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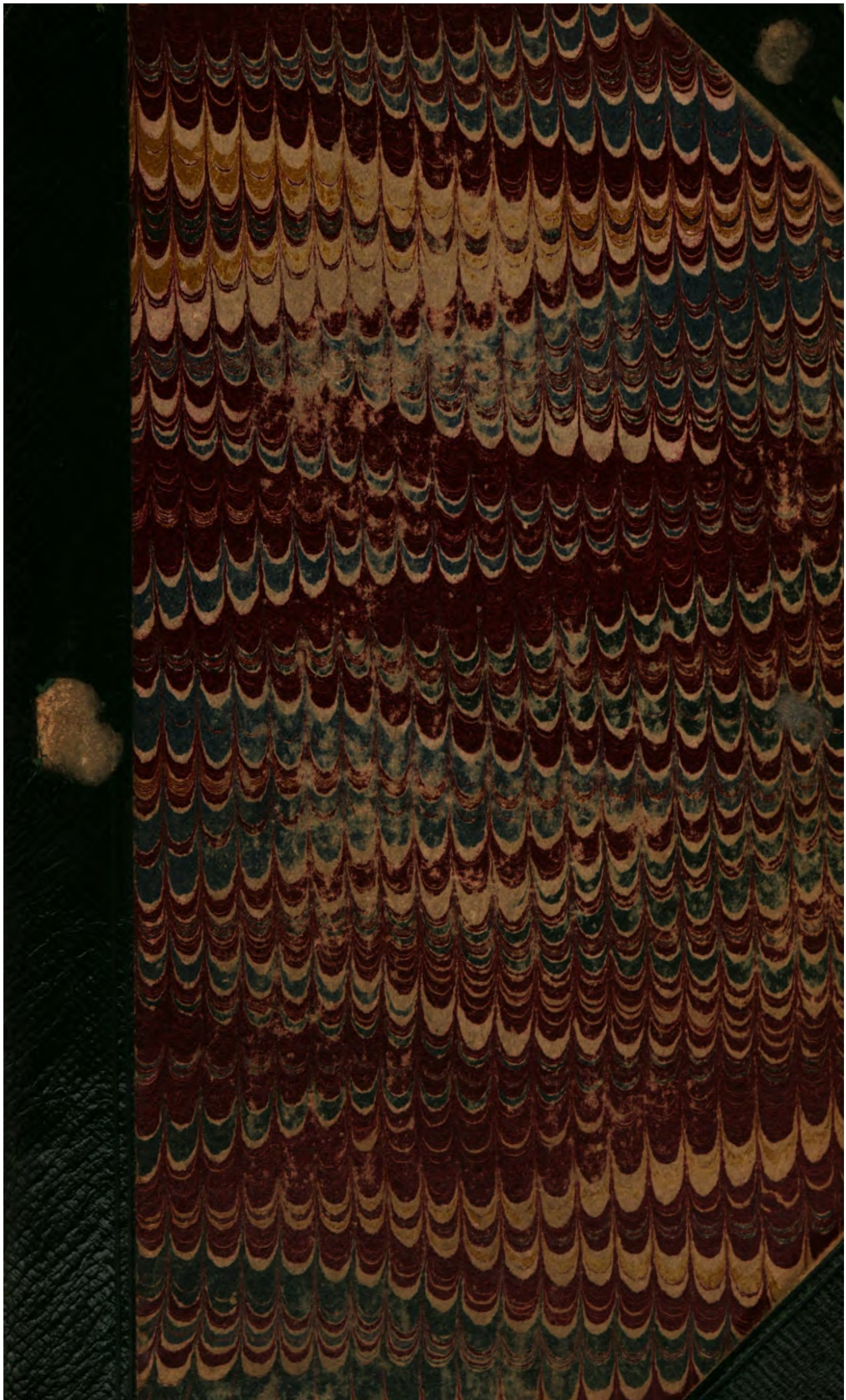
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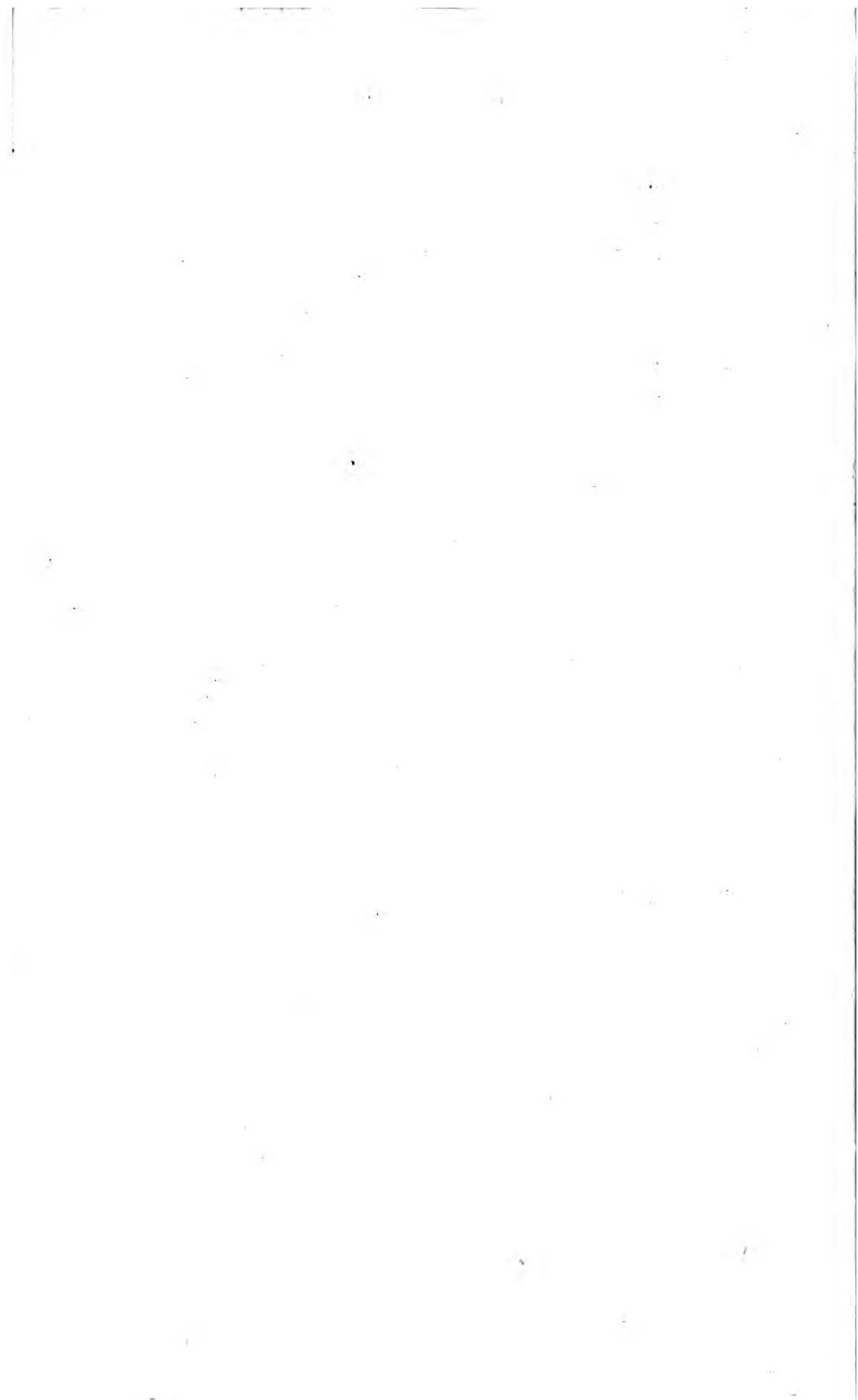
W. M. Rossetti
1867

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TALES OF 'TERROR;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

O miseras Animas! jam vos ego nomine vero
Eliciam, Stygiosque Canes in luce supernâ
Destituam: per busta sequar, per funera, Custos,
Expellam tumulis, abigam vos omnibus urnis!

LUCAN. PHAR. LIB. 6.

Not undelighted does my mind recall
Its infant joys in yonder Gothic hall;
Where still the legendary tale goes round,
Of charms and spells, of treasures lost and found,
Of fearful goblins, and malicious sprites,
Enchanted damsels, and enamoured knights!

DRUMMOND'S PROLOGUE TO PERSIUS.

SECOND EDITION.

—◆—
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, J. WALKER, SCATCHERD AND
LETTERMAN, R. LEA, LONGMAN, HURST, REES,
AND ORME, B. CROSBY AND CO. J. BELL,
T. GODDARD, AND T. WILSON.

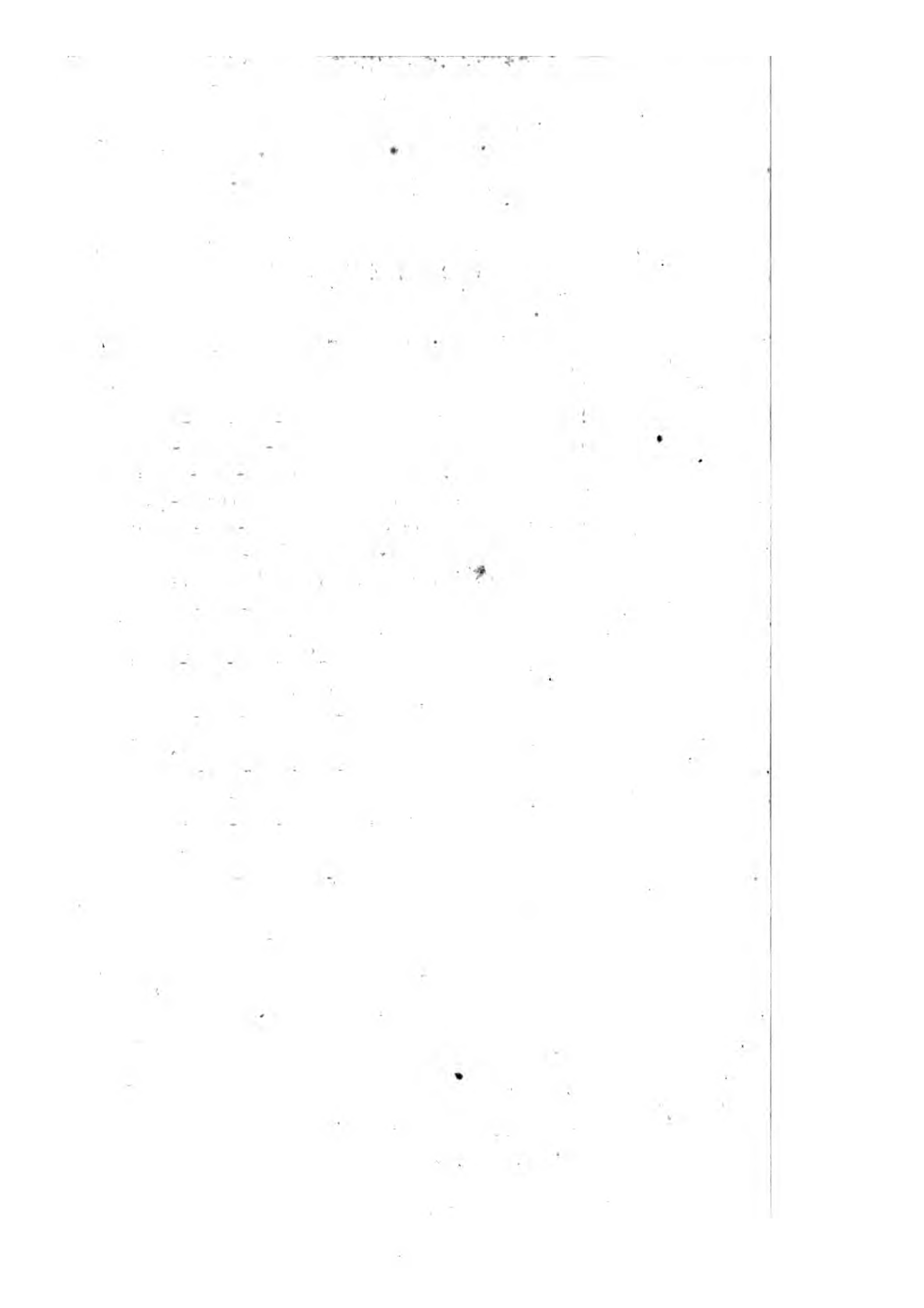
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1808.



Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey.

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TALES OF TERROR.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

Si erro, libentè erro, nec mihi hunc errorem, dum vivo, extor-
queri volo.

CICERO.

FRIEND.

WHAT, scribble tales? Oh! cease to play the fool!
Christmas is past, and children gone to school;
E'en active Harlequin abash'd retires,
Neglected witches quench the cauldron's fires,
Whilst fairy phantoms vanish swift away,
And sense and nature reassume their sway.

What gain, what pleasure, can your labours crown?
 A nurs'ry's praise shall be your best renown ;
 Each feeble tale ingloriously expire,
 A gossip's story at a winter's fire !

AUTHOR.

Oh ! cease this rage, this misapplied abuse,
 Satire gives weapons for a nobler use ;
 Why draw your sword against my harmless quill,
 And strive in vain a *ghostly muse* to kill ?
 That task is *ours* : if I can augur well,
 Each day grows weaker her unheeded spell,
 Her eager votaries shall fix her doom,
 And lay her spirit in Oblivion's tomb.

FRIEND.

Yes ! thus I oft my drooping hopes revive,
 Prepost'rous births are seldom known to thrive ;
 These scribblers soon shall mourn their useless pains,
 And weep the short-lived product of their brains,
 These active panders to perverted taste
 Shall mar their purpose by too anxious haste.

As earthquakes nature's harmony restore,
 And air grows purer in the tempest's roar,

So the strange workings of a monstrous mind
 Will quickly fade, and leave no trace behind;
 Like brilliant bubbles, glitter for a day,
 Till, swoll'n too big, they burst, and pass away.
 We need not call ethereal spirits down
 To rouse the torpid feelings of the town;
 Or bid the dead their ghastly forms uprear,
 To freeze some silly female breast with fear;
 No—I have hopes you'll find this *rage* decreas'd,
 And send a dish too much to Terror's feast;
 The vicious taste, with such a rich supply
 Quite surfeited, " will sicken, and so die."

AUTHOR.

My friend, believe me, with indifferent view
 I mark opinion's ever-varying hue,
 Let tasteless fashion guide the public heart,
 And, without feeling, scan the poet's art.
 Fashion! dread name in criticism's field,
 Before whose sway both sense and judgement yield,
 Whether she loves to hear, 'midst deserts bleak,
 The untaught savage moral axioms speak;
 O'er modern, six weeks, epic strains to dose,
 To sigh in sonnets, or give wings to prose;

Or bids the bard, by leaden rules confined,
 To freeze the bosom, and confuse the mind,
 While feeling stagnates in the drawler's veins,
 And Fancy's fetter'd in didactic chains ;—
 Or rouses the dull German's gloomy soul,
 And Pity leaves for Horror's wild controul,
 Pouring warm tears for *visionary* crimes,
 And softening sins to mend these *moral* times ;
 It boots not *me*—*my* taste is still my own,
 Nor heeds the gale by wavering fashion blown.
 My mind unalter'd views, with fix'd delight,
 The wreck of learning snatch'd from Gothic night ;
 Chang'd by no time, unsettled by no place,
 It feels the Grecian fire, the Roman grace ;
 Exulting marks the flame of ancient days,
 In Britain with triumphant brightness blaze !

Yet still the soul for *various* pleasure form'd,
 By Pity melted, and by Terror storm'd,
 Loves to roam largely through each distant clime,
 And “ leap the flaming bounds of space and time !”
 The mental eye, by constant lustre tires,
 Forsakes, fatigued, the object it admires,

And, as it scans each various nation's doom,
From classic brightness turns to Gothic gloom.

Oh! it breathes awe and rapture o'er the soul
To mark the surge in wild confusion roll,
And when the forest groans, and tempest lours,
To wake Imagination's darkest powers!
How throbs the breast with terror and delight,
Fill'd with rude scenes of Europe's barbarous night!
When restless war with papal craft combined,
To shut each softening ray from lost mankind;
When nought but Error's fatal light was shown,
And taste and science were alike unknown;
To mark the soul, benumb'd its active powers,
Chain'd at the foot of superstition's towers;
To view the pale-eyed maid in penance pine,
To watch the votary at the sainted shrine;
And, while o'er blasted heaths the night-storm raves,
To hear the wizzard wake the slumb'ring graves;
To view war's glitt'ring front, the trophied field,
The hallow'd banner, and the red-cross shield;
The tourney's knights, the tyrant baron's crimes,
"Pomp, pride, and circumstance," of feudal times!

Th' enraptured mind with fancy loves to toil
 O'er rugged Scandinavia's martial soil;
 With eager joy the 'venturous spirit goes
 O'er Morven's mountains, and through Lapland's snows;
 Sees barbarous chiefs in fierce contention fall,
 And views the blood-stain'd feasts of Odjn's hall;
 Hears Ossian's harp resound the deeds of war,
 While each grey soldier glories in his scar;
 Now marks the wand'ring ghost, at night's dull
 noon,
 Howl out its woes beneath the silent moon;
 Sees Danish pirates plough th' insulted main,
 Whilst Rapine's outcry shakes the sacred fane;
 Observes the Saxon baron's sullen state,
 Where rival pride enkindles savage hate;
 Each sound, each sight, the spell-bound sense appalls
 Amid some lonely abbey's ivied walls!
 The night-shriek loud, wan ghost, and dungeon damp,
 The midnight cloister, and the glimm'ring lamp,
 The pale procession fading on the sight,
 The flaming tapers, and the chaunted rite,
 Rouse, in the trembling breast, delightful dreams,
 And steep each feeling in romance's streams!

Streams which afar in restless grandeur roll,
And burst tremendous on the wond'ring soul!
Now gliding smooth, now lash'd by magic storms,
Lifting to light a thousand shapeless forms;
A vapourous glory floats each wave around,
The dashing waters breathe a mournful sound,
Pale Terror trembling guards the fountain's head,
And rouses Fancy on her wakeful bed;
“ From realms of viewless spirits tears the veil,
“ And half reveals the unutterable tale!”

March 1, 1801.

No. II.

THE STRANGER.
A NORMAN TALE.

Stupida, e fissa nell' incerta sabbia,
 Coi capelli disciolte, e rabbuffati,
 Con le man giunte, e con immote labbia,
 I languidi occhi al ciel tenea levati,
 Come accusando il gran Motor, che l'abbia
 Tutti inclinati nel suo danno i fati;
 Immota e come attonita stè alquanto,
 Poi sciolse al duol la lingua e gli occhi al pianto. **TASSO.**

- “ **W**HAT notes faintly borne in the whispering gale,
 “ On Midnight's black pinion sad echoing sail?
 “ For whom tolls the deep-sounding bell?
 “ Why move the slow monks through the cloisters' thick
 gloom?
 “ Whose corse do they bear to the deep vaulted tomb?
 “ For whose soul do the requiems swell?

“ And why do the nuns the sweet violets strew,
 “ More wet with their tears than the night’s chilling
 dew?

“ Why join they the funeral train?”—

—“ Oh! list, and I’ll tell you a story of woe,
 “ Which will urge the big drop of compassion to flow,
 “ And bind you in Sympathy’s chain.

“ Where yon moon-silver’d battlements frown o’er the
 glade,

“ Near which the dark pines throw their wide-spreading
 shade,

“ And sigh in the murmuring wind,

“ Fair Adela dwelt;—for her mind’s matchless grace,

“ And the beauty that dawn’d in her heavenly face,

“ In anguish young Theodore pined:

“ He pined, but the maiden regarded his sighs,

“ Responsive affection illumined her eyes,

“ Nor to conquer the passion she strove;

“ But a parent’s harsh mandate compell’d them to
 part,

“ Dissever’d the link which united each heart,

“ And blighted the flow’ret of love.

“ St. Aubin, the sire of the love-stricken maid,
 “ Forbad her to wed, she with anguish obey'd,
 “ And pour'd out in silence her woe;
 “ Still revenge rankled deep in her stern father's breast,
 “ By the Virgin he vow'd that he'd never know rest
 “ Till he'd laid the cursed Theodore low!

“ But the youth from St. Aubin's malignity fled,
 “ Through a deep tangled forest's wild mazes he sped,
 “ While his soul bitter agony felt,
 “ From a convent, hard by, toll'd the evening bell,
 “ When he gain'd, all exhausted, a moss-cover'd cell,
 “ Where whilom an Anchorite dwelt!

“ With his chaplet and beads, in an hermit's array,
 “ Here shut from the world, to keen sorrow a prey,
 “ His journey the wanderer closed!
 “ Well known to the traveller was Theodore's gate,
 “ When the loud-roaring tempest refused to abate,
 “ Here the way-weary pilgrim reposed!

“ One night it was stormy, the blast howl'd amain,
 “ Through the thick bowering leaves dripp'd the pat-
 tering rain,
 “ And increas'd the swoll'n rivulet's tide;

“ When, half lost in the wind that hoarse-muttering
 roar’d,

“ A voice in sad accents for shelter implored,

“ Nor was the petition denied.

“ Enwrap in a cloak a lone stranger appear’d,

“ All silver’d by time was his long flowing beard,

“ In silence he enter’d the cell;

“ How officiously Theodore trimm’d up the fire,

“ He wrung the wet drops from his rain-drench’d attire,

“ And strove his deep gloom to dispel.—

“ But the hermit in vain his scant viands display’d,

“ The looks of the stranger his bosom dismay’d,

“ For his features in sadness were dress’d;

“ His mind was entranced in reflection profound,

“ His eyes were in sullenness fix’d on the ground,

“ And his soul’s inward workings confess’d.

“ ‘ Ah! alas!’ cried the hermit, ‘ my means can
 afford,

“ ‘ No high-mantling wine to enliven the board,

“ ‘ In my fare simple plainness you find.’”—

“ ‘ Here, drink!’ quoth the stranger, ‘ this flagon be-
hold!

“ ‘ ’Twill expel from your bosom the night’s piercing
cold,

“ ‘ And your sorrow-thrall’d spirits unbind!’

“ But Theodore scarce had with gratitude quaff’d,

“ From the stranger’s full flasket, the soul-cheering
draught,

“ When arose, grimly smiling, the guest;

“ All changed were his features, and alter’d his mien,

“ In his bright sparkling eyes exultation was seen,

“ Then thus he the hermit address’d:—

“ ‘ Dost thou know me, vile caitiff? or hath this disguise

“ ‘ So enveloped my form as to baffle your eyes?

“ ‘ The injured St. Aubin behold!

“ ‘ Of a sure subtle poison the life-chilling force

“ ‘ Now lurks in thy veins; ere the dawn thy wan corse

“ ‘ Death’s cold icy grasp shall enfold!

“ ‘ Full gorged with revenge, now I sated depart,

“ ‘ Yet know that the fair, who enslaved thy proud heart,

“ ‘ In yon abbey’s drear solitude pines.

“ ‘ On the bier when to-morrow you breathless are laid,
 “ ‘ Forgetting her love and her lover, the maid
 “ ‘ Her hand to La Mauron resigns!’

“ Revengefully scowling, he rush’d from the cell;
 “ With what pangs did the bosom of Theodore swell
 “ When St. Aubin’s last words met his ear.
 “ With composure the horrors of death could he view,
 “ But his rival exulting! his mistress untrue!
 “ In his breast roused the storm of despair!

“ But now he remember’d the hour it was near,
 “ When at Heaven’s tribunal his soul must appear,
 “ Yet no terror the hermit betray’d.
 “ In his features the calm of devotion he wore,
 “ Low he bent to the cross, and his beads counted o’er,
 “ To the Virgin while fervent he pray’d.

“ Soon his countenance alter’d, his looks they were wild,
 “ For sudden a voice his attention beguiled,
 “ To him were its accents address’d;
 “ But what words can his soul’s thrilling extacy tell,
 “ When a maiden so lovely rush’d into his cell,
 “ And Adela sunk on his breast!

“ ‘ Oh! my love,’ she exclaim’d, ‘ from yón convent
I’ve fled,

“ ‘ Or a parent had forced me thy rival to wed,

“ ‘ But I vow’d for my true love to die;

“ ‘ Oh! haste thee, my Theodore, haste thee away!

“ ‘ My escape will be known at the dawning of day,

“ ‘ ’Tis Adela begs thee to fly!’

“ She spoke: but his features distraction express’d,

“ While her hand in his own he in agony press’d,

“ And drew with quick heavings his breath.

“ With his mist-clouded eyes still her form did he view,

“ While his tremulous lips faintly quiver’d ‘ adieu,’

“ Then closed were for ever in death!

“ But, O God! what a pang rent poor Adela’s heart!

“ All frantic she cried, ‘ No, we never will part,’

“ While her eye-balls insanity fired,

“ ‘ I remember my vow!—yes! for thee will I die!’—

“ She sank on his corse with a soul-parting sigh,

“ And, fast lock’d in his arms, she expired!

“ Where the faint gleam of torches yon cloister illumes,

“ A reverend priest the fond lovers entombs,

“ While he prays that their sins be forgiven;

“ But so pure were their lives, and their virtues so
bright,

“ Already their spirits have wing'd their glad flight,
“ And are bless'd with their Maker in Heaven!

“ Full oft will the grey-bearded fathers relate,

“ To the way-weary pilgrim, poor Theodore's fate,

“ When at eve tolls the slow passing bell!

“ At the soul-chilling sound sad remembrance shall rise,

“ And the pitying nuns wipe the tear from their eyes,

“ As of Adela's sorrows they tell!”—

No. III.

HRIM THOR,
OR
THE WINTER KING.

A LAPLAND BALLAD.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
Here the dread tyrant meditates his wrath,
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice. THOMSON.

THE moon shone bright on Lapland's snows,
When grim the Winter King arose;
His icy cave he left with speed,
And summon'd straight his fiend-born steed:

—“ Oh! haste, my steed, o'er marsh and plain!
“ I burn yon beauteous maid to gain;
“ Oh! haste, my steed, to Sargen's gate,
“ Where Tura weeps her lover's fate!”—

Full swift he donn'd his armour bright,
 And mounts, a young and comely knight.
 The steed sped on o'er marsh and plain,
 The beauteous damsel to obtain.

He quickly sped, and reach'd the gate
 Where Tura wept her lover's fate.
 She cursed her charms, which caused the fight
 That tore her Asgar from her sight.

—“ Oh! list thee, lady, list to me!
 “ Full many a day I've sought for thee;
 “ Oh! listen, lady, banish fear,
 “ Thy lover's trusty friend is here.”—

Then sigh'd the damsel fair and bright,
 —“ I have no lover, courteous knight,
 “ My Asgar lies on yonder plain,
 “ By Hacho fierce in combat slain.”—

—“ Oh! no, fair lady, haste with me!
 “ I soon will show thy love to thee;
 “ In Larno's caves he wounded lies,
 “ Oh! haste e'er life his bosom flies.”—

Then sigh'd the lady fair and bright,
 —“ My mind misgives me, courteous knight,
 “ For Asgar lies on yonder plain,
 “ By Hacho fierce in combat slain!”—

—“ Oh! list thee, lady, list to me,
 “ These tokens sends thy love to thee;
 “ These belts so fair, these rings so bright,
 “ Which erst you gave with fond delight.”—

He show'd her tokens one and two,
 —“ Lovely maid, he waits for you;”—
 He show'd her tokens two and three,
 —“ Lovely maiden, go with me.”—

Then spake the lady fair and bright,
 —“ Forgive my doubtings, courteous knight!
 “ Let weal or woe this breast betide,
 “ O'er hill and dale with thee I'll ride!”—

Full sure the dæmon spreads his snare,
 The eager maid descends the stair,
 Anon they mount the panting steed
 And swift o'er hill and valley speed.

As through the forest quick they dart,
With joy bounds high the fiend's proud heart,
Ah! little thought the lady bright
She clasp'd the cruel Winter-Sprite!

Now cried the maiden with dismay,
As swift the steed pursued its way,
—" And must we up yon mountain go,
" Whose sides are heap'd with drifted snow?"—

—" There lies our road," the Sprite replied,
" The way is drear, but I'm your guide,
" Then hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
" I'll give you to your lover's arms!"—

The desert wild the moon-beams show,
White glares around the glistening snow,
The fiend spurs on his steed amain,
Whose hoofs ring on the frozen plain.

Now swifter, swifter on they ride,
And reach the mountain's snow-clad side,
The plunging steed, without delay,
Through drifted heaps pursues his way.

—“ Oh, stop your horse! my feet are chill,
 “ The snow is deep and high the hill.”—
 —“ Now hush your throbbing heart’s alarms,
 “ I’ll give you to your lover’s arms!”—

—“ Oh, stop, thou eager guide! for see
 “ The rising coldness numbs my knee.”—
 —“ Now hush thy throbbing heart’s alarms,
 “ I’ll give thee to thy lover’s arms!”—

—“ Stop! stop! for God’s sake, stop! for oh!
 “ My breast is chill’d by circling snow.”—
 —“ Now vain your fears and wild alarms,
 “ You feel your lover’s icy arms!”—

Now shrieks the maid with sad affright,
 While loud exults the Winter-Sprite;
 The moon grows dark, the night grows foul,
 Thick snows descend, and tempests howl.

Afar the fiend’s hoarse yells resound,
 As round the maid his arms he wound;
 Afar are borne the maiden’s cries
 By warring blasts that rend the skies.

But ere she sunk beneath the snows,
Her Asgar's ghastly shade arose;
He bared his bosom streak'd with gore,
And sigh'd—"sweet love, we meet no more!"—

Now loud are heard the maiden's cries,
But louder blasts and tempests rise;
And when the tempests ceased to roar,
The maiden's cries were heard no more.

Take warning hence, ye damsels fair,
Of men's insidious arts beware,
Believe not every courteous knight,
Lest he should prove a Winter-Sprite.

No. IV.

THE WOLF-KING* ;
 OR
 LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

AN OLD WOMAN'S TALE.

—Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello. PERSIUS.

*Translated from the Danish of the author of the Water-King, &c.
 and respectfully inscribed to M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. as an humble
 attempt to imitate his excellent version of that celebrated ballad.*

THE birds they sung, the morning smiled,
 The mother kiss'd her darling child,
 And said—" My dear, take custards three,
 " And carry to your grand-mummie."—

* Though the northern states of Europe are not conceived, even by the most violent alarmists, to be much infected by the principles of jacobinism, yet in their *disloyal* languages " King" is often used as a term for a *fiend*, whose business is to destroy the happiness of mankind, and whose delight is in human misery.

The pretty maid had on her head
A little riding-hood of red,
And as she pass'd the lonely wood,
They call'd her small Red-riding-hood.

Her basket on her arm she hung,
And as she went thus artless sung,
—“ A lady lived beneath a hill,
“ Who, if not gone, resides there still.”—

The Wolf-King saw her pass along,
He eyed her custards, mark'd her song,
And cried—“ That child and custards three,
“ This evening, shall my supper be!”—

Now swift the maid pursued her way,
And heedless trill'd her plaintive lay,
Nor had she pass'd the murky wood,
When lo! the Wolf-King near her stood!

—“ Oh! stop, my pretty child so gay!
“ Oh! whither do you bend your way?”—
—“ My little self and custards three,
“ Are going to my grand-mummie!”—

—“ While you by yonder mountain go,
“ On which the azure blue-bells grow ;
“ I’ll take this road ; then haste thee, dear,
“ Or I before you will be there.

“ And when our racing shall be done,
“ A kiss you forfeit, if I’ve won ;
“ Your prize shall be, if first you come,
“ Some barley-sugar and a plumb !”—

—“ Oh! thank you, good Sir Wolf,” said she,
And dropp’d a pretty courtesie;
The little maid then onward hied,
And sought the blue-bell’d mountain’s side.

The Wolf sped on o’er marsh and moor,
And faintly tapp’d at granny’s door;
—“ Oh! let me in, grand-mummy good,
“ For I am small Red-riding-hood.”—

—“ The bobbin pull,” the grandam cried,
“ The door will then fly open wide.”—
The crafty Wolf the bobbin drew,
And straight the door wide open flew!

He pac'd the bed-room eight times four,
 And utter'd thrice an hideous roar ;
 He pac'd the bed-room nine times three,
 And then devour'd poor grand-mummie !

He dash'd her brains out on the stones,
 He gnaw'd her sinews, crack'd her bones ;
 He munch'd her heart, he quaff'd her gore,
 And up her lights and liver tore*!!!

Grand-mummy's bed he straight got in,
 Her night-cap tied beneath his chin ;
 And waiting for his destin'd prey,
 All snug between the sheets he lay.

Now at the door a voice heard he,
 Which cried—" I've brought you custards three ;
 " Oh! let me in, grand-mummy good,
 " For I am small Red-riding-hood."—

* This stanza is borrowed from an affecting and sanguinary description in a German ballad by Professor Von Splüttbach, called " Skulth " den Belch, or Sour Mthltz." In English, as far as translation can convey an idea of the horror of the original), " The Bloody Banquet, or " the Gulf of Ghosts !!!" a very terrible and meritorious production !

—“ The bobbin pull,” the Wolf-King cried,
 “ The door will then fly open wide!”—
 The little dear the bobbin drew,
 And straight the door wide open flew*.

She placed the custards on the floor,
 And sigh'd—“ I wish I'd brought you *four* †,
 “ I'm very tired, dear grand-mummie,
 “ Oh! may I come to bed to thee?”—

—“ Oh! come,” the Wolf-King softly cried,
 “ And lie, my sweet one, by my side ;”—
 Ah little thought the child so gay,
 The cruel Wolf-King near her lay!

—“ Oh! tell me, tell me, granny dear,
 “ Why does your *voice* so gruff appear?”—
 —“ Oh! hush, sweet-heart,” the Wolf-King said,
 “ I've got a small cold in my head!”—

* Repetition is the soul of ballad-writing.

† The reader will do my heroine the justice to remember, that she set out with only *three*, consequently her wish that another had been added, arose from a motive purely affectionate and characteristic. This benevolent trait, thus ingeniously insinuated, excites the interest of the reader for her, and adds horror to the catastrophe.

—“ Oh! tell me, grand-mummie so kind,
 “ Why you’ve a *tail* grows out behind?”—
 —“ Oh! hush thee, hush thee, pretty dear,
 “ My pin-cushion I hang on here!”—

—“ Why do your *eyes* so glare on me?”—
 —“ They are your pretty face to see.”—
 —“ Why do your *ears* so long appear?”—
 —“ They are your pretty voice to hear.”—

—“ Oh! tell me, granny, why, to-night,
 “ Your *teeth* appear so long and white*?”—
 Then growling, cried the Wolf so grim,
 —“ They are to tear you limb from limb!”—

His hungry teeth the Wolf-King gnash’d,
 His sparkling eyes with fury flash’d,
 He oped his jaws all sprent with blood,
 And fell on small Red-riding-hood.

He tore out bowels one and two,
 —“ Little maid, I will eat you!”—

* Our heroine is here lost in *double* astonishment; not only the *length*, but the *whiteness* of her grand-mother’s teeth excites her wonder and suspicion!

But when he tore out three and four,
The little maid she was no more!

Take warning hence, ye children fair;
Of wolves' insidious arts beware;
And as you pass each lonely wood,
Ah! think of small Red-riding-hood.

With custards sent nor loiter slow,
Nor gather blue-bells as ye go;
Get not to bed with grand-mummie,
Lest she a ravenous wolf should be!

No. V.

THE WANDERER OF THE WOLD.

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

Oh! my offence is rank! it smells to Heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it. HAMLET.

—“ **W**HY wanders that stranger with faltering pace?

“ All bare are his feet, and all muffled his face!

“ Why seeks he to climb, at this dark dismal hour,

“ The crackling old staircase of Ethelbert’s tower?”

“ Explain now, my father, and tell me, I pray,

“ Why seeks he in caverns to mourn the long day?

“ Why seeks he, at midnight, to wander the wold,

“ And mutter his prayer, while the wind it blows
cold?”—

—“ Oh! hush thee, my child, nor thus shrink with
affright,

“ The evening is foul, and approaches the night;

“ Let's speed to yon hut, and, while there we remain,

“ To your anxious ears I'll the story explain.

“ Oh! see you yon castle dismantled by time?

“ And hear you the bells from the abbey that chime?

“ Oh! see you the streams through the forest that glide,

“ Where the light from the chapel gleams bright on
the tide?

“ There Ethelbert dwelt, and two sons graced his board,

“ A baron he was, by the peasants adored;

“ And down in the dale dwelt a lady so fair,

“ An orphan was she in the abbess's care.

“ The eldest, Sir Bertrand, was wealthy and vain,

“ In castles, in gold, and in spacious domain;

“ The youngest, Sir Edric, was handsome and bold,

“ But no castles had he, and no riches in gold!

“ Sir Bertrand the virtue of valour possess'd,

“ While each uncontroll'd passion raged high in his
breast;

- “ Sir Edric each passion so meek could reprove,
 “ Save the soft-thrilling force of the passion of love.

 “ Full oft he at eve through the forest would steal,
 “ And oft to the abbess his suit would reveal;
 “ But Bertrand he brib’d her, and flatter’d her charms,
 “ Till the abbess she gave the fair charge to his arms.

 “ And now in the marriage the priest they employ;
 “ Mirth shakes the tall turrets with echoes of joy;
 “ And see in the dance how the nobles they move,
 “ Save Edric, poor Edric, who mourns his lost love.

 “ Full oft near the wall where the deep moat it roll’d,
 “ With tears he’d exclaim—‘ she has left me for gold !
 “ ‘ And oh! she is fickle!’—Sir Edric he cried,
 “ —‘ Ah, no! I am faithful,’—a soft voice replied.

 “ Sir Edric he gazed first below, then above,
 “ And high on the ramparts beheld his true-love.
 “ And—‘ Oh! thou art fickle!’—Sir Edric he sigh’d,
 “ —‘ Ah, no! I am faithful,’ the fair lady cried.

—“ ‘Then if thou art faithful, oh! fly to yon boat,
 “ ‘That’s moor’d in the rushes that wave o’er the
 moat,’—

—“ ‘To yon boat will I hasten so blithsome and free,
 “ ‘And far o’er the world will I travel with thee.’—

—“ ‘And ah!’ cried Sir Edric, while clasping her
 hand,

“ ‘We our safety must seek in some far-distant land,
 “ ‘Say, wilt thou repent? will thy love be the same?
 “ ‘When thunders roll round thee, and blue lightnings
 flame?’—

“ ‘Oh! if thou art true,’ the fair lady replied,
 “ ‘Sir Edric alone my affections shall guide;
 “ ‘Your frown shall surpass the dark tempests that rise,
 “ ‘And no lightning so keen as a flash from those
 eyes.’—

“ Thus spoke the fond couple in love’s playful dream,
 “ While the boat bore them swift down the ripple-ing
 stream,

“ Now far from the bounding of Britain they'll flee,
 “ And seek an asylum beyond the wide sea,

“ But why does Sir Bertrand from slumber refrain?
 “ And why do the torches illumine the plain?
 “ And why does Sir Ethelbert, hoary and old,
 “ This night leave his castle, and wander the wold?

“ Sir Bertrand despises both banquet and rest,
 “ To bring the fair Emmeline back to his breast,
 “ But as soon as he learns with his brother she's fled,
 “ Despair through his bosom her agonies spread.

“ Sir Ethelbert sicken'd, Sir Ethelbert died;
 “ Sir Bertrand forsakes all his riches and pride;
 “ A sad gloomy monk in yon convent he'll stay,
 “ And leave his old castle to fall to decay.

“ Now mourn you, Sir Edric, and mourn you anew,
 “ For Emmeline fickle can never be true.
 “ Now mourn you, Sir Edric, and mourn her lost
 charms,
 “ For Emmeline's fled to Sir Ferdinand's arms.

- “ And now will he seek his fond brother again,
“ His envy in joy, now his partner in pain;
“ Yet home as he wander'd, his friends were unkind,
“ But the greatest disaster still tarried behind:
- “ For as he ascended the mountain so high,
“ The swift flashing lightning gleam'd pale through
the sky,
“ The hollow-toned thunder roll'd awfully round,
“ And the bellowing caverns re-echo'd the sound.
- “ But strange to relate, ere the summit he pass'd,
“ All hush'd was the thunder, and silent the blast;
“ The lightning it ceased, and the pattering rain,
“ While the moon bursting forth silver'd bright on the
plain.
- “ Oh! then saw Sir Edric, with horror and dread,
“ His father's old castle with dark ivy spread,
“ No noise struck his ear, save the owl's screeching
note,
“ Or where weeds choked the waters that brawl'd in the
moat.

“ No mortal he saw, save a monk in his cowl,
 “ Who sought the drear arch while the tempest should
 howl;

“ His deep-wrinkled cheek proved a bosom distress'd,
 “ And his beard it waved white o'er his long sable vest.

“ —‘ Now tell me, grey father, and tell me, I pray,
 “ ‘ How came this strong castle to fall to decay?’—
 “ ‘ —The parent, and brother, and all were undone,
 “ ‘ Heaven's wrath shall descend on Sir Edric the son!’—

“ —‘ Now tell me, I pray, what Sir Ethelbert said
 “ ‘ Of Edric, his son, ere his vex'd spirit fled?’—
 “ ‘ He cried, that with pleasure from life he would part,—
 “ ‘ Could he pardon and clasp his lost son to his
 heart.’—

“ —‘ Now tell me, old friar, nor hide what is worse,
 “ ‘ Oh! what did Sir Bertrand exclaim in his curse?’—
 “ —‘ In yon lonesome abbey he groan'd out his breath,
 “ ‘ But Sir Edric he bless'd at the moment of death.’—

“ —‘ Now tell me, grey father, and tell me, I pray,
 “ —‘ Oh! what said Sir Edric, ere he fled away?’—

“ —‘ He cursed his fond brother, and bore off his wife,
 “ ‘ And revels in Paris a libertine’s life!’—

“ —‘ Thou liest! hoary sinner!’ Sir Edric he cries,
 “ While vengeance flash’d bright through the tears in
 his eyes;

“ ‘ This blade speaks my feelings—in vain is your prayer,
 “ ‘ For what now is left but revenge and despair!’—

“ The groans of the friar sound deep through the pile,
 “ While falling he cried, with a sad ghastly smile,
 “ ‘ Defaced by Care’s wrinkle, my worn visage view,
 “ ‘ And see thy fond brother still faithful to you.’—

“ Sir Edric he tore from his bosom the vest,
 “ And beheld, with dismay, a known sign on his breast,
 “ —‘ My brother!’ he cried, ‘ I forgiveness implore;’—
 “ Bertrand gasp’d to forgive him, but word spake no
 more!

“ Where the ivy spreads wide o’er yon huge heap of
 stones,
 “ There Edric has buried his dead brother’s bones,

“ And each damp dismal eve will he stalk through the
gloom,

“ To wail, 'midst the storm, his sad plaint at the tomb.

“ Then fear not, my child, though the false legend tells,

“ That far o'er the country he deals his dark spells,

“ Nor shake with affright, when the curfew hath toll'd,

“ To meet the grim stranger who wanders the wold.”—

No. VI.

GONZALVO.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

—Infelix indelibata reliquit
Oscula, et abrupto flendus amore cadit. MILTON.

SEE! yon knight of Calatrava,
All his vesture stain'd with gore,
Faintly beat the curling waters,
Now he breathless gains the shore!

'Twas the haughty Renegado,
Met the chief in yonder wood;
'Twas his coward rival's poniard
Drank the unarm'd hero's blood.

Long had love enslaved Bujeya,
 Long had vengeance fired his heart;
Long he lurk'd amidst the thicket,
 Sudden on his foe to dart.

Here the Moor had forced Gonzalvo,
 Gasping to resign his breath,
But the pitying Guadalquiver
 Bore him from the stroke of death.

On the wave-wash'd bank reclining,
 See him cast his eyes around;
Now he droops his head despairing,
 Now he gazes on the wound.

In his breast, with restless fury,
 Agony's dark surges roll;
What are wounds that pierce the body
 To the pangs that rack the soul!

When he thinks of fierce Bujeya,
 Kindling wrath his bosom warms;
When he thinks of Antonina,
 Memory saddens on her charms.

Long the flame of pure affection

In his generous breast has burn'd;
True he loved the beauteous maiden,
True his love the maid return'd.

A short gleam of transient pleasure

Faint illumines his languid eyes,
As, from yonder shade advancing,
Almorand the knight espies.

—“ Oh! what means this sight, my master!”

Cries the page, distress'd with fears,
“ All your features speak your sorrow,
“ All your cheek is wet with tears!

“ See! the streams of gore descending,

“ All around your garments stain!
“ Who would wound so brave a warrior?
“ Who would kill the pride of Spain?”—

—“ 'Tis the moor!” exclaim'd Gonzalvo,

“ 'Tis through him these pangs I prove,
“ He has stabb'd my aching bosom,
“ He has torn me from my love.

“ From my love! oh! think what anguish

“ Now my heart-strings ruthless tears ;

“ Yet, when life has left my-body,

“ Bear these accents to her ears.

“ Quick I'll haste to speak my wishes,

“ While kind Heaven my life prolongs ;

“ Tell her all the hapless story,

“ Tell her all my cruel wrongs.

“ Bid her curse the Moorish city

“ Which has rear'd my dastard foe ;

“ Bid her curse the Moorish chieftain

“ Who has laid her lover low.

“ Let her frowns dismay his bosom,

“ Let her all his vows despise ;

“ Let her blast his hopes for ever,

“ With the lightning of her eyes.

“ Beg, oh! beg her not to blot me

“ From the tablet of her brain ;

“ Let the name of dead Gonzalvo

“ In her mem'ry still remain.

“ And if e'er by chance she wanders
“ Near this winding river's side;
“ If these last sad words she values,
“ Bid her thank the pitying tide.

•“ To some nobler, worthier suitor,
“ Let her heart its vows transfer;
“ Heavens! what years of rapturous pleasure,
“ Did I think to spend with her!

“ What gay scenes did Hope depicture!
“ What bright joys did Fancy show!
“ Joys! now sunk, and lost for ever,
“ In the dark abyss of woe!

“ I shall ne'er more taste her kisses,
“ Ne'er more taste her balmy breath;
“ I must leave her warm embraces,
“ For the cold embrace of Death.

“ Yes! I feel his icy touches,
“ Nature fades upon my sight;
“ Thick before my aching vision,
“ Floats the mist of endless night.

“ A chill numbness lulls my tortures;
“ All my pangs at once subside!”——
Instant sunk the bleeding hero,
Gasp'd his mistress' name, and died.

No. VII.

ALBERT OF WERDENDORFF;

OR, THE

MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

Nocturnus occurram Furor. HORAT.

LORD Albert had titles, Lord Albert had power,
 Lord Albert in gold and in jewels was clad;
 Fair Josephine bloom'd like an opening flower,
 But beauty and virtue were all that she had.

To rifle her treasure, with each wily art
 Of studied seduction, Lord Albert essay'd;
 Too well he succeeded! her innocent heart,
 By virtue protected, by love was betray'd.

Full oft in her cot, at her casement, she'd sigh,
 And gaze sad and silent on Werdendorff's walls;
 Full oft gush'd the tear-drops in streams from her eyes,
 When mirth reign'd triumphant in Werdendorff's
 halls.

When all in the castle were wrapt in repose,
 Lord Albert would ponder on Josephine's charms;
 Would leap the wide moat, and the portal unclose,
 To hie him in haste to his Josephine's arms.

When the moon, hid in clouds, gave no tremulous ray,
 O'er the moor dark and fenny to point out the road,
 At her casement the maid would a taper display,
 To guide her true love to her humble abode.

From the castle could Albert discern the loved spot,
 When the bickering lustre gleam'd dim from afar,
 Would speed him in safety to Josephine's cot,
 And bless the kind beams of love's tutelar star.

Ah! maiden ill-fated! too soon wilt thou find,
 That vows can be broken, that lovers betray;
 That men, fickle men, are less true than the wind,
 That love, if illicit, too soon will decay!

The night waned apace, and her taper shone bright,
 —“ He comes not!”—she murmur'd, all pale and
 forlorn;

Another night pass'd, but in vain gleam'd the light,
 He came not, for Albert was false and forsworn!

Why stream the gay banners from Werdendorff's walls?
 Why hastes to yon chapel the trimly-deck'd crowd?
 A mistress to-day shall preside in our halls!
 For Albert shall wed with Gumilda the proud!

To the winds the poor Josephine murmur'd her tale,
 Each vision of fancy was faded and gone!
 Each shout of loud revelry borne on the gale,
 Said Albert was faithless, and she was undone!

With a tempest of maddening passions distress'd,
 On the wings of despair to the castle she flew,
 While love still'd the whirlwind that raged in her breast,
 And whisper'd delusive, that Albert was true.

The portal she enter'd, the feasters among,
 And mingled, unseen, in the revelling crowd;
 But who were the gayest amid the gay throng?
 Lord Albert the false, and Gumilda the proud!

Home sped the poor maid from her proud rival's door,
 Her bosom with anguish unceasing was torn ;
 The wind shook the rushes that waved on the moor,
 And all, like her fortune, was dark and forlorn !

—“ Fall on, chilling mists ! thou art cruel,” she said,
 “ But crueller far is Lord Albert to me !
 “ Blow on, thou bleak wind ! o'er my woe-stricken head,
 “ Thou'rt cold, but Lord Albert is colder than thee !” —

'Twas midnight—alone at her casement she sigh'd,
 When the low sound of footsteps struck faint on her ear,
 And a voice in the accent of love softly cried,
 —“ My Josephine haste thee, thy true love is here !” —

—“ Away to Gumilda !” indignant she cried,
 “ To revel in pleasures at Werdendorff go !
 “ Why leave you, false traitor, my proud rival's bed,
 “ To add, by new insults, to Josephine's woe ?” —

—“ Oh, hush thee, my true love, revoke that command,
 “ For why should Lord Albert and Josephine part ?
 “ Gumilda the proud can claim nought but my hand,
 “ But Josephine lords it supreme o'er my heart.

“ My father commanded, his frowns awed my soul,
 “ Forgive then the fault, nor impute it to me ;
 “ As the mariner’s needle still turns to the pole,
 “ My heart turns with fond adoration to thee.”—

With blandishments soft the deceiver essay’d,
 With tones of affection, her bosom to move ;
 She smiled—but ye damsels forbear to upbraid,
 Nor wonder that anger was vanquish’d by love.

Full soon on the board now the viands were spread,
 The wine’s luscious nectar in goblets shone bright ;
 The flower-footed hours, wing’d by extacy, fled,
 And Josephine’s eye beam’d with tender delight.

—Adieu! cried Lord Albert, “ the first blush of morn
 “ Empurples the east, and the setting stars wane.”—
 —“ To Josephine when will Lord Albert return ?”—
 — “ At *midnight’s dark hour* will he clasp her again.”—

Lord Albert sped onwards, his bosom beat high,
 —“ Hurra! from a mistress detested I’m freed!
 “ Gumilda, thy vengeance proclaim’d she should die!
 “ Gumilda, my soul has not shrunk from the deed!

“ Alas! hapless victim! thy fluttering breath,
 “ Full soon will expire amid agoniz’d pains;
 “ The cup that I gave thee was pregnant with death,
 “ And poison shall riot and boil in thy veins!

“ At midnight’s dark hour shall I clasp thee again?
 “ Fond maiden! that midnight thou never shalt see!
 “ Oblivion ere then shall thy senses enchain!
 “ Fond maiden ere then a pale corse shalt thou be!”—

The dawn-light’s first blush had illumin’d the dell,
 Lord Albert sped on, nor was cheer’d by the scene;
 He sigh’d at each note of the iron-tongued bell,
 That told the sad fate of the fair Josephine.

The smile of gay beauty, the blaze of the ball,
 No peace to his bosom, no charm could impart;
 He sigh’d ’mid the splendour of Werdendorff’s hall,
 For Conscience had wound her strong folds round
 his heart.

—“ Arouse thee! my Lord,” cried Gumilda the proud,
 “ What fiend has possess’d thee, and maddens thy
 brain?”—

Anon would he shudder, and mutter aloud,
 —“ At midnight’s dark hour wilt thou clasp me
 again?” —

His limbs, so athletic, were palsied by fear,
 As midnight’s dark hour was proclaim’d by the bell;
 —“ Full well,” he exclaim’d, “ the dread summons I
 hear,
 “ Gumilda! it calls me, for ever farewell!” —

The battlements shook with the echoing storm,
 The thunder’s loud peals burst on Werdendorff’s wall;
 The tapers burnt dimly, as Josephine’s form
 Glided forth from the portal, and travers’d the hall!

All shrouded she was in the garb of the tomb!
 Her lips they were livid, her face it was wan!
 A death the most horrid had rifled her bloom,
 And each charm of beauty was faded and gone!

—“ Thy hand snapt my thread of existence,” she said,
 “ And shalt thou, unpunish’d, thou false one, remain?
 “ ’Tis *midnight’s dark hour*, I am come from the dead!
 “ Delay’st thou, my bridegroom, to clasp me again?” —

Thus saying, she dragg'd him perforce to her breast,
 Imprinting a cold clammy kiss on his face!
 Her lips, all so pale, to his forehead she press'd,
 And clasp'd him full close in her noisome embrace.

Back started Lord Albert, entranced in surprise!
 And, breathless with agony, sank on the floor;
 Then raised to the spectre his frenzy-struck eyes,
 Then closed them in darkness, to ope them no more!

Since then o'er the castle drear solitude reigns,
 Its ramparts dismantled, are skirted with thorn;
 The proud towers of Werdendorff scatter the plains,
 The hall, once so festive, is drear and forlorn!

The traveller full often the tale will inquire,
 And wanders the time-stricken ruins between;
 The peasants full oft will encircle the fire,
 And talk of Lord Albert and fair Josephine:

Will tell what grim spectres the wand'rer appal,
 Whose feet so unhallow'd o'er Werdendorff rove!
 How lights, more than mortal, illumine the hall,
 While Albert is clasp'd by his skeleton love!

Full oft will the damsel, 'mid eve's sober gloom,
Review each sad spot of the desolate scene;
Will shuddering pass by the libertine's tomb,
And weep o'er the lovely, but frail Josephine!

No. VIII.

THE MAID OF DONALBLAYNE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*Æole siste minas, tumidique residite fluctus,
Innocuæ faveat pontus et aura rati. OVID.*

—“ **T**HE dashing surges gently break,
 “ The moon illumes the watery plain;
 “ The zephyrs fan the sails,—Awake!
 “ My blue-eyed maid of Donalblayne!

“ My soul disdains each meaner art,
 “ No studied terms my passion prove;
 “ While warm with life thy Malcolm’s heart
 “ Shall beat with never-dying love!

“ A captive at thy feet I’ve sigh’d,
 “ Five tedious years I’ve sued in vain;
 “ Then bless these arms, my bonny bride,
 “ My blue-eyed maid of Donalblayne!”—

The lovely maid descended slow,
 And paced the stairs with cautious tread;
 She felt her kindling blushes glow,
 And thus in faltering accents said:

—“ And must I pass the salt-sea wave?
 “ And must I quit a woman’s fears?
 “ Must I, an exiled outcast, have
 “ A father’s curse, a mother’s tears?

“ And shall I, wand’ring o’er the deep,
 “ Glenalpin’s boasted lineage stain!
 “ And leave an aged sire to weep
 “ His faithless maid of Donalblayne?

“ And wilt thou love me, gentle youth,
 “ When these few charms for aye are flown?”—
 —“ Sweet maid, this heart with love and truth
 “ Shall ever beat for thee alone.”

No footstep stirr'd, the winds were hush'd,
 Each eye was closed in balmy rest;
 To Marion's arms Lord Malcolm rush'd,
 And clasp'd the trembler to his breast.

The vessel swept the dimpled tide,
 And bounded lightly o'er the main;
 But Marion hung her head, and sigh'd
 A long adieu to Donalblayne!

The Kelpie*, from his coral cave,
 Beheld the gallant vessel glide;
 And destined to a watery grave,
 Lord Malcolm and his bonny bride!

He sprang up from his dark abode,
 He bade the blasts the sea deform;
 On whirlwind's wings sublime he rode,
 And furious urged the howling storm!

Lord Malcolm saw the bursting wave,
 Impending with resistless sweep;
 It whelm'd the shatter'd bark, and gave
 Its trembling burthen to the deep!

* The water-fiend. Vide Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.

Young Malcolm stemm'd the boiling tide,
And long the lovely Marion bore;
Then clasp'd in death his bonny bride,
And struggling sank, to rise no more!

The clouds dispersed, the morning blush'd,
The orb of day majestic beam'd;
The winds in softest sleep were hush'd,
And bright the liquid mirror gleam'd.

Rage fired Glenalpin's haughty soul,
He cursed Duncathmore's hostile Thane;
—"Thy ruffian hand," he cried, "hath stole
"My child, the flower of Donalblayne!"

He saw the wreck, he sought the strand,
Where breathless corpses mingled lay;
He knelt upon the wave-beat sand,
And clasp'd his Marion's lifeless clay.

He climb'd the sea-rock's beetling brow,
Exulting mark'd the dashing wave;
Then cast one frenzied look below,
And rush'd unbidden to the grave!

With silver splendour o'er the tide
When steals the moon's enamour'd beam;
Their shrouded ghosts will wailing glide,
Beneath the wan and chilly gleam.

O'er ocean, when the midnight bell
Its sad and sullen murmur flings,
Will Marion strike, with wildest swell,
Her shadowy lyre's fantastic strings!

The fisher oft, whose fear-struck eyes
See lights illumine the restless main,
Suspends his dashing oar, and cries,
—"Alas! sweet maid of Donalblayne!"—

No. IX.

THE PILGRIM OF VALENCIA.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

Ces feux, dont la vapeur maligne et passagère
Conduit au précipice à l'instant qu'elle éclaire. HENRIADE.

WHY tarries yon palmer? why haunts he that shrine?
The monks have retired, and the bell hath told nine!
The wind through the cloist'ér howls dismal and drear,
His prayers are in secret, no gazer is near!

Now riddle me quickly, and riddle me right,
In penance and prayer will he waste the long night?
Full oft from the shrine a side glance doth he cast,
And he listens and starts at each gust of the blast!

But hear'st thou a footstep move swift through the aisle?
 The faint echoes die in the lengthening pile!
 He raises his head, and looks anxiously round,
 And his eye brightens glad, as grows nearer the sound.

O'er the pavement treads softly a female in white!
 The aisles they are many, and dark frowns the night!
 She careful each turn and each winding explores,
 Oft she kisses her cross, and the Virgin implores!

See! he raises his knee, and all eager he stands,
 Soft he breathes forth a name, and outstretches his hands;
 See! she flies to his arms, she has sunk on his breast,
 In half-stifled whispers their joy is express'd.

By their tears and embraces their love's now reveal'd,
 —“ Oh! thanks to the night which my passage conceal'd!”—

She pants on his bosom, and faintly is heard,
 —“ Oh! thanks to my pilgrim, so true to his word!”—

—“ Dear maid check your transports,” now softly he spoke,

“ I have brought from Valencia a palmer's grey cloak ;

“ A brown beard for your face, and a staff for your
hand,

“ Thus disguised you may safely escape through the
land!

“ At dawn-light we'll haste from this dreary old pile,

“ Till the morn, we lie hid in the gloom of the aisle;

“ Our signal for flight, when the dull matin bells

“ To prayer calls the fathers and nuns from their cells.”—

—“ My heart now misgives me, how awful this gloom!

“ My parents sleep near in yon dark vaulted tomb!

“ Ah! where bides my brother so fierce and severe,

“ Who, to blight our attachment, has buried me here?

“ When he made me a nun, oft his friends would he tell,

“ That Love's flow'ret would wither in solitude's cell;

“ But my heart is so warm, and my tears flow'd so fast,

“ That I've nourish'd the bud till all danger is past.”—

—“ Oh! cheer up, sweet maid, you no longer need fear

“ The threats of your brother, so harsh and severe;

“ Full lately I've seen him, his hate it is o'er,

“ And his wrath will oppose our fond wishes no more.”—

Her eye flashes rapture, a tear wets her cheeks,
 As these tidings so joyous her lover he speaks;
 O'er her bosom the palmer's grey cloak does he fold,
 For through the dark aisles the keen night-air blows
 cold.

Each object, each sound, breathes a soul-numbing fear,
 All amid the lone tomb-stones and cloisters so drear;
 And, though lock'd in her love's warm embraces the
 maid,
 She feels a cold horror her bosom invade!

The clock now struck midnight, with thundering sound,
 Echo roars through the high Gothic arches around;
 Why tremble the lovers? deep tolls a death-bell!
 Terror speaks in the note of the heart-chilling knell!

New dangers surround them, new horrors arise,
 Tears of agony pour from pale Leonore's eyes;
 Still deeper and deeper the peal strikes the ear,
 And faint torches afar 'mongst the cloisters appear!

—“ Oh! hear'st thou, my Carlos, the dismal death-bell!
 “ And seest thou yon torches the darkness dispel ?

“ Hark! the monks’ chaunting voices to Heaven aspire!

“ The music grows stronger, they lead to the choir!”—

—“ Haste, conceal thee, my love, in yon pillar’s black
shade,

“ I’ll lie hid near the tomb where your parents are
laid!”—

—“ Oh! my eye-sight is dazzled, my heart sinks with
fear,

“ See! the fathers approach with a corse on the bier!”—

DIRGE.

—“ O, Source of life! whose power bestows

“ The strength that nerves the arm of truth;

“ Who givest to age its lingering woes,

“ And check’st the ardent course of youth,

“ The veil from murderous guilt remove,

“ Let earthly justice seal his doom;

“ Then he thy righteous wrath shall prove,

“ The vengeance of the world to come!”—

Now pauses the requiem: the deep organ’s breath

Breaks the silence of night with the mournings of death;

A shriek of despair soon bursts sad on the ear,
And see! Leonore frantic approaches the bier.

“ Speak! speak! cruel fathers! oh! grant this request!

“ Who stabb’d the sharp sword in my brother’s pale
breast?

“ Ah! how cold is his hand, and how dim is his eye!

“ Now my heart it is steel’d, I your vengeance defy!

“ But, oh! tell me, old Bertrand, thou vassal so true!

“ Where fell your loved lord, the foul deed didst thou
view?”—

—“ Yester eve through the forest, fair lady, he rode,

“ And a black-mask’d assassin he met in the wood.”—

She has fall’n on his bosom, she kisses the wound,

Her groans and hers shrieks through the chancel resound;

—“ Oh! Heaven arrest the foul murderer’s flight,

“ And drag, from concealment, the villain to light!”—

Straight the glare of red lightning disperses the gloom,

Her father’s pale statue now points from the tomb;

And the voice of the grave from its lips meets the ear,

—“ Draw the faulchion of Justice! the murderer is
here!”—

The monks in amazement now rush through the shade,
 Pale Leonore, shuddering, their passage survey'd;
 Despair lights her eye-balls, unmoisten'd by tears,
 When her brother's assassin in Carlos appears!

His footsteps they falter'd, his features were wild,
 He turn'd from the corse in its dark blood defiled;
 With an agonized glance the wan maiden he view'd,
 While the cold damps of horror his forehead bedew'd.

—“ Oh! speak, injured virgin, thy curse I demand,
 “ The sword is unsheath'd, and why lingers thy hand?
 “ I have proved what keen torments strong passions
 impart,
 “ Then silence these scorpions that rage in my heart!
 “ What brought me this night to Saint Ursula's shrine?
 “ *Love* urged me, *Love* whisper'd, Make Leonore thine!
 “ What mark'd in thy brother my deadliest foe?
 “ *Revenge* raised the poniard, and pointed the blow!”—

The maid answers nothing, her closed eye-lids prove,
 That her spirit is fled to the regions above;
 On her brother's pale bosom she sigh'd forth her breath,
 And the cause that divided, unites them in death.

No longer can Carlos love's impulse withstand,
He bursts from the monks, and he seizes her hand;
When he feels it dead-cold, all dismay'd does he start,
And ere force can prevent, his blade reaches his heart.

—“ The anguish of guilt, and the pang of despair,
“ The ling'ring of justice, my soul cannot bear;
“ The impatience of madness has prompted the blow,
“ For love turns to madness when goaded by woe.”—

At the feet of his mistress he groan'd forth his soul,
Now the heralds of Death, the deep abbey bells toll;
The monks try each balm and each balsam in vain,—
Then their voices renew the sad funeral strain!

No. X.

 THE GREY FRIAR OF WINTON* ;

OR,

THE DEATH OF KING RUFUS.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

 —Scelus ille paternum
 Morte luat mérita.

OVID.

WITH horse and hound King Rufus hies
 O'er woodland, heath, and dell;
 The warden's bugle shrill replies
 To Winton's matin bell.

* It is related by William of Malmesbury, that on the day when King Rufus hunted for the last time in the New Forest, a monk appeared to him when separated from his companions, and warned him of the curse which hung over his family on account of his father's tyranny in laying waste so large a tract of country for the purposes of his amusement.

Full heavy strike the sullen peals
 The royal huntsman's ear;
 Sudden, I ween, his bosom feels
 A momentary fear.

—"Halloo!" he shouts, he spurs his steed
 Athwart the misty glade;
 "This day the forest deer shall bleed!"
 And loud his courser neigh'd.

It starts, it snorts, its ruffled mane
 Wild waving to the wind!
 The King looks round, but lo! his train
 Are scatter'd far behind.

Oh! who beneath yon blasted oak
 Uprears his pallid form?
 Why hollow sounds the raven's croak?
 Why howls the rising storm?

The Monarch shrinks, with threatening scowl,
 The monk advances nigh;
 Loose his grey weeds, and shadowy cowl,
 Hung o'er his frowning eye.

—“ And stay !” he cried, “ accursed King ;

“ Amid thy thronging hounds,

“ Thou heard'st afar, unheeded, ring,

“ The mass-bell's holy sounds.

“ But, hark ! the loud, the lengthening toll,

“ Hath drown'd the distant chase ;

“ How chills the peal thy guilty soul,

“ Betrays thy altering face.

“ O, sprung from Rollo's vent'rous clan,

“ From Albion's lawless lord !

“ Too soon the blood of Harold ran

“ On William's conquering sword.

“ Full sore the fell usurper's chain

“ Long gall'd the Saxon line ;

“ But fall'n—how fall'n his tyrant reign !

“ And thus shall perish thine.

“ In thee thy dreaded sire revives ;

“ Still vanquish'd Britons groan ;

“ Still Liberty indignant strives

“ To shake a foreign throne.

- “ The curse contemn'd Religion hurl'd
“ On William's robber host;
“ When Normandy's broad flag unfurl'd
“ O'ershadow'd Albion's coast;
- “ That curse, whene'er despotic sounds
“ The curfew's mournful toll;
“ When sad remembrance rankling wounds
“ The vassal's fetter'd soul;
- “ Say, through thy palace, haughty King,
“ Breathes it a secret dread?
“ Hath Conscience left one feeble sting
“ To warn thee of the dead?
- “ What though we bear Oppression's yoke,
“ Meek, unresisting slaves?
“ Lo! Insult adds her galling stroke,
“ And just Rebellion braves.
- “ Cast thy proud eye o'er Freedom's isle,
“ Alas, no longer free!
“ The forests nod, the valleys smile,
“ But blighted, wretch, by thee!

- “ War’s red’ning arm, war’s stern array,
“ Hath bathed each vale in blood,
“ Where once, in Harold’s happier sway,
“ The peaceful cottage stood:
- “ Where Labour, with contented eye,
“ Saw heaven-born blessings spring,
“ And paid the price of liberty
“ In tribute to its king.
- “ Lo! as some rock’s sulphureous fire
“ Bursts o’er the ravaged plain,
“ Destruction marks thy ruthless sire,
“ O’er heaps of Saxons slain,
- “ With rapid stride ascend the throne,
“ Nor sheath the murderous sword,
“ Nor heed expiring Freedom’s groan,
“ Faint curse her foreign lord!
- “ The despot still, though transient peace
“ Hath hush’d the clarion’s sound;
“ The tyrant’s passions never cease,
“ And e’en his pleasures wound.

“ The chase invites! the cultur'd fields

“ Obstruct a monarch's joys;

“ Born to submit, the peasant yields,

“ And power his hopes destroys.

“ Oh! mark the harvest's fallen pride,

“ Thick strew the uprooted soil!

“ Mark the king's Norman train deride

“ The Briton's fruitless toil.

“ See, in this dark unpeopled waste,

“ His soul's congenial gloom;

“ Here William, with uncautious haste,

“ Seal'd many a prince's doom*.

“ Yon holy pile, yon ruin'd shrine †,

“ Thy impious sire recall;

“ And vengeance on his fated line,

“ On thee, dread King, shall fall!

* Not only William II. but Richard, a son of the Conqueror, and a son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, are said to have died in this forest, *severo Dei judicio*. Guliel. Malmes.

† “ *Desertis villis, subrutis Ecclesiis, &c.* Guliel. Malmes.

" Full tough shall twang the Norman bow,
 " Full sure the arrow speed ;
 " By hand unseen, this day laid low,
 " The chiefest hart shall bleed!"—

—" Oh, stay, thou holy friar, oh, stay!"—
 The Monarch frantic cries ;
 But swifter than the lightning's ray,
 He vanish'd from his eyes.

Wild, through the thicket's gloom, the steed
 Untouch'd, unbidden, tore ;
 When lo ! a stag, with trembling speed,
 Rush'd straight their path before.

Sudden an archer, swift and strong,
 Twang'd tough his Norman yew ;
 His barbed arrow, straight and long
 Up to the head he drew.

Against the stag, with heedless hand,
 Erring, the shaft he set ;
 And saw the quivering feather stand
 In the King's heart-blood wet !

Full sore across his saddle bow'd
The royal huntsman's head;
The ruddy current trickling flow'd,
He groan'd, and sunk down dead.

No. XI.

GRIM, KING OF THE GHOSTS;

OR,

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

A CHURCH-YARD TALE.

On Horror's head, horrors accumulate.

OTHELLO.

This Tale, as will be immediately seen by all tale-readers, is written in imitation of the Cloud-King, and dedicated (of course) to M. G. Lewis, Esq.

—“ **WHY**, how now, old sexton ? why shake you with dread ?

“ Why haunt you this street, where you're sure to catch cold ?

“ Full warm is your blanket, full snug is your bed !

“ And long since, by the steeple-chimes, twelve has been told.”—

—“ Tom Tap, on this night my retreat you'll approve,

“ For my church-yard will swarm with its shroud-
covered hosts;

“ Who will tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and
love,

“ Still nip the cold heart of Grim, King of the Ghosts.

“ One eve, as the fiend wander'd through the thick
gloom,

“ Towards my newly-tiled cot he directed his sight;

“ And, casting a glance in my little back-room,

“ Gazed on Nancy, my daughter, with wanton delight.

“ Yet Nancy was proud, and disdainful was she,

“ In affection's fond speech she'd no pleasure or joy;

“ And vainly he sued, though he knelt at her knee,

“ Bob Brisket, so comely, the young butcher's boy!

“ —‘ For you, dearest Nancy, I've oft been a thief,

“ ‘ Yet my theft it was venial, a theft if it be;

“ ‘ For who could have eyes, and not see you loved
beef?

“ ‘ Or who see a steak, and not steal it for thee?

“ ‘ Remember, dear beauty, dead flesh cannot feel;
 “ ‘ With frowns you my heart and its passion requite;
 “ ‘ Yet oft have I seen you, when hungry at meal,
 “ ‘ On a dead bullock’s heart gaze with tender delight.

“ ‘ When you dress it for dinner, so hard and so tough,
 “ ‘ I wish the employ your stern breast would improve;
 “ ‘ And, the dead bullock’s heart, while with onions you
 stuff,
 “ ‘ You would stuff your own heart, cruel virgin, with
 love.’—

“ — ‘ Young rascal! presumest thou, with butcher-like
 phrase,
 “ ‘ To foul stinking onions *my* love to compare;
 “ ‘ Who have set Wick, the candle-man, all in a blaze,
 “ ‘ And Alderman Paunch, who has since been the
 Mayor?

“ ‘ You bid me remember dead flesh cannot feel;
 “ ‘ Then I vow, by my father’s old pickaxe and spade,
 “ ‘ Till some prince from the tombs shall behave so gen-
 teel,
 “ ‘ As to ask me to wed, I’ll continue a maid!

- “ ‘ Nor him will I wed, till (these terms must he own)
 “ ‘ Of my two first commands the performance he
 boasts;’—
- “ Straight, instead of a footman, a deep-pealing groan
 “ Announced the approach of Grim, King of the
 Ghosts!
- “ No flesh had the spectre, his skeleton skull
 “ Was loosely wrapped round with a brown shrivelled
 skin;
- “ His bones, ’stead of marrow, of maggots were full,
 “ And the worms they crawled out, and the worms
 they crawled in.
- “ His shoes they were coffins, his dim eye revealed
 “ The gleam of a grave-lamp with vapours oppress’d;
 “ And a dark crimson necklace of blood-drops congeal’d,
 “ Reflected each bone that jagg’d out of his breast.
- “ In a hoarse hollow whisper—‘thy beauties,’ he cried,
 “ ‘ Have drawn up a spirit to give thee a kiss;
 “ ‘ No butcher shall call thee, proud Nancy, his bride;
 “ ‘ The grim King of Spectres demands thee for his.

“ ‘ My name frightens infants, my word raises ghosts,

“ ‘ My tread wakes the echoes which breathe through
the aisle;

“ ‘ And lo! here stands the Prince of the Churchyard,
who boasts

“ ‘ The will to perform thy commands, for a smile.’

“ ‘ He said, and he kissèd her: she packèd up her clothes,

“ And straight they eloped through the window with
joy;

“ Yet long in her ears rang the curses and oaths,

“ Which growkd at his rival the gruff butcher’s boy.

“ At the charnel-house palace soon Nancy arrived,

“ When the fiend, with a grin which her soul did
appal,

“ Exclaimèd—‘ I must warn my pale subjects I’m wived,

“ ‘ And bid them prepare a grand supper and ball!’—

“ Thrice swifter than thought on his heel round he turns,

“ Three capers he cut, and then motionless stood;

“ Then on cards, made of dead men’s skin, Nancy dis-
cerns

“ His lank fingers to scrawl invitations in blood.

- “ His quill was a wind-pipe, his ink-horn a skull,
“ A blade-bone his pen-knife, a tooth was his seal;
“ Soon he orderèd the cards, in a voice deep and dull,
“ To haste and invite all his friends to the meal.
- “ Away flew the cards to the south and the north,
“ Away flew the cards to the east and the west;
“ Straight with groans, from their tombs, the pale
spectres stalkèd forth,
“ In deadly apparel, and shrouding-sheets dressèd.
- “ And quickly scarèd Nancy, with anxious affright,
“ Hears the tramp of a steed, and a knock at the
gate;
“ On an hell-horse so gaunt, 'twas a grim ghastly
sprite,
“ On a pillion behind a she-skeleton sate!
- “ The poor maiden she thought 'twas a dream or a
trance,
“ While the guests they assembled gigantic and tall;
“ Each sprite askèd a skeleton lady to dance,
“ And King Grim with fair Nancy now openèd the
ball.

- “ Pale spectres send music from dark vaults above,
“ Wither'd legs, 'stead of drum-sticks, they brandish
on high;
- “ Grinning ghosts, sheeted spirits, skipping skeletons,
move,
“ While hoarse whispers and rattling of bones shake
the sky.
- “ With their pliable joints the Scotch steps they do well,
“ Nancy's hand with their cold clammy fingers they
squeeze;
- “ Now sudden, appall'd, the maid hears a death-bell,
“ And straight dark and dismal the supper she sees!
- “ A tomb was the table: now each took his seat,
“ Every sprite next his partner so pale and so wan.
- “ Soon as ceased was the rattling of skeleton feet,
“ The clattering of jaw-bones directly began?
- “ Of dead aldermen's fat the mould candles were made,
“ Stuck in sockets of bone they gleam'd dimly and
blue;
- “ Their dishes were scutcheons, and corpses decay'd
“ Were the viands that glutted this ravenous crew!

“ Through the nostrils of skulls their blood-liquor they
pour,

“ The black draught in the heads of young infants
they quaff;

“ The vice-president rose, with his jaws dripping gore,
“ And address'd the pale damsel with horrible laugh.

“ —‘ Feast, Queen of the Ghosts! the repast do not
scorn;

“ ‘ Feast, Queen of the Ghosts! I perceive thou hast
food;

“ ‘ To-morrow again shall we feast, for at noon

“ ‘ Shall we feast on thy flesh, shall we drink of thy
blood.’—

“ Then cold as a cucumber Nancy she grew;

“ Her proud stomach came down, and she blared,
and she cried,

“ —‘ Oⁿ tell me, dear Grim, does that spectre speak
true,

“ ‘ And will you not save from his clutches your
bride?’—

“ — ‘ Vain your grief, silly maid; when the matin-bells
ring,

“ ‘ The bond becomes due, which long since did I sign;

“ ‘ For she, who at night weds the grizzly Ghost King;

“ ‘ Next morn must be dressèd for his subjects to
dine.’—

“ — ‘ In silks and in satins for *you* I’ll be dressèd;

“ ‘ My soft tender limbs let *their* fangs never crunch!’—

“ — ‘ Fair Nancy, yon ghosts, should I grant your
request,

“ ‘ Instead of at dinner would eat you at lunch!’—

“ — ‘ But vain, ghostly King, is your cunning and
guile;

“ ‘ That bond must be void which you never can pay;

“ ‘ Lo! I ne’er will be yours, till, to purchase my smile,

“ ‘ My two first commands (as you *swore*) you obey.’—

“ — ‘ Well say’st thou, fair Nancy; thy wishes impart;

“ ‘ But think not to puzzle Grim, King of the Ghosts.’

“ Straight she turns o’er each difficult task in her heart,

“ And—‘ I’ve found out a poser,’ exultingly boasts.

“ ‘ You vowed that no *butcher* should call me his bride,

“ ‘ That this vow you fulfil my first asking shall be;

“ ‘ And, since so many maids in your clutches have died,

“ ‘ Than yourself show a *bloodier butcher*,’—said she.

“ Then shrill scream the spectres; the charnel-house
gloom

“ Swift lightnings disperse, and the palace destroy;

“ Again Nancy stood in the little back-room,

“ And again at her knee knelt the young butcher’s
boy!

“ —‘ I’ll have done with dead husbands,’ she Brisket
bespeaks;

“ ‘ I’ll now take a live one, so fetch me a ring!’—

“ And when pressed to her lips were his red beefin cheeks,

“ She loved him much more than the shrivelled Ghost
King.

“ No longer his steaks and his cutlets she spurns,

“ No longer he fears his grim rival’s pale band;

“ Yet still when the famed *first of April* returns,

“ The sprites rise in squadrons, and Nancy demand.

“ This informs you, Tom Tap, why to-night I remove,

“ For I dread the approach of the shroud-covered
hosts |,

“ Who tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and love,

“ Still nip the cold heart of Grim, King of the
Ghosts!” —

No. XII.

OSRIC AND ELLA.

A NORTHERN TALE.

—Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit. LUCRET.

THE youths rejoiced, the maidens smiled,
And cold Age cheer'd his furrow'd brow,
To hear that Ella, fair and mild,
Had listen'd to brave Osric's vow.

The sprightly bagpipe's patriot lay
Resounded on the banks of Clyde;
Renfrew ne'er saw a happier day,
A braver chief, a fairer bride.

But ere the festive board was clear'd,
 And ere the festive dance began;
 Sudden a messenger appear'd,
 And thus his breathless errand ran :

—“ Haste, Osric, haste, to idler days
 “ Leave, Osric, leave these ling'ring maids;
 “ Your valour thus while love delays,
 “ Our western isles a host invades.

“ Perhaps amid this joyous croud
 “ No voice but that of love you hear,
 “ And Honour's trumpet, once so loud,
 “ Sounds scarce a whisper in your ear.

“ Haste, Osric! long ere evening fall
 “ Our vessel far from hence is borne:—
 “ I hear your brave companions call!
 “ Let me not see your laurels torn!”—

—“ Stay, Osric, stay,” the maid return'd,
 Her cheeks all pale and dim with woe;
 “ Your heart, that late with rapture burn'd,
 “ Can it so soon forget to glow?

- “ Ere yet upon my lips is cold
“ The kiss you vow’d our love to seal;
“ Ere yet the words the priest has told,
“ Have perish’d in the passing gale?
- “ The gales that waft you hence away,
“ No more shall bear the words of love;
“ And ere again a kiss you pay,
“ Cold, cold, I ween, these lips will prove.
- “ Your honour give the winds to take,
“ To me you vow’d it all was due;
“ And he, who can his love forsake,
“ Will never to his king be true.
- “ Deserted on a foreign shore,
“ Will honour heal the wounds of care?
“ Or when the battle’s wrath is o’er,
“ Will honour smooth your pillow there?
- “ Stay, Osric, stay! full sure you go
“ A double vict’ry to pursue;
“ That valour, which o’erthrows the foe,
“ Your hapless bride will conquer too.”—

—“ Tempt me no more,” brave Osric cried,
 “ Nor thus in fruitless tears repine;
 “ Ere back I turn to claim my bride,
 “ Honour and love must both be mine.

“ When Osric shuns the dangerous field,
 “ Let infants lisp of Osric’s shame;
 “ And all who can a claymore wield,
 “ Shall pluck a wreath from Osric’s fame.”—

He said, and hasted to the shore;
 Long Ella’s voice her love bewail’d;
 And when her voice was heard no more,
 Her eyes beside the vessel sail’d.

Not now the east her steps betray’d;—
 She seem’d, so strong is fancy’s sway;
 As on the western shore she stray’d,
 All nearer to her love to stray.

There oft she did her truth approve,
 Her messenger the evening breeze;
 And looking through the mist of love,
 No longer saw the pathless seas.

But when the sun in clouds had set,
 And slept beneath the western main;
 'Twas all as if her love she'd met,
 And now was forced to part again.

—“ O, cruel sun, so soon to fail,
 “ O, cruel ocean,” oft she said;
 “ Could I but o'er thy billows sail,
 “ To where yon happier sun is staid.

“ Quick beats my heart, my bosom glows,
 “ To think how smooth the night would flee;
 “ To think that when the dawn arose,
 “ I nearer, nearer, still should be.”—

Love neither fear nor reason hears:—
 The vessel parted, fair the wind:
 But thoughtless Ella views with tears
 Her country fading far behind,

What sail is this that onward hies?
 And who towards yon eastern haze
 So sternly throws his eager eyes,
 As if he kenn'd his mistress' gaze?

'Twas Osric kenn'd his mistress' land,
Her little thinking soon to see:
Her flying to the westward strand,
He hasting to the east countrée.

Ah! who could bear such matchless pain,
Who in his bosom love has found?
But who the viewless wind can chain,
Or anchor in the wave profound?

He leap'd into the foaming tide,
He sought the ridgy surge to cleave:
And once he touch'd the vessel side:
Why dash'd him back an envious wave?

Faint, and more faint, his efforts grew,
Dim, and more dim, poor Ella's eyes!
Now half he's lost, now quite to view;
She saw him sink, she heard his cries!

Death, like a whirlwind, shook her frame;
No more she heard:—but only gave
Her last farewell to Osric's name,
Her parting look to Osric's grave.

No. XIII.

MARTEL* ;

OR,

THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.

A GALLIC LEGEND.

—Gorgoneis Alecto infecta venenis
 Pertentat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem.—
 “Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores?
 “I nunc ingratis offer te, irrise, periclis!” VIRGIL.

LO! thy streams, empurpled Garrone,
 Moorish chiefs with gore distain ;
 Proud St. Bertrand's heights retreating,
 Mock the turban'd lords of Spain.

* Charles Martel, according to Mathew of Westminster, after having expelled the Saracens from France, in the eighth century, seized upon the tithes and endowments of the church, as a reward for his fellow soldiers; and, in consequence of this sacrilege, was, after his death, torn from the grave by evil spirits.—The catastrophe is entirely altered.

Who the Gallic van commanding
 Sweeps amain the swarthy foe?
 Rapid thus the whirlwind's fury
 Lays the forest's honours low.

Victory shouts his name in thunder!
 Echo wings the flying ranks:
 —“ Brave Martel!”—wild shriek the Paynim.—
 —“ Brave Martel!”—exult the Franks.

Lo! where'er his vengeful falchion,
 Charged with death, resistless falls;
 —“ Save thy son!” the Moorish warrior,
 “ Save me, Alla!”—vainly calls.

Faint retires the waning crescent,
 Quench'd by Gaul's meridian fire;—
 Thus the moon's extinguish'd glories,
 Yielding to the sun, expire.

Conquest now, with laurell'd banners,
 Treads aloft the ensanguined plain:
 Loud the trump, in exultation,
 Echoes to the shores of Seine.

Brave Martel, his country's saviour,
 Hastes her proud embrace to prove:
 What sad eye but streams with rapture?
 What sick heart but glows with love?

Hark! the bard, in warlike measure,
 Weaves for him the deathless meed;
 For that chief, inured to slaughter,
 Bosoms, yet unwounded, bleed.

Tears of anguish Afric's widows
 Shed o'er his vindictive hand;
 Tears of joy, her warrior's welcome,
 Flow through Gallia's grateful land.

Say, when hov'ring round her champion,
 Glory crowns his haughty crest,
 Swells for him the burst of triumph,
 Heaves for him the beauteous breast?

Say, ye fiends, whose power prolific
 Passion's lurking embryos wait;
 Whose dark wombs of woe engender
 Lust, ambition, avarice, hate.

Nurse the seed of young corruption,
 Fan the dormant spark of sin;
 Till each vein, which honour quicken'd,
 Feels the deadly taint within.

Till as some rock-station'd turret
 Secret saps the noxious bay *;
 Souls heroic, noblest natures,
 Eats the canker-worm away.

Say, ye fiends, what hell-born sister,
 By man's mighty tempter sent,
 'Mid the shouts and pomp of triumph,
 Whisper'd thoughts of black intent?

—“ Great Martel! shall smooth-tongued honour
 “ Sear the soldier's reeking scars?
 “ Lo! they droop, pale, wan, enfeebled,
 “ Brave associates of thy wars!

* This alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

“ What avails the blood-stain'd standard ?

“ Coward hands thy trophies wield ;

“ Lo! that arm, the crescent's terror,

“ Scarce uplifts its batter'd shield.

“ Go, great chief, return to battle!

“ Gaul shall garlands twine the while ;

“ Flowers shall strew thy path victorious,

“ Infants lisp, and women smile.

“ Oft in yon time-honour'd abbey,

“ Lap of wealth and letter'd ease ;

“ While thy sword pursues the Paynim

“ O'er the rugged Pyrenées.

“ Prayers for thee, amid their banquets,

“ Monks and blushing nuns shall pour,

“ For thy safety, late libations

“ Stain the consecrated floor.

“ Now, e'en now, their hallow'd treasures,

“ While in ritual pomp they bear,

“ Strains of heavenly gratulation

“ Soft assail the conqueror's ear.”—

Thus the fiend—her madd'ning victim
 (Sudden frenzy fired his breast),
 Waves in air his gleaming falchion,
 Shakes aloft his gory crest.

Rapine leads the lawless squadron,
 Avarice, famine, lust, excite;
 Discord at the sacred portal
 Drowns the hymn and chanted rite.

—“ Onward!” yells the infuriate hero,
 Onward rush his impious crew ;
 “ Bigot monks, ye cloister'd recreants,
 “ Yield the wealth to valour due !”—

Lo! deep dyed in Moorish carnage,
 Murder bares her redd'ning arm,
 Yokes the fiery steeds of battle,
 Snorting at the trump's alarm.

Burst the grate! in wild confusion
 Rush the mingled helm and cowl;—
 Death wide waves his sable pinions,
 Laugh the fiends, the furies howl.

Shrieks of martyr'd saints expiring,
 Swell the soldier's savage cry;
 Bleeds the cross-defended bosom,
 Sinks the heaven-directed eye.

Where the requiem breath'd dismissal
 Sweetly to the parting soul,
 Ruin rocks the crashing altars,
 Lightnings flash, and thunders roll.

Nearer now, and now advancing,
 Round the Virgin's inmost shrine;—
 Dropt the banner, hush'd the clarion,
 Dreadful pause the embattled line!

Low beneath the blessed statue
 Bends the casque, reclines the spear;
 O'er his blood-stain'd arms distreaming,
 Falls the chieftain's contrite tear.

—“ Wretch! behold yon sable warrior,
 “ Mark his tow'ring crescent nod;
 “ Proud he guards yon fretted column,
 “ Mocks the Christian and his God!

" Rise, Martel! he hurls defiance,
 " Scorns thy superstitious dread;
 " High his port, his lifted weapon
 " Waving o'er thy coward head!"—

Thus the fiend. Aroused, the hero
 Dauntless views his giant foe;—
 Such, beside the empurpled Garonne,
 Fell his conquering sword below!

Horror thrills his steel-clad bosom!
 Scarce his hands the gauntlet wield;
 Faint and nerveless sinks his sabre,
 Shiver'd on the stranger's shield.

Slow the Moor his jav'lin poising,
 Threatens close the Christian's heart;
 Pauses thus—till, change terrific!
 Death himself uplifts the dart.

Flames invest his fleshless forehead,
 Fix'd his glassy eye-balls glare;
 Vast his form in silent motion
 Rises on the viewless air.

—Deep he strikes! the soul heroic
Rush'd indignant from the wound;
Death his prey triumphant seizing,
Vanish'd through the wide-rent ground.

—Still within this ruin'd abbey,
Blood distains the unhallow'd floor;
Still, each night, the Christian warrior
Sinks beneath the shadowy Moor.

Still around these mould'ring cloisters,
Grappling with the Fiend of Hell,
'Mid the souls condemned to penance,
Groans the ghost of brave Martel.

No. XIV.

ELLEN OF EGLANTINE.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

Come cordial, and not poison! ROM. AND JULIET.

FAST fell the night's shadows, and late was the hour,
When Ellen, pale Ellen, arose,
Unheeding the wrath of the thick-driving show'r,
Alone she ascended the ivy-clad tow'r,
To tell the sad tale of her woes.

—“ Why comes not my Egbert?” distracted she cried,
“ Oh! where is his constancy flown?
“ Though threats may assail me, though parents may
chide,
“ E'er Raymond shall bear me away as his bride,
“ Grim Death shall call Ellen his own.



- “ Full well I remember, when last in my ear,
“ My love pour'd his amorous sighs :
“ Hence vain apprehension ! hence banish all fear !
“ Cheer up !” he exclaim'd, “ let me kiss off the tear,
“ That tremble-ing starts from your eyes !
- “ When my rival expects thee, exulting and vain,
“ All dress'd in your bridal array ;
“ When midnight assumes her still shadowy reign,
“ Then, then to this bosom I'll clasp thee again,
“ And bear thee from Raymond away ;
- “ But no clattering hoofs his arrival denote,
“ All's silent ! all's hush'd as the grave !
“ Save where the lone owl pours her death-boding note,
“ Or where the wind whistles across the deep moat,
“ And ruffles the ripple-ing wave !
- “ In vain my eye wanders across the dark dale,
“ No signs of my warrior I view ;
“ I see not his plume floating wide in the gale,
“ I see not the gleam of his glittering mail,—
“ He comes not ! my Egbert's untrue !”—

Ah, no! hapless Ellen, in yonder drear wood
 Your Egbert by ruffians is slain:
 For Raymond, revengeful and thirsting for blood,
 Urged on the assassins, the fast-flowing flood
 Around hath empurpled the plain!

Now midnight was past, and deep sounded the bell,
 All hope far from Ellen was flown!
 —“ He comes not!” she cried, as she shrunk at the knell,
 “ This I drink to thee, Egbert, though force may compel,
 “ This makes me for ever thy own.”—

Thus saying, while horror distorted her eyes,
 To her lips she the poison convey'd;
 She feels in her breast a chill languor arise,
 Through her veins a cold numbness, death's harbinger,
 flies,
 —“ I am free!”—she exultingly said.

She spoke, and half fainting, descended the stair,
 To meet at the altar her doom;
 All wan was her looks, and dishevell'd her hair,
 Her glimmering lamp, with a dubious glare,
 Scarce illumined the far-spreading gloom.

Now all was prepar'd, and the banquet was spread,
Faint and faltering came the sad maid:
The rose from her cheeks, worn with sorrow, had fled,
E'en Raymond stood speechless, and shudder'd with
dread,
When her care-wasted form he survey'd.

She led on to the altar, her life's ebbing tide
With throbbings tumultuous beat;
—“ I come to thee, Egbert !” exulting she cried,
“ Know, Raymond, that Ellen will ne'er be thy bride,”—
Then sank a pale corse a this feet !

No. XV.

 THE BLACK CANON OF ELMHAM* ;

OR,

SAINT EDMOND'S EVE.

AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

 —Hic Niger est! HORAT.

OH, did you observe the Black Canon pass ?

And did you observe his frown ?

He goeth to say the midnight mass

In holy St. Edmond's town.

* North-Elmham (formerly written Elmenham) was, before the conquest, the seat of a bishop, who, together with the bishop of Dunwich, in Suffolk, governed the present diocese of Norwich. It will easily be conceived that the episcopal residence was sufficiently surrounded with monasteries and nunneries to give probability to the foundation of my story; and as for the journey which the canon is obliged to take, it is no very extraordinary distance, and it certainly may be supposed that there was an excellent road between the bishop's see and the principal convent in the diocese. This Tale, if it be not given with the *spirit*, is at any rate versified with the *irregularity*, of an ancient ballad.

He goeth to sing the burial chaunt,
And to lay the wand'ring sprite,
Whose shadowy form doth restless haunt
The abbey's drear aisle this night.

It saith it will not its wailings cease
Till that holy man comes near;
Till he breathes o'er its grave the prayer of peace,
And sprinkles the hallow'd tear.

The Canon's horse is stout and strong,
The road is plain and fair;
But the Canon slowly wends along,
And his brow is gloom'd with care.

Who is it thus late at the abbey gate?
Sullen echoes the portal bell—
It sounds like the whispering voice of fate,
It sounds like a funeral knell!

The Canon his faltering knee thrice bow'd,
His body it shook with fear;
And a voice he heard cry, distinct and loud,
—"Prepare! for thy hour is near."—

He crosses his breast, he mutters a prayer,
 To Heaven he lifts his eye;
 He heeds not the abbot's gazing stare,
 Nor the monks that murmur'd by.

Bareheaded he worships the sculptur'd saints
 That frown on the sacred walls!
 His face it grows pale, he trembles, he faints,
 At the abbot's feet he falls!

And straight the father's robe he kiss'd,
 Who cried—" Grace dwells with thee!
 " The sprite will fade, like the morning mist,
 " At your Benedicite.

" Now haste within—the board is spread—
 " Keen blows the air and cold;
 " The spectre sleeps in its earthy bed
 " Till St. Edmond's eve hath toll'd.

" Yet rest your weary limbs to-night,
 " You've journey'd many a mile;
 " To-morrow lay the wailing sprite,
 " That shrieks in the moon-light aisle."—

“ Oh! faint are my limbs, and my bosom cold!
 “ Yet to-night must the sprite be laid;—
 “ Yet to-night when the hour of horror’s toll’d,
 “ Must I meet the wandering shade!

“ Nor food, nor rest, can now delay,
 “ For, hark! the echoing pile
 “ A bell loud shakes! Oh! haste away,
 “ Oh! lead to the haunted aisle.”—

The torches slowly move before,
 The cross is rear’d on high;
 A smile of peace the Canon wore,
 But horror fix’d his eye.

And now they climb the foot-worn stair,
 The chapel gates unclose;
 Now each breathed low a fervent prayer,
 And fear each bosom froze.

Now paused awhile the doubtful band,
 And view’d the solemn scene;
 Full dark the cluster’d columns stand,
 The moon gleams bright between.

—“ Say, Father, say, what cloister’s gloom
 “ Conceals the unquiet shade?
 “ Within what dark unhallow’d tomb
 “ The corse unblest’d was laid?”—

—“ Through yonder drear aisle alone it walks,
 “ And murmurs a mournful plaint;
 “ Of thee, Black Canon, it wildly talks,
 “ And calls on thy patron saint.

“ The pilgrim this night, with wondering eyes,
 “ When he prays at St. Edmond’s shrine,
 “ From a black-marble tomb hath seen it rise,
 “ And under yon arch recline.”—

—“ Oh! say, upon that black-marble tomb
 “ What memorial sad appears?”—
 —“ Undistinguish’d it lies in the chancel’s gloom,
 “ No memorial sad it bears!”

The Canon his pater-noster reads,
 His rosary hung by his side;
 Now straight to the chancel doors he leads,
 And untouch’d they open wide!

—“ Oh! enter, Black Canon!” a whisper fell,

“ Oh! enter! thy hour is come!”—

The sounds irresistless his steps impel

To approach the marble tomb.

He paused—told his beads—and the threshold pass’d—

Oh, horror! the chancel doors close;—

A loud yell was borne on the howling blast,

And a deep dying groan arose.

The monks in amazement shuddering stand,

They burst through the chancel’s gloom!

From St. Edmond’s shrine, lo! a wither’d hand,

Points to the black-marble tomb.

Lo! deeply engraved, an inscription blood-red,

In characters fresh and clear;

—“ The guilty Black Canon of Elmham’s dead!

“ And his wife lies buried here!

“ In Elmham’s tower he wedded a nun,

“ To St. Edmonds his bride he bore;

“ On this eve her noviciate was here begun,

“ And a friar’s grey weeds she wore.

“ Oh! deep was her conscience dyed with guilt,
“ Remorse she full oft reveal'd;
“ The Black Canon her blood relentless spilt,
“ And in death her lips he seal'd!

“ Her spirit to penance this night was doom'd,
“ Till the Canon atoned the deed;
“ Here together they now shall rest entomb'd,
“ Till their bodies from dust are freed!”—

Hark! a loud peal of thunder shakes the roof,
Round the altar bright lightnings play;
Speechless with horror the monks stand aloof—
And the storm dies sudden away!

The inscription was gone.—A cross on the ground
And a rosary shone through the gloom;
But never again was the Canon there found,
Nor the ghost on the black-marble tomb.

No. XVI.

THE SCULLION-SPRITE;

OR,

THE GARRET-GOBLIN.

A ST. GILES'S TALE.

*Written by a boot-catcher at "the Pig and Pepper-box," in imitation
of Mallet's William and Margaret.*

Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

SHENSTONE.

TWAS at the hour when sober cits
Their eyes in slumber close;
In bounced Bett Scullion's greasy ghost,
And pinch'd Tom Ostler's toes!

Her flesh was like a roasting pig's,
So deadly to the view!
And coal-black was her smutty hand,
That held her apron blue.

So shall the reddest chops appear,
When life's last coal expires;
Such is the garb that cooks must wear,
When death has quenched their fires.

Her face was like a raw beef-steak,
Just ready to be fried;
Carrots had budded on her cheek,
And beet-root's crimson pride.

But love had, like the fly-blow's power,
Despoiled her buxom hue;
The fading carrot left her cheek,
She died at twenty-two!

—"Awake!" she cried, "Bett Scullion bawls!
"Come from her garret high;
"Now hear the maid, for whom you scorn'd,
"A wedding-ring to buy.

“ This is the hour, when scullion ghosts

“ Their dish-clouts black resume:

“ And goblin cooks ascend the loft,

“ To haunt the faithless groom!

“ Bethink thee of thy tester broke,

“ Thy disregarded oath;

“ And give me back my mutton pies,

“ And give me back my broth,

“ How could you swear my sops were nice,

“ And yet those sops forsake?

“ How could you steal my earthen dish,

“ And dare that dish to break?

“ How could you promise lace to me,

“ And give it all to Nan?

“ How could you swear my goods were safe,

“ Yet lose my dripping pan?

“ How could you say my pouting lip,

“ With purl and hollands vies?

“ And why did I, sad silly fool,

“ Believe your cursed lies?

“ Those sops, alas! no more are nice!
 “ Those lips no longer pout!
 “ And dark and cold's the kitchen grate!
 “ And every spark is out!

“ The hungry worm my master is,
 “ His cook I now remain;
 “ Cold lasts our night, till that last morn
 “ Shall raise my crust again!

“ The kitchen clock has warn'd me hence,
 “ I've other fish to fry;
 “ Low in her grave, thou sneaking cur,
 “ Behold Bett Bouncer lie!”—

The morning smiled, the stable boys
 Their greasy night-caps doff'd;
 Tom Ostler scratch'd his aching head,
 And swearing left the loft.

He hied him to the kitchen-grate,
 But, ah! no Bett was there!
 He stretch'd him on the hearth, where erst
 Poor Betty plied her care!

And thrice he sobb'd Bett Bouncer's name,
And blew his nōse quite sore;
Then laid his cheek on the cold hob,
And horse rubb'd never more!

No. XVII.

THE TROUBADOUR;
OR,
LADY ALICE'S BOWER.
A PROVENÇAL TALE.

—Sollicitos *Galli* dicamus amores
Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevere myricæ! VIRGIL.

LADY Alice reclined in her eglantine bower,
To the Virgin addressing her hymn;
When the wind 'gan to howl, and the welkin to lour,
And the moon, through the woodbine, shone dim.

Lady Alice look'd out, and her lattice below
Espied a long funeral train;
They blacken'd the night as they pass'd sad and slow,
Wending straight to St. Agatha's fane.

- “ Oh! say on that litter what baron they bore,
 “ Whose path ye pursue through the gloom?”—
- “ No baron, fair lady, a poor troubadour,
 “ And they bear his cold corse to the tomb!
- “ Young Arnold, the pride of our holiday throng,
 “ Led the dance, and directed the game;
 “ And we loved the dear youth, tho’ we envied his song,
 “ For his friendship was sweeter than fame.
- “ His form it was perfect, his heart it was pure!
 “ But they could not a minstrel avail;
 “ And yet Beauty spread for young Arnold her lure,
 “ And Hope told a flattering tale.
- “ No longer the smile of the sweet village maid
 “ Could his eye, unimpassion’d, arrest;
 “ Nor his Theodore’s pipe, while they sang ’neath the
 shade,
 “ Sound a note that enraptured his breast.
- “ But pensive and silent beside the dark stream
 “ That encircles this eglantine bower;
 “ When yon abbey was gilded with evening’s last gleam,
 “ Oft he wander’d and wept the sad hour.

- “ Alas! silly swains, we unwittingly thought
 “ To the convent our minstrel was hied;
 “ Three nights at the grate for young Arnold we
 sought—
 “ While alone Arnold languish'd and died.
- “ And now in those cloisters, where erst with delight
 “ On his harp hung the listening fair,
 “ Each nun for her bard shall renew the sad rite,
 “ And repeat for his soul the fond prayer.
- “ O woe to the fair-one, whose barbarous scorn
 “ Nipt the blossom and hope of the vale!
 “ Her peace shall the plaint of Theresa forlorn,
 “ Ah! no longer a sister, assail.
- “ How changed is that cheek, how dejected that brow!
 “ How o'er-cast each ethereal smile;
 “ Hapless maid, in the cottage you caroll'd—but now
 “ Shall lament in the convent's lone aisle.
- “ Those rites, which to dust thy loved brother resign,
 “ Shall Theresa, yet living, entomb;
 “ While the shroud and the veil in sad union combine
 “ The surviving and dead in one doom.

- “ Yet thy brother, too constant, forgiveness bequeath'd,
 “ And with love seem'd unwilling to part;
 “ When he sigh'd his last sigh, and his last sorrow
 breathed,
 “ No resentment empoison'd his heart.
- “ — ‘ And should e'er,’ in faint accents, expiring he said,
 “ ‘ Yet relent the dear cause of my woe;
 “ ‘ Should her voice on the convent where Arnold is laid
 “ ‘ One expression of pity bestow;
- “ ‘ Should her eyes when she passes, if ever she pass,
 “ ‘ Where no stone shall distinguish my bier;
 “ ‘ Where waves the wild thistle, and bends the rank grass,
 “ ‘ Cloud their heavenly blue with a tear;
- “ ‘ O, tell her the picture her passion once gave,
 “ ‘ Too presumptuous Arnold restores;
 “ ‘ That no pang may imbitter, when rais'd from the grave,
 “ ‘ His re-union with her he adores.
- “ ‘ That on earth if again, like affection and truth
 “ ‘ Can the heart, he once occupied, move,
 “ ‘ It may hang round the neck of some happier youth,
 “ ‘ And recall Lady Alice's love!’ ” —

Slow proceeded the mourners—with wild frantic air

Lady Alice swift follow'd the bier;

—“ O restore the false image, too fatally fair,

“ And behold its original here!

“ My cold bosom relents, and the voice of disdain

“ Would each accent unfeeling recall;

“ See from these faithless eyes, once insultingly vain,

“ The big tear of sincerity fall!

“ And couldst thou forgive me, sweet youth, on thy tomb,

“ Should I one glance of pity bestow?

“ O, for ever my sorrow shall sound through the gloom,

“ And the torrent of bitterness flow!

“ Each night, when religion and innocence sleep,

“ When faint glimmers the pilgrim's pale lamp,

“ O'er thy grave wretched Alice shall watch and shall

weep

“ In the sepulchre's death-breathing damp.

“ Farewel, life's allurements, though transient yet bright!

“ Unregretted by sorrow and me!

“ The world fades deceitful, on vanity's sight,

“ And I pant from its chains to be free.

" With thee, sweet Theresa, with thee, if thine eyes
 " Can the murd'ress of Arnold behold,
 " I'll resign all but grief, and re-echo thy sighs,
 " And in thee thy lost brother enfold.

" Oh! give me that heart, that affection he gave!
 " You shall Arnold to Alice restore;
 " And no pang shall imbitter, when rais'd from the grave,
 " My re-union with him I adore."—

O, why should yon cloisters, at solemn midnight,
 Those pale pensive wanderers haunt?
 Round the newly-dug grave why returns the lamp's light,
 And still echoes the funeral chaunt?

Sympathetic in friendship and woe, the fond pair
 Pleasure's scenes unreluctantly spurn;
 Their one sad enjoyment, their one sweetest care,
 To bedeck with fresh flowers Arnold's urn.

And now, when religion and time's lenient balm
 The wound, though unheal'd, gently close;
 When subsides frantic grief in a soul-soothing calm,
 Say, must conscience still fly from repose?

Oh! why in the requiem breathes a wild lay,
Undeserved by an alien's corse?
Those sighs, recollection still poignant betray,
That agony—sleepless remorse.

No. XVIII.

THE SPRITE OF THE GLEN.

A SWEDISH ROMANCE.

Stat vetus et multos incædua sylva per annos,
Credibile est illi Numen inesse loco! OVID.

THE clock it struck twelve, clear and calm was the
 night,
 Bright beam'd from the heavens the moon's paly light;
 No sentinel watch'd on steep Karlofelt's wall,
 Scarce a breath shook the banners that waved in the
 hall,
 While through the wide courts silent echo reposed,
 And in sleep every eye in the castle was closed.

All, all but poor Bertha's! there tears flow'd amain,
 And hope in her breast held its wavering reign;
 Full sore she lamented her lover's delay,
 'Twas the hour when he promised to bear her away;
 Her eyes o'er the mountains she wistfully cast,
 And her heart quicker throb'd at each sigh of the
 blast.

—“Haste! haste! my Geraldus, time urges,” she said,
 “’Twill be dawn-light ere far we’ve from Karlofelt fled;
 “O'er the mountains of Sevo fast prick on your steed,
 “Let the impulse of love give new wings to your speed;
 “Haste, haste, to your Bertha, and hush her alarms,
 “For no danger she'll fear when she's lock'd in your
 arms!”—

She spake; when her lamp's trembling glimmer display'd

Full many a form on the arras portray'd;
 Gloomy thoughts on her ill-boding fancy arose,
 When her eyes met the stories of true lovers' woes;
 When depicted she saw, in his wide-yawning den,
The blaster of love, the grim Sprite of the Glen!

—“ Great God!” she exclaimed, “ Oh! preserve me
 this night,
 “ From the deep-lurking snares of this mischievous
 sprite,
 “ For tradition declares, that when young he oft tried,
 “ From the damsels of Sevo, to bring home a bride;
 “ But refused, he revengeful now strives by his charms *
 “ To tear the fond maid from her true lover’s arms.”—

As she gazed on the picture, all sad and dismay’d,
 His dark-scowling visage new terrors array’d;
 She saw in the face indignation arise,
 And the fire of revenge brightly flash’d in his eyes;
 No longer the moon on the battlements beam’d,
 And the owl, at her window, ill-ominous scream’d!

Bewilder’d by fancy, and conquer’d by dread,
 The terror-struck maiden now sunk on her bed;
 O’er her woe-begone bosom, while fear held its sway,
 She sigh’d a sad sigh, and then motionless lay;
 Nor again with new life did her languid pulse move
 E’er she heard, in low whispers, the voice of her love.

* Magic-spells.

—“ Descend now, my Bertha, and banish affright,
 “ The winds they all sleep, and the moon-beams shine
 bright,
 “ My courser awaits thee, sweet Bertha,” he said,
 “ Ere dawn we shall far have from Karlofelt fled.”—
 Quick Bertha descended, and hush’d her alarms,
 For no danger she fear’d when fast lock’d in his arms.

To his bosom he press’d her, so white and so wan,
 And kiss’d off the tears that slow trickle-ing ran;
 To his bosom he press’d her, and oft as she sigh’d,
 Her fears he’d in accents of tenderness chide.
 Full quickly they sped o’er the reed-skirted fen,
 And enter’d the shades of Duvranno’s dark glen!

On each side of the dell a rude precipice frown’d,
 Whose craggs were with deep-tangled thickets em-
 brown’d;
 O’er the dale a chill horror the pine-branches shed,
 Night blacken’d the steep, all was darkness and dread!
 Oft was heard from its eyrie the hawk’s piercing scream,
 While o’er the loose pebbles hoarse-babbled the stream.

This prospect so frightful poor Bertha alarm’d,
 And fear froze the bosom which love lately warm’d;

—“ Oh, stop thee, my true-love! my spirits now fail,
 “ Must we pass through the shades of Duvranno’s dark
 dale?”—

—“ Oh! hush thee, sweet-heart, nor thus shrink with
 dismay,
 “ In this glen waits my courser to bear thee away.”—

Now onward they hasten’d, all drear was the view,
 To their nests sped the night-birds, and croak’d as they
 flew;

—“ See, my love,” said the *knight*, “ near yon far-
 spreading pine,

“ My courser awaits thee, now Bertha is mine!”—

—“ Yes, I’m thine!” cried the maiden, “ with you will
 I flee,

“ For Bertha’s fond bosom beats only for thee!”—

—“ Then perish, thou false one! let death be thy
 doom!”—

Cried a *youth*, as he sprang from a thicket’s dark gloom;
 “ This drinks thy life-blood!”—with a shriek fell the
 maid,

As deep in her bosom he struck the cold blade!

But, O God! what a pang rent her breast when she
found,

'Twas the steel of Geraldus inflicted the wound!

—“ Nor,” frantic, he cried, “ is my vengeance com-
plete,

“ Till thou too, cursed rival, shall bleed at my feet!”—

His sword then he brandish'd and rush'd on his foe,

In vain on the helmet resounded the blow,

When again did he eager the breast-plate assail,

His steel shiver'd short on the well-twisted mail!

But how started Geraldus with fear and affright,

When sudden the armour fell off from the *knight!*

On the ground rung his hauberk, his vizor unclosed,

And a face fraught with grim exultation exposed;

A shriek from poor Bertha her horror express'd,

For before her the Sprite of the Glen stood confess'd!

On his form so gigantic, all reeking with gore,

A rough shaggy mantle of bear-skin he wore,

Malignity scowl'd in his features so ghast,

His broad sable pinions he waved in the blast:

—“ Mine’s the conquest!” he cried, “ for my spells and
 my charms,
 “ Have torn a fond maid from her true-lover’s arms!”—

—“ Look up,” cried Geraldus, “ look up my pale love,
 “ For us this deep snare hath the wily fiend wove!
 “ He prompted the blow, yet forgive me, sweet heart,
 “ O! my Bertha, one look ere for ever we part!”—
 Poor Bertha look’d up, and full sadly she sigh’d,
 Gave a smile of forgiveness, faint murmur’d, and died.

—“ Stop, my love,” he exclaim’d, “ for together we’ll
 flee,
 “ And the grave, the cold grave, shall our bridal-bed
 be;”—

Thrice in agony speechless he gazed on her form,
 Thrice he kiss’d her pale lips that with life still were
 warm,
 Thrice he plunged in his bosom the blade wet with gore,
 Then clasp’d his poor Bertha, to clasp her no more.

Like the crash of an earthquake the fiend’s hideous yell
 Fill’d each wood and each vale as the true lovers fell;

The forest-clad mountains, convulsed at the sound,
Shook the pines from their summits, and hurled them
around;

Each cavern's dark spirit, aroused by the cry,
Burst forth in a hollow-toned echo of joy!

Oft the fond wakeful maid wets her pillow with tears,
When at midnight these heart-freezing murmurs she
hears;

Full oft too, at eve, when she bids him "farewel,"
Her soul's horror and dread to her lover she'll tell,
Who will spur on his steed o'er the rush-cover'd fen,
Lest he meet, in the twilight, the *Sprite of the Glen!*

No. XIX.

THE HOUSE UPON THE HEATH*.

A WELCH TALE.

Triste jacet salebris, evitandumque Bidental. PERSIUS.

THE midnight bell had toll'd, and all was still;
 Fast fell the snow on Radnor's cloud-capt hill;
 The moon's unshadow'd orb reflected round,
 Play'd o'er the roofs, and glisten'd on the ground;

* This story is founded on a fact, which happened at the beginning of the last century, in the neighbourhood of a market-town in the west of England; the real narrative involved the horror of incest, which the author, for many reasons, rejected; indeed, as it is, he has found his principal difficulty in composing those parts where the description must be *intelligible* without being too *minute*.

Up the rude rock, where Glendower's fort once stood,
 Hung with the horrors of its ancient wood,
 Lo! anxious bending o'er his jaded steed,
 A breathless horseman hastes with eager speed.
 Loud ring the stones beneath his courser's feet,
 And echo dies along the distant street;
 And with a deep and hollow-murmuring groan,
 The sighing gale sad whispers through the town.

Hark! at yon humble door, where deep repose
 Relieves from care the friend of woman's woes,
 A sudden silence marks the stranger staid;
 Then thus his hurried voice invokes her aid:
 —“ Arise! for pity's sake, kind Leech, arise!
 “ In childbed's pangs a wretched female dies!
 “ Oh, here is gold, and here's a courser fast,
 “ Oh, haste! or life's swift-waning hour is past!”—
 Prompt at the call of woe the Leech arose,
 Faint creaks the stair, the lowly doors unclose,
 When, his dark shadow lengthening on the night,
 A muffled stranger met her wond'ring sight;
 Black was his garb, a mask his face conceal'd,
 His mien, his gestures, dignity reveal'd.

Silent he stood, and more than human seem'd,
As on his scowling eye the full-moon beam'd.
Starting the Leech awaits his stern command;
Slow to the courser points his waving hand.—
Dismay'd she shrinks—her arm the stranger grasps,
Mounts the proud steed, and firm her body clasps.
She shrieks! but lo, a dagger at her breast
Instant the struggling sounds of fear repress'd.
Around her eyes his murky vest he throws,
And spurs impetuous o'er the scatter'd snows;
Loud ring the stones beneath his courser's feet,
And echo dies along the distant street.

Now, downward shooting to the rock's deep base,
Headlong descends the steed's unbridled pace,
His thundering hoofs the craggy passage spurn,
Behind, a fainter sound, the woods return;
And now, unbroken by o'ershadowing trees,
Full o'er the wild moor bursts the eddy breeze.
Now swifter still, and swifter as they speed,
The vales afar, and lessening hills recede;
Up the rough steep the panting courser strains,
Or bounds resistless o'er the level plains.

Long through the lonely night's unvarying hours
 The fields he crosses, and the forest scours;
 No voice, no sound, his silent course arrests,
 Save where the screech-owls hover round their nests;
 Or to their shrouds, from pain and penance borne,
 Returning spirits speak the rising morn;
 Droop as they pass, and with prophetic groan,
 Bewail impending sorrows not their own.

Keen blows the gale, a barren heath they cross,
 Light flies the courser o'er the yielding moss;
 Round the bleak wold he winds his circling way,
 Snuffs the fresh breeze, and vents the joyful neigh;
 Deep sink his steps amid the waste of snows,
 And slackening speed proclaims the journey's close.
 They stop—the stranger lifts his sable hood—
 Fast by the moor a lonely mansion stood!
 Cheerless it stood! a melancholy shade
 Its mouldering front, and rifted walls array'd;
 Barr'd were the gates, the shatter'd casements closed,
 And brooding horror on its site reposed;
 No tree o'erhung the uncultivated ground,
 No trace of labour, nor of life around.

Appall'd the Leech surveys the solemn scene,
But watches chief her guide's mysterious mien.—
He with fierce stride, and stern expressive look,
Where shelving walls conceal'd a gloomy nook,
Drags her reluctant.—There with anxious eyes,
'Mid the rank grass an iron grate she spies ;
The jarring hinges with harsh sound unclose,
A broken stair the feeble twilight shows ;
Cautious the stranger climbs the rough ascent,
No lamp its hospitable guidance lent ;
Speechless he leads through chambers dark and drear—
When a deep dying *groan* appalls the ear !
Now with increasing haste he hurries on,
Where, through a rent, the sickly moon-beams shone.—
The light directs—his trembling hands explore,
Sunk in the pannell'd wall, a secret door.—
—“ Within this sad retreat,” he faltering said,
“ A hapless female asks thy instant aid.”—
Aloof he stands.—The door with thundering sound
Enclosed the Leech ;—loud rings the roof around,
The tatter'd arras o'er the wainscot falls,
And lengthening echoes shake the dreary walls.

Now breathless silence reigns the mansion o'er,
Save where a faint step treads the distant floor—
Anon it pauses—ceas'd the short delay,
It slowly stalks with measured pace away;
Anon, affrighted by the whispering blast,
Starts, as in doubt, irregularly fast;
And now, as listening, or in thoughtful mood,
Lo! near the secret door the stranger stood.
His eye distracted rolls, his threat'ning brow,
Through bristled hair, he knits, and mutters low;
Lifts his clench'd hands, a groan of death within
Impatient hears, and frantic rushes in.

Round a vast room with blackest arras hung,
Its blood-red hues a flaming furnace flung;
Full in the midst it casts a deadly glare,
And heats with sulphurous clouds the tainted air;
O'er the arch'd ceiling plays the quivering light,
And brings by turns each dark recess to sight;
Here the approaching stranger's figure shows,
And tints of horror o'er his visage throws;
Here, on an humble couch, by grief bow'd down,
The lovely mansion of a spirit flown!

A female form with yet unalter'd charms,
 A child embracing in its senseless arms.
 The mother's blessing, with life's latest breath
 Arrested on her lips, still smiles in death ;
 The unconscious infant on her bosom lies,
 Pleased, and forgetful of its plaintive cries.

Oh! could a brother unsubdued behold
 The lifeless parent thus her child enfold;
 Shed, as he calmly gazed, no pitying tear,
 With steady foot, with brow serene, draw near?
 No—when extended in death's cold embrace,
 That beauteous form he sees, that heavenly face,
 Affection rushes on his downcast eye,
 And yielding nature owns the powerful tie.

—“ Condemn'd,” he cried, “ untimely to the tomb,
 “ Disgrace, my sister, antedates thy doom!
 “ Yet had thy life, unseen, ignobly flown,
 “ Screen'd from the world, to virtuous scorn unknown,
 “ Though indignation wept thy wounded fame,
 “ Though ting'd thy brother's glowing cheek with
 shame,
 “ Conceal'd dishonour had relieved my pain,
 “ And this stern breast return'd thy love again,

“ Hid in this lone retreat, from censure’s eye,
 “ I deem’d the hour of shame would quickly fly;
 “ But vain the hope!—what words my rage can tell,
 “ E’en wrath still mingles with my last farewell;
 “ Before my eye the guilty visions roll,
 “ New thirst of vengeance fires my angry soul.

“ But thou, lost wretch, ere this dark scene’s reveal’d,
 “ Thy lips in endless silence shall be seal’d!
 “ The means of vengeance has thy aid supplied,
 “ Go! and the punishment of guilt divide!”—
 His murderous dagger strikes the Leech’s breast,
 Groaning she sinks to everlasting rest.

—“ And thee! foul offspring of a stol’n embrace,
 “ The hateful image of thy father’s face,
 “ Accursed remembrance of my injured pride,
 “ Of a false sister to my foe allied;
 “ Thee, ling’ring pangs, protracted tortures wait,
 “ The parents’ crimes their child shall expiate.
 “ This arm, to avenge a sister’s virgin bed,
 “ The guilty blood of her defiler shed;
 “ Insulting union with my deadliest foe,
 “ How ill atoned by *one* vindictive blow!

“ Yes, should in thee a trace of shame remain,
 “ My tarnish'd honour still betrays a stain;
 “ Love, yet unchanged, forbade a sister's death,
 “ But hate, unceasing, claims thy forfeit breath.”—

Furious the infant from the couch he tears,
 Fierce, to the flames, its writhing body bears;
 Aloft his arm with sway resistless whirls,
 Then headlong down its trembling burthen hurls.
 As round the child the fiery circle creeps,
 Lo! from the midst, untouch'd, unhurt, it leaps!
 Nerved with unnatural strength, by heavenly aid,
 Its suppliant hands upraised for mercy pray'd.

Aghast the villain stands in dumb amaze—
 The aspiring flames in troubled volumes blaze;
 Speechless he paused.—Wild frenzy fires his soul,
 And bursting passions in confusion roll;
 The child again he grasps.—Beneath his hand
 In pointed spires, the flames uprising stand,
 Back they recoil, nor dare their victim meet,
 The furnace blackens with extinguish'd heat!

Swift, from the yawning depth of smother'd fire,
 A sulphurous stench exhales, and clouds aspire;

All ghastly pale, a form terrific stood,
Its side deep gaping, and distain'd with blood;
Full on the stranger's face its hollow eye
Intent it hurls, and pours a piteous cry;
Entwines its icy arms his limbs around,
Yells a loud yell, and cleaves the rending ground.

As through the black abyss the murderer falls,
Faint streaks of glory gild the mouldering walls,
Till, lo! enveloped in a flood of light,
Descends a seraph form, confess'd to sight.
A radiant shroud around the spirit floats,
Above, a requiem breathes aerial notes,
When with a mother's fond encircling arms,
Sweetly it soothes the dying child's alarms;
And, as triumphant swells the angelic strain,
The soul untainted wafts to heaven again.

Far as they soar, removed from mortal eyes,
Lo! angry lightnings fire the troubled skies;
The sun, obscured, draws back his rising ray,
And vollied thunders usher in the day.
The storm is o'er—with still unruffled breath,
The breeze of morning fans the desert heath;

Struck by the bolt of Heaven, in heaps around,
A prostrate ruin strews the blasted ground!—
Here wandering shades the spell-bound circle tread,
And midnight magic wakes the restless dead.
The yawning earth pours forth a stream of blood,
And groans re-echo, where the mansion stood.
Pale at the sound, with oft reverted eyes,
Far, far aloof, the starting traveller flies.

No. XX.

THE MUD-KING*;

OR,

SMEDLEY'S GHOST.

A TALE OF THE TIMES †.

*Written in imitation of "The Fisherman ‡," by Lutetia,
the Younger; with Notes and Illustrations by
Philopelus Pangloss.*

— Depunge ubi sistam
Inventus, Chryssippe, tui finitor Acervi.

Huic Deus ipse loci, fluvio *Thamesinus* amœno,
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus. Eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu.
Carbasus, et crines umbrosa tegebat arundo. VIRGIL.

* The Author humbly hopes that those of his readers whom he has failed to convince by his Introductory Defence, will at least be contented with the opinions held forth in this Tale by the enraged Smedley. It of course is unnecessary to mention, that Smedley is one of those hapless bards whose fates and fortunes are celebrated in the *Dunciad*.

† Quere, Thames? Gilbt. W—ke—d. Sylv. Crit.

‡ Vide *Tales of Wonder*, Vol. I. p. 79.

WHERE rolls Fleet-ditch its sable flood *

A moon-struck bard sat nigh;
Shiv'ring he sat, and view'd the mud
With contemplative eye.

When, such as once † the lake below
He plunged for ever lost,
Behold! majestically slow,
Rose Smedley's injured ghost.

Around his brows the dripping ooze
In blackest fillets hung;
He gladly kenn'd his brother ‡ muse,
And thus he ' said or sung.'

—“ Oh! why long-visaged, languid, lean,
“ Droops Britain's laureat son!
“ Can fancy fire that haggard mien
“ Or by that face be won § ?

* ————— Quæ maxîma sacro
Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca Mephitim.

† Acis erat. Sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis in amuem
Versus—

‡ Et sexus paritèr decet! Polydamus is always united with the
Troïades.—And what have we now but master-misses?

§ O qualis facies!—but—non formosus erat, sed erat facundus
Ulysses, &c.

“ Ah! knew'st thou in the happier days
 “ How smooth the way to fame*;
 “ That now e'en D—r—n † wears the bays,
 “ E'en Kn—t acquires a *name* ‡:

“ Thyself would leave the hackney'd themes
 “ That Pope, that Dryden tired;
 “ Thyself indulge in German dreams,
 “ By great Goëthe inspired.

“ Love's not invention, ever young,
 “ The Weser's golden strand?
 “ Has not the harp wild genius strung
 “ In Schiller's magic hand?

“ Tempts not thy rival native choir
 “ The sons of *simple* song?
 “ Tempts not thy own unborrow'd lyre
 “ That floats these shores § along?

* ——— Juvat ire jugis, qua *nulla priorum*
 Castaliam *molli divertitur* orbita clivo.
 † ——— Hortorum decus et tutela—Dr. D——, will close the line
 —Nulli fas casto.
 ‡ Pan etiam, &c. &c.
 § Quere, sewers? R. P—rs—n, edit. expurgat. amidst the Thus and
 Odores of the town.—Medio dum labitur amne *flebile* nescio quid que-
 ritur lyra.

“ Oh! swell the muse-rid minstrel tribe
 “ With sense unfetter'd line!
 “ Let Percy's * praise thy ballads bribe,
 “ And be his honours thine.

“ Beneath these soft meand'ring waves,
 “ Once dullness reign'd alone;
 “ But now romance united raves,
 “ And shares her sister's throne †.

“ Oh! come with foreign fable fraught,
 “ And weave the Runic rhyme!
 “ Drink, as I drank, the syren draught
 “ In Thames' congenial slime.

“ Though first the nymph thou hast not led
 “ From Danube's parent shore;
 “ Still mayst thou to the tuneful dead
 “ Add one dull Briton more.

* ——— Neque ego illi detrahere ausim
 Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

† Ambæ se in fœdera mittunt.

“ There Blackmore rests, there Eusden sleeps—

“ Serene Arcadian pair*!

“ There the slow stream in silence creeps

“ O'er Cibber's laureat chair †.

“ There, who now waste the midnight oil,

“ Shall once forgotten lie!

“ There I could prophesy whose toil— ‡

“ But close the prescient eye.

“ Leap boldly in! who best can dash

“ In wire-wove vellum dress;

“ For him Pactolus rolls in cash §

“ From Lane's Minerva-press.

* ———Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos, latices et longa oblivia potant—
Concordes animæ nunc et dum nocte premuntur.

† — Sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus! *monet ille* miserrimus omnes
Phyllidas, Hypsipilas, Vatum et plorabile si quid.

‡ —Heu miserande *Puer!* &c. &c. &c.
Tu Fatum ne quære tuum cognoscere, Parcæ,
Me reticente, dabunt.

This is a melancholy presage. But, alas! we still see upon the brink
of Lethe—*Infantum flentes animas, &c. &c.*

§ Liquidus fortunæ rivus inaurat.

“ A maze of milk-white margin waits
 “ Thy rivulet of text*;
 “ Designs, vignettes, subscriptions, plates,
 “ Shall crown thy page the next.

“ Oh! come, e'en now the impatient bands
 “ With shouts the billows rend;
 “ Their nodding locks, their lifted hands
 “ Invite thee to descend.”—

Fleet-ditch ran smooth, Fleet-ditch ran rough,
 The listening bard sat near;
 Quoth he—“ I've heard advice enough,
 “ And what can poets fear †?”—

He said, and leapt! With buoyant arms
 The mud-nymphs broke his fall ‡;

* *Fons sonat in medio, tenui perlucidus undâ,
 Margine lacteolo patulos incinctus hiatus.*

† *Inter Delphinas Arion—quem Numina nunquam
 Destituunt!—*

‡ —*Prolapsus levitèr facili traxere liquori—
 ————— circumstetit unda
 Accepitque sinu vasto, misitque sub amnem.*

He revell'd in their jetty charms*,
Nor envied Odin's hall †.

What though Valhalla's beer and mead
Inspire both gods and men ‡ ?
Romance enchants his spell-bound head,
And dullness guides his pen.

They drink in skulls of warriors slain
A liquor sweet and strong;
He quaffs from Dutch or German brain
The stream of sluggish song §.

* Est etiam fusco grata colore Venus—Et nigrae
Violæ sunt, &c.

† ——— caret invidendâ

Sobrius aulâ.

Surely when we consider the intoxication of the modern muse, "the
"reeling goddess with the zoneless waist," we shall doubt the truth
of

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.——

‡ ——— hominum divâque voluptas—Quos inter, &c. &c.

§ Ille impiger haurit, &c. &c.

———*Incredibili levitate*, ita ut oculis, in *utram partem* fluat, ju-
dicari non possit. See *Progress of Civil Society*, and other *reams* of
verse, which, though they are not brought *into light* by Orpheus, seem,
like Euridice,

—Jam luce sub ipsa retro sublapsa referri.

Round Odin's hall his eagle flies
 The dread of flesh and fowl* ;
 Round dullness' ditch, with nightly cries,
 Her emblematic owl.

Hark! loud she shrieks †! responsive notes
 From madd'ning minstrels rise;
 And on the wave, as faint it floats,
 Each Tale of Terror dies.

* —cui Rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
 Permisit.

† Tunc vox, *Lethæos* cunctis pollutior herbis
Excantare deos, confudit murmura *Vatum*
 Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia linguæ,
 Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur.

No. XXI,

THE ABBOT OF LEISTON*.

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

Omne sacrum rapiente dextrâ.—HOR.

“ OH, brother! receive the farewell of that throng,
 “ Which with thee so oft to the altar has trod!
 “ And may Heaven for peace and retirement prolong
 “ A life so devoted to virtue and God!

“ Though now as a hermit you seek to conceal
 “ That head which the cowl of an Abbot has worn,
 “ Yet ne'er shall oblivion our gratitude steal
 “ From one, who such power so humbly has borne.

* Leiston Abbey is a beautiful ruin near the coast of Suffolk; on the neighbouring beach are still visible the remains of a chapel, supposed to have belonged formerly to a hermitage.

“ Then, brother ! receive the farewell of that throng,
 “ Which with thee so oft to the altar has trod !
 “ And may Heaven for peace and retirement prolong
 “ A life so devoted to virtue and God.

Such, such are the sounds, which the breath of the morn
 Has wafted from Leiston's high-turreted gate ;
 Oh, list ! 'tis the chant of the monks that is borne—
 —“ Farewell to the Hermit, our Abbot so late !”

—“ Now cease ye, my brethren, now cease, I beseech,
 “ Nor disturb with your praises humility's hour !
 “ I leave for the hermitage cell on the beach
 “ The pride, and the pomp, and the splendour of
 pow'r !”

Oh ! mark ye his visage—now would ye not swear
 That Humility's self sat enshrin'd as ye view ?
 Oh ! mark ye how meekly he whispers a pray'r,
 As the friars chant forth the responsive adieu.

The monks have retir'd, and the portals are clos'd !
 —“ And now, Rosophia, thy charms shall be mine !
 “ For thee and for gold was each penance impos'd,
 “ For thee and for gold did I bow to each shrine !

" Imposture, I thank thee!—You dupes then believ'd
 " That for God and the Virgin this abbey I trod!
 " For God and the Virgin? they were not deceiv'd,
 " For the maid was my virgin and gold was my God!

" When the greybeard refus'd to consent to the love
 " Of one who was burden'd with poverty's chain,
 " I withdrew to these cloisters; three years have I strove,
 " And at length have succeeded this treasure to gain.

" This casket, which now from the convent I bear,
 " Contains ev'ry off'ring the pious have paid;
 " When old Tibalt has seen it he'll list to my pray'r,
 " And yield to my wishes the struggle-ing maid.

" Adieu, then, old Leiston! Thanks, thanks for your aid!
 " Thanks, thanks for the treasure, from thee which
 I drew!

" Adieu, as I hasten to joy and the maid,
 " To thee and thy patron, St. Francis, adieu!"

Still speaking he hastens, no sigh will he breathe,
 No tear of compunction o'er Leiston he'll shed,
 When high on the ridge of dark Dunwich's heath
 He throws a last gaze on her pinnacled head.

Still onward he presses ; each passion is rous'd,
 Love, hope, fear and av'rice, his footsteps impel ;
 And ere the dim prospect in twilight has clos'd,
 He is far from the sound of the old vesper-bell.

Suspicion awakens ; in vain for their store
 The monks through each nook of the sacristy seek !
 For where are the alms to dispense 'mid the poor ?
 And where are the jewels our Lady to deck ?

Now, now then the cloud of deceit is no more,
 The gauze of delusion indignant they tear !
 And now with what speed do they fly to the shore,
 And search all the cell—but no Kenric is there !

For Kenric afar, in the banqueting hall,
 Repeats to Sir Tibalt the claims of his love ;
 And hopes, as he leads the poor maid through the hall,
 By the blaze of his treasure her passion to move.

But in vain is his gold, and in vain is his pray'r!—
 —“ Oh, Tibalt,” he cries, “ she will never be mine!”—
 —“ Oh, cheer thee, Sir Henric, now do not despair ;
 “ To-morrow my daughter, perforce, shall be thine.”

The morrow was come, and the tremble-ing maid
 Was dragg'd to the altar, the rite had begun,—
 When sudden a light 'round the revellers play'd,
 A blaze, but it was not the blaze of the sun.

And, oh! 'tis St. Francis's radiant form,
 Which high o'er the altar, suspended in air,
 Addresses the Abbot, who, trembling and warm,
 'Twixt fear and contrition half mutters a pray'r!

“Thou wretch,” quoth the figure, “my vengeance be-
 ware!

“St. Francis's vengeance thou quickly shalt prove!

“Oh, did you not vow to relinquish for pray'r

“The world and the pleasures of wedlock and love?

“Yet now, so forgetful of Leiston and me,

“At the shrine of forbidden enjoyment you bow!

“Shall crime heap'd on crime pass unpunish'd and free?

“Remember the plunder, remember thy vow!”

While still spoke the saint, hot and fiery burn'd

The casket which still round the Abbot was slung!

Still, still it increas'd! and wherever he turn'd,

A heavy, still heavier burden it hung!

And now while the guests rush'd in fear from the gate,
And while pale Rosophia all motionless fell,
Earth open'd! and Kenric, borne down by the weight,
Sank heavy and hot to the tortures of hell!

And still ev'ry peasant of Leiston can teach
How lights often flit on the wings of the gale!
And the lover, while passing the cell on the beach,
Will explain to some new Rosophia the tale.





