

**Doems of
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Summer Songs	V	The Fallen Lime Tree
	VI	"And I Too in Arcadia!"
Scene from Manzoni's 'Il Conte di Carmagnola'		

SUMMER SONGS BY MRS. HEMANS—No. V.

THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

—
Oft, joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey time.
Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screen'd our grey forefathers
From the noontide's glow;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets
Wrapt in fairy dreams.
O tree of our fathers! O hallowed tree!
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest thro' summer eves?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves?
Where shall now the ring-dove
Build again her nest?
She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast?
But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ring-dove, far more than the bee!

These may yet find coverts,
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness
Odour and soft sound:
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
Round another tree?
O pride of our fathers! O, hallowed tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee!

SUMMER SONGS BY MRS. HEMANS—No. VI.

“AND I TOO IN ARCADIA!”

A celebrated picture, by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription “Et in Arcadia ego.”

THEY have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee,
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,
They have wound thro' forest dells,
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;
Flowers in deepest Oread nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant Bell and starry Cup;
Chaplets are on every brow,
What hath staid the wanderers now?
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb
Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom,
Whence those words their stricken bosoms melt—
“I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt!”

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,
Insect wings in sun-streaks dancing,
Glimpses of blue festa! skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own,
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day,
Something from those old words felt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this altered Earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand;
Flowers, and Lyres, and gathered store
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more?
No, from that bright band of morn
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the Shadow of the Tomb,
Falling thus o'er Summer's bloom,
O'er the flush of Love and Life,
Passing with a sudden strife:
'Tis the low, prophetic breath
Rising from the house of death,
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts to melt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

SCENES FROM MANZONI'S TRAGEDY, "IL CONTE DI
CARMAGNOLA."

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE following scenes, distinguished by a simple pathos, which can be considered no usual characteristic of the brilliant and stately Italian muse, form the conclusion of Manzoni's celebrated tragedy. His hero, Carmagnola, the victorious general of the Venetian republic, becomes an object of suspicion to its jealous rulers, and is summoned before the Doge and Council, on pretence of recompensing his services with higher honours than have yet been awarded. His doom having been previously sealed, he is arraigned and conveyed to prison, whilst his wife and daughter, in all the eagerness of exciting affection, are awaiting his return to their arms. He there proudly repels the charges brought against him, when insulted by the Doge with the name of *Traitor*.

Scene in the Venetian Senate-House.

CARMAGNOLA.

A TRAITOR! *I!*—that name of infamy
Reaches not me. Let him the title bear,
Who best deserves such meed—it is not mine.
Call me a dupe, and I may well submit,
For such my part is here; yet would I not
Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthier still.
A traitor!—I retrace in thought the time,
When for your cause I fought: 'tis all one path
Strewed o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which
A traitor's deeds were mine; the day which passed
Unmark'd by thanks, and praise, and promises
Of high reward! What more? Behold me here!
And when I came, to seeming honour called—
When in my heart most deeply spoke the voice
Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting faith—
—Of trusting faith! Oh! no—Doth he who comes
Th' invited guest of friendship, dream of *faith*?
I came to be ensnared! Well! it is done,
And be it so! but since deceitful hate
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask aside,
Praise be to heaven! an open field at least
Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to speak,
Mine to defend my cause: declare ye then
My treasons!

DOGE.

By the Secret College soon
All shall be told thee.

CARMAGNOLA.

I appeal not there.
What I have done for you, hath all been done
In the bright noon-day, and its tale shall not
Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds
Warriors alone should judge; and such I choose
To be mine arbiters; my proud defence
Shall not be made in secret. All shall hear.

DOGE.

The time for choice is past.

CARMAGNOLA.

What! is there force
Employed against me?—Guards! (*raising his voice.*)

DOGE.

They are not nigh.

Soldiers! (*Enter armed men.*)

Thy guards are these.

CARMAGNOLA.

I am betrayed!

DOGE.

'Twas then a thought of wisdom to disperse
Thy followers. Well and justly was it deemed
That the bold traitor, in his plots surprised,
Might prove a rebel too.

CARMAGNOLA.

E'en as ye list;

Now be it yours to charge me.

DOGE.

Bear him hence,

Before the Secret College.

CARMAGNOLA.

Hear me yet

One moment first. That ye have doomed my death
I well perceive; but with that death ye doom
Your own eternal shame. Far o'er those towers,
Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats
The banner of the Lion, in its pride
Of conquering power; and well doth Europe know
I bore it thus to empire. Here, 'tis true,
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but far beyond
The limits of your sway, in other scenes
Where that still, speechless terror hath not reached,
Which is your sceptre's attribute; my deeds,
And your reward, will live in chronicles
For ever to endure. Yet, yet respect
Your annals and the future! Ye will need
A warrior soon, and who will then be yours?
Forget not, though your captive now I stand,
I was not born your subject. No! my birth
Was 'midst a warlike people; one in soul,
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to deem
The honour of each citizen its own.
Think ye this outrage will be *there* unheard?
—There is some treachery here. Our common foes
Have urged you on to this. Full well ye know
I have been faithful still. There yet is time—

DOGE.

The time is past. When thou didst meditate
Thy guilt, and, in thy pride of heart, defy
Those destined to chastise it, then the hour
Of foresight should have been.

CARMAGNOLA.

O men in soul!

And dost thou dare to think a warrior's breast
For worthless *life* can tremble? Thou shalt soon
Learn how to die. Go! when the hour of fate

On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt meet
Its summons with far other mien than such
As I shall bear to ignominious death. (*He is led out.*)

SCENE II.—*The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

MATILDA.

The hours fly fast, the morn is ris'n, and yet
My father comes not!

ANTONIETTA.

Ah! thou hast not learn'd
By sad experience, with how slow a pace
Joys ever come; expected long, and oft
Deceiving expectation! while the steps
Of grief o'ertake us, ere we dream them nigh.
But night is past, the long and lingering hours
Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of bliss
Must soon succeed. A few short moments more
And he is with us. E'en from this delay
I augur well. A council held so long
Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,
Perhaps for years, our own.

MATILDA.

O mother! thus,
My hopes, too, whisper. Nights enough in tears,
And days in all the sickness of suspense,
Our anxious love hath passed. It is full time
That each sad moment, at each rumour'd tale,
Each idle murmur of the people's voice,
We should no longer tremble; that no more
This thought should haunt our souls—e'en now, perchance,
He, for whom thus your hearts are yearning—*dies!*

ANTONIETTA.

Oh! fearful thought!—but vain and distant now!
Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with grief.
Hast thou forgot the day, when, proudly led
In triumph, 'midst the noble and the brave,
Thy glorious father to the temple bore
The banners won in battle from his foes?

MATILDA.

A day to be remembered!

ANTONIETTA.

By his side
Each seemed inferior. Every breath of air
Swelled with his echoing name; and we, the while,
Stationed on high, and severed from the throng,
Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all;
While, with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelmed,
Our hearts beat high, and whispered—"We are his!"

MATILDA.

Moments of joy!

ANTONIETTA.

What have we done, my child,
To merit such? Heaven, for so high a fate,
Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow
Inscrib'd a lofty name; a name so bright,
That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er
His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark
For envy is the glory of our lot!
And we should weigh its joys against those hours
Of fear and sorrow.

MATILDA.

They are passed e'en now.
Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells,—'tis hushed!
The gates unclose—O mother! I behold
A warrior clad in mail—he comes—'tis he!

ANTONIETTA.

Whom should it be, if not himself?
—My husband! (*she comes forward*).

Enter GONZAGO, and others.

ANTONIETTA.

Gonzago!—where is he we looked for? Where?
Thou answerest not!—O heaven! thy looks are fraught
With prophecies of woe!

GONZAGO.

Alas! too true
The omens they reveal!

MATILDA.

Of woe to whom?

GONZAGO.

Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness
Fall'n to my lot?

ANTONIETTA.

Thou would'st be pitiful,
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;
Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!
Where is my husband?

GONZAGO.

Heaven sustain your souls
With fortitude to bear the tale!—my chief—

MATILDA.

Is he returned unto the field?

GONZAGO.

Alas!
Thither the warrior shall return no more.
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now
A prisoner!

ANTONIETTA.

He a prisoner!—and for what?

GONZAGO.

He is accused of treason.

MATILDA.

Treason! *He*

A traitor!—Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA.

Haste! proceed,

And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved for all.
Say, what shall be his sentence?

GONZAGO.

From my lips

It shall not be revealed.

ANTONIETTA.

Oh! he is slain!

GONZAGO.

He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

ANTONIETTA.

He lives!

Weep not, my daughter! 'tis the time to act.
For pity's sake, Gonzago, be thou not
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee
Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones;
He was thy friend.—Ah! haste, then, be our guide,
Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child,
Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left
Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves
Are husbands, they are fathers! When they signed
The fearful sentence, they remembered not
He was a father, and a husband too.
But when their eyes behold the agony
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts will melt;
They will, they *must* revoke it. Oh! the sight
Of mortal woe is terrible to man!
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdained
To vindicate his deeds, or to recal
His triumphs, won for them. It is for us
To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know
That *he* implored not; but our knees shall bend,
And we will pray.

GONZAGO.

Oh Heaven! that I could leave
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,
No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,
Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis launched
Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort still,
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of heart.
Oh! fearful is the trial, but the God
Of mourners will be with you.

MATILDA.

Is there not

One hope?

ANTONIETTA.

Alas! my child! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*

CARMAGNOLA.

They must have heard it now.—Oh! that at least
I might have died far from them! Though their hearts
Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,
The solemn hour of nature's parting pangs,
Had then been past. It meets us darkly now,
And we must drain its draught of bitterness
Together, drop by drop. O ye wide fields!
Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of arms!
O proud delights of danger! Battle-cries!
And thou, my war-steed! and ye, trumpet-notes
Kindling the soul! Midst your tumultuous joys
Death seemed all beautiful—and must I then,
With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate
Be as a felon dragg'd; on the deaf winds
Pouring vain prayers and impotent complaints?
And Marco! hath he not betrayed me too?
Vile doubt! that I could cast it from my soul
Before I die!—But no! What boots it now
Thus to look back on life with eye that turns
To linger where my footstep may not tread?
Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it so!
I too have proved such vain and impious joys,
And know their value now. But oh! again
To see those loved ones, and to hear the last,
Last accents of their voices! By those arms
Once more to be encircled, and from thence
To tear myself for ever!—Hark! they come!
O God of mercy, from thy throne look down
In pity on their woes!

SCENE IV.

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGO, AND CARMAGNOLA.

ANTONIETTA.

My husband!

MATILDA.

Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA.

Is it thus

That thou returnest? and is this the hour
Desired so long?

CARMAGNOLA.

O ye afflicted ones!

Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you alone.
Long have my thoughts been used to look on Death,
And calmly wait his time. For you alone
My soul hath need of firmness; will ye, then,
Deprive me of its aid!—When the Most High
On virtue pours afflictions, he bestows
The courage to sustain them. Oh! let yours
Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy
In this embrace, 'tis still a gift of Heaven.
Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, beloved wife!
Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days flowed on
In peace and gladness; I united thee
To my disastrous fate, and now the thought

Embitters death. Oh! that I had not seen
The woes I cause thee!

ANTONETTA.

Husband of my youth!
Of my bright days, thou who didst make them bright,
Read thou my heart! the pangs of death are there,
And yet, e'en now—I would not but be thine.

CARMAGNOLA.

Full well I know how much I lose in thee:
Oh! make me not too deeply feel it now.

MATILDA.

The homicides!

CARMAGNOLA.

No, sweet Matilda, no!
Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance rise
To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb
These moments—they are sacred. Yes! my wrongs
Are deep, but thou forgive them, and confess,
That, e'en midst all the fulness of our woe,
High, holy joy remains.—Death! Death!—our foes,
Our most relentless foes, can only speed
Th' inevitable hour. Oh! man hath not
Invented death for man; it would be *then*
Maddening and insupportable:—from Heaven
'Tis sent, and Heaven doth temper all its pangs
With such blest comfort, as no mortal power
Can give or take away. My wife! my child!
Hear my last words—they wring your bosoms now
With agony, but yet, some future day,
'Twill soothe you to recal them. Live, my wife!
Sustain thy grief, and live! this ill-starred girl
Must not be reft of all. Fly swiftly hence,
Conduct her to thy kindred, she is theirs,
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee once!
Then, to their foe united, thou becom'st
Less dear; for feuds and wrongs made warring sounds
Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return
A mourner, and the object of their hate
Will be no more.—Oh! there is joy in death!
And thou, my flower! that 'midst the din of arms,
Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head
Droops to the earth! Alas! the tempest's rage
Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy heart
Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast;
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim
Pity from *me*, Matilda? Oh! thy sire
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st
That the forsaken have a Father still
On high. Confide in him, and live to days
Of peace, if not of joy; for such to thee
He surely destines. Wherefore hath he poured
The torrent of affliction on thy youth,
If to thy future years be not reserved
All his benign compassion? Live! and soothe
Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms

Of no ignoble consort lead thee still!—
Gonzago! take the hand which thou hast pressed
Oft in the morn of battle, when our hearts
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.
Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith
To guide and guard these mourners, till they join
Their friends and kindred?

GONZAGO.

Rest assured, I will.

CARMAGNOLA.

I am content. And if, when this is done,
Thou to the field returnest, there for me
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died
Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my dools,
Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st it well.
Tell them I never, with a traitor's shame,
Stained my bright sword. Oh! never—I myself
Have been ensnared by treachery. Think of me
When trumpet-notes are stirring every heart,
And banners proudly waving in the air,
Think of thine ancient comrade! And the day
Following the combat, when upon the field
Amidst the deep and solemn harmony
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,
With lifted hands, is offering for the dead
His sacrifice to Heaven—forget me not!
For I, too, hoped upon the battle plain
E'en so to die.

ANTONINETTA.

Have mercy on us, Heaven!

CARMAGNOLA.

My wife! Matilda! Now the hour is nigh,
And we must part—Farewell!

MATILDA.

No, Father, no!

CARMAGNOLA.

Come to this breast yet, yet once more, and then
For pity's sake, depart!

ANTONINETTA.

No! force alone

Shall tear us thence.

[A sound of arms is heard.]

MATILDA.

Hark, what dread sound?

ANTONINETTA.

Great God!

(The door is half opened, and armed men enter, the chief of whom advances to the Count. His wife and daughter fall senseless.)

CARMAGNOLA.

O God, I thank thee! O most merciful!
Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs
Of this dread moment's conflict.

Thou, my friend,
Assist them, bear them from this scene of woe,
And tell them, when their eyes again unclose
To meet the day—that nought is left to fear.