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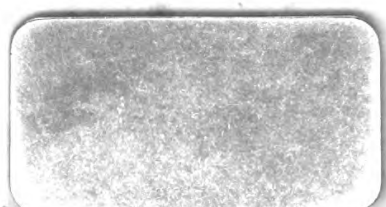


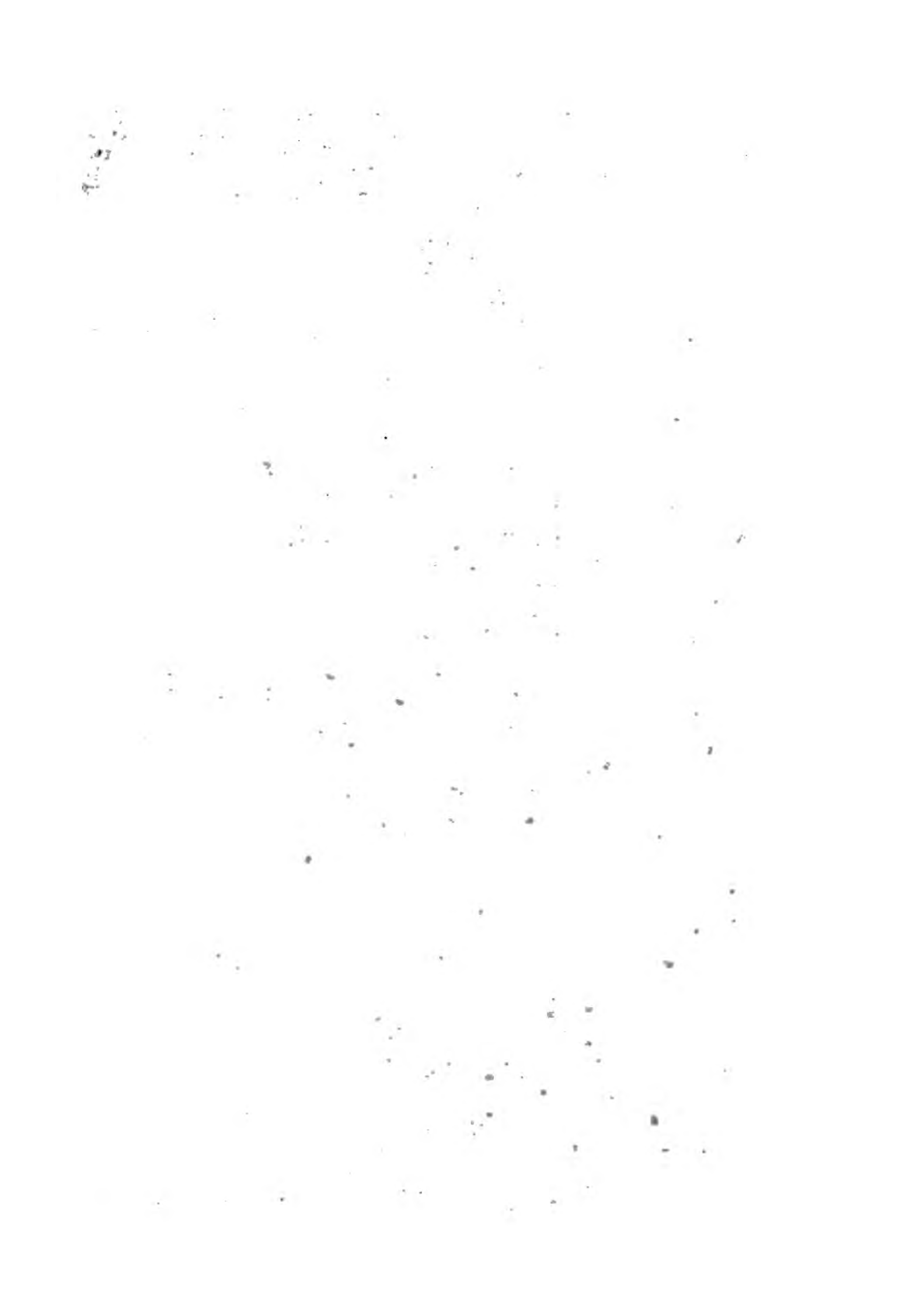
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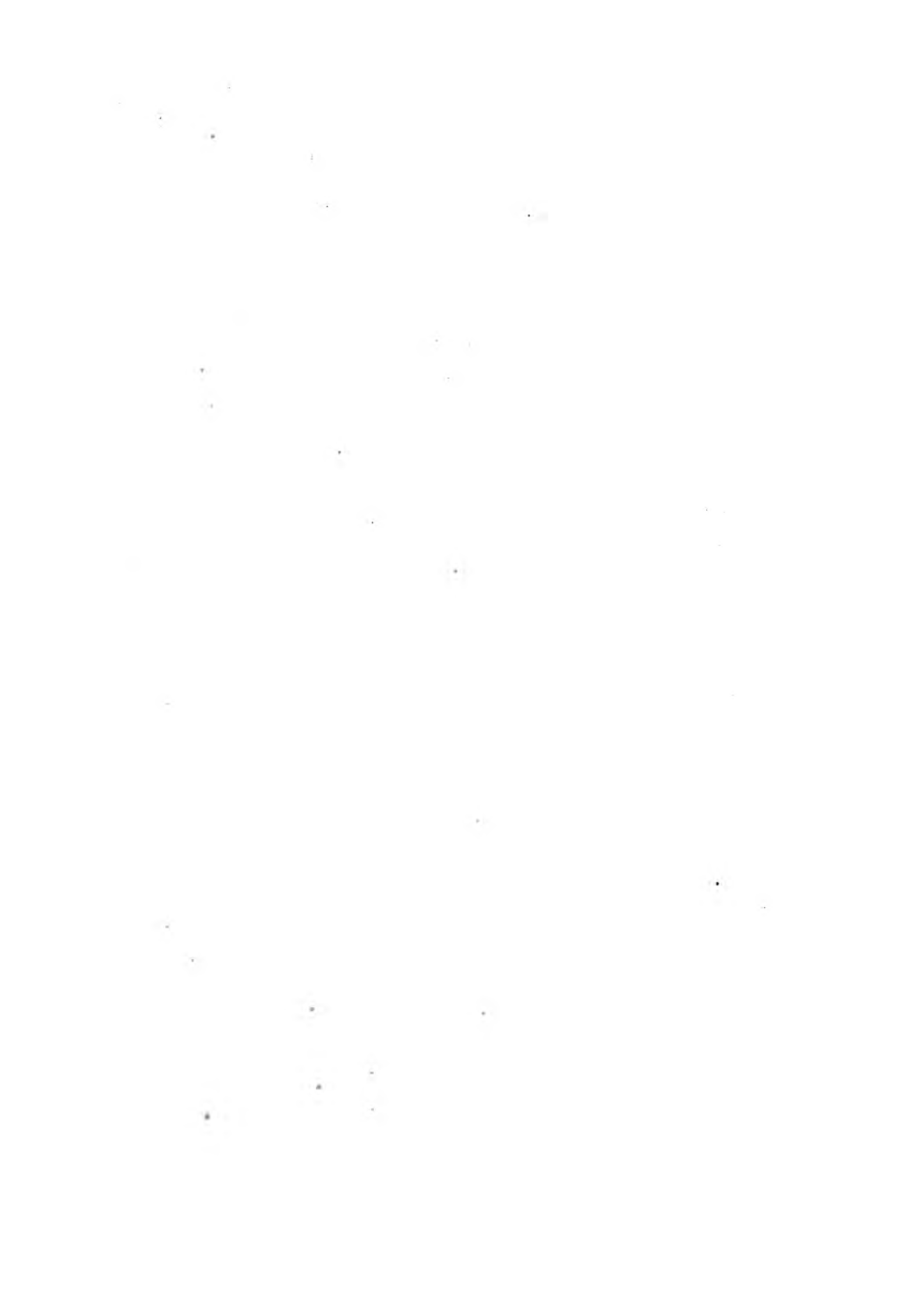


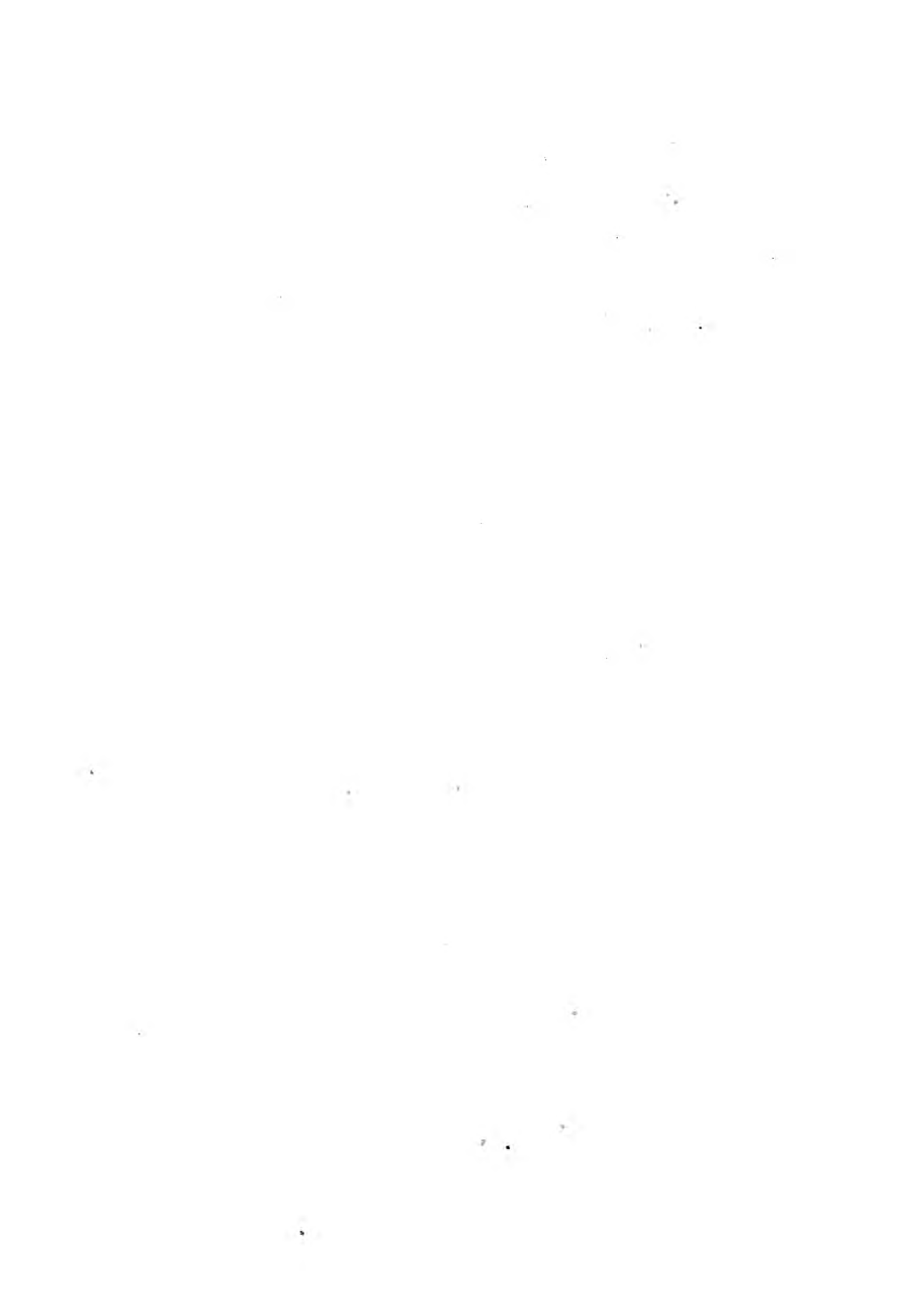


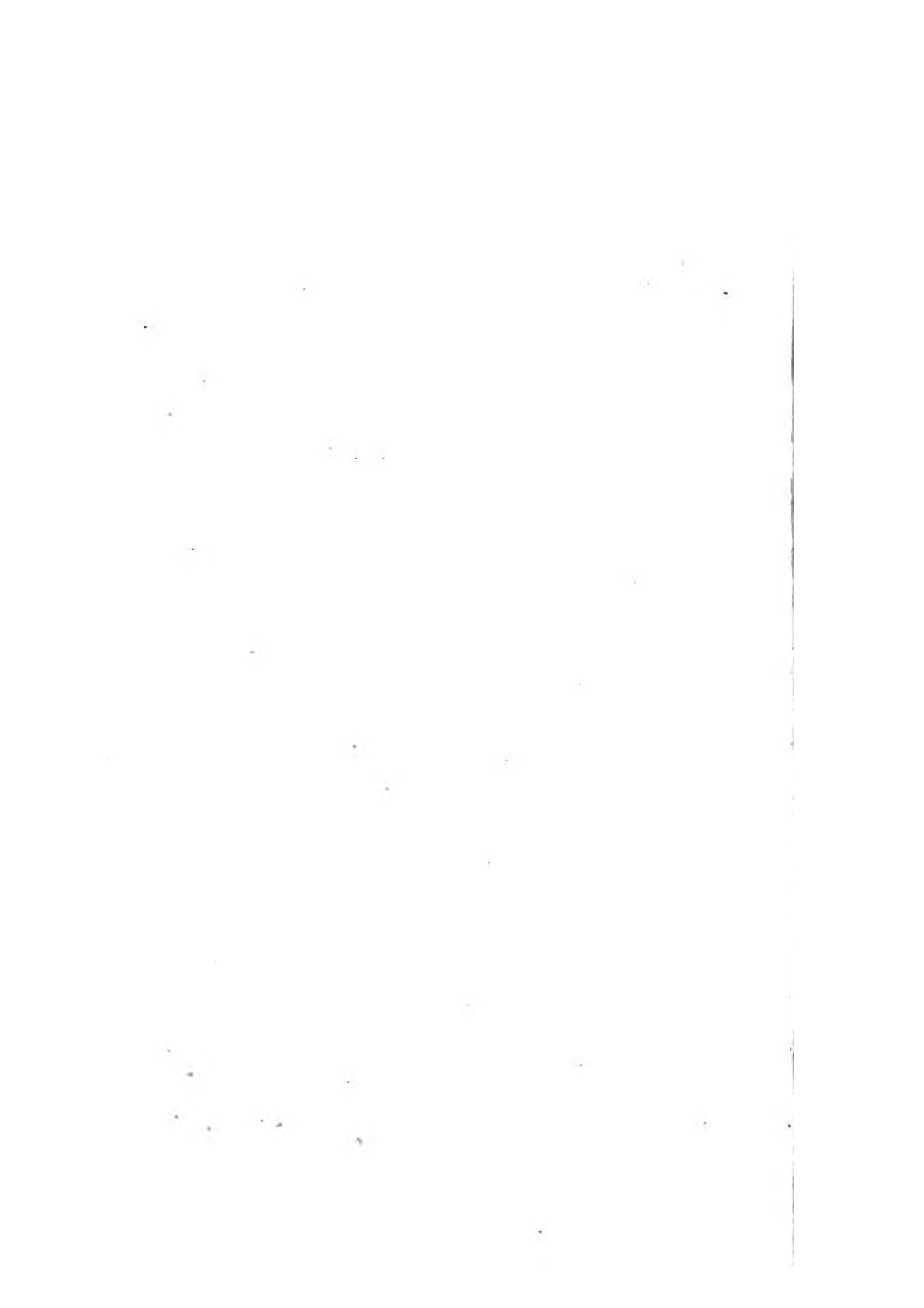
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ROSALIE,

A

Swiss Relique,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.



Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino :
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poëta prodirem.
Pers. prolog. ad Satyr.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR JOHN RICHARDSON, AND OLIVER
AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.

1821.

280. i. 219.

Phœbe, fave! Novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos.

**Bailey, Printer,
Cockermouth.**

TO _____

OF

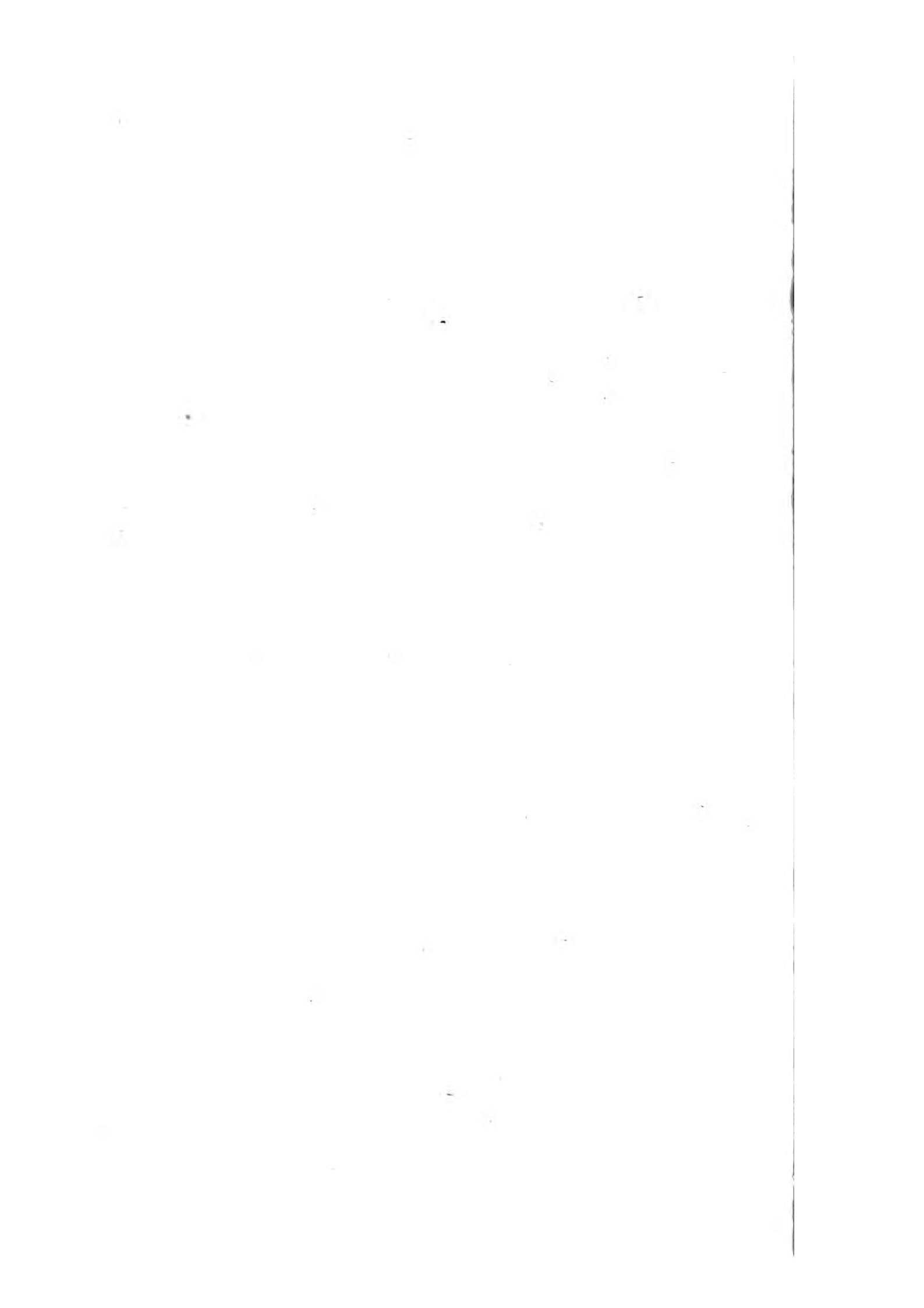
THE ANNEXED RELIQUE

(A FIRST EFFORT)

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

IT was a beautiful evening in the month of September, 181— when I entered the valley of Delmont: rocks, as it were, poised in midway air, and covered with the wild and waving pine, overhung our path—the sun was gradually sinking behind the western mountains, and threw a farewell gleam over this enchanting valley—Our *Voiturier*, glad to see the day and his labours drawing so fast to a close, seemed to derive new life from the contemplation, and endeavouring to impart the same to his horses, brought us on at a tolerably quick pace.—We eagerly feasted our eyes with the rich and enchanting landscape which lay stretched before us—strongly marked with all the striking peculiarities of Swiss scenery.—The white church, peeping through the trees, was an interesting feature in the landscape, and seemed in unison with the manners and sentiments of the surrounding inhabitants—The cheerful cottages scattered over the rich and wooded champagne—the happy faces that saluted us as we passed along—the *tout ensemble* was irresistibly pleasing, and aided by the sweetness of the evening, breathed an air

of softness and tranquillity—and conjured up such a train of pleasing ideas—as it has seldom been my lot to experience. It is indeed, said I, a sweet picture, and presents such a combination of all that is gladdening and agreeable to a sensitive mind, that hard indeed must that heart be, which can look upon it unsoftened or unmoved.—I remembered the vale of E— &c. yet here, every object was so naturally and happily grouped and adjusted with the next, that I pronounced this evening, and the scene it unfolded us, the happiest and most imposing of all that we had spent or witnessed on the tour.

As we passed along, the evening Zephyr brought to our ear the merry notes of native music, and groups of peasants were seen busily engaged in the national dance, while the aged sat by the door, or under a tree, and presided over this exhilarating pastime, which abounded equally in grace and agility. . . . These are scenes that do the heart good—and it is impossible to witness them, and not feel a powerful sympathy with the simple and innocent hearts which compose them. . . .

Having reached the inn where we were to spend the night just as the sun was going down—and having alighted and ordered refreshments—(but in order to

while away the interval, and spend the evening in the open air)—I strolled about for some time without any particular object, till the white church, already noticed, again presented itself, to which I immediately directed my steps, and following a cross path, soon found myself at the gate of this primitive temple—It was not a building of modern date, and the grandfathers of the last generation must have worshipped within its walls.—All here was stillness and serenity—the breeze that spent itself in soothing whispers amid the tall pines, with the intermingling echoes of rural merriment from the vale below, alone broke in upon the silence and repose of this consecrated spot. . . . It was soothing to observe flowers which the pious hands of some affectionate survivor had scattered around the grave of his departed relative!—my heart was touched with this trait of surviving love; and it was pleasing to reflect, that those on whose tombs they were strewed, might have rivalled them in that innocence and beauty of which they themselves were the finest emblems!—Never indeed were time and place in finer unison for the indulgence of those musings and tender melancholy, which in such situations take possession of the heart, till it is again broken in upon by the cares of the world!

It was here, and under these circumstances, that I became acquainted with the subject of the annexed *Relique*.—In turning the west corner of the chapel, and apart from the rest of the *tumuli*, I observed an interesting villager weeping over a grave, whose recent date was sufficiently marked by its imperfect verdure, and the fresh clod with which its lonely inhabitant had pillowed her weary head!—There is a time, when the heart overburdened with the contemplation of grand and imposing objects, feels unspeakable relief in embodying its thoughts—and with this feeling I entered into conversation with the fair mourner, who, after some slight embarrassment, answered my questions with much natural ease and simplicity.—This grave, she said, (addressing me in French,) is that of a stranger who resided a short time in the village, and died a few days ago under circumstances of peculiar distress, and whose engaging manners had won for her—what had too soon followed her to the grave—the love and regret of the whole village!—Here this affectionate creature burst into tears—and having recovered herself so far, she continued this little interesting detail——About the beginning of last month, the lamented subject of this narrative arrived in the village, under the protection

of a young man of genteel and military appearance—they immediately engaged lodgings at the inn (*Le Leon d'or*) with every appearance of the most sincere and conjugal attachment—often were they observed in the romantic walks with which this valley and its mountains abound, sketching its imposing scenery, or in conversation with the peasants, as the evening brought them under the sycamore that throws its arms over the village green.

A fortnight after their arrival, M. Chapelain—for that was the name assumed—received an *express*, and immediately set off for a distant part of the Frontier:—no farther cause was assigned for his departure—she entreated being suffered to accompany him, but he assigned the despatch that was necessary, as an apology for not complying with her request, and promised to return in the course of twelve days.—They parted, and the scene exhibited all those painful feelings and distressing apprehensions, which attend even the most temporary separation of faithful and affectionate hearts!—If, in the bosom of friends, who use every art to soothe and encourage us, the absence of a beloved object can work such wreck in the breast, what must she have felt among strangers—in a strange land—

where the thought uninterrupted, and undiverted from the channel and object of its affections, kept her sleepless eyelid on the watch, and her heart on the rack for eighteen tedious days!—On the succeeding, a letter arrived, and on its being put into her hands, joy, hope, and fear, raised a painful conflict in her breast—with a convulsive effort she tore it open, and the next moment fainted away!—For two days she remained in a state of delirium, and a violent fever succeeding, brought her to the brink of the grave. The fever however abated—her reason returned—but so feeble and exhausted, that her eye never rose to the light, and life and feeling seemed almost extinct in her bosom! Next morning she appeared to have gained a little strength—but, alas, that strength was as the early dew—the recollection of her misery revived—with a feeble voice she requested to be supported in bed—and asking for pen and paper, she attempted two or three almost illegible lines, when the pen dropt from her hand, and she expired! Tears and regret have followed her to the grave—may the turf lie lightly on her breast—she has now attained that happiness and peace which the faith—or the faithlessness—of *man* can no longer vitiate or molest.

Journal.

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R O S A L I E,

A

Swiss Relique.



*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis
Ignotus pecori, nulli contusus aratro—
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber,
Multi illam pueri, multae optavere puellae—
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illam pueri, nullae optavere puellae :
Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis, sed
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.—*

CATULL.

*GRIEVED I, I had but one?
O, one too much by thee!—Why had I one?—
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
But mine—and mine I loved—and mine I praised—
And mine that I was proud on—mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine
Valuing of her :—why she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!*

SHAK.

READER :—No song of chivalry is here—

No deep wrought fiction rich with fabled woe :—

But oh, if virtue to thy soul be dear—

And thy young heart can feel affection's glow

Then come thou here!—Thy tears with mine shall flow—

For I have heard a tale thy heart will wring—

And I have seen as fair a flower laid low

As Zephyr ever fanned with dewy wing—

And woe is me, that mine the task should be

To tell of woman's love, and man's INCONSTANCY!—

R O S A L I E,

A

SWISS RELIQUE.

C'est ne plus la perte de ma liberté—de mon rang—
de ma patrie—que je regrette—C'est la bonne foi
violée—C'est l'amour méprisé qui déchire mon âme
—Gregoire est infidèle!

I.

O sorrow, thou hast been my sister! Long
My wasting heart has known thee—and must know,
Till it, all weary with unwearied wrong,
In the cold shrouding grave forget its woe!
Too fatally—too long—by fancy nursed
In reveries of bliss and fair ostent—
But lo, they melt away—the spell is burst,
And hope and all its blandishments are spent!

With joy my yielding heart expands no more—
Hope slightest dies—life withers from its core—
And death were bliss since I have learnt to see
This deadly proof of thy heart's perfidy —

II.

Oh, more than mortal language can impart,
Deeper thy wounding words have pierc'd my heart!
'Tis thrown—the last keen shaft that fate can throw;
This the worst pang my heart can live to know!—
And this my fears foreboded—dreams foretold,
Till sickening o'er the thought my blood ran cold!
And realized—all but despair is past,
Breathing around my heart its withering blast
Cold and consuming—razing from my breast
Each lingering germ of happiness and rest!
The measure of my grief is full—bereft
Of all that sweetens life—what have I left

Save wretchedness ! those bitter tears to weep
Till death shall lull me and my woes asleep !

III.

Ah, to thine honour false—to heaven and me—
Another holds thy heart—and thou art free !
Free to pursue thy pleasure—but the vow
Thus violated—shall it perish now !
Forgiven—forgot—a thing which all may dare ?
No, heaven was witness—and tis written there !—
Unpitied, and unheard, I make my moan—
Vile as a weed upon the waters thrown—
A floweret from its rock of shelter torn,
And flung upon the ocean-wrack forlorn—
A blighted leaf that pleased thee while it bloomed,
But fading—thou to cold contempt hast doomed !—

IV.

Beneath this weight of wretchedness and wrong
Deeply I feel I cannot linger long—

My hours are numbered—the long starless night
Presses upon me—with my tears I write—
Not to upbraid thee—no—be happy—live
In heaven's forgiveness—freely I forgive!—
Not to upbraid thee—tho' the bane and gall
Of bitterness sum up my days—and all
The strength exhausted nature can supply
Is to complete this blotted page—and die.—
And there perchance one day thy tears may flow,
When this sad scrawl shall bring thee back my woe ;
Thy heart and hand will tremble—and thine eyes
With tears grow darkling—as they recognize
The hand that traced this last memorial,
And where my tears have fallen—thine own shall fall.
Thy heart may be another's now—but yet
Me thou rememberest, and shalt ne'er forget—
Even as thou wilt—thy love—thy faith transfer,
Oft shall conflicting memory pause on her—

Her love, her constancy—The thought shall be
A woe to weigh thee down—a sting upon thy memory!—

V.

Thou hast forgot:—but I can ne'er forget
The blessed time when I believed thee true!
When with soft tremblings of the heart we met,
And thy dear words fell soft as evening dew—
When my heart sought—yet shrunk—to meet thy view
With fluttering pulse—sunk eye—and flushing cheek
That told thee, every tremulous breath I drew,
The love my faltering lip could never speak!
All this is past—and in my breast alone
Love still survives—when all it loved is flown!—
....No heart doth feel for me—by all forsaken
When every dearest tie was rent for thee—
At last I wake—but ah, too late to waken,
Since life hath naught of joy in store for me—

To the dread verge of mental chaos driven—
On earth no friend, and scarce a hope in heaven :
No lip to bless me—no kind voice to cheer—
From all the human soul esteems most dear—
A nameless outcast—witheringly I roam
Without one kindred heart—one social home—
Before, I dare not—and to look behind
Throws deeper midnight o'er my rayless mind—
Alas ! tho' suffering, helpless, and undone—
Fondly I thought I still might trust in *one*—
When every other earthly hope had flown !
That thou—whate'er our destiny might be,
Wouldst ne'er desert a heart so fondly knit to thee !—

VI.

—Ah me, who now my bleeding wounds shall bind,
Or whisper soothings to my lonely mind—
What spell can lull those sleepless pangs to rest—
And cheer this wilderness within my breast !—

On kindred ties, I have no further claim—
The loved companions of my early day
Would shudder but to breathe the guilty name
Of her who erst was innocent as they:—
When my light heart beat happily—and here
Nor guilt, nor aught of gloom was known—
And if with grief my heart did melt—the tear
Was dropt for others' sorrows—not my own!—
O then thrice happy had I closed my eye—
And died that stingless death the virtuous die!
All taintless as the balmy incense given
By flowers when first their leaflets ope on heaven—
When first their vestal bosoms drink the dew,
And all is purely bright in form and hue!—
This soul unsullied—wafted on a sigh—
Had sought anew its own primeval sky—
Then friendly tongues had told with generous pride,
How virtuous I had lived—how calmly died!

Recounted all my early days, and dwelt
Fondly and long on all I said and felt—
No kindred cheek had felt the flush of shame
At memory of the guilt that clouds my name.—

VII.

To *thee*, my fault—my misery—need I tell!
'Twas that I loved thee—and have loved too well—
Too soon believed the sweet but treacherous tale
That wiled and won me from my native vale. . . .
My native vale! I ne'er shall see thee more!
But thou shalt bloom in beauty as before!
As rich the hues that tinge thy native flowers—
As soft the song of love amid thy bowers:
I waste and wither—thou shalt sweetly bloom
When I lie mouldering in the dreamless tomb.—
How oft at the dread hour of deep midnight
To thee my sorrowing spirit wings its flight—

Weeping recalls those few and fleeting hours
I spent in guileless truth amid thy bowers :
As innocent, as spotless, and as fair
As any wilding rose that blossomed there—
Where every sight, and sound, from tower and tree
Was sight of joy and sound of love to me !
Where my fond parent, as the eve grew dim,
Taught my young lips to lisp their vesper hymn,
Then raised me fondly in his arms and smiled,
Imploring heaven to shield and bless his child—
' Tho' of all earthly joy—forlorn—bereft,
O, I'm still rich in thee—my child is left—
Image of her, who, struggling to be free,
In one sad hour of anguish gave thee me !'
Thus in my infant ear he wont to speak
Till the big tear fell trembling down his cheek—

VIII.

... But his last bitter tears are wept—the last
He e'er shall weep—life and despair are past ! . .
But oh, 'tis I have brought that heart, that gave
Me life, in shame and sorrow to the grave !—
What have I lost—what have I dared and done,
Suffered, and suffer, for the love of one !—
For I did deem thy love as mine sincere,
And while I wiped away the starting tear,
For those I never more on earth should see,
And sacrificed my all for love of thee :—
Thy look—thy melting word—and moistened eye
So oft appealed to mine in sweet reply—
So gently lulled asleep my trembling fears—
So fondly chid, and kissed away, my tears—
So often vowed, and sighed, and smiled between—
Oh, my young artless bosom blessed the scene :

And little then I dreamt of future woe
To blast life's latest hope—and lay me low !
'Twas heaven me thought that bade, and I obeyed—
My heart exulted in the choice it made,
And felt its dearest bliss on earth would be
With thee to suffer, live, and die with thee—
Do all that fondest love did e'er suggest—
Or heart could claim from young affection's breast—
Live but for thee—and every hour to prove
The faith and fervor of unchanging love! . . .

IX.

When racked and restless on the couch of pain
The fever revelled thro' thy throbbing vein—
Mine was the mournful task—to me most dear—
To watch thy weary couch with many a tear—
I saw thee droop—and desolate of heart,
From thy wan cheek beheld health's roses part—

While from thy closing eye each glance that came
Shot more than mortal anguish thro' my frame—
And as I gazed upon thy glazing eye—
How I implored of heaven with thee to die!
For oh, to live when thou hadst ceased to breathe,
And round thine urn see the dark cypress-wreath,
Was worse than many deaths to me—my breast
Could crave but this—to share thy place of rest....
But pitying heaven beheld and spared thy youth
Health, hope, returned—but thou forgot thy truth!...
All this I would forget—but cannot—still
The past will haunt me like a shadow—fill
My eyes with tears—strike anguish thro' its core,
Till my heart break, and I can weep no more!—

X.

O, let that hour from memory's tablet fade
I left my father's home—my childhood's shade—

That home of love, with all its nameless charms—
 The friends that nursed me in their fostering arms—
 With thee to waste away my youth and bloom—
 Then drop despised—dishonoured—to the tomb—
 Naught to survive me, save a blotted name,
 The record of my weakness, guilt, and shame!

* * * * *

My heart was soft—to virtuous feeling true,
 No doubt arose to damp the bliss in view :
 I heard thy vows, the poison found its way—
 My weakness swerved—weeping I went astray ! . . .
 Loved, trusted, hoped too much, and built
 My stay on mortal truth—once lured to guilt—
 Wept, but went on—tho' trembling to proceed—
 Dared not return—and on a broken reed
 Risking my soul's best hope—till I became
 What now I am—o'erwhelmed with guilt and shame!—

XI.

In love, alas, what will not woman do !
And mine was more than woman's love—more true!—
When once my too believing heart was won,
The die that marked its destiny was thrown !
By thee beloved—naught could I crave for more—
 'Twas sweet to me the hallowed flame to cherish—
Faithful to love—till life itself were o'er,
 And in my breast the pulse of being perish !—
Once loving thee, and ne'er to love again
By day, by night, to nurse the pleasing pain—
But once deceived—life owns no farther tie—
My bloom hath passed away—I droop and die
My heart was formed to love but only one,
And *thee* I only loved . . . as yon bright sun
Hath naught in heaven to rival him in light,
Thou hadst on earth no rival in my sight—

With faith unfaltering—thou wast still adored . . .

My all on earth—my bosom's elect lord!—

I've loved thee on, thro' pain, reproach and shame—

For thee disowned my kindred, land, and name—

For thee half reconciled to dwell in crime—

Forgot my God—abused my precious prime

* * * * *

Yet I upbraid thee not . . . tho' whelmed with ill,

And loathing life—my heart must love thee still—

With every thought and feeling of my mind—

With every vital cord so closely twined—

That even I feel, when life itself shall part,

Thy much-loved name will linger in my heart!—

Oh, what was all this weary world to me,

When balanced with thy faithful love and thee!

So far all other earth-born joys above,

I only lived—I breathed but—in thy love . . .

It was my element, and out of which
Life, hope, and pleasure, seemed beyond my reach!—
'Twas this—the baseless fabric of my bliss—
That planned new worlds, and made a heaven of this!..
Thou wast my fostering sun—that floweret I,
Which, when the sun goes down, must shrink and die!..

XII.

Oft, as the tear stood trembling in my eye,
To pause upon the page of joys gone by—
Oft hast thou vowed—that one short month away,
The next should dawn upon our bridal day....
Oh, could I else—I willingly believed—
Pledged my fond troth—adored—and was deceived...
Yes—I believed... nor thought I owed thee less,
For thou didst seem all truth—all tenderness—
And sad, thou saidst, to thee the joyless hour,
That witnessed no sweet converse in our bower—

Nor marked our wanderings by the willowed stream,
Our souls absorbed in love's delicious dream—
Life had no bitter, nor our hearts a care,
Save to indulge the hopes that trembled there.—
Ah me—too much for my exhausted powers,
I dare not think of those too happy hours—
By thee forgot—but which in this poor heart
Must still survive—till life to dust depart!

XIII.

But late a dream of joy, too sweet to last,
Did promise bliss for all my sorrows past—
Beguiled me back to life—when thou, my child,
Upon thy guilty mother—guiltless smiled!
I thought, sweet innocent, that thou wouldst be
The morning star to all my misery!
And oh, as slumbering on my anxious breast,
Fondly I watched, and cradled thee to rest!—

Gazing on thee—how did my bosom burn
Where love, and fear, and joy, prevailed in turn!
So blessed was I to bear a mother's name—
Gazing on thee—I half forgot my shame—
But ah, short time had I to gaze on thee,
Till thou wast called to where the blessed be—
Till thou, my dearest hope, so lately given,
Wast severed from my heart—mysterious heaven!
In one delirious, sad, and dreary day,
Rebuked my bliss, and snatched my babe away—
As all too pure—too innocent—to rest
Its angel cheek on this polluted breast . . .
Ah, my sweet babe . . . soon may I lay my head
To rest with thee within thy narrow bed!
Far from my own—no proffer of relief—
No sympathizing heart to soothe my grief—
'Twas then my woe-worn soul longed to be gone,
Yet lingering clung to life for thee alone—

For thou didst name the all-seeing eye above,
Thy faith to witness, and unchanging love . . .
How false, alas, thou knowest,—and God must be
The awful arbiter 'twixt thee and me !—

XIV.

There was a time 'twas luxury to weep
And share the woes of others—but so deep
The grief that wastes my life—my tears must part
Like drops of blood wrung trembling from the heart . . .
My head swims round—and shrinking from the light,
My eye-balls throb and darken as I write—
The word, and burning tear, alternate fall,
While I pour forth my heart into this scrawl—
A boding voice—a sound thou canst not hear—
Shoots cold and thrilling thro' my heart and ear . . .
And oh, thrice welcome to my longing soul,
It tells of my approach to that dread goal

Where all at rest the wronged and weary be—
Beyond the bourne of frail mortality . . .
Land of forgetfulness ! in my despair
All I dare hope for is to slumber there
There seek my home of refuge and repose,
Forgiven, forgot, my many wrongs and woes—
Soon shall the stranger on my lowly bier
Stretch my poor wasted form, without a tear
Leaving the dew of heaven alone to fall
In tributary tears upon my pall—
Ah there no weeping sister in her woe
Shall bid the vernal floweret o'er me blow—
Emblem of her whose ashes sleep below !—
No prayer shall there be heard—no tongue to breathe
One requiem o'er the unhallowed dust beneath—
When sorrowing friends lament their dead, ah, none
Will heave one lingering sigh for her that's gone !

XV.

And now, false-hearted one . . . Oh, fare thee well !
 Yet with thy cherished name my heart can swell—
 But thence—ere these last words of mine be read,—
 Thence love,—and life,—and feeling will have fled—
 This heart, those weary eyes, thought, memory, o'er,
 Shall throb in pain—and wake and weep—no more;—
 And cold shall sleep that heart so often prest
 In fervour and in fondness to thy breast,
 That whilom melted, sighed, to hear thee say,
 O, thou wouldst love me till thy dying day—
 Live but for me—to bless, to soothe, and cherish . . .
 Ha ! no, forlorn to see me waste—and perish
 In wretchedness and pain—Ah ! meet redress
 For all my love, and all my tenderness !

* * * * *

O woman ! If in weetless hour
 Rude hand shall crop thy virgin flower—

'Tis done—Once soiled by touch profane,
 Alas! thou ne'er shalt bloom again!
 Some hearts may pity—more will blame,
 But all will shun thee and thy shame;
 And as the scandal circles round,
 Rivals will probe thy bleeding wound!—
 Oh, once if lost to self-esteem,
 Thy life has lost its brightest beam,
 And all that thence to thee remain,
 Are sad forebodings—tears—and pain!—
 No light shall gild thy mental gloom. . . .
 Oh, thy last hope of refuge is—the tomb—
 Like stars that fall—no more to rise—
 Is woman—when her virtue dies!—
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Ah, where is he, whose demon art,
 Can thwart the young and guileless heart!

And warp, with specious fair pretence,
His wiles round helpless innocence—
Steal from the heart that sweet repose
Which innocence alone bestows!—
Can ravish from its parent stem
The flower his heart will soon contemn,
Then leave, when all its sweets are shaken,
To perish friendless and forsaken—
Ah where—when hurrying to the dust,
 He feels the life-blood coldly run—
Where shall he rest his dying trust,
 What hope shall gild his setting sun!
When recollection's throbbing vein,
And panting heart, and fevered brain,
Remorse—and dread of deeper woes,
Than struggling nature's parting throes,
Brood bitter o'er his rayless mind
That grasps at hope, before, behind—

But hope on earth, nor from the sky,
 Shall ever glad his closing eye!—
 No voice of sorrow shall deplore him,
 No tongue shall chaunt a requiem o'er him,
 His name shall perish—and unblest
 Shall be his bed of lowly rest!



READER, farewell!—If cast in Beauty's mould,
 Thy dark eye lingers o'er my plaintive page—
 If thy young heart be neither dull nor cold,
 And thou be blooming on life's vernal stage:
 O, war with thy affections thou must wage,
 O'er thy warm heart exert despotic sway,
 If love's soft witcheries thy soul engage—
 Then read, and reap thou moral from my lay:
 What promises thy bliss, may prove thy bane—
 Shield thee kind heaven!—All earth-born trust is vain!

LYRICS.



LYRICS.

THE FRIAR.

LATE, late was the hour in December tide,
When a step to the gate came flying—
And, “Come,” the voice of a stranger cried,
“And speak with a maid that’s dying?”

“Her dim star of life is setting fast,
Death’s shades its lustre oppressing,
Her quick fluttering breath is the harbinger of death,
Then haste for she craves thy blessing!”

O, the Friar he rose with a troubled mind,
And he followed the muffled stranger—
Another started them up behind,
But he dreamt, and he feared, no danger.

With a quick, silent, step they led him on,
Involved in gloomy suggestion—
For their gait and their habit were all unknown,
And they asked nor answered question.

But when they came to an archway dark,
Then closely his eyes they hooded,
And he dared not resist—nor more could mark,
But dismal were the thoughts he brooded.—

And now each glimmering lamp was gone,
But steadfast they kept together—
All silent and softly they led him on
He felt, but he knew not, whither.—

In dread and darkness they led him on,
Thro' lanes, long, deep, and winding—
Then sudden they halted—their office done,
And began his eyes unbinding.—

“ O, thine,” they said, “ be the hallowed task,
The pure blessed hope to give her—
Even so, when thou heaven’s aid shalt ask,
Its ear shall be deaf to thee never.”

Then his eyes were unbound—and he stood alone
With one who held a rapier—
While faint on the flickering arras there shone
The gleams of a dying taper.—

Then he turned to the couch where a lady lay,
A gilded canopy under—
And he wist not what to think or say,
But he gazed in silence and wonder.

A blighted vernal flower she seemed,
Wan, wan, were her look and complexion—
But the light in her downcast eye that beamed,
Was the language of love and affection.—

A glistening tear stole down her cheek
As she raised up her eyes to heaven—
With a look so melting, suppliant, and meek,
As only to angels is given.—

In golden fillet her hair was bound—
Bright sparkled the gem on her finger—
And the nameless grace that was shed o'er her face
Engaged the fond eye to linger.....

O 'twas not the fever that burned in her veins
Her bloom to the cold earth consigning,
Far other they seemed, the woe and the pains
With which her wrung spirit was pining.—

But what it might be her spirit that wrung—
Her crime, or the cause of her sorrow—
Shall never be heard from mortal tongue
Till the last and dreaded Morrow!—

No sister to soothe her griefs was there—

Her wants and her wishes sharing—

But ruffians strode with a haughty air,

Of a dark and desperate bearing.—

Then a faltering word the Friar addressed—

As he gazed on her form of beauty—

But they frowned, and pointed a sword to his breast,

And beckoned him on to his duty!—

Then slowly and sad by the couch he knelt,

With a voice of trembling emotion—

And deep in his breast a chill tremor he felt,

As he leant him in lowly devotion.—

But he blenched not at man, for heaven, he knew,

Would shield and support its servant—

Then he raised his voice, and began to sue

In prayer long, sad, and fervent.—

He prayed for the sinners that soon must die—

That their souls might be welcome in heaven :

Then he heard the lady repeat with a sigh—

And their sins, and their wrongs, be forgiven!—

Then bitterly her fair hands she wrung,

And high her breast was heaving,

But never a word dropt from her tongue,

Her full wrung heart relieving.—

He looked to the lady—she moved nor stirred,

But she lay like a statue of sorrow—

And he feared from all he had seen and heard,

Her eyes ne'er would welcome the morrow !

He shrunk from the sight—and the sign was made,

Then they hooded his eyes, nor halted,

But downward they sped with an echoing tread,

As thro' caverns long and vaulted.—

But lo, as the night-breeze fanned their cheek—

A shot rung loud and appalling—

And they heard a shrill and a piercing shriek,

As of maiden for mercy calling!—

Then they turned with a start and a sudden thrill,

As the wakening peal flew o'er them—

But all again grew breathless and still,

As they gazed behind and before them.—

He heard no more—but they hurried him on,

And closely they kept together—

Thro' alleys they led him, silent and lone,

But he guessed not whence or whither.—

Then they stopt, and crossed their swords on his breast,

With gestures of import dire—

And they made him swear, as he hoped for rest—

Or dreaded their vengeance and ire :—

That all which that night he heard and saw
Should never be told to another—
And they bound him o'er by a dreadful law,
And he swore by the Virgin mother—
That all which that night he heard and saw
Should never be named to another !

Then a purse of gold they thrust in his hand,
And he heard—but he saw not—the giver—
For ere from his eyes he undid the band,
His leaders had vanished for ever.—

* * * * *
* * * * *

And all that night he could not sleep,
But oppressed with care and cumber—
For aye he saw that lady weep
In visions of troubled slumber.—

And the image of her pale pale cheek,

Long long of joy bereft him—

And the shot he had heard, and the piercing shriek,

Till his last hour never left him !—

* * * * *

* * * *

H E L E N.

—o—
Beloved—but ah we could not tell
How deep—how dearly—till she died!—
—o—

Beset with many ills I ween
Life seems a dreary checquered scene :—
As autumn taints the blighted leaf—
So tainted are our joys with grief.—
Meet emblem of our pleasures here,
Yon meteor-beam that gilds the sphere—
As melts the ice before the blaze—
So mortal happiness decays !—

Oh, Helen, little did I deem
That thou shouldst yield the painful theme—

That *thou* so soon wert to require
This homage of my weeping lyre :
Alas, I little thought to see
The bitter tear descend for thee !—
We little thought thy doom was nigh,
Health beamed so fair in thy blue eye ;
The lustre of thy rosy cheek,
Seemed length of happy days to speak—
But ah, mysterious Heaven's decree
Rebuked our hopes, and blighted thee—
And took thee from this vale of sighs,
To bloom—a flower in paradise !—

Oh, when so late I saw thee twine
Thy wreath of rose and eglantine—
With pink and violet deck thy bower—
Thyself a fairer—sweeter—flower—

I dreamt not then of gathering woe
To blast our hopes and lay thee low—
Nor thought when next the spring should bloom,
'Twould shed its blossoms o'er thy tomb!...
So late in bloom thy beauty shone—
So soon it withered and was gone—
So soon—so suddenly—it fled,
Alas, I scarce can think thee dead....

Oh, words of mine can ill express
My sorrow, and thy loveliness—
The beauties of thy opening mind—
Beyond its lot of years refined—
The virtues budding in thy breast,
With fondest filial love imprest ;
Whate'er was good—and sweet—and fair
Had found its habitation there—

How much at morn we loved to seek
The smile that lit thy dimpled cheek—
That told, as from thy lip it stole
The sweetest innocence of soul!—

O, oft when slumber seals our eyes—
Oft will thy gentle form arise—
That voice of love we held so dear,
Will vibrate long in fancy's ear—
For thee the still revolving year
Shall claim a sad—and silent—tear—
Affection's bosom still the same
Will kindle long at Helen's name ;
And oft the soaring thought shall be
Of immortality and thee!—

A RECOLLECTION.

We met : Thro' the lattice the cold moon shone clear,

And all slept in silence around us—

We breathed not a whisper of sorrow or fear,

But in long—mute—embrace we bound us.—

I gazed on her features all tranquil and sweet—

But pale as the beam that shone o'er us—

I felt her fond heart as it tremblingly beat,

And shrunk at the sorrow before us.—

And there—in that moment of ecstasy thrown,

Her pale cheek lay sunk on my shoulder :

And oh, as I pressed that fair cheek to my own,

No icicle ever seemed colder !—

To mine the deep sigh from her bosom replied—

Long—full—and at intervals only—

Her breath came as if it would quickly subside,

And I felt me distracted and lonely.—

She raised not an eye, and she breathed not a word,

But faint—and in silence—she pressed me—

Oh, what were it then her sweet voice to have heard,

As I kissed the cold arm that caressed me!—

I felt the bright dew of her tears on my neck—

That now from her dark eye fell sparkling—

I thought that my heart with its burden would break,

And the day-star of reason grow darkling. . . .

Some soft word of solace I strove to impart,

And to waken new hopes for the morrow—

But I faltered, and sighed in my fulness of heart,

When I thought on our love and our sorrow!

Hard struggled our hearts—but we spoke no adieu—

And we wept as we strove to sever—

We pledged our warm vows—took a last trembling view,

But alaswe had parted forever!—

E M M A.

Perchè crudo destin, ne disunisci tu s'amor ne stringe?
Et tu perchè ne stringe, se ne parte il destin perfido amore?

The pulse is low in Emma's breast—
Now feebly fluttering—now at rest!—
That cold—that pallid lip and cheek
The sad—the dreaded—tidings speak—
All aid is vain—even hope expires,
And life's last glimmering spark retires!
.... 'Tis fled—fled in that latest breath,
And that fair eye is quenched in death—
'Tis fled beyond the bourne of time
To seek its own congenial clime!—

Oh, while this eye with wildered gaze
O'er each dear lifeless feature strays—
Can I restrain the starting tear—
Can I the bursting sigh forbear?—
The tear is due—and due the sigh,
When innocence and beauty die!—

Oh, thou wert lovely—thou wert true—
Caressed by all—yet known to few—
Pure and enlightened was thy mind—
Sincere—affectionate—refined!—
...Yes thou wast lovely—e'en that form,
All timeless wrecked in sudden storm,
Is lovely still—that face is fair,
Yet placid beauty lingers there—
Still on that lip it seems to play—
The smile that blessed a happier day!—

But ah, that lip is cold and pale,
The eye that streamed at sorrow's tale
Is closed for ever—mute that tongue
With melody and magic strung—
On which the soul suspended hung!
And cold the hand that wont to fling
Wild rapture from the warbling string!—

In death how lovely! Still I trace
Angelic sweetness in that face!
But soon, alas, in kindred clay
That beauteous form shall melt away!
Oh, might the mimic pencil save
Those much loved features from the grave!—
There, when the ills of life arose,
My troubled soul should oft repose—
There, fondly brood on all the past—
The hopes—the joys—that could not last—

There, sorrow's hallowed tear should flow
To calm my heart o'ercome with woe—
Till that last look of thine should wean
My thoughts from this low world of pain,
To happier shores where we shall meet again!—

But yestermorn a lovely flower
In bloom of beauty graced my bower ;
Fresh were its leaves—its colours gay—
Its sweets perfumed the breath of day—
But ere the evening star had shone,
The lightning sped—my flower was gone!—
And thou, O Emma, wast the flower
That perished in that fateful hour!—

* * * * *

* * * * *

TO

THE IONGFRAU.



I.

Eternal Mountain! whose unmeasured height
And desert bounds no human foot hath dared!
Whose hoary summit, robed in vestal white,
Inviolate soars—no mortal hath declared
The gloomy gulphs that scoop thy sides, where night
Eternal slumbers—where all hope was scared
From Him, who, rash to win an earthly name—
And prodigal of life—did tempt thy virgin fame!

II.

He went—but did return no more!—thy snows
 Became his winding-sheet—and to its source
His blood of life thy bitter breezes froze,
 'Till the worn spirit fled his stiffening corse!—
Such was his doom—and such the doom of those
 Who court renown by such adventurous course—
Ages have rolled—ages shall roll again,
But man shall never mete thy drear domain!—

III.

All reckless thou beholdest the varying tide
 Of time and seasons—whether winter frown,
Or spring, or summer, o'er the heavens preside—
 Yet still to thee 'tis naught—still thou lookest down
Unchanged—unchangeable—lifeless, and wide,
 And desolate, thou wearest thine icy crown,
Where suns that sear the wild pine at thy feet—
With moon-light radiance, cold—and scatheless—beat!

IV.

Harmless o'er thee ten thousand suns have rolled—

And from thy girdle cataracts burst their way—

Yet still within thy mantle's icy fold

Dread winter reigns with an eternal sway!—

Far up the welkin shoots thy summit bold,

And far below thou seest the lightnings play—

Hearst the deep thunder bellowing round thy base,

While sun-bright splendour settles o'er thy radiant face!

V.

Emblem of the Eternal—whose enduring steep

Of everlasting rock, shall proudly soar,

Till Ruin, with his rending arm, shall sweep

The world—and chaos mingle sea and shore,

Blend thy proud pathless summit with the deep,

And falling worlds proclaim that time is o'er!—

So long, eternal Mountain, shalt thou stand

The bulwark, and the boast, of this romantic Land.

MELROSE ABBEY.

I visited Melrose by the waning moon—

With naught but her dim lamp to guide me—

With a slow solemn tread, I moved over the dead,

That slumbered around and beside me!—

I opened the gate with a trembling hand—

And I entered with a thrilling emotion—

And halted, as dim thro' the darkness I scanned

Its altars of early devotion!—

As I sauntered on thro' the dim pillared aisle,

By altars deserted and lowly—

I thought, as the night breeze came swelling the while,

'Twas the anthem rose solemn and slowly!—

I sat me down 'mid the dust of the dead,
No worldly sound to awaken—
I heard but the wild briar that waved o'er my head,
By the sighs of the night wind shaken—

Ah me! 'twas a scene that sunk deep in the heart,
Presumption and vanity humbling!—
Where man, with the pride and the pomp of his art,
Together in chaos lay crumbling!—

There the monk was at rest—here the warrior lay—
No law their cold ashes to sunder!—
Here the bones of the Wizard were mouldering away,
Like his spells, and his works of wonder!—

Thro' oriel the westering moon was shed
On altars abandoned for ever!—
The deep hollow echo replied to my tread,
And I heard the still rush of the river.—

I left the ruin at pale midnight,

My guide the wan moon-beam only—

But never again shall I witness a sight

So fair—so impressive—and lonely!—

WAR ODE.



O Dieu ! . . . Arbitre de mon roi,
Descends, juge sa cause, et combats avec moi !
Le courage n'est rien sans ta main protectrice,
J'attends pen de moi-mene, et tout de ta justice.

HENRIADE.



I.

The storm of night is past—
But a wilder storm is near—
For the bugle's rousing blast
Strikes the sleeping soldier's ear !—
From the damp and chilly ground,
British warriors rise around,
As they hail the welcome sound
With a cheer !

II.

Soon our dauntless force arrayed—
Indignation in each eye—
Marches forward undismayed,
To vanquish or to die!—
Firmly grasped in every hand,
Is the tube or gleaming brand—
Yon sternly threatening band
They defy!

III.

The noontide hour is nigh,
Yet the voice of war is dumb—
Till bursting loud and high,
The shout arose, "They come!"
"They come!" in lines of steel—
Their chargers prance and wheel—
Ten thousand war-notes peal
To the drum!—

IV.

Unruffled was our Chief—

But his eye like meteor shone—

Unruffled was our Chief

As the tempest brooded on—

Brief sentence he addressed—

'Twas echoed from each breast—

Where ardor ill-repressed

Blazed anon!—

V.

Now on! they rush amain—

And the battle is begun—

Wide o'er the reddened plain

The rapid vollies run!

But firm as native rock—

Old England braves the shock—

Where the death-denoting smoke

Drowns the sun!

VI.

In burnished mail bedight—
And flushed with laurels past—
Gallia's fiercest to the fight,
Come thundering fell and fast—
Where amid her gallant Grays—
Albyn's haughty banners blaze—
The battle-shout they raise—
 'Tis their last!

VII.

For in wild career they meet
A proud determined foe—
Who fall—but ne'er retreat—
And deal no second blow!—
For Britain's arm revealed,
Shivers helmet, cap, and shield—
And their bravest on the field
 Are laid low!—

VIII.

Destruction carries not—

Adding thousands to the slain—

For the bursting shell and shot,

With carnage strew the plain!—

Old Albyn's eye is wrath—

As she hurries on her path—

With havoc, dread, and death

In her train!—

IX.

En avant! the Despot said—

As the doubtful scene he viewed—

“Let a fresh attack be made!—

And the battle charge renewed!”—

But vengeance rules the hour,

With sabre-stroke and shower—

And his giant-arm of power

Is subdued!—

X.

Yet, furious in despair—

Fresh squadrons urge the fight :—

And the thunder's awful glare

Flashes wilder with the night :—

Red, red, the crimson flows

As the British lines oppose—

Till the remnant of our foes

Took to flight!

XI.

'Tis done!—In flight they reel—

While the victor host pursue—

So deadly is the steel,

When the heart and hand are true!

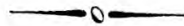
They fly—the work is done—

But ere thy field was won—

Bled many a British son,

WATERLOO!

TO —————




Solus amans novit, quando perituro, et à qua
Morte: neque hic Boreae flabra, neque arma timet,
Si modo clamantis revo caverit aura puellae,
Concessum nulla lege redibit iter.

PROP.



Our bark was tossed on a boisterous sea,
And still the storm grew drearer—
Yet my thoughts and my fears were all of thee,
The peril but made thee dearer !
And at last, when the gale had spent its wrath,
And we drifted along on our billowy path—
On the deck sweet slumber visited me,
And in vision of bliss I dreamt of thee :—
I thought, dear maid, the rite divine
Had knit thy gentle heart with mine,

That all our fears and doubts were o'er,
And thou wert mine—to part no more!—
With down-cast look, and lips that falter,
Together we knelt by the hallowed altar ;
And there from thy sighing lip I heard
The soft response—that holy word—
And I heard thee pledge that faith to me—
And the love I long had cherished for thee !
Thy finger wore the mystic token,
 That sealed the heaven-attested vow,
Which binds—nor breaks—till life be broken,
 The faith and love it plighted now !...
And oh, how blest in heart was I,
To call thee mine, and to hear thee sigh—
To read in the flush that lit thy cheek,
What the faltering tongue could never speak !—
But I woke with the roar of the wind and tide,
And the vision so blissful had melted and died !—



TO MARIANNE.



Vero è, che'l dolce mansueto riso
Pur acqueta gli ardenti miei desiri,
E mi sottragge al foco de' martiri,
Mentr' io son' à mirarvi intento e fiso.

PETRARC.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neera,
At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.—



* * *

We'll build our bower beside yon lake,
From every storm a peaceful harbour :
Where birds of song their wild-notes wake,
And Flora twines her rosy arbour.—
And often there, a welcome guest,
The pilgrim from his toils shall rest—
Our breasts shall feel a dearer bliss,
When we can soothe the cares of his—

And oh, 'twere blissful task for thee
To calm and raise the wounded spirit :
With hope of bright reward to be,
Which hearts that mourn shall yet inherit !—
From lips like thine soft were the balm,
Like music o'er the spirit breaking—
Whose words so melting, pure, and calm,
Can soothe the pang forever waking !
Our pleasure and our task shall be
To make the mourner blessed as we—
And working all the good we may,
The smile of heaven shall light our way—
And oh, how fondly sweet with thee,
The eve and evening task shall be !
Along the harp thy hand shall stray,
To aid thy voice's melting sway—
Thy voice, that ever in my ear,
Once heard—that I would ever hear ;

At night the last my ear forsaking,
And first to soothe and greet me waking !

The hymn of love our eye shall close,
Invoking pardon and repose,
And listening heaven will still incline
To orison from lips like thine—
Of all the past regretting naught—
No pang of self-accusing thought—
And oh how balmy is the rest
That lulls the calm and guiltless breast—
I cannot be but pure with thee,
For thou thyself art purity.....

Oh, haste ye lingering moments run,
And bring me my beloved one—
Oh, come, my love, and in my bower
Thyself shall be the sweetest flower !

♦

Again on that dear face to gaze—
Prest to my faithful heart the while—
To live and linger o'er thy smile,
Were more to me than length of days!—
O take my heart and give me thine,
Ever fondly let them twine,
I the elm and thou the vine!
Joy can yield no joy to me,
And life is only life when shared with thee!—

TO
THE REVOLVING LIGHT ON
INCH-KEITH.



All hail, thou friendly Beacon, hail,
Thou leading star of midnight sail!
Round thine axis ever veering,
Kindling—blazing—disappearing!—
In starless night and stormy sea,
The mariner turns his eye to thee,
And cautioned by thy warning light,
Steers his wildered bark aright.

Burn on, burn on ! to midnight dear,
Thou certain pledge of hope or fear—
Long mayst thou tell to seaman's eye
Where rocks in fatal ambush lie !
But ah, on *life's* tumultuous sea
Denied such light as thine there be,
Who wanting but some friendly ray
To guide them on their darkling way :
The wildering mists of doubt to clear—
The giddy bark of life to steer—
Ah, many voyagers there be
Who traverse thus life's stormy sea !—

TO _____

—o—

Then fare thee well beloved one !

'Tis heaven's decree and we must part—

But after thee on earth, ah, none

Shall ever share my breaking heart !

Long have I loved thee—thou art such

That none can look on thee unmoved—

My heart, as if by magic touch,

Is bound to thee—my best beloved !

And thus to part with thee—to take

The last farewell that I shall ever—

Oh, would this woeworn heart could break—

'Twere sweeter far to die than sever!—

Thou wast my waking thought by day,

My soft and soothing dream by night—

My star of life, whose gladsome ray

Shed o'er me more than earthly light!...

Why did I love or dare to hope

A bliss so pure would last for aye!

Darkling my lamp is gone—I grope

Silent and sad my weary way.—

O, I can never, never tell

How I have loved thee—now thou'rt gone—

And I have heard thy last farewell,

Thou first and best beloved one!....

FRAGMENT.



Oh, I must weep—it soothes the lonely heart,
But little will my fondest tears avail—
The bark, that lost to guiding star and chart
Bounds on unknowingly before the gale,
Has pictured life in poet's ethic tale,
And it may picture mine—the hallowed star
That shewed the path has failed—I saw it fail—
I saw the gloom its lovely lustre mar,
Then sink, and slowly vanish, from the things that are.

Even now, methought, again I hailed its beam—
Beheld the joy of other days return—
How my fond heart did leap to hail the gleam
Of that sweet light that long had ceased to burn!
Ah no! . . . the dead will not forsake the urn—
It was a dream—'twas sweet and swiftly o'er. . .
Like shipwrecked mariner alone and worn,
His treasure in the deep—himself on desert shore—
I see a wildering waste behind and dread to look before!

◆

All woe-begone I laid me down to sleep,
And dreams arose—dreams of the silent dead—
I stood where Bertha's stream with azure sweep
Rolls its broad waters o'er their oozy bed—
The boughs were green, and waving o'er my head,
And Mary stood before me bathed in tears,
And lovely still, save that the glow had fled
Her lips and cheek—those lips in other years
That sweetly smiled me into love—its hopes and fears!

I rushed to fold her in my opening arms—
To weep away the sorrows of my breast—
To gaze once more upon those long lost charms. . .
“Sorrow no more,” she said, “it breaks my rest. . .
That I do feel thy woes, those tears attest :
For spirits sympathize in human care—
The bourne is past—I mingle with the blest,
A little while and thou shalt meet me there,
To part no more”, . . . she smiled, and melted into air. . .

I woke—the tear-drop gathered in my eye,
I felt that I had heard an angel’s voice,
Bidding my troubled soul suppress its sigh,
And half my heart essayed to rejoice—
But oh, she was my bosom’s early choice ;
And while I dreamt of joy, the spoiler came. . . .
In her I saw the end of earthly joys—
And I must weep—I love to breathe her name,
But feel that wanting her, life has no farther aim. . . .

TO —————

—o—

Oh fear not thou, tho' busy tongues
Conspire to wound thy bosom's peace—
Ah, no ! proportioned to thy wrongs,
My love for thee must still encrease.—

Then chase that sorrow from thy brow,
It damps the heart's ecstatic thrill—
Nor time, nor chance, can change the vow—
Despite them all—I'll love thee still !

Yes—fear not, tho' malicious tongues
Enjoy the luscious, dear, repast—
Soon truth shall triumph o'er thy wrongs,
And innocence beam forth at last !—

AMORE FUGGITIVO.

—o—

Udito hò, Citerea,
Che del tuo grembo fore ;
Fuggitivo il tuo figlio à te si cela
E promesso hai baciare chi te'l rivela :
Non languir, bella dea,
Se vai cercando Amore ;
Ne'l cercar, dammi il *bacio*, io'l hò nel core.

—o—

Of mischief tired—his arrows squandered,
Wily cupid lost his way,
And onward as he heedless wandered,
Plucking wild-flowers, went astray.

“ Who shall bring my tiny rover,
To his mother's bower of bliss,
Or his secret haunt discover,
His shall be a—*nectared kiss.*”—

Then cease, fair goddess—cease thy grieving,

I can tell thee by my sighs—

By my tears and bosom heaving,

Where the plotting traitor lies !

Here he nestles in my bosom,

Marring all its former bliss—

I am well content to lose him,

Take him and—give me the *kiss* !—

NE M' OUBLIEZ PAS!



Ne m' oubliez pas! No dearest, no!

The time may never be—

The tide of life must cease to flow,

Ere I to think on thee!

Ne m' oubliez pas! Ah, canst thou fear

My love can e'er decay?—

Where'er I roam, I find thee near,

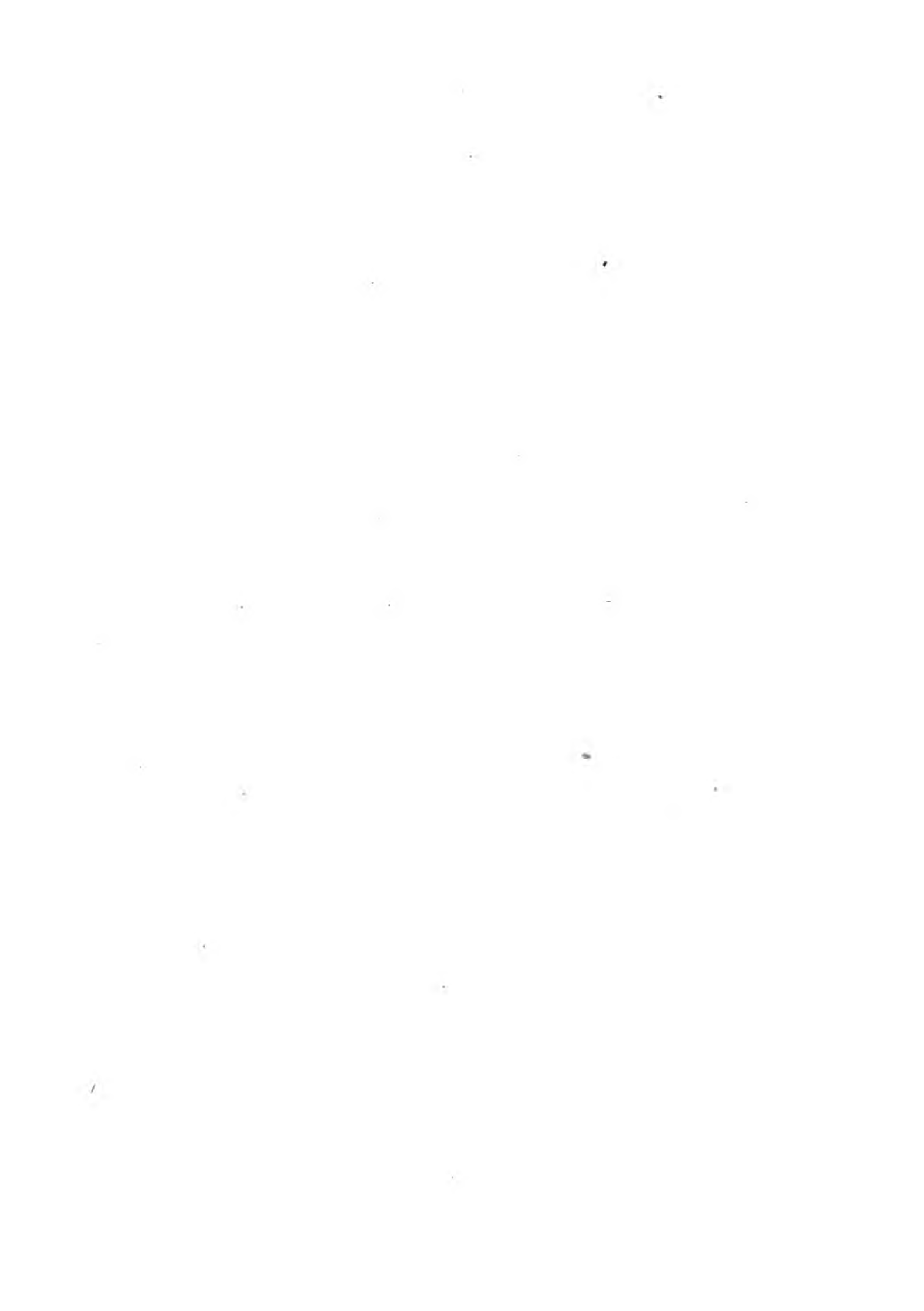
The star that lights my way.—

Ne m' oubliez pas! Let life be fraught
With scenes of joy or woe—
They ne'er shall tear thee from my thought,
Nor damp affection's glow!—

Ne m' oubliez pas! Tho' sorrows fall
And cloud my destiny;
The hour that sees me changed to all,
Shall find me true to thee.—

And oh, if far from love and thee,
My latest breath I draw!
O thine the hallowed task shall be—
Dear maid—*Ne m' oubliez pas!*—

NOTES.



N O T E S.

THE FRIAR.

Late, late, was the hour in December tide, &c.

ABOUT the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine, of singular sanctity, was called up at midnight to pray with a person at point of death. This was no unusual summons ; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan-chair, and, after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and sub-

mitted to ; but, in the course of the discussion, he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed.

After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bed-room, where he found a lady newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded, by his attendants, to say such prayers by her bed-side as were fitted for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair, but as they conducted him down stairs he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home ; a purse of gold was forced upon him ; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and after long and broken musing fell into a deep sleep.

From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news, that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of ****, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady, eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing.

He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of **** had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night dress, extremely rich, but

at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom:—"Anes burned, *twice* burned, the *third* time I'll scare you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

Vide note to **ROKEBY**.—

THE IONGFRAU.

Eternal Mountain! whose unmeasured height, &c.

* * ON leaving Utersee the road becomes exceedingly romantic—nothing can surpass the wild grandeur of which its features are composed—our road winded through a beautiful plain—studded with cottages, and flanked on all sides by mountains, whose summits were lost in the clouds, and inspired ideas of loneliness and sublimity that can never escape my recollection.

—The hills that rose directly from the valley were waving with wood, and, at intervals, I observed fields of a rich and refreshing verdure, where cattle were grazing in considerable numbers, and added another animated feature to the landscape ***. Proceeding in this manner along the course of a mountain-torrent, the waters of which, at every interval, were dashed into foam by the rocks through which it excavated its resistless course ; and, after a precipitous route of two hours, we came in sight of the **LONGFRAU**, or **Virgin Mountain**, whose bleak and snowy summit possessed considerable influence on the thermometer even at this distance.

In little more than an hour we entered the village of **Lautterbruenen**, the romantic site of which is uniformly admired by every tourist. . . .

After an hour's rest, and refreshment, I again ushered forth to take a random view of the surrounding scenery —at a short distance is the celebrated **Stoubach**—the body of water was very considerable at the time, and, descending in foam and thunder from a height of 900 to 1000 feet, produced a grand and imposing effect, and leaves an indelible impression on the mind of every beholder. . . . After feasting my eyes with all that constitute the sublimest objects in nature, and

having rambled over this delicious valley till sun-set, I took a last view of the LONGFRAU; and while the day-light still trembled on the distant glaciers, and the roar of the mountain-torrent became more audible as the evening crept on, I retraced my steps, and hastened to communicate the sentiments and feelings of the moment to my companion, whom an accident prevented accompanying me.—

I was here informed, that some time ago, a young man made an attempt to rob this mountain of its virgin honours, but from the morning he entered on this daring expedition, tidings were never more heard of him.—This is the allusion in the text.—

Journal.

FINIS.

