

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Forget Me Not, 1824  
compiled from  
contemporary reviews  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

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Ellen
Lines on the Mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte, at Claremont

The Literary Museum and Register of Arts, Sciences, Belles Lettres, &c.  
1st November 1823

Review:

*Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New  
Year's Present for 1824.* London. 12mo.  
pp. 390. Ackerman.

ment to its German archetypes. It contains several beautiful pieces of poetry from the pens of Montgomery, Bernard Barton, and some anonymous contributors. One of these last we will extract :

ELLEN. *A Fragment.*

Is she not beautiful, although so pale?  
The first May flowers are not more colourless  
Than her white cheek; yet I recal the time  
When she was called the rosebud of our village.  
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,  
Upon her cheek, fresh as the summer morn  
With which she rose. A cloud of chesnut curls,  
Like twilight, darkened o'er her blue-veined  
brow;  
And through their hazel curtains, eyes, whose  
light  
Was like the violet's, when April skies  
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,  
Shone sweet and silent, as the twilight star.  
And she was happy—innocence and hope  
Make the young heart a paradise for love.  
And she loved, and was loved. The youth was  
one  
That dwelled on the waters. He had been  
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic, a wide world—  
Had seen the sun light up the flowers, like  
gems,  
In the bright Indian isles—had breathed the air  
When sweet with cinnamon, and gum, and  
spice.

But he said that no air brought health, or balm,  
 Like that on his own hills, when it had swept  
 O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where  
 Blossomed the hawthorn and the honeysuckle ;  
 That, but one voyage more, and he would come  
 To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—  
 Dwell there in love and peace. And then he  
 kissed

Her tears away, talked of the pleasant years  
 Which they should pass together—of the pride  
 He would take in his constancy. Oh, hope  
 Is very eloquent! and as the hours  
 Pass'd by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,  
 Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time  
 Of parting came ; 'twas the first month of  
 Spring.

Like a green fan spread the horse-chesnut's  
 leaves,

A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,  
 The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs  
 Were covered with their blossoms, and the sky  
 Was like an augury of hope, so clear,  
 So beautifully blue. Love! oh young love!  
 Why hast thou not security? Thou art  
 Like a bright river, on whose course the weeds  
 Are thick and heavy ; briers are on its banks,  
 And jagged stones and rocks are mid its waves.  
 Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush  
 Over its many obstacles, and pant  
 For some green valley, as its quiet home.  
 Alas ! either it rushes with a desperate leap  
 Over its barriers, foaming passionate,  
 But prisoned still ; or winding languidly,  
 Becomes dark, like oblivion, or else wastes  
 Itself away.—This is love's history.

They parted one spring evening ; the green sea  
 Had scarce a curl upon its wave ; the ship

Rode like a queen of ocean. Ellen wept,  
 But not disconsolate, for she had hope.  
 She knew not then the bitterness of tears.  
 But night closed in; and with the night there  
 came

Tempest upon the wind, the beacon light  
 Glared like a funeral pile; all else was black  
 And terrible as death. We heard a sound  
 Come from the ocean—one lone signal gun,  
 Asking for help in vain—followed by shrieks,  
 Mocked by the ravening gale; then deepest  
 silence.

Some gallant souls had perished. With the first  
 Dim light of morn, they sought the beach; and  
 there

Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes,  
 Ghastly and gashed. But the worst sight of all—  
 The sight of living misery, met their gaze.  
 Seated upon a rock, drenched by the rain,  
 Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,  
 Pale, motionless. How could love guide her  
 there?

A corpse lay by her; in her arms its head  
 Found a fond pillow, and o'er it she watched,  
 As the young mother watches her first child.  
 It was her lover—

L. E. L. "

Contextual image of plate from Forget Me Not





The London Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.  
1st November 1823

Review:

*Forget me not; a Christmas and New Year's  
Present for 1824. London. R. Ackermann.*

Our own delightful minstrel, L. E. L., has been kind enough to enrich this annual gift with two voluntary offerings, to which the publisher has paid the merited compliment of having plates engraved from their subjects. Though many have gone before her on the theme, we quote the following exquisitely natural and poetical tribute on the Mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte at Claremont—

*Lines on the Mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte,  
at Claremont.*

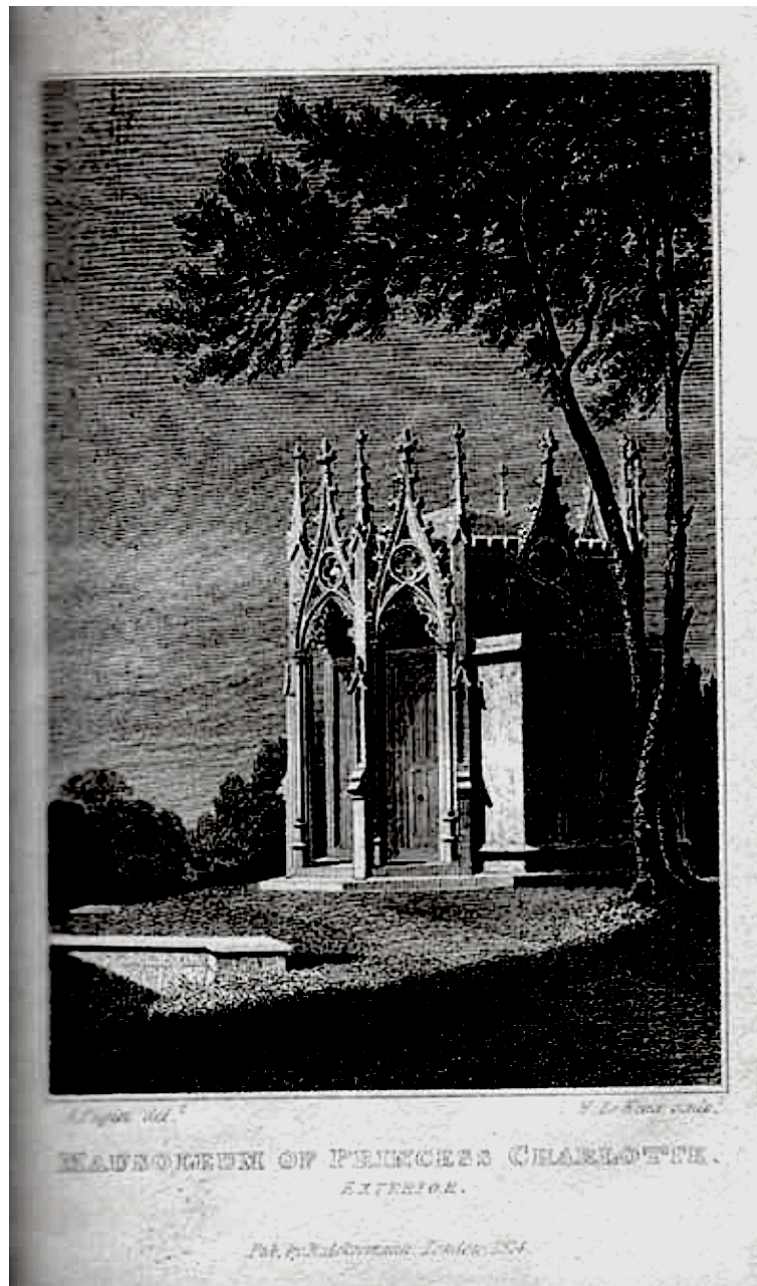
Alas ! how many storm-clouds hang  
O'er every sunny day below !  
How many flowers die as they bloom !  
How many more before they blow !  
But fall the blight, or lour the blast,  
O'er every other pleasure here,  
If they would leave untouched that one  
Of all earth's joys most pure and dear !  
Young Love ! how well thy smile can cheer  
All other ills that wring the heart !  
All other sorrows may we bear,  
But those in which thyself hast part.  
And is not this thy worst of griefs—  
Thine uttermost despair—to see  
The grave close over the fond heart  
Just wakened into life by thee ?  
To watch the blight steal o'er the rose,  
Yews spring where myrtles wont to be—  
And for the bridal wreath to wear  
One gathered from the cypress-tree ?

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Look on yon grove, where a white fane  
Grows whiter as the moonbeams fall ;  
There is a bust upon its shrine,  
Wearing a white rose coronal :  
It is the monument where Hope  
And youthful Love sleep side by side,  
Raised by the mourner to the name  
Of her—his lost, but worshipp'd Bride.

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Contextual images of plates from Forget Me Not: (1) exterior



Contextual images of plates from Forget Me Not: (2) interior

