





THE  
WIFE OF LEON,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY TWO SISTERS OF THE WEST.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THESE poems were written by the authors to while away time, amuse themselves, and gratify their taste for poetry; without the remotest intention of ever publishing them. Such was their horror and dread of appearing as authors, that they persevered in their determination, although partial friends and many of our most distinguished poets pronounced them to have much merit and excellence. With these considerations, and a wish to gratify a parent to whom they could refuse nothing, they have no longer felt themselves at liberty to decline.



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# P O E M S .

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## N A T U R A L R E L I G I O N .

LEAD me not, dearest, to that temple dim,  
Wherein one human voice communes with God :  
The measured accents of the prayer, and hymn,  
Suffice not me. Oh let me go abroad  
Into the breast of nature ; where the wind  
Makes solemn music in the forest tree ;  
Swaying the old, gray, twisting vines, that bind  
Branch unto branch with its wild minstrelsy ;  
And leaving, in the pauses of its breath,  
A solemn stillness, like the hush of death.

I would behold the gushing streams again ;  
 And yet, once more, with a vain yearning, press  
 Unto my perishing heart, and brow, and brain,  
 The flowers I love with such deep tenderness ;  
 And watch the birds upon their cleaving wings—  
 Creatures that heralds seem from earth to sky.  
 Oh ! fondly have I loved these precious things—  
 Let me behold them yet before I die ;  
 And at the shrine of nature offer up  
 The last, best incense of my spirit's cup.

Ah ! think not, dearest, priestly aid alone,  
 The measured prayer, the solemn psalm of praise,  
 May lead my spirit to her Maker's throne.  
 Simple, and beautiful, have been the ways  
 Through which my soul hath passed to perfect light.,  
 And won a faith implicit, and divine,  
 Gazing on that wide volume of his might  
 Which men call nature ; and before that shrine,  
 Which hath the stars for torches, and the sea  
 For its great anthem—bowing fervently.

Thus have I known my God ; and unto him  
 I lift mine arms in deep, and earnest trust.

I know these yearning eyes must soon grow dim—

I know these clasped hands must drop to dust ;

But oh! a sense of immortality;

Too deep for words, is strong within my soul.

The hand that leads the train of seasons by,

And wakes the plant from winter's stern control,

To bask in spring, and know the summer's breath,

Shall not forget to lift my soul from death.

And I shall meet thee there, in that vast realm,

When thou too art awakened from the dead ;

And through those worlds of light, which overwhelm

Our minds with wonder here, our steps shall tread :

And we shall grow familiar with the great

Majestic secrets of the universe ;

And see the workings of mysterious fate ;

And with the bright-eyed angel host converse,

In some sweet musical tongue, and join the hymn

That shall exalt us to the Seraphim.

Others await us there, whose steps have sought

In vanished years that far and lovely land ;

Visions of night those radiant shapes have brought

About my pillow, like an angel band.

And still they wore each earthly lineament,  
    Though by an infinite beauty glorified ;  
And their deep eyes, lustrous and eloquent,  
    Revealed how blest were they, who trusting died.  
And these mysterious visitants shall meet,  
And lead me trembling to my *Father's feet*.

## PARTING WORDS.

WILT thou not think of me  
When through our aspen tree—  
Whose delicate boughs I loved even to the last—  
The night wind, with a tone  
Like a low sorrowing moan,  
A dirge from human lips, goes wailing past?

Oh! oft I've paused to hear  
That wailing lone and drear,  
With a strange pleasure mirth no more could give.  
Alas! it was my fate,  
With a spirit desolate,  
To linger on when hope had ceased to live.

Desolate! aye, the heart  
From which such fountains start,  
Of deep and fervent love as flowed from mine,

A bitter cup must taste,  
 When it sees them run to waste,  
 Laving the base of a cold marble shrine.

Think not I blame thee now,  
 Even as upon my brow  
 The hand of death is laid with chilling weight :  
 Oh ! 'twere a fearful thing,  
 When the soul is on the wing,  
 To wreath reproaches with its bitter fate.

Let me forget the past,  
 The clouds that overcast  
 The short, sad season of our union here.  
 Haply the fault was mine ;  
 A worship too divine  
 I cast before thee—thou wert all too dear.

Thine image would arise  
 Between me and the skies ;  
 Between my soul and God thy dark eyes came.  
 I loved thee all too well—  
 Mine was a haunting spell—  
 Unshared by one whose deity was fame.

And yet those vanished years  
 Of hopelessness and tears  
 I would not now recall for life and pride :  
 It was enough for one,  
 So lowly and so lone,  
 To share thy name, to be thy unloved bride.

Enough, when outward things  
 Had tired the eagle wings  
 Of thy proud soul, to watch thy sleeping face ;  
 And all the livelong night  
 Gaze on thy forehead white,  
 Where intellect had left a Godlike grace.

Too much of bliss was mine,  
 When o'er thy features fine  
 A smile of light would for a moment play ;  
 Those rare and lustrous gleams  
 Would haunt me in my dreams,  
 And cross my spirit when I knelt to pray.

Too much of hope and joy  
 Rushed o'er me, when our boy  
 Laughed in my face with radiant looks like thine.

I dreamed with visions vain,  
 His love would be a chain  
 To draw thy soaring spirit down to mine.

You thought me all too cold,  
 When o'er his senseless mould  
 I shed no tears wrung from my inward strife :  
 You knew not then how deep  
 Lie tears we cannot weep,  
 Or how they wear away the springs of life.

You knew not in that grave  
 O'er which Spring roses wave,  
 That cold and still lay all my hopes of love ;  
 And that my spirit dark,  
 Had seen from her lone ark  
 Go forth—no more to come—the snowy dove.

Even from that hour there stole  
 A calmness to my soul—  
 A settled dream of cold, and fixed despair—  
 And oh! from life I turned,  
 With a heart that inly yearned  
 For that last refuge earth can give to care.



Let my low tomb be made  
Beneath that aspen's shade,  
Whose tremulous leaves seem evermore to grieve ;  
And sometimes bend thine eyes,  
Where one who loved thee lies,  
Apart from hopes that lured her to deceive.

Choose thou a prouder bride,  
But don't tell her how I died ;  
How perished one, last of a lowly race.  
Take from thy marble hall  
That picture on the wall,  
Whose mournful brow would mock her brighter face.

Let not a trace remain  
Of one who lived in vain,  
Save a remembrance of those times gone by ;  
And a deep sense of tears,  
When you think of vanished years,  
Of one too sad to live—too young to die.

Think of me when the song  
Of tenderness and wrong,  
I loved so well, by other lips is sung.

Think of me when the prayer,  
For those who most despair,  
That oft I murmured on thy ear, is rung.

But chiefly think of me,  
When through our aspen tree,—  
Whose delicate boughs I loved even to the last,—  
The night wind, with a tone  
Like a low sorrowing moan,  
A dirge above my grave, goes wailing past.

M A D E L I N E .

ALL day that name hath haunted me—  
That sweet and gentle name—  
Like some deep olden melody,  
Forgotten long by fame,  
Which in one unforgetting heart  
Is loved and prized alone ;  
Beautiful from the thoughts that start  
To life with every tone.

Oh Madeline !—dear Madeline !  
Thy name hath still a spell  
To lead me from this passing scene,  
Back with the past to dwell.  
And when I hear that gentle word,  
So beautiful to me,  
Wild tears within my heart are stirred,  
I yearn to be with thee.

Thou hast a foreign grave, my friend,  
 A lone Italian bed ;—  
 Oh! do green trees above thee bend ?  
 Are blossoms o'er thee shed ?  
 Or do the wild rank weeds alone,  
 In all their southern bloom,  
 Clamber around the simple stone  
 They placed to mark thy tomb ?

It is not there that thou should'st sleep,  
 Nor yet in vault or aisle,  
 Where the sweet rain may never weep,  
 The glad sun never smile.  
 In that lone dell where clings the moss,  
 Hid from the burning noon,  
 Where evermore a fountain voice  
 Singeth the same low tune ;

Where the wild flowers grow tall and fair  
 In the sun-chequered shade,  
 And the song of birds is in the air,  
 Should thy low grave be made.  
 I would that I could share thy sleep ;  
 I sicken to depart :

I'm weary of the thoughts that keep  
 Their vigils in my heart.

I'm weary of the daily care,  
 The hourly dread and strife,  
 The joys that pall, the dreams that wear,  
 The energies of life ;  
 I'm weary of the light and vain,  
 That still to me are dear ;  
 The hearts too weak to give again  
 The love I lavish here.

I meet on earth no sympathies ;  
 My spirit stands alone ;  
 I see with deeper, sadder eyes,  
 Than those around me thrown.  
 My smiles are sadder than my tears ;  
 My sky is overcast ;  
 I live with dreams of other years,  
 And memories of the past.

Even as I sit and dream alone  
 Within this antique hall,  
 With its dim echoing floor of stone,  
 Its dark empanelled wall ;

With its neglected glimmering hearth,  
Its twilight gray and drear,  
Amid my lone and voiceless dearth  
I dream that thou art here.

I think I still can see thee stand  
Amid the dying light ;  
Still hear thy voice, still touch thy hand,  
As on that parting night ;  
For wheresoe'er thy step hath been,  
Where'er thy voice was free,  
To me—to me—dear Madeline,  
Thou seemest still to be.

## THE FORSAKEN.

“It is no dream, and I am desolate.”

BYRON.

It was no dream, it was no dream ;  
No thought which wilderingly might seem,  
And only in that semblance live.  
Ah no ! those lines were there, to give  
The stern assurance that her fate  
Was henceforth destined, desolate ;  
And darkly did that knowledge burst  
Upon her soul. She who had nursed,  
Above all earthly things, above  
Her very trust in heaven, that love,  
Was destined, in one bitter line,  
To see it crushed upon its shrine.  
No, earth-bound worshipper ! no dream  
Was that, which chilled the kindly stream

Of hope, of consciousness, of youth,  
With its profound and bitter truth ;  
And bound thee calm, and mute, and weak,  
With marble lip, and brow, and cheek :  
With one faint hand upon thy brain,  
As if to stay the rush of pain ;  
The other, drooping by thy side,  
Relaxed and wan, as though the tide  
Of life had ebbed, and left thee there,  
A breathless statue of despair.  
It lay upon the marble floor—  
That scroll conned wildly o'er and o'er—  
Fallen from her inefficient hold,  
By the light playful wind unrolled ;  
She could not stoop to raise it thence ;  
Charmed were alike all power, all sense :  
For the cold sickness of her brain  
Seemed to have frozen every vein,  
And fixed her limbs, and chilled her breath  
Into a mockery of death.  
'Twas over, that first shock of pain  
But on her soul, and on her brain  
There was a weight of agony,  
That till she perished could not die.



She was forsaken ! In that sound  
The darkest wrong of life is bound ;  
Its keenest suffering and distress,  
Its most exceeding hopelessness.  
All chains may vainly seek to bind  
The motions of the mocking wind.  
Mute in her utter solitude  
That isolated being stood.  
With thoughts like these tempestuous driven  
Across her spirit crushed and riven ;  
Tearless and wan, a thing of dearth,  
Too frail for heaven, too sad for earth ;  
She could not live so lost, so lone :  
She was not one to linger on,  
Bearing within the hollow crowd  
A sorrow deep and unavowed ;  
And meeting every curious eye,  
In curbed and smiling agony.  
Her heart was of that passionate mould,  
Where sorrow never may grow old ;  
Her soul had more of love than pride,  
And in th' unequal strife she died.

## THE LONELY SHIP.

A LEGEND OF NEWPORT.

'Tis a fair town, the stranger said,  
And checked his steed to gaze ;  
The dashing of the sea brings back  
My thoughts of other days ;  
For I was born upon its shores,  
Though in a southern clime,  
And 'tis a pleasant sound that wakes  
The dreams of olden time.

Aye, fair indeed, said the aged guide,  
Yet many an awful tale  
Is linked with this calm ocean town,  
To make the hearer pale.  
'Tis a strange feeling to look out  
On silent mound and wold,  
And see them peopled by the power  
Of legends stern and old.

We stand upon a breezy hill  
 That overhangs the deep ;  
 Beneath our feet the scant grass springs,  
 Above us eagles sweep ;  
 And standing on this very rock,  
 In years long past away,  
 My heart its darkest lesson learned  
 Of terror and dismay.

It was a glorious morning, sir,  
 The sun shone broad and high,  
 And not a cloud or shadow skimmed  
 Between us and the sky ;  
 When on this steep and breezy hill  
 A crowd of gazers stood,  
 To watch a gallant ship come home,  
 That long had ploughed the flood.

The eagle of the deep she came,  
 In all her bright array,  
 With every sail, a gallant sight,  
 Uplifted to the day ;  
 And far above them, streaming out  
 Upon the morning breeze,

Our country's banner floated fair,  
The beacon of the seas.

Oh many a heart beat quickly then,  
Upon this sea-girt shore ;  
And many an eye gleamed bright with hope,  
Listless and dim before.  
Children were watching for the sire,  
And parents for the son ;  
And a hundred voices rose in joy,  
When the strand was safely won.

What pilot brought that vessel in,  
Unscathed by rock or shoal ?  
No hand upon the helm was laid,  
Her motions to control—  
No form within the shrouds was seen,  
To watch the breaker's foam ;—  
There lives not one to answer me,  
Who led that vessel home ?

A hundred anxious footsteps rushed  
Upon the broad clear deck :  
It would have been less horrible  
To find the ship a wreck.

We traversed it from stem to stern ;  
    We searched from hold to mast ;  
And not a living thing repaid  
    Our weary quest at last,

They tell of solitary halls,  
    In lands beyond the deep ;  
There never was a thing so lone  
    As that unguided ship.  
It was a feaful mockery  
    Of recent hope and life ;  
The very embers on the hearth,  
    Lay glowing, red, and rife.

Familiar objects met our gaze,  
    The captain's board was spread,  
And seats were ranged around for those  
    Whose fate was wrapped in dread ;—  
And on the wall a watch was hung,  
    That clicked with cheerful sound,  
Contrasting with the silentness  
    Of every thing around.

The ship was laden heavily,  
    With spices, and with gold ;

And not a hand had stirred the piles  
 Of treasure in the hold.  
 There was no trace of piracy,  
 Of struggle, or dismay ;  
 The arms hung round the cabin walls,  
 In long and bright array.

Each boat, in its accustomed place,  
 Swung by the vessel's side ;—  
 I never saw a fairer ship  
 Borne in upon the tide.  
 And in the port-holes, peacefully  
 The deep-mouthed cannon slept ;—  
 Oh, nothing there revealed the fate  
 Of those for whom we wept !

It is a fearful mystery,  
 That lies unfathomed yet ;  
 There never came a word or sign,  
 From those we still regret.  
 I dare not muse upon their fate,  
 Its horror, its despair ;  
 But all among the gazers knew  
 No mortal hand was there.

## ILLUSIONS LOST.

THOU hast cherished dreams  
Of the beautiful,  
Till the world around thee  
Seems drear and dull.  
Thou hast clasped a cloud,  
As the king\* of old,  
And turned despairing  
From kiss so cold.

Thou hast worshipped hopes,  
As, in olden days,  
Men bowed to marble  
With hymns of praise.

\* Ixion.

Thou hast learned to scoff  
At thy worship vain ;  
To break thine idols,  
And crush their fane.

Thou hast yearned for fame,  
As the eagle yearns  
To reach the sunlight  
Afar that burns.  
Thou hast sunk at eve,  
Like that mountain king,  
With a drooping spirit,  
A broken wing.

What more remains  
For that soul to dare,  
Whose fondest visions  
And hopes were air ?  
Go make thy home  
In some desert place,  
Which no voice may gladden,  
No footsteps grace.



There count the hours  
As they roll away,  
As beads were counted  
By hermits gray ;  
With solemn prayers,  
With bitter tears,  
And heartfelt penance  
For wasted years.

## THE BEREAVED.

I VEIL my brow from this dim earth,  
And dream of brighter spheres ;  
I muse by my forsaken hearth,  
Of time unmarked by years ;  
My soul goes forth, on eagle wings,  
From this dark lot of ours,  
And soars on high imaginings  
To far and fadeless bowers.

I dream of thee, my loved, my lost,  
Amid those scenes divine ;  
The brightest of the angel host,  
Around th' eternal shrine ;  
And gleams of rapture, quick, intense,  
Flash o'er these spell-touched eyes ;  
As if their dim and groping sense  
Held commune with the skies.

Yet still around my yearning heart  
     Its mortal weakness clings,  
 And when these fervent moods depart  
     I feel the serpent's stings.  
 When fancy droops her weary plumes,  
     And sinks to earth again,  
 I sit once more amid the tombs,  
     And wear the mourner's chain.

Then come those words of bitterness,  
     Those hot and heavy tears,  
 That pour in weak and wild excess  
     O'er unforgotten years.  
 Then rise those memories from their pall  
     That stir my soul to flame ;  
 Then echoes this forsaken hall  
     With thine unburied name.

For all around is vague and dim—  
     Eternal twilight now—  
 I walk like one who in a dream  
     Goes forth with sleeping brow.  
 Earth's vanity and emptiness  
     Have veiled my soul with gloom,

Since thou, with thy deep tenderness,  
Wert gathered to the tomb.

I cannot force my lips to speak  
Those words of fervent faith ;  
I cannot say (Oh ! spirit weak !)  
I yield thee up to death.  
With resignation, deep and calm,  
Unscathed by earth's regret,  
I struggle sore with what I am,  
For I would claim thee yet !

Yes, I would call thee back, if charm  
Like this were given to man,  
And make thee glad, and pure, and warm,  
As when our love began.  
The graven marble should be rent  
That holds thy sacred dust ;  
And heaven itself, th' omnipotent,  
Resign its awful trust.

Yes, I would still that brow behold  
Whose beauty had no peer ;

And watch those violet eyes unfold  
That left no image here ;  
And watch those motions, marked so well,  
The step that made no sound,  
Yet left a hallow where it fell,  
A consecrated ground.

And at the board, and by the hearth,  
And in the festive hall,  
I still (Oh! vanity of earth!)  
An angel would recall.  
Yet smile not in thy native sky  
On wish so wildly given ;  
The cravings of man's agony  
Are sacred e'en in heaven.

## THE DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

THE wild and foaming wave  
    Broke on the island strand,  
Where a monarch found a living grave,  
    With a tried, yet broken band.  
And the ocean winds were high,  
    And the tempest walked abroad,  
When that eagle caged was called to die—  
    That soul restored to God.

No woman's form was there,  
    An angel 'mid the gloom ;  
But war-worn men, in stern despair,  
    Watched in that midnight room.  
Those eyes which proudly looked  
    On strife and hostile spears,  
And shame and insult never brooked,  
    Were now all dim with tears.

But he for whom they wept—  
 Their *crowless Emperor*—  
 His spirit still its vigils kept  
 O'er the purple tide of war.  
 Far from that dying bed,  
 From the nerveless heart and limb,  
 From the bitter tears around him shed,  
 And the torches burning dim :

Far from the foeman's stings—  
 The isle in the lonely seas—  
 That spirit fled on her eagle wings,  
 As a bird on the morning breeze,  
 And he seemed in death to stand,  
 As on many a glorious day,  
 With folded arms and high command,  
 Once more "à tête d'armée."\*

He heard the cannon's roar—  
 'Twas but the thundering sea ;  
 And the trumpet pealed on his ear once more—  
 'Twas the tempest sweeping free ;

\* Napoleon frequently repeated these words in the delirium of his last moments

And the crash of armies meeting,  
 And the wail of the crushed and dying—  
 'Twas but the surf on the white sands beating,  
 And the eagle's scream in flying!

The light of that glorious dream  
 Played o'er those features wan,  
 Lighting the aspect, pale and dim,  
 Of the fallen and dying man;  
 And from those pale lips came  
 Those words of haughty sway,  
 That woke a nation's soul to flame  
 When he stood "à tête d'armée."

The tempest's wrath was done—  
 And the eagle sought her nest—  
 And the waves lay calm in the morning sun,  
 As if stars had kissed their rest.  
 The soul had passed away  
 On the wings of the rushing storm—  
 And the sunlight's first, rejoicing ray,  
 Gleamed on a marble form.



Yet dauntless still, and full  
Of a fixed and solemn might,  
Were the features, wan and beautiful,  
And the forehead broad and white ;  
And the dream of that dying heart,  
Still like a glory lay  
On the face of the exiled Bonaparte ;  
No more “ à tête d’armée.”

## THE PROUD HEART BROKEN.

TELL him, tell him, that in the hall  
I was the light of the festival ;  
Tell him, how proudly I paced the dance—  
What powers I bore in a word or glance,  
And how each wave of my careless hand  
Seemed a strong spell, like a king's command.

TELL him, tell him, my lips were wreathed  
With a cold, glad smile, when his name was breathed ;  
And that I laughed, with the proud and cold,  
In mockery deep, at those days of old—  
Those dreams of folly, the far, the dim,  
When my haughty spirit was bowed to him.

But tell him not, how, day by day,  
The light from my dark eyes blenched away ;

Tell him not how, at hush of night,  
He would arise to my stricken sight,  
Till my hands were clasped o'er my closed eyes,  
To shut out those haunting memories.

Friend, gentle friend, thou hast loved me long,  
And thy soul is stirred with my woe and wrong ;  
Oh ! be it ne'er to that false one known,  
That my spirit's worship was his alone.  
In my dying heart is a gush of pride—  
Tell him not, tell him not, how I died.

Say that I passed, in my flush of power ;  
A rose dashed down, by a sudden shower ;  
A string that burst in the tide of song,  
Touched by a hand too free and strong ;  
A star that shot from its lofty sphere,  
Losing its lustre and glory here.

## THE WIFE OF LEON.

“ Away

From the sick anguish, and the weary pain,

The inward burning of those words—*in vain!*”

MRS. HEMANS.

### 1

COME hither, child ! The tired sun is sinking,

Far in the west, upon his gorgeous bed ;

And each small flower the evening dew is drinking,

And o'er the stream each lily bows its head ;

And the still hour is solemn!—for abroad

Floateth the vast dim lullaby of God !

And nature's footstep hath a quiet tread ;

And o'er the hill, the valley, and the wood,

Strange, misty phantoms seem with silent eyes to brood.

## 2

Come hither ! I have watched the sun's declining,  
 Ofttimes before ; but never, on my heart,  
 Hath the slow farewell of the bright day's shining  
 Fall'n with so deep a power. A voice doth start—  
 A solemn voice from all these fading things—  
 A breathing on the lyre of many strings ;  
 And of mine inner self it seems a part,  
 And telleth me strange tidings. Oh, mine own !  
 A veil, a shadow, a dim cloud is o'er my being thrown.

## 3

Then come to me ! Oh ! let me press thy form,  
 † Close to this troubled heart. A saint of yore  
 Once saved a vessel, perishing in the storm,  
 And bade the angry billows chafe no more.  
 Oh ! speak thou thus, my bright child ! On my brain  
 Let thy love fall to bind it as a chain ;  
 And let thy voice as yore,  
 Bring peace, bring peace.—Alas ! 'tis all the earth  
 Can ever bring, for past, forever past, is light and mirth !

## 4

Now hear me, child! On this lone couch reposing,  
 Gazing on thy blue eyes, and tendril hair;  
 Here, even here, my spirit's depths unclosing,  
 I'll breathe to thee the tale of my despair!  
 'Tis a sad story! Oh! mine own fair child,  
 I would not startle thee with words so wild,  
 But that some spirit thing hath made its lair  
 In my deep heart, and drags its thoughts to day;  
 And all breaks forth, as streams from ice-bands break away.

## 5

I was the fairest daughter of our line!  
 Gaze not so earnestly!—I know my brow  
 Is mark'd and scathed by care. And all the fine  
 And delicate texture of its early snow,  
 Is trodden down by the dark feet of woes:  
 And yet, my child, my form was e'en of those  
 That haunt the gazer's brain where'er he go.  
 A dream of beauty! dark eyes! raven hair!  
 A ruby lip! bright eye! a cheek e'en more than fair.

But, above all, I had so high a mien,  
 A tread of such commanding attitude,  
 That wondering strangers gazed as on a queen—  
 And I was queenlike. An imperial mood  
 Reign'd in me, from the very cradle born—  
 A thing of loftiness, and haughty scorn—  
 And that stern pride was nursed by solitude,  
 Till from my childhood's home I rose, and past  
 To that long asked and dreamed—magnificence at last!

'Twas at a festal held by royalty,  
 When first I flash'd upon the wondering world,  
 Blazing with jewels, fraught with majesty,  
 Wealth, pride, and beauty; and my young lips curl'd  
 With their strange arrogance. Yet blame me not  
 Too deeply; for mine was indeed a lot  
 Most glittering! Oh! darkly, darkly hurl'd  
 From that rich summit, in my glorious prime,  
 How have I bathed with tears the sorrowful feet of time!

But Oh! mine own! One spell within my keeping

Bound these first captives with an after chain—

The spell of mind! As on the lyre sweeping,

The minstrel wakes at will his chosen strain,

So, on these human hearts I learnt to play;

And all around me owned my powerful sway.

I triumphed then—could triumph yet again.

Oh, God! why on my loneliness and dearth,

Press all these by-gone mockeries of relinquish'd earth?

My child! Ah! what is power?—a moment's sway;

The rapid current of a headlong river!

For one short hour it whirls life's leaves away;

And then, the eternal ocean 'gulfs forever

Its tide of briefness! Oh! life is not long;

Not long enough to lift us from the throng

More than an hour. Ambition's idol ever

Rears its long-toil'd-for throne too near life's close;

And on our triumph's path, we meet our coming woes



But I was passionate, and beautiful—

And spake not, thought not thus in those past hours ;  
And with God's inspiration I was full ;

And felt within me deep and wondrous powers,  
That stretch'd their arms forth from my burning heart,  
To grasp at sceptres ! Royal was the part

I traced out on the future's path of flowers ;  
And in these dreams of pride my bright youth moved,  
And then—Oh God !—and then—I lov'd, I lov'd !

I lov'd ! Canst tell me how ?—canst meet the strength

With which the lone volcano bursts its sleep  
Of ages, and, in one hot stream, at length

Pours forth its burning lava ? Or canst keep  
A memory of how wondrous was the might  
Of sword-like lightning flashing on the sight ?

My love, even as a tempest's breath, did sweep  
Over my path, and all lay hush'd and dead,  
Save that which gather'd in its force, and with it fled.

He was a prince ! Oh ! couldst thou—couldst thou deem  
 That one like me could love aught that was not  
 Of a high degree ? And if thou canst dream  
 Of one who more than filled his lofty lot—  
 A form wherein a Godlike beauty shone,  
 With the concentrated majesty of the throne—  
 For in his veins there flowed a royal stream—  
 Such was thy sire, my child ! Lift, lift thy brow ;  
 Thou too art—yet, Oh, God ! Oh ! what avails it now !

And we were wedded ! Hundreds heard that vow,  
 And courtly lips greeted me as his bride.  
 My child !—I hear their accents even now ;  
 And even now I see him by my side,  
 Stately as princes should be ; with those eyes,  
 Boundless and deep as th' unfathomed skies,  
 Gazing on me, with flashing orbs of pride.  
 And those deep words seem ringing on my brain—  
 Whom God hath joined, let not man rashly part again.

Ask'st thou if we were happy ? Ask the bird  
 If it rejoiceth when it hears its mate  
 In the bright nest, where first the green boughs stirr'd  
 With its note of love ! Pass thou yon gate  
 Of the barred sunbeam, that with robe of day  
 Hideth God's heaven from our sight away ;  
 And ask the angels, if their bright estate  
 Is blest ? And they will answer thee—" No more  
 Hath Paradise to give, than deep love's ample store."

And I had this !—Oh ! 'twas a joy to wake  
 At morn within our palace room, and gaze  
 On that bright form beside me, and to break  
 That deep, deep sleep, e'en with the morning's rays,  
 By kisses ! Or—through the long day to rove,  
 Linking in every room the hand of love !  
 Or from the page of lore my glance to raise,  
 And meet those looks, so passionately sweet.  
 Joy, joy ! why ever are thy treasured *memories* fleet ?

Joy, that dost pass like lightning, and, Oh, heaven!

Scathes as the lightning. Onward with the tale.

I tell thee, Paradise to me was given;

And I had drawn aside the mystic veil

That hides love's sacred altars, and became

A priestess high of th' eternal flame.

Oh, God! those energies might not prevail

Against my fate—our fate—thy fate, my own;

Thine bound in mine!—Listen!—dark were the terrors  
round me strown!

One by one died his brothers! Royal youths,

Swept off like peasant boys! Oh! death, stern death,

Hath in his merciless march most bitter truths

To teach in palaces—curbing the breath

Of throned monarchs; and lo! they behold

Their offspring perishing on their beds of gold!

They laid them all their monuments beneath,

And now prince Leon stood alone! alone!

And an expected crown dazzling before him shone.

Woe for the hour!—Deep gloom fell o'er his brow ;

His future kingdom weigh'd him down in awe.

I saw these things as plainly then as now ;

But blinded, still believed not what I saw ;

And deemed 'twas grief! Oh, fiendlike mockery ;

Grief in a royal breast! it may not be !

Such things are not ! Mercy dwells with the law ;

Peace even in prisons—good in evil things ;

But Oh ! nor grief nor love lives in the hearts of kings !

In cottage homes, when one by one they fleet

Away—the much lov'd, those to whom we clung—

When death calls forth the blessed household feet

To some lone shore, how are our spirits wrung !

How do we call their names, again, again,

And clasp our hands, and weep in mournful strain ;

And wildly is our bitter anguish flung

On their forsaken seats, their silent place ;

But monarchs may not weep, with tears, their falling race.

Nay, oft—Oh! terrible is this to say—

Amidst the wrenching up of nature's ties,  
There breaks from grief a secret joy away.

And even as the long-lov'd brother dies,  
A low voice whispereth, "his grave shall be  
A pedestal for greatness, and for thee."

And, Oh, my child! thou may'st not feel surprise  
If *I* rejoiced. With me no ties did break;  
And to my triumphing heart no wails of nature spake.

Short was that triumph—vision brief and lone,

That I should bear with him his coming fate,  
That I should share with him his future throne.

Some doubts there were; some bitter views of state  
Raised in the heart, that beat to mine each eve,  
A stirring thing—they called it pride—to leave

Heirs to his name. My child, I learned—too late  
To save—the whole. His heart was cold!  
Oh God! thou surely cast him in an iron mould!

I spake to him with woman's eloquence ;  
 I spake to him with woman's might of soul ;  
 And that same hour, a mighty influence,

A majesty of accent, seemed to roll  
 From my impassioned lips. I sent a cry  
 Forth from my heart, to haunt him till I die.

'Twas love, most passionate love, that lent the whole  
 Of that wild prayer, its agony of power ;  
 And yet, I failed, I fell, in that o'erwhelming hour.

Oh, strong is fate !—Oh, coldly, darkly strong !

Why do we wrestle with the phantom hand,  
 That cometh forth, e'en mid earth's joyful throng,

And writes our destiny, " as if on sand ?"  
 In vain, in vain ! That closely coiling spell  
 Was girt around, about me, and I fell !

Oh ! had they slain me with a burning brand  
 It had been mercy ; but they wrenched apart  
 The bonds that bound us, Leon—and then, burst my heart !

Ay, on that morn, when in that palace room  
     We stood erect to sign the severing deed,  
 Old, haughty peers, amid the sunless gloom,  
     Stood round me there ; men, whose most worshipped creed  
 Was but ambition—gliding priests, with gleam  
 Of jewelled mitres. Yet even like a dream  
     Did all that pageantry appear to me—  
 I stood, pale, motionless. A voice spake loud—  
 'Twas his lone voice—I fell, prostrate amongst the crowd !

And from that hour, I remember not  
     The deeds of months. They bore me far away.  
 A child was born to me, in some lone spot,  
     But alas ! too late it saw the light of day.  
 'Twas thou !—But they recalled not the decree  
 That made that awful sense of misery ;—  
     And heavily my burthen on me lay ;  
 And darkly cruel was the bitterness  
 Of those, my child, who made thee worse than fatherless.



And I was yet in bonds ;—though reason beamed  
     Forth from mine eyes, they would not set me free ;  
 And o'er my fate the idle world soon deemed  
     There hung some viewless, awful mystery ;  
 And I was rescued not. Oh God ! 'twas drear,  
 To count the changes of the circling year  
     In that lone prison ; or upon the sky  
 To mark the rushing birds, and yearn to range  
 Like them, away, away, from time, from woe, from change.

My prison-dwelling was a lonely tower,  
     Upon the border of a dreary wood ;  
 A remnant of the perishing feudal power,  
     Lonely, and drear, and isolate it stood ;  
 With one strong prison-chamber left alone,  
 The rest a ruin, dark and ivy-grown—  
     A palace for the owlet, and her brood.  
 Few were my jailers, and these few were old ;  
 Their brows were withered, and their hearts were stern and  
     cold.

'There came a night when storms were in the heaven,  
 And the old tower rocked upon its base ;  
 And whirlwinds in their fearful wrath were driven  
 Over the terrible midnight's hidden face !  
 And lightnings flash'd ! One giant bolt hath cleft  
 The prison-house ! One room, one form is left !  
 The morning came. Of all the human race,  
 That peopled that abode, I lived alone !  
 And widely had the hand of God open my prison thrown !

And I went forth ! My child, my child ! If life  
 Hath one lone hour of rapturous ecstasy ;  
 One gleam of Paradise amidst its strife ;  
 One real joy amidst its mockery,  
 It was *that* hour !—when clasping thee upon  
 My liberated heart, I bounded on,  
 And shouted to the forests, I was free !  
 Free !—but an exile soon ! I left that shore  
 A persecuted, stricken thing, to come no more !

And I left nothing there! My Father's home  
 Was worse than desolate—a stranger's dwelling:  
 There, never more might mine own kindred roam.  
 Their lowly graves were in the sunshine swelling;  
 And dangers lurked around my lingering way;  
 And Oh! I grieved, lest the iron sway  
 Again should clasp me. In my heart was welling  
 A thirst, a wild thirst, like the bounding deer's,  
 For boundless freedom! freedom! tho' all hailed with tears.

Yes, I was changed! The dungeon and the chain  
 Had done their work. My form was bowed and bent,  
 And from my mien its beauty, gay and vain,  
 Was like a worn and mouldering garment rent;  
 And in my heart, an awful change was there!  
 Pride was dethroned, and trampled by despair;  
 And a deep humbling to our God was blent  
 With all things! I had called upon his name,  
 And not in vain the captive's cry; he came! he came!

He came ! and I was free !—I left that home—

That first-land of my heart, without a tear—

I left it, o'er a barren world to roam ;

And the blue waves stretch'd round me cold and drear  
And with their querulous dashings broke my rest ;

But thou, mine own, didst slumber on my breast—

Oh ! sweetly—and it was a joy sincere,

To watch thee then, as fast we sped away

Over the pathless waters, on our desolate way.

Then I first learned thy depths, Oh, mother's love !

Then I first basked me in thine infant smile.

In that dark prison thou couldst never move

My heart rejoicingly ; for all the while

The cold walls frowned thee into silence dread ;

And we lived on, as of the joyless dead ;—

But now thou couldst my lonely heart beguile.

I knew my God was merciful ! He gave

His guiding hand to us ! We crossed the perilous wave !

I stood on the lone forest side. I viewed  
 The wild luxuriant blossoms at my feet ;  
 I saw around me stretch the giant wood ;  
 I watch'd the swift deer, bounding wild and fleet,  
 Tossing their antlers. Strength was given me then,  
 And I found grace 'mid dark and savage men ;  
 And they did make for me a dwelling neat,  
 And brought me food, and Indian garments rare ;  
 And bound with forest diadems my waving hair.

And deeming me a being pure as white,  
 They listened to my words in silent awe ;  
 And often, 'neath the lone and gleaming light  
 Of voiceless stars, I taught the Christian law  
 To these wild children of the savage blood ;  
 And tranquilly they in my presence stood,  
 And smooth'd their terrors when mine eye they saw ;  
 And when they went to combat, loos'd the strings  
 Of their bows 'neath my roof, where peace spread dovelike  
 wings.

Long years have past ! The red man's step hath fled  
 Before the pale man's stride upon the shore ;  
 And by our fount, and 'neath our lowly shed,  
 We'll meet those high and gallant chiefs—no more.  
 The women of those hunters in past hours  
 Deck'd high thy cradle with the forest flowers ;  
 And oft their songs have echoed past my door.  
 But they are gone ; the warriors of the bow  
 Before the white man's glance have melted like the snow.

'Tis now long o'er. And may he stand in heaven—  
 Before his God, even in the judgment hour,  
 As purely, wholly, mercifully forgiven,  
 As before me. Thus speaks my sad soul's power ;  
 Thus let it be with thee. His fate below,  
 So darkly parted from my doom of woe,  
 From me is hidden. Whether, with her dower  
 Of queenly provinces, he sought a bride  
 More fair than I, such knowledge is unto my heart denied.

And whether kingly children graced that bond,  
 Or whether in dark gloom, unlov'd, alone,  
 In that bright land, the blue wave far beyond,  
 King Leon ruleth still ;—all, all's unknown.

Death's hush 's between us now. My loving child,  
 Thou must forget, within this forest wild,

Thy regal birth! Thy father's rank and power  
 Must be as dreams! They must! 'Twere vain, as spell  
 Of conjuror's might is vain, such dreams in thy young heart  
 should dwell,

The tale is o'er! Leave me! Forget it not,  
 And yet forget it! Oh! think thou of this,  
 As of some long past legend; for thy lot

Is humble, in its sorrows and its bliss,  
 And hath no part in the vast paths of fate;  
 And may not know aught that the world calls great.

Go! Pray to One who guides no thoughts amiss.  
 Pray for me too. Memories of wrong and blight  
 Have risen strong and dark in my full heart to-night!

LINES TO THE STORMY-PETREL.

I'VE mark'd thee through the livelong day,  
Lone wanderer on the ocean's breast ;  
I've seen in sunshine stretched away,  
That wing that never stoops to rest.  
They tell me, o'er the waters wide  
Thy pinions still forever move,  
Where'er may sweep the ocean tide,  
Where'er the ocean wind may rove.

The crested wave leaps high before,  
The wild breeze gathereth strength behind ;  
Thy form above the waves will soar,  
Thy wing outstrips the ocean wind.  
Each plume that waves above the deep  
Flies landward from the swelling breeze,  
Save *thine* ! whose fate is still to sweep  
Forever o'er the stormiest seas !



Is there no terror on thee shed,  
 No fear within thy quivering form,  
 When thy wild ruffled wing is spread  
 Forth, on the bosom of the storm?  
 When o'er the waves the lightnings flash,  
 And many a gallant bark is riven;  
 And solemnly the thunder's crash  
 Peals from the darken'd face of heaven?

The mariner's cold cheek is pale,  
 The locks upon his brow are wet;  
 He curbs the helm, he furls the sail  
 In vain!—The storm is mightier yet.  
 The sailor's wife shall strain to-night,  
 Her gaze across the foaming brine;  
 No form shall greet her aching sight,  
 No voice be heard 'mid waves, but thine.

Tell her, (if speech be thine, dark bird,)  
 Tell her, thou'st watch'd him to the last;  
 Tell her, you caught his latest word,  
 When he clung to the broken mast;  
 Tell her, how peacefully the wave  
 Above the cherished head shall sweep;

Tell her, thou only know'st his grave—

Oh, Stormy Petrel of the deep!

And thou, hast thou no binding ties

To curb thy flight with silken chain?

To call thee from the raging skies

Back to the spreading earth again?

Hast thou no sweet and silent nest,

Wherein to watch thy little brood?

No spot of earth, where thou canst rest,

When thou art sick of solitude?

No home! no home! Oh, weary one!

And art thou like the dove of yore,

Who found no spot to rest upon,

Wandering the waste of waters o'er?

And hath thy slender wing the might,

Day and night on the lonely sea,

To bear thee on th' eternal flight

That makes thy life a mystery?

A weary doom! a weary doom!

For evermore to range!

Never again to fold thy plume

In the peace which knows no change.

There rests on many a human thing  
The shadow of thy fate ;  
In hearts forever wandering,  
Alone and desolate.

They who bear on from land to land  
Some deep and restless grief—  
Some agony, whose withering hand  
Hath crush'd a joy too brief—  
They, who go wandering, wandering yet,  
O'er mount, and plain, and sea,  
Seeking forever to forget,  
They alone rove like thee.

They hurry through the tempest's wrath,  
And know not that it raves ;  
They hurry on the lightning's path,  
And o'er the midnight waves.  
Yet, though the way be drear and dark,  
And weary be the breast,  
The arrow hurries to its mark,  
The worn heart to its rest.

I will not muse on things like these,  
For it is idle now.

Fling back, fling back, Oh ! ocean breeze,  
The dark locks from my brow ;  
So I may watch the whirling flight  
Of the bird of the stormy hour—  
The Petrel—on whose path of light  
Blooms not one earthly flower.

Unresting one, thou'rt fading fast  
From the eyes that gaze on thee ;  
Thy pinion like a dream hath past  
Far o'er the dark blue sea.  
Go, and when far our pennon streams  
Beyond the tropic line,  
Bear to some other heart the dreams  
Which thou hast borne to mine.

“MINE EARTHLY CHILDREN ROUND  
ME BLOOM.”

MINE earthly children round me bloom,  
Lovely alike in smiles or tears ;  
My fairest sleeps within the tomb,  
Through long and silent years.

And earthly ties are round me bound,  
And earthly feelings fondly nurs'd ;  
And yet, the spell is not unwound  
That link'd me to my first, my first.

A fairy thing, with flaxen hair,  
And eyes of blue, and downy cheek ;  
And frolic limbs, and lips that were  
Striving for evermore to speak.

A thing as lovely as the day,  
Fair as the shapes that span the beams ;  
As innocent as flowers of May,  
As frail, as fading, as our dreams !

I see the seals of childhood fade  
Slowly from each young living brow ;  
Yet still, in sunshine, or in shade,  
That infant is an infant now.

Seasons may roll, and manhood's pride  
Each youthful breast with care may fill ,  
And one by one they'll leave my side,  
But she will be my baby still.

And evermore by thee unseen,  
That vision followeth everywhere ;  
When three are gathered on the green,  
Yet I can see another there.

When three around the board are set  
And call on Father, and on Mother  
To mortal eyes but three are met,  
But I, but I can see another.

A cherub child with angel wings,  
Is floating o'er me, fond and free ;  
And still that gladsome infant sings,  
"Grieve not, dear mother, not for me !"

“THE CHILD OF MANY TEARS.”

His very birth with grief was fraught,  
And ominous the day ;  
The angel who the infant brought,  
The mother called away ;  
And still we raised, in doubt and care,  
The boy through rolling years ;  
And called him, in our valley fair,  
“The child of many tears !”

He was a gentle, loving thing,  
Of a soft heart, and true ;  
With love that to our souls did cling,  
And daily, hourly grew ;—  
And his were dark and shaded eyes,  
And lashes soft and fine ;  
A forehead calm as summer skies,  
A childish face divine.



But his was an imperfect mould—  
 Oh! sorrow lone and dim—  
 Those limbs so free, and lithe, and bold,  
 God had not given to him.  
 But bent, and wry, and ill at ease  
 In his dark mournful lot,  
 He seemed like a rich master-piece  
 Half finished, and—forgot.

He grew up in our native vale,  
 Ev'n with the bending flowers ;  
 His boyish cheek was ever pale,  
 As jas'mine of the bowers.  
 And most he loved to lie at length  
 Upon the long soft grass,  
 While visions of a sweeping strength,  
 O'er his deep heart would pass.

His was a keen and subtle soul—  
 And words of power and might,  
 And visions he could not control,  
 Burst evermore to light.  
 The hidden treasures of his thought  
 First calmly flowed along,

Until they swelled, with beauty fraught,  
A river—broad and strong.

He left us—left that lowly home,  
That porch he loved so well :  
We listed, his slow step to come,  
Vainly ; when evening fell.  
We often to each other spake  
Of him, with earnest fears.  
We loved him for his parents' sake,  
That child of many tears.

And many a year rolled slowly on,  
With changes crowded fast ;  
We had not heard of him since our  
Our step he pondered last.  
One eve, a stranger to our door  
Came, covered with the snow ;  
And from his lips we heard once more  
Of him—lov'd long ago.

The highest in the council room,  
The wittiest in the hall ;

The lord of a far distant home,  
Adored, revered of all;  
Wearing upon a youthful brow,  
The power and pride of years.  
With yearnings strange, we name him now,  
That "child of many tears."

## OH! SWEET AND RINGING VOICES.

“The voices of my home ! I hear them still ;

They have been with me through the dreamy day.”

MRS. HEMANS.

OH, sweet and ringing voices ! still, still I hear your tones :  
Ye are in the chime of fountains, in the creaking forest  
moans ;  
Ye are in the dash of waters, in the bird's song, fair and  
free ;  
Ye are in the rocky echo, singing evermore to me.

Oh, sweet and ringing voices ! What do ye tell my heart ?  
Of the pleasant days of childhood, in which care had no  
part ?  
Of the wild and lonely beauty ; of the bower where I played  
With my little blue-eyed sister ; of the valleys where we  
strayed ?

Oh! I must yet remember that ancient well of ours ;  
 We had bound its brim with garlands, made of the freshest  
 flowers.

'Twas sweet to see the bee-bird, come with his rainbow  
 wing

Above that dark lone water, his humming song to sing.

And Oh! the time of winter, when round the hearth by night  
 We sat, glad little children, by the broad red fire light ;  
 Wild and stormy stories, to hear with young amaze ;  
 Oh! sweet and ringing voices, bring back those happy days.

And, sweet and ringing voices, ye are telling of the time  
 When Love called hearts to worship, even as the Sabbath  
 chime.

Oh! blessed were the bright dreams that could not—could  
 not stay ;

But, like the first rejected—through Eden took their way!

I mind the hours of sorrow, that followed up my bliss ;  
 But well I mind the deep joy that makes the light of this.  
 One star left manhood's heaven, like the lost light of yore ;  
 Another came in glory, to dwell for evermore.

Yet, Oh ! sweet and ringing voices, let me, let me hear ye  
still,

At the morn or even ; on the plain or hill.

Though many a dim and dreamy tone into that chorus blends,  
The voices of my earliest years, my best and dearest friends.

And some are darkly parted by the deep resounding sea ;

And some are clothed in splendor, some fallen in agony ;

And some are low and stricken, and some are high and  
blest ;

And some are slumbering deeply, in grass-grown graves at  
rest.

SONG.—‘‘I NEVER KNEW HOW DEAR  
THOU WERT.’’

I NEVER knew how dear thou wert,  
Till I was on the silent sea ;  
And then my lone and musing heart  
Sent back its passionate thoughts to thee.  
When the wind slept on ocean’s breast,  
And the moon smiled above the deep,  
I longed thus o’er thy spirit’s rest  
A vigil like yon moon to keep.

When the gales rose, and, tempest-tost,  
Our struggling ship was sore beset,  
Our topsails rent, our bearing lost,  
And fear in every spirit met—  
Oh ! then, amid the midnight storm,  
Thy memory on my spirit shed ;  
The floating image of thy form  
Made strong my heart, amidst its dread.

Yes ! on the dark and troubled sea,  
I strove my spirit's depths to know,  
And found its deep, deep love for thee,  
Fathomless as the gulfs below.  
The waters bore me on my way ;  
Yet, Oh ! more swift than rushing streams,  
To thee flew back, from day to day,  
My clinging love—my burning dreams.



## THE PASSAGE OF THE SEA.

WE have journeyed far o'er many a land,  
O'er many a sunny plain ;  
And now our steps have left the strand,  
Our path lies o'er the main.

It lies across the waters drear,  
Far o'er the lone blue sea :  
In perfect love there dwells no fear ;  
Then pass the waves with me.

Our vessel, like a large-winged bird,  
Lies on the watery track ;  
The springing breeze her sails hath stirred,  
And streamed her pennon back.

We will have many happy hours  
Upon that silent deep ;  
Our hearts, like long unfaded flowers,  
Shall still earth's freshness keep.

We'll watch the white and leaping spray,  
Hurled from our cleaving prow ;  
And the wild breeze shall kiss away  
The soft locks from each brow.

And when the stars of midnight o'er  
The waves shine gleamingly,  
We'll think of those who dared of yore  
The passage of the sea.

## THE WATCHER.

### A RECORD OF ITALY.

As we stood before her husband's likeness, (taken in early youth,) a mournful voice cried, "He will return!—he will yet return!" (Alas! he had been entombed the quarter of a century.)

SEES'T thou on every wall  
Of this sad, antique hall,  
Hang the dim portraits of the lov'd and lost?  
When e'en from sleep I rise,  
I meet those quiet eyes  
To quell my soul—with feverish passion tost.

And see'st thou this?—Oh trace  
The beauty of that face:  
Doth it not seem too bright for earthly strife?  
Oh yes; no painter's art  
Its glory could impart;  
That cheek—how sunny with the hues of life!

That brow all calm and high ;  
 That dark and radiant eye ;  
 That raven hair, in its rich glossy fold ;  
 That smile, whose radiant beams  
 Were like the rainbow gleams,  
 Lighting a sky that else were dark and cold.

This was the one I loved ;  
 For whom my spirit moved  
 Darkly through life, struggling with feelings deep.  
 Fraught was that love with fear,  
 So wildly was he dear  
 Unto my spirit, taught by him to weep.

Long weary years have flown,  
 Since he hath left me lone ;  
 Since last his shadow on this hall was flung.  
 I murmured no farewell,  
 For, bound as with a spell,  
 Even words of sorrow died upon my tongue.

Darkly they spake, that he  
 Had perished on the sea ;  
 In a lost vessel, that no hand could save !

I laughed in scorn ; I knew  
 Full well the tale untrue—  
 I knew he had not perished on the wave !

And many a long year sped,  
 Shedding above my head  
 Their leaves and blossoms, as they slowly past.  
 Taller my children grew,  
 And then they perished too,  
 And I was left in loneliness at last.

But, (smile not,) to my home  
 I know that he will come ;  
 I know his foot will pace this mouldering floor.  
 Each morning dim and cold,  
 I watch still to behold  
 That tall high form—that glad young step once more.

Before the closing year,  
 Before the leaves are sere,  
 He will come home—mark me !—he will return.  
 I shall once more be glad ;  
 I, so long pale and sad,  
 My cheek shall warm, mine eye shall gleam and burn.

Fast wanes the heavy time ;  
 Past is the summer's prime ;  
 Still doth the lady dream, and watch, and weep.  
 But dim her lip and eye,  
 As if thoughts were rushing by ;  
 Unutterable thoughts ; for tears too deep.

Past is the weary year ;  
 The leaves are dark and sere ;  
 The wind raves wildly round that lonely home.  
 Dimmer and paler grew  
 Her wan cheek's ashen hue ;  
 He, the beloved, the cherished, hath not come !

Pale is her brow, and white ;  
 Her eye no longer bright ;  
 Oh ! faintly cometh forth th' impeded breath.  
 Her anguished spirit lone,  
 Pours forth its sorrow's tone  
 To those who stand around her bed of death.

" They tell me I must die ;  
 Alas ! that I should sigh  
 To leave this dim, and drear, and lonely home :

Yet let me linger on  
 To greet the morrow's sun ;  
 When he, my spirit long hath mourn'd, will come !”

“ Oh ! let me once more gaze  
 Upon that face, whose rays  
 Rested upon me radiant and divine !  
 Oh, God ! ere I am cold,  
 Let me once more behold  
 Him whom I cherished, worshipped, mourn'd, was mine.

“ 'Tis hard, 'tis hard to die  
 Thus, when bright hopes are nigh ;  
 To perish with such dark and heavy woe !  
 When a few short fleet hours  
 Would strew our path with flowers ;  
 Thus, ere I see him, it is hard to go.

“ Oh ! vain these words of mine ;  
 Folly thus to repine ;  
 I feel death creeping on through every limb.  
 Will ye, who stand in dread  
 Around my dying bed,  
 As in mine accents, will ye speak to him ?

“ Tell him how long and vain,  
     Amidst its grief and pain,  
 My spirit hath its lonely vigil kept ;  
     Through long and weary years,  
     Till darkened by its tears,  
 Tell him, at length my broken spirit slept.

“ Tell him I loved him on,  
     Till life’s last pulse was gone ;  
 Tell him I never sought another’s smile.  
     Tell him I ever mourn’d  
     For the lov’d, the unreturn’d ;  
 Fed by hope’s mocking visions all the while.

“ But tell thou not to him,  
     How old, and worn, and dim  
 Was she, he mourneth with wild bitter cries ;  
     For he is young and fair,  
     Even as thou see’st him there,  
 Pictur’d in youth before my dying eyes.

“ Oh ! gasping grows my breath,  
     Beneath the hand of death ;  
 Faint gleam the torches that around me burn ;



Tell him to shed one tear,  
 Above my lowly bier—

“Tell him,—Oh! tell him—when he doth return”—

'Tis past!—on that last breath,  
 So full of hope and faith,  
 Her wearied spirit to its heaven fled!  
 Vain wish to linger yet,  
 Vain was that last regret  
 For *one* long mouldering with the silent dead!

See'st thou yon lowly grave,  
 O'er which the sweet flowers wave,  
 Near which the wild bird builds her leafy nest?  
 There, in that shaded spot,  
 Far from her darkened lot,  
 Far from vain hopes, the watcher is at rest.

“THE WANDERER.”

HAST thou gone forth a wanderer on earth's plain ;  
A desolate wanderer from a home so dear ?  
Deem'st thou thy footstep ere will kiss again  
Its quiet hearth ; or, by that streamlet clear  
Wander to gather flowers, or lightly bound  
Up the broad path, before that cottage door ;  
While to thy laugh, the echoes all around,  
Answer in merry cadence as of yore ?

Thou hast gone forth ; and what hath led thee on ?  
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire for fame,  
When with bright deeds, with glorious treasures won,  
A sounding herald shall announce thy name ;  
When, wheresoe'er falleth the radiant beam  
Of the high sun, thy glory shall be told.  
Such is the measure of thy constant dream,  
Such thine ambition, boundless, uncontroll'd.

Is there no thought of that fair lowly spot,  
 That like a sunbeam may thy lone heart cheer?  
 Amid the cold world, are they all forgot—  
 They, who once made that homestead all too dear?  
 Amid the struggle and the feverish strife  
 Of the cold earth, unto the past, the flown,  
 Turnest thou not oft, as to some better life,  
 As year by year rolls darkly, sadly on?

Thou hast returned, wanderer, unto thy home—  
 Thy sunny home—on which the red sun's beam  
 A golden blessing rests. Still may'st thou roam  
 O'er the blue flowers that girt that silver stream;  
 Still o'er the low roof, bends the tall dark tree;  
 Still clasping vine-leaves round the casement meet;  
 Still is that quiet hearth th' abode of glee,  
 Where household tones yet make an echo sweet.

Wanderer, thou hast returned. What wealth bring'st thou  
 Back to thy home? what—save thy welcoming tears,  
 That bathe the threshold with their ready flow,  
 Thy feet have yearned to press through joyless years?  
 Where is thy dark eye with its glance of scorn,  
 Undimm'd, unshadow'd by a dream of care?

Where is thy lip of smiles—thy cheek of morn—  
 Thy brow o'erhung with wreaths of radiant hair ?

Oh! thou art strangely altered ! and thy face  
 With the deep lines of care and woe all fraught !  
 And even the channel of thy tears we trace,  
 And on thy brow the scathing work of thought !  
 Thou hast grown old in the world's ways, and known  
 How its bright tides can on to darkness flow !  
 Thine eye is dim ; thy voice hath lost its tone ;  
 Thy step o'er childhood's paths is sad and slow !

Thou hast come home to seek a rest and peace,  
 To nestle wearied in thy bower again—  
 Thou hast come home to ask a short release  
 From the world's anguish, and its galling chain.  
 Alas! in vain ; that stern and iron spell  
 From thy dim dreams may never more depart!  
 With peace thy wild sad spirit may not dwell,  
 And fold her dove-like pinions on thy heart !

Too much to fling aside—too much, alas !  
 Love, hope, and joy, for but a gleam of power !  
 A meteor gleam! whose transient glories pass  
 'Neath the cold shadow, like a summer's flower ;

Leaving upon the brow a cloud of care—

A dream of darkness o'er the young heart furl'd—  
Till the bowed head, with all its faded hair,  
Is laid in dust, far from the mocking world.

The world—it is a bright, consuming fire,

Wherein we cast our soul's first-born, our truth ;  
And then the rest—our dreams, love, bright desire,  
Our earnest hopes, our innocence, and youth.  
And then we sicken o'er the sacrifice, and yearn  
O'er the lost treasures of fond memory ;  
And worn in heart, with faltering footsteps, turn  
To our first home ;—there, mid its bowers, to die.

## THE SUN-STRUCK EAGLE.

I SAW an eagle sweep to the sky—  
The Godlike!—seeking his place on high,  
With a strong, and wild, and rapid wing—  
A dark, and yet a dazzling thing ;  
And his arching neck, his bristling crest,  
And the dark plumes quivering upon his breast ;  
And his eye, bent up to each beam of light,  
Like a bright sword flash'd with a sword in fight.

I saw him rise o'er the forest trees ;  
I saw his pinion ride the breeze ;  
Beyond the clouds I watched him tower  
On his path of pride—his flight of power.  
I watched him wheeling, stern and lone,  
Where the keenest ray of the sun was thrown ;  
Soaring, circling—bathed in light :  
Such was that desert eagle's flight.

Suddenly, then, to my straining eye,  
I saw the strong wing slack on high ;  
Failing, falling to earth once more ;  
The dark breast covered with foam and gore ;  
The dark eyes' glory dim with pain ;  
Sick to death with a sun-struck brain !  
Reeling down from that height divine,  
Eagle of heaven ! such fall was thine !

Even so we see the sons of light,  
Up to the day-beam steer their flight ;  
And the wing of genius cleaves the sky,  
As the clouds rush on when the winds are high :  
Then comes the hour of sudden dread—  
Then is the blasting sunlight shed ;  
And *the gifted* fall in their agony,  
Sun-struck eagle ! to die like thee !

## THE DARK ANGEL.

### 1

WHEN the light faileth  
That brightly shone,  
And a low voice wailleth  
O'er days long flown ;  
When the dark shame telleth  
Of faith betrayed,  
And a low grave swelleth  
Where love is laid ;  
Then—in thine agony,  
In thy despair,  
Call on me ! call on me !  
I will be there !

### 2

When the hope departeth  
Of life's young years,



And a wild grief starteth  
     Love's founts of tears ;  
 When one dark eye shines no more  
     On thy lone lot,  
 And to thy vine-clad door  
     One form comes not ;  
 Then—in thine agony,  
     In thy despair,  
 Call on me ! call on me !  
     I will be there !

## 3

When sounds of laughter swell  
     Through thy wild brain,  
 And mocking voices tell  
     That hope is vain ;  
 When haunting phantoms free  
     O'er thy couch wave,  
 And heaven denieth thee  
     Even a grave ;  
 Then—in thine agony,  
     In thy despair,  
 Call on me ! call on me !  
     I will be there !

By thy side floating, lo !  
    With wing outspread,  
Marking the heavy woe  
    Of thy bowed head ;  
Hearing each sob of pain  
    From thy lip wrung ;  
Marking my shadow dark,  
    O'er thy fate flung ;  
Then—in thine agony,  
    In thy despair,  
Call on me ! call on me !  
    I will be there !

THEY TELL ME THERE'S AN  
EASTERN BIRD.

THEY tell me there's an eastern bird,  
That never folds its wing ;  
But onward, onward steers its flight,  
Forever journeying.

What though the gardens bloom below,  
Like rainbows shed in flowers ?  
What though the silvery fountains flow  
By rose and jas'mine bowers ?

What though a myriad songs ascend  
To win the wanderer back ?  
The eyes of flowers, the voice of streams,  
Ne'er woo it from the track.  
Onward, onward, it still must sweep,  
Seeking nor nest, nor mate ;  
A glittering path on high to keep—  
Heaven borne and desolate.

They tell me there's a phantom ship,  
 That never sails to shore ;  
 That nigh the fair and fertile land,  
 Its anchor weighs no more.  
 What though a thousand fields lie green,  
 Before its ghostly crew ?  
 What though the pleasant cots are seen,  
 To mock their yearning view ?

It must not pause ; it may not furl  
 Its sail, that vessel drear ;  
 But onward, o'er the mighty deep,  
 Roveth from year to year.  
 On, through the storm and hurricane,  
 Forever driving fast ;  
 Till gray-beard heads grow young again,  
 That dark ship rides the blast.

They tell me there's a wandering man,  
 Who never hopes to rest ;  
 Bearing within such torturings,  
 God's scourges in his breast.  
 What though his couch be soft by night ?  
 What though his wealth be vast ?

What though he treads the festal light ?  
 That doom is on him cast !

What though the battle's red-hot balls  
 Around him fall in wrath ?  
 What though a thousand swords be drawn  
 Across his drearful path ?  
 Though earthquakes gape beneath his feet ;  
 Though lightning flasheth by ;  
 Till time, and God, and judgment meet,  
 That wanderer cannot die !

And thou art like that spell-bound bird,  
 On, fated thus, to sweep ;  
 And thou art like that spectral ship,  
 That hurries o'er the deep.  
 And thou art like that God-struck man,  
 Forever wandering on ;  
 Thy spirit's doom is weird and wan ;  
 Alone ! alone ! alone !

## THE SONG.

“That piece of song, . . . . .  
That old and antique song we heard last night.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THAT song, that song, of olden time,  
I fain would hear again ;  
The sweeping tone, the measured chime,  
And now the pealing strain ;  
And all those changing harmonies,  
Linked with life's deathless memories.

I would that they were here once more,  
The souls that loved each tone ;  
That made my world so full before,  
That leave it now so lone ;  
I would that they were here to stand  
Breathless beside the minstrel hand.

Oh ! memories are in those chords,  
 Sighs in each dying fall ;  
 And breathings of remembered words,  
 Glimpses of festival ;  
 And all those throngings of the past,  
 That haunt my spirit to the last.

The days—the days of other years  
 Come back arrayed in sound  
 And passionate hopes, and smiles, and tears,  
 And visions richly bound ;  
 And lights, such as alone may shine  
 Above a youth—a love divine.

The light of smiles that sent a gleam  
 Like sunshine o'er our track ;  
 The light of eyes, that, like a dream,  
 Must dreamingly come back ;  
 Return, return no more, ye things  
 That fled, as if on morning's wings !

Sing on ; before me gardens rise,  
 Rich with their scented bowers ;  
 Once more each vanished footstep flies  
 O'er verdant paths of flowers ;

I hear light laughter on the breeze,  
See garlands wreath the beechen trees.

Sing on ;—I see our long lost hearth ;  
The bounding child is there ;  
The maiden with the lip of mirth,  
The sire with silver hair ;  
And love in every aspect flung,  
And tenderness on every tongue.

Peal on ; a sadder strain—(of yore,  
Song ! thou wert never sad !—)  
The glory of our house is o'er,  
Its lov'd no longer glad ;  
And young hopes scattered, as the leaves  
O'er which the autumn tempest grieves.

Yet pour the strain. My heart will burst  
At once, if stays the song :  
It was the first, the very first,  
That did to life belong ;  
And now, like bread cast on the wave,  
Returns, to charm me near the grave.

Thou strain of olden time—alas !  
I would that I could weep ;



Then might these woes in salt tears pass,  
That now lie frozen deep ;—  
Thou, that hast stirred the depths below,  
Bid, bid the prison'd waters flow.

It is a false and fleeting spell :  
Be hushed, thou song of old ;  
Thou bring'st not back the lov'd too well,  
The cherished and the cold :  
Leave me to silence and to gloom ;  
Be still ;—thou murmurest of the tomb !

## THE SOUTH SEA.

SAY, hast thou heard of lands afar,  
Where night is never known ?  
Where the soft light of moon or star  
Cheers not that frigid zone ?

A wild and wondrous tale they tell,  
Those travellers weird and worn,  
Who've sail'd, as in a fearful spell,  
Upon the South Sea lorn.

Within that clime there is no night ;  
Upon that southern sea  
The endless day, with solemn light,  
Reigneth unceasingly.

The billows lift their heads at morn,  
Beneath the golden sun ;  
The breeze a thousand hours hath borne,  
Ere that long day is done.

There, in that broad glare gleaming cold,  
 That gairish glare of day,  
 In walls of marble, stern and bold,  
 The icebergs stretch away.

On, on, as in an awful dream,  
 The stately vessel rides ;  
 Still 'neath the sun's unreal beam—  
 Still by the iceberg's sides.

When by those marble walls and white,  
 The sailor stays his breath ;  
 While falls the cold and ghastly light,  
 As in the halls of death.

While tranquilly the sleeping skies  
 Muse o'er the sleeping deep,  
 With sudden start the tempests rise,  
 And frantic billows sweep.

Never may gentle twilight fold  
 Her pinions o'er their hearts ;  
 The daylight glitters still and cold,  
 As hour by hour departs.

And weary, weary grow the eyes,  
 Doom'd vigils thus to keep ;  
 A weary, weary yearning lies  
 On every heart—for sleep.

For sleep ! for midnight, with its star  
 And its soft sailing moon ;—  
 'Tis midnight—but behold, still there  
 The glaring beams of noon !

Sail on—sail on, and leave the clime  
 Where daylight hath no close ;  
 For God hath an appointed time  
 For the worn heart's repose.

Say, hast thou dwelt within the sphere  
 Where worldly splendours shine ?  
 Where a cold dazzling atmosphere  
 Withereth the soul divine ?

Leave thou those cold and mocking spells—  
 The ceaseless, joyless feast ;  
 A human life within thee dwells—  
 Thy spirit asks for rest.

## THE BUFFALO-HUNTER'S BRIDE.

“ He was a hunter of the hills ;  
Had followed there the deer and wolf.”

BYRON.

THE sun is sinking in the west,  
As weary with his race ;  
But he, my spirit loves the best,  
Yet lingers with the chase.  
It is a gallant thing to see  
His form at morn bound on ;  
But 'tis a mournful thing for me  
At eve to watch alone.

Stranger, his step upon the track  
Is like a prince's tread ;  
Why comes not that fleet footstep back  
To glad my humble shed ?  
His proud eye wears the eagle's look ;  
His cap, the eagle's plume ;—

When late his presence past, it took  
 The sunlight from our room !

A wild and tameless soul he hath ;  
 A fearless heart and free ;  
 His step upon the Indian's path  
 Is told in victory.

He loves to fill the ancient woods  
 With his wild battle shout ;  
 He loves to stem the giant floods  
 When storm and wind are out.

He joys to scour the prairies wide,  
 Upon the bison's trail ;  
 To pierce his dark and shaggy hide  
 With darts that never fail.  
 His is the lion's strength in war,  
 In peace, the lion's rest ;  
 And the eagle hath not flown as far  
 As his fame throughout the west.

I am the mighty Hunter's bride !  
 I, that am weak and frail ;  
 That tremble, even by his side,  
 At every passing gale.

The strong oak whispering to the flower—  
 The eagle to the dove—  
 So seemed it, when those lips of power  
 To me first spake of love.

Unmeet am I to be his bride;  
 Yet I the wastes have trod,  
 With none, in wilds so desolate,  
 Save my husband and my God;  
 But deep love gave me strength and might  
 Who else had died away;  
 And the hope to meet his smile at night  
 Sustained me all the day.

Now my soul darkens with the fall  
 Of evening's gathering shade;  
 My hope! my love! my lord! my all!  
 Oh! why art thou delayed?  
 Is the wild cougar on thy way,  
 Or some disastrous blast?  
 I've dreamed of thee the livelong day—  
 Oh! haste thee home at last.

Thy food is on the glowing hearth,  
 Thy seat and board are spread;

Return—the night-winds chill the earth,  
And fill my soul with dread.  
Oh! love like mine hath lonely dreams,  
And clinging doubts and fears,  
And watchings, till the prairie seems  
Dim to the eyes of tears.

Hark! stranger, hark! the Hunter's bound  
Upon our path I hear;  
The manly tread that o'er the ground  
Falls rapidly and clear.  
Joy cometh with the evening sun,  
Though lone the forest be;  
For, when the daring day is done,  
The Hunter comes to me.



## RETURN .

RETURN ! return ! my spirit pines  
    To see thee yet once more ;  
I sit beneath the shadowing vines,  
    That darken o'er our door ;  
And yearnings strange to see thy face,  
    Brood on my twilight thought,  
Until the very depths of space,  
    Is with thine image fraught.

I see thee yet, my stately love,  
    With those dark flashing eyes,  
With their high arching brows above,  
    Like bows that span the skies.  
I see thee yet, in visions lone,  
    Whose steps are far removed :

Return ! return ! thou only one,  
Who wert my soul's beloved.

Return !—our roof is dark with shade  
Since thou wert 'neath it last ;  
Thy noble presence ever made  
A sunlight, as it past.  
I tread along each dreamy room  
Within our lowly wall ;  
And in the lonely evening gloom  
Still oft upon thee call.

And gazing on the lonely bed  
Where thou wert oft at rest,  
With gushing tears, and drooping head,  
I mourn thee, bright and blest ;  
Remembering still the princely head  
Which there I watched in sleep,  
While tears, upon thy forehead shed,  
Broke not thy slumber deep.

Oh ! yearnings deep my spirit hath,  
To hear those accents fled ;

To hear upon our lowly path,  
Once more, thy lordly tread.  
Return ! return !—my spirit grieves  
To see thee yet once more ;—  
I sit beneath the quivering leaves,  
And weep before our door !

## THE SPIRIT.

“ I lov'd : . . . .

But was not comprehended !”

WHERE the bright rain falleth  
On the night's flower,  
There a sweet voice calleth,  
“ This is mine hour !”

Where the moonbeam flieth  
O'er the lone sea,  
There a sweet voice crieth,  
“ I wait for thee !”

“ Leave the hall's splendour,  
Leave the lute's tone,  
Leave the looks tender,  
And seek thine own !

“ Leave festal voices clear,  
And laughter’s ring ;  
Come ! through the silent air  
Floats my lone wing !

“ Mortal ! thy spirit love  
Lonely I roam,  
Watching thy fate above—  
Mortal ! Oh, come !

“ Ha ! dost thou shrink away  
From my fond call !  
Ha ! dost thou turn away  
To thy gay hall !

“ Farewell, then, mortal cold !  
Ah ! fare thee well !  
I o’er thy fate had rolled  
Many a sweet spell !

“ Fare thee well !—go, rejoice  
In mirth all vain ;  
Yet shall my mournful voice  
Still haunt thy brain !

“ Yet shall my looks divine  
    Floatingly come !  
Where earth’s dim faces shine,  
    To thy lone home !

“ In the bright festal’s mirth  
    Thy soul shall burn ;  
By thy sad weary hearth  
    Aye shalt thou mourn !

“ Darkly and mournfully  
    Shalt thou deplore  
That love, that burns for thee  
    In heaven no more !”

“ I’LL TELL THEE WHERE THEY  
FLOW.”

I’LL tell thee where they flow,  
Those waters murmuring low,  
For which my heart hath such a panting dream :  
In valleys far they rise,  
Unmark’d by human eyes,  
And only worshipp’d by the glad sunbeam.

There the wild glad deer stay,  
And at the close of day  
Mirror their antlers in the silver tide ;  
And there the violets dim  
Bend to the streamlet’s brim,  
And the lone hyacinths hang their bells beside.

’Tis there I fain would dwell,  
In some lone mossy cell,

Where cavern'd echoes their sweet whisperings wake ;  
 Where I shall sit at eve,  
 And spell of beauty weave,  
 And love their brightness for my memory's sake.

Oh ! I shall not be lone—  
 The streamlet with its tone,  
 The faint and sighing boughs above my head,  
*These* shall companions be ;  
 On one all sad like me,  
 How sweet a balm their freshness young will shed !

Deem not, Oh ! friend of mine,  
 That, wrapped in faith divine,  
 My heart shall wander back to earthly throngs.  
 No ! all my soul shall fill,  
 And deep my brain shall thrill,  
 In pulses to the sweep of Heav'n-born songs.

Then let me seek the flow  
 Of waters murmuring low,  
 For which my heart has such a *panting* dream ;  
 And let me to our God,  
 On altars of the sod,  
 Pour prayers beside that half-forgotten stream.



## THE DEATH OF THE MASTER-SPIRIT.

WE have been where the wind of the ocean raves ;  
We have been where the lightnings kiss the waves ;  
We have searched the depths of the ocean gray,  
And breath'd on the shrines where the white pearl lay :  
And we deemed—we deemed in those caverns lone  
Our thoughts were not heard, our dreams not known :  
But there, even there, where the mermaid dwells,  
We heard the sound of thy stirring spells !

We tarried long in the deep dark mines,  
Far down in the earth where the red gold shines,  
And the diamond gives forth a glorious ray,  
Lighting the depths of those vaults like day :  
And we deemed—we deemed in that place so dread  
We were hid away like the nameless dead ;  
But there, even there, came a rushing blast,  
And we heard the sound of thy spells sweep past !

We have floated off, on the clouds of gold,  
 When sunset's glory was far unrolled ;  
 We have walked the mists of the gleaming air,  
 And the beams of light were scarce as fair :  
 We thought, in our flight from mortal view  
 We were shielded away by those heavens blue ;  
 Yet, even on the breast of the purple cloud,  
 We heard the call of thy summons loud.

We have come in haste ; why shrinkest thou,  
 With that ashen mien, and that pallid brow ?  
 We pile before thee, in gorgeous heaps,  
 Things we have wrenched from untrodden deeps ;  
 The treasures of old we have borne to thee.  
 Shrink'st thou from wealth of the land and sea,  
 With that fearful look—that quivering start ?—  
 Fear'st thou the slaves of thine own dark art ?

Thy brow is pallid ! thine eye is dim,  
 And a faintness quivers in every limb !  
 Ha ! is it so—on thy brow we see  
 Shadows ! that are cast from eternity !  
 'Thou, who hast guided the lightning's wing,  
 Art now the slave of the grisly king :

Thou hast sway'd our spirits, with mortal breath  
Yield'st thou, Oh, master!—thyself to death!

DIRGE.

We have come in vain! We have hastened far—  
In vain from the heart of the morning star.  
Brothers! brothers! behold—behold,  
Death on our master's brow is cold!  
We deemed in vain of immortal trust;  
The hand that has bound us is laid in dust;  
We shall live and revel o'er land and main,  
But *no* spells of sound shall we hear again!

## THE BURIAL AT SEA.

HE died, a stranger ; and afar  
    Upon the lone blue sea !  
Oh ! bitterer such partings are  
    Than aught of earth may be.  
His last gaze rested not on flowers,  
    So loved in days of yore ;  
He died, unshaded by the bowers  
    That he might view no more.

The lips of kindred were not by,  
    To shed their sighing breath ;  
No voices of the homestead nigh,  
    To pour their prayers on death.  
But rude, though kindly hands, received  
    His tokens, small and few ;  
And rude, but gallant hearts, were grieved  
    Amid that home-bound crew.

We wrapped him in a broken sail,  
And we burthened heavily  
His footsteps, that they might not fail  
To tread the unfathomed sea !  
We stretched him on a narrow plank  
On that fleet vessel's side ;  
And every heart in silence sank,  
As we looked upon the tide.

The blue waves swell'd—as if they yearned  
That human form to grasp :  
Oh! what have those blue depths returned  
Back from their mighty clasp ?  
We made a solemn funeral prayer,  
Beneath that sun of morn ;  
And, anthem-like, the accents there  
To every ear were borne.

We cast him forth upon the wave !—  
How chill it was to see  
That vast blue sepulchre—his grave—  
Swallow him greedily !  
Then, racer-like, our gallant ship  
Leapt o'er the ocean's crest,

And not one trace was on the deep  
Of that lone place of rest !

But not so passed his memory ;—  
Yet grieve we not for him :  
We mourn for those who watch to-day,  
With glances strained and dim ;—  
The mother by the silent hearth ;  
The wife with mournful brow—  
For these we weep, the lone of earth ;  
'Tis well with him below !

Why is it hard to die at sea ?  
Will not the spirit's wings  
Spread forth o'er the dark waves as free  
As above earth's fair things ?  
And what though angel blessings shed,  
Hallow the churchyard sod ;  
Will not th' obedient sea, its dead  
Yield up to thee, Oh God ?

## MOURNFUL DREAMS!

My soul is full of mournful dreams,  
Of visions sad and lone!  
They float upon the tide of streams,  
Speak in the wild wind's tone.  
They haunt the forest and the vale;  
They murmur in the night;  
And often mournful dreams, and pale,  
Darken the morning's light.

Mournful dreams of sympathies  
That had no echo here;  
Of words that met no fond replies,  
And hopes, for life too dear!  
And retrospects of wrongs that lay  
Like burdens on the heart;  
Thoughts—that I could not speak away,  
And bid in words depart!

Mournful dreams of broken spells,  
     Woven when life was new ;  
 Of souls where darkened falsehood dwells,  
     That once were warm and true ;  
 Of changings and forgetfulness,  
     And young hearts chilled to age ;  
 Of crime and dim *regretfulness*,  
     A dark and blotted page.

Mournful dreams ! mournful dreams !  
     Upon my brain are shed,  
 Of those whose looks are vanished gleams—  
     The young and early dead !  
 Mournful dreams ! of vanished feet,  
     Of voices gone to rest ;  
 Thoughts of forms now cold but sweet,  
     Whose souls are with the blest.

My heart with things like these is full,  
     They may not pass away ;  
 They lend this world, so beautiful,  
     The pale hue of decay !  
 Casting above the crimson rose  
     The shadow of a heart,



That watched a fairer flower unclose,  
A fairer flower depart !

And thus I bear, from land to land,  
Within, a load of woe ;  
What marvel evening's breeze hath fann'd  
Full oft a shadowy brow ?  
Oh ! while across mine inner sight  
This tide of anguish streams,  
My life is but a darken'd night,  
And full of mournful dreams !

SONNET.

TO "THE BEAUTIFUL."

MAKE me a grave where flow'rets wild and sweet  
    Bend o'er the turf; and birds may tempted be  
To stay in heaven their pinions wild and fleet,  
    And on the green earth build their nests by me.  
Make me a grave where streamlets pure and clear  
    Water the green; and by whose gleaming side,  
The graceful boundings of the thirsting deer  
    May for a time be stayed, to taste the tide.  
Make me a grave where skies all blue and fair  
    Spread forth a regal canopy above;  
And slanting sunbeams, or the bright stars there  
    May win to wander by me hearts I love.  
All my life to the beautiful I gave;  
Gather "the beautiful" around my grave!

“IT WAS NO GORGEOUS HALL.”

1

It was no gorgeous hall where erst with thee  
I learnt love's lesson. 'Neath the radiant sky,  
Where the high branches of the greenwood tree  
Chequered the sunlight on our path ; or by  
The waters, rushing in their melody,  
And bearing on their glancing silver tide,  
Bright whirling leaves, freighted with radiancy,  
Where the first sunbeam woke, the last ray died,  
I wandered on, finding joy at thy side.

2

And when in after days, in festive scene,  
I saw thy form in courtly guise arrayed,  
I marvell'd if 'twere he who late had been  
My simple friend when we all lonely strayed ;

And thought I, thou would'st scorn thy woodland maid.  
But Oh! thou still wert true ;—and diamonds shone  
On the same fervent brow o'er which there play'd,  
In former days, the large brown locks alone :  
Though alter'd all around, *thou* still wert loving on.

## SONNET.

ONE word for thee. Oh! hath the past no spell,  
To bind around thy heart its lengthening chain?  
Thou, who hast loved so fondly and so well,  
Will not those memories arise again?  
Will not a passing touch, a tone, or flowers  
Strewn by the wind, back through the vale of years  
Lead thy sad heart? Will not those long past hours  
Claim from thine eyes the tribute of thy tears?  
Doth there not oft, in haunting beauty, rise  
The memory of one sweet, forsaken face;  
As glorious dreams of his lost Paradise  
To the sad angel, fall'n from heaven's grace?  
Though past thy love—though broken be the chain,  
Doth not its influence on thy life remain?

LELIA.

THOU art beside me! with thy gentle tone,  
That low and breeze-like murmur from the past;  
Thou art beside me! thou, the bright, the flown,  
My heart hath caught its cherished one at last.  
I bind thee to my breast! I press thy brow,  
With deep warm kisses of the earnest lip;  
Thou'rt mine! thou'rt mine! Fate dares not steal thee now.  
My love hath vanquish'd all things with its deep,  
Deep, deep devotion, and thou stand'st alone,  
Even here, mine own!

Changes are on thy cheek!—a dimmer hue  
Than erst it wore in its young sunny prime.  
Alas! for all the griefs thy spirit knew;  
They have made deep the foot-prints of sad time,  
As it o'erswept thy forehead. Yet how fair  
Thou art, my love! and yet dost dimly seem

Floating before me, with thy golden hair,  
Fainter, and fainter ! Oh ! 'tis but a dream !  
I wake ! On earth thou'lt live these eyes before,  
Alas !—no more !

## SONNET.

I LOVE thee still ; but not as I adored ;  
Not as my passionate heart once worshipped thee ;  
When my whole being over thine was poured,  
In floods of love, deep as th' unfathom'd sea.  
I love thee still.—But where is now the high  
And tremulous beating of my doting heart,  
Whene'er I clasped thy hand, or met thine eye,  
Or heard thy footsteps from my home depart ?  
These are all gone. A deep and quiet stream  
Is now my love, that through each year and day  
Runs calmly on ;—a sweet and pleasant dream,  
For thee to live—for thee alone to pray.  
Then deem not chilled the heart that worships less :  
My soul is melted into tenderness.



“WHEN LONE THY SAD HEART  
DREAMETH.”

WHEN lone thy sad heart dreameth,

And thought is free ;

When lone thy spirit seemeth,

Think upon me.

Think, in those visions tender,

Unshared and lone,

Of the past years of splendour

We two have known.

Think of the time of roses,

Once all so fair ;

Summer new buds discloses,

But none so rare.

Then I was ever roving

Through those dear bowers ;

Then thou wert pure and loving,

In those past hours.

In such memories, aye returning,  
    Seek to forget ;  
Long, long, cold years of mourning  
    Since we have met.  
Still believe the light of summer  
    Shines on thy brow ;  
Still believe thou heard'st the murmur  
    Of love's young vow.

Thus, when thy sad heart dreameth,  
    And thought is free—  
When lone thy spirit seemeth,  
    Think upon me.  
And let those visions tender,  
    Unshar'd and lone,  
Bring back the days of splendour  
    We two have known.

THINK NOT FORGETFULNESS IS  
MINE.

THINK not forgetfulness is mine,  
    Though silent be the tongue,  
Which late before a lighted shrine  
    Its burning worship flung.  
Think not the spell hath passed away  
    That bound my soul to thee,  
Oh, early love ! whose gentle ray  
    Was a world's witchery.

To me thy memory comes back,  
    When dreams are on my brain !  
And oft thy low and sighing voice  
    Rings on mine ear again !  
A requiem low of hope and truth,  
    Its dirge-like accents swell ;  
Alas ! thou shining star of youth,  
    I loved thee all too well.

Earth's plains have sunny garlands yet,  
That springing hearts may weave ;  
But the sad soul where reigns regret,  
Those blooms untouch'd will leave.  
There is no beauty in the wreath  
Whose rarest flower lies dead ;  
There is no joy in life and breath,  
When truth and hope have fled.

Oh Love ! the early and the lost,  
Why should I dream of thee ?  
Why should my soul, with memories tost,  
Swell, as a troubled sea ?  
Why should one form my brain pursue—  
One dream be on my heart ?  
All mem'ries that my spirit knew,  
Should with thy love depart.

## I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I WALK in dreams of poetry !  
They compass me around !  
I hear a low and startling voice,  
In every passing sound !  
I meet in every gleaming star,  
On which at eve I gaze,  
A deep and glorious eye, to fill  
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry !  
The very air I breathe,  
Is fraught with visions wild and free,  
That round my spirit breathe !  
A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,  
A low and whisper'd tone !  
These have a language to my brain ;  
A language deep and lone !

I walk in dreams of poetry !  
     And in my spirit bow  
 Unto a lone and distant shrine,  
     That none around me know !  
 From every heath and hill I bring  
     A garland, rich and rare,  
 Of flowery thought, and murmuring sigh,  
     To wreath mine altar fair !

I walk in dreams of poetry !  
     Strange spells are on me shed ;  
 I have a world within my soul,  
     Where other steps may n't tread !  
 A deep and wide-spread universe,  
     Where spirit-sound and sight  
 Mine inward vision ever greet,  
     With fair and radiant light !

My footsteps tread the earth below,  
     While soars my soul to heaven :  
 Small is my portion here,—yet there,  
     Bright realms to me are given.  
 I clasp my kindred's greeting hands ;  
     Walk calmly by their side !

And yet I feel between us stands  
A barrier, deep and wide!

I watch their deep and household joy,  
Around the evening hearth;  
When the children stand beside each knee,  
With laugh and shout of mirth.  
But, Oh! I feel unto my soul  
A deeper joy is brought,  
To rush with eagle wings and strong,  
Up! in a heaven of thought!

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,  
When, with their spirits tost,  
I hear them wail, with bitter cries,  
Their earthly prospects cross'd;  
I feel that I have sorrows wild  
In my heart buried deep!  
Immortal griefs! that none may share  
With me, no eyes can weep!

And strange it is! I cannot say  
If it is woe or weal,  
That thus unto my heart can flow  
Fountains so few may feel!

The gift that can my spirit raise  
The cold dark earth above,  
Has flung a bar between my soul  
And many a heart I love!

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry!  
And would not change that path,  
Though on it from a darkened sky  
Were poured a tempest's wrath.  
Its flowers are mine—its deathless blooms;  
I know not yet the thorn;  
I dream not of the evening glooms,  
In this, my radiant morn!

Oh! still in dreams of poetry  
Let me forever tread!  
With earth a temple, where divine,  
Bright oracles are shed!  
They soften down the earthly ills  
From which they cannot save!  
They make a romance of our life;  
They glorify the grave!



WE BORE THEE TO THY GRAVE.

We bore thee to thy grave,  
    'Neath the brightly beaming sun ;  
We bore thee slowly to thy grave,  
    Oh ! ever cherished one.  
Thou ! whose step so late was light,  
    Whose voice was bold and free ;  
Closed is that eye so bright ;  
    Hush'd is that voice of glee !

We bore thee forth in woe,  
    Forth from thy father's hall ;  
To a mansion drear and low  
    We bore thee, loved of all.

O'er the plain, and valley wide,  
    O'er the wooded height and hill ;  
Not in thy youthful pride,  
    But motionless and still,

We bore thee to thy grave,  
 By the glad and rushing streams,  
 Where, on the glancing wave,  
 The golden sunlight gleams.

We bore thee to thy grave,  
 'Midst the ever-blowing flowers ;  
 Oh ! brightly do they wave  
 In thine own native bowers ;—  
 White, white shall fall each blossom  
 Upon thy slumbering head ;  
 And lightly o'er thy bosom  
 The feet of friends shall tread.

We bore thee to thy grave !  
 There, in the tall trees' shade,  
 Where the lone cypress wave,  
 The cherished one we laid !

No more, Oh ! never more  
 Shall thy glad step be heard,  
 That hath, in days of yore,  
 A mother's deep heart stirred.  
 No more, Oh ! never more  
 Around the household hearth,

When the weary day is o'er,  
Shall thy voice sound in mirth.

And we, that fondly roved  
With thee, o'er hill and plain ;  
We, to whose hearts the loved  
Will never come again ;  
We, that with blessings rare,  
Thy path of life might pave,  
With tears and lone despair  
We bore thee to thy grave !

Woe ! for the love of years,  
That with thee, boy, hath fled ;  
Woe ! for thy mother's tears,  
In their desolation shed :  
Yet a brighter lot is thine,  
Than earth to us hath given :  
Why should we thus repine  
For thee ?—thou art in heaven !

## D A R K N E S S .

### A L E G E N D .

DARKNESS has fallen o'er the streets,

A darkness stern and lone ;

On the glad brightness of the day

The veil of midnight thrown ;

The crowded mart, the lofty hall,

The palace and the bower ;

A sudden darkness fell on all,

In one strange, fearful hour.

Men look'd, and marvell'd, and a cry

Of horror and dismay

Ran through the crowd when fled the light,

The gleaming light of day !

They could not see the friend who stands,

With a pale forehead near ;

They could not see their own clench'd hands,

Stretch'd wildly forth in fear !

The rolling chariot wheels were stay'd;  
 Trembling the coursers stood;  
 The barks that sail'd all fast and free,  
 Now drifted on the flood!  
 Darkness was on the city fair,  
 And darkness on the tide!  
 And wildly then arose the prayer!  
 For light! for light! they cried!

And children's voices took the tone  
 Of other, sadder years!  
 And woman's loud lament was heard,  
 Amidst her heavy tears!  
 And men knelt down amid the gloom,  
 The reckless, bold, and free;  
 And thought upon a darkened tomb,  
 Where late was light and glee.

The gloom is o'er;—the moment's shade,  
 That strangely thus was cast,  
 Hath, like a dream, a vision dark,  
 From that proud city past.  
 Again, the chariots roll along,  
 The merchant's voice is heard;

Again, the wild and busy throng  
With hopes and fears are stirred.

That sudden darkness hath become  
The marvel of a day ;  
And all forget the tears they shed,  
The prayers they learned to pray.  
Thus, do our sorrows pass like dreams,  
We stifle our regret ;  
And while we bask in fortune's beams,  
Our chastening woes forget.

THOUGH CHANGED THY HEART  
AND COLD.

THOUGH changed thy heart and cold,  
Once more I would behold  
The face I loved so well in other years !  
To gaze for a short while  
Upon that radiant smile,  
That once could chase away my gloom and tears.

The spell has long been o'er ;  
I love thee now no more ;  
And yet thine influence is upon me still.  
Darkly o'er me are cast  
Those visions of the past ;  
And they are with me, wander where I will.

I hear the low sweet tone  
Of thy voice in the faint moan

Of the night-wind sweeping my casement by ;  
 Thy smile of sunny light  
 Rests on me day and night ;  
 And mid the quiet stars I meet thine eye.

Shrouded in memory's veil,  
 In its high beauty pale,  
 Thy face gleams ever on me from the wall ;  
 No picture there of thine ;  
 But in my deep heart's shrine  
 There rests a power thy features to recall !

And when alone I lay,  
 With a heart that cannot pray,  
 For its dim feverish memories of past years !  
 If e'er I close my eyes,  
 Dreams, 'wilderings' dreams arise,  
 Of love, whose flame has long been quenched in tears.

I feel this cannot be,  
 I must once more be free ;—  
 I must cast off the heavy bond that now,  
 As a strong iron chain,



Upon my heart and brain,  
Linketh my spirit to the earth below.

Since we were doomed to part,  
They say, that changed thou art.  
Oh! can they speak of change for one like thee?  
Is that brow pale and worn,  
Where once there sat such scorn?  
Is that step fettered? once so glad and free!

Could I behold thee light,  
And gay, and wild, and bright,  
While well thou knewest my spirit's agony;  
In my deep mournful pride,  
Then could I cast aside,  
Forever, all thine influence, and be free!

But, loved of other days!  
I dread on thee to gaze—  
To find thee changed and altered, when we meet.  
In sorrow, for thy sake,  
Mine anguished heart would break,  
And I would perish at thy very feet!

Our hearts are like an urn,  
Where deep rich odours burn ;—  
From that consuming fire, incense ascends to heav'n.  
If we have erred and strayed,  
Have we not wept and prayed ?  
Shall not those earthly errors be forgiven ?

“THINE IMAGE HAUNTS ME.”

THINE image haunts me! In the purple sky,  
When the last cloud of even soft floateth by,  
    Slow shines thy smile;  
Or, when the night-winds whisper to mine ear  
Lone forest requiems for lost leaves, I hear  
    Thy voice the while!

Thine image haunts me! Through the dream-clad day,  
When silent in the sunshine bowers I stay,  
    My brow 'mid roses lain;  
There comes a vision of thy beauty still,  
My love, and secret heart—to sweep, to thrill  
    With memories vain!

Upon the glorious book of song I see  
Ever thy thought's reflected witchery;  
    And if some sunlight gleam  
Comes, moistened with the dashing rainbow spray  
Of some lone fountain in the wild away,  
    Of thee I dream!

Of thee, but of thee!—thou, that art so fair,  
With thy white brow, thy dark and clustering hair ;  
                  Those eyes, those eyes of light.  
I tremble, fainting, when the hour draws near,  
When thy lov'd steps shall bring thy beauty clear  
                  Upon my sight !

Thine image haunts me, love ! my dreaming brain  
Hath thoughts whose deep intensity are pain,  
                  And troubled joy below.  
This is our earthly portion : and we love  
As they in Heaven. Lone angels far above  
                  Echo our vow !

“IF I MUST LEAVE THEE.”

If I must leave thee, give me back again

The glad, light step, with which I sought thy bower ;  
The eagle spirit, yet unwarped by pain,

That scoff'd with ready laughter at thy power :  
How falsely measured !—Give me back the eyes  
That gazed all gladly on the Eden world,  
When with fond hopes, and with strong energies,  
A flag of glory seem'd to me unfurl'd.

If I must leave thee, give me back the dreams,

The wild free dreams, that rush'd without control  
O'er my young spirit, in their whelming streams,  
Ere yet a deeper power had bound my soul  
In chains of sorrow ! Give me back the heart,

The young glad heart, that once I gave to thee :  
A thing all sunshine ;—let me then depart,  
Even as I sought thee, yet alone and free.

If I must leave thee, give me back the love,  
Whose precious vial on thy head was pour'd ;  
Give back my holy peace—that snow-white dove—  
Unto my bosom let it be restored.  
Send me not forth, a wild and wretched thing,  
To brook the idle taunting of men's scorn ;  
A desert eagle, with a broken wing—  
A captive, mark'd with fetters darkly worn.

Give all I ask thee ! Give me back all these,  
And gladly, lady, then will I depart.  
Oh ! not with these wild bitter memories  
Writhing like serpents round my broken heart !  
But if thou keep'st them—if thou wilt retain  
All that made life once beautiful and high—  
With my lost treasures I must still remain ;  
Here must I perish ;—even at thy feet I die !

## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

“I and my Father are one.”

ST. JOHN.

HEAR ye the sound of the wild rushing ocean ?  
See ye the billows on their path of foam ?  
Feel ye the tossing ship in dark commotion ?—  
Drear is the night, and distant is our home.

Look on the sheeted lightning sternly flashing,  
To show th' abyss where soon our graves may be ;  
List to the thunder's dreadful, dreadful crashing,—  
Oh ! we shall perish on the lone dark sea !

Arouse yon sleeper, calm and coldly lying  
On his rude, wave-rock'd pillow, on our deck ;  
Tell him that death upon the wind is flying—  
Tell him our gallant vessel floats a wreck !

Prophet or seer ! Oh ! still this wild commotion ;

Oh ! bow these stubborn billows to thy will.

He rose—he gazed upon the troubled ocean—

On the dark sky—he murmured, “ Peace ! be still ! ”

Silent, as falls the infant to its slumber—

Swiftly, as flies the winged dart of day,

So fled the storm—so died the awful thunder,

Before the mandate of its God, away !

Then down before him, with their souls deep fearing,

Fell the rude crew, with their deep worship prone :

Jesus ! Salvator ! whom the seas, obeying,

Crouch down to stillness : Thou art God alone !



“ N O M O R E . ”

No more ! no more ! on earth !  
By home, or hall, or hearth,  
Shall our young footsteps bound, to meet as yore ;  
On the dark ocean tide,  
Or where the blue streams glide,  
Shall our glad voices blend, Oh ! never more !

The flowers may come and go,  
The winds may murmur low,  
The ever-varying seasons keep their change ;  
The moon may rise and wane,  
Stars shine each night again,  
But we, Oh ! we, no more will 'neath them range.

And when I think on this,  
Remembering all our bliss,

That time, or tide, or tears may not restore,  
 My heart feels faint and low ;  
 Wild prayers are breath'd to go :  
 Desolate is the life thou'lt share no more !

Strengthen me, ye beloved !  
 Let your pale shades be moved  
 By the deep sorrows of mine aching heart !  
 Look on me from on high ;  
 Aid me, when prone I lie,  
 Praying of God the signal to depart.

And if still, still on earth,  
 By home, or hall, or hearth,  
 I long am doom'd my burthen thus to bear,  
 Oh ! shed a softness o'er  
 Those words, " on earth no more !"   
 Whisper, " in Heaven we'll meet," to my despair.

## MY FIRST LOVE.

My first love ! my first love ! my spirit turns to thee,  
And clad in hues of splendour comes back thy memory ;  
It cometh, as a haunting dream to the traveller in the  
waste,  
Of the lone and gushing waters he never more may taste.

It cometh as a mournful and half-forgotten strain—  
A native anthem, that we hear in strange lands again ;  
And tears I fain would conquer rush fast without control,  
As, like whisperings on the lyre-chords, thy memory sweeps  
my soul.

My first love ! my first love ! the weary hall is lone—  
The lamps are fading darkly, and the revellers are gone.  
Faded wreaths are on the hearth ;—and on my heart are  
flung  
Faded dreams of joyousness, that bloom'd when I was  
young.

My first love ! mine idol ! 'tis meet in such a scene  
 I should sit me down to ponder on all that once hath  
     been !

On hopes that never waken'd midst revelry or feast—  
 On faith the world ne'er fashion'd, borne in one fervent  
     breast.

And thoughts of moonlight gardens, and one sad sighing  
     bower ;

And thoughts of one bright parlour, come o'er me in this  
     hour ;

And of one sweet and sainted girl, with such a lip and  
     brow ;—

The first of bursting crimson—the last of radiant snow.

Flower of life's early Eden ! 'ere yet the serpent's guile  
 Had made of me a scoffer at woman's trusting smile ;  
 'Ere yet the word of terror—of all avenging wrath,  
 Was drawn by a stern conscience across my desert path.

Flower of life's early Eden ! 'ere that Eden was no more,  
 How wildly did I worship—yet tremble to adore.  
 'Tis written deep within, and dark the page whereon I look :  
 My first love ! my first love ! I gazed and I forsook !

I left thee to the shadow and the gloom of thy deep lot ;  
I left thee to the canker of the worm that dieth not.  
In the self-same home I left thee, where I met thee pure  
and fair ;  
But I left a deep remembrance to clothe it with despair !

My first love ! my first love ! they call me light and vain ;  
They say no spell can bind me, of sorrowing or pain :  
They say that fashion's votary hath not a tear to shed :  
Oh ! I could weep in anguish above thy radiant head.

My first love ! thine innocence, thine agony, mine art,  
Are bitterly avenged, in this my tortured heart.  
There are hours like this, whose anguish, whose mastering  
agony,  
From a dark shrine rise like incense—my first fair love, to  
thee !

## THE STATESMAN.

“ Whose name in after years  
A nation was to worship.”

L. E. LANDON.

SHE was his first love ;—need I say his last ?  
In that profound and unforgetting heart  
Love held but one deep fountain spring, and that  
Was quenched and sealed forever. When she died  
She perished in the spring-time of her youth,  
In her first dawn of beauty. In her bright  
And early dream of truth, and hope, and love,  
She perished. And the melancholy shade  
Deepened upon his high and chiselled brow,  
Into a settled gloom ; and the faint smile  
Which held an abiding place upon his lip,  
Faded and vanished !

There was little change  
Save in these tokens. Manhood hath few words

For its stern anguish ; and yet fewer tears.

She was the only being he had loved.

His friends were dead or distant ; and his fine

And sensitive nature, had but sought for one,

Gentle as she, to share its intercourse.

He found her, loved, and lost her !

He went forth

Unto the crowded cities of the great ;

But not to seek forgetfulness. Oh no !

Her memory was to him a precious thing ;

A light unto the dim waste of his soul,

A fountain in the desert.

He went forth

In quest of the crush'd spirit's latent hope ;

Fame—that stern idol of the lofty ;—fame,

Unto the soul what love is to the heart.

He sought it, and he gained it ;—he arose,

Above all wealth, all title ;—he was shrined

Within his country's spirit. Men looked on

And marvelled at his sweeping eloquence,

Resistless as the torrent—at his deeds,

Marked with the vigour of his youth ; and yet

Full of the care and equity of age ;

For he was old in heart, though young in years ;

Which gave this mingled power unto his mind.  
There were around him some more beautiful  
Than she of his first passion ; but his heart  
Was closed against them. Unto few was known  
The story of his blighted hopes. His lips  
Had never breathed that tale to mortal ear ;  
But sometimes, when he saw a passing trace  
Of likeness to the being he had loved  
O'erspread some sunny countenance, or caught  
A semblance in the music of a voice ;  
Or any thing, however vague and slight ;  
There was a momentary quivering on  
The fine and thoughtful lip—and a slight change,  
An even sterner paleness on the cheek,  
Pale though it ever was, and this was all !  
Yet every change, almost too fine for thought,  
That passed across those noble lineaments,  
Sank bitterly on one observing heart :  
The keen deep-seeing eye of woman read  
The secret of his soul ; and all too late  
Felt that her everlasting hope was flung  
On one who could not prize it.

She had seen  
Those proud lips move in startling energy ;



Had caught the lightning of his mighty soul,  
And met by chance those dark and speaking eyes,  
Whose slightest glance was graven on her heart.  
Oh, she was beautiful ! and rank was placed  
Upon her forehead, as the seal of Cain,  
Never to be mistaken ; and her soul  
Was the abode of genius and of love ;  
Speaking most visibly within her eyes.  
There were idolaters who knelt in prayer,  
Before her haughty shrine. Rank, wealth, and fame,  
Were flung beneath her very feet, like dust ;  
And yet she loved in vain.

The summer glow,  
And sunlight of his glory faded not,  
As fonder hopes had done. His bright career  
Passed down the dark and rapid stream of life,  
To outward eyes like some bright fairy bark,  
Bearing no sadder freight than fruits and flowers ;  
But a cold silent serpent coiled within,  
And gradually the bitter seeds of death  
Spread to his wearing and exhausted frame.  
He died ! His voice was heard no more within  
The councils of his country ; and her tears  
Were shed on her young promise. He went down

Unto the cold grave, as a patriot should,  
 A glorious record on the page of fame.  
 He died! And she who had so loved him, gave  
 Her hand to one with whom her heart was not;  
 And grief consumed her spirit, and she waned  
 And faded like a dying lamp. Her bloom,  
 Which had been like the first red rose of June,  
 Utterly vanish'd. Day by day she droop'd,  
 Till she too perish'd!

O'er the silent graves  
 Of those two beings, there are stately tombs  
 Of marble splendour; and their names are graved  
 In all the pomp of heraldry and fame.  
 A bright and glaring history of each,  
 Recording all their happiness and pride,  
 Is chiselled there!

Yet were the truth proclaim'd,  
 How stern the lesson the cold sepulchre  
 Would breathe from its wan lips!  
 Of fame's despair,  
 Of the sad nothingness of pride and rank;  
 Of beauty and of love, where hope is dead!

## CHRISTINA .

HER sorrow was not of that passionate kind,  
Which leaves the print of death where it hath trod ;  
But, with a patient mournfulness of mind,  
She dwelt apart, communing with her God.  
She had no heart for earth's delights ; no pride,  
Born of false feelings, nurtured by false fears ;  
The agony she bore was not defied ;  
And if she struggled with her blinding tears,  
And calm'd her voice to something like the tone  
Of cheerfulness it used to wear ; and strove  
To call back those faint smiles, that once had shone  
On her pale lips, a signet from above ;  
It was not that the world might think her gay,  
When grief and darkness rested on her soul ;  
But that her Maker might not turn away,  
From one whose woe refused his mild control.

She knew there yet were paths in life for her,  
Which she might tread in lowliness of heart ;  
Apart from the wild pulse, the feverish stir  
Of crowds, from which she sicken'd to depart.  
And she went forth, even by her anguish led,  
To dwell with God ; to hold her watch and prayer,  
When others slept ; or by the desolate bed  
Of those forsaken, in their last despair.  
Yet there were times, when ev'n her righteous heart  
Would struggle back to earthly memories ;  
And worldly dreams, refusing to depart,  
Would cross, in startling truth, her closed eyes,  
Which strove to shut their haunting presence out,  
Even with the light of heaven ; but Oh ! how vain  
Was that sick effort of despair, and doubt !  
Those visions were within, that wrung her brain.

There were dark times of anguish, that would come  
Suddenly o'er her spirit, when she prayed,  
Kneeling and tearful, in some dying room ;  
Where the dim sunlight struggled with the shade  
In the wide chamber. Where young earnest eyes  
Dwelt in deep thought upon the book of prayer,

In the hush'd temple of God's mysteries,  
 • Those feverish dreams would haunt her even there.  
 Then might you see the paleness of her cheek  
     Blanch to an ashen hue ; and her clear lips  
 Compress'd, as if the thoughts they fain would speak  
     Might perish ere they passed her soul's eclipse !  
 And her small, wan, and half transparent hands,  
     Clench with a sudden pang ; then, fall apart,  
 With quivering veins, as if the mighty bands  
     That hold to life, were bursting in her heart !  
 She had a beauteous face ! large shadow'd eyes,  
     Blue, and most holy ; lips of sculptur'd grace ;  
 And that straight profile, which, when paleness lies  
     Like a white shadow cast upon the face,  
 Lends it such sculptured perfectness. A brow,  
     Through which blue veins glanced darkly here and there ;  
 And chesnut hair laid glossily below  
     The band of widowhood she used to wear.  
 It was a mournful symbol of her heart,  
     Which had no stay on earth, save heavenly trust ;  
 Which one by one had seen its dreams depart,  
     Its visions fade ; its altars dash'd to dust ;  
 And now lay cold and ruin'd, yet she mourn'd  
     Above no grave. Our sorrow for the dead

Is never hidden ; never mock'd, or scorn'd ;

But when affection's blighted, deep hopes fled,  
Make up our dream of bitterness ; the world

Turns its cold sneers, its harsh, unpitying eyes,  
In very mockery on our offerings, hurl'd

From their prostrated shrines—like *Cain's* rejected sacrifice.

Her sorrow was of these ! Deep suffering

On her pale brow had left so clear a trace,  
That even a child, gathering its flowers in spring,

Hath bent a tearful look upon her face,  
As with her faint, slow step, and drooping head,

She passed along the woodlands to that scene,  
Where the first violets their fragrance shed ;

Where the old oak trees wore the earliest green,  
And the moss crept in love, around the brim

Of that old fountain, ruin'd but not dim.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darkly the dusk closed round her, yet she pored,

Still by her casement, o'er the book that lay  
Before her eyes—the missal of the Lord ;

And sometimes she would pause to weep and pray,

Or ponder on each dread and holy line,  
Where breathes a love and majesty divine !

A sudden shadow—darker, more defined  
Than the soft fading of departing day,  
Obscured the holy page, where dwelt enshrined  
Those mandates that she struggled to obey ;  
Of self-forgetfulness, and holy faith ;  
Patience in life, and solemn trust in death.

“ Christina ! ”—’twas a low and broken word,  
Most faintly spoken, and more faintly heard ;  
Yet she looked up, with a wild beating heart ;  
And there, before her, in the dying light,  
Even as he looked when last they met, to part  
On that most bitter and eventful night,  
*He* stood ! the loved—the faithless ! With a cry,  
Wild in its fearfulness and agony,  
She started up—then mutely stood awhile,  
Gazing upon him, with her pale hands press’d  
Upon her brow ; and a faint ghastly smile  
Wreathing her lip, of agony suppress’d !  
Then suddenly she cried, “ Away !—away !  
Thou *shalt* not tear me from my God again !  
My soul hath thrown aside thine evil sway—  
Why com’st thou back to wring my tortured brain,

With thy dark presence ? There ! the book is there,  
That shall defy thee. Saviour ! hear my prayer !”

With a wild energy, she knelt before  
The book of God, and clasped it to her breast ;  
And with white, writhing lips, and eyes that wore  
A flashing lustre, silent prayers address'd  
Unto the God she worshipp'd—while apart,  
Stood that dark man, with a sick aching heart ;  
Yet still he spake again :

“ Oh ! spurn me not,  
Christina ! Is the love of vanish'd years  
Indeed rejected, trampled on, forgot ?  
I bring it back to thee, embalm'd in tears !  
For I have suffer'd anguish since we met,  
That language hath no power to speak. My life  
Hath been a dream of dark and wild regret ;  
Hopelessness, bitter and abiding strife.  
I come before thee thus, mine injured wife ;  
I who forsook thee in my radiant morn,  
With words of harshness, and with looks of gloom,  
Now come to meet thy mercy, or thy scorn ;  
And from thy hallowed lips to hear my doom.



Oh ! spurn me not ! Of all my lofty race  
 I am the very last—alone on earth !  
 There is not now, save thine, one living face  
 I care to look upon in joy or dearth.  
 They died ! they died ! They who begirt my hearth  
 With their bright looks of beauty and of mirth.

Nay, hear me. Strive not, with that sudden wave  
 Of thy pale hands, to drive me from thy sight ;  
 But in the name of one who died to save,  
 Forgive the dark betrayer of thy sight,  
 And let me to the darkness of the grave  
 Bear the forgiveness that alone I crave.”

She did not speak to him ; she did not rise,  
 Nor from her arms the holy book unfold ;  
 But with her blue, and large, and earnest eyes,  
 She gazed upon him till his blood waxed cold ;  
 And only the faint quivering of her face,  
 Told that she was not of a marble race:  
 Paler than marble—paler even than death,  
 She looked in that last dying light of eve ;  
 And oft she strove to speak, and oft her breath  
 Refused to pass the words her lips would weave ;

And when at last her words found utterance,  
Her voice was faint and broken.

I had dream'd,

That in a holy and unbroken trance  
My days might pass—by sin, by thee undimm'd ;  
And that thy guilty and repentant feet  
Might ne'er have traced me to this lone retreat.

Must it be thus ? Must dreams of earth be driven  
Across the spirit given to God and tears ?  
I who have wildly prayed, and sternly striven  
To cast out all those haunting thoughts of years ?—  
I who have flung my misery and my youth,  
Alike before th' eternal shrine of truth—

Must I then turn at last to worldly things,  
Even though I deemed my struggle here was o'er,  
And that my soul might spread her peaceful wings,  
To find a welcome where men weep no more ?  
Oh, bitter thought ! Between my soul and heaven  
In death thou comest, yet thou art forgiven !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

## FORESTS AND CAVERNS.

I HAVE stood in forests, so old and vast,  
They seemed a part of those ages past,  
When the Eden freshness and youth of earth  
Gave to her children a giant birth.

I have looked far up from the forest floor,  
To the height of the oak, and the sycamore ;  
To the dark green maple, and graceful elm,  
Monarchs all of that quiet realm—  
Up through those branches far and dim,  
To the dome, where many a giant limb,  
Braced by the twisting and snake-like vine,  
Shuts out the rains and the fair sunshine.

Gray leaden shadows forever brood  
At the feet of that silent multitude ;  
And through the distant and dim arcades  
The silent deer glance by like shades ;

And sometimes the shout of the watching owl,  
 Or the wolf abroad in his midnight prowl,  
 Or the panther's cry o'er his feast of blood,  
 Startle the depths of the solitude.

But there are sounds of a wilder hour,  
 When the tempest weareth his robe of power !  
 When the rushing wind, with his battle shout,  
 And the storm and the driving rain are out !  
 Often the bolts of lightning fall,  
 Striking a king in his palace hall,  
 Scathing those branches whose lofty pride  
 Have the wrath of a thousand years defied,  
 And leaving a blacken'd and lonely stem,  
 Where once was a verdant diadem.

I have stood in caverns, where never came  
 A ray of light, save the torches' flame,  
 As they gleamed on the walls with their glittering  
     spars,  
 And the arching roof with its mimic stars,  
 Yet leaving still a spell of gloom  
 Within each lofty and dreamlike room.  
 I have journey'd onwards, for darken'd miles,  
 Through slippery passways and narrow aisles ;

And have heard the splash on the sullen stone,  
Of the drops of damp, falling, one by one,  
Down from the roof and the slimy walls  
Of those deserted and mystic halls.

I have seen the bones that the sweeping waves  
Flung in those caverns—eternal graves ;  
When the flood was loosed o'er the destined earth,  
And the arc lay lone on a sea of dearth.  
I have looked with wondering and awe-struck eyes  
On the wrecks of departed centuries ;  
On giant limbs, which in memory seem  
Disordered parts of a ghastly dream.  
Ay ! there they lie, in those chambers wan !  
Creatures whose memory hath passed from man ;  
Whose very place in the chain of earth,  
Hath been filled up by a newer birth.

“ If parted in this world of strife,  
They sin who tell us love can die.”

SOUTHEY.

IF parted in this world of strife,  
Our paths of brief existence lie,  
Oh, let us trust immortal life  
Shall seal our union in the sky.  
I may not dream what joys await  
The blessed at their Father's feet ;  
Beyond the tomb's mysterious gate,  
I only feel, we there shall meet.

Before I knew thee, cold and dim  
Were all my dreams of that far shore ;  
My very hope and trust in him,  
Who lit my soul, were faint of yore :  
But now my yearnings all are there,  
Afar, above, away from earth ;  
Where angel brows defy despair,  
And love hath an immortal birth !

Yet, our imperishable love

Hath been a lesson most divine,  
To lift my wandering hopes above

This dim and groping lot of mine.

I know that lone and quenchless spark,

Which with a thousand ills hath striven,  
And lived where tempests hovered dark,  
Shall be our star of bliss in heaven !

I SHALL NOT SEE AGAIN A BROW.

I SHALL not see again a brow  
So pure and proud as thine ;  
It seem'd an altar form'd of snow,  
For thoughts and dreams divine.  
I shall not meet again an eye  
So eloquent and bright ;  
The stars that gem the evening sky  
Alone recall its light.

I ne'er again a voice may hear  
Of such a witching tone,  
Or bask beneath a smile so dear,  
As thine, my lost, mine own !  
My beautiful, my cherished flower,  
Thy footstep's lightest fall  
Stirr'd in my heart a magic power,  
And made earth musical.



I know not why I yet live on,  
    Since thou art fled afar ;  
The glory of my life hath gone  
    With thee, my morning star ;  
But thou, my bird, hast spread thy plumes  
    In better, brighter spheres ;  
Far from the dreary shade of tombs,  
    The bitterness of tears !

## THE FOE'S RETURN.

SHE deem'd him dead in a foreign land,  
And the smile came back with its glory bland ;  
Lighting her face, as in other years,  
Ere shame and sorrow had taught her tears.

She felt like a bird from its cage let free,  
Elate and wild with her ecstasy.  
Oh, thought of horror ! that death should bear  
A balm to the bosom of one so fair !

Yet, deem her not of the cold and vain ;  
Long had she bow'd 'neath a galling chain ;  
She had cower'd to the dark disgrace and wrong,  
That demon vengeance had threaten'd long.

And when she knew that her foe was gone,  
Her life awaked to a second dawn.

He was dead ! that secret of her shame and gloom  
Lay buried deep in his distant tomb.

He was dead ! and no more could that dark face gleam,  
Haggard and vengeful in thought or dream ;  
No more should she shudder to hear his name,  
With a chilling heart and a brow of flame.

'Twas a horrid joy that made her start,  
With tearful smiles and a thankful heart,  
As she thought on his corse, bloody and stark !  
And his lonesome grave, chilly and dark !

And she bless'd the steel that laid him low,  
And she sent up prayers for his mortal foe ;  
And again the glory of earth and sky  
Came flashing back to her heart and eye.

She stood once more in halls of pride,  
And the light of her beauty was deified ;  
And she seem'd to the eyes of men a star,  
Lovely, but lonely—flashing, but far.

There came a festal of splendour rare,  
To welcome a warrior from toil and care ;

He had been afar amid Egypt's sands,  
The dauntless leader of conquering bands.

He had risen by his sword from his humble lot,  
And his youth of mystery was all forgot ;  
He had won a name mid his country's peers—  
None knew the tissue of his earlier years.

And when he stood in that stately room,  
His brow for awhile forgot its gloom—  
That gathering gloom, that had lingered long  
Over those features haughty and strong.

His ear inclined to the measures sweet,  
That seem'd the echo of fairy feet ;  
And haply all memory of other time,  
Lay hushed awhile in that breast of crime.

A voice sang forth from the festal crowd,  
“ We would crown thy temples with laurel proud ;  
Hero bend, that thy brow may wear  
A garland wreath'd by the young and fair.”

He bow'd his head, with a mocking smile,  
And the crowd made way for a radiant file ;

Creatures of beauty, stately and fair,  
With flowing robes, and with floating hair.

And one, the first in that lovely train,  
Like a form that gleams from a Grecian fane ;  
With her antique paleness, her godlike mien,  
Fit emblem seemed for that festive green.

She came with a timid and stately grace,  
That noblest and last of a princely race ;  
Unconscious she, as the lamb led up,  
To fill with blood the libation cup !

And now they are standing face to face :—  
Hath a dream come over that festive place ?  
One of those visions ghastly and wild,  
That makes her shrink like a thing defiled ?

She raised her hand to her wildered brow !  
'Tis a strange delusion ! she murmured low !  
'Tis but a dream—and she strove to speak,  
But her heart was frozen, her voice was weak.

She met his gaze, with its fearful spell,  
And the wreath from her fainting fingers fell ;  
While his low voice hissed on her shuddering ear,  
“ We’ve met at last, slave ! dost thou fear ?”

For a while she stood, as a bird is said  
To meet the gaze of the serpent dread ;  
Strong and still, for a time she stood,  
In the midst of that wondering multitude.

And who shall say, what horrors shook  
Her parting soul in that long, fixed look ?  
Death had deceived her, and again flung back  
That loathsome form, with its spirit black !

The grave had yawned, and the dead unurned,  
And with ghastlier horrors the foe returned !  
He, who had crushed her for years in dust,  
Had rent the tomb to resume his trust !

Such might have been her tempestuous thought,  
If thought in that chilling bosom wrought ;  
But the sudden horror, its fear, its strife,  
Rent the strings of that youthful life.

And prone she fell on that floor of stone,  
With a gasping sob, and a long, low moan ;  
Then all was o'er. Even thus she died !  
And in death at last—was the foe defied !

“ A wrecked mind—  
And this the world calls madness.”

OH, she is changed ! Upon her brow she beareth  
The shadow of her darkened soul. Her face  
Is that of one who utterly despaireth,  
And in each separate feature we may trace  
Her altered spirit. There is a compression  
Of her pale lips, they were not wont to wear,  
When their rich hue, and delicate expression,  
Gave lustre to a face surpassing fair.

And her large eyes, which seemed forever dreaming  
Of happiness, in their meek, quiet light,  
Have now a fitful and unearthly gleaming—  
A sudden glancing, sorrowfully bright !  
There is no hue upon her cheeks. The lashes  
Droop darkly o'er her sad eyes, as a shade  
Which falleth on the pale extinguished ashes  
Of a neglected wood fire, long decayed.



Oh ! she is worn, until her slight frame seemeth  
 A shadow of its former self ; and through  
 Her small thin hands the light of heaven streameth,  
 Marking distinctly every vein of blue ;  
 And all her movements have a child-like weakness !  
 A strange unsteadiness, a faltering dread,  
 As if her very steps had caught the sickness  
 That over her despairing soul is shed !

Oh ! often, in the quiet night she sitteth,  
 Shedding wild tears beside the winter hearth ;  
 While o'er her face the uncertain firelight flitteth !  
 Yet darker still is her unmeaning mirth—  
 The low, gay laugh, which from those pale lips floweth,  
 As a bird's gush of music near a tomb—  
 Whose hidden source of joy no mortal knoweth—  
 Whose carol wakes unutterable *gloom* !

THE NUN'S FAREWELL.

SAY that I will be there ?

Yes, say that I will stand,  
As in those years when life was fair,  
Beside him, hand in hand.

Though dark that meeting now,  
Though sorrowful and vain,  
Before I breathe that fatal vow,  
I'll meet him once again.

Say that when evening shades  
Fall over land and lea,  
I'll stand beneath those green arcades,  
Where once we wandered free ;  
Tell him the joyous tone,  
That welcomed him of old,  
Hath changed, until the night-wind's moan,  
Hath not a sound so cold !

Yet say that I will come,  
    Though dim and altered now ;  
Within my heart a solemn gloom,  
    And pallor on my brow.

I owe it to the past  
    To meet his gaze once more,  
And weep wild tears—the last, the last,  
    These eyes shall ever pour !

L I N E S .

LONG have we been parted ;  
The wave hath been my home ;  
My white-winged bark hath darted  
Where'er the billows foam ;  
And thou, with heart as fearless,  
Hast stemmed thy flood of strife ;  
And calm, and stern, and tearless,  
Trode down the waves of life.

Long have we been parted ;  
My wild career hath been  
Amid the eager-hearted,  
And battle's fearful din ;  
And thou ! no joyous stranger  
To the wars of life art thou ;  
But alike in woe or danger  
Hast borne that dauntless brow.

The battle's darkest horror,  
The tempest's wildest wrath,  
Have failed to cast one terror  
On my unshrinking path ;  
And thou hast bravely striven,  
With a spirit calm and great,  
With the wildest blasts of heaven,  
And the darkest storms of fate.

Then come, my noble-hearted !  
Though changed since last we met,  
Though long we have been parted,  
I love thee deeply yet.  
Thou art dearer to me, maiden,  
Than in those happier years,  
Ere thy brow was sorrow-laden,  
Thine eyes bedimmed with tears !

LINES.

SHE met me with the same calm brow  
She bore in other years ;  
I marvelled then, and I marvel now,  
Where slept her blinding tears.  
She spoke not once of that lost star,  
That perished from her sky ;  
Her words were all of matters far  
From that great agony.

She marked my dim and tearful eyes,  
My broken speech she heard ;  
And dark and bitter memories  
Within her heart were stirred.  
A sudden shudder, quick and sharp,  
Shook her with quiverings,  
As visibly as when a harp  
Is swept o'er all its strings.

An ashen pallor veiled her cheek ;  
Cold damps stood on her brow ;  
And when at last she strove to speak,  
Her words were whispered low ;  
But soon that firm undaunted will,  
That never strove in vain,  
Said to the inward storm, " be still ;"  
And she was calm again.

Calm ! Ay, with that despair which knows  
The vanity of tears,  
She patiently awaits the close  
Of her appointed years ;  
Thankful alike, when breaks the dawn,  
Or sunlight fades in gloom ;  
Because each day her steps are drawn  
Still nearer to the tomb !

## LINES.

NEVER, as I have loved thee,  
Shalt thou be loved again ;  
With affections deep, unchanging,  
Through time, through grief, through pain.  
None shall e'er watch above thee  
With such a tender care ;  
With such unwearied vigils,  
Such patient hope and prayer !

Never, as I have known thee,  
Shalt thou again be known ;  
I studied every feature,  
I pondered every tone ;  
I weighed each sacred feeling,  
That made thy heart its shrine ;  
I read my precious volume,  
Warily, line by line !



Never, as I have trusted,  
    Shalt thou be trusted more ;  
The world hath dark suspicions,  
    Wrung from its bitter core.  
Thy frank and joyous bearing,  
    Thy glad and open smile,  
Shall seem, to hollow spirits,  
    The mark of perfect guile.

Yet, if the love I gave thee,  
    And if the faith divine  
Have added but a moment  
    To happiness of thine,  
I shall not all regret them,  
    Nor deem those offerings vain,  
Which leave my own existence  
    A bleak, a barren plain !

## LINES.

WHEN earth's pervading vanity,  
Its gloss of empty state,  
Fade from my darkened heart and eye,  
And leave me desolate ;  
When phantoms like the dancers pass  
Within the echoing hall,  
And darkness o'er the sparkling mass  
Seems gathering like a pall ;

When on the flatterer's honied lip  
The words seem changed to sneers,  
And darkly o'er my spirit sweep  
The memories of years ;  
When seems the present but a dream,  
A mirage vain to see ;  
Then breaks my soul its bondage dim,  
And lives again in thee.

In thee, the lost, the beautiful,  
 The true, the proud, the just ;  
 In thee, whose ear is cold and dull,  
 Whose stately form is dust :  
 Ay! darkly, coldly, to my heart,  
 Where anguish inly yearns,  
 The consciousness of what thou wert,  
 Of what thou art, returns !

Yet 'twas for these—earth's vanity,  
 The word of hollow praise,  
 The flatterer's fixed and fawning eye,  
 The world's enchanted gaze :  
 For these, which to my world-sick eyes  
 Seem dark and loathsome guiles,  
 That I forsook our early ties,  
 And thine approving smiles.

Thou, whose young life was all mine own,  
 Whose worship was a flame  
 Too pure for aught save heaven's throne,  
 And God's undying name ;  
 Thou wert forsaken to a doom  
 Of sick and lone despair :

The shadow of thine early tomb  
Falls o'er me everywhere !

Yet, unforgotten one, I crave  
Thy pillow for my head ;  
Better the still, the silent grave,  
Than life, with torture fed ;  
Would that my weary lips had quaffed  
Their deep and sacred part  
Of that profound, oblivious draught,  
That made thee what thou art !

L I N E S .

DREAM not of me !

Forget, forget,  
How wildly we loved,  
How sadly we met.

Turn thou away  
From memories  
That would chill thy heart,  
That would dim thine eyes.

Be it my part  
To dream, to dream,  
Till my soul is wrapt  
In those visions dim ;  
To pray wild prayers,  
To weep wild tears,  
To live in the gloom  
Of departed years.

Deep was our love,  
Mine own ! mine own !

It burned in our hearts  
 Like a watch-fire lone.  
 Storms were around,  
 Darkness above ;  
 Yet the flames burned on  
 Of that quenchless love.

Leave me to die :—  
 Depart ! depart !  
 Ere the grave is made  
 For this breaking heart.  
 Better by far  
 That dreary lot,  
 Than to call on thy name  
 And to find thee not !

Such is my doom ;  
 But thou, but thou  
 Must bear a brave heart  
 And a joyous brow.  
 Dream not of me !  
 Forget, forget,  
 How wildly we loved,  
 How sadly we met !

## THE MEETING.

I KNEW it was thy foot upon the stair ;  
Years of wild sorrow, conflict, and despair,  
Had not erased that old familiar sound,  
Wherewith such fervent memories were bound,  
From ear or heart. Upon my lip thy name,  
Blent with a cry of joy, ecstatic came.  
I felt as if upborne by viewless wings—  
Around me gleamed a thousand lovely things :  
Flowers, stars, and angel faces ; and thy brow  
Was bright o'er all ; not sad and pale, as now.  
And darkness veiled mine eyes, and prone I fell  
Even at thy feet. Oh ! strange and terrible  
Was the sick strife of my awaking soul,  
Tossed on wild billows, whose tumultuous roll  
Drowned my despairing voice. Lifeless I seemed !  
And dark and dreadful phantoms round me gleamed,  
Such as no words might shadow or reveal :  
But these, too, past, and I revived to feel

Thy dear protecting arm around me thrown ;  
 To rest upon thy heart, mine own, mine own  
 Oh, joy unspeakable ! we meet again,  
 Chastened by absence, purified by pain ;  
 And never more shall doubt or dark distrust  
 Intrude, to cast our happiness in dust,  
 And trample on its shrine, as prone it lies.  
 No ! we have done with such dark agonies ;  
 And cloudless hope, and angel trust and love,  
 Shall be thy portion here, and mine above !  
 I see thee start ! Have tears so blinded thee,  
 In this first hour of deepest ecstasy,  
 That on my brow thou hast not read the sign  
 God sets upon his chosen, his divine ?  
 Oh ! murmur not ; behold how firm, how calm,  
 How full of earnest joy and faith I am ;  
 Whose shadow falls already on that shore  
 Where all must stand when life's wild dream is o'er ;  
 Where thou and I, through time unmarked by years,  
 Shall dwell, unscathed by pain, apart from tears !  
 I will not dwell on aught that veils thy brow  
 With gloom so deep as that which haunts it now ;  
 But let me gaze on thee, and in thy face  
 The change of time, of pain, of absence trace,



With that deep scrutiny of heart and eye,  
Which love alone lends to its votary.  
Not even these could mar the noble line  
Of thy heroic features, half divine,  
Cast in that calm, and grand, and noble mould,  
Which sculptors loved to deify of old.  
Not even these could quench thine eagle gaze,  
Nor from thy brow its stately pride erase ;  
But something sad and mournful in thy smile,  
So strangely joyous in its light erewhile,  
And a fixed pallor o'er thy features thrown,  
And in thy voice a haunting under-tone,  
And silver gleams amid thy raven hair,  
Betray the still and lurking hand of care.  
Well, it is o'er ; that long dark interval,  
Which, dimly measured, I can scarce recall,  
With all its apathy, despair, and tears,  
Its misty moments, and its dream-like years.  
And never more shall serpents leave their trail  
Across our hearth, to make its ashes pale,  
And desecrate its lares ! All this is past !  
Oh ! joy unspeakable, we meet at last !

A WORLDLING'S DREAM OF  
HAPPINESS.

I COULD be happy there !  
In that low cot embowered in deepest shade,  
And lying in a lone and lovely glade,  
Where nymphs might make their lair.  
That old sweet fable of the Grecian clime  
I cherish still, in spite of truth and time.

A spring lies, clear and deep,  
In the green bosom of that long soft grass ;  
And, far above, in many a waving mass,  
The chestnut shadows sweep ;  
And the acacias o'er that crystal spring  
Fling their light shadows, fresh and quivering.

I could be happy there !  
For I am weary of the conflict loud ;

The voice of passion, the tumultuous crowd ;  
     Earth's maelstrom whirl of care ;  
 And I could revel in a scene like this,  
 Until my soul were bathed in Eden bliss.

    An angel's wing might brood  
 Above this lone, and sweet, and holy place ;  
 And, as in years when earth was young in grace,  
     They broke the solitude  
 Of our first parents with their shining plumes,  
 So might they gleam amid those verdant bloomis.

    Yes, I will not believe  
 That, dark and dreary though this earth may seem,  
 There are not still bright spots by vale and stream,  
     Hallowed at morn and eve ;  
 And, in the watches of the midnight deep,  
 By forms that gleamed round Eden's verdant steep.

    But these are visions wild—  
 Dreams that are separate from my stern career ;  
 Fitted alone for those who, dwelling here,  
     Apart and undefiled,  
 Drink in pure thoughts, even with this crystal spring,  
 And take from leaves and flowers their colouring.

My darker lot is cast  
 Mid strife and toil, and stern realities ;  
 Apart from nature's solemn mysteries,  
     And visions calm and vast,  
 Which lift the soul and shape its destiny,  
 And give it power of thought and prophecy.

For me, the world hath been  
 The hall of Eblis—full of splendid gloom,  
 Of twilight pageants, which by spells illumine  
     The twilight dearth within ;  
 Of gnawing anguish, goading evermore  
 The hopeless votaries, who there adore.

Could I be happy there ?  
 I, who have known such vassalage ; whose breast  
 Is haunted by the spirit of unrest—  
     That phantom of despair,  
 Whose star of hope, in years long vanished, set  
 Amid the tombs ! whose prayer is to forget !

No ! sad and yearning soul,  
 Oblivion lies not more in vale and bower,  
 Than in the court, the camp, the strife for power.  
     Peace has for thee no bowl,

On all th' expanse of earth; and thou art cast,  
Bound at the footstool of the merciless past.

No rest for thee, wild heart!  
Save in the place of tombs, where memory  
And pale remorse intrude not, to defy  
    Slumber to take its part;  
Where time is not, and ages in their path  
Have not a trumpet-tone, to startle death.

Yet, work of paradise!  
I may not leave thee without blessings deep;  
For not in vain I felt my pulses leap,  
    My energies arise  
Beneath the influence of thy shade and stream;  
These shall return to me—a pleasant dream!

Now fare thee well, lone spot!  
And they, thine unknown 'habitants—farewell!  
Pure must they be who weave so sweet a spell  
    Around their mortal lot;  
A spell of power; to bid my lips declare—  
Forgetting fate—I could be happy there.

## DEATH'S DEVOTION.

“ Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.”

BYRON.

DRAW near me ;—let me clasp thy hand. How fondly,  
Oh ! need I tell thee, who have loved thee so ?  
And with not one vain wish or thought beyond thee,  
Breathe forth the spirit struggling now to go.  
Draw near me—bend thy dark sad eyes upon me,  
That I may meet again their speaking light ;  
And let me hear once more the voice that won me,  
With all my young affections pure and bright.

Pine not, Oh, pine not ! when my soul is wrested  
By one slight throb from all it prized below ;  
Think that no care or sorrow e'er oppressed it,  
Or left a sadness on my youthful brow ;  
Think that the heart which, even now, in dying,  
Hath not a pang, save that of losing thee,

Might bend and break through long dark years, till flying  
To death and darkness from its agony !

My hour hath come :—yet Oh, beloved ! start not,  
That thus my bright and short career should fleet ;  
The spirit's love and clinging faith depart not—  
Our heart's commune shall yet on earth be sweet !  
When the low murmur of the wind is swelling  
Through the tall forest in its dark array ;  
As a faint spirit to its light leaves telling  
Of things that shall be, and have passed away ;

And the pale stars, their evening rays are streaming  
On the still water, through the shadowy trees ;  
Then, in the sadness of thy mystic dreaming,  
My spirit's power shall mingle even with these.  
My voice shall come to thee, beloved, yet bearing  
No trace as now of all its earthly tone :  
In the low breezes when the day is wearing,  
Its mystery and existence shall be known.

The chiming of the waterfall, the sighing  
Of the low south wind mid Eolian strings ;  
The lowly echo mournfully replying :  
My voice shall breathe in all these startling things !

My heaven shall be, to hang forever o'er thee,  
 To catch each low word as it wanders forth ;  
 Immortal though I be, to still adore thee,  
 As when my step and frame were yet of earth !

But chiefly in the bower we loved so dearly,  
 Shall the communion of our souls be felt ;  
 Where my bright blossoms lift their young forms early,  
 And the last tokens of the sunlight melt ;  
 There, mid the shaded violets closely springing,  
 Forming a carpet for the weary feet ;  
 And the wild tones of birds forever singing ;  
 There, even there, beloved, we shall meet !

Farewell, farewell :—the hand of death is stealing  
 Gently, yet surely, o'er my yearning heart ;  
 In the strange coldness of my frame revealing  
 How few my living moments, and how short !  
 I feel thy hot tears on my forehead falling,  
 Weep not ! Oh, weep not ! in my spring I go ;  
 Even as the rose obeys its Maker's calling ;  
 Even as the fading of the winter's snow.

Is thy hand still in mine ?—are thy eyes shining  
 Upon me yet, in their deep tender light ?



Oh, darkly is my lamp of life declining,

Since even these have vanished from my sight!

It is not hard to die, when one so cherished

Watcheth unchanged the evening of that spell;—

Farewell! the life-spring from my heart hath perished!

It is not hard to die. Farewell! farewell!

## LOCUST TREES.

“ He clasped his country’s tree and wept.”

Mrs. HEMANS.

LEAD me beneath the locust trees,  
Where grass and violets spring,  
And whence the gentle summer breeze  
Bears fragrance on its wing.  
I sicken in this shadowed room,  
This place of grief and pain ;  
Ah, let me greet the scent and bloom  
Of those loved trees again !

Those blossoms slight and delicate,  
Are fraught with many a dream ;  
They shadowed o’er my father’s gate,  
With their white sunny gleam :  
They hung around the lowly eaves ;  
They drooped above the door,

With their small green and fluttering leaves  
 In motion evermore.

We wove their blooms upon our brows,  
 The young, bright month of June ;  
 And all beneath their sheltering boughs,  
 We shunned the heat of noon.  
 They bear with them a holy spell  
 Of long departed years ;  
 What marvel that I love them well,  
 Although I give them tears ?

Lay me beneath the locust trees,  
 When life hath passed away,  
 With all its bitter mysteries—  
 Its sorrows and decay.  
 If foreign skies must shade my grave  
 With gray and cheerless gloom,  
 Oh let, at least, above me wave  
 These trees of glorious bloom.

And they with branches heavenward cast,  
 Shall shield my silent dust :  
 Familiar friends ! that to the last  
 Were faithful to their trust.

Alas! how lone—how desolate  
Must be that heart which clings,  
With love which baffles time and fate,  
To still and senseless things!

My heart, across that gulf of grief,  
That waste of care and pain,  
That marked its sojourn dark and brief,  
Goes back to youth again.  
I, who have trodden palaces,  
And known a proud command,  
Find all my comfort traced in these  
Trees of my native land!

## THE HUNTER'S TALE.

BESIDE the bright pine fire we sat, a band of weary  
men;

We had chased the deer, till night came down upon that  
lonely glen;

And then, like hardy foresters, well used to woodland  
hall,

We flung our tired limbs on the sward beneath the cedars  
tall.

Then passed the wine-cup cheerily; and the laugh and  
song were heard

By many a trembling frightened deer, and many a startled  
bird;

Our revels wild went sounding up, till the old woods shook  
again,

And the wolf's wild howl strange discord made with every  
joyous strain.

And in the lonely forest wild we pledged the young and  
 gay,

Whose steps were over marble halls, in cities far away ;  
 And many a name was spoken then, that long had silent  
 been,

For we felt a deeper brotherhood in that lone forest scene.

Yet one was silent ; and, as each his tale of rapture told,  
 A deeper shadow veiled his brow, haughty, and high, and  
 bold ;

And as I watched that noble face, beneath the pine fire's  
 glare,

I saw its melancholy gloom was deepened to despair.

Out spoke the gayest of us all : Come, speak, thou silent  
 man !

Has some dark love of forest hall upon thee laid a ban ?

I have a cabalistic rhyme to charm such spells afar ;

Now tell us of thy lady-love, thy bright peculiar star.

Yes, I will speak of her—my loved, my beautiful, my lost—

The only star that ever lit my spirit tempest-tost ;

Beneath these dark funereal trees I'll breathe that hallowed  
word ;

For the solemn genius of the place my inmost soul hath  
stirred.

Its loneliness, its awful gloom, from worldly scenes apart,  
Awaken tender confidence within my lonely heart :—

I loved her as ye dare not love who dwell in bower and  
hall,

And deem ye worship when ye sing a love-sick madrigal ;

Or pour a long and hurried tale at some light woman's feet,  
Or guide a gentle step amid the dangers of a street.

It makes me laugh, yea, bitterly, to think of such light  
love,

Whose types are things of mockery, a blossom, or a glove,

Whose ties are frail as gossamer stretched on the grass at  
morn,

And gone at eve—what boots it ? where I laugh such love  
to scorn.

I was a hunter of the hills—fearless of heart and hand ;

I dwelt where scenes of noble power teach feeling to ex-  
pand.

The love I nursed, its nature took from the mountain and  
the stream ;

And its colouring from the golden clouds, like some en-  
chanted dream :

I loved her deeply, fervently ; my spirit was her shrine,  
Where reigned she in her loveliness, all saint-like and di-  
vine.

Apart with all things pure she dwelt—with love, with God,  
and truth ;

And her smile of sweetness was to me the pole-star of my  
youth ;

And she was beautiful. Oh, God ! when I recall that face,  
With all its young bright innocence, its high and holy grace,

That gentle voice, that tender hand, that pure and spotless  
brow,

I feel as if her spirit stood beside me even now ;

And oft she cometh, oft in dreams, when in the midnight deep  
My eyes forget their weary watch in short and broken sleep.

And sometimes when, from feverish rest, with sudden pang  
I start,

I think I see her long white robes, and hear her steps depart.



'Tis vain, 'tis weak to linger thus ; the tale is dark and brief ;  
 Yet graven is its memory—eternal is its grief !  
 Ye will not marvel at the shades that on this brow abide,  
 When ye have heard, Oh, agony ! that by this hand she  
     died !

Speak not, though horror chills your blood, though curses  
     fill your hearts ;  
 Pause till my dreary tale is done, in all its broken parts :  
 There lives not one on earth, so lost to tenderness and  
     shame,  
 That dare to cast upon that deed the slightest breath of  
     blame.

Upon the dark and lonely seas that deed of love was done,  
 When a pirate arm encircled her, the dear beloved one !  
 When, shuddering in his harsh embrace, she stretched her  
     arms for aid,  
 And prayed me sore to rescue her, and not in vain she  
     prayed.

That steel was turned from those dark men, and buried in  
her heart!

She died, with one short thrill of pain, by her own lover's  
dart,

With smiles upon her angel face, as if to bless my love;—  
And well she knew its burning depths. So died my spotless  
dove.

The boon of life is little prized : there should have been my  
grave,

With her who perished on my breast, who sleeps beneath the  
wave.

Some memory of that horrid scene is still upon my brain,  
A lingering sense of fiendish cries, of blind and crushing  
pain—

Of cannon's roar—of tumult loud ; but, like a vision stern,  
Dreamed in past years, forgotten half, those memories re-  
turn.

And when again I woke to life, to knowledge, to despair,  
A friendly hand sustained my head—no pirate ship was  
there.

Down, down beneath the crested waves, with all its fierce  
dismay,

And the angel form that hallowed it, that stately vessel lay.

My tale is done—my tale of love ; aye, few on earth may  
know

Such passionate devotedness as urged that deadly blow.

I bear about a gnawing tooth, beneath my mantle's fold ;

'Tis a solemn fable and a true—that Spartan tale of old.

I've heard ye boast of token gay, of ring, of chain, of curl—

Here is the only relic left of that unhappy girl ;

I never wiped the blood away that glistened on its blade,

And o'er this cold and rusted steel long have I wept and  
prayed.

## LINES.

I HAVE seen this spot before—  
    'Tis a strange, mysterious truth ;  
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,  
    In childhood or in youth ;  
I know these ruins gray,  
    I know these cloisters dim—  
My soul hath been in these walls away,  
    When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,  
    I have stood upon this heath,  
And beyond this blue and winding stream,  
    And the lonely vale beneath ;  
The same dark sky was there,  
    With its bleak shade on my brow,  
The same deep feeling of despair  
    That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,  
     That binds these ruins gray ;  
 Why came my spirit here to dwell,  
     When my frame was far away ?  
 Can the wild and soaring soul  
     Go out on its eagle sweep,  
 And traverse earth without control,  
     While the frame is wrapt in sleep ?

Hath memory caught a gleam  
     From a life whose term is o'er,  
 And borne it back in that mystic dream—  
     Say, have I lived before ?  
 Or was prophetic power  
     To that midnight vision lent ?  
 Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower ?  
     Speak ! thou art eloquent.

# BLANCHE DAVENTRY.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

“ Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale  
I’ve told you ; on its glassy surface lies  
Death, my Sylvestia.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

### SCENE I.

*A Gothic library. Blanche Daventry and Isabel Grey read together in the embrasure of a window.*

#### BLANCHE DAVENTRY.

LAY down the volume, let us muse awhile,  
Over its earnest contents, Isabel ;  
Within my heart there is a sense of tears,  
Left by that witching story. We have marked  
A high and daring spirit stricken down,  
First to idolatry, and last to death,  
Which might have held the world in mastery !

## I S A B E L .

Yet seems it most unnatural, that one  
 So fraught with genius should pour out her full  
 And passionate tide of love on one so cold,  
 So stern as Oswald.

## B L A N C H E .

Nay, there is a charm  
 Cast round the manlike stateliness of pride,  
 That wins the soul to homage. As the girl  
 Of Florence, whose strange fate we read together,  
 Bowed down in worship at a statue's feet,  
 And died, mad that her love was vain ;—even thus  
 Do the most ardent of earth's children cast  
 Their heaven-born love before a senseless idol ;  
 Then mourn above its coldness.

Thus felt she,  
 The gifted being, o'er whose desolate lot,  
 Our souls have sickened, and grown faint with pain ;  
 It was not strange she loved him—Oh ! not strange !  
 For there are natures whose electric love  
 Is kindled with a glance—hers was of these.

## I S A B E L .

And bitter is that gift of passionate feeling,  
 Which gives a moment's dream, the power to stamp

A whole long life with its own colouring,  
 Dark that abandonment of love and grief,  
 Which in the halls of Venice, bowed Corinna  
 In dust before him, and subdued her soul,  
 Thenceforth, for ever, from its flights of fame,  
 To more than slavish thralldom !

From that hour

Her destiny was fixed. Anxiety,  
 So wild and bitter, that its pangs were like  
 The preying of the hidden tooth upon  
 The vitals of the Spartan, was the guest  
 Of her sad heart. Gloom, sorrow, hopelessness,  
 In turns were her companions ; never more  
 Came back her spirit's triumph ; never more  
 Its sunny inspiration. On her lyre  
 A spell of mournfulness was flung, which made  
 Its after-strains the harbinger of tears ;  
 Desolate was her spirit ; desolate  
 As a forsaken hearth. Such was her doom !

B L A N C H E .

And such is mine ! Thy words, my Isabel,  
 Have touched deep chords ; marvel not thou, dear friend,  
 That the strings quiver !



I S A B E L .

Blanche, your cheek is pale !  
 Your hands are chill—your frame is tremulous ;  
 The strong excitement of this book hath been  
 Too much for your quick nature.

B L A N C H E .

Bear with me !

The mood will pass. Ay ! put aside the book ;  
 It is a beautiful poison to the soul,  
 Whose strength was wasted in illusions lost ;  
 Whose hopes were phantoms ever ; whose desires  
 Impossible ; and soaring on those wings  
 Which bear the eagle headlong to the sun,  
 To meet the light's *scathe* on his fainting brain !  
 When I am gone, you'll think of all the dreams,  
 Which girt my youth with glory, but which knew  
 No substance, no fulfillment. I have grasped  
 At shadows evermore ; my life hath been  
 Pain, brilliant, profitless—a cup which foamed  
 With ruby wine, and yet held bitter dregs.

I S A B E L .

Blanche Daventry—I ask you what is this,

That lends your brow the chilliness of stone,  
 And sends a tremor through your every nerve,  
 Wrung from exceeding anguish ?

B L A N C H E .

Memory—

You have my answer !

I S A B E L .

I can ask no more ;

Yet, Blanche, remember you have thus far wronged me,  
 That I have given you unreserved trust—  
*A perfect confidence*—such as before  
 Had scarce a parallel on earth ; and you  
 Have hidden from me preying wretchedness,  
 Wearing a mien of frankness—'tis not just.

B L A N C H E .

Heap not the first reproaches that e'er passed  
 Your lips, even to a menial, on the head  
 Of one who loves you, as the ignorant  
 Worship their saints. Yet ask me not to speak  
 The anguish which consumes, must die with me ;  
 For well thou know'st the wife of Lord Tremaine .

Must bear a Roman spirit, and be mute,  
 Even amid tortures? Bear with me, my friend,  
 Even to the last. Aye—pity me, Isabel.

*(She throws herself wildly into the arms of Isabel Grey.)*

I S A B E L .

This mood is strange! The hand so lately chill  
 Burns now with fever. Leave we this dim room  
 To seek the mountain side, and forest glade,  
 Or the transparent lake, whose waters wear  
 The glorious semblance of the sunset heaven :  
 Or let us wander 'neath the elms where lie  
 The tame deer patiently ;—I love their meek,  
 Beseeching faces, where humility  
 Is made a beautiful lesson. Lean on me.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A spacious chamber. Blanche Daventry is lying on a low couch, covered with Indian shawls. Isabel sits beside her.*

B L A N C H E .

Sing to me, Isabel ! thy voice hath power  
 To soothe the bitter spirit of unrest,  
 Whose home is here, in this tempestuous heart.

Sing me those lines thy dying brother framed,  
 Linked to that anthem old and beautiful,  
 Which oft thou hearest me murmur.

[*Isabel sings in a low, sweet voice the following verses.*]

“ Give me, give me, before I die,  
 A hope to bear to eternity ;  
 A dull, dark sea seems around me spread,  
 Shadows encompass my dying head,  
 And phantoms grey as the twilight tomb,  
 Are sweeping ever athwart the gloom.

“ Oh ! might I see but a beam, a star,  
 I care not how lone, how faint, how far,  
 So that a goal for my spirit’s way,  
 Might be illumed by that feeble ray ;  
 Methinks—could a light like this be mine,  
 I could bear my doom with a strength divine !

“ I have no fear of that mortal pain  
 That dims the light of the eye and brain :  
 But to lie a part of the senseless clod,  
 It is *this* that awes me, thou priest of God !  
 Give me, give me, before I die,  
 The hope of immortality !

“ Nay, speak not!—a face from those shadows dim,  
 Breaks with the splendor of the seraphim.  
 Old man! ’tis the godlike and thorn-crowned head—  
 I know the earnest and glorious eyes—  
 I know the ‘ Lord of the Sacrifice ! ’ ”

B L A N C H E .

With that triumphant name upon his lips—  
 “ Lord of the Sacrifice,” thy brother died.  
 Some stay, some rock, to clasp while billows rave,  
 Some hold for hope, some comfort for despair,  
 Were in such trust ! But I am dashed upon  
 A gloomy sea of doubt, and dread, and gloom,—  
 A barque without a guide. Futurity !  
 Mysterious, awful, shadowy, undefined,  
 Art thou, even to the wisest of earth’s seers !  
 And as my footsteps near thy precipice,  
 Darker and more profound become the clouds  
 That veil my mortal vision. Oh ! my friend !  
 The blasts of a strange country chill my soul,  
 And freeze my veins even as I speak to you !

[*Enter Mr. Daventry.*

M R . D A V E N T R Y .

How fares it with thee, Blanche ?

B L A N C H E .

The shadow steals

Over the dial of my wasting life  
 Gently, dear father ! With a tender hand,  
 The conqueror is gathering from the earth  
 One of his frailest children.

M R . D A V E N T R Y .

Speak not thus ;

Thy words unman me—wayward though they be.  
 The wise physicians, who above thee watch,  
 Say that a keen and subtle nervousness  
 Hath, for a time, unstrung thy delicate frame ;  
 But this shall pass—and all shall smile again ;  
 The hand I hold shall close these failing eyes,  
 And bless Tremainé !

B L A N C H E .

May he bless *thee*, my father,  
 And urge thy footsteps on the path of fame  
 They long have trodden. May he prove the staff  
 To bear up thy lone age beneath its weight  
 Of honors and infirmities ;—and in  
 The quiet intervals of your career,

May ye hold converse—solemn and serene—  
Of the lost Blanche!

MR. DAVENTRY.

Not thus : the world would be  
A howling desert wert thou not of it ;  
No cave could hold a solitude too deep,  
No forest gloom a shadow too profound,  
Wherein to shelter this devoted head.  
Oh God ! have I been blind a summer's day  
To wake at nightfall ? Is this Lord Tremaine  
The worm that gnaws my flower ? Thou lovest him not !  
I read it in thy pale and quivering lips,  
Thy large sad eyes, thy thin and burning hand,  
Now clenching mine with such an eager strength !  
Thou lovest him not !—and for my sake hast lain  
Thy fervent dreams upon Ambition's altar,  
To perish there !

BLANCHE.

Father, this sacrifice  
Was little to a soul where passion slept  
To wake no more—whose depths of desolateness  
No eye might search, save God's !—whose lone despair

Was of that passive nature, which no strife  
 Might stir to agony—no joy subdued.  
 Father! I tell thee there are griefs so deep,  
 That they make solitude within the heart;  
 And suffer not the petty ills of life  
 To stand within their presence. Crowned and throned,  
 Sceptred and tyrannous are they, my father!  
 And in the twilight of their gloomy reign  
 They sit apart, in rayless majesty.  
 My soul hath known a tenant such as this!  
 And let this knowledge give thee strength to bear  
 Our parting! Let it from thy heart  
 Shut self-reproach, and teach thee to behold  
 The hand of fate in life, as well as death.  
 The surges of my destiny have swept  
 Heavily over me, and I am left,  
 A wreck upon the shore.

Father, bend down

Thy face above me, as thou oft hast done,  
 To watch if I were sleeping, and I'll give  
 The anguish that is wearing me to death  
 Into thy trust. Hear me with charity;  
 It is a story wild and strange, and dark,  
 That of my blasted life!



But no—not now—  
My lips are weary ; leave me for awhile.

## S C E N E III .

*The same chamber. Blanche Daventry. Isabel Grey.*

## B L A N C H E .

I could not tell him, Isabel, Oh no !  
I thought he might believe it all a dream,  
In his strong, worldly sense ; and to be mocked  
With patient unbelief, or pitying smiles,  
In this, the sole reality of my life,  
Were madness !

## I S A B E L .

Blanche, I pray thee calm  
Thy restless and impatient heart ; yes, veil  
Thine eyes, and seek to sleep.

## B L A N C H E .

And dreamest thou  
That when I shut the light of heaven out,  
Such calm repose is mine as others share ?  
My slumber is imagination's reign ;

And in the world of fancy then I soar,  
 Unshackled by the rotten forms of earth.  
 Soon shall I lay me down in rest so deep,  
 In sleep so frozen, you shall marvel how  
 Senses so quick, visions so passionate,  
 Could ever be thus lulled !

The time hath come

When, from the shadow of a yawning grave,  
 My lips uncloset to tell thee a strange tale,  
 Dreamlike, yet full of stern reality.  
 Yet, Oh remember ! I was motherless ;  
 And in that word, which hath a piteous sound,  
 Speaking unnatural sorrow, have I uttered  
 All my apology.

Now raise me up,

Give me thy hand, and I will tell thee all,  
 Truthfully—ay, and unreservedly.  
 Thou knowest, my Isabel, I went abroad,  
 With lady Daventry, some years ago,  
 In my first youth, in my most joyous bloom.  
 We sojourned long in Austria, and there  
 I had a vision, which revealed my *fate* !  
 My eyes beheld in dream a glorious face ;  
 I saw no more, only the noble head,

With all its curls of hyacinthine grace.  
 Again I dreamed of it, and all the day  
 Pondered upon its beauty, and the night  
 Brought it once more ; and so the mystic face  
 Became my constant thought ; it haunted me,  
 And rose between me and the midnight stars ;  
 And yet no link of time, or circumstance,  
 Came with that simple picture. From the lips  
 Issued no sound ; the form was clothed in mist ;  
 The aspect only filled my dreams, and made  
 At last the constant habit of my brain ;  
 And so it grew familiar as thine own.  
 Thus worked my destiny !

'Twas in Vienna,

I stood in a high cathedral to hear  
 A masterpiece of music, (I was wrapt  
 In the unearthly melody ; I ne'er  
 Have heard the like again—it haunts me yet,)  
 When chancing to look up—was it not strange,  
 Pre-ordered, wondrous ?—there the noble face,  
 The fable of my dreams, gazed full on me,  
 And I was spell-bound. Oh, my Isabel,  
 The stranger (so I call him, though he was  
 Familiar in my thoughts,) stood lone and tall,

Beside a marble column, and his eyes  
 Dwelt on me evermore ; and I was ill,  
 Heart-sick, affrighted, and insensible.  
 I fell beneath his dread and potent spell !  
 Again we met ; 't was in a festival,  
 In a vast palace, where the blaze of light,  
 The flash of jewels, made a fairy scene—  
 And all was gorgeous.

I had stepped aside,  
 Within the deep embrasure of a window,  
 To gaze upon a fair and stately flower ;  
 It was a lily of the Nile, and rolled  
 Like an Egyptian scroll ; and as I turned  
 From poring over it, the dream face bent  
 Above me. Ay, I met those dark deep eyes,  
 Large, sad, and lustrous ; and I could not speak  
 Beneath the mournful influence of his gaze ;  
 But still, and pale, I stood and heard his voice  
 For the first time ; and Oh, how every tone  
 Thrilled to my soul ! He knew I was his slave !  
 Were I not dying, you would chide me, love,  
 For such a want of dignity and pride ;  
 You would remind me of my lineage high,  
 And the reserve beseeming noble maids.

But 't was in vain I strove against his spell,  
 Oh Isabel ! he was my destiny !  
 He was a prince, and wore a princely mien :  
 Tall, slenderly, yet nobly formed ; endowed  
 With grace, and gentleness, and stately ease ;  
 A face of a pure paleness—a high brow,  
 From which the dark and glossy hair was swept,  
 Like a rich plume ; eyes, whose unspeakable  
 And spiritual glory words may not  
 Describe, nor shadow forth ; and a fine smile  
 Flashing as lightning, sudden, beautiful.  
 These were all his—yet not his choicest gifts :  
 I knew him well, for we sojourned a space  
 In the proud castle of Count Alderstein,  
 And among many guests, I saw but one,  
 My Isabel ! In that brief interval,  
 The essence of my life was wrung from it.  
 He watched above me ever : if I moved,  
 His deep eyes followed me, as if he feared  
 That I might break the spell their glances wove ;  
 And when I spoke, he listened to my words  
 With a deep interest, and a changing cheek ;  
 And if I cast a faded flower away,  
 He treasured it. So in my soul arose

The phantom of an angel happiness—  
 And I believed he loved me !

Thou shalt hear

How darkly, and how coldly, were o'erthrown  
 The idols of my spirit ; how their fane  
 Was shaken to its centre—and its flame  
 Extinguished by an icebolt on the shrine !  
 Yet marvel not at worship such as this,  
 From mortal unto mortal—he was framed  
 Upon the glorious mould of demi-gods,  
 In shape and intellect, my Isabel.  
 Vast stores of knowledge filled his lofty mind !  
 There is no language that was not to him  
 Familiar as a speech of home and hearth,  
 Harkened to from first infancy ; the source  
 Of knowledge was laid bare before his eyes ;  
 He had communed with nature, till he seemed  
 The high priest of her mysteries—and yet  
 He had that power of thought which solves all things,  
 However strange and weird to other minds,  
 Into a great simplicity. His words  
 Were eloquent as those which gave the Greek  
 The power to baffle kings ; and so he stood  
 Before me, robed in light !

Yet, Isabel,

A whirlwind overthrew the offerings

I laid upon his altar, and cast down

My soul to dust.      \*      \*      \*      \*

There came a day when we were doomed to part ;

And I was nerved with hope, and well believed

That in that wild farewell, his lips would speak

The secret of his soul—reveal his love !

I tell thee, Isabel, my darkest dream

Of evil never compassed such despair

As an estrangement from that worshipped one.

I was too young, too true, too innocent,

To dream of such deceit as made its home

In that calm aspect and majestic mien ;

I deemed him true as nature.

For the last,

And most disastrous time in my brief life,

I met him in a vast and desolate hall,

Where statues of the olden time were ranged,

Keeping their drear and ghostly guardianship

Over the echoing chamber. There we parted !

As he advanced to me, I marked his face,

Pale with some deep emotion—what, I knew not ;

And when he touched my hand his own was chill

And tremulous. Why did he mock me thus?  
 "Farewell!" he said, "farewell, Blanche Daventry,  
 Thy sweet face rose a star upon my sky,  
 Lighting awhile its drear and dark expanse,  
 Yet, like all lovely things, fading away  
 In darkness, and forever!"

I looked up,  
 And my lips spoke the word "forever!" Ay,  
 It sounded like a death knell, as it rang  
 Through that wide hall, and my soul died within me!  
 "And now once more, farewell, thou gentle one,  
 Who floatest on the dark waves of this life,  
 Like a young water-lily on the breast  
 Of a polluted stream." (I give thee, friend,  
 His very words—they haunt me evermore:)  
 "Our paths lie far apart, on this wide earth;  
 It is our destiny to meet no more—  
 Yet blessings be upon thee, English girl,  
 And Oh! remember me!"

He pressed my brow  
 A moment with his lips—then turned away,  
 As if to traverse the wide hall; and I,  
 Obeying a wild impulse, which no power  
 On earth might master, stretched mine arms to him—



And falling to the earth with a loud cry,  
 I clasped his knees! Yes, Isabel, I lay  
 Prone at his feet!

Had he before been loved  
 By one so true, so pure, so passionate?  
 I was all these, and all have called me fair,  
 Though scorned by him. Was this humility—  
 This love, which writhed in dust before his feet,  
 A customary tribute to his strange,  
 Mysterious, haughty nature? Or was he  
 One who walked hand in hand with Time, to dash  
 Hopes to the earth? It is all mystery,—  
 He raised me, but a cold and sneering smile  
 Quivered across his face. Then I was calm,  
 And, nerved by my indignant sufferings,  
 I stood erect, and firm, and looked my last  
 On that false face, whose spell commands me still.  
 Isabel! should you meet him in the world  
 Which lies before you, like an Eastern garden,  
 Outspread in varied beauty at your feet,  
 You'll know him, though his name shall die with me;  
 You'll know him by a look of majesty,  
 Such as the marbles, the august old statues,  
 Half human, half divine, wear on their brows;

You'll know him by the calm and godlike gaze  
 Of his deep eyes, the sweetness of his smile,  
 And by that voice, which hath a tone to sweep  
 The inmost chords of the most secret heart ;  
 And you must fly his presence.

'Tis enough :

We'll speak no more of this ; but when I'm gone,  
 Tell it with tears to that old desolate man,  
 Whose step is on the threshold.

[*Enter Mr. Daventry, with flowers.*

B L A N C H E .

Oh, behold !

Earth's beautiful ! These roses look the same  
 That wreathed the bower of Eve ; the dewy freshness  
 Of a young world seems clinging round their leaves—  
 The Eden balm we've lost ; and here are clustered  
 The pure camelia, with its glossy green,  
 And the deep purple passion-flower, which seems  
 In regal mourning clad ; and thou hast cast,  
 My father, with no sparing hand, the fair  
 And odorous blossoms of the jessamine  
 Amid thy gift of flowers ; for well thou know'st

How thy child loved to train those delicate vines,  
When health was hers.

MR. D A V E N T R Y .

Blanche, thou art better, love;  
There is a quickening spirit in thine eye—  
The deadly pallor of thy cheek is gone,  
And once again thy glad and beautiful smile  
Beams o'er thy features.

B L A N C H E .

Give me back the spring  
That made my limbs so redolent with life,  
And led me forth at morn to try their fleetness  
Even with the deer. Oh, give me back the joy  
Which, though deep griefs lay festering beneath it,  
Soared from their influence to the skies it loved—  
As the lark leaves the earth to sing in heaven !  
Give me the energy that nerved my soul  
To bear in silence bitter, gnawing wrongs,  
And hide them from all eyes—the pride which made  
The world still fair, though proven to be false,  
And gave ambition the forsaken altar  
That love once hallowed !

Oh, these gifts are gone!

And, with the aliment that gave it life,  
The flame must perish.

Yet, as in the lamp,  
A momentary flash deceives the eye  
Of him who watches by its dying light—  
So doth the flaring of my closing life  
Deceive thee, Oh, my father!

M R . D A V E N T R Y .

Wayward child!

Thou shalt not leave the parent whose thin hairs  
Were silvered in lone watches by thy cradle,  
My dark-eyed queen!—thou image of a mother  
Loved to idolatry—lost in despair!  
The barbed arrow from thy heart shall turn,  
And quiver at thy feet; my desolate soul  
Is sacred in the sight of God and angels!  
And the All-merciful shall spare this last  
And dearest of my race.

B L A N C H E .

His will be done!

And now a vision rises in my soul—

A vision of the past—the beautiful past !  
 It seems I stand upon the Danube's banks,  
 As on that eve of golden loveliness,  
 Never to be forgotten in my heart ;  
 And the wild snatch of song that from my lips  
 Came gushing upwards from a sense of joy,  
 Returns to them, blent with that sweet, strange air,  
 That ever seemed to me a bird's glad winging  
 From earth to heaven !

[*She sings—*

Beside the rushing river,  
     We checked our steeds awhile,  
 To mark the young leaves quiver  
     In the golden sunbeam's smile ;  
 To hear the wild birds singing,  
     Far up in the woodland boughs,  
 And feel the glad wind flinging  
     The locks from our glowing brows.

That scene, that rushing river,  
     That forest, lone and dim,  
 Where the winds made a low shiver  
     Like the echo of a hymn ;

That hour of sunset splendour,  
 Those dreams that with it shone,  
 These shall not life surrender,  
 While memory holds her throne.

Of little moment, and but slightly strung,  
 Are the brief verses, but the strain is one  
 I trust I yet may hear the angels sing.

## I S A B E L .

Yet it hath wearied thee—Oh, sing no more.

## B L A N C H E .

No more—Oh, never more! Death knows those words,  
 And loves their desolate meaning. He, too, loved them,  
 Who stamped them on my destiny—

*No more!*

## M R . D A V E N T R Y .

Smile not on me—that cold, wild, mournful smile,  
 My soul's beloved—my child—my beautiful!  
 She's chill!—she's ashen pale!—Oh, Isabel!  
 Speak to her—call her back!

Almighty God !

Spare her ;—I have been stricken down to dust  
With one great anguish : spare this only one—  
The last—the last !

I S A B E L .

Speak to me, I conjure thee,  
My cherished Blanche ?

B L A N C H E .

Gray mists are gathering round me ;  
The room reels—visions float before my eyes,  
And *he is there*—nay, hearest thou not his voice ?  
Saying, “ Depart—I loose thee from my chain,  
And thou art free !”

I S A B E L .

Oh, turn thy heart to God ;  
Heavily is his hand upon thee laid—  
Yet mercifully, too.

B L A N C H E .

And is this death ?

It seems I lie upon a bed of snow,  
I'm sinking deep within it—save me, father!  
The cold is at my heart!

Too late!—too late!



## THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT'S WALTZ.

THAT deep and measured strain  
Rings on my ear again,  
Though the dance be over, and the halls are lone ;  
Returning in my dreams,  
Like the voice of pleasant streams,  
Or the soft night-wind's whisper, with its southern tone.

Beside a column proud,  
Apart from the gay crowd,  
Mutely to-night I listened, when the strain rang high ;  
Marking not the feet  
That traced its measure sweet,  
Heeding not the voices that seemed a mockery.

My heart was far away,  
With darkness and decay ;  
And I had a vision of a stately tomb,

Gleaming all pale and white,  
 Where the faint moonlight  
 Lights that Austrian chancel but to show its gloom.

There, in that stately place,  
 One of a kingly race  
 Lies all cold, and fallen ere his years were full :  
 His spirit wore away  
 The frail and suffering clay,  
 With its deep wild visions—vain as beautiful.

Who knoweth what deep thought  
 In that young bosom wrought ?  
 What dreams of stern ambition lay in that silent heart ?  
 Yearnings for power and pride,  
 Such as were his who died,  
 On the lone rock of St. Helen's—Imperial Bonaparte.

They watched him day by day  
 Wither and droop away,  
 As the young fettered eagle, that pines for mountain streams ;  
 And, even when he slept,  
 Stern eyes their vigils kept  
 Within his stately chamber, as if to pierce his dreams.

Never to him were known  
 Those moments sweet and lone,  
 When the lips may murmur the spirit's dreary weight.  
 Even to the midnight wind,  
 The workings of his mind  
 Dared not their load unburden :—His lot was desolate.

And in the beaming court  
 The shadows of his heart  
 Brooded above his forehead pale and high :  
 Seldom could aught beguile  
 Those fixed lips of a smile,  
 Or lend a lustre to that dreaming eye.

Once on his spell-bound ear  
 Rang a strain, sweet and clear,  
 A wild and floating measure, like a lark's heavenward song ;  
 It brought a sunny glow  
 To the pale cheek and brow—  
 “ Play the sweet bounding music—it may not haunt me  
 long.”

And even now they call  
 That strain of bower and hall

By the name of that young dreamer who loved its joyous  
tone :

Though he be dead and cold,  
It ringeth as of old,  
In its glad and haunting sweetness, by many a hearth and  
home.

Oh! wayward destiny!  
The father's memory  
Is traced in stately records of pride, of blood, of war;  
While remembrance of the son  
Is linked with this alone—  
A wild and bounding music.—Theirs was a different star.

## F O R T   R O S A L I E .

THERE is a mound upon a southern strand,  
Reared on a bluff, that overlooks the wave,—  
Here was, linked with the story of our land,  
A mighty fortress, and a mightier grave !  
Stern walls *were* here, within the olden time,  
That spake with brazen thunders to the wild ;  
And here was heard the sentry's measured chime,  
And flaunting banners in the sunlight smiled.

The clash of arms—the *reveillé*, short and shrill,  
Woke with the morn, and summoned forth the day,  
And martial echoes from the plain and hill  
Startled the savage on his lonely way,  
As from Rosalie's gates the pale-faced bands,  
In long and glittering files beneath the sun,  
Came forth to show, with gay and ready hands,  
Their skilled manœuvrings of the sword and gun.

Oft they, with streaming pennons, light and gay,  
 And crimson mantles, by this flashing tide,  
 Upon their mettled steeds would bound away,  
 Spurning the *red men*, on their path of pride.  
 And 'neath the tall magnolias, and each grove  
 Of laurel, where the *native* shrines had place  
 Amid the myrtle boughs, that breathed of love,  
 They wrung the heart's blood of the Indian race.

They hunted them like deer across the plain—  
 They gave their wigwams to the wreathing fires—  
 Trampling them—till the cold *dust* lived again,  
 And the earth shook with stirring of their sires.  
 Then were there gatherings in the depths of night ;  
 Each Indian mother girt her Indian son—  
 Councils!—though *council-fires* they dared not light ;  
 Dark was the deed—in darkness thought upon !

'Twas midnight!—and the Mississippi's flood  
 Lay like an ocean-mirror to the heaven—  
 Then burst, at length, the savage yell for *blood*—  
 Then was "*Rosalie*" unto *vengeance* given!  
 And sword and flame were surfeited with life!  
 Oh, God! there were dark shrieks and horrors drear,

When, desperate with wild and maddened strife,  
 The sons of France—the gallant—perished *here* !

Here, even here ! the soil was soaked with gore ;  
 It ran in dark fresh ripples o'er the steep ;  
 And war-cries, flung to Louisiana's shore,  
 Startled the vultures from their midnight sleep,  
 To haste to carnage ! Woman's voice was here,  
 In foreign tones piercing above the strife—  
 The loved, who from their vine-clad homes so dear,  
 Had come to die beneath the Indian knife !

And all were slain—all, save one mangled thing,  
 Who carried off the tale of death and doom,  
 To tell to gallant spirits, on the wing,  
 That fair *Rosalie*, was a blackened tomb !  
 The red men breathed their vengeance, and *it fell* !  
 Its pride, its beauty—where, Oh, where were they ?  
 The winds, the tides, the woods, the tale might tell,  
 For *they* were near, e'en as they are to-day !

Yet curse the Indian not !—Ah, dark and long  
 Had been their woe, and heavy was the chain ;  
 Loud cried to heaven each wild and bitter wrong,  
 And for blood shed, blood they did ask again ;

And for the price of *tears* wept on the shore,  
 And for dark deeds done on each hill and heath,  
 And for the shame their sunlike foreheads wore,  
 They called the stern intruder—unto death !

How shall we judge them, gazing on the *past* ?  
 How shall we judge them, murderers as they were ?  
 How from dark vengeance, sternly fired at last,  
 Divorce the *wrongs* that were their bitter share ?  
 So runs the tale !—and now the grass is long  
 Upon the ruined site of *Rosalie* !  
 And at the even, oft with step and song  
 On the wild spot we wander, light and free.

Yet sometimes, mid the mirth, a scene of blood  
 Comes to *my* brain !—I hear the savage cry,  
 I see the streaking flames above the flood  
 Pierce with red horrors to the midnight sky,  
 And the wild Natchez tribe, with bound and yell,  
 Rush to the murder !—But the vision fades—  
 A story of the long, long *past*, I tell,  
 Of our dear country, in its peaceful shades !





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

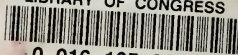
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