magic of thy words
 Is even as thy song—
 The sweetness of the sea-shell chords
 The night-winds bear along.

I well believe all they can say
 Of fairy charm is thine—
 My lips are murmuring now thy lay,
 My tears on thy last line :
 I've drank the music, sweet and low,
 Waked by thy graceful hand ;
 I must speak of thee — I am now
 “ Beneath the enchanter's wand.”

I dream thee beautiful and bright,
 Amid the festal crowd,
 With lip and eye of flashing light,
 Thy own self disavowed.
 They see the loveliness that burns,
 The splendour round the shrine—
 But not the poet-soul which turns
 Thy nature to divine.

I dream thee in thy lonely hour,
 Thy long dark hair unbound,
 The braiding pearl, the wreathing flower,
 Flung careless on the ground ;
 The crimson eager on thy cheek,
 The light dark in thine eye—
 While from thy parted lips there break
 Sweet sounds, half song, half sigh.

A tale of feminine fond love,
 The tender and the tried,
 The heart's sweet faith, which looks above,
 Long after hope has died.
 Even as the Spring comes to the rose,
 And flings its leaves apart,
 So what should woman's hand uncloset —
 The page of woman's heart.

The song is sad which thou hast sung :
 Is sad!—how canst thou know—
 The loved, the lovely, and the young—
 A single touch of wo.
 Ah, yes! the fire is in thy breast,
 The seal upon thy brow,
 Life has no calm, no listless rest,
 For such a one as thou ;—

Thou, blending in thy harp and heart
 The passionate, the wild,
 The softness of the woman's part,
 The sweetness of the child ;
 With feelings like the fine lute-strings,
 A single touch will break ;
 With hopes that wear an angel's wings,
 And make the heaven they seek.

The stern, the selfish, and the cold,
 With feelings all repress—
 The many cast in one base mould,
 For them life yields her best :
 They plod upon one even way,
 Till time, not life, is o'er ;
 Death cannot make them colder clay
 Than what they were before.

But thou—go ask thy lute what fate
 May for thy future be,
 And it will tell thee tears await
 The path of one like thee :
 Too sensitive, like early flowers,
 One unkind breath to bear,
 What in this weary world of ours,
 But tears can be thy share ?

Yet little would I that such words
 Of prophecy were sooth ;
 I am so used to mournful chords,
 To me they sound like truth.

And if Fate have one stainless leaf,
That page to thee belong :
Sweet lady, only dream of grief,
And let the dream be song.

I pity those who sigh for thee,
I envy those who love ;
For loved thy nature 's formed to be,
As seraphs' are above.

I fling thee laurel offerings,
I own thy spirit's spell,
I greet the music of thy strings—
Sweet lady, fare thee well.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**LINES ON NEWTON'S PICTURE OF THE
DISCONSOLATE.**

The present is the painter's — never words
 Could be so eloquent of wretchedness
 As are that bowed-down form, that hidden face,
 Which but to look on fills the eyes with tears:
 But in the past the poet has his part,
 For memory is the music of the lute.
 What is thy history, lady? — may I give
 Thy sorrow language?

THE room was hung with pictures, and the tints
 Of a rich sunset touched them as with life;
 The crimson varied o'er each cheek — the light
 Was tremulous within the azure eyes —
 The braided auburn hair was waved with gold —
 And she who gazed looked not more actual life
 Than did her pictured likeness; only tears
 Bespoke the sadness of reality.

There were six paintings; all were very fair,
 And of resembling beauty — chestnut curls,
 A sunny autumn on the brow of youth,
 Eyes of that blue which lights the violet
 When rain-drops hang upon it, and each cheek
 Was as a rose-leaf crushed on ivory.

The maiden paced the gallery, and wept ;
 She thought how each familiar voice was mute,
 How she had watched, day after day, the rose
 Wasting its colours in a hectic flush,
 Till it grew pale for ever — how those eyes,
 The blue, the bright, were closed in their long
 sleep.

Of those sweet sisters she was now the last.
 She thought o'er instances of daily love,
 That rise so bitterly to memory
 When the dark grave has shut out all return
 Of hopes which they had mingled,— tears they
 shed,

But pleasant ones, together — laughing schemes
 Of festival, snatches of favourite songs
 Now never sung. — “ There surely is a curse
 Upon our house, that thus the young should
 die—

Alas, my sisters !” — Heavily the tears
 Fell from the desolate girl : she turned to where
 The open casement brought the summer wind,
 As if to soothe her : — green the park beneath
 Girdled its own bright river, and the deer
 Had gathered on its banks — the ancient oaks
 Waved their Ionian foliage — in each copse
 The hawthorn was in blossom — and the limes,
 Hung with pale yellow flowers, filled the air
 As if with incense. Suddenly a horn
 Rung from the old dark avenue of beech—
 A white steed came in sight—it cleared the lawn
 As if its speed were in its rider's will—
 That graceful rider — o'er his glossy hair
 The white plumes waved, like his own spirit's
 light ;

The falcon on his wrist had not an eye
 More flashing in its brightness : — as he past,
 He plucked a handful of the hawthorn flowers,
 And flung them to his sister. “ Emily,
 Come, for my hunter's toil is done, and now
 I'll play the poet with thy lute and thee ;
 Come, for already has the young pale moon
 Risen, though colourless, by yon bright west ;
 Come, for I must not have one fall of dew
 Unloose thy curls.” A pang shot through her
 heart :

His eyes how very bright ! and on his cheek
There burnt too clear a red for exercise.

—That night beheld her at the Virgin's feet,
That night was witness to her vow ; no more
The lady Emily joined in the dance,
Or wreathed white pearls around her whiter
brow ;

No more she waked the lute ;—and on the day,
The last worst day, her youngest sister died,
She knelt before her father, and implored
A blessing on his consecrated child,
And said the cloister was her destiny.
In vain were prayers, reproaches,—forth she
went ;

Her heart had dwelt upon this sacrifice
Until it seemed accepted ; and her tears,
Her vigils, at the lonely midnight hour,
Her youth resigning even its sweet self,
Would surely plead with Heaven, and win its
boon,

And that dear brother would be spared to make
His aged father happy. And this hope
Haunted her prayers until it grew to faith.

A year had passed since last her auburn hair
Was loosed to catch the sunbeams and the
breeze ;—

A year had passed since in that lonely cell
Her knees had worn away the cold, dark stone :
Austerity and anxious orisons
Had made the paleness of her cheek more clear ;
Her face was even as an angel's face—
Eyes that have looked to heaven till they are
filled
With light, the element of those pure skies ;—

Still she was well and happy. Oh! the heart
 Makes its own happiness, perchance the best,
 When consecrate to one engrossing love!

Two years had past away;—but once again
 She is to stand within her father's hall;
 Her vows dispensed with just for one brief day,
 Her brother had besought so earnestly
 Her presence when he wed the Lady Blanche.
 He said no other hand but hers should give
 The bride her orange flowers; for Emily
 Would bring a blessing with her.

'Twas early morning when that youthful nun
 Gazed once again on her forgotten face.

How strange the mirror seemed! Again her
 hair

Was gathered up with pearls on each dark
 Once more the silken robe, the silver veil,
 Beseemed the Baron's daughter:—but she
 turned

From the fair glass, and knelt with lifted hands
 Before the Virgin's image; while her eyes
 Swam with sweet tears of earnest gratitude.
 She thought upon her brother and his bride—
 Of her old father's joy;—and if one thought
 Had crossed her when she saw her own sweet
 face—

How fair the world she had for aye resigned—
 That thought had past like some unholy thing,
 Which found her heart too pure a resting-place;
 And tenderest hopes, and gentle thankfulness,
 And self-forgetfulness, filled up the soul,
 Whose earthly love but bore it on to heaven.

The shade fell darker from the clustering
vine,
Whose green boughs twined the lattice like a
wreath ;
The lark had ceased the musical glad laugh
With which he hails the morning ; note by
note
The matin song had died upon the wind ;
The dew which hung upon the cypresses
Had turned to sunshine on the waving leaves ;—
Yet came her father not for Emily.—
How vain it is to say we reckon time
By hours or minutes ! Time is in the mind,
And counted but by the events it brings :
Its length is in our feelings. Heavily
It past to her whose hopes were on the wing.
At length a step sounds in the corridor—
It is a letter—but her eye has caught
The dark seal on it, and the hand is strange.
She dropped the scroll—it told her brother's
death !—
“ My God ! my sacrifice has been in vain—
My father desolate in his old age ! ”
L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
A SKETCH.

“ **THEY’RE** passing now adown our vale ;
 Come, leave the old beech-tree,
 And let that humming wheel be staid ;
 Come here and gaze with me.

Hark, hark, the gallant trumpet’s note,
 The war-drum rolls around ;
 The crimson banners seem to float
 More proudly at the sound.

Those noble steeds, how each proud neck
 Bends to its rider’s hand,
 Although the steel-wrought rein is held
 As ’t were a silken band !

How bold they ride !—as Victory sat
 Beside each snow-white crest ;
 Battle is in each eager eye,
 And I can dream the rest.

Each lance is gleaming in the sun,
 War meteors, how they shine !
 How glorious is the soldier’s lot !
 I would such lot were mine !”

She raised a sudden tearful glance
 Upon his glowing brow :
 Why should her cheek be so snow-pale,
 For his is crimson now ?

And her sweet face is wont to be
 The shadow of his own,
 Where every passing change of his
 Is in a mirror shewn.

“ Such, O my Ulric, would’st thou be
 One of yon warrior band ?
 Why there is death in every heart,
 And blood on every hand.

Bethink thee of how many tears
Must wash the stains away,
That dim bright armour and proud brow,
Before the close of day.

I think upon the lonely hearth,
The desolated home,
The fond hearts listening for the step
That never more will come.

I think on the linked love of years,
One moment hath undone ;
I gaze on yonder happy child,
And weep the orphan one."

He met her sad eyes' sweet reproach,
He caught each gentle word ;
The trumpet woke the winds again,
But it passed by unheard. L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**CHANGE.**

We say that people and that things are changed;
 Alas! it is ourselves that change: the heart
 Makes all around the mirror of itself.

WHERE are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
 That haunted your homes and your hearts in
 the spring?

Where is the sunshine of earlier hours?

Where is the music the birds used to bring?

Where are the flowers?—why, thousands are
 springing,

And many fair strangers are sweet on the
 air;

And the birds to the sunshine their welcome
 are singing—

Look round on our valley, and then question
 “Where?”

Alas, my heart's darkness! I own it is sum-
 mer, [be:

Though little 'tis like what it once used to

I have no welcome to give the new-comer;

Strangely the summer seems altered to me.

'Tis my spirits are wasted—my hopes that are
 weary;

These made the gladness and beauty of yore:

To the worn and the withered even sunshine
 is dreary,

And the year has its spring, though our own
 is no more.

L. E. L.

II.

But those Brothers were weary ; for hope like
a glory
Lived in each bosom—that hope of the future
Which turns where it kindles the heart to an
altar,
And urges to honour and noble achievement :
To this fine spirit our earth owes her greatest ;
For the future is purchased by scorning the
present,
And life is redeemed from its clay soil by fame.
They leant in the shades of the palm-trees at
evening, [the mountain :
When a crimson haze swept down the side of
Glorious in power and terrible beauty,
The Spirit that dwelt in the star of their birth
Parted the clouds and stood radiant before
them :—
Each felt his destiny hung on that moment ;
Each from his hand took futurity's symbol—
One took a sceptre, and one took a sword ;
But a little lute fell to the share of the youngest,
And his Brothers turned from him and laughed
him to scorn.

III.

And the King said, " The earth shall be filled
with my glory : " [lumn
And he built him a temple—each porphyry co-
Was the work of a life ; and he built him a
city—
A hundred gates opened the way to his palace
(Too few for the crowds that there knelt as his
slaves,) [walls.
And the highest tower saw not the extent of the
The banks of the river were covered with gar-
dens ;
And even when sunset was pale in the ocean,
The turrets were shining with taper and lamp,
Which filled the night-wind, as it passed them,
with odours. [monarch ;
The angel of death came and summoned the
But he looked on his city, the fair and the
mighty, [fame."
And said, " Ye proud temples, I leave ye my

IV.

The Conqueror went forth, like the storm
 over ocean, [vanquished ;
 His chariot-wheels red with the blood of the
 Nations grew pale at the sound of his trumpet,
 Thousands rose up at the wave of his banners,
 And the valleys were white with the bones of
 the slain. [him,
 He stood on a mountain, no foe-man was near
 Heavy and crimson his banner was waving

O'er the plain where his victories were written
 in blood,
 And he welcomed the wound whence his life's
 tide was flowing ;
 For death is the seal to the conqueror's fame.

V.

But the youngest went forth with his lute—
 and the valleys
 Were filled with the sweetness that sighed
 from its strings ;
 Maidens, whose dark eyes but opened on palaces,
 Wept as at twilight they murmured his words.
 He sang to the exile the songs of his country,
 Till he dreamed for a moment of hope and of
 home ; [tives,
 He sang to the victor, who loosened his cap-
 While the tears of his childhood sprang into
 his eyes. [cypress,
 He died—and his lute was bequeathed to the
 And his tones to the hearts that loved music
 and song.

VI.

Long ages past, from the dim world of shadows
 These Brothers return'd to revisit the earth ;
 They came to revisit the place of their glory,
 To hear and rejoice in the sound of their fame.
 They look'd for the palace—the temple of
 marble—
 The rose-haunted gardens—a desert was there ;
 The sand, like the sea in its wrath, had swept
 o'er them,
 And tradition had even forgotten their names.
 The Conqueror stood on the place of his battles,
 And his triumph had passed away like a vapour,
 And the green grass was waving its growth of
 wild flowers, [place.
 And they, not his banner, gave name to the
 They past a king's garden, and there sat his
 daughter,
 Singing a sweet song remember'd of old,
 And the song was caught up, and sent back
 like an echo, [beside.
 From a young voice that came from a cottage
 Then smiled the Minstrel, " You hear it, my
 Brothers,
 My songs yet are sweet on the lute and the lip."
 King, not a vestige remains of your palaces ;
 Conqueror, forgotten the fame of your battles :
 But the Poet yet lives in the sweetness of
 music—
 He appeal'd to the heart, and that never forgets.
 L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
THE FIRST GRAVE.

[We are indebted for the following pathetic little poem to the circumstance of the first grave being formed in the churchyard of the new church at Brompton: the place was recently a garden, and some of the flowers yet show themselves among the grass, where this one tenant, the forerunner of its population, has taken up his last abode.]

A SINGLE grave!—the only one
 In this unbroken ground,
 Where yet the garden leaf and flower
 Are lingering around.

A single grave!—my heart has felt
 How utterly alone
 In crowded halls, where breathed for me
 Not one familiar tone ;

The shade where forest-trees shut out
 All but the distant sky ;—
 I've felt the loneliness of night
 When the dark winds past by ;

My pulse has quickened with its awe,
 My lip has gasped for breath ;
 But what were they to such as this—
 The solitude of death !

A single grave!—we half forget
 How sunder human ties,
 When round the silent place of rest
 A gathered kindred lies.

We stand beneath the haunted yew,
 And watch each quiet tomb ;
 And in the ancient churchyard feel
 Solemnity, not gloom :

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer ;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there.

The wild flowers spring amid the grass ;
And many a stone appears,
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain ;
And love, and hope, and fear unite
To bring the past again.

But *this* grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy—
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether if, lonely in his life,
He is in death the same :

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough ;
Or if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful :—
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.

It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet its kindest, best :
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less repress.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind—
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave !

L. E. L.