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THE PALM-TREE.

. . . . . Has his heart forgot, so far away,  
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents gray;  
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;  
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas  
Heard from his infant days—and the piled heap  
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

BOWLING.

It waved not through an eastern sky,  
Beside a fount of Araby;  
It was not fanned by southern breeze,  
In some green isle of Indian seas;  
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep  
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep:

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,  
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;  
Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Uprose that stem of orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willow streined  
Where silvery waters near it gleamed;  
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee  
To murmur by the Desert's tree;  
And showers of snowy roses made  
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—  
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;  
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,  
On sparks of dew soft colours flung;  
And bright forms glanced—a fairy shew—  
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,  
Seemed reckless all of dance or song:  
He was a youth of dusky mien,  
Whereon the Indian sun had been;  
Of crested brow, and long black hair—  
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,  
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:  
He passed the pale green olives by,  
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;  
But when to that sole Palm he came,  
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,  
The silence of his soul it broke!  
It whispered of his own bright isle,  
That lit the ocean with a smile;  
Aye, to his ear that native tone  
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay  
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;  
The dashing of his brethren's oar;  
The conch's wild note along the shore;—  
All, through his wakening bosom swept:  
He clasped his country's tree, and wept.\*

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby  
The patriot girds himself to die—  
Th' unconquerable power, which fills  
The freeman, battling on his hills—  
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—  
The same whence gushed that child-like tear!

F.H.

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\* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of "Les Jardins."

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief!  
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O! do not widely roam!  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home, dear home!

BARNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;  
By the waving tree thro' which thine eye  
First look'd in love to the summer sky;  
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,  
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—  
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;  
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,  
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves;  
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,  
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes;  
By every sound of thy native shade,  
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;  
By the fairy tale or the legend old  
In that ring of happy faces told;  
By the quiet hours when hearts unite  
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-night;"  
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,  
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,  
A guardian power and a guiding light!  
It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
In the mountain-battles of his land;  
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,  
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;  
And back to the gates of his father's hall,  
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,  
From the loves of its guileless youth away;  
When the sullyng breath of the world would come,  
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;  
Think thou again of the woody glade,  
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,  
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,  
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

F. H.

THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

KNOW'ST thou that seas are sweeping  
Where domes and towers have been †  
When the clear wave is sleeping,  
Those piles may yet be seen ;  
Far down below the glassy tide,  
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died !

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding  
Above the tombs of old,  
Which kings, their armies leading,  
Have linger'd to behold ?  
A short smooth greensward o'er them spread,  
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou, that now the token  
Of cities once renown'd,  
Is but some pillar broken,  
With grass and wall-flowers crown'd ;  
While the lone serpent rears her young  
Where the triumphant lyre hath rung ?

Well, well I know the story  
Of ages pass'd away,  
And the mournful wrecks that glory  
Hath left to dull decay ;  
But thou hast yet a tale to learn,  
More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges  
Thro' ruin'd fane and hail—  
Oh ! the deep soul hath changes  
More sorrowful than all !  
Talk not, while *these* before thee throng,  
Of silence in the place of song.

See scorn, where Love hath perish'd,  
Distrust, where Friendship grew ;  
Pride, where once Nature cherish'd,  
All tender thoughts and true ;  
And shadows of oblivion thrown  
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Grieve not for tombs far-scatter'd,  
For temples prostrate laid ;  
In thine own heart lie shatter'd  
The altars it had made !  
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—  
Heap up no more its treasures *here* !

F. H.

THE OLD WARRIOR'S GRAVE.\*

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,  
And a banner in thy hand;  
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,  
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,  
Thy long bright years had sped;  
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,  
When the snows had crown'd thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!  
Brothers and friends, perchance;  
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,  
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,  
And thy voice the war-horse knew;  
And the first to arm when the foe was nigh  
Wert thou, the bold and true!

Now mayest thou slumber—thy work is done—  
Thou of the well-worn sword!  
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,  
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,  
Where fiery blood hath flowed;—  
Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!  
Thou hast won thee a still abode!

A quiet home from the sunbeams glare,  
And the wind that wandereth free—  
Thou that didst fall with thy silvery hair,  
For *this* men toil like thee!

F. H.

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\* I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of our's  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns:  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight!  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night;  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill,—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears!  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watched through sickness by thy bed,—  
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend,  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,—  
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

F. H.