

Poems in The London Literary  
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by

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

(L. E. L.)

the poet everyone is talking  
about

compiled by

Peter J. Bolton

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

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**SONG.**

Are other eyes beguiling, Love ?  
Are other rose-lips smiling, Love ?  
Ah, heed them not ; you will not find  
Lips more true, or eyes more kind,  
Than mine, Love.

Are other white arms wreathing, Love ?  
Are other fond sighs breathing, Love ?  
Ah, heed them not ; but call to mind  
The arms, the sighs, you leave behind—  
All thine, Love.

Then gaze not on other eyes, Love ;  
Breathe not other sighs, Love ;  
You may find many a brighter one  
Than your own rose, but there are none  
So true to thee, Love.

All thine own, mid gladness, Love ;  
Fonder still, mid sadness, Love ;  
Tho' changed from all that now thou art,  
In shame, in sorrow, still thy heart  
Would be the world, to me, Love.—L. E. L.



These are thy bridal flowers  
 I am now wreathing ;  
 This is thy marriage hymn  
 I am now breathing.  
 Some one has been changing  
 The fresh buds I gathered ;  
 This is not my wreath,  
 Look how 'tis withered ! [turned  
 And then she threw the flowers aside, and  
 An earnest gaze on heaven ; then sang again.

I love thee, oh ! thou bright star,  
 Now looking in light from afar.  
 Am I not thy own love ? I see  
 Thy answer shine down upon me.  
 I love thee, thou glorious king,  
 Look on the fair offering I bring.  
 There the summer rose blooms in its pride ;  
 Is it not a fit crown for thy bride ?  
 Oh ! when will that time of joy be  
 When my spirit shall mingle with Thee !  
 Some day I shall seek thy bright shrine,  
 And be to eternity thine.—

They told me of her history ; her love  
 Was a neglected flame which had consumed  
 The vase wherein it kindled ; Oh, how fraught  
 With bitterness is unrequited love !  
 To know that we have cast life's hope away  
 On a vain shadow. Her's was gentle passion,  
 Quiet and deep, as woman's love should be,  
 All tenderness and silence, only known  
 By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,  
 Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts :  
 A sigh scarce heard, a blush scarce visible,  
 Alone may give it utterance. Love is  
 A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,  
 When felt as only woman love can feel ;  
 Pure as the snowfall, when its latest shower  
 Sinks on spring flowers ; deep as a cave-  
 locked fountain,  
 And changeless as the cypress's green  
 For, like them sad, she nourished [leaves,  
 Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed  
 A passion unconfessed, till He she loved  
 Was wedded with another ; then she grew  
 Moody and melancholy. One alone  
 Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,  
 Her gentle sister, but that sister died,  
 And the unhappy girl was left alone—  
 A Maniac. She would wander far, and shunn'd  
 Her own accustomed dwelling ; and her haunt  
 Was that dead sister's grave, and that to her  
 Was as a home. L. E. L.



## TEN YEARS AGO.

“Ten years ago,” the world was then  
A pleasant and a lovely dream;  
Life was a river banked by flowers,  
With sunshine glancing o’er the stream;  
The path was new, and there was thrown  
A sweet veil over pleasure’s ray;  
But ignorance is happiness,  
When young Hope is to show the way;  
And fair the scenes that hope would show  
When youth was bright “ten years ago.”

Ten years are past,—life is no more  
The fairy land that once I knew—  
Pleasures have proved but falling stars,  
And many a sweetest spell untrue:  
But may I look on these dear ones,  
Feel their soft smile, their rosy kiss;  
Or may I turn, Beloved, to thee,  
My own home-star of truth and bliss!  
While love’s sweet lights thus round me glow,  
Can I regret “ten years ago?”      L. E. L.

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**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

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**FOETIC SKETCHES.**

*Sketch Second.*

“ Oh, Power of love! so fearful, yet so fair!  
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care!”

IT lay mid trees, a little quiet nest  
Like to the stock dove's, and the honeysuckle  
Spread o'er the cottage roof, while the red rose  
Grew round the casement, where the thick-leaved  
Wove a luxuriant curtain, with a wreath, [vine  
A bridal wreath of silver jessamine ;—  
A soft turf lay before the door, o'erhung  
With a huge walnut-tree's green canopy,  
Encircled round with flowers ; and, like a queen  
Of the young roses, stood a bright-cheeked Girl,  
With smile of Summer and with lips of Spring,  
A shape of air, and footsteps of the wind.  
She looked all hope and gladness ; but her eyes,  
Her deep blue eyes, which seemed as they did owe  
Their tints to the first vi'let April brings,  
Had yet sad meanings in them ; 'twas not grief,  
But as a presage of some ill to come.—  
She stood upon the turf, while round her flew

Her bright-hued pigeons, feeding from her hand ;  
 And still she threw fresh flowers upon the cage,  
 Where two white doves were cooing ; and then ran  
 Light as the rose leaves falling, to her Sire,  
 To greet him, and to give a kind Good morrow.—  
 A blossom full of promise is Life's Joy,  
 That never comes to fruit ; hope for a time  
 Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,  
 And it looks flourishing—a little while,  
 'Tis past, we know not whither, but 'tis gone—  
 Some canker has consumed it, or some blight  
 Has nipt it unawares, some worm has preyed  
 Upon its life, or else some unkind blast  
 Has torn it from the stem ; and those who loved,  
 Who fondly cultured it, are left to weep  
 Over the ruins of their cherished flower.—  
 I passed by that sweet cottage ; it was changed ;  
 The rose trees were all dead, the unpruned vine  
 Was trailing on the ground, the thick-grown weeds  
 Gave signs of desolation ; one poor dove  
 Sat by a broken casement, while her wail  
 Was echo'd mournfully from the lone roof.—  
 Love, Oh fond Love ! betraying, beautiful,  
 How can we trust the hope of life to thee ?  
 Is it not building on the sands ? Fair girl,—  
 It was the darkness of thy destiny !  
 She loved one all unworthy of her love.  
 Alas, that still devoted confidence  
 Should lead but unto ruin ! He beguil'd  
 Her steps from home and happiness ; and when  
 She trusted but to him, his heart no more  
 Answered the beat of her's—then he could leave  
 The fond deceiv'd one lone and desolate !  
 She turned her to her Father, whom she left,  
 And knelt, and pray'd forgiveness : he might not  
 Look on her pale cheek, thin and wasted form,  
 And not weep o'er her kind and pardoning tears.  
 Her heart was broken—and familiar scenes  
 Of happier days and childhood brought no charm  
 To one whose hope was past away—She died.

Nov.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

POETIC SKETCHES.

*Sketch Third.*

" You must make  
Your heart a grave, and in it bury deep  
Its young and beautiful feelings."

'Tis hidden from the sun by the tall elms,  
The noon has here no power, and the soft grass  
Springs fresh and green, even in the summer's heat.  
There is deep stillness round, save when the gale  
Talks to the willows that hang gracefully  
Over the brook, whose broken murmurs are  
An answer to the wind which brings then breaks  
The bubbles on its surface ; here the dove  
Coos in the noon day, and at evening tide  
The woodlark sings his vesper symphony.—  
This lime grove was the cherished haunt of one  
Who loved it for its solitude ; to him  
Silence was holiest language, and the leaves,  
The birds, the clouds, were his familiar friends.  
His soul was given to poesy, and crowds  
And peopled cities were no chains to him,  
Where all was cold and strange, where none could  
feel

As he did ; and he loved to shrink away,  
The deep woods his companions, and to live  
Mid visions and wild songs. Oh, blessedness !  
To see the fair creations of the thought  
Assume a visible form ; sweet Poesy !  
How witching is thy power upon the heart ;  
Enchantment that does bind our senses up  
In one unutterable influence ;  
A charmed spell set over every thought,  
Till life's whole hope is cast upon the lyre.  
Loved with a love intense and passionate,  
A strange, a jealous, but devoted love.  
It is not happiness, tho' in the wreath  
That binds the poet's brow, there's many a hue  
Of pleasure and of beauty ; yet those flowers,  
Like other blooms, are guarded round with thorns,  
And subject to the blight and canker-worm.

Planet of bright but wayward destinies,  
Thy votaries are thy victims ; he who seeks  
The laurel must essay a weary path ;  
Neglect will chill his best affections, or  
Cold mockery will greet them. There are given  
Rich gifts unto the bard ; but, not content  
With silent rapture, he must sun his wealth,  
Shew his hid treasures to the world, and then  
The canker will consume them, and the fame  
He fondly sought be bitterness of heart.  
'Twas thus with the young Minstrel of this grove :  
He sought to grasp an iris, beautiful  
And of bright colours, but all formed of tears.  
His memory lingers in this glen, for here  
He caught the inspiration of the gale,  
Singing its evening hymn, and worshipped  
Like an idolater the morning star  
He pass'd in early youth ; his heart was as  
A delicate flower, too soft to blossom long.  
He sleeps where yon pale willow leans, and weeps  
The morning dew above his quiet grave. L. E. L.

## SONG.

THERE were sweet sounds waked from my harp ;  
But see, its strings are broken.  
Alas ! that touch so sweet should leave  
So sad a token.  
My harp and heart are both alike,  
Their music is departed ;  
The joy of song is gone from one  
So broken hearted.  
Love has past o'er my harp  
Like unto summer thunder,  
And all the beauteous chords of hope  
Are rent asunder !

L. E. L.



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**ORIGINAL POETRY.**


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**POETIC SKETCHES.***Sketch Fourth.*

I do love

These old remembrances—they are to me  
 The heart's best intercourse; I love to feel  
 The griefs, the happiness, the wayward fates  
 Of those that have been, for these memories  
 Hallow the spot whereon they linger, and  
 Waken our kindest sympathies.

THE shore was reefed with rocks, whose rugged  
 sides

Were venturous footing for the fowler's step:  
 They were shaped out in wild and curious forms,  
 Above all jagged and broken, but below  
 The waves had worn the shaggy points away;  
 For there they rave incessantly. When last  
 I past along the beach, it was at eve,  
 A summer's eve, stormy, but beautiful;  
 I could but look upon the western sky,  
 The rest was hidden from my view; but there  
 The day had spent its glory. One rich light  
 Broke thro' the shadow of the tempest's wing,  
 While the black clouds, with gold and purple edged,  
 Caught every moment warmer hues, until  
 'Twas all one sparkling arch, and, like a king  
 In triumph o'er his foes, the Sun-god sought  
 The blue depths of the sea;—the waters yet  
 Were ruffled with the storm, and the white foam  
 Yet floated on the billows, while the wind  
 Murmured at times like to an angry child,  
 Who sobs even in his slumber. Mid the rocks  
 That rose stern barriers to the rebel waves,  
 There was one spot less rugged than the rest:  
 Some firs had taken root there, and waved o'er  
 The entrance of a cave, where Grecian bards  
 Had said some Sea-maid dwelt, and decked the  
 place



With ocean treasures, for the walls were bright  
With crystal spar : In sooth, it seemed just formed  
For some fair daughter of the main ; at noon  
Here she might bind her hair with shells, and wake  
Her golden harp. But now a legend's told  
Of human love and sorrow—it is called  
The Cavern of the Pirate's Love :—her fate  
Is soon and sadly told : she followed one,  
A lawless wanderer of the deep, for whom  
She left her father's halls. A little while  
She might know happiness—it is the heart  
That gives the colour to our destiny.  
But lovely things are fleeting—blushes, sighs,  
The hours of youth, smiles, hopes, and minstrel  
dreams,  
Spring days and blossoms, music's tones, are all  
Most fugitive ; and swifter still than these  
Will love dissolve into forgetfulness.  
She was deserted. For awhile this cave  
Was her sad refuge ; for awhile the rocks  
Echoed her wild complainings. I can deem  
How she would gaze upon the sea, and think  
Each passing cloud her lover's bark, 'till, hope  
Sickened of its own vanity, and life  
Sickened with hope, she passed and left a tale,  
A melancholy tale, just fit to tell  
On such an eve as this, when sky and sea  
Are sleeping in the mute and mournful calm  
Of passion sunk to rest. L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

**POETIC SKETCHES.**

*Sketch Fifth.*

“ Glad meetings, tender partings, which upstay  
The drooping mind of absence.”

“ May never was the month of love,  
For May is full of flowers;  
’Tis rather April, wet by kind,  
For love is full of showers.”

THE palms flung down their shadow, and the air  
Was rich with breathings of the citron bloom;  
All the so radiant children of the south,  
The gold and silver jessamines, the rose  
In crimson glory, there were gathered—sounds  
Of music too from waterfalls, the hymn  
By bees sung to the sweet flowers as they fed;  
The earth seemed in its infancy, the sky,  
The fair blue sky, was glowing as the hopes  
Of childish happiness; it was a land  
Of blossoming and sunshine.—One is here,  
To whom the earth is colourless, the heaven  
Clouded and cold: his heart is far away:  
The palms have not to him the majesty  
Of his own land’s green oaks, the roses here  
Are not so sweet as those wild ones that grow  
In his own valley; he would rather have  
One pale blue violet than all the buds  
That Indian suns have kist: his heart is full  
Of gentle recollections, and those thoughts  
Which can but hold communion with themselves,  
The heart’s best dreaming. When the wanderer  
Calls up those tender memories which are  
So precious to absence, those dear links  
That distance cannot sunder—come there not  
Such visionings, young EVELIN, o’er thy soul?

The dwelling of thy childhood, the dark hill  
 Above thy native valley, down whose side,  
 Like a swift arrow, shot the foaming stream,  
 'The music of the lark, which every morn  
 Waked thy light slumber, and a fairy shape,  
 Whose starry eyes are far too bright for tears,  
 Tho' tears are in them, and whose coral lip  
 Wears still its spring-day smile? Altho' "Farewell,"  
 That saddest of sad sounds, is lingering there,  
 Are not these present to thee? . . . Evelin was  
 A soldier, and he left his home with all  
 The high romance of youth. Beloved, and well  
 His heart repaid that love; but there were clouds,  
 Low worldly clouds, upon affection's star:  
 He sought to clear them—what was toil, that led  
 To fame, to fortune, and ELIZABETH! - - - [rose  
 - - - There's music in that bower, where the wild  
 Has clung about the ash,—such plainting tones  
 As the winds waken: there a harp is breathing,  
 And o'er it leans its mistress, as she lived  
 Upon those melancholy sounds: her head  
 Is bent, as if in pain, upon those strings,  
 And the gold shadows of her long hair veil  
 The white hand which almost unconsciously  
 In melody is wandering: that fair hand  
 Is not more snowy than the cheek it presses;  
 That cheek does tell the history of the heart—  
 Tells, that across the bright May hours of youth  
 Bleak clouds have past, and left behind a trace  
 Bordering on sadness, but withal so sweet  
 You scarce might call it sorrow; and that smile  
 But speaks of patient mild endurance, soft  
 And kind and gentle thoughts, which well become  
 A breaking heart, whose throbs will soon be still  
 In the so lonely but so quiet grave.  
 Yes, she was dying! tho' so young, so fair,  
 Her days were number'd: and if e'er her cheek  
 Wore the rich colour it once had, 't was but  
 The sad and lovely herald of decay,  
 The death rose, that but blossoms on the tomb.  
 Her's was a heart which, when it once had loved,  
 Could but ill brook the many trembling fears  
 That absent love must know:—her fate was like

A star, o'er which the clouds steal one by one,  
Scarce seen, scarce noticed, till the sweet light's  
gone. - - - - -  
- - - She is within his arms, and they have met,  
Evelin and his Elizabeth! a flush  
Of beautiful delight is on her face;  
He clasped her silently, and his dark eye  
Is filled with tears. Ah, tears like these are worth  
A life of smiles,—at length he gently said,  
“Elizabeth, my own love!”—it was heaven  
To think that she again could hear him breathe  
That dear dear name; she answered not, but lay  
Upon his bosom motionless. He looked  
On her sweet face—'twas fixed and pale in death!  
L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

**POETIC SKETCHES.**

*Sketch Sixth.*

“She had no thought from him apart,  
The idol of her seared heart,  
The hope of life's lone pilgrimage,  
The light, the blessing of her age!  
But hope is like the rainbow's form,  
Dying in tears and born in storm;  
And all must feel what passing flowers  
Are joys we deemed most truly ours.”

“Alas, life is a weary voyage, made  
Mid storms and rocks, with just a sun ray sent  
To lure us on and leave us.

Down swept the gathered waters over rocks  
Which broke at times the column's foaming line;  
Darkening amid the snow-white froth, it swept  
Like an all conquering army, and an arch  
Of sparkling hues that in the sunbeams played  
Seemed to unite it with the sky which hung  
Above all calmness and repose: The blue  
Ethereal, soft and stainless, well beseeemed  
A heaven we deem the dwelling-place of peace:  
Downwards it rushed; the tall green pines, that  
Upon the cliffs beside, were covered o'er [hung  
With silver spray: there stood those stately trees,  
Braving the furious storm, as the proud sons  
Of Greece, when Greece was glorious, stood and  
The tyrant's menace and defied the yoke, [braved  
It reached the plain below; a crystal lake  
Became its dwelling, where the dimpling wave  
Had lost all memory of its former strife:  
The willows grew around, and that pale flower  
The water-lily floated on its face,  
The halcyon plumed his azure wings, nor feared  
A coming storm, and in the midst an isle  
Rose like a blest shrine to the guardian power  
Of that sweet scene. It was a little spot  
Shaded by gloomy firs and lighter birch: [soms,  
Here the wild strawberry shed its first white blos-  
And the dove built her nest, while the soft gale,  
Sighing amid the graceful larches, gave  
The only answer to her murmurings.—

Two once dwelt here, a Mother and her Child :  
 She was a widow, and had deeply drank  
 The cup of bitterness. But woman bears  
 The storm man shrinks from unrepiningly.  
 At length the one to whom her love had been  
 A light mid darkness died, and she was left  
 In coldness and unkindness : but one link  
 Still bound her to this earth ; there was a smile  
 Bore gladness to her wounded heart, a voice  
 Of joy and consolation, one who made  
 Life very precious to her—the young bird,  
 Her own sweet nestling, yet too young to know  
 What clouds hung o'er him.—Quiet came at last ;  
 The mourner found a little lone retreat  
 Where she might rest her weary feet—this isle  
 Became her home. Her child grew up  
 A hope and blessing to her :—she was proud  
 To hear that when he joined his young compeers,

No foot was fleet as his, no hand could send  
 The arrow so unerringly, and none  
 So lightly and so fearlessly could scale  
 The height whereon the eagle dwelt ; and, more  
 Than all, to feel how she was loved ! He seemed  
 To live but for her. When with boyish pride  
 He dared the venturous path the others feared,  
 If chance he saw his mother's cheek grow pale,  
 The meed was left unwon. One morn he went  
 In his light skiff, and promised to return  
 As evening fell ; but when the sun sank down  
 The air was thick with clouds, and the fierce wind  
 Poured in its anger o'er the waters ; loud  
 The thunder rolled, and the red lightnings hurled  
 Their fiery warnings. High upon a rock  
 She raised a fire :—the lightning struck the pile,  
 She marked it not—the rain beat on her head,  
 It was unfelt—but with the agony  
 Of hope expiring, still she fed the flame.  
 Day rolled the clouds away, and, sick at heart,  
 She looked towards the shore—he floated there,  
 Her own beloved Child !—With one wild shriek  
 She threw herself towards him, and the waves  
 Closed on them undivided ! - - - L. E. L.

## SONG.

Listen to the tale  
That on the night gale  
Blends with the rose's sigh ;  
The moon shines o'er thy bower,  
Yon star has marked the hour  
When no step and no sound are nigh.

Like the nightbird's lay  
Which dares not by day  
Tell of its hope and fear,  
But awakens the flower  
On the still moonlight hour,  
When not another song is near.

Then ope those blue eyes,  
The smile which there lies  
Glancing of love, fond love ;  
So like yon star's sweet ray,  
Whose brightness clears away  
Each shadow that darkens above.

The pearls of the sea  
Were worthless to me,  
Earth's gems in vain were mine ;  
They would not give the bliss  
Of a moment like this  
When I breathe that sweet sigh of thine.

L. E. L.



THE POET.

Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre,  
 That the Minstrel will feign what he never has felt ;  
 Oh say not his love is a fugitive fire, [melt.  
 Thrown o'er the snow mountains, will sparkle, not

It is not the Alpine hills rich with the ray  
 Of sunset can image the soul of the bard ;  
 The light of the evening around them may play,  
 But the frost-work beneath is, tho' bright, cold  
 and hard.

'Tis the burning volcano, that ceaselessly glows,  
 Where the Minstre may find his own semblance  
 pourtray'd ;  
 The red fires that gleam on the summit are those  
 That first on his own inmost spirit have preyed.

Ah, deeply the Minstrel has felt all he sings,  
 Every passion he paints his own bosom has known ;  
 No note of wild music is swept from the strings,  
 But first his own feelings have echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive fire,  
 That the heart can be ice while the lip is of flame ;  
 Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre ;  
 The pulse of the heart and the harp are the same.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Second Series—Sketch the First.***SAPPHO.**

. . . . She was one  
 Whose lyre the spirit of sweet song had hung  
 With myrtle and with laurel; on whose head  
 Genius had shed his starry glories . . .  
 " . . . transcripts of woman's loving heart  
 And woman's disappointment." . . .

She leant upon her harp, and thousands looked  
 On her in love and wonder—thousands knelt  
 And worshipp'd in her presence—burning tears,  
 And words that died in utterance, and a pause  
 Of breathless, agitated eagerness,  
 First gave the full heart's homage: then came forth  
 A shout that rose to heaven, and the hills,  
 The distant valleys, all rang with the name  
 Of the Æolian SAPPHO—every heart  
 Found in itself some echo to her song.  
 Low notes of love—hopes beautiful and fresh,  
 And some gone by for ever—glorious dreams,  
 High aspirations, those thrice gentle thoughts  
 That dwell upon the absent and the dead,  
 Were breathing in her music—and these are  
 Chords every bosom vibrates to. But she  
 Upon whose brow the laurel crown is placed,  
 Her colour 's varying with deep emotion—  
 There is a softer blush than conscious pride  
 Upon her cheek, and in that tremulous smile  
 Is all a woman's timid tenderness:  
 Her eye is on a Youth, and other days  
 And young warm feelings have rushed on her soul  
 With all their former influence,— thoughts that slept  
 Cold, calm as death, have wakened to new life—  
 Whole years' existence have passed in that glance...  
 She had once loved in very early days:  
 That was a thing gone by: one had called forth  
 The music of her soul: he loved her too,  
 But not as she did—she was unto him  
 As a young bird, whose early flight he trained,  
 Whose first wild songs were sweet, for he had  
 taught  
 Those songs—but she looked up to him with all  
 Youth's deep and passionate idolatry:

Love was her heart's sole universe—he was  
 To her, Hope, Genius, Energy, the God  
 Her inmost spirit worshipped—in whose smile  
 Was all e'en minstrel pride held precious; praise  
 Was prized but as the echo of his own.  
 But other times and other feelings came:  
 Hope is love's element, and love with her  
 Sickened of its own vanity . . . . She lived  
 Mid bright realities and brighter dreams,  
 Those strange but exquisite imaginings [thoughts;  
 That tinge with such sweet colours minstrel  
 And Fame, like sunlight, was upon her path;  
 And strangers heard her name, and eyes that never  
 Had looked on SAPPHO, yet had wept with her.  
 Her first love never wholly lost its power,  
 But, like rich incense shed, although no trace  
 Was of its visible presence, yet its sweetness  
 Mingled with every feeling, and it gave  
 That soft and melancholy tenderness  
 Which was the magic of her song . . . . That Youth  
 Who knelt before her was so like the shape [eyes,  
 That haunted her spring dreams—the same dark  
 Whose light had once been as the light of heaven!—  
 Others breathed winning flatteries—she turned  
 A careless hearing—but when PHAON spoke,  
 Her heart beat quicker, and the crimson light  
 Upon her cheek gave a most tender answer . . . .  
 She loved with all the ardour of a heart  
 Which lives but in itself: her life had passed  
 Amid the grand creations of the thought:  
 Love was to her a vision—it was now  
 Heightened into devotion . . . . But a soul

So gifted and so passionate as her's  
 Will seek companionship in vain, and find  
 Its feelings solitary . . . . PHAON soon  
 Forgot the fondness of his Lesbian maid;  
 And SAPPHO knew that talents, riches, fame,  
 May not soothe slighted love. - - -  
 - - - There is a dark rock looks on the blue sea;  
 'Twas there love's last song echoed—there She  
 sleeps, [name  
 Whose lyre was crowned with laurel, and whose  
 Will be remembered long as Love or Song  
 Are sacred—the devoted SAPPHO! L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Second Series—Sketch the Second.***THE CONTRAST.**

— — — — — And this is love:  
Can you then say that love is happiness?

There were two Portraits: one was of a Girl  
Just blushing into woman; it was not  
A face of perfect beauty, but it had  
A most bewildering smile,—there was a glance  
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,  
That as you looked, a pleasant feeling came  
Over the heart, as when you hear a sound  
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls  
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling eyes  
Gleamed like Thalia's, when some quick device  
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seemed  
Bounding upon the air with all the life,  
The buoyant life of one untouched by sorrow. - - -  
- - - There was another, drawn in after years:  
The face was young still; but its happy look  
Was gone, the cheek had lost its colour, and  
The lip its smile,—the light that once had played  
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quenched and dim,  
For tears had wasted it: her long dark hair  
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves  
Unbraided, and upon her pale thin hand  
Her head was bent, as if in pain,—no trace  
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once  
Seemed as grief could not darken it, as care  
Would pass and leave behind no memory. - - -  
There was one whom she loved undoubtingly,  
As youth will ever love,—he sought her smile,  
And said most gentle things, although he knew  
Another had his vows.—Oh! there are some  
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all  
The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it is  
A triumph that a fond devoted heart  
Is breaking for them,—who can bear to call  
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them!  
Affections trampled on, and hopes destroyed,  
Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs  
That waste the breath of life,—these all were her's  
Whose image is before me. She had given  
Life's hope to a most fragile bark, to love!  
'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love's treachery: she  
knew,  
Yet spoke not of his falsehood; but the charm  
That bound her to existence was dispelled—  
Her days were numbered:—She is sleeping now.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Second Series—Sketch the Third.***ROSALIE.**

The green grass, with a cypress tree above,  
Is now her dwelling, and the worm hath fed  
Upon the lip I loved so - - -

We met in secret : mystery is to love  
Like perfume to the flower ; the maiden's blush  
Looks loveliest when her cheek is pale with fear.  
By moonlight still I sought my lady's bower,  
And there, 'mid blossoms fragrant as her sigh,  
I met the beauty that my soul adored,  
And listened for the light feet, which like wind  
Pass'd o'er the dewy turf. Oh never can  
That dear step be forgotten—it is still

Familiar as a sound of yesterday.—  
Our shrine of meeting was a cypress, which  
Hung o'er the rose, like Sorrow shading Love :  
This was the temple where we called the Night  
To witness gentle vows, and when each lip  
Paused in the fulness of impassioned thoughts ;—  
Hearkened those moonlight melodies, which came  
So soothingly upon that silent time ;  
The light cascade, descending, shedding round  
Its silver drops upon the orange blooms,  
That leant to kiss their own fair images,  
Each sparkling wave a mirror, and sighed forth  
Their soul of odour as they caught the dew ;  
The melancholy music of that bird  
Who sings but to the stars, and tells her tale  
Of love when, besomed by the snowy clouds,  
The Queen of Beauty lights her radiant lamp,  
Her own soft planet.—And at times there came  
Like a low echo, a faint murmur, when  
A gale just laden with the rose's sigh  
Swept the Eolian lyre, and wakened sounds

Of such wild sweetness that it almost seemed  
 The breath of flowers made audible.—They told,  
 In long departed days, when every grove  
 Was filled with beautiful imaginings  
 And visioned creations, that a Nymph  
 Once pined with unrequited love, and sighed  
 Away her sad existence. I could think  
 She left her last tone softly giving soul  
 To the sad of that lonely lyre;  
 Or else, perchance, the spirit of some Bard,  
 Whose life in life was music, wander'd o'er  
 The chords which once with him held sympathy,  
 Like him neglected, but sweet breathing still! - -  
 - - Why dwell I on these memories? Alas,  
 The heart loves lingering o'er the shadows left  
 By joys departed.—'Twas one summer night,  
 And our brief hour had pass'd; I know not why,  
 But my soul felt disquieted within me,  
 And the next evening, when I sought the grove,  
 I had a strange foreboding sadness—none  
 Were there to welcome me, no silvery trace  
 Of fairy footsteps was upon the grass:  
 I waited long and anxiously—none came—  
 I wandered on; it was not in the hope  
 To meet my ROSALIE; but it was sweet  
 To look upon the stars, and think that they  
 Had witnessed our love. At once a sound  
 Of music slowly rose, a sad low chant  
 Of maiden voices, and a faint light streamed  
 From out the windows of a chapel near;  
 I knew it well—'twas the shrine sacred to  
 Her patron saint, and ROSALIE had said,  
 If ever I might claim her as my bride  
 Before the face of heaven, that altar should  
 Be where our vows were given. I entered in,  
 And heard a sound of weeping, and saw shapes  
 Bent down in anguish: in the midst a bier  
 Was covered o'er with flowers—sad offerings made  
 The dead, in vain—and one lay sleeping there,  
 Whose face was veiled;—I could not speak nor ask,  
 My heart was wild with fear,—I lifted up  
 The long white veil,—I looked on the pale cheek  
 Of my so worshipped ROSALIE!           L. E. L.

POETIC SKETCHES.

*Second Series—Sketch the Fourth.*

**ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, HYDE-PARK CORNER.**

These are familiar things, and yet how few,  
Think of this misery!—

I left the crowded street and the fresh day,  
And entered the dark dwelling, where Death was  
A daily visitant,—where sickness shed  
Its weary languor o'er each fevered couch.  
There was a sickly light, whose glimmer showed  
Many a shape of misery: there lay  
The victims of disease, writhing with pain;  
And low faint groans, and breathings short and deep,  
Each gasp a heartfelt agony, were all [brow  
That broke the stillness.—There was one, whose  
Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars,  
Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush,  
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not  
One ball or blow but did destruction's work:  
But then his heart was high, and his pulse beat  
Proudly and fearlessly:—now he was worn  
With many a long day's suffering,—and death's  
A fearful thing when we must count its steps.  
And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams,  
Of home, of happiness, of quiet years  
Spent in the little valley which had been  
So long his land of promise? Farewell all  
Gentle remembrances and cherished hopes!  
His race was run, but its goal was the grave.—  
I looked upon another, wasted, pale,  
With eyes all heavy in the sleep of death;  
Yet she was lovely still,—the cold damps hung  
Upon a brow like marble, and her eyes,  
Though dim, had yet their beautiful blue tinge.



Neglected as it was, her long fair hair  
 Was like the plumage of the dove, and spread  
 Its waving curls like gold upon her pillow.  
 Her face was a sweet ruin. She had loved,  
 Trusted, and been betrayed! In other days,  
 Had but her cheek looked pale, how tenderly  
 Fond hearts had watched it! They were far away,  
 She was a stranger in her loneliness,  
 And sinking to the grave of that worst ill—  
 A broken heart.—And there was one, whose cheek  
 Was flushed with fever—'twas a face that seemed  
 Familiar to my memory,—'twas one  
 Whom I had loved in youth. In days long past,  
 How many glorious structures we had raised  
 Upon Hope's sandy basis! Genius gave  
 To him its golden treasures: he could pour  
 His own impassioned soul upon the lyre;  
 Or, with a painter's skill, create such shapes  
 Of loveliness, they were more like the hues  
 Of the rich evening shadows, than the work  
 Of human touch. But he was wayward, wild;  
 And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime  
 Flourished, were quickly withered in the cold

And dull realities of life; - - - he was  
 Too proud, too visionary for this world,  
 And feelings which, like waters unconfined,  
 Had carried with them freshness and green beauty,  
 Thrown back upon themselves, spread desolation  
 On their own banks. He was a sacrifice,  
 And sank beneath neglect; his glowing thoughts  
 Were fires that preyed upon himself. Perhaps,  
 For he has left some high memorials, Fame  
 Will pour its sunlight o'er the picture, when  
 The Artist's hand is mouldering in the dust,  
 And fling the laurel o'er a harp, whose chords  
 Are dumb for ever. But his eyes he raised  
 Mutely to mine—he knew my voice again,  
 And every vision of his boyhood rushed  
 Over his soul; his lip was deadly pale,  
 But pride was yet upon its haughty curve; - -  
 He raised one hand contemptuously, and seemed  
 As he would bid me mark his fallen state,  
 And that it was unheeded. So he died  
 Without one struggle, and his brow in death  
 Wore its pale marble look of cold defiance.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Second Series—Sketch the Fifth.***MR. MARTIN'S PICTURE OF CLYTIE.**

- - - - - Greece,  
 These are thy graceful memories, the dreams  
 That hallowed thy groves, and over things  
 Inanimate shed visionary life,  
 When every flower had some romantic tale [streams  
 Linked with its sweetness, when the winds, the  
 Breathed poetry and love. - - -  
 It was a beautiful embodied thought,  
 A dream of the fine painter, one of those  
 That pass by moonlight o'er the soul, and flit  
 'Mid the dim shades of twilight, when the eye  
 Grows tearful with its ecstasy. There stood  
 A dark haired Grecian girl, whose eyes were raised,  
 With that soft look love teaches, to the sky—  
 One hand pressed to her brow, as she would gaze  
 Upon the sun undazzled—'twas that nymph,  
 The slighted CLYTIE. May minstrel look

Upon the sweet creation, and not feel  
 Its influence on the heart? Now listen, love,  
 I'll tell thee of her history: she was  
 Amid those lovely ones that walk the earth  
 Like visions all of heaven, or but made  
 The more divine by earthly tenderness;  
 One of the maiden choir, that every morn,  
 From lips of dew and odours, to the sun  
 Hymned early welcome. 'Twas one summer eve,  
 And the white columns and the marble floor  
 In the proud temple of Day's deity  
 Were flooded o'er with crimson, and the air  
 Was rich with scents; it was CLYTIE'S turn  
 To watch the perfumed flame; she sat and waked  
 Her silver lute with one of those sweet songs  
 Breathed by young poets when their mistress' kiss  
 Has been their inspiration. Suddenly  
 Some other music echoed her own,  
 Faint, but most exquisite, like those low tones  
 That winds of summer sigh in the sea shells;  
 It died in melting cadences, but still  
 CLYTIE bent to hear it.—Could it be [Youth  
 A dream, a strange wild dream? There stood a  
 More beautiful than summer by her side!  
 His bright hair floated down like Indian gold,  
 A light played in his curls, and his dark eyes  
 Flashed splendour too intense for human gaze;  
 A wreath of laurel was upon the lyre  
 His graceful hand sustained, and by his side  
 The sparkling arrows hung. It was the god  
 That guides the sun's blue race, the god of light,  
 Of song, who left his native heaven for one  
 More precious far—the heaven of woman's love. - -

- - They met no more, but still that glorious shape  
 Haunted her visions ; life to her was changed ;  
 Gaiety, hope, and happiness, were all  
 Centered in one deep thought. The time had been,  
 When never smile was sunnier than her's,  
 No step more buoyant, and no song more glad :  
 All, all was changed ; she fled to solitude,  
 And poured her wild complainings to the groves,  
 And Echo answered—Echo, that, like her,  
 Had pined with ill-starred love ! Oh never, never  
 Had love a temple like a woman's heart !  
 She will serve so devotedly, will give  
 Youth, beauty, health, in sacrifice ; will be  
 So very faithful !—without hope to cheer,  
 Or tenderness to soothe, her love yet will  
 Continue unto death. CLYTIE dwelt  
 On that once cherished memory ; she would gaze  
 For hours upon the sky, and watch the sun ;  
 And when the pale light faded from the west,  
 Would weep till morning. Is it not just thus  
 In that fine semblance, where the painter's touch  
 Has bodied forth her beauty and her sorrow  
 That she is pictured with a sad soft smile,  
 Turned to the azure home of her heart's god ?  
 A fresh green landscape round, just like those groves,  
 The Grecian groves, where she was wont to roam.  
 - - - Look, dear, upon that flower—'tis hallowed  
 By the remembrance of unhappy love,  
 'Tis sacred to the slighted CLYTIE ;  
 Look, how it turns its bosom to the sun,  
 And when dark clouds have shadowed it, or night  
 Is on the sky, mark how it folds its leaves,  
 And droops its head, and weeps sweet tears of dew,  
 The constant Sun-flower.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETIC SKETCHES.***Second Series—Sketch the Sixth.***THE DESERTER.**

Alas, for the bright promise of our youth !  
 How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,  
 How soon we find that dreams we trusted most  
 Are very shadows.

'Twas a sweet summer morn—the lark had just  
 Sprang from the clover bower around her nest,  
 And poured her blithe song to the clouds ; the sun  
 Shed his first crimson o'er the dark grey walls  
 Of the old church, and stained the sparkling panes  
 Of ivy-covered windows. The damp grass,  
 That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,  
 Was white with dew, but early steps had been,  
 And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb :  
 'Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name  
 That many stopped to read—a Soldier's name—  
 And two were kneeling by it, one who had  
 Been weeping ; she was widow to the brave,  
 Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.  
 From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,  
 But beauty still was there, that softened grief,  
 Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt  
 Too deeply for forgetfulness ; her look,  
 Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,  
 And such as might beseem the Roman dama



Whose children died for liberty, was made  
 More soft and touching by the patient smile  
 Which piety had given the unearthly brow,  
 Which Guido draws when he would form a saint  
 Whose hopes are fixed on heaven, but who has yet  
 Some earthly feelings binding them to life.  
 Her arm was leant upon a graceful Youth,  
 The hope, the comfort of her widowhood ;  
 He was departing from her, and she led  
 The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—  
 As in the visible presence of the dead  
 She gave her farewell blessing, and her voice  
 Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade  
 Her child tread in that father's steps, and told  
 How brave, how honoured he had been. But when  
 She did entreat him to remember all  
 Her hopes were centered in him, that he was  
 The stay of her declining years, that he  
 Might be the happiness of her old age,  
 Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,  
 Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs  
 Alone found utterance ; and he whose cheek  
 Was flushed with eagerness, whose ardent eye  
 Gave animated promise of the fame  
 That would be his, whose ear already rang  
 With the loud trumpet's war song, felt these dreams  
 Fade for a moment, and almost renounced  
 The fields he panted for, since they must cost  
 Such tears as these.—The churchyard left, they  
 pass'd  
 Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet May  
 Had showered its white luxuriance, intermixed  
 With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,  
 And linked with honeysuckle. O'er the path  
 Many an ancient oak and stately elm  
 Spread its green canopy. How EDWARD'S eye  
 Lingered on each familiar sight, as if  
 Even to things inanimate he would bid  
 A last farewell. They reached the cottage gate ;

His horse stood ready; many, too, were there,  
 Who came to say Good by, and kindly wish  
 To the young soldier health and happiness.  
 It is a sweet, albeit most painful, feeling  
 To know we are regretted. "Farewell" said  
 And oft repeated, one last wild embrace  
 Given to his pale Mother, who stood there,  
 Her cold hands prest upon a brow as cold,  
 In all the bursting heart's full agony—  
 One last last kiss—he sprang upon his horse,  
 And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.  
 He is past - - - out of sight. - - -  
 ———The muffled drum is rolling, and the low  
 Notes of the Death-march float upon the wind,  
 And stately steps are pacing round that square  
 With slow and measured tread; but every brow  
 Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,  
 That looked unshrinking on the face of death,  
 When met in battle, are now moist with tears.  
 The silent ring is formed, and in the midst  
 Stands the Deserter!—— Can this be the same,  
 The young, the gallant EDWARD? and are these  
 The laurels promised in his early dreams?  
 Those fettered hands, this doom of open shame!  
 Alas, for young and passionate spirits! Soon  
 False lights will dazzle. He had madly joined  
 The rebel banner! Oh 'twas pride to link  
 His fate with ERIN's patriot few, to fight  
 For liberty or the grave! But he was now  
 A prisoner—yet there he stood, as firm  
 As tho' his feet were not upon the tomb:  
 His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold;  
 But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes  
 Glanced proudly round. But when they bared  
     his breast  
 For the death-shot, and took a portrait thence,  
 He clenched his hands, and gasped, and one deep sob  
 Of agony burst from him; and he hid  
 His face awhile—his mother's look was there.  
 He could not steel his soul when he recalled



The bitterness of her despair. It passed—  
 That moment of wild anguish; he knelt down;  
 That sunbeam shed its glory over one,  
 Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep energy;  
 The next fell over cold and bloody clay. - -  
 —There is a deep voiced sound from yonder vale  
 Which ill accords with the sweet music made  
 By the light birds nestling by those green elms,  
 And a strange contrast to the blossomed thorns.  
 Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse  
 Is winding through that lane. They told it bore  
 A Widow, who died of a broken heart;  
 Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had been  
 Shot for desertion! L. E. L.

[In the Fifth Sketch, last week, the first seven lines should have been printed as a head to the poem.]

The closing note refers back to the previous poem, on page 26

## SONGS.

## I.

Ah, look upon those withered flowers,  
And look upon that broken lute !  
Why are those roses scentless, dead ?  
Why are those gentle chords so mute ?  
A sunbeam pass'd and kissed those flowers,  
Waked the young bloom, the incense sigh ;  
But darkling clouds came o'er that ray,  
The rose was left to droop, to die !  
A wind breathed by and waked the lyre,  
Oh never had it such a sound ;  
But soon the gale too rudely swept—  
The lute lay broken on the ground !  
These things are emblems of my heart ;  
And what has been thine influence there ?  
You taught me first love's happiness,  
How could you teach me love's despair !

X 2. LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

Light be around thee, hope be thy guide;  
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide;  
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,  
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.  
Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best  
Greet the long-absent again to his rest;  
Be thy life like glad music which floateth away  
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.  
But yet while thy moments in melody roll,  
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul,  
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—  
Then think how your twilights were past away here.  
And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be  
Light as the dream of the morning to thee!  
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine  
May be granted to love so devoted as mine!

## 3. FOR MUSIC.

Thou art looking on the face of night, my love !  
Is not yon evening star bright, my love ?

Methinks it is

A world of bliss

For spirits all softness and light, my love !

This earth is so chilled with care, my dear !

Would we might wing our flight there, my dear !

For love to blaze

With the cloudless rays

It would have in a world so fair, my dear !

But my wish to visit that star, dear love !

Is vain as my other hopes are, dear love !

For my heart's wild sigh

Of idolatry

Breathes with thee like that planet afar, dear love !

L. E. L.

Literary Gazette, 27<sup>th</sup> July, 1822, Page 477

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**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

*Sketches from Drawings by Mr. Dogley.  
Sketch the First.*

**TIME arresting the Career of PLEASURE.**

His iron hand grasped a Bacchante's arm,  
And at his touch the rose and vine leaves died;  
He pointed to the circle where the Hours  
Held on their visible course.

Stay thee on thy mad career,  
Other sounds than Mirth's are near;  
Fling not those white arms in air;  
Cast those roses from thy hair;  
Stop awhile those glancing feet;  
Still thy golden cymbals' beat;  
Ring not thus thy joyous laugh;  
Cease that purple cup to quaff;  
Hear my voice of warning, hear,—  
Stay thee on thy mad career!

Youth's sweet bloom is round thee now,  
Roses laugh upon thy brow;  
Radiant are thy starry eyes;  
Spring is in the crimson dyes

Literary Gazette, 27<sup>th</sup> July, 1822, Page 473 (cont.)

O'er which thy dimple-smile is wreathing ;  
 Incense on thy lip is breathing ;  
 Light and Love are round thy soul,—  
 But thunder peals o'er June-skies roll ;  
 Even now the storm is near—  
 Then stay thee on thy mad career !

Raise thine eyes to yonder sky,  
 There is writ thy destiny ;  
 Clouds have veiled the new moonlight ;  
 Stars have fallen from their height ;  
 These are emblems of the fate  
 That waits thee—dark and desolate !  
 All Morn's lights are now thine own,  
 Soon their glories will be gone ;  
 What remains when they depart ?  
 Faded hope, and withered heart  
 Like a flower with no perfume  
 To keep a memory of its bloom !  
 Look upon that hour-marked round,  
 Listen to that fateful sound ;  
 There my silent hand is stealing,  
 My more silent course revealing ;  
 Wild, devoted PLEASURE, hear,—  
 Stay thee on thy mad career !——L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.***Sketches from Designs by Mr. Dagley.**Sketch the Second.*

**LOVE** touching the Horns of a **SNAIL**, which is  
shrinking from his hand.

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.

Oh, you have wronged me!—but, or e'er I tell  
How deep I feel the injury, I will  
One moment linger o'er the things which were  
Precious as happiness; I will just say,  
For the last time, how I have loved you! All  
My hopes in life dwelt with you, for you were  
The centre of existence; all I said,  
Or did, or thought, had reference to you.  
I would have shared the bleakest poverty  
With you, and only sorrowed for your sake;  
I would have given up all the world could give  
Of pleasure for you—and your kiss, your smile  
To me had been light, mirth, and revelry.  
You had my soul's first incense, for my heart  
Had never darkened with love's conscious shadow,  
Till you did set your image like a seal  
Upon its every fibre. Oh, I could  
Have borne with open shame, with pain, with toil;  
Have drained the veriest dregs of bitterness—  
But cannot bear unkindness and neglect.  
Thrice venom'd is the wound when 'tis Love's hand  
Inflicts the blow. Look on this picture—here  
Are all my feelings imaged! Mark how soon,  
How sensitive that creature shrinks away  
From Love's rude touch, within its own calm home.  
'Tis thus my soul's revealings have been checked,  
And forced to shrink within themselves again,  
And I might envy even that "cockled" Snail;  
It will find in its shell a quiet rest—  
But when my feelings turn unto the heart  
That sent them forth, what will they find there but  
A desert, where the too impassioned past  
Has left deep fiery traces! L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

*Sketches from Designs by Mr. Dagley,  
Sketch the Third.*

**THE CUP OF CIRCE.**

“ All have drank of the cup of the enchantress.”

She sat a crowned Queen—the ruby's light  
Gleamed like a red star on the dark midnight  
Amid her curls ; but as they downward fell  
To meet her ivory neck's luxuriant swell,  
Some roses twined around the flowing hair—  
Fair roses—yet her neck was far more fair :  
They were in summer perfume, and they gave  
Fresh fragrance forth at each light tress's wave.  
Her cheek was crimson beauty, and her eye  
Flashed light upon its varying brilliancy.  
There was a spell in those dark eyes, and all  
Bent joyfully beneath its radiant thrall : [raised  
Their power was on the heart. One white hand  
A sparkling vase, where gold and opals blazed  
Only less glorious than her starry eyes ;  
(How sweet the incensed breathings that arise  
From that enchanted cup !) and she the while  
Held the bright poison with a witching smile.  
All gathered round. I marked a fair child stop  
And kiss the purple bubbles from the top ;  
A white haired man, too, hung upon the brim—  
Oh ! that such pleasure should have charms for  
And by his side a girl, whose blue eyes, bent [him—  
On the seducer, looked too innocent  
For passion's madness ;—but love's soul was there—  
And for young Love what will not woman dare !  
There was a warrior—oh, the chain was sweet  
That bound him prisoner to the Circe's feet :  
He knelt and gazed upon her beauty ; she  
Smiled, and received his wild idolatry ; [tone  
Then sighed that low sweet sigh, whose tender  
Is witching, from its echo of our own.  
The Painter's skill has seized a moment where  
Her hand is wreathing mid his raven hair ;

And he is bent in worship, as that touch,  
That soft light touch, were ecstasy too much.  
He is just turned from that bewildering face  
To the fair arm that holds the magic vase—  
The purple liquor is just sparkling up—  
The youth has pledged his heart's truth on that  
cup! L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL SKETCHES.***Third Series.—Sketch the First.***THE MINE.**

Alas, the strange varieties of life!  
 We live 'mid perils and pleasures, like  
 Characters 'graven on the sand, or hues  
 Colouring the rainbow. Wild as a sick fancy  
 And changeful as a maiden, is this dream,  
 This brief dream on earth . . . .  
 Their doom was misery.

They were two lovers.—Oh how much is said  
 In that brief phrase; how much of happiness,  
 Of all that makes life precious, is summed up  
 In telling they were lovers! In this world,  
 In all its many pleasures, all its dreams  
 Of riches, fame, ambition, there is nought  
 That sheds the light of young and passionate love.  
 Ah, its first sigh is worth all else on earth:  
 That sigh may be most fugitive, may leave  
 A burning, broken, or a withered heart;  
 It may know many sorrows, may be cross'd  
 With many cares, and all its joys may be  
 But rainbow glimpses seen in clouds; yet still  
 That sigh breathes paradise.—Love! thou hast been  
 Our ruin and our heaven! Well, they loved—  
 OLAVE and his ELORE; from infancy  
 They had been playmates, and they ever were  
 Each other's shadow; but when woman's blush  
 Came o'er the cheek, and woman's tenderness  
 Shaded ELORE's blue eyes, then OLAVE's heart  
 Caught deeper feeling. It was just the time  
 When soft vows have been breathed, and answered  
 By blushes, gentle sighs, the eloquent signs  
 Of maiden bashfulness and maiden love,  
 And OLAVE knew he was beloved, that when  
 The fresh spring leaves were on the firs, ELORE  
 Would be his own indeed. 'Tis a sweet time,  
 This season of young passion's happiness!  
 The spirit revels in delicious dreams;  
 The future is so beautiful, for hope  
 Is then all powerful. They would often sit  
 For hours by their bright hearth, and tell old tales  
 Of love, true as their own—or talk of days  
 Of quiet joy to come. And when the Spring  
 Smiled in green beauty, they would sweetly roam

By the pale Moon, and in her tender light  
 Read the love written in each other's eyes,  
 And call her for a witness. Oh 'tis bliss  
 To wander thus, arm linked in arm!—a look,  
 A sigh, a blush, the only answers given  
 To the so witching tales fond lips are telling.—  
 One eye they parted even more tenderly  
 Than they were wont to do; but one day more  
 And their fate would be linked in a true bond  
 Of deep affection; henceforth but one life!—  
 But the next morn he came not, and ELONE  
 Watched down the vale in vain! The evening closed,  
 And by her fireside there was solitude;  
 Morn dashed again, and found her still alone,  
 That promised morning, whose light should have  
 shed

Gladness o'er the sweet bride, but shone on tears,  
 On loneliness and terror! Days pass'd by,  
 But OLAVE came not; none knew of his fate;  
 It was all mystery and fear. They searched  
 The valleys and the mountains, but no trace  
 Was left to tell of either life or death:  
 He had departed like a shadow. Strange  
 And drear were now the many tales they told  
 In his own village: some said the snow-pit  
 Had been his grave, and some that still he lived;  
 And wild old histories were now recalled  
 Of mortals loved by powerful beings, who  
 Bore them from earth—and OLAVE was so young,  
 So beautiful, he might well be beloved  
 By mountain-spirits. But alas for her,  
 His widowed Bride! how soon she changed from all  
 The beauty of her youth—her long gold hair  
 Lost its bright colour, and her fair blue eyes  
 Forgot the sunshine of their smile, for never  
 Her countenance was brightened up again  
 By the heart's gladsome feelings. So she lived  
 A solitary thing, to whom the world  
 Was nothing; and she shunned all intercourse,  
 Shrank even from the voice of soothing; all  
 Her earthly ties were broken, and she could  
 But brood o'er her great misery. - - -

'Twas in Fahlun's deep mines a corse was found,  
 As the dark miners urged their toilsome way,  
 Preserv'd from all decay; the golden locks  
 Curl'd down in rich luxuriance o'er a face  
 Pale as a statue's—cold and colourless,  
 But perfect every feature,—No one knew  
 What youth it was. The dress was not the same  
 As worn by miners, but of antique shape,  
 Such as their fathers', and they deemed it was  
 Some stranger who had curiously explored  
 The depths of Fahlun, and the falling rock  
 Had clos'd him from the face of day for ever,  
 Thrice fearful grave! They took the body up  
 And bore it to the open air, and crowds  
 Soon gathered round to look on the fair face  
 And graceful form, yet still not one could tell  
 Aught of its history. But at length there came  
 An aged woman; - - - down beside the youth  
 Trembling she knelt, and with her withered hands  
 Parted from off his face the thick bright hair—  
 She sank upon his bosom, one wild shriek  
 Rang with his name,—My love, my lost OLAVE!  
L. E. L.

Note: From The New Monthly, 1824 Volume II (Vol.11) page 55, a note to the poem 'The Swedish Miner', unsigned

• The body of a young Swedish miner was lately discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, fresh and in a state of perfect preservation, from the action of the mineral waters in which it had been immersed. No one could recognize the body save an old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover : — he had perished fifty years before !

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL SKETCHES.***Third Series.—Sketch the Second.***GLADESMUIR.**

"There is no home like the home of our infancy, no remembrances like those of our youth; the old trees whose topmost boughs we have climbed, the hedge containing that prize a bird's nest, the fairy tale we heard by the fireside, are things of deep and serious interest in maturity. The heart, crushed or hardened by its intercourse with the world, turns with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How I pity those whose childhood has been unhappy! to them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been utterly denied, the most green and beautiful part of life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been what spring should ever be, fresh, buoyant, and xindsome, whose cup has not been poisoned at the first draught, how delicious is recollection! they truly know the pleasures of memory."

- - - - - There is not  
 A valley of more quiet happiness,  
 Bosomed in greener trees, or with a river [hills  
 Clearer than thine, Gladesmuir! There are huge  
 Like barriers by thy side, where the tall pine  
 Stands stately as a warrior in his prime,  
 Mixed with low gnarled oaks, whose yellow leaves  
 Are bound with ruby tendrils, emerald shoots,  
 And the wild blossoms of the honeysuckle;  
 And even more impervious grows the brier,  
 Covered with thorns and roses, mingled like  
 Pleasures and pains, but shedding richly forth  
 Its fragrance on the air; and by its side

The wilding broom as sweet, which gracefully  
 Flings its long tresses like a maiden's hair  
 Waving in yellow beauty. — The red deer  
 Crouches in safety in its secret lair ;  
 The sapphire, bird's-eye, and blue violets  
 Mix with white daisies in the grass beneath ;  
 And in the boughs above the woodlark builds,  
 And makes sweet music to the morning ; while  
 All day the stock-dove's melancholy notes  
 Wail plaintively—the only sounds beside  
 The hum of the wild bees around some trunk  
 Of an old moss-clad oak, in which is reared  
 Their honey palace. Where the forest ends,  
 Stretches a wide brown heath, till the blue sky  
 Becomes its boundary ; there the only growth  
 Are straggling thickets of the white-flowered thorn  
 And yellow furze ; beyond are the grass-fields,  
 And of yet fresher verdure the young wheat ;—  
 These border the village. The bright river  
 Bounds like an arrow by, buoyant as youth  
 Rejoicing in its strength. On the left side,  
 Half hidden by the aged trees that time  
 Has spared as honouring their sanctity,  
 The old grey church is seen : its mossy walls  
 And ivy-covered windows tell how long  
 It has been sacred. There is a lone path  
 Winding beside you hill : no neighb'ring height  
 Commands so wide a view ; the ancient spire,  
 The cottages, their gardens, and the heath,  
 Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen  
 By glimpses as the green wood screen gives way.  
 One is now tracing it, who gazes round  
 As each look were his last. The anxious gasp  
 That drinks the air as every breath brought health ;  
 The hurried step, yet lingering at times,  
 As fearful all it felt were but a dream—  
 How much they tell of deep and inward feeling !  
 That stranger is worn down with toil and pain,  
 His sinowy frame is wasted, and his brow  
 Is darkened with long suffering ; yet he is  
 Oh more than happy !—he has reached his home,  
 And RONALD is a wanderer no more.



How often in that fair romantic land  
 Where he had been a soldier, he had turned  
 From the rich groves of Spain, to think upon  
 The oak and pine ; turned from the spicy air,  
 To sicken for his own fresh mountain breeze ;  
 And loved the night, for then familiar things,  
 The moon and stars, were visible, and looked  
 As they had always done, and shed sweet tears  
 To think that he might see them shine again  
 Over his own Gladesmuir ! That silver moon,  
 In all her perfect beauty, is now rising ;  
 The purple billows of the west have yet  
 A shadowy glory ; all beside is calm,  
 And tender and serene—a quiet light,  
 Which suited well the melancholy joy  
 Of RONALD'S heart. At every step the light  
 Played o'er some old remembrance ; now the ray  
 Dimpled the crystal river ; now the church  
 Had all its windows glittering from beneath  
 The curtaining ivy. Near and more near he drew—  
 His heart beat quick, for the next step will be  
 Upon his father's threshold ! But he pruned—  
 He heard a sweet and sacred sound—they joined  
 In the accustomed psalm, and then they said  
 The words of God, and, last of all, a prayer  
 More solemn and more touching. He could hear  
 Low sobs as it was uttered. They did pray  
 His safety, his return, his happiness ;  
 And ere they ended he was in their arms !  
 The wind rose up, and o'er the calm blue sky  
 The tempest gathered, and the heavy rain  
 Beat on the casement ; but they press'd them round  
 The blazing hearth, and sat while RONALD spoke  
 Of the fierce battle ; and all answered him  
 With wonder, and with telling how they wept  
 During his absence, how they numbered o'er  
 The days for his return. Thrice hallowed shrine

Of the heart's intercourse, our own fireside !  
 I do remember in my early youth  
 I parted from its circle ; how I pined  
 With happy recollections, they to me  
 Were sickness and deep sorrow ; how I thought  
 Of the strange tale, the laugh, the gentle smile  
 Breathing of love, that wiled the night away.  
 The hour of absence past, I was again  
 With those who loved me. What a beauty dwelt  
 In each accustomed face ! what music hung  
 On each familiar voice ! We circled in  
 Our meeting ring of happiness. If e'er  
 This life has bliss, I knew and felt it then !—  
 But there was one RONALD remembered not,  
 Yet 'twas a creature beautiful as Hope,  
 With eyes blue as the harebell when the dew  
 Sparkles upon its azure leaves ; a cheek  
 Fresh as a mountain-rose, but delicate  
 As rainbow colours, and as changeful too.  
 "The orphan ELLEN, have you then forgot  
 Your laughing playmate?" RONALD would have  
     clasp'd  
 The maiden to his heart, but she shrank back ;  
 A crimson blush and tearful lids belied  
 Her light tone, as she bade him not forget  
 So soon his former friends. But the next morn  
 Were other tears than those sweet ones that come  
 Of the full heart's o'erflowings. He was given,  
 The loved, the wanderer, to their prayers at last ;  
 But he was now so changed, there was no trace  
 Left of his former self ; the glow of health,  
 Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek  
 And faded eye decay sat visible ;—

All felt that he was sinking to the grave.  
 He wandered like a ghost around ; would lean,  
 For hours, and watch the river, or would lie  
 Beneath some aged tree, and hear the birds  
 Singing so cheerfully, and with faint step  
 Would sometimes try the mountain side. He loved  
 To look upon the setting sun, and mark  
 The twilight's dim approach. He said he was  
 Most happy that all thro' his life one wish  
 Had still been present on his soul—the wish  
 That he might breathe his native air again ;—  
 That prayer was granted, for he died at home.  
 One wept for him when other eyes were dry,  
 Treasured his name in silence and in tears,  
 Till her young heart's impassioned solitude  
 Was filled but with his image. She had soothed  
 And watched his last few hours—but he was gone !  
 The grave to her was now the goal of hope :  
 She pass'd, but gently as the rose-leaves fall  
 Scattered by the spring gales. Two months had fled  
 Since RONALD died ; they threw the summer  
     flowers  
 Upon his sod, and ere those leaves were tinged  
 With autumn's yellow colours, they were twined  
 For the poor ELLEN's death-wreaths ! - - -  
 —They made her grave by RONALD's. L. E. L.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

*Third Series.—Sketch the Third.*

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

Their path had been a troubled one, each step  
 Had trod mid thorns and springs of bitterness,  
 But they had fled away from the cold world,  
 And found, in a fair valley, solitude  
 And happiness in themselves. They oft would rove  
 Thro' the dark forests when the golden light  
 Of evening was upon the oak, or catch  
 The first wild breath of morning on the hill,  
 And in the hot noon seek some greenwood shade,  
 Filled with the music of the birds, the leaves,  
 Or the descending waters' distant song.  
 And that young maiden hung delightedly  
 Upon her minstrel lover's words, when he  
 Breathed some old melancholy verse, or told  
 Love's ever-varying histories; and her smile  
 Thanked him so tenderly, that he forgot  
 His thought of but to scorn the flatteries  
 He was so proud of once. I need not say  
 How happy his sweet mistress was—Oh, all  
 Know love is woman's happiness.

Come, love, we'll rest us from our wanderings :  
 The violets are fresh among the moss,  
 The dew is not yet on their purple leaves,  
 Warm with the sun's last kiss—sit here, dear love !  
 This chesnut be our canopy. Look up  
 Towards the beautiful heaven! the fair Moon  
 Is shining timidly, like a young Queen  
 Who fears to claim her full authority :  
 The stars shine in her presence; o'er the sky  
 A few light clouds are wandering, like the fears  
 That even happy love must know; the air  
 Is full of perfume and most musical,  
 Although no other sounds are on the gale  
 Than the soft falling of the mountain rill,  
 Or waving of the leaves. 'Tis just the time  
 For legend of romance, and, dearest, now  
 I have one framed for thee : it is of love,  
 Most perfect love, and of a faithful heart

Literary Gazette, 21<sup>st</sup> September, 1822, Page 601 (cont.)

That was a sacrifice upon the shrine  
 Itself had reared ! I will begin it now,  
 Like an old tale :—There was a Princess once,  
 More beautiful than Spring, when the warm look  
 Of summer calls the blush upon her cheek,  
 The matchless ISABEL of Portugal.  
 She moved in beauty, and where'er she went  
 Some heart did homage to her loveliness.—  
 But there was one—a youth of lowly birth—  
 Who worshipped her !—I have heard many say  
 Love lives on hope ; they knew not what they said :  
 Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life ;—  
 How many hearts have nourished a vain flame  
 In silence and in secret, though they knew [them !  
 They fed the scorching fire that would consume  
 Young JUAN loved in veriest hopelessness !—  
 He saw the lady once at matin time,—  
 Saw her when bent in meek humility

Before the altar ; she was then unveiled,  
 And JUAN gazed upon the face which was  
 Thenceforth the world to him ! Awhile he looked  
 Upon the white hands clasped gracefully ;  
 The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer ;  
 The raven hair, that hung as a dark cloud  
 On the white brow of morning ! She arose,  
 And as she moved, her slender figure waved  
 Like the light cypress, when the breeze of Spring  
 Wakes music in its boughs. As JUAN knelt  
 It chanced her eyes met his, and all his soul  
 Maddened in that slight glance ! She left the place ;  
 Yet still her shape seemed visible, and still  
 He felt the light through the long eyelash steal  
 And melt within his heart ! - - -



From that time life was one impassioned dream :  
 He lingered on the spot which she had made  
 So sacred by her presence, and he thought  
 It happiness to only breathe the air  
 Her sigh had perfumed—but to press the floor  
 Her faery step had hallowed. He renounced  
 All projects of ambition, joyed no more  
 In pleasures of his age, but like a ghost,  
 Confined to one peculiar spot, he strayed  
 Where first he saw the Princess ; and the court  
 Through which she pass'd to matins, now became  
 To him a home ; and either he recalled  
 Fondly her every look, or else emblaimed  
 Her name in wild sweet song. - - -  
 His love grew blazed abroad—a Poet's love  
 Is immortality ! The heart whose beat  
 Is echoed by the lyre, will have its griefs,  
 Its tenderness, remembered, when each pulse  
 Has long been cold and still. Some pitied him,  
 And others marvelled, half in mockery ;  
 They little knew what pride love ever has  
 In self devotedness. The Princess heard  
 Of her pale lover ; but none ever knew  
 Her secret thoughts : she heard it silently.  
 It could not be but woman's heart must feel  
 Such fond and faithful homage !—But some deemed  
 Even such timid worship was not meet  
 For royalty. They bade the youth depart,  
 And the King sent him gold ; he turned away,  
 And would not look upon the glittering treasure—  
 And then they banished him ! He heard them say  
 He was an exile with a ghastly smile,  
 And murmured not—but rose and left the city.  
 He went on silently, until he came  
 To where a little hill rose, covered o'er  
 With lemon shrubs and golden oranges ;  
 The windows of the palace where she dwelt—

Literary Gazette, 21<sup>st</sup> September, 1822, Page 601 (cont.)

His so loved ISABEL—o'erlooked the place.  
There was some gorgeous fête there, for the light  
Streamed through the lattices, and a far sound  
Of lute, and dance, and song, came echoing.  
The wanderer hid his face—but from his brow  
His hands fell powerless! Some gathered round  
And raised him from the ground: his eyes were  
closed,  
His lip and cheek were colourless;—they told  
His heart was broken! - - - -  
His Princess never knew an earthly love:  
She vowed herself to heaven, and she died young!  
The evening of her death, a strange sweet sound  
Of music came, delicious as a dream:  
With that her spirit parted from this earth.  
Many remembered that it was the hour  
Her humble Lover perished!                   L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL SKETCHES.***Third Series.—Sketch the Fourth.***THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.**

And days fled by,  
 A cloud came o'er my destiny.  
 The dream of passion soon was past,  
 A summer's day may never last—  
 Yes, every feeling then knew change,  
 One only hope was left—revenge.  
 He wedded with another—tears  
 Are very vain, and as for fears  
 I know them not—I deeply swore  
 No lip should sigh where mine before  
 Had sealed its vow, no heart should rest  
 Upon the bosom mine had prest.  
 Life had no ill I would not brave  
 To claim him, even in the grave!

Fair is the form that in yon orange bower,  
 Like a lone spirit, bends beside the lamp,  
 Whose silver light is flung o'er clustering rose,  
 And myrtle with pearl buds and emerald leaves;  
 Green moss and azure violets have formed  
 The floor, and fragrant bloom the canopy,  
 And perfumed shrubs the pillars, round whose stems  
 The vine has crept, and mixed its purple fruit  
 Amid the rich-hued blossoms; citron trees,  
 And beds of hyacinths, have sent their sweets  
 Upon the odorous dew of the night gale,  
 Which, playing with the trembling lamp, flings round  
 A changeful light—now glancing on the flowers,  
 And brightening every hue—now lost in shade.  
 Look out upon the night! There is no star  
 In beauty visible—the Moon is still  
 Sojourning in her shadowy hall—the clouds  
 Are thickening round; but though the tempest's  
 Will herald in the morning, all is still, [wing  
 And calm, and soothing now,—no rougher sounds  
 Than the low murmur of the mountain rill,  
 And the sweet music of the nightingale,  
 Are on the air. But a far darker storm,  
 The tempest of the heart, the evil war  
 Of fiery passions, is fast gathering  
 O'er that bright creature's head, whose fairy bower

And fairy shape breathe but of happiness.  
 She is most beautiful! The richest tint  
 That e'er with roselight dyed a summer cloud,  
 Were pale beside her cheek; her raven hair  
 Falls even to her feet, though fastened up  
 In many a curl and braid with bands of pearl;  
 And that white bosom and those rounded arms  
 Are perfect as a statue's, when the skill  
 Of some fine touch has moulded it to beauty.  
 Yet there are tears within those radiant eyes,  
 And that fair brow is troubled! She is young;  
 But her heart's youth is gone, and innocence  
 And peace, and soft and gentle thoughts, have fled  
 A breast, the sanctuary of unhallowed fires,  
 That love has led to guilt. At each light stir  
 Of but a waving branch, a falling leaf,  
 A deeper crimson burnt upon her cheek,  
 Each pulse beat eagerly, for every sound  
 To her was FERNAND's step, and then she sank  
 Pallid and tearful, with that sickening throb  
 Of sadness only love and fear can know.  
 The night pass'd on—she touched the silver chords,  
 And answered with her voice her lone guitar.  
 It pleased her for a while:—it soothed the soul  
 To pour its thoughts in melancholy words,  
 And if aught can charm sorrow, music can.  
 The song she chose was one her youth had loved,  
 Ere yet she knew the bitterness of grief,  
 But thought tears luxury:—

Oh take that starry wreath away,  
 Fling not those roses o'er my lute!  
 The brow that thou wouldst crown is pale,  
 The chords thou wouldst awaken mute.  
 Look on those broken gems that lie  
 Beside those flowers, withering there;  
 Those leaves were blooming round my lute,  
 Those gems were bright amid my hair.  
 And they may be a sign to tell  
 Of all the ruin love will make:  
 He comes in beauty, and then leaves  
 The hope to fade, the heart to break!

The song died in low sobs. " I ever felt  
 That it would come to this,—that I should be  
 Forsaken and forgotten ! I would give  
 Life, more than life, those precious memories  
 Of happiness and FERNAND ! I'd forget  
 That I have been beloved, all I have known  
 Of rapture, all the dreams that long have been  
 My sole existence, but to feel again  
 As I felt ere I loved—ere I had given  
 My every hope as passion's sacrifice."  
 Her face was hidden in her hands ; but tears  
 Trickled through her slight fingers—tears, those late  
 Vain tributes to remorse ! At length she rose,  
 And paced with eager steps her scented bower,  
 Then trimmed her lamp, and gathered flowers and  
 leaves, (fully ;  
 Twined them in wreathes, and placed them grace-  
 Then felt the vanity of all her care,  
 And scattered them around. The morning broke,  
 And hastily she left the shade, to hide  
 From all her anxious heart—her misery !  
 That day she knew her fate—heard that FERNAND  
 Was now betrothed to the high-born BLANCHE.  
 HERMIONE wept not, although her heart  
 Swelled nigh to bursting ; but she hid her thoughts.  
 Next morning she was gone ! - - - -  
 The palace was all lustre, like a dome,  
 A fairy dome ; the roofs were all one blaze  
 With lamp and chandelier ; the mirrors shone  
 Like streams of light, and, waving gracefully,  
 The purple draperies hung festooned with wreaths,  
 That shed their incense round. Hall after hall  
 Opened in some new splendour. Proud the feast  
 The Duke to-night gives for his peerless child,  
 And Castile's noblest are all met to greet  
 BLANCHE and her gallant lover : princely forms,  
 And ladies beautiful, whose footsteps fell

Soft as the music which they echoed ; light,  
 And melody, and perfume, and sweet shapes,  
 Mingled together like a glorious dream.—  
 HERMIONE is there ! She has forsaken  
 Her woman's garb, her long dark tresses float  
 Like weeds upon the Tagus, and no one  
 Can in that pale and melancholy boy  
 Recal the lovely woman. All in vain  
 She looked for him she sought ; but when one past  
 With raven hair and tall, her heart beat high—  
 Then sank again, when her so eager glance  
 Fell on a stranger's face. At length she reached  
 A stately room, richer than all the rest,  
 For there were loveliest things, though not of life :  
 Canvas, to which the painter's soul had given  
 A heaven of beauty ; and statues, which were touched  
 With art so exquisite, the marble seemed  
 Animate with emotion. It is strange,  
 Amid its deepest feelings, how the soul  
 Will cling to outward images, as thus  
 It could forget its sickness ! There she gazed,  
 And envied the sad smile, the patient look,  
 Of a pale Magdalen : it told of grief,  
 But grief long since subdued. Half curtained round  
 By vases filled with fragrant shrubs, were shapes  
 Of Grecian deities and nymphs : she drew  
 Sad parallels with her of Crete, who wept  
 O'er her Athenian lover's perjury.  
 She left the hall of paintings, and pursued  
 A corridor which opened to the air,  
 And entered in the garden : there awhile,  
 Beneath the shadow of a cypress tree,  
 She breathed the cooling gale. Amid the shade  
 Of those bright groves were ladies lingering,  
 Who listened to most gentle things, and then  
 Blushed like the roses near them ; and light groups  
 Of gladsome dancers, gliding o'er the turf,  
 Like elfin revelling by the moonlight.



She looked up to the lovely face of heaven:—  
 It was unclouded, and the rolling moon  
 Past o'er the deep blue sky like happiness,  
 Leaving a trace of light; she gazed around,  
 And all was fair and gaily beautiful—  
 There was no gloom but that within her heart.  
 Ah, this is very loneliness to feel  
 So wholly destitute, without one thing  
 That has a portion in our wretchedness!  
 Then two came by—that voice to her was death—  
 It was her false FERNAND'S! A lovely girl  
 Hung on his arm, so soft, so delicate,  
 It seemed a breath might sweep her from the earth;  
 And FERNAND bent with so much tenderness  
 To catch the music of the timid voice,  
 Which dared not breathe its love-vow audibly.  
 HERMIONE rushed thence, as if her step  
 Had been upon the serpent's lair. That night  
 She brooded o'er her wrongs, and bitterly  
 Prayed for revenge! - - - And this is Woman's fate:  
 All her affections are called into life  
 By winning flatteries, and then thrown back  
 Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,  
 Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,  
 Is left to bleed or break! - - -  
 The marriage feast was spread, the guests were round.  
 The halls were filled with mirth, and light, and song.  
 High o'er the rest the youthful pair were placed,  
 Beneath a canopy of fretted gold  
 And royal purple. With a shout they drank  
 Health and long blessedness to the fair bride!  
 And FERNAND called for wine, to pledge them back  
 His thanks. A slender Page approached, and held  
 The golden cup; - - - There is a marble look  
 In the dark countenance of that pale boy  
 Ill suiting one so youthful. FERNAND drained  
 The liquor to the dregs; yet while he drank  
 He felt the eagle glance of that strange Page  
 Fix on him like a spell. With a wild laugh  
 Of fearless taunting, he took back the cup—  
 That laugh rang like a demon's curse! The sounds

Of revelry one moment paused—they heard  
Muttered the words—' Vengeance ! ' ' Heruione ! '  
BLANCHE broke the silence by her shriek—FER-  
NAND  
Had fallen from his seat, his face was black  
With inward agony—that draught bore fate !  
That Page had poisoned him !—In dread they turned  
To where the murderer was : she had not moved ;  
But stood with fixed eyes ; the clouds of death  
Were on her face—she too had pledged that cup !  
L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL SKETCHES.***Third Series.—Sketch the Fifth.***THE LOVER'S ROCK.**

“ Oh why should fate such pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining ;  
 Or why so sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining.  
 This world's wealth, when I think upon't,  
 Is pride and a' the lave on't ;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave on't.”—*BURNS.*

Most beautiful, most happy ! must there be,  
 Clouds on thy sky, and thorns upon thy path ?  
 Love, why art thou so wretched ? thou, so formed  
 To be the blessedness of life, the last  
 Sweet relic left of Eden ! Yet on thee,  
 Even on thee, the curse is laid ! Thy cup  
 Has its full share of bitterness. The heart [world,  
 Is chilled, crushed, and constrained by the cold  
 Outraged and undervalued ; the fine throbs  
 Of feeling turn to ministers of grief ;  
 All is so false around, affection's self  
 Becomes suspected. But of all drear lots  
 That love must draw from the dark urn of fate,  
 There is one deepest misery—when two hearts,  
 Born for each other, yet must beat apart.  
 Aye, this is misery, to check, conceal  
 That which should be our happiness and glory ;  
 To love, to be beloved again, and know  
 A gulf between us :—aye 'tis misery !  
 This agony of passion, this wild faith,  
 Whose constancy is fruitless, yet is kept  
 Inviolable ;—to feel that all life's hope,  
 And light, and treasure, clings to one from whom  
 Our wayward doom divides us. Better far  
 To weep o'er treachery or broken vows,—  
 For time may teach their worthlessness :—or pine  
 With unrequited love ;—there is a pride  
 In the fond sacrifice—the cheek may lose  
 Its summer crimson ; but at least the rose  
 Has withered secretly—at least, the heart  
 That has been victim to its tenderness,  
 Has sighed unechoed by some one as true,  
 As wretched as itself. But to be loved  
 With feelings deep, eternal as our own,  
 And yet to know that we must quell those feelings  
 With phantom shapes of prudence, worldly care—  
 For two who live but in each other's life,  
 Whose only star in this dark world is love !

Alas, that circumstance has power to part  
The destiny of true lovers!

Yonder rock

Has a wild legend of untoward love,  
Fond, faithful and unhappy! There it stands  
By the blue Guadalquivir; the green vines  
Are like a girdle round the granite pillars  
Of its bare crags, and its dark shadow falls  
Over an ancient castle at the base.  
Its Lord had a fair Daughter, his sole child,—  
Her picture is in the old gallery still; —  
The frame is shattered, but the lovely face  
Looks out in all its beauty; 'tis a brow  
Fresh, radiant as the spring,—a pencilled arch,  
One soft dark shadow upon mountain snow;  
A small white hand flings back the raven curls  
From off the blue veined temples; on her cheek  
There is a colour like the moss-rose bud  
When first it opens, ere the sun and wind  
Have kissed away its delicate first blush;  
And such a fairy shape, as those fine moulds  
Of ancient Greece, whose perfect grace has given  
Eternity to beauty. It was drawn  
By one who loved her—an Italian boy—  
That worshipped the sweet INEZ. He was one  
Who had each great and glorious gift, save gold;  
He wandered from his native land:—to him  
There was deep happiness in nature's wild  
And rich luxuriance, and he had the pride,  
The buoyant hope, that genius ever feels  
In dreaming of the path that it will carve  
To immortality. A sweeter dream  
Soon filled the young LEANDRO'S heart: he loved,  
And all around grew paradise,—INEZ  
Became to him existence, and her heart  
Soon yielded to his gentle constancy.

They had roamed forth together: the bright dew  
Was on the flowers that he knelt and gave,  
Sweet tribute to his idol. A dark brow  
Was bent upon them—'tis her father's brow!

And INEZ flung her on his neck and wept,  
 He was not one that prayers or tears might move;  
 For he had never known that passion's power,  
 And could not pardon it in others. Love  
 To him was folly and a feverish dream,  
 A girl's so vain romance—he did but mock  
 Its truth and its devotion. "You shall win  
 Your lady love," he said with scornful smile,  
 "If you can bear her, ere the sun is set,  
 To yonder summit: 'tis but a light burthen,  
 And I have heard that lovers can do wonders!"  
 He deemed it might not be; but what has love  
 E'er found impossible! - - -  
 LEANDRO took his mistress in his arms.  
 Crowds gathered round to look on the pale youth  
 And his yet paler INEZ; but she hid  
 Her face upon his bosom, and her hair,  
 Whose loose black tresses floated on the wind,  
 Was wet with tears! - - They paused to rest awhile  
 Beneath a mulberry's cool sanctuary—  
 (Ill omened tree, two lovers met their death  
 Beneath thy treacherous shade! 'Twas in old time  
 Even as now:) it spread its branches round,  
 The fruit hung like dark rubies 'mid the green  
 Of the thick leaves, and there like treasures shone  
 Balls of bright gold, the silk-worm's summer palace.  
 LEANDRO spoke most cheerfully, and soothed  
 The weeping girl beside him; but when next  
 He loosed her from his arms he did not speak,  
 And INEZ wept in agony to look  
 Upon his burning brow! The veins were swelled,  
 The polished marble of those temples now  
 Was turned to crimson—the large heavy drops  
 Rolled over his flushed cheek—his lips were parched  
 And moistened but with blood; each breath he drew  
 Was a convulsive gasp! She bathed his face  
 With the cool stream, and laid her cheek to his—  
 Bade him renounce his perilous attempt,  
 And said, at least they now might die together!

Literary Gazette, 5<sup>th</sup> October, 1822, Pages 633-634 (cont.)

He did not listen to her words, but watched  
The reddening west—the sun was near the wave :  
He caught the fainting INEZ in his arms—  
One desperate struggle—he has gained the top,  
And the broad sun has sunk beneath the river !  
A shout arose from those who watched ; but why  
Does still LEANDRO kneel, and INEZ hang  
Motionless round his neck ? The blood has gushed,  
The life-blood from his heart ! a vein had burst.  
- - - And INEZ was dead too ! - - - L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****POETICAL SKETCHES.***Third Series.—Sketch the Sixth.***THE BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE.**

Love! summer flower, how soon thou art decayed!  
 Opening auld a paradise of sweets,  
 Dying with withered leaves and cankered stem!  
 The very memory of thy happiness  
 Departed with thy beauty; breath and bloom  
 Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hadst made  
 So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,  
 Left but a desolation.

'Twas one of those sweet spots which seem just  
 For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt; [made  
 The Maiden's blush would look so beautiful  
 By those white roses, and the Poet's dream  
 Would be so soothing, lulled by the low notes  
 The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply  
 Is murmured by the wind: the grass beneath  
 Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs  
 Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as love.  
 The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce  
 His rays may pierce through the dim shade, yet still  
 Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,  
 And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright  
 As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to gaze  
 Upon this Eden of the painter's art,  
 And looking on its loveliness, forgot  
 The crowded world around them!—But a spell  
 Stronger than the green landscape fixed the eye—  
 The spell of Woman's beauty!—By a beech,  
 Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,  
 There stood a radiant Girl!—her chesnut hair—  
 One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell  
 In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow  
 And grace were like the swan's; she wore the garb  
 Of her own village, and her small white feet  
 And slender ankles, delicate as carved  
 From Indian ivory, were bare,—the turf [stood:  
 Seemed scarce to feel their pressure. There she

Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk  
 Supporting her slight figure, and one hand  
 Prest to her heart, as if to still its throbs!—  
 You never might forget that face,—so young,  
 So fair, yet traced with such deep characters  
 Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim,  
 With tears on the dark lashes; still the lip  
 Could not quite lose its own accustomed smile  
 Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch  
 And tender playfulness: you looked and said,  
 What can have shadowed such a sunny brow?  
 There is so much of natural happiness  
 In that bright countenance, it seems but formed  
 For spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter dews.  
 You turned away—then came—and looked again,  
 Watching the pale and silent loveliness,  
 Till even sleep was haunted by that image.  
 There was a severed chain upon the ground—  
 Ah, love is even more fragile than its gifts!  
 A tress of raven hair:—oh, only those  
 Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,  
 Can tell how precious is the slightest thing  
 Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower  
 Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks  
 That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree  
 Had two slight words graven upon its stem—  
 The broken heart's last record of its faith—  
 “Adieu, Henri!” - - - - -

- - - I learnt the history of the lovely picture :  
 It was a Peasant Girl's, whose soul was given  
 To one as far above her as the pine  
 Towers o'er the lowly violet ; yet still  
 She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet  
 The many trammels of the world were flung  
 Around a heart, whose first and latest pulse  
 Throbb'd but for beauty : him, the young, the brave  
 Chivalrous Prince, whose name in after years  
 A nation was to worship—that young heart  
 Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling  
 Life only once may know. I will not dwell  
 On how affection's bark was lanch'd and lost :—  
 Love, thou hast hopes like summers, short and  
 bright,  
 Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,  
 Intense delicious throbs ! But happiness  
 Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known  
 Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere  
 Thy presence is confessed ; but, once revealed,  
 We bow us down in passionate devotion  
 Vowed to thy altar, then the serpents wake  
 That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make  
 Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,  
 And last worst poison of thy cup—neglect ! - - -  
 - - - It matters little how she was forgotten,  
 Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.  
 She prayed her lover but to say Farewell—  
 To meet her by the river where such hours  
 Of happiness had pass'd, and said she knew  
 How much she was beneath him ; but she prayed  
 That he would look upon her face once more !  
 - - - He sought the spot—upon the beechen tree  
*Adieu, Henri!* was graven, and his heart  
 Felt cold within him ! He turned to the wave,  
 And there the beautiful Peasant floated—death  
 Had seal'd love's sacrifice ! - - - L. E. L.

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 SONGS ON ABSENCE.

My heart is with thee, Love! though now  
 Thou'rt far away from me:  
 I envy even my own thoughts,  
 For they may fly to thee.

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I dream of thee, and wake and weep  
 So sweet a dream should fly;  
 I pray the winds to bear thee, Love!  
 An echo of my sigh.

I look upon thy pictured face,  
 And to thy semblance say  
 The gentle things I'd say to thee  
 If thou wert not away.

I let no other share my grief,  
 Lest they should feel the same;  
 I'm jealous that another's lip  
 Should only breathe thy name.

I nurse my silent thoughts of thee,  
 As misers hoard their gold,  
 Or as words of some powerful spell,  
 Too sacred to be told.

I read once of a magic glass  
 An Eastern Fairy made;  
 All that was present to the thought  
 Was in that glass portrayed.

In one thing changed, how I do wish  
 The magic mirror mine:  
 All shapes were imaged there, but I  
 Would only wish for thine!

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Literary Gazette, 19<sup>th</sup> October, 1822, Pages 664

(SONGS ON ABSENCE)

Not when pleasure's chain has bound thee,  
Not when lights of joy surround thee,  
Not when April birds are singing,  
Not when the May-rose is springing,  
Not when summer smiles above,  
Think thou of thine absent love.  
But when the green leaves are dying,  
And the autumn gales are sighing  
Like love's lingering farewell sigh,  
(We have known that agony)  
When flowers, like our hopes, lie dead,  
And each rejoicing song is fled,  
When there is nought on earth or sky  
To charm the ear or win the eye,  
When all is dead around, above—  
Then think upon thy absent love.

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Literary Gazette, 19<sup>th</sup> October, 1822, Pages 664

(SONGS ON ABSENCE)

Dearest ! wander where you will,  
 I am present with you still :  
 Over land and over sea,  
 Every thought will follow thee.  
 Be thy flights but short as those  
 The honey-bee takes from the rose,  
 Or long as nights without a star,  
 My heart will be where you are.  
 You may change, but I will be  
 The very self of constancy. - - -  
 Woman's heart 's a fragile thing,  
 Born for much of suffering :  
 Like a lute which has a tone  
 Sacred to itself alone,—  
 However rude the hand that flings  
 Its touch upon the gentle strings,  
 Music 'wakened in that heart  
 Will not but with life depart—  
 Even in its latest sigh  
 Breathes that native melody.  
 Love is woman's life, the whole  
 Hope, pride, harmony of soul ! - - -  
 I do ask no plighted vow ;  
 'Tis enough for me to bow,  
 Like a flower before the sun,  
 Blest but to be shone upon.  
 Yet I'd pray thee not forget  
 The rose shade where first we met :  
 I would have thee sometimes dwell  
 On that twilight hour's farewell.  
 Be thou faithful, life to me  
 Will be one dream of ecstasy ;  
 Be thou false, my heart will make  
 No reproach—but love and break !    L. E. L.



**ORIGINAL POETRY.****DRAMATIC SCENES.—I.**

The very life of love is confidence.

*Agnes.* Oh, never, never!

I am vowed to the grave :—I have loved once,  
And woman's heart cannot again expand  
Like flowers that close at eve, but to each sense  
Unfold their charms.

*Julian (disguised.)* Oh, thou wilt break thy vow :  
Thou art too young, too beautiful, to nurse (better.  
Memory's pale phantoms! Hope will suit thee  
Trust me, fair girl, hope is the sun of spring.

*Agnes.* I do hope—hope most fondly, fervidly,  
One last and only hope, that I shall die!  
For there are starry homes, where faithful hearts  
Shall mingle in their glory and their love.

I have oft roamed in the blue summer night,  
 And wept with joy to look upon the stars;  
 And as they shed their light upon me, felt  
 My JULIAN watched over his earthly love:  
 His voice has seemed to float upon the winds,  
 Summoning me to the immortal sky,—  
 And I have sought my pillow, and been happy  
 In the sweet dreams that visited my sleep.

*Julian.* These are sick fancies:—love has power  
 This earth as fair a paradise as ever [to make  
 Was fashioned yet in slumber. I have brought  
 From afar treasures that a king would own.  
 That simple lute shall be new strung with gold,  
 And gems shall glisten on it; delicate pearls,  
 Like those that ruby lip conceals, shall braid  
 Those raven tresses; and the diamond,  
 Pure, bright as thou art, all shall grace my queen.

*Agnes.* Thy offerings are but offerings to the  
 A fruitless pomp, an empty vanity. [tomb;  
 Why do I listen,—I can never feel  
 As I have felt before; yet still a spell  
 Is in thy voice that soothes: it has a tone  
 Like music long remembered—like a sound  
 Mine ear has treasured up most faithfully.

*Julian (aside.)* How true love's memory is!—  
 (*To her.*) The hunter turns not  
 Despairing from the chase because the deer  
 Flies from his pursuit: every obstacle  
 Becomes a pleasure. I will win thee yet,  
 If truest love can win; I'll watch each step  
 As the young mother watches her first child:  
 Your feet shall tread o'er roses, from whose stems  
 The thorns are cleared away; the air around  
 Shall be so sweet, that every breath you draw  
 Will be enjoyment; all your waking hours  
 Shall glide away like music; you shall sleep  
 To the soft lulling of the harp, your pillow  
 Upon a heart whose every beat is yours.—  
 This is your native village: is it dear?

*Agnes.* Oh, very, very dear! I know no more  
 Of the wide world than what we now can see,  
 Bounded by the blue sky; my heart has yet  
 Some things to cling to here: I do not feel  
 Quite desolate amid the many ties  
 Affection here has sanctified. Look where  
 The silent city of the dead arises,  
 Its sole inhabitants the cypresses,  
 Bending their weeping leaves to the black yews,  
 And one huge cedar rearing gloomily  
 His giant height, the monarch of the shades;  
 The venerable church stands in the midst—  
 The solemn temple, where the dead and living  
 Together meet; you cannot see the tombs,  
 So close the trees spread their green canopy;  
 But there my mother by my father's side  
 Sleeps sweetly—oh, most sweetly—for they died  
 Each in the other's arms! They never knew  
 That agony of soul which prays for death  
 But yet lives on. Oh, that my JULIAN's grave  
 Had been by theirs, our ashes would have mixed!  
 But now——

*Julian.* I will not let thee dwell upon thy grief.  
 Look to yon vine-clad hill: the setting sun  
 Streams in full glory on the radiant leaves  
 And topaz clusters,—the rill, that at noon-day  
 Is bright and colourless like crystal, now  
 Flows red with crimson light; just by that group  
 Of those old chesnuts will I build a bower—  
 A magic bower, my fairy, for thy home. [said

*Agnes.* Oh, no—oh, no—not there! My JULIAN  
 If ever he returned to claim his bride,  
 Our nest of love and happiness should be  
 Beneath that shade.

*Julian (aside.)* Ah why suspect her truth  
 But one proof more, and I will lay aside  
 Disguise and pray forgiveness for my doubts,—  
 How sweet will be my pardon!—(To her.) I am  
 From India, and I doubt if 'tis the grave [come  
 That holds your JULIAN from your arms.

*Agnes.* Oh, say  
That he but lives, and I will worship you! [fears?

*Julian.* If he but lives! And have you then no  
In absence lovers vows are fragile things,  
In India there are rich and lovely brides;—  
He may not have your own fond constancy. [then

*Agnes.* I'll tell you what our love has been, and  
Ask you if I should doubt it:—**JULIAN** and I  
Grew up together, and our love was hallowed  
By our fond parents' blessing. I do count  
Not on a lover's passionate vow at parting,  
But on the gathered ties of many years:  
Each tender and each honourable feeling  
Will guard his heart. Oh, jealousy is but  
A shadow cast from vanity, which fain  
Would take the shape of love to hide its own  
Selfish deformity!

*Julian.* Your confidence  
Is most misplaced, for I was present when  
Your **JULIAN** wedded.

*Agnes.* Gracious heaven, he lives!—  
I never will be yours, then why traduce  
The innocent—the absent. I confide  
Securely in his faith.

*Julian.* I would have spared  
This pang, but I must vindicate my truth;  
He has sent back by me your farewell gifts—  
Know you this silken curl—this emerald ring?

*Agnes.* It is my ring! The braid of hair I gave!—  
All else but this, oh God! I could have borne.

*Julian* (*discovering himself.*)  
Oh, my own **AGNES**, pardon me!—look up,  
It is thy **JULIAN** calls! He has not swerved  
Even in thought from thee—thou hast still been  
His hope, his solace. Lie not thus, my Love,  
Motionless on my bosom; but one look—  
One word—to say you can forgive  
A moment's doubt!

*Agnes.* **JULIAN**, I can die happy. [revive!

*Julian.* How pale she is! My life—my soul—  
Why did I try a faith I should have known  
Spotless as the white dove. I cannot feel  
The beating of her heart. I'll kiss the colour  
Back to her cheek. Oh, God! her lip is ice—  
There is no breath upon it!—  
**AGNES**, thy **JULIAN** is thy murderer! L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****DRAMATIC SCENES.—II.**

*Leonardi.* 'Tis finished now : look on my picture, Love! [one

*Alvina.* Oh, that sweet ring of graceful figures !  
Flings her white arms on high, and gaily strikes  
Her golden cymbals—I can almost deem  
I hear their beatings; one with glancing feet  
Follows her music, while her crimson cheek  
Is flushed with exercise, till the red grape  
'Mid the dark tresses of a sister nymph  
Is scarcely brighter; there another stands,  
A darker spirit yet, with joyous brow,  
And holding a rich goblet; oh, that child!  
With eyes as blue as spring-days, and those curls  
Throwing their auburn shadow o'er a brow  
So arch, so playful—have you bodied forth  
Young Cupid in your colours?

*Leonardi.* No—oh no,  
I could not paint Love as a careless boy,—  
That passionate Divinity, whose life  
Is of such deep and intense feeling! No,  
I am too true, too earnest, and too happy,  
To ever image by a changeful child  
That which is so unchangeable. But mark  
How sweet, how pale, the light that I have thrown  
Over the picture: it is just the time  
When Dian's dewy kiss lights up the dreams  
That make Endymion's sleep so beautiful.  
Look on the calm blue sky, so set with stars:  
Is it not like some we can both recall?  
Those azure shadows of a summer night,  
That veiled the cautious lutanist who waked  
Thy slumbers with his song. How more than fair,  
How like a spirit of that starry hour,  
I used to think you, as your timid hand  
Unbarr'd the casement and you leant to hear,  
Your long hair floating loose amid the vines  
Around your lattice; and how very sweet  
Your voice, scarce audible, with the soft fear  
That mingled in its low and tender tones!

*Alvine.* Nay, now I will not listen to the tales  
 Our memory is so rich in. I have much  
 For question here. Who is this glorious shape,  
 That, placed on a bright chariot in the midst,  
 Stands radiant in his youth and loveliness?  
 Around his sunny locks there is a wreath  
 Of the green vine leaves, and his ivory brow  
 Shines out like marble, when a golden ray  
 Of summer light is on it, and his step  
 Scarce seems to touch his pard-drawn car, but floats  
 Buoyant upon the air;—and who is she  
 On whom his ardent gaze is turned? So pale,—  
 Her dark hair gathered round her like a shroud,  
 Yet far more lovely than the sparkling nymphs  
 Dancing around that chariot. Yet how sweet,  
 Though dimmed with tears, those deep blue eyes,  
 Half turned and half averted timidly [that smile  
 From the youth's lightning glance. Oh tell me now  
 One of those legends that I love so well:  
 Has not this picture some old history?

*Lemardi.* 'Tis one of those bright fictions that  
 have made

The name of Greece only another word  
 For love and poetry; with a green earth—  
 Groves of the graceful myrtle—summer skies,  
 Whose stars are mirror'd in ten thousand streams—  
 Winds that move but in perfume and in music,  
 And, more than all, the gift of woman's beauty.  
 What marvel that the earth, the sky, the sea,  
 Were filled with all those fine imaginings  
 That love creates, and that the lyre preserves!



*Alvine.* But for the history of that pale girl  
Who stands so desolate on the sea shore?

*Leonardi.* She was the daughter of a Cretan king—  
A tyrant. Hidden in the dark recess  
Of a wide labyrinth, a monster dwelt,  
And every year was human tribute paid  
By the Athenians. They had bowed in war,  
And every Spring the flowers of all the city,  
Young maids in their first beauty—stately youths,  
Were sacrificed to the fierce King! They died  
In the unfathomable den of want,  
Or served the Minotaur for food. At length  
There came a royal Youth, who vowed to slay  
The monster or to perish!—Look, *ALVINE*,  
That statue is young Theseus.

*Alvine.* Glorious!  
How like a god he stands, one haughty hand  
Raised in defiance! I have often looked  
Upon the marble, wondering it could give  
Such truth to life and majesty.

*Leonardi.* You will not marvel Ariadne loved.  
She gave the secret clue that led him safe  
Through all the labyrinth, and she fled with him.

*Alvine.* Ah, now I know your tale: he proved  
untrue.

This ever has been woman's fate,—to love,  
To know one summer day of happiness,  
And then to be most wretched!

*Leonardi.* She was left  
By her so heartless lover while she slept. [him—  
She woke from pleasant dreams—she dreamt of  
Love's power is felt in slumber—woke, and found  
Herself deserted on the lonely shore!  
The bark of the false Theseus was a speck  
Scarce seen upon the waters, less and less,  
Like hope diminishing, till wholly past.  
I will not say, for you can fancy well,

Her desolate feelings as she roamed the beach,  
 Hurl'd from the highest heaven of happy love!  
 But evening crimson'd the blue sea—a sound  
 Of music and of mirth came on the wind,  
 And radiant shapes and laughing nymphs danced by,  
 And he, the Theban God, look'd on the maid,  
 And look'd and lov'd, and was beloved again.  
 This is the moment that the picture gives:  
 He has just flung her starry crown on high,  
 And bade it there a long memorial shine  
 How a god lov'd a mortal. He is springing  
 From out his golden car—another bound—  
 Bacchus is by his Ariadne's side!

*Alvine.* She lov'd again! Oh cold inconstancy.  
 This is not woman's love; her love should be  
 A feeling pure and holy as the flame  
 The vestal virgin kindles, fresh as flowers  
 The spring has but just colour'd, innocent  
 As the young dove, and changeless as the faith  
 The martyr seals in blood. 'Tis beautiful  
 This picture, but it wakes no sympathy. [but give  
*Leonardi.* Next time, ALVINE, my pencil shall  
 Existence to the memory of love's truth.

*Alvine.* Do you recall a tale you told me once,  
 Of the forsaken Nymph that Paris left  
 For new love and ambition; at his death  
 He bade them bear him to Enone's arms.  
 She never had forgotten him: her heart,  
 Which beat so faithfully, became his pillow;  
 She closed his eyes, and pardon'd him and died!

*Leonardi.* Love, yes I'll paint their meeting:  
 the wan youth,  
 Dying, but yet so happy in forgiveness;  
 The sweet Enone, with her gentle tears,  
 Filled with meek tenderness, her pensive brow  
 Arching so gracefully, with deep blue eyes  
 Half hidden by the shadowy lash—a look  
 So patient, yet so fraught with tenderest feeling,  
 Like to an idol placed upon the shrine  
 Of faith, for all to worship. She shall be,  
 Saving thine own inimitable smile,  
 In all like thee, ALVINE!

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.****I.—*The Soldier's Funeral.***

And the muffled drum rolled on the air,  
 Warriors with stately step were there;  
 On every arm was the black crape bound,  
 Every carbine was turned to the ground:  
 Solemn the sound of their measured tread,  
 As silent and slow they followed the dead.  
 The riderless horse was led in the rear,  
 There were white plumes waving over the bier:  
 Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,  
 For it was a Soldier's funeral.—

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,  
 Where every step was over the slain;  
 But the brand and the ball had pass'd him-by,  
 And he came to his native land to die.  
 'Twas hard to come to that native land,  
 And not clasp one familiar hand!  
 'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,  
 Or ere he could hear his welcome said!  
 But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,  
 And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;  
 To think that the friends of his youth might weep  
 O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep!

The bugles ceased their wailing sound  
 As the coffin was lowered into the ground;  
 A volley was fired, a blessing said,  
 One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—  
 I saw a poor and an aged man,  
 His step was feeble, his lip was wan:  
 He knelt him down on the new raised mound,  
 His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,  
 He raised his head, his tears were done,—  
 The Father had prayed o'er his only Son!

II.—*Lines written under a Picture of a Girl  
burning a Love-letter.*

The lines were filled with many a tender thing,  
All the impassion'd heart's fond communing.  
I took the scroll : I could not brook  
An eye to gaze on it, save mine ;  
I could not bear another's look  
Should dwell upon one thought of thine.  
My lamp was burning by my side,  
I held thy letter to the flame,  
I marked the blaze swift o'er it glide,  
It did not even spare thy name.  
Soon the light from the embers past,  
I felt so sad to see it die,  
So bright at first, so dark at last,  
I feared it was love's history.

III.—*Outlines for a Portrait.*

'Tis a dark and flashing eye,  
 Shadows, too, that tenderly,  
 With almost female softness, come  
 O'er its glance of flame and gloom.  
 His cheek is pale: or toil or care,  
 Or midnight study, has been there,  
 Making its young colours dull,  
 Yet leaving it most beautiful.  
 Such a lip! Oh, poured from thence,  
 Lava floods of eloquence  
 Come with fiery energy,  
 Like those words that cannot die;  
 Words the Grecian Warrior spoke  
 When the Persian's chain he broke;  
 And that low and honey tone,  
 Making woman's heart his own,  
 Such as should be heard at night  
 In the dim and sweet starlight;  
 Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,  
 Treasures for her heart to keep,  
 Suited for the citron shade,  
 Or the soft voiced serenade.  
 Raven curls their shadows throw  
 O'er a high and haughty brow,  
 Lighted by a smile, whose spell  
 Words are powerless to tell.—  
 Such the image in my heart,—  
 Painter, try thy glorious art!

L. E. L.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

IV.—*Arioso.*

THE winds are high, the clouds are dark,  
 But stay not thou for storm, my bark ;  
 What is the song of love to me,  
 Unheard, my sweet EGLÆ, by thee ?  
 Fair lips may smile, and eyes may shine ;  
 But lip nor eye will be like thine,  
 And every blush that mantles here  
 But images one more bright and more dear.  
 My spirit of song is languid and dead,  
 If not at thine altar of beauty fed.  
 Again I must listen thy gentle tone,  
 And make its echo in music my own ;  
 Again I must look on thy smile divine,  
 Again I must see the red flowers twine  
 Around my harp, entwreathed by thine hand,  
 And waken its chords at my love's command.—  
 I have dwelt in a distant but lovely place,  
 And worshipped many a radiant face ;  
 And sipped the flowers from the purple wine,  
 But they were not so sweet as one kiss of thine.  
 I have wandered o'er land, I have wandered o'er sea,  
 But my heart has ne'er wandered, EGLÆ, from  
 And, Greece, my own, my glorious land ! [thee.—  
 I will take no laurel but from thy hand.  
 What is the light of a Poet's name, '  
 If it is not his country that hallows his fame ?  
 Where may he look for guerdon so fair  
 As the honour and praise that await him there ?  
 His name will be lost and his grave forgot,  
 If the tears of his country preserve them not ! - -



- - - He laid him on the deck to sleep,  
And pleasant was his rest, and deep ;  
He heard familiar voices speak,  
He felt his love's breath on his cheek ;  
He looked upon his own blue skies,  
He saw his native temples rise :  
Even in dreams he wept to see  
What he had loved so tenderly.  
The Sailors look'd within the hold,  
And envied him his shining gold :  
They waked him, bade him mark the wave,  
And said 'twas for ANTON'S grave !  
He watched each dark face that appeared,  
And saw each heart with gold was seared,  
Then roused his spirit's energy,  
And stood prepared in pride to die !  
He cast one look upon his lyre—  
He felt his heart and hand on fire,  
And prayed the slaves to let him pour  
His spirit in its song once more !  
He sung,—the notes at first were low,  
Like the whispers of love, or the breathings of woe :  
The waters were hushed, and the winds were stay'd,  
As he sang his farewell to his Lesbian maid !

Even his murderers paused and wept,  
 But looked on the gold and their purpose kept.  
 More proudly he swept the chords along,  
 'Twas the stirring burst of a battle song—  
 And with the last close of his martial strain  
 He plunged with his lyre in the deep blue main!  
 . . . The tempest has burst from its blackened  
     dwelling,  
 The lightning is flashing, the waters are swelling  
 In mountains crested with foam and with froth,  
 And the wind has rushed like a giant forth;  
 The deck is all spray, the mast is shattered,  
 The sails, like the leaves in the autumn, are scat-  
 The Mariner's pale with fear, for a grave [tered;  
 Is in the dark bosom of every wave.  
 The billows rushed—one fearful cry  
 Is heard of human agony!  
 Another swell—no trace is seen  
 Of what upon its breast has been! . . . .  
 But who is he, who o'er the sea  
 Rides like a god, triumphantly,  
 Upon a dolphin? All is calm  
 Around—the air he breathes is balm,  
 And quiet as beneath the sky  
 Of his own flowery Arcady;  
 And all grows peaceful, as he rides  
 His dolphin through the glassy tides;  
 And ever as he music drew  
 From his sweet harp, a brightening hue,  
 Like rainbow tints, a gentle bound,  
 Told how the creature loved the sound.  
 ARION, some God has watched over thee,  
 And saved thee alike from man and the sea.  
 The night came on, a summer night,  
 With snowy clouds and soft starlight;  
 And glancing meteors, like the flash

Sent from a Greek girl's dark eyelash  
 O'er a sky as blue as her own blue eyes,  
 Borne by winds as perfumed and light as her sighs,  
 The zenith Moon was shedding her light  
 In the silence and glory of deep midnight,  
 When the voice of singing was heard from afar,  
 Like the music that echoes a falling star ;  
 And presently came gliding by  
 The Spirit of the melody :  
 A radiant shape, her long gold hair  
 Flew like a banner on the air,  
 Save one or two bright curls that fell  
 Like gems upon a neck whose swell  
 Rose like the dove's, when its mate's caress  
 Is smoothing the soft plumes in tenderness ;  
 And one arm, white as the sea spray,  
 Amid the chords of music lay.  
 She swept the strings, and fixed the while  
 Her dark eye's wild luxuriant smile  
 Upon ARION, and her lip,  
 Like the first spring rose that the bee can sip,  
 Curled half in the pride of its loveliness,  
 And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.  
 There is a voice of music swells  
 In the ocean's coral groves ;  
 Sweet is the harp in the pearly cells,  
 Where the step of the sea-maid roves.  
 The angry storm when it rolls above,  
 At war with the foaming wave,  
 Is soft and low as the voice of love,  
 Ere it reach her sparry cave.  
 When the Sun seeks his glorious rest,  
 And his beams o'er ocean fall,  
 The gold and the crimson, spread on the west,  
 Brighten her crystal hall.  
 The sands of amber breathe perfume,  
 Gemm'd with pearls like tears of snow,  
 Around in wreathes the white sea-flowers bloom,  
 The waves in music flow.  
 Child of the lyre ! is not this a spot  
 That would suit a Minstrel well ?  
 Then haste thee and share the Sea-maid's lot,  
 Her love and her spar-built cell.

ARION scarcely heard the strain,  
Her song was lost, her smile was vain,  
He had a charm all charms above,  
To guard his heart—the charm of love.  
He floated on. The morning came,  
With lip of dew and cheek of flame ;  
He looked upon his native shore,  
His voyage, his perilous voyage is o'er.  
There stood a temple by the sea,  
Raised to its queen, Amphitrite :  
ARION entered, and kneeling there  
He saw a Girl, like spring-day fair,  
Feeding with incense the sacred flame,  
And he heard her hymn, and it breathed his name.  
Oh, Love, a whole life is not worth this bliss—  
EGLÆ has met her ARION'S kiss !—  
They raised an altar upon the seashore,  
And every spring they cover'd it o'er  
With fruits of the wood and flowers of the field,  
And the richest perfumes that the East could yield ;  
And as the waves rolled, they knelt by the side,  
And poured their hymn to the Queen of the Tide.  
L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.***V.—The Happy Isle.*

There was a light upon the stream,  
 Just one pale and silent beam  
 From the moon's departing car,  
 From the setting morning star,  
 Like Hope asking timidly  
 Whether it must live or die ;  
 But that twilight pause is past,  
 Crimson hues are colouring fast,  
 All the eastern clouds that fly,  
 Banners spread triumphantly.  
 The moon is but a speck of white,  
 The sun has looked away her light ;  
 Farewell, Night, thy shadowy gleams,  
 Dewy flowers, gentle dreams !  
 Be thy starry pinions furled,  
 Day has blushed upon the world.  
 Never day-beam hath shone o'er  
 Lovelier or wilder shore !  
 Half was land, and half was sea  
 Where the eye could only see  
 The blue sky for boundary.  
 From the green woods sounds are ringing,  
 For the wakened birds are singing  
 To the blossoms where they slept,  
 Thanks for the sweet watch they kept.  
 Here stand tall and stately trees ;  
 Others, that the slightest breeze  
 Bows to earth, and from their bloom  
 Shakes and rifies the perfume :  
 Like woman, feeble but to bless,  
 Sweetest in weak loveliness !  
 Music is upon the air,  
 Azure wings are waving there ;  
 Music is on yonder hill,  
 A low song from its bright rill,  
 Where the water lilies float,  
 And the Indian Cupid's boat,  
 The red lotus ; while above

Hang the Grecian flowers of love,  
Roses—leading soft and bright,  
Lives, half perfume and half light ;  
In their leaves the honey bee  
Lulled to sleep voluptuously.  
There are shades, which the red sun  
Never yet has looked upon,  
Where the moon has but the power  
Of a cool and twilight hour.  
By the sea are sparry caves,  
Where the music of the waves  
Never ceases, and the walls  
Are hung with the coronals  
Left by Sea-maids, when they wring  
Pearls which in their wet hair cling.  
'Tis a land of fruit and flowers,  
Silver waters, sunny hours ;  
Human foot has never prest  
Its so sweet and silent rest.  
But a bark is on the sea,  
And those in that bark will be  
Soon upon the island shore,  
And its loneliness is o'er !  
Oh, if any dare intrude  
On the lovely solitude ;  
If there be that need not fear  
Breaking the sweet quiet here ;  
If there should be those, for whom  
Leaves expand and flowers bloom,  
Birds breathe song,—oh, if there be,  
Surely, Love, it is for thee !  
Lover's step would softly press  
Flowers with its light caress ;  
Lover's words would have a tone  
With each song in unison ;  
Lover's smiles would be as fair  
As the sunniest day-beam there ;



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And no roses would be sweet  
 As the sighs when lovers meet,  
 The slight bark came o'er the sea,  
 Two leant in it mournfully ;  
 One who left her convent cell  
 With the youth she loved so well,  
 One who left his native land  
 For the sake of that dear hand.  
 Shine and storm they had sailed through—  
 What is there love dare not do ?  
 Her arm round his neck was thrown,  
 His was round her like a zone,  
 Guarding with such anxious fear  
 All it had in life most dear.  
 Pale her cheek, and the sea spray  
 Dashed upon it, as she lay  
 Pillowed on her lover's arm ;  
 But her lip still kept the charm  
 (Fondly raised to his the while)  
 Of its own peculiar smile,  
 As with him she had no fear  
 Of the rushing waters near ;  
 And the youth's dark flashing eye  
 Answered her's so tenderly,  
 So wildly, warmly, passionate,  
 As she only were his fate. - - -  
 But Hope rises from her grave,  
 There is land upon the wave :  
 What are toils or perils past ?  
 Reached is the bright isle at last,  
 Free from care or earthly thrall,  
 For love's own sweet festival !

L. E. L.

Literary Gazette, 30<sup>th</sup> November, 1822, Pages 763

Item included in the Drama section of the magazine

SONNET

*To Miss KELLY, on her Performance of Juliet.*

'Twas the embodying of a lovely thought,  
A living picture exquisitely wrought,  
With hues we think, but never hope to see  
In all their beautiful reality :  
With something more than fancy can create,  
So full of life, so warm, so passionate.  
Young Beauty ! sweetly didst thou paint the deep  
Intense affection Woman's heart will keep  
More tenderly than life ! I see thee now,  
With thy white wreathed arms, thy pensive brow,  
Standing so lovely in thy sorrowing.  
I've sometimes read, and closed the page divine,  
Dreaming what that Italian girl might be :  
Yet never imaged look or tone more sweet than  
thine !

L. E. L.

## FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

VI.—*The Painter's Love.*

Your skies are blue, your sun is bright ;  
 But sky nor sun have that sweet light  
 Which gleamed upon the summer sky  
 Of my own lovely Italy !  
 'Tis long since I have breathed the air,  
 Which, filled with odours, floated there,—  
 Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by,  
 Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh ;—  
 'Tis long since I have seen the vine  
 With Autumn's topaz clusters shine ;  
 And watched the laden branches bending,  
 And heard the vintage songs ascending ;  
 'Tis very long since I have seen  
 The ivy's death-wreath, cold and green,  
 Hung round the old and broken stone  
 Raised by the hands now dead and gone !  
 I do remember one lone spot,  
 By most unnoticed or forgot—  
 Would that I too recalled it not !  
 It was a little temple, gray,  
 With half its pillars worn away,  
 No roof left, but one cypress tree  
 Flinging its branches mournfully.  
 In ancient days, this was a shrine  
 For Goddess or for Nymph divine ;  
 And sometimes I have dreamed I heard  
 A step soft as a lover's word,  
 And caught a perfume on the air,  
 And saw a shadow gliding fair,  
 Dim, sad as if it came to sigh  
 O'er thoughts, and things, and time pass'd by !

On one side of the temple stood  
A deep and solitary wood,  
Where chesnuts reared their giant length,  
And mocked the fallen columns' strength ;  
It was the lone wood-pigeon's home,  
And flocks of them would ofttimes come,  
And, lighting on the temple, pour  
A cooing dirge to days no more :  
And by its side there was a lake,  
With only snow-white swans to break,  
With ebon feet and silver wing,  
The quiet waters' glittering,  
And when sometimes, as eve closed in,  
I waked my lonely mandolin,  
The gentle birds came gliding near,  
As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past, my happiness  
Was all too pure and passionless !  
I waked from calm and pleasant dreams  
To watch the morning's earliest gleams,  
Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew,  
'Till my cheek caught its rosy hue ;

And when uprose the bright eyed-moon,  
 I sorrowed, day was done so soon;  
 Save that I loved the sweet starlight,  
 The soft, the happy sleep of night!  
 Time has changed since, and I have wept  
 The day away; and when I slept,  
 My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears;  
 And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears  
 Even in slumber held their reign,  
 And gnawed my heart, and racked my brain!  
 Oh much,—most withering 'tis to feel  
 The hours like guilty creatures steal,  
 To wish the weary day was past,  
 And yet to have no hope at last!  
 All 's in that curse, aught else above  
 That fell on me—betrayed love! . . .  
 There was a Stranger sought our land,  
 A youth, who with a painter's hand  
 Traced our sweet valleys and our vines,  
 The moonlight on the ruined shrines,  
 And now and then the brow of pearl  
 And black eyes of the peasant girl:  
 We met and loved—ah, even now  
 My pulse throbs to recall that vow!  
 Our first kiss sealed, we stood beneath  
 The cypress tree's funereal wreath,  
 That temple's roof. But what thought I  
 Of aught like evil augury!  
 I only felt his burning sighs,  
 I only looked within his eyes,  
 I saw no dooming star above,  
 There is such happiness in love!  
 I left, with him, my native shore,  
 Not as a bride who passes o'er  
 Her father's threshold with his blessing,  
 With flowers strewn and friends careaming,  
 Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer  
 The bashfulness of maiden fear;

But I—I fled as culprits fly,  
 By night, watched only by one eye  
 Whose look was all the world to me,  
 And it met mine so tenderly,  
 I thought not of the days to come,  
 I thought not of my own sweet home,  
 Nor of mine aged father's sorrow,—  
 Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow.  
 I left my home, and I was left  
 A stranger in his land, bereft  
 Of even hope; there was not one  
 Familiar face to look upon.—  
 Their speech was strange. This penalty  
 Was meet; but surely not from thee,  
 False love—'twas not for thee to break  
 The heart but sullied for thy sake!—  
 I could have wished once more to see  
 Thy green hills, loveliest Italy!  
 I could have wished yet to have lung  
 Upon the music of thy tongue;  
 I could have wished thy flowers to bloom—  
 Thy cypress planted by my tomb!  
 This wish is vain, my grave must be  
 Far distant from my own country!  
 I must rest here—Oh lay me then  
 By the white church in yonder glen;  
 Amid the darkening elms, it seems,  
 Thus silvered over by the beams  
 Of the pale moon, a very shrine  
 For wounded hearts—it shall be mine!  
 There is one corner, green and lone,  
 A dark yaw over it has thrown  
 Long, night-like boughs; 'tis thickly set  
 With primrose and with violet.  
 Their bloom's now past; but in the spring  
 They will be sweet and glistening.  
 There is a bird, too, of your clime,  
 That sings there in the winter time,  
 My funeral hymn his song will be,  
 Which there are none to chant, save he.



Literary Gazette, 7<sup>th</sup> December, 1822, Pages 775-776 (cont.)

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And let there be memorial none,  
No name upon the cold white stone :  
The only heart where I would be  
Remembered, is now dead to me !  
I would not even have him weep  
O'er his Italian Love's last sleep.  
Oh, tears are a most worthless token  
When hearts they would have soothed are  
broken !

L. E. L.

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**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.**

VII.—*Manmadin, the Indian Cupid, floating  
down the Ganges.\**

There is darkness on the sky,  
And the troubled waves run high,  
And the lightning flash is breaking,  
And the thunder peal is waking ;  
Reddening meteors, strange and bright,  
Cross the rainbow's timid light,  
As if mingled hope and fear,  
Storm and sunshine, shook the sphere.  
Tempest winds rush fierce along  
Bearing yet a sound of song ;  
Music 's on the tempest's wing,  
Wafting thee, young MANMADIN !  
Pillowed on a lotus flower,  
Gathered in a summer hour,  
Rides he o'er the mountain wave  
Which would be a tall ship's grave !  
At his back his bow is slung,  
Sugar cane, with wild bees strung,—  
Bees born with the huds of spring,  
Yet with each a deadly sting ;—

\* Camdeo, or Manmadin, the Indian Cupid, is pictured in Ackermann's pretty work on Hindostan in another form. He is riding a green parrot, his bow of sugar cane, the cord of bees, and his arrows all sorts of flowers ; but one alone is headed, and the head covered with honey-comb.

Grasping in his infant hand  
 Arrows in their silken band,  
 Each made of a signal flower,  
 Emblem of its varied power ;  
 Some formed of the silver leaf  
 Of the almond, bright and brief,  
 Just a frail and lovely thing,  
 For but one hour's flourishing ;  
 Others, on whose shaft there glows  
 The red beauty of the rose ;  
 Some in spring's half folded bloom,  
 Some in summer's full perfume ;  
 Some with withered leaves and sere,  
 Falling with the falling year ;  
 Some bright with the rainbow-dyes  
 Of the tulip's vanities ;  
 Some, bound with the lily's bell,  
 Breathe of love, that dares not tell  
 Its sweet feelings ; the dark leaves  
 Of the esignum, which grieves  
 Droopingly, round some were bound ;  
 Others were with tendrils wound  
 Of the green and laughing vine,—  
 And the barb was dipp'd in wine.  
 But all these are summer ills,  
 Like the tree whose stem distils  
 Balm beneath its pleasant shade  
 In the wounds its thorns have made.  
 Though the flowers may fade and die,  
 'Tis but a light penalty.  
 All these bloom-clad darts are meant  
 But for a short-lived content !—  
 Yet one arrow has a power  
 Lasting till life's latest hour—

*Erratum.*—In the Sketch of Manmadin last week,  
 for esignum, read ocynum.

Weary day and sleepless night,  
Lightning gleams of fierce delight,  
Fragrant and yet poisoned sighs,  
Agonies and ecstasies ;  
Hopes, like fires amid the gloom,  
Lighting only to consume !  
Happiness one hasty draught,  
And the lip has venom quaffed.  
Doubt, despairing, crime and craft,  
Are upon that honeyed shaft !  
It has made the crowned king  
Crouch beneath his suffering ;  
Made the beauty's cheek more pale  
Than the foldings of her veil ;  
Like a child, the soldier kneel  
Who had mocked at flame or steel ;  
Bade the fires of genius turn  
On their own breasts, and there burn ;  
A wound, a blight, a curse, a doom,  
Bowing young hearts to the tomb !  
Well may storm be on the sky,  
And the waters roll on high,  
When MANMADIN passes by.  
Earth below and heaven above  
Well may bend to thee, oh Love !

VIII.—*The Peri.*

It was a bower of roses, linked by wreaths  
 Of the golden jasmine, loved by the bee  
 Whose summer home it is, the flower that breathes  
 Upon the Indian girl's dark hair, when she  
 Braids her long tresses for festivity.  
 Beside these sweet and sunny chains, unclose  
 Soft leaves, some white as foam-flakes of the sea,  
 Some veined with pink; but more than all there glows  
 The hue-like maiden's cheek, when love calls forth  
 Above the blossoms hung an airy form, [the rose.—  
 Upborne by pinions of an azure dye,  
 Playing around like light; her cheek is warm  
 With rich carnation, and that starry eye  
 Has the bright colour of the noon-tide sky.  
 Her look is passionless: no deeper hue  
 Varies that blush, and as she floats, a sigh  
 Of odours, and a fresher fall of dew,  
 Welcome the waving music from those wings of  
 blue.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.****IX.—*The Female Convict.***

[Suggested by the interesting description in the Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the Review of the *Literary Gazette*.]

She shrank from all, and her silent mood  
 Made her wish only for solitude :  
 Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,  
 For innermost shame, on another's to look ;  
 And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear  
 Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear !—  
 She still was young, and she had been fair ;  
 But weather-stains, hunger, toil and care,  
 That frost and fever that wear the heart,  
 Had made the colours of youth depart  
 From the sallow cheek, save over it came  
 The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea foam,  
 Far from her country, far from her home ;  
 And all she had left for her friends to keep  
 Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep !  
 And her future held forth but the felon's lot,  
 To live forsaken—to die forgot !  
 She could not weep, and she could not pray,  
 But she wasted and withered from day to day,  
 Till you might have counted each sunken vein  
 When her wrist was prest by the iron chain ;  
 And sometimes I thought her large dark eye  
 Had the glisten of red insanity.



She called me once to her sleeping place ;  
 A strange wild look was upon her face,  
 Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,  
 Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,  
 And she spoke in a low unearthly tone—  
 The sound from mine ear hath never gone !  
 “ I had last night the loveliest dream :  
 My own land shone in the summer beam,  
 I saw the fields of the golden grain,  
 I heard the reaper's harvest strain ;  
 There stood on the hills the green pine tree,  
 And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.  
 A long and a weary way I had come ;  
 But I stopp'd, methought, by mine own sweet home.  
 I stood by the hearth, and my Father sat there,  
 With pale thin face, and snow-white hair !  
 The Bible lay open upon his knee,  
 But he closed the book to welcome me.  
 He led me next where my Mother lay,  
 And together we knelt by her grave to pray,  
 And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,  
 For it echoed one to my young days dear.  
 This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,  
 And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead !  
 —We have not spoken, but still I have hung  
 On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue ;  
 To me they are music, to me they recall  
 The things long hidden by memory's pall !  
 Take this long curl of yellow hair,  
 And give it my Father, and tell him my prayer,  
 My dying prayer, was for him. . . .”

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay ;  
 They raised it up, and like a dirge  
 The heavy gale swept o'er the surge ;  
 The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—  
 The Convict has found in the green sea a grave

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

X.—*The Eve of St. John.*

There is a flower, a magical flower,  
 On which love hath laid a fairy power ;  
 Gather it on the eve of St. John,  
 When the clock of the village is tolling one ;  
 Let no look be turned, no word be said,  
 And lay the rose-leaves under your head ;  
 Your sleep will be light, and pleasant your rest,  
 For your visions will be of the youth you love best.  
 Four days I had not my own Love seen,—  
 Where, sighed I, can my wanderer have been ?  
 I thought I would gather the magical flower,  
 And see him at least in my sleeping hour !—  
 St. John's Eve came : to the garden I flew,  
 Where the white roses shone with the silver dew ;  
 The nightingale sang as I passed along—  
 I started to hear even her sweet song ;  
 The sky was bright with moon and star-shine,  
 And the wind was sweet as a whisper of thine,  
 Dear love ! for whose sake I stripped the tree-rose,  
 And softly and silently stole to repose.  
 No look I turned, and no word I said,  
 But laid the white roses under my head.  
 Oh, sweet was the dream that came to me then !  
 I dreamt of a lonely and lovely glen ;  
 There was a clear and beautiful sky,  
 Such as is seen in the blue July ;  
 To the north was a forest of darkling pine ;  
 To the south were hills all green with the vine,  
 Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems  
 Seen upon princely diadems ;  
 On the rocks were goats as white as snow,  
 And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below ;

Literary Gazette, 28<sup>th</sup> December, 1822, Page 825 (cont.)

And like a nest in the chesnut's shade,  
As just for love and contentment made,  
A little cottage stood, and the tree  
Shadowed it over most gracefully ;  
A white rose grew up beside the door,  
The porch with the blossoms was covered o'er ;  
Methought it was your's—you were standing by :  
You welcomed me, and I felt your sigh  
Warm on my cheek, and our lips met,—  
On mine the touch is thrilling yet !  
But, alas ! I awakened, and all I can do  
Is to tell the sweet dream, my own Love, to you !

XI.—*The Emerald Ring—a Superstition.*

It is a gem which hath the power to show  
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:  
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;  
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.  
Take back again your emerald gem,  
There is no colour in the stone;  
It might have graced a diadem,  
But now its hue and light are gone!  
Take back your gift, and give me mine—  
The kiss that sealed our last love vow;  
Ah, other lips have been on thine,—  
My kiss is lost and sullied now!  
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,  
And, more than either, you are changed;  
But my true love has altered not,  
My heart is broken—not estranged! L. E. L.

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