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THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Yes! thou hast met the sun's last smile
From the haunted hills of Rome;
By many a bright Egean isle
Thou hast seen the billows foam:

From the silence of the Pyramid
Thou hast watch'd the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with his mantle hid
The ancient realm below:

Thy heart hath burn'd as shepherds sang
Some wild and warlike strain,
Where the Moorish horn once proudly rang
Through the pealing hills of Spain:

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the hamlet-vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales,
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread
Where man hath bravely striven,
And life like incense hath been shed,
An offering unto Heaven!

For o'er the snows and round the pines
Hath swept a noble flood,
The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood.

A spirit, stronger than the sword,
And loftier than Despair,
Through all th' heroic region pour'd,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep
Of long-enduring Faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep
Of courage unto death!

Ask of the peasant where his sires
For Truth and Freedom bled,
Ask, where were lit the torturing fires
Where lay the holy dead?

And he will tell thee *all* around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown.

Go, when the sabbath-bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and caves are stirr'd
To gladness by the note;

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious Martyrdom!*

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice
Like the swell of many an organ blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice!

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
Through grief, through death, made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have borne
Witness of God so long.

F. H.

* See the description of a sabbath upon the Vaudois mountains, in Gilly's
Researches in Piedmont.

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A very remarkable account is given in Sismondi's *Histoire des Français* (vol. iv. p. 481) of the circumstances attending the death and burial of William the Conqueror. It is thus concluded—"Enfin le corps étoit déjà déposé dans la fosse, et avant qu'on le recouvrit de terre, Gislebert, Evêque d'Evreux, prononçoit son panégyrique, lorsqu'un Normand, nommé Ascelin, se leva du milieu de la foule, et s'écria à haute voix, 'Cet homme dont vous venez de prononcer l'éloge, vous allez l'enterrer dans une terre qui est à moi. Ici même étoit ma maison paternelle, et il l'enleva à mon Père contre toute justice, sans jamais la lui payer, pour y bâtir cette Eglise. Je vous interdis, au nom de Dieu, de couvrir le corps du Ravisseur, avec une terre qui m'appartient.' Cette protestation frappa de componction les Seigneurs et les Evêques qui l'entendirent; ils firent immédiatement autour du cercueil une collecte pour racheter d'Ascelin, le place même où son Souverain seroit enterré; ils lui promirent que plus tard on le compenseroit pour la perte de son héritage, et ils lui tièrent parole; car le fait qu'il avait rappelé étoit de notoriété publique."

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay;
Baron and Chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.
Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd;
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleam'd.
And by the torch's blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.
They lower'd him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—
"Forbear! forbear!" it cried;
"In the Holiest Name forbear!
He hath conquer'd regions wide,
But he shall not slumber there!
"By the violated hearth
Which made way for you, proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

" By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot ;
Hence ! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birth-place not !

" Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave ?

" The tree before him fell
Which we cherish'd many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier !

" The land that I have till'd,
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my Home's white ashes fill'd,
And it shall not give him rest !

" Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes
— Away ! bestow your Dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

Shame glow'd on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far !
— And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star !

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven—
Oh ! who shall number those
That were but heard in Heaven ?

F. H.

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

FALL'N was the House of Giafar ; and its name,
The high, romántic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift Tygris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so pass'd sentence : but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths, which never yet
Th' oppressor's thought could reach.—

—'Twas desolate

Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin, lay. The songs had ceased ;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii-tales
Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there—the fountain's : through those Eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low, clear music shedding mournfully.
—And still another voice !—an aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came, day by day, and sate
On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,

A tone that shook them with its answering thrill
 To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
 He told that sad yet stately solitude,
 Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
 Like waters in the waste; and calling up,
 By song or high recital of their deeds,
 Bright, solemn shadows of its vanish'd race
 To people their own halls: with these alone,
 In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
 Held still unbroken converse. He had been
 Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now
 The ivy of its ruins; unto which
 His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,
 And from that scene the loneliness was fled;
 For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler
 Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
 Fear with deep feeling strives: till, as a breeze
 Wanders through forest branches, and is met
 By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
 The spirit of his passionate lament,
 As through their stricken souls it pass'd, awoke
 One echoing murmur. But this might not be
 Under a despot's rule, and, summon'd thence,
 The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne:
 Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
 And with his white lips rigidly compress'd,
 Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak
 Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
 —Was it to sue for grace?—his burning heart
 Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
 And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid words,
 Th' o'er-mastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way.

—“ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
 With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?
 What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?
 —I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!
 My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes, that in your halls was nursed,
 That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your sabres first,
 That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart—
 Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?
 It shall not be! a thousand tongues, though human voice were still,
 With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;
 The wind's free flight shall bear it on, as wandering seeds are sown,
 And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.
 For it is not as a flower, whose scent with the dropping leaves expires;
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;
 It is written on our battle-fields, with the writing of the sword,
 It hath left upon our desert-sands, a light, in blessings pour'd.
 The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the wild ye gave,
 Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave:
 And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's
 way,
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.
 The very walls your bounty rear'd, for the stranger's homeless head,
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!
 Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,
 And the serpent in your palaces lie coil'd amidst its young.

It is enough ! mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees ;
I leave your name in lofty faith, to the skies and to the breeze !
I go, since Earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs ! are there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gather'd, and a thought—
Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyr'd race,
O'erflow'd his softening heart.—“ Live, live !” he cried,
“ Thou faithful unto death : live on ! and still
Speak of thy lords ! they *were* a princely band.”

F. H.

THE DEPARTURE.

———"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sephulchre." BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way
To the spirits' distant shore?
Earth's mightiest men, in arm'd array,
Are thither gone before.
The warrior kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.
And the seers, who sat of yore,
By orient palm or wave,
They have pass'd with all their starry lore—
Can ye still fear the grave?—
"We fear, we fear!—the sunshine
Is joyous to behold;
And we reck not of the buried kings,
Or the awful seers of old."—
Ye shrink!—the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the Sun, and the voice of praise,
For the land whence none return:
And the lovely, whose memorial
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone with their glorious bloom,
From the gaze of human eye.
Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?
"Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from our path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here."
Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough!
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile,
Which is taken from you now.
There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.
Soft eyes are seen no more
That made spring-time in your heart;
Kindred and friends are gone before,—
And ye still fear to part?
—"We fear not now! we fear not now!
Though the way through darkness bends,
Our souls are strong to follow them,
Our own familiar friends!"

F. H.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. VIII.

Jean of Arc, in Rheims.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd
Forth from her throng'd Cathedral; while around
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listen'd to their temple's gate.
—And what was done within?—Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of storied windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage! While 'midst that ring,
And shadow'd by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array
Of arms and sweeping states. But who, alone
And unapproach'd, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood?—The helm was raised,
 And the fair face reveal'd, that upward gazed
 Intensely worshipping: a still, clear face,
 Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
 And brow were there in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified with Inspiration's trace
 On their pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
 Seem'd bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
 Was that the leader through the battle storm?
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high?
 —'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
 Never before, and never since that hour,
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
 Holy, amidst the knighthood of the land,
 And beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
 Ransom'd for France by thee!

The rites are done!

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken;
 And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
 Daughter of victory!—A triumphant strain,
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane,
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound—
 Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
 The wind bears onwards with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to Glory on her high career!
 Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flows forth!—The shouts that fill'd
 The hollow heaven tempestuously were still'd
 One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“Joanne!”—Who spoke
 Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
 Under one roof?—“Joanne!”—*That* murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth!—She turn'd,—she knew
 Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there,
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
 From his dark eye flash'd proudly; and the boy,
 The youngest born, that ever loved her best:
 —“Father! and ye, my brothers!”—On the breast
 Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
 Ev'n in an instant, to their native track

* “Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc, son Père, y se trouva, aussitôt que les troupes de Charles sept y furent entrées; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnés, elle se vit, pour un instant, au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un Père vertueux, auquel cette vertueuse fille se plut à renvoyer ces hommages d'estime dont elle étoit entourée.”—*Almanach de Gotha.*

Her free thoughts flow'd.—She saw the pomp no more—
 The plumes, the banners!—to her cabin-door,
 And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade*,
 Where her young sisters by her side had play'd,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turn'd. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time by the bird which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
 Was in her heart, a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to Nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bow'd to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,—
 " Bless me, my Father, bless me! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
 Let me return!"

Oh! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne! Too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant-name;
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
 The trusting heart's repose, the Paradise
 Of home with all its loves, doth Fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

* A tree and fountain near Domremi, the native village of Joanne d'Arc, were believed to be haunted by fairies, and were much frequented by the young girls of the neighbouring hamlets, who often suspended wreaths of flowers from the branches of the tree, which was a beech of remarkable size and beauty.

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

Roma, Roma, Roma !
Non è più come era prima.

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !
On thy Seven Hills of yore
Thou sat'st a Queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street :
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seen :
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise :
What hast thou left thee now ?—
Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright !
Veiling thy wastes afar
With colour'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome ! for thy dower,
Flushing dark cypress-bough,
Temple and tower :

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear ;
While Night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell
On thy soft air,
Lingers and loves to dwell
With Summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song ;
A charmed fountain swift,
Joyous and strong :

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread ;
Thou hast rich fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien :
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

F. H.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty Sea,
For ever and the same!

The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hush'd is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sigh'd of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill:

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone,
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,
Are with her eagles flown:

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the leagu'd Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou Deep!
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of Time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our Earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony!

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
Ev'n as when first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speak'st of one that doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

F. H.

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.*

I MADE a mountain-brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wander'd, on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.
It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of Beauty lone,
A haunt for old Romance :
A dim and deeply bosom'd grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.
The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the water lay,
While, as in reverent love below,
The bright stream check'd its play ;
And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.
For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt.
While, sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly Chapel rose.
A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet !
My steps in wonder bound.
For on a brilliant bed of flowers
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair Child was laid.
To sleep?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's eye
And silken lashes press'd,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest !
Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed ;—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heap'd beside.
I stoop'd—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely Child was dead !

* This little poem was suggested by a scene beautifully described in the "Recollections of the Peninsula."

“ Alas !” I cried, “ fair faded thing !
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years !”
But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turn'd—and near me sate
A woman with a moarner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate !
And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.
“ Stranger ! thou pitiest me,” she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,
“ As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious Child.
“ But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An Angel unto Heaven !”

F. H.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.*

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.
Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?
The strings were hush'd—the Knights made way
For the queenly Mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

* Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire (in the twelfth century), that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany, and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of supplicants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened." —See Miss Benger's *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*, vol. i.

She led them even to the Kaiser's place,
 And still before him stood ;
 Till with strange wonder, o'er his face
 Flush'd the proud warrior-blood ;
 And " Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,
 " Wherefore this mourning vest?
 And the clinging children by thy side,
 In weeds of sadness drest?"
 " Well may a mourning vest be mine,
 And theirs, my son, my son!
 Look on the features of thy line
 In each fair little one!
 Though grief awhile within their eyes
 Hath tamed the dancing glee,
 Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
 Thy brother's children see!
 " And where is he, thy brother, where?
 He, in thy home that grew,
 And smiling with his sunny hair,
 Ever to greet thee flew!
 How would his arms thy neck entwine,
 His fond lips press thy brow!
 My son! oh! call these orphans thine—
 Thou hast no brother now!
 " What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
 Speak of thy childhood's hours,
 And smite thee with a tender thought
 Of thy dead father's towers?
 Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
 When rear'd together there,
 Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
 Where is thy brother—where?
 " Well didst thou love him then, and he
 Still at thy side was seen!
 How is it that such things can be,
 As though they ne'er had been?
 Evil was this world's breath, which came
 Between the good and brave!
 Now must the tears of grief and shame
 Be offer'd to the grave!
 And let them, let them there be pour'd!
 Though all unfelt below,
 Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
 Shall soften as they flow.
 Oh! Death is mighty to make peace,
 Now bid his work be done!
 So many an inward strife shall cease—
 Take, take these babes, my son!"
 His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
 With feelings long suppress'd;
 Up in his arms the boys he took,
 And strain'd them to his breast.
 And a shout from all in the royal hall
 Burst forth to hail the sight;
 And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
 At the Kaiser's feast that night.

P. H.