

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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Artist John Martin Engraved by W. Wallace

MARIUS AT THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY L. E. L.

He turn'd him from the setting sun,
 Now sinking in the bay :—
 He knew that so his course was run,
 But with no coming day ;
 From gloomy seas and stormy skies
 He had no other morn to rise.

He sat, the column at his feet,
 The temple low beside ;
 A few wild flowers blossom'd sweet
 Above the column's pride ;
 And many a wave of drifted sand
 The arch, the once triumphal, spann'd.

The place of pleasant festival,
 The calm and quiet home,
 The senate, with its pillar'd hall,
 The palace with its dome,—
 All things in which men boast and trust
 Lay prone in the unconscious dust.

Yet this the city which once stood
 A queen beside the sea,
 Who said she ruled the ocean flood
 Wherever there might be
 Path for bold oar or daring prow :—
 Where are her thousand galleys now ?

A bird rose up—it was the owl,
Abroad at close of day ;
The wind it brought a sullen howl,
The wolf is on his way ;
The ivy o'er yon turret clings,
And there the wild bee toils and sings.

And yet these once were battlements,
With watchers proud and bold,
Who slept in war-time under tents
Of purple and of gold !
This is the city with whose power
Rome battled for earth's sovereign hour !

That hour it now was Rome's, and he
Who sat desponding there,
Had he not aim'd the soul to be
Of all that she could dare ;
The will that led that mighty state,
The greatest, too—where all were great ?

An exile and a fugitive,
The Roman leant alone ;
All round him might those lessons give
The past has ever shown,
With which is all experience fraught,
Still teaching those who are not taught.

He saw and felt wealth, glory, mind
Are given but for a day ;
No star but hath in time declined,
No power but pass'd away !
He witness'd how all things were vain,
And then went forth to war again !



THE ADIEU

Artist A. E. Chalon R. A. Engraved by C. Heath

THE ADIEU.

BY L. E. L.

WE'LL miss her at the morning hour,
When leaves and eyes unclose ;
When sunshine calls the dewy flower
To waken from repose ;
For, like the singing of a bird,
When first the sunbeams fall,
The gladness of her voice was heard
The earliest of us all.

We'll miss her at the evening time,
For then her voice and lute
Best lov'd to sing some sweet old rhyme
When other sounds were mute.—
Twined round the ancient window-seat,
While she was singing there,
The jasmine from outside would meet,
And wreath her fragrant hair.

We'll miss her when we gather round
Our blazing hearth at night,
When ancient memories abound,
Or hopes where all unite ;
And pleasant talk of years to come—
Those years our fancies frame.
Ah! she has now another home,
And bears another name.

Her heart is not with our old hall,
Not with the things of yore ;
And yet, methinks, she must recall
What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
And gay the bridal throng.

Yes, memory has honey cells,
And some of them are ours,
For in the sweetest of them dwells
The dream of early hours.
The hearth, the hall, the window-seat,
Will bring us to her mind ;
In yon wide world she cannot meet
All that she left behind.

Loved, and beloved, her own sweet will
It was that made her fate ;
She has a fairy home—but still
Our own seems desolate.
We may not wish her back again,
Not for her own dear sake :
Oh ! love, to form one happy chain,
How many thou must break !