

Doetical Fragments
From
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compiled
by
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Note: As the chapter headings are not generally appropriate titles for the introductory poems, Blanchard, in arranging them for his *Life and Literary Remains*, provided titles of his own. In the few instances where he did not include them, the poems here either retain the chapter title or have been provided with a title that seems suitable.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEASON.

And yet it is a wasted heart :
It is a wasted mind
That seeks not in the inner world
Its happiness to find ;

For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its folded wings,
Life's dearest, and its best.

A little space is all that hope
Or love can ever take ;
The wider that the circle spreads,
The sooner it will break.

Blanchard's title is:

HAPPINESS WITHIN

CHAPTER II.

RANELAGH.

I did not wish to see his face,
I knew it could not be ;
Though not a look had altered there,
What once it was to me.

Since last we met, a fairy spell
Had been from each removed ;
How strange it is that those can change
Who were so much beloved !

It is a bitter thing to know
The heart's enchantment o'er ;
But 'tis more bitter still to feel
It can be charmed no more !

Blanchard's title is:

THE CHARM GONE

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF AN INVITATION.

Life is so little in its vanities,
So mean, and looking to such worthless aim,
Truly the dust, of which we are a part,
Predominates amid mortality.
Great crimes have something of nobility ;
Mighty their warning, vast is their remorse :
But these small faults, that make one half of life
Belong to lowest natures, and reduce
To their own wretched level nobler things.

Blanchard's title is:

THE LITTLENESS OF LIFE

CHAPTER IV.

ASKING FOR AN INVITATION.

This is a weary and a wretched life,
With nothing to redeem it but the heart.
Affection, earth's great purifier, stirs
Our embers into flame, and that ascends.
All finer natures walk this bitter world
But for a while, then Heaven asks its own,
And we can but remember and regret.

Blanchard's title is:

EARTH LEADS TO HEAVEN

In The New York Mirror (24th March 1838), as *Affection*

CHAPTER V.

THE FÊTE AT SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor:
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on silk and down;
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.

They never by the window lean,
And see the gay pass by;
Then take their weary task again,
But with a sadder eye.

Blanchard's title is:

THE POOR

From *The Widow's Mite* in Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1836

In *The New York Mirror* (17th February 1838), as *The Rich and the Poor*

CHAPTER VI.

THE FÊTE AT SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S CONTINUED.

Ladye, thy white brow is fair,
Beauty's morning light is there ;
And thine eye is like a star,
Dark as those of midnight are :
Round thee satin robe is flung ;
Pearls upon thy neck are hung :
Yet thou wearest silk and gem,
As thou hadst forgotten them.
Lovelier is the ray that lies
On thy lip, and in thine eyes.

Blanchard's title is:

A LADY'S BEAUTY

Adapted from *Portrait of a Lady*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence in *The Troubadour*

In *The New Yorker* (24th March 1838), as *A Picture*

CHAPTER VII.

It matters not its history — Love has wings,
Like lightning, swift and fatal ; and it springs,
Like a wild flower, where it is least expected ;
Existing, whether cherished or rejected.

A mystery art thou ! — thou mighty one !
We speak thy name in beauty ; yet we shun
To say thou art our guest ; for who will own
His life thy empire, and his heart thy throne ?

Blanchard's title is:

LOVE A MYSTERY

From *A Girl at her Devotions* in *The Troubadour*

THE FUTURE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FÊTE.

Not to the present is our hour confined,
The great and shadowy future is assigned
To be the glorious empire of the mind.

The past was once the future, and it wrought
In the high presence of on-looking thought ;
All that we have, was by its efforts brought.

To-day creates to-morrow, and the tree
Of good or ill grows in past hours, what we
Make for the future — certain is to be.

Not in Blanchard

LOST LOVE

CHAPTER IX.

A SCENE BY MOONLIGHT.

Thou canst not restore me
The depth and the truth
Of the love that came o'er me
In earliest youth.

Their gloss is departed,
Their magic is flown ;
And sad, and faint-hearted,
I wander alone.

Not in Blanchard

From *The Lily of the Valley* in Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1836

Set to music by Mrs Barrett Lennard, 184?, Cramer, Addison & Beale

CHAPTER X.

A LATE BREAKFAST.

Why did I love him ? I looked up to him
With earnest admiration, and sweet faith.
I could forgive the miserable hours
His falsehood, and his only, taught my heart ;
But I cannot forgive that for his sake.
My faith in good is shaken, and my hopes
Are pale and cold, for they have looked on death.
Why should I love him ? he no longer is
That which I loved.

Blanchard's title is:

FAITH DESTROYED

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERSATION AFTER BREAKFAST.

False look, false hope, and falsest love,
All meteors sent to me,
To shew how they the heart could move,
And how deceiving be :
They left me darkened, crushed, alone ;
My spirit's household gods o'erthrown.

The world itself is changed, and all
That was beloved before
Is vanished, and beyond recall,
For I can hope no more :
The sear of fire, the dint of steel,
Are easier than such wounds to heal.

Blanchard's title is:

CURELESS WOUNDS

From *The Last Song* in *The Troubadour*, title poem

In the *Bouquet* (1846), under (Lupine) *Lupinus hirsutus* as *Dejection, Sorrow*

CHAPTER XII.

LADY MARCHMONT'S JOURNAL.

'Tis strange to think, if we could fling aside
The mask and mantle many wear from pride,
How much would be, we now so little guess,
Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought recess!

The careless smile, like a bright banner borne ;
The laughlike merriment ; the lip of scorn ;
And for a cloak, what is there that can be
So difficult to pierce as gaiety ?

Too dazzling to be scanned, the gloomy brow
Seems to hide something it would not avow ;
But mocking words, light laugh, and ready jest,
These are the bars, the curtains to the breast.

Blanchard's title is:

THE MASK OF GAIETY

From *A Girl at her Devotions* in *The Troubadour*

CHAPTER XIII.

A DECLARATION.

I cannot choose, but marvel at the way
In which we pass our lives from day to day ;
Learning strange lessons in the human heart ;
And yet, like shadows, letting them depart.
Is misery so familiar, that we bring
Ourselves to view it as “ a usual thing ?”
We do too little feel each other’s pain ;
We do too much relax the social chain
That binds us to each other ; slight the care
There is for grief, in which we have no share.

Blanchard’s title is:

LOST LESSONS

From *The Rose* in *The Golden Violet*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AUTHOR AND THE ACTRESS.

I cannot count the changes of my heart,
So often has it turned away from things
Once idols of its being. They depart —
Hopes, fancies, joys, illusions, as if wings
Sprang suddenly from all old ties, to start ;
Or, if they linger longer, life but brings
Weariness, hollowness, canker, soil, and stain,
Till the heart saith of pleasure, it is pain.

Blanchard's title is:

PLEASURE BECOMES PAIN

From *Moralising* in The London Literary Gazette, 1st July 1826

CHAPTER XV.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF LIFE.

And thus it is with all that made life fair,
Gone with the freshness that it used to wear.
'Tis sad to mark the ravage that the heart
Makes of itself; how one by one depart
The colours that made hope. We seek, we find;
And find, too, charm has, with the change, declined.
Many things have I loved, that now to me
Are as a marvel how they loved could be;
Yet, on we go, desiring to the last
Illusions vain, as any in the past.

Blanchard's title is:

ILLUSION

First six lines adapted from *Moralising* in The London Literary Gazette, 1st July
1826

From line 3, in the Bouquet (1846), under (Harebell) *Campanula rotundifolia* as *Grief*

CHAPTER XVI.

LADY MARCHMONT'S JOURNAL.

Deep in the heart is an avenging power,
Conscious of right and wrong. There is no shape
Reproach can take, one half so terrible
As when that shape is given by ourselves.
Justice hath needful punishments, and crime
Is a predestined thing to punishment.
Or soon, or late, there will be no escape
From the stern consequence of its own act.
But in ourself is Fate's worst minister:
There is no wretchedness like self-reproach.

Blanchard's title is:

SELF-REPROACH

CHAPTER XVII.

A SECRETARYSHIP.

Alas ! and must this be the fate
That all too often will await
The gifted hand, which shall awake
The poet's lute ? and, for its sake,
All but its own sweet self resign,
Thou loved lute, to be only thine !
For what is genius, but deep feeling,
Wakening to glorious revealing ?
And what is feeling, but to be
Alive to every misery ?

Blanchard's title is:

GENIUS

Adapted from the opening passages to *The Golden Violet*

AN UNSEEN POWER

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTRODUCTION.

In the ancestral presence of the dead
Sits a lone power ; a veil upon the head,
Stern with the terror of an unseen dread.

It sitteth cold, immutable, and still,
Girt with eternal consciousness of ill,
And strong and silent as its own dark will.

We are the victims of its iron rule,
The warm and beating human heart its tool,
And man immortal, god-like, but its fool.

From *Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week – Necessity* in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1837 (Vol 49)

As this poem is already in Blanchard's *Life and Literary Remains*, he omits this separate extract

In *The new York Mirror* as *An Unseen Power*, 10th March 1838

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO COURTENAYE HALL.

Ah! never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When Hope, like a child, lay down to sleep
Amid the folded flowers.

But Hope has wakened since, and wept
Itself, like a rainbow, away ;
And the flowers have faded, and fallen around,
We have none for a wreath to-day.

Now, Truth has taken the place of Hope,
And our hearts are like winter hours ;
Little has after life been worth
That early dream of ours.

Blanchard's title is:

THE EARLY DREAM

Adapted from 'Song' in The Venetian Bracelet.

Musical setting: music by M. S., published 1st January 1840

CHAPTER XX.

THE SICK-ROOM.

'Tis midnight, and a starry shower
Weeps its bright tears o'er life and flower ;
Sweet, silent, beautiful the night,
Sufficing for her own delight.
But other lights than sky and star,
From yonder casement gleam afar ;
The lamp subdued to the heart's gloom
Of suffering, and of sorrow's room.

Blanchard's title is:

THE SICK ROOM

Adapted from *The Queen of Cyprus* in *The Golden Violet*

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY MARCHMONT'S JOURNAL.

We might have been !— these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing ;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores when unavailing. —
We might have been !

Alas ! how different from what we are,
Had we but known the bitter path before us !
But feelings, hopes, and fancies, left afar,
What in the wide, bleak world can e'er restore us ?—
We might have been !

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN (EXTRACT)

From *Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week – We Might have Been* in The New Monthly Magazine, 1837 (Vol 49)

As this poem is already in Blanchard's *Life and Literary Remains*, he omits this separate extract

CHAPTER XXII.

DISCOVERY.

Who, that had looked on her that morn,
Could dream of all her heart had borne ?
Her cheek was red, but who could know
'T was flushing with the strife below ?
Her eye was bright, but who could tell
It shone with tears she strove to quell ?
Her voice was gay, her step was light,
And beaming, beautiful, and bright :
It was as if life could confer
Nothing but happiness on her.
Ah ! who could think that all so fair
Was semblance, and but misery there !

Blanchard's title is:

FALSE APPEARANCES

From *The Troubadour*, Canto IV

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MASKED BALL.

Life is made up of vanities — so small,
So mean, the common history of the day,—
That mockery seems the sole philosophy.
Then some stern truth starts up — cold, sudden, strange ;
And we are taught what life is by despair :—
The toys, the trifles, and the petty cares,
Melt into nothingness — we know their worth ;
The heart avenges every careless thought,
And makes us feel that fate is terrible.

Blanchard's title is:

STERN TRUTH

TOO LATE

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SCENE AT THE MASQUERADE.

I do not say, bequeath unto my soul
Thy memory, I rather ask forgetting ;
Withdraw, I pray, from me thy strong control ;
Though, that withdrawn, what has life worth regretting ?
Alas ! this is a miserable earth !
Too late, or else too soon, the heart-beat quickens :
Hope finds too late its light was nothing worth,
And round a dark and final vapour thickens.

MEMORY (EXTRACT)

From *Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week – Memory* in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1837 (Vol 49)

As this poem is already in Blanchard's *Life and Literary Remains*, he omits this separate extract

NEGLECT

CHAPTER XXV.

LORD MARCHMONT'S JEALOUSY.

You never loved me! never cared for me!
Had I been taken kindly to your heart,
This present misery were all unknown:
But I have been neglected and repelled;
My best affections chilled, or left to feed
Upon themselves. I have so needed love,
I should have loved you but from gratitude,
If you had let me.

Not in Blanchard

POETRY

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LETTERS.

It is a weary and a bitter hour
When first the real disturbs the poet's world,
And he distrusts the future. Not for that
Should cold despondency weigh down the soul :
It is a glorious gift, bright poetry,
And should be thankfully and nobly used.
Let it look up to heaven !

This poem is on the title page of Blanchard's
Life and Literary Remains in both Volumes I and II.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISCOVERY.

It is a fearful trust, the trust of love.
In fear, not hope, should woman's heart receive
A guest so terrible. Ah ! never more
Will the young spirit know its joyous hours
Of quiet hopes and innocent delights ;
Its childhood is departed.

Blanchard's title is:

THE FEARFUL TRUST

In *The New Yorker* (24th March 1838), as *Trust of Love*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LETTERS RESTORED.

Alas! he brings me back my early years,
And seems to tell me what I should have been.
How have I wasted God's best gifts, and turned
Their use against myself! It is too late!
Remorse and shame are crushing me to earth,
And I am desperate with my misery!

Blanchard's title is:

REMORSE

CHAPTER XXIX.

MIDNIGHT.

Where is the heart that has not bowed
A slave, eternal Love, to thee?
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?

And what must love be in a heart
All passion's fiery depths concealing,
Which has in its minutest part
More than another's whole of feeling!

Blanchard's title is:

LOVE'S SLAVES

From *The Troubadour*, Canto II

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CHALLENGE.

'Tis a strange mystery, the power of words !
Life is in them, and death. A word can send
The crimson colour hurrying to the cheek,
Hurrying with many meanings ; or can turn
The current cold and deadly to the heart.
Anger and fear are in them ; grief and joy
Are on their sound ; yet slight, impalpable :—
A word is but a breath of passing air.

Blanchard's title is:

THE POWER OF WORDS

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DUEL.

The moonlight falleth lovely over earth ;
And strange, indeed, must be the mind of man
That can resist its beautiful reproach.
How can hate work like fever in the soul
With such entire tranquillity around ?
Evil must be our nature to refuse
Such gentle intercession.

Blanchard's title is:

MOONLIGHT

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

God, in thy mercy, keep us with thy hand !
Dark are the thoughts that strive within the heart,
When evil passions rise like sudden storms,
Fearful and fierce ! Let us not act those thoughts ;
Leave not our course to our unguided will.
Left to ourselves, all crime is possible,
And those who seemed the most removed from guilt,
Have sunk the deepest !

Blanchard's title is:

UNGUIDED WILL

In The New York Mirror (10th March 1838), as *Evil Passions*

Also recorded as *Poverty*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

Ah! sad it is to see the deck
Dismasted of some noble wreck ;
And sad to see the marble stone
Defaced, and with gray moss o'ergrown ;
And sad to see the broken lute
For ever to its music mute.
But what is lute, or fallen tower,
Or ship sunk in its proudest hour,
To awe and majesty combined
In their worst shape — the ruined mind ?

Blanchard's title is:

THE RUINED MIND

In The New York Mirror (10th March 1838), as *The Ruined Mind*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

POVERTY.

It is an awful thing how we forget
The sacred ties that bind us each to each.
Our pleasures might admonish us, and say,
Tremble at that delight which is unshared ;
Its selfishness must be its punishment.
All have their sorrows, and how strange it seems
They do not soften more the general heart :
Sorrows should be those universal links
That draw all life together.

Blanchard's title is:

SORROWS AND PLEASURES

In The New York Mirror (10th March 1838), as *Selfishness*

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE USUAL DESTINY OF THE IMAGINATION.

Remembrance makes the poet: 'tis the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men,
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes
That were, and are not; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things;
The more his power, the greater is his grief.
Are we then fallen from some noble star,
Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse;
And we feel capable of happiness
Only to know it is not of our sphere?

Blanchard's title is:

THE POET'S PAST

From *The History of the Lyre* in *The Venetian Bracelet*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A REQUEST.

Trace the young poet's fate
Fresh from his solitude — the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lip, he seeks the world
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrate
His talents and his state !

Blanchard's title is:

THE YOUNG POET'S FATE

Adapted from *The History of the Lyre* in *The Venetian Bracelet*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

Young, loving, and beloved — these are brief words ;
And yet they touch on all the finer chords,
Whose music is our happiness ; the tone
May die away, and be no longer known,
In the sad changes brought by darker years,
When the heart has to treasure up its tears,
And life looks mournful on an altered scene —
Still it is much to think that it has been.

Blanchard's title is:

YOUTH AND LOVE

From *The Venetian Bracelet*, Canto I

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MEETING.

Over that pallid face were wrought
The characters of painful thought ;
But on that lip, and in that eye,
Were patience, faith, and piety.
The hope that is not of this earth,
The peace that has in pain its birth ;
As if, in the tumult of this life,
Its sorrow, vanity, and strife,
Had been but as the lightning's shock,
Shedding rich ore upon the rock :
Though in the trial scorched and riven,
The gold it wins, is gold from heaven.

Blanchard's title is:

PEACE WROUGHT BY PAIN

LOVE'S UNSELFISHNESS

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARTING.

That is love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart ; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake ;
Can bear with absence ; hath no part in hope,
For hope is somewhat selfish : love is not,
And doth prefer another to itself.

Not in Blanchard

From *The History of the Lyre* in The Venetian Bracelet

In the Bouquet (1846), under (Chrysanthemum-Red) Chrysanthemum Indicum as
I Love

CHAPTER XL.

THE END.

Farewell !

Shadows and scenes that have, for many hours,
Been my companions ; I part from ye like friends —
Dear and familiar ones — with deep sad thoughts,
And hopes, almost misgivings !

Blanchard's title is:

THE FAREWELL