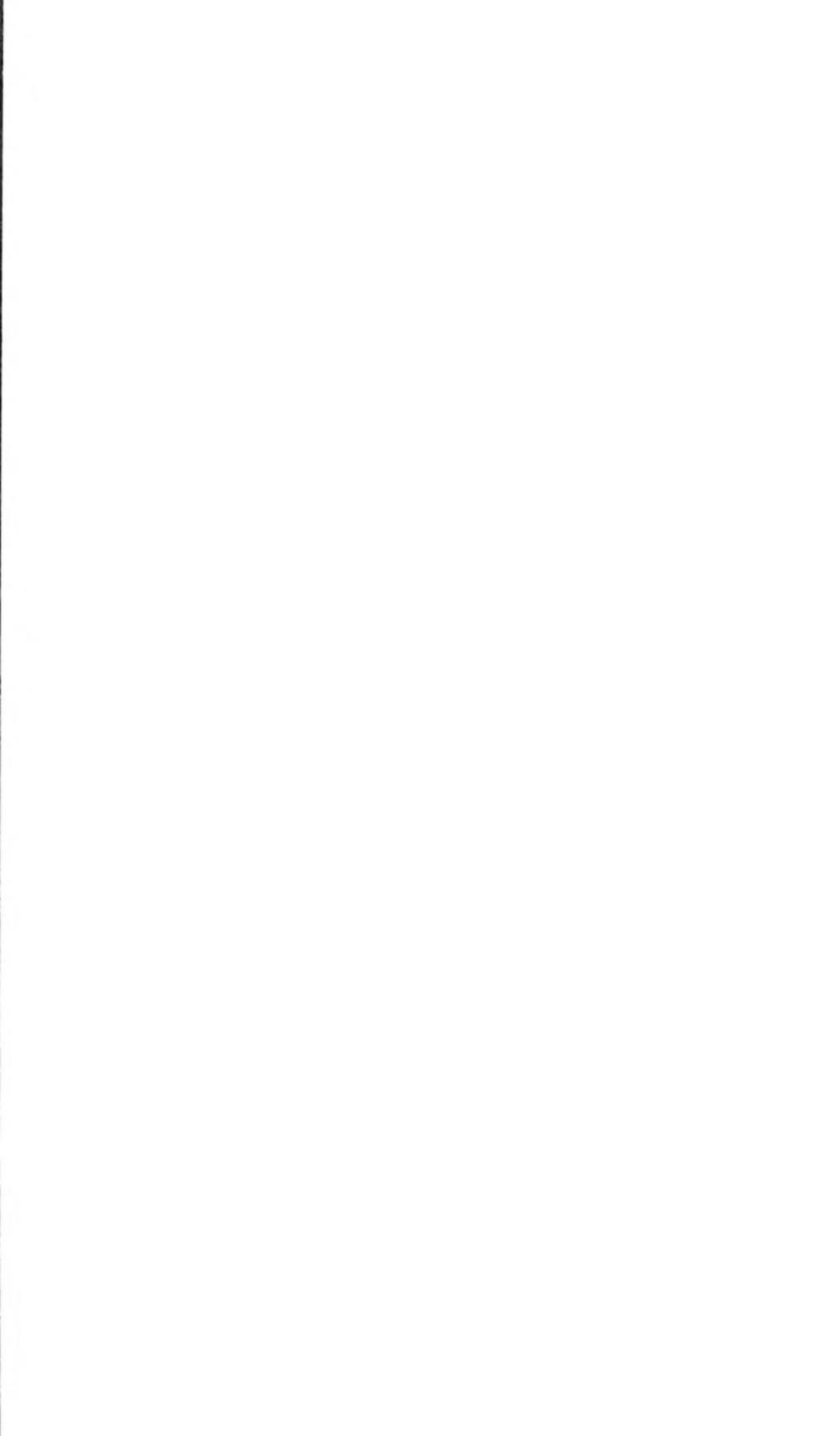


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P O E M S .



P O E M S .

BY

WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.

L O N D O N :

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS.

MDCCCXL.

RICHARD AND CHARLES NICHOLS, TYTOGRAPHERS,
WAKEFIELD.

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THESE EARLIEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE AUTHOR'S MUSE,

ARE DEDICATED

TO HIS MOTHER,

AS A TOKEN OF FILIAL LOVE AND REGARD.

852867



P R E F A C E .

P R E F A C E .

It is with no small feeling of diffidence, that the Author attaches his name to these poems.

He is fully aware of their manifold defects in point of execution, which he has neither the leisure, nor the devotion to overcome.

The classic severity of style—the elegant and polished diction, which characterise the productions of the earlier and later poets, are accomplishments of which he is totally destitute—accomplishments, which can only be acquired by an indefatigable assiduity, demanding far more attention and study, than the Author is either able

or willing to devote, in order to ensure their possession. Let the critic, then, pause before he places pen to paper, and let him remember, that the Author can boast no proficiency in any one branch of the art, but on the contrary, it has ever been his unhappy predicament, to find that his most trivial and worthless thoughts—ideas—and sentiments, were the most readily translated into appropriate language, whilst those which promised to be of a somewhat higher grade and character, were either most imperfectly conveyed in language, or altogether beyond his feeble powers of expression.

If, however, in these crude and juvenile productions, he should have succeeded in giving any satisfaction to the lover of Nature or the lover of Virtue;—if he should have awakened in one youthful mind, sentiments which may tend to happiness,—and stimulate to the exercise of the higher faculties, and nobler parts of our being;—if he should have done anything to exhibit the wonderful workings of an all-wise—and all-merciful Creator, whe-

ther in the universe at large, or in his creature man;— if he should have prevailed on one single member of this age of “steam and money seeking”, to leave, but for an hour, his beaten track of business thoughts, and journey back to the “olden time” of his country—or travel amidst the stirring memories of distant lands—he will not have spent the leisure moments which have been devoted to the completion of this volume, altogether in vain.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

PART I.	page	17
„	II.	„	89
„	III.	„	127

THE VICTIM.

PART I.	page	159
„	II.	„	187

A TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

FRANCE,	page	225
SWITZERLAND AND ITALY	„	237
THE RHINE. BELGIUM, &c.	„	300

NOTES.

NOTES TO SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME,	page	319
„	„	THE VICTIM,	„	327
„	„	A TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS,	„	335



S A N D A L

IN

T H E O L D E N T I M E .

S A N D A L

IN

T H E O L D E N T I M E .

AN

H I S T O R I C A L P O E M .

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .



A D V E R T I S E M E N T .



ADVERTISEMENT.

Should the Author of "SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME" have succeeded in interweaving a wholesome moral with the narrative therein contained, and, at the same time, have proved instrumental, in raising from unmerited obscurity, or in vesting with an additional interest, the neglected ruin in his own immediate neighbourhood, he will have performed more than his most sanguine expectation could have led him to anticipate.

The rapid appearance of a second edition may, in proper candour to the public, demand a word in explanation. The Author, being dissatisfied with so many passages, and with the general arrangement of the work as it stood in the first edition, has revised the whole, and insensibly added to the size of the poem; and to avoid an intermixture of dates, he has divided it into three distinct parts, entitled, "The Last of the Warrens", "The Wars of the Roses", and "The Parliamentary Wars."

The notes, though purposely restricted as much as possible, have necessarily increased in number and size.

C O N T E N T S .



C O N T E N T S .

P A R T I .

The last of the Warrens,

C A N T O I .

T H E P R O P H E C Y .

C A N T O I I .

T H E H A R P E R ' S T A L E .

C A N T O I I I .

T H E C O N F L A G R A T I O N .

PART II.

The Wars of the Roses.

CANTO I.

THE BATTLE-EVE, AND MORN.

CANTO II.

THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD.

PART III.

The Parliamentary Wars.

CANTO I.

THE SIEGE.

CANTO II.

SANDAL CASTLE IN RUINS.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

S A N D A L

IN THE

O L D E N T I M E .

P A R T I .



The Last

of

The Warrens.



Chronicle.

'Twas in the second Edward's reign,
That John-de-Warren's wide domain,
(Beside his southern lands)
Stretched from Calder's bank to Trent,
And all throughout their vast extent,
He owned no fairer tenement,
Than Sandal's like commands:
For there, uprose, with turrets tall,
And circling moat, and massive wall,
The Castle of Summerhall.



ARGUMENT.

Morning thoughts—the scene described—a fit season for praise—the joyful recurrence of morn and eve—the world refreshed by the varying seasons of the year—man's immortality and salvation, a cause of devout thanksgiving—SANDAL CASTLE described—JOAN-de-BARR approaches in tears—she enters the court-yard—seeks Father HUGH—the EARL returns from the chase—JOAN proffers her boon—WARREN rejects her claims—HUGH's remonstrance, and prophecy—JOAN, and HUGH are dismissed the castle on pain of death—she seeks the retirement of a convent—WARREN alone—his soliloquy—shelters himself in a divorce—rejoices in the dismissal of Father HUGH—ruminates on his prophecy—contemns it—the KING's consent to his illegitimate children inheriting his estates and titles—expects San-MARTIN by night—the rude age described.



The last of the Warrens.

CANTO I.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

How richly clad, yon hills of green,
In Nature's summer livery seen!
Ye hoary oaks, in verdure dight,
How gay ye wave in morning's light!
Thou Fount of Heaven, when Day was born,
Not brighter blazed thine orb at morn;

Nor time has tamed thy steeds of fire,
Nor dimmed one sparkle of thine ire.
How gladdened by thy glorious beam,
Are hill, and valley, rock and stream;
There's not a creature high or low,
But feels thine universal glow.
What Spirit bright of hues and shades,
The many-coloured scene pervades;
Sits on each mountain's tinted peak,
Flickers on high in golden streak,
On lowly cot, on lofty spire,
On water's mirror gleaming fire,
On wood, on mead, on copse, on fell,
What rain-bow dyes of sunrise dwell!
There's not a leaflet on the trees,
Down to the margin of yon river,
That flutters not in Morning's breeze,
All in the pulse of gladness quiver!
The earth throughout, with one acclaim,
Blithe Nature hails thy birth of flame.
For hark! from yon melodious brake,
A thousand choristers awake!

A thousand grateful warblers pay
Their orisons at dawn of day!
How fresh on Zephyr's pinions borne,
The cool untainted breath of morn!
Oh! with that breath let praise arise,
A welcome morning sacrifice:
For haply now, their vigils o'er,
As guardian Angels heaven-ward soar,
They'll bear thine incense to the skies;
Then kneel! and pay thy vows aright,
For blessings whispering peace by night,
For mercies new-born with the light.
"Glory to God!" is nature's voice,
And shall not man with cause rejoice?
Oh! blest return of day and night;
For rest the shade—for toil the light;
Thus these a varied charm create,
And all creation renovate.
Nor less the Seasons as they roll,
Refresh the world from pole to pole.

Frail man! tho' nature's form be drest,
Year after year, in verdant vest;

Tho' Morn and Eve renew her face,
With sweeter smile, and softer grace;
Oh! think, when mouldering lies thy clay,
When worlds—when systems melt away,
When Time shall cease with night and day,
Oh! think, by Jesu's power divine,
Thy sinful heart may spotless shine,
And realms of endless bliss be thine!

II.

'Twas morn—a summer's sun shone bright,
O'er SANDAL's green and thick-set wood; '1
The Castle, bathed in floods of light,
High o'er the forest proudly stood;
The chequered flag of WARREN's Earl,
Drooped listless in the stilly air;
The dubious smoke, with gentle curl,
Uprose in sky, and lingered there;
Deep in her leafy bower of love,
Distant cooed the woodland dove;
Vocant, the rooks wheeled round and round
Turret and tower, in rapid flight;

Mellowed and mingled was the sound

Of murmuring streams—now gleaming bright,
In sunshine o'er smooth pebbles spread—
Now hiding in their deeper bed.

Full thickly gemmed with glittering dew,
Was tangled fern, and spangled yew;

The yellow furze, the scented thorn,
Breathed incense to the healthful morn;

A light robe hung o'er CALDER'S stream,

And veiled his many winding source,
Save, where by fits, a struggling beam

Of silvery light, pursued its course,
Sparkling around some shallop's oar,
That woke the waters near his shore.

III.

Such was the morn, when through the glade,

A palfrey hied, whereon there rode,
In dark green suit, a lovely maid,

And by her side twin pages strode;
The maid looked sad, and in her eye
Stood tears, and oft she heaved a sigh,
And fearful glanced at SANDAL'S tower.

Ye might, in gazing on her face,
A more than common sadness trace ;
'Twas not the grief of one short hour,
But years of mingled wrong and scorn
From one she loved, and loves, had worn
That settled stamp of inward woe,
None but the broken-hearted know !
But who is she, whose humble train
Approach De WARREN'S proud domain ?
Whose tearful eye, and suppliant mien,
And pallid brow of beauty rare,
So sweetly sad, so passing fair,
Would melt an adamant, I ween :
Say, who is she—what boon is her's ?
'Tis JOAN-DE-BARR, Earl WARREN'S bride,³
Though wed, has known but widowed years,
Now seeks her lord ; too long denied,
Claims once again his plighted love :
Nor wrongs—nor threats—nor fears remove
Her troth once pledged—unchanged through life,
Through weal and woe, De WARREN'S wife.

IV.

Full now in sight the castle lay ;
Her steed has clomb the winding way,
And halts before the massive gate ;
The pages knock, and as he sate,
The warder scanned with wistful eye
Or lady, palfrey, page, or boy.
Though dimmed by age, he could descry
His long-lost mistress—scarce for joy,
His trembling hand unloosed the bar—
 “ God bless my lady JOAN !” quoth he,
 “ God bless old RICHARD !” answered she,
Then turning, hid her starting tear.
The portal passed—the draw-bridge gained,
And reached the court—her steed is reined.
A crowd of menials stepping through,
She straightway asks for FATHER HUGH.
(Now FATHER HUGH was saint and priest,
 An ancient man by all obeyed,
Save by De WARREN—he at best,
 A kind of dubious reverence paid.)

V.

It happ'd the EARL with hounds and men,
To chase the wild-roe from her glen,
 Had sallied forth at dawn.
Jaded the BARON homeward hied,
With slaughtered red-deer at his side,
 And briskly wound his horn.

VI.

The bars roll back—the tramp of horse
 Beats on the sullen towers ;
 And steeds within to steeds without,
 Neigh shrill—the draw-bridge lowers—
 The watch-dogs bark—the warders shout :
With heavy tread, and winding course,
They gain the castle's central force ;
With bugle-blast, and wild halloo,
 A comely sight is seen,
The gallant huntsmen, two and two,
 All in their Lincoln-green,
Brave foresters, and bowmen good,
As Little John, or Robin Hood !

The grooms dismount with utmost speed;
De WARREN quits his smoking steed,
Glances at page, and palfrey grey,
Who wait without their lady's stay,
Then hies within, where HUGH and JOAN,
Discourse in earnest mood alone.

VII.

Hark ! 'tis his footstep strikes her ear ;
High beats her heart with pulse of fear ;
Prostrate she falls, with eyes cast down,
And proffers thus her humble boon—
“ Time was—and love shall ne'er forget,
 “ When thou, not I, a suppliant stood,
“ And knelt to me with humble suit :
 “ I chose thee 'mid that glittering crowd,
“ Who swore their hearts, their swords, were mine :
“ We vowed eternal love, but thine
“ Scarce lasted through the honey-moon :
“ My wrongs thou know'st full well—my boon,
“ Is that thou wilt not break the tie,

“ That heaven has blest, and earth must keep,
“ Till thou and I in dust shall sleep,
“ Or wake to immortality.
“ I love thee still—my heart is true
“ As when I breathed the marriage vow—
“ Thy JOAN has come in tears to sue,
“ That thou wilt raise her pallid brow ;
“ And—if she ne'er may dream of love—
“ That thou, at least, wilt let her bear
“ The chain she vowed in youth to wear ;
“ And this is all she asks, to prove,
“ That ills on ills are nought to her,
“ If this last link thou wilt not tear !”
She paused awhile, then weeping turned
Her eye on his, whose dark glance burned.

VIII.

They met—and WARREN'S haughty brow
Had gathered gloom, forboding ill,
The guilty purpose of his will.
His stony heart had ceased to flow
With aught towards her of kindness,
And softened not at her distress.

Her words were idly lost in air ;
Unheeded fell each burning tear.
With sullen frown of cold disdain,
 And coming wrath, the EARL replies,
 “ ’Tis useless, JOAN, ’tis most unwise—
“ To thwart my firm resolve were vain—
“ This hour we part—and never more
“ Recross the threshold of my door,
“ On pain of death !” The BARON ceased,
And turned to go, when thus the priest—
“ I tell thee, EARL ! thou shalt not shun
 “ The curse of sin—the fire of hell,
 “ If bent upon thine evil will,
“ Such mighty crime as this be done.
“ There lurk beneath thy moody brow,
“ Yet darker—deadlier deeds, I trow :
“ Thy word recall—or blasted be,
“ For this, I vow, is heaven’s decree,
“ *That none shall live of SURREY’S line—*
“ *De WARREN’S name shall cease with thine !*

*“ And this, thy proud and bannered hall,
 “ Shall, ere the morrow’s sunrise, fall !”*

IX.

“ Avaunt ! thou dotard ! cease to rave,
 “ Or all thy priestcraft shall not save
 “ Thy lying throat !—Guards ! drag him out,
 “ And bear the lady to her steed ;
 “ Haste ! set them forth beyond the moat,
 “ Obey ! or die ! ’tis vain to plead !”

JOAN strives to speak—but strives in vain ;
 Thick darkness wraps her ’wilder’d brain ;
 Her pallid cheek now deeply flushed,
 Grows eloquent, though speech be hushed ;
 Her heart is broke—her hopes are crushed !
 The word is passed—the guards obey,
 And priest, and JOAN, and palfrey grey,
 Pass through the court, and wind their way
 ’Neath portal arch—where then are they ?
 The gates are closed ;
 The draw-bridge raised ;
 And they are wanderers in the wide
 Untravelled world, with none beside !

X.

Earl HENRY'S daughter, faithful still
Through every change of hate and ill,
Divorced—expelled by dire command—
Banished for aye from house and land,
(A crime so foul in face of heaven,
And yet by her pure heart forgiven !)
She seeks in some lone cloister's shade,
The peace that Virtue's self hath made ;
A holier hope—a brighter crown,
Than pomp bestows, or world's renown ;
 For there within her cell,
Religion o'er the mourner steals,
And stills her transports as she kneels,
 And calms her bosom's swell ;
So firmly stays the eye of faith,
So gently smooths the bed of death,
 By glimpse of heaven,
 In foretaste given,
That Sorrow's child may sink to rest,
In smiles upon Religion's breast !

XI.

But where is he, whose ruthless heart
 From spouse like faultless Joan could part?
 Within his now deserted hall,

 He paces to and fro, and fraught
 With bitter care, and wrinkled thought,

His sullen brow : his footsteps fall
 In echoes round the naked wall ;
 He stays to list—but all is still—
 Again Thought seeks her busy cell,
 And step by step, he wanders on,
 Till echo wakes—then starts anon—
 Looks back—but there, nor sight, or sound
 Of others' tread than his is found ;
 Again he paces on—with low

Deep—hurried—speech his accents flow—

“In troth, 'tis good!—for quit of both,

“I now am free—I should be loath

“To stain my favour with the king,

“Or with the world—but now can bring

“In aid the holy POPE's divorce,

“Which cannot be o'erturned by force,

“By fraud, or evil calumny ;

“And more—thank heaven! I too am free
“From Palmer HUGH, whose province seemed,
“To thwart each pleasant plot I schemed,
“Aye, rating at my sinful life,
“My gayest moments soured with strife.
“But now these walls contain no spy
“Upon mine hours of privacy.
“I’ve led a pretty round, in sooth,
“’Twixt priestly cant, and slander’s tooth,
“They’ve well nigh lied my life away!
“Indulgences are dear to pay,
“And may be spared—for now there’s none
“Will bring my foibles to the sun;
“Or threat to publish tales abroad,
“That ill with goodly fame accord.
“So far ’tis well—curse on the priest!
 “Methinks his malediction still
 “Is boding in mine ears of ill;
“I know not what were heaven’s behest—
“*That none shall live of SURREY’S line;*
“*That WARREN’S name shall cease with mine;*
“*That this, my proud and bannered hall,*

“*Shall, ere the morrow’s sunrise, fall,*
“Were strange, I ween, for sons I have,
“As tall, as strong, as stout, as brave,
“As Britons need to be, and save
“They were not born in wedlock, they³
“Are scions worthy of their sire;
“The king consents to my desire,
“That birth shall not oppose the way
“To their inheritance of all
“The lands I hold, and titles claim,
“As true descended heirs the same,
“When life and right from me shall fall—
“Then saints may preach, and priests may rave
“Of WARREN’S Earldom in the grave!
“To-night San MARTIN comes—to night⁴
“He journeys in the clear moon light,
“From CONINGSBURG, by covert way;⁵
“Till midnight chimes from SANDAL’S tower,
“He lurks within the woody bower,
“The signal given, the guards obey—
“Save by mishap, the scheme o’erthrown,
“San MARTIN comes not here alone.”

De WARREN thus disclosed apart
The workings of his impious heart.

XII.

Thrice barbarous age ! when ruthless man,
(If martial prowess lead the van,
If Vengeance rid his honor's stain,
And he who dares insult be slain,)
Repels all Virtue's gentler train ;
Love—Justice—Mercy—in his mind,
Like woman's fears, are thrust behind ;
Whilst Lust, and Rapine, Guile, and Fraud,
Ennobled rule by fire and sword !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

NOON—WARREN Dines—the HARPER's Tale—KIRBY at Mid-night—LAURA's Bower illuminated—she Dreams heavily—wakes—tells her dream—trims her lamp—her soliloquy—her meditated flight with GODFREY—her sorrow at offending an indulgent father—her vow is pledged—fears lest her father should awake—dreads an encounter for his sake, as well as GODFREY's—hopes forgiveness—visits her Sister's couch—KATE asleep—LAURA's affection and admiration—her anguish—deposits a keepsake—tears herself away—fancies her father speaks—fears to pass his door—the night wears on—GODFREY's signal—LAURA quits her bower—flees with her lover—the morning dawns—the EARL walks forth—spies the means of LAURA's escape—seeks for her in vain—orders the pursuit—KATE alone weeping—she prays—her consolation—the EARL's delay—LAURA wounded on the ground—her father's approach—views his bleeding daughter—pardons her—she dies happy in forgiveness—GODFREY inconsolable—becomes phrenzied—dies a maniac—the EARL survives—KATE his support—the MINSTREL quits the Hall.

CANTO II.

THE HARPER'S TALE.

I.

From out his southern bower, the sun,
Proclaimed earth's breathless hour of noon:
Glad hour! and greeted by a smile;
When hardy tillers quit the soil,
To stretch their weary limbs awhile,
By cooling spring, or 'neath the shade
Of beetling rock, or forest glade,
And share the meal made sweet by toil.

Such was the hour, in times gone by,
(When nobles rose at break of day,
Or men of high, or low degree,
Alike beheld morn's glories shine,
And left belated couch to swine)
That prince and serf were wont to dine.

II.

'Twas noon—with wine and dainty fare,
The board on daïs was spread;
The smoke in eddies soaring,
From out the brand-dog roaring;
As WARREN'S EARL was seated there,
With many a hungry wassailer,
And on his venison fed,
The minstrel's harp was heard to chime,
And these the words he wove in rhyme,
To please the ear, and wile the time.

III.

'Tis midnight now, and KIRBY'S feudal walls,⁶
Lie mute and spell-bound in the charm of sleep;

Light visions walk on tip-toe, through the halls,
Or round each dreamer's head their vigils keep,
Yet ever changing as their shape appals,
Or charms, fantastic, till she smile or weep,
Gliding from couch to couch, throughout the night,
As sleep reveals them in her magic light.

IV.

The last that lingers in the ivied tower,
And half illumes the gothic wilderness,
Why glimmers still yon lamp in LAURA'S bower?
Say, has her wonted sleep refused to bless?
Does LAURA watch at this lone midnight hour,
While all around their downy pillows press?
Her bower is still—there moves no light foot there—
She sleeps—but Oh! how strange her 'wildered air.

V.

Flung idly on her couch—undoffed her vest,
She wears the garment that she wore by day;
A diamond sparkles as up-heaves her breast,
Her jetty hair is braided still, and gay,
With pearls, and gems, and scented white-rose dressed:

She looks a May-queen—woodland nymph—or fay,
Flushed with the dance, reposing for a while,
But on her parted lip there dwells no smile!

VI.

Lo! how she starts, and shudders as she sleeps,
Then sighs and sobs, and mutters in her dream;
A chill in drops upon her forehead weeps;
Convulsed with terror all her members seem;
And now a livid paleness o'er her creeps,
And hark! how wildly breaks yon fearful scream,
Pang follows pang, her snowy bosom quakes—
She pants—she gasps—she shrieks—then struggling wakes.

VII.

“O God! 'tis gone! that more than dream is gone,
“Methought the world was changed—the sky o'erhung,
“With spiders'-webs, yet all gigantic grown,
“From star to star, their slimy net-work clung,
“Down to earth's centre, where I stood alone,
“While o'er my head a myriad reptiles swung,
“And wove incessant at their thick'ning toils,
“Till I was captured in their loathsome coils.

VIII.

“Methought they laughed like demons at my pain,
“And wound me closer in their deadly snare ;
“But one there was, the monarch of the train,
“Peered forth from out his den with hellish glare ;
“I sought to shun his red eye, but in vain,
“’Twas fixed upon me—ceaseless, every where ;
“By stealth approaching from his hidden nest,
“The hideous monster slid upon my breast.

IX.

“My life blood curdled, and my heart stood still ;
“I felt the cold dead weight that on me lay,
“His sharp fang darting as he sucked his fill,
“Nor blenched, nor moved from off his wretched prey,
“Each shrivelled vein seemed like a parched rill,
“Each sense grew numb, then slowly ebbd away :
“I saw him watch me with his blood-red eye—
“I strove to perish, but I could not die !

X.

“Methought when pulse, and breath, and hope were passed,
“I lay a living corpse, an age or more,

“But deemed in vain each moment was the last :
“The monster revelled on, and drank my gore
“Unceasingly, and grew more hugely vast,
“The last drop draining from my dead-heart’s core,
“And when that drop was spent, he fiercely shook
“My shrunk and bloodless corpse, and I awoke.”

XI.

Then LAURA rose, and trimmed her wasted lamp,
But drew her breath all heavily and fast,
And smoothed her raven hair, and wiped the damp,
Which in that vision o’er her white brow passed ;
But still there dwelt upon her face the stamp,
That fear had impressed, nor could wholly cast
Away, and yet there strayed a captive smile,
Sporting in tear-drops as she spoke the while.

XII.

“’Twas but a dream !—is this an hour for dreams ?
“I little recked to sleep on such a night,
“For ere the East with ruddy daylight gleams,
“I flee with GODFREY through the dusky light,

“ And cross the moorlands, and the mountain streams,
 “ On steed like lightning, arrow’y and bright,
 “ Then gain the Border ere the sun go down,
 “ Where HYMEN need not fear a father’s frown.

XIII.

“ Oh Love ! why is it thus thy subtle guile,
 “ Should tempt me ev’n to break a sire’s command ?
 “ Oh ! have I ever shared a father’s smile,
 “ And met a daughter’s welcome at his hand,
 “ But now, upon my head I seek to pile
 “ Curses in heaps, as numberless as sand ;
 “ And must it be ?—shall LAURA’S sire disown
 His darling child, and call her not his own ?

XIV.

“ And must it be ? I pledged my guilty word,
 “ In that frail moment when my heart was weak,
 “ It owned but GODFREY, and confessed him lord :
 “ It must be so—that vow I will not break—
 “ The stars bore witness, and the night breeze heard,

“And creeping listened as my GODFREY spake
 “Love’s witching words, the promise of our bliss,
 “And sealed their softness with his parting kiss.

XV.

“Yon stars now linger on the sleeping lake—
 “The East as yet betrays no glimpse of morn—
 “Still night wears on—but should my father wake,
 “And seize the fugitives in wrath and scorn?
 “Oh think! I tremble for my lover’s sake—
 “Yes! blood must flow ere LAURA’S arms be torn
 “From his—he holds me dearer than his life,
 “He vows to win, or perish in the strife.

XVI.

“My sire!—my sire!—I durst not think of him—
 “His life—Oh God! then may he still sleep on!
 “But when his tearful eye at morn grows dim,
 “Grieves that his daughter thus in stealth hath gone,
 “KATE too will weep, and seek to solace him;
 “He will not mourn for LAURA quite alone;
 “I was not wont to disobey his word,
 “He will not hate me, though his wrath be stirred

XVII.

“He will not hate me for my mother’s sake ;
“He will forgive, and Oh ! may he forget,
“Back to his heart this erring bosom take,
“And fondly, freely, call me daughter yet ;
Yes ! fit atonement I will strive to make,
“Ere strength shall fail him, and his bright sun set ;
“And GODFREY too, when once his heart is won,
“Shall far surpass in tenderness a son.”

XVIII.

She snatched her lamp, and softly as a cloud,
Passed to her sister’s chamber o’er the floor,
Where KATE lay dreaming in her spotless shroud ;
Shielding the light, she gently ope’d the door ;
Prattling in childish innocence aloud,
KATE laughed as LAURA viewed her o’er and o’er,
Her heart unconscious of her sister’s woe,
Whose tears fell glittering on her sleeping brow.

XIX.

“Thy dream is joyous—how unlike to mine,
“Sweet child of innocence, and mirth, and glee,

“Oh! for a heart as free from care as thine,
“From pain, from dread, as spotless and as free!
“Sleep on, my sister! ever round thee shine
“The light that guides to peace, and purity,
“Sleep on, thou seraph! I was once as thou—
“Alas! how strangely—sadly altered now!

XX.

“When day shall dawn, and thy blue eyes unclose,
“To greet with rapture morning’s purpled light,
“And thou arise more beauteous than the rose,
“Fresh with the fragrance of a dewy night,
“To wake thy sister from her soft repose,
“Alas! what then shall meet thine aching sight?
“Her bower deserted—and thy sire in tears—
“The earliest anguish of thine infant years!

XXI.

“Yes! thou wilt weep who scarce hast wept before;
“And must I drive the dimple from the cheek,
“That knew not Sorrow had one grief in store?
“And must the voice in tearful accents speak,

“Whose gay tone carrolled as when sky-larks soar,
“The fount of heaven and happiness to seek?
“Yes! thou wilt weep for me, but not for aye,
“From thy young heart the sting will pass away.

XXII.

“The gem thou loved’st most, my gift shall be,
“I leave it wound in this small lock of hair,
“And they at dawn, will prove my love to thee:
“Farewell—Farewell! be thine a father’s care!
“I know those cherub lips will plead for me,
“And they a father’s kiss shall love and share;
“Thy sire’s sole blessing, thou shalt live to find,
“My boon the tears—the kiss—I leave behind.”

XXIII.

She turned away with many a look and sigh,
But paused an instant as she crossed the floor,
And lingering listened, though she knew not why,
Unless she feared to pass her father’s door,
When twice there issued forth a seeming cry
Of, “LAURA! LAURA!” but she heard no more,

And yet it struck like lightning through her frame,
 She deemed that voice was his that breathed her name.

XXIV.

With trembling feet, she reached her dim-lit bower,
 Her heart high beating like a wave of ocean;
 Each tardy moment nearer brought the hour,
 That flushed her cheek and breast with wild emotion;
 And oft she looked from out her gothic tower,
 Until the East grew grey—an indication
 Of brighter beams, that usher in the dawn—
 Hark! 'tis the signal—GODFREY'S distant horn!

XXV.

How Love can waft the lightest sound in air!
 Borne on his pinions—guided by his power,
 What deed too great for woman's soul to dare?
 "'Tis GODFREY'S horn!" and LAURA quits her bower,
 And now she softly treads the winding stair,
 And now—a moment swings 'twixt earth and tower,
 And now—her bosom beats not wild alarms,
 For where is LAURA?—clasped in GODFREY'S arms!

XXVI.

Cradled in slumber, lay the mist-robed wall
Of old Lord MARMADUKE'S ancestral pile,
When lo! a mass—half castle and half hall,
Woke by the talisman of morning's smile,
Arches and battlements, and turrets tall,
All richly fretted in the gothic style,
Full many a tower with ivy overrun,
And latticed window glittering i' the sun!

XXVII.

Blithe Morn arose, and with the morn, the EARL,
Who loved the first fresh incense of the day,
When dew-drops sparkle, and light vapours curl
From out the mountain streams, and steal away;
When all the balmy flowers their sweets unfurl;
When woodland songsters tune their matin lay,
And start to music in their bridal bower;
Oh! Earth looks heavenly in her waking hour!

XXVIII.

The EARL arose long ere his sluggish hinds,
And took his wonted stroll 'neath KIRBY'S tower,

And marvelled much, that dangling in the winds,
Twisted and knotted hung from LAURA'S bower,
Mantles and scarfs, of varied hues and kinds,
In one long streamer waving from the floor ;
But when he saw small footprints underneath,
Flashed on his 'wilder'd brain the fearful truth.

XXIX.

He rushed into her bower—but found her not—
He called—but Echo answered him again—
He summoned all his menials to the spot,
He queried—swore—and threatened them in vain,
For none were traitors in the dark-laid plot.

“To horse! to horse! away! and scour the plain!”
Then steeds rushed clattering through the portal wide,
All KIRBY'S huntsmen thronged their master's side.

XXX.

The EARL rode foremost on his gallant grey,
Wild as a tempest in his mad career ;
Steed after steed dashed on his headlong way,
While many a shrill neigh broke upon the ear,

As one by one, they joined the bright array,
Swifter and swifter, as the huntsmen cheer ;
Old KIRBY'S walls fling back the stirring sound
Of tramping courser, and deep baying hound.

XXXI.

They're gone—but who is she who gazes yet,
Though horse and hound have vanished from her view ?
Her cheeks are pale, her soft blue eyes are wet
With tears that sparkle as the cypress' dew,
Wringing her little hands in sorrow set,
The sweetest victim Anguish ever knew,
Too still for passion, and too mild for hate,
How eloquent thy grief, alas ! poor KATE !

XXXII.

She turned, and hid her face, and wept aloud,
The tears fell trickling through her close-pressed hands,
While the bright golden ringlets o'er them flowed,
In clusters breaking from their ribbon bands ;
Her grief grew full—upon the earth she bowed,
An infant captive striving with her bonds,

Her thoughts too sad for lips so young to tell ;
Her heart seemed bursting in its narrow cell.

XXXIII.

Awhile she knelt till Sorrow found a vent,
And then breathed forth her agony in prayer ;
Kind Heaven had pity as she lisping sent
Her child's petition for a Father's care ;
Her sobs were hushed, her very tears were blent
With looks more placid ; and a tranquil air
Dwelt on her pallid features as she rose,
Like flowers that blossom 'mid the Alpine snows.

XXXIV.

Sweet mourner ! where the sister of thy tears ?
Say, where is LAURA ? where her heart's true knight ?
Fair Eve her garb of solemn twilight wears,
Yet KIRBY'S fleet steeds come not back with night ;
'Tis strange—'tis sad—nor hound, or horse appears :
Is Love too swift to be o'erta'en in flight ?
Alas ! for who lies bleeding on the ground ?
Who strives in vain to staunch that bitter wound ?

XXXV.

Her steed fell headlong in his full career,
And dashed his hoof on LAURA'S tender breast ;
And yet she lived awhile in pain and fear,
Her cold cheek trembling, to her lover's pressed ;
Her eyes were fixed, and vacant gazed in air,
The deep abstraction of her heart confessed ;
Her wound, though mortal, seemed a lesser pang,
Her's was the anguish of a father's wrong.

XXXVI.

But as she lay upon the soft green sward,
A huntsman's bugle sounded from afar ;
By fits, a blood-hound's deep-mouthed bay was heard,
And GODFREY'S courser pricked his listening ear.
" He comes ! thy sire !" when LAURA heard that word,
As aspens quiver, so she shook with fear ;
Her eye awaking from its deadly trance,
Shot restless lightnings in its liquid glance.

XXXVII.

" My daughter !" and he saw the welling blood,
Gush from life's fountain in her slender side ;

“ My bleeding daughter ! ” and transfixed he stood,
To mark the ebbing of that purple tide :
But all seemed spoken in the wider flood,
Wherein her steed in death lay gasping wide.
“ My dying daughter ! freely I forgive ! ”
The word but uttered, and she ceased to live.

XXXVIII.

But ere her spirit passed, her Sire's last word
Kindled her features in a smile of love ;
She died in peace ; and though her spirit erred,
Pardon was her's in this world and above ;
Although no prayer upon her sealed lip stirred,
Her eye waxed bright, and eloquent, to prove
Her heart's soft language had not breathed in vain,
For death seem'd reft of terror, doubt, and pain.

XXXIX.

Pardon was her's—the longing of her soul,
Its last sweet solace ere it soared above ;
Through death and pain, what gleams of brightness stole,
And hailed forgiveness, and a father's love !

As lightnings speed them to their distant goal,
So LAURA cast one parting glance to prove,
Her heart was his, on whom her cold cheek lay,
Her last kiss breathing as she passed away.

XL.

Father and lover stood—amazed—transfixed—
GODFREY hung speechless o'er his perished all—
His love was passion—and his woe unmixed
With one sweet drop to drug the bitter gall ;
On him the curse—the guilt—the deed was fixed—
On him—for ever ! Heaven be merciful !
“ Speak but this once ! ” she answered not again !
His grief grew wild, and phrenzy seared his brain.

XLI.

Remorse has chains that Penitence may wear,
But love is life, and when its hope is gone,
The heart has nought to cling to—but despair,
'Till crazed, and then its shattered form drifts on,
A wreck, that none can save, and none repair.
Such was young GODFREY ere the morning shone,

And such he lingered to his latest breath,
Then sank a maniac in the arms of death.

XLII.

The EARL survived—for KATE was his support:

Oft would they scatter flowers on LAURA'S tomb;
Day after day, her grave was their resort,
'Till time by slow degrees wore off his gloom;
And though his aspect seemed of graver sort,
There was too much of fragrance in her bloom
Shed o'er his path, to leave his soul in tears,
KATE'S playful fondness soothed his sinking years.

XLIII.

The minstrel ceased, and round the wall
His last faint echoes, feebly fall;
With harp in hand, he rose to go,
Obeisance made, then tottering, slow
He bent his way from out the hall.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

THE hush of EVE—GUARDIAN ANGELS descending—the angelic dreams of Infants—the early deformity of SIN—SANDAL by moonlight—a world at rest—SIN ever vigilant—the EARL walks at midnight—he has taken prisoner the Countess LANCASTER—in revenge her husband dispatches an armed force to lay waste SANDAL—RICHARD SAN MARTIN, and a troop of Horsemen enter the Castle—they feast—they unarm—the Countess of LANCASTER throws off her disguise—the EARL pledges her—a cry of fire is heard—the CASTLE beset by an armed force—WARREN arms—the flames increase—the crash of beams, and the shouts of LANCASTER'S men—to remain within as hopeless as to sally forth—the retreat by a subterranean way—WARREN lingers to the last—curses LANCASTER, and vanishes in the smoke—he leads ALICE through vaults and dungeons—they escape—the fire rages on—towers fall—steeds and hounds perish—the besiegers grow impatient, and disperse to spread the work of desolation—the VILLAGES are fired from CALDER to TRENT—hard fate that Serf should bleed for Noble's crimes—the rudeness of the age may plead some excuse—our happier age contrasted—years roll on—SANDAL re-built—WARREN an old and childless man—the prophecy fulfilled—the Omniscience of GOD—a sealed record above—HELL or HEAVEN certain—the necessity of making peace with GOD.

CANTO III.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

I.

When Vesper bell has tolled, and all
Is hushed, or breeze, or waterfall;
The lover's lute, the songster's lay,
The Curfew's bell, the watch-dog's bay,
In distant notes have died away;
 When star by star on high,
 Gleams like a seraph's eye,

A gentle sound that evening brings,
 More soft than all beside,
A fluttering pulse of angel's wings,
Descending from their realms of light,
To sentinel the live-long night,
 Is heard in summer tide.
And save that soft, and stilly sound,
And save the dew-gems dropped around,
No trace of heavenly guest were found.

II.

But mothers read in infants' eyes,
When first they ope to morning's skies,
And wreath on wreath, their smiles arise
 Fresh on the cheek of youth,
Then mothers tell, in sooth,
 What company, they ween,
 Their nightly guests have been;
Still in each wakening cherub's face,
A more than mortal radiance trace,
And in their softly beaming eyes,
A seeming glimpse of paradise!

Oh, sin ! thou ever busy fiend,
To cloud the dawns of the mind,
To taint life's earliest, purest breath
With thoughts unholy—breeding death !
For scarce upon the world, the child
Has fondly gazed, and prattling smiled,
When by thy fatal snare beguiled,
(Thy serpent coil with roses twined !)
His spotless temples are defiled—
'The light of heaven thus early sped,
Leaves but an earthly bloom instead.

III.

Noon beckoned Eve, and Eve called Night,
And Night brought stars like diamonds bright,
And set them round the fading sky,
A blest—a countless company.
Disrobed of fleecy shroud,
Of halo, mist, or cloud,
Rearing her crescent pale on high,
The chaste-eyed moon stood glittering by,
And gazed in rapture—silently.

Oh ! 'twas a rare—a heavenly sight,
To watch the clear unearthly light
Re-mantle, in that peaceful hour,
Or hill, or dale, or stream, or tower ;
In fainter glories half revealed,
A world at rest in slumber sealed—
A world at rest—for Care and Pain
Had fled to sleepless climes again,
Till morrow's dawn, and slumber's flight,
Dissolve the magic trance of night.
Oh ! why should Sin still linger where
There's not a home for Pain and Care ?
Oh ! why should Sin alone remain,
Of all earth's dark and deadly train,
To work, beneath so fair a face,
Man's lasting ruin and disgrace ?

IV.

So shone the moon—so Dian's crest
Gleamed in her circuit to the west
Upon one fiery—restless breast.
See'st thou yon form with ghostly air,
Like some unquiet spirit there,

Whose grave denies him sleep,
Flit on the turret's topmost height,
Vexing the slumbering noon of night,
His ceaseless vigils keep?
High on his tower De-WARREN stood,
And peered into the dusky wood;
Then wildly glanced his eye around,
But yet no sense of rapture found;
He only gazed on SANDAL'S bowers,
To curse the slowly fleeting hours;
His heart unmoved by scene so fair,
No glow of hallowed thought could share,
For sin was rife, and ripening there.

V.

Amidst his various deeds of ill,
By force or fraud of San MARTIN,
(A subtle man and near of kin)
And seemingly against her will,
The EARL had held, in REIGATES' wall,
The Countess fair of LANCASTER.
But scandal told a plainer tale,

That vows were weak, and virtue frail,
And she a willing prisoner.
Howe'er—the insult to resent,
 Her lord decreed, by night,
 A chosen band for fight,
De-WARREN'S Earldom north of TRENT,
Should waste—he little deemed so near,
The vengeance of that haughty PEER.

VI.

Hark! slowly peals from SANDAL'S tower,
The midnight chimes—the signal hour.
And list! the tread of steeds—and thrice
The portal rings, then open flies,
And half score horsemen gleaming bright
In polished cuirass, quick alight.
But who you youth that scans the ground,
And shuns all converse from without,
His step betraying fear, or doubt?
A stranger he to all around.
But one there is, whose hideous mien,
And crooked shank, and savage grin,

And form distorted, hunch-back, lean,
Proclaims him RICHARD San MARTIN.

VII.

The lamps shone bright, and either guest,
With choicest wines, and viands pressed,
His whetted appetite appeased;
As Bacchus circled round the feast,
With every cup constraint decreased.
Nor young, nor old, had doffed as yet,
His iron mail, or burnished helm,
Whose massive weight might well o'erwhelm.
San MARTIN first, o'ercome by heat,
Un-armed—his visage gaunt and grim,
So foully writhed—so rudely scarred,
With grizly chin, like bearded pard,
And neck awry—each tortured limb,
In greaves and morion closely steeled,
Was now in naked guise revealed.
The stranger knight looked wistful round,
Then cast his armour on the ground,
When lo ! instead of youthful knight,

A youthful dame confessed the light!
Her hair fell dangling, curled, and bright,
O'er glowing cheeks, with blushes dight;
The Earl looked pleased, and told the dame,
Her fence of steel but ill became
A form so soft—a face so fair,
'Then whispering in her courtly ear,
Drank to the "Countess LANCASTER."

VIII.

The goblet raised, when wild and high,
Rung through the hall the warder's cry!
As dread unbid took place of mirth,
The cup scarce tasted sank to earth;
And guest and host, in wondering stare,
Astounded heard those cries of fear,
'Till shriek on shriek rose higher and higher,
At length proclaimed the pile on fire.
With breathless haste the news is brought,
That tower and battlement are wrought
In fierce devouring flames;

And round about the circling moat,
As breaks the wild exulting shout,
A countless croud proclaims;
All pictured in the lurid light,
A thousand spears are gleaming bright;
In serried ranks on every hand,
A mighty host of foemen stand;
And louder still the midnight air,
Is rent with shouts of "LANCASTER!"

IX.

"Arm! Arm!" cries WARREN—round the hall,
Plucks down his black-mail from the wall:
Then one and all obey their lord,
And gird on buckler, helm, and sword;
Ev'n ALICE, 'mid her wild surprise,
Trembling assumes her false disguise.
Meanwhile the tumult overhead,
Waxes more loud, and clear, and dread;
The timber crash—the crackling flame,
The falling ponderous beam proclaim;
And as each burning rafter fell,

The foe sent forth a fiercer yell;
As tower and battlement give way,
Throng round expectant of their prey.

X.

How scant his force the Baron knew,
Though none more valliant, stout, and true;
To sally forth were death to all;
Grown tenantless the burning wall;
The garrison as last resort,
Assemble in the inner court.
All hope of safety now is gone,
All chance of flight denied but one.
Beneath the dungeon-keep there lay⁷
A winding subterranean way,
Explored by none for many a day.
By this Earl WARREN gives command,
To seek an exit, torch in hand,
And strive to reach the neighbouring town,
Where friendly steeds may bear them on.

XI.

Uprose the flames—but fiercer fire
Swelled in high waves of maddened ire
Within De-WARREN's haughty breast,
By many an outward sign confessed :
Vengeance he called—but Vengeance fled,
While death inglorious mocked instead ;
The struggle long 'twixt love of life,
And wounded pride—for slaughter rife,
Reckless of all save hopeless strife.

XII.

'Twas he—the last in grim array,
Who sought the subterranean way ;
The last that lingered for awhile,
With arm upreared, and bitter smile,
And gazed upon his ruined pile ;
(Whilst every topling turret shook,
And spiral wreaths of eddying smoke,
Like Sirocco's fiery storm,
Swept around his giant form,)
De-WARREN stood—like thunder stroke,
Above the din his accents broke—

“I swear bold LANCASTER shall pay,
His head for SANDAL’S burial day!”—
Then vanished with the curse he spoke.
Nor idly lost those sounds in air,

For when that Noble stood arraigned
For treason, in an after year,
And WARREN sat in council there,
Too soon the headsman’s axe was stained,
Too soon was SANDAL’S guerdon gained!

XIII.

The Baron led the shrinking dame
Through dreary vaults, by torches flame.
As one by one the yeomen sped,
The archway rang with heavy tread,
And thundering rolled each massive door,
Which none repassed that passed before,
But all around the cold dank floor,
Their mouldering bones in heaps were spread:
Some hung in fetters, newly dead;
And some alive, whose sunken eye
Glared furious as the EARL passed by,

Tugged at their chains with frenzied air,
Then shrunk back howling in despair.
The gates are closed with dreary sound,
Shaking the dungeons underground,
Till arch, and vault, and cell resound.
Fainter still, and still more low,
Their steps receding, come and go ;
As wends their way, the torchlight gleams
Adown the rock in paler streams,
Till all is passed—or sound or sight,
To tell the story of their flight ;
And thus escape revenge in store,
ALICE and her dark paramour.

XIV.

How night's breeze fans the raging fire,
Each instant waxing broader—higher,
Around the country sheds a glare
Of lurid brightness far and near,
Till CALDER'S streams like blood appear !
Yon blazing faggots whirled about,
Plunge hissing in the circling moat ;

Yon melted lead adown the mount,
Pours like HECLA's fiery fount ;
Yon tottering tower—yon crumbling wall,
One by one in thunder fall ;
And darkly rolls the smoke away,
With bright sparks scattered on its way.

XV.

Full many a war-steed perished there,
And courser swift, and gallant hound,
Entombed within the burning mound,
Whose death-shriek pierced the troubled air.
Thirsty of blood, the countless throng,
Impatient grown, had marvelled long,
That none of all De WARREN'S train,
Escaped the fire-engulphed domain ;
Till weary grown—they part in bands,
Where'er their vengeful LORD commands,
To desolate the BARON'S lands.
Full many a cot, ere break of day,
Fell to devouring flames a prey ;
And houseless wanderers knew not where
To 'scape the wrath of LANCASTER.

Alas ! hard fate, in lawless times,
That serf should bleed for nobles' crimes ;
And bear all penalties incurred,
Where Might makes Right—sole sovereign lord !
Nor was Earl LANCASTER appeased,
Till every several hamlet blazed ;
The land with thousand such was sprent,
From CALDER'S stream to banks of TRENT.
Just was the price Earl WARREN paid,
For broken vows, and hopes betrayed,
For crime accursed of GOD and men,
The forfeit of his heinous sin.

XVI.

Such was the age—and such the man,
Nor he more ruthless than his clan :
Nor harshly blame—his ruder day,
Tempted to wield a lawless sway ;
Revenge deemed Virtue ; Vice a Lord ;
His every title won by sword ;
His peaceful hours by war disturbed ;
Passions unchecked ; and pride uncurbed ;

When scarce Religion lit her lamp,
Save in the cloister's charnel damp,
Nor broadly blazed in face of day,
To point the crowd their heaven-ward way.
Since—(praised be God!) a gentler smile,
Has beamed o'er ALBION'S favored isle ;
Freedom, and Justice, 'Truth, and Peace,
Have bid proud Rapine's plunder cease ;
Commerce, and art, and arms victorious,
Have made a Briton's birthright glorious !

XVII.

Years rolled on—till stone on stone
Restored the wreck that fire had made ;
But ere the tedious work was done,
De WARREN'S strength began to fade :⁹
He was an old—a childless man ;
Perished his offspring one by one ;
Bereft of all, he lived to view,
And own the prophecy too true,
In anger spoke by Palmer HUGH.
What end was his, or bad or good,

Is not for mortal man to know,
The record is not writ below,
'Twixt GOD and him the reckoning stood.

XVIII.

Bethink thee, mortal ! for an eye,
Thou canst not see, is watching thee ;
Nor Hell's abyss, nor Heaven's expanse,
Nor silent darkness of the tomb,
Nor midnight's deepest, sable gloom,
Can shun JEHOVAH's sleepless glance.
Bethink thee, mortal ! for a pen
Records above the deeds of men ;
And thine are written in that page,
Or good or bad, where all are sealed,
Till the Archangel's blast has pealed,
And woke the dead of every age.
Bethink thee, mortal ! of thy state,
Or Heaven or Hell on thee await ;

Thy life hangs trembling at the nod
Of HIM, who gave thy clay its breath,
Worm that thou art ! and heir of Death !
Oh ! haste, and make thy peace with God.

E N D O F P A R T I .

S A N D A L

IN

T H E O L D E N T I M E .

P A R T I I .



The Wars of the Roses.

Chronicle.

For lack of heirs, the Earl's domain
Devolved to Britain's crown again.
As time rolled on, each royal guest
Of Summerhall became possessed;
And thither kings, whilom, repaired,
In chase a lordly pastime shared,
Till civil war brought butcher-work,
Twytt House of Lancaster and York.



A R G U M E N T.

Address to the ROSE—RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE of YORK, with his Forces intrenched at SANDAL—QUEEN MARGARET, and her NOBLES besiege the DUKE with a four-fold Army—the Christmas Festivities in the Camp, and Castle—The Christmas Carols are heard at midnight—the DAWN—the DUKE in Council.—Sir DAVID HALL in vain attempts to dissuade him from an engagement, till his SON EDWARD arrives with fresh troops—he is bent on fighting—the call to Arms—various KNIGHTS prepare for Battle—they march out into the CAMP—the QUEEN'S FORCES under Arms—the NOBLES, and SQUIRES pass before her, and receive the RED ROSE—both ARMIES pause for the signal of BATTLE.



Wars of the Roses.

C A N T O I.

THE BATTLE—EVE, AND MORN.

I.

If fabled story speak aright,
And Philomel in Eastern bowers,
Attune her lay to thee by night,
Love-sacred rose! fair queen of flowers!
And thou wert reared in Paradise,
And robed in pure unearthly dyes,
To glad not men's, but angels' eyes,

And perfume, with ambrosial scent,
A spirit's joyous element,
When deadliest feud—when fiercest hate,
In mortal strife o'erwhelmed the State,
Why didst thou plume war's bloody crest,
Or smile upon each foeman's breast?
Why yield thy blossoms, red or white,
To mark twin rival hosts in fight?
Alas! beneath thy spotless flower,
How many a chieftain sank in gore,
And stained the bloodless badge he wore!
Or if the red-rose decked his side,
In deeper shades of blood was dyed!

II.

Rallying round PLANTAGENET,¹⁰
Five thousand valiant swords were met;
Their tents were pitched in open ground,
Old SANDAL's friendly walls around;
And glancing scorn on four-fold foes,
The cry for battle fiercely rose.

III.

Queen MARGARET, trusting in her might,
Accepts with joy the proffered fight.
On either hand, in copse-wood shade,
Lay WILTS and CLIFFORD'S ambuscade,
Whilst SOMERSET commands her force,
For main attack, or foot, or horse ;
And thus arrayed, the royal host,
Assail the DUKE with taunt and boast,
To draw him from his sheltered post.

IV.

Hark ! how the revel reigns within,
 And rings the camp without ;
Yon lancet-windows, tall and thin,
 Are gleaming in the moat ;
 The yule-log blazes bright,
 And thaws the win'try night ;
PLANTAGENET in banquet-hall,
Is holding Christmas festival.
Full many a gallant knight is there,
 And many a soldier peer ;

They quaff the bowl to banish care,
Nor stint the goodly cheer ;
But many a youthful cheek grows pale,
Amid that company,
And Laughter's lips are seen to quail,
Ev'n in their revelry :
And RUTLAND's brow is deathlike wan,
And dimly shines his eye ;
He lets the purple stream flow on,
And pass him heedless by.
Alas ! it is the morrow's fight,
That rising fills his vacant sight,
A spectre ever nigh !

V.

But hark ! what peals of merriment,
The menials raise on high ;
The wassail-bowl will scarce content
Their most ungodly glee :
In antick garb, the mummers prank,
In uncouth masquerade,
And reeling Frolic shakes the rank
Of yeoman, groom, and maid.

The homely jest—the coarse reply,
Seasons their rustic revelry ;
Whilst some in circles gaping stare
Around the featly conjurer ;
And where the song, and wassail fail,
List to the goblin-teller's tale.

VI.

Without, the watch-fire's ruddy blaze,
The widely spreading camp displays.
The presage of a bloody fight,
Robs the young soldier of delight,
And but the ruffian revels there,
Void of a secret conscious fear.
But list ! adown the midnight gale,
 Above the hoarse din peeling,
From infant lips, a tender wail,
 The SAVIOUR'S hymn is stealing !¹¹
 Like seraphs band,
 'Mid demons stand,
 Yon choral company ;
The revel stays ;

The sinner prays,
And bows to earth his knee,
For wild and high, yon anthems name
The God-born babe of BETHLEHEM !

VII.

'Twas morn, and dimly broke the day,
With chilly breath, and feeble ray,
Piercing December's wintry shroud
Of gathering stern and murky cloud ;
And cold bleak gusts with boding sound,
Old SANDAL'S turrets swept around,
And shook sharp icicles to ground.
Each watchman closer drew his cloak,
And smote his breast with brisker stroke,
And paced his round in quicker time ;
Then quenched his torch, and brushed the rime
From off his matted locks and eye,
And strained his drowsy sight to spy
The camp, where friend and foeman lie ;
Thick o'er the plain the night's robe lay,
And all was still, and cold, and grey.

VIII.

PLANTAGENET within the pile,
In lengthened council sate meanwhile ;
And there Sir DAVID sued in vain,¹²
The DUKE'S rash prowess to restrain,
Nor battle risk 'gainst four-fold foes,
But safely mured, his host enclose,
Till EDWARD'S arms, and martial train,
With succour SAMMERHALL could gain.
“ What ! hast thou loved me long, DAVY !
“ And will'st that I dishonored be,
“ And linger here a coward's life ?
“ Vouch it, ye plains of NORMANDY !
 “ Say, did I skulk in fortress there,
“ Though thrice outnumbered in the strife ?
“ No ! manlike sallied on the foe—
“ And how he fled, ye well do know,
 “ My sword had little left to spare !
“ To-day I'll fight ere setting sun,
“ Let cowards flee ! I'll fight alone !”
Ev'n as the shallop whirled,
 In dark Charybdis' toils,

Swifter, and swifter hurled,
More near the vortex boils;
Just so the man, the Fates foredoom,
More headlong rushes to his tomb!
Deaf to all prayers the DUKE remained ;
By force of speech his purpose gained,
Or old, or young, deemed honor stained
To shrink from fight, how great so e'er
The battle's hazard might appear.

IX.

The council o'er—the trumpet's clang
Throughout the spacious area rang :
The summons loud and quick obeyed,
And horse and man were fast arrayed :
Full many a knight of high degree,
Scions of South and West Country,
NEVILL, and HALL, and HARRINGTON,
Young RUTLAND, RICHARD'S tender son,
March with the brave Earl SALISBURY.
On jetty steed, PLANTAGENET ;
Pennache he wore, and bascinet ;

Gorget of steel—surcoat of blue ;
His charger decked in azure hue ;
With glittering lance upreared in rest,
His buckler dight with blazoned crest.
A goodly show, eke SALISBURY,
For none more knightly geared than he ;
His golden casquette fenced with steel ;
And gold, the spurs that tipped his heel ;
His jupon—plume—and trappings too,
Dyed of the deepest crimson hue ;
In brazen armour clad for fight,
He pranced along on steed milk-white.

X.

The tread of hoofs on frozen ground,
Echoes the castle's walls around ;
Arrayed in costly furniture,
A hundred youthful knights appear ;
What varied crests of quaint device !
What plumes and banners flout the skies !
From out the court—through darkened glade,
Their burnished steel illumes the shade,

And flings o'er stem—and rock—and stream,
A moment's strange, and war-like gleam,
Till lost amid the thickening glen,
Vanished from sight are horse and men.

XI.

The neigh of steeds, and coursers' tramp,
Was heard, meanwhile, in MARGARET'S camp.
With odds that number four to one,
The conquest seemed already won.
The QUEEN beheld with joy and pride
Each noble knight to battle ride ;
For each equipped, in duty went,
To pay his homage at her tent ;
And then took up his several post,
Throughout the widely scattered host.
Dukes SOMERSET, and EXETER,
Earls DEVON, WILTS, NORTHUMBERLAND,
In bright array before her stand,
Receive the red rose from her hand,
The loyal badge of LANCASTER.
Lords CLIFFORD—NEVILL—DACRES—ROSS,

Before their royal mistress pass ;
And knights, and squires of varied class,
The flower of Northern chivalry,
In gorgeous suits, and trappings seen,
Doffing their morions, greet the queen.
The trumpet sounds—they march—on high
The Scots' jet plume nods gracefully ;
They wheel—disperse to left—to right—
Where'er their troops lie ranged for fight ;
Then rank on rank, in dread array,
Pause breathless for the coming fray.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

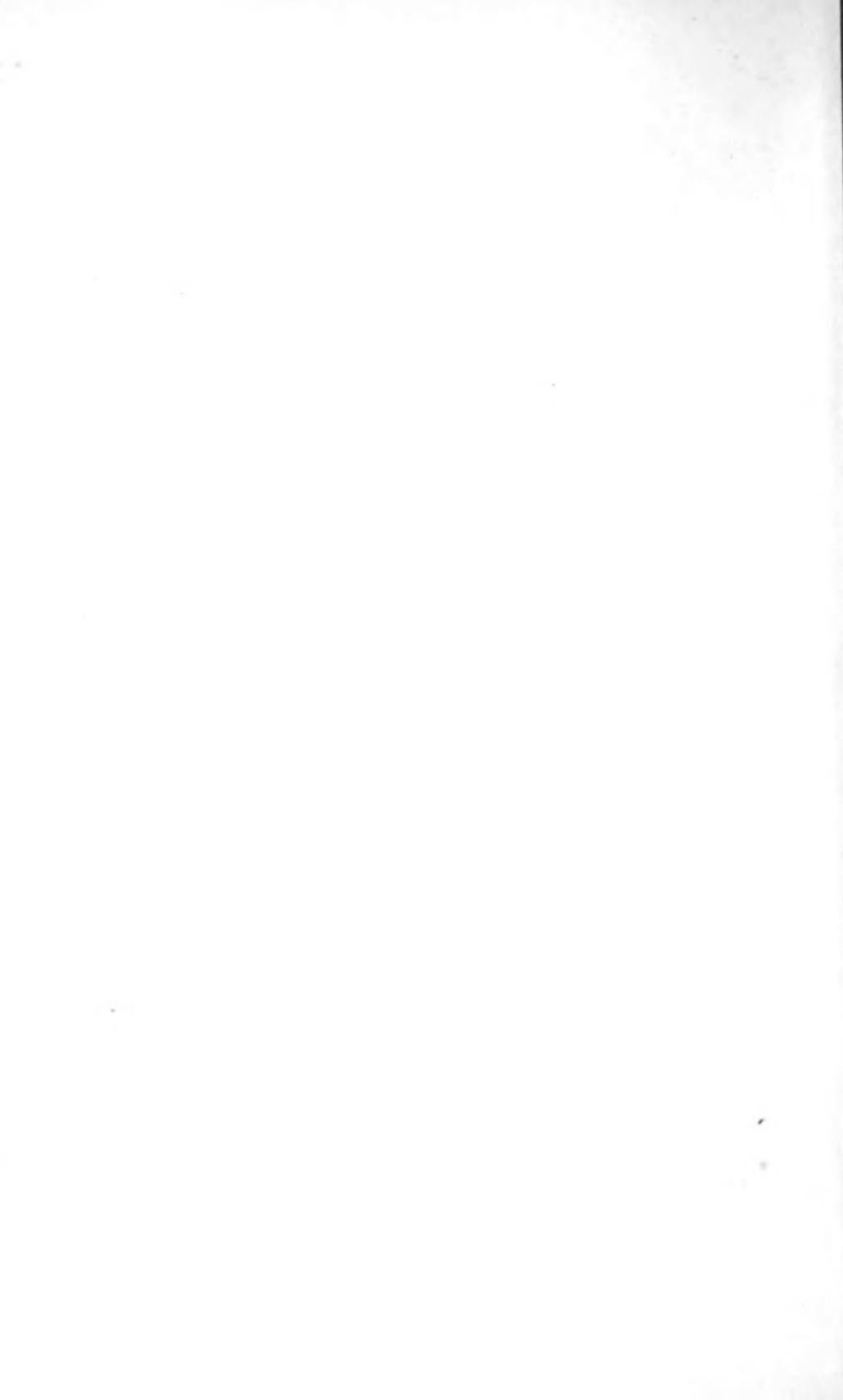


CANTO II.



A R G U M E N T

The SUN breaks forth—the Trumpet sounds—the BATTLE opens fiercely—SALISBURY and PLANTAGENET in the thickest of the fight—CLIFFORD and WILTS quit their ambuscade and charge the rear—the YORKISTS are routed—the DUKE taken Prisoner—no Quarter asked or given—RUTLAND flies—is pursued by CLIFFORD—overtaken at WAKEFIELD BRIDGE, and stabbed—the Murderer dips his scarf in RUTLAND'S blood, and bears it to his Father—the DUKE is seated on a mound—crowned in mockery—taunted by CLIFFORD, and stabbed—the body beheaded—WILTS takes possession of SANDAL—the QUEEN and her victorious NOBLES hold a Feast there—CLIFFORD presides—the YORKISTS lie unburied—the heads of the DUKE—SALISBURY—and RUTLAND exposed on YORK Gateway—Vengeance slumbers awhile on the Dead's deserted heap—she flies to TOWTON—the Battle rages through the Night—The LANCASTERIANS overthrown—CLIFFORD slain—his Head exposed in the place of those of RUTLAND, YORK, and SALISBURY, who obtain burial—ROSES still growing on TOWTON Battle-field—SANDAL receives EDWARD as KING—he erects a CROSS where the DUKE was slain—and re-endows the CHAPEL on WAKEFIELD BRIDGE—the present occupation of the CHAPEL—God's own Temple is the heart—thoughts on lawless Ambition—its bloody annals—the stamp of vengeance, and the curse of WAR still dwell on SANDAL'S shattered brow.



CANTO II.

THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD.

I.

As day broke forth o'er helm and shield,
War's glittering pageant was revealed,
Throughout the waving, crested field;
Then fiercely rolled each wakeful eye,
And hearts throbbed high for victory,
Beneath their close-pent panoply.
Hark! loud and dread the clarion peels!

The horrid front of battle reels !
On—on they rush—like steeds of fire,
Hell-armed, and barbed with quenchless ire !
The fluttering plume—the brandished lance,
Awhile in tattered ether dance,
Then clash with foemen's deadliest hate,
As steeds with steeds contending meet.
Halbert and sword, and battle axe,
Gory and hot in slaughter wax ;
The archer bends his yew-tree bow,
And wings destruction on the foe ;
Matchlock, and gun, and arquebus,
Hurl bolt, and ball with thundering voice ;
The pelting storm of iron hail,
Smites pitiless on rattling mail ;
The din of arms, the frantic bound,
Of blood-stained hoof on icy ground,
The shriek of death—the victor's yell,
Mingling, in one wide tumult swell.

II.

Where'er the thickest—deadliest fray,
SALISBURY'S red falchion cleaves its way ;

Where'er his crimson plume arose,
Back scattered fell his vanquished foes,
And triumph hailed the spotless rose.
PLANTAGENET beholds with pride,
How deep in blood his glaive is dyed ;
Hewing his way with mortal blows,
Strives hard with EXETER to close ;
Or if, in battle he may meet,
To cope with knightly SOMERSET.

III.

But whose yon war-shout, scattering fear?
'TwiXt YORK and SANDAL'S tower appear
The ambushed foe—they charge the rear ;
CLIFFORD and WILTS pour rank on rank,
From copse and brake, on either flank ;
In vain ! alas ! the valiant few
Wheel round, and face the coming blow :
They meet—their glittering spears are crossed,
The tide is turning—wavering—lost !
The bloody CLIFFORD, sword in hand,
Purples with gore the cumbered land.

Anon, the war-horse breaks aloof,
 Wounded, and riderless away,
The sear leaves scattered by his hoof,
 The forest startled by his neigh;
Frantic he plunges in the wood,
His blood-trace dabbled many a rood ;
Feebler, and feebler, bound on bound,
Deep in the thicket's solitude,
He shudders—staggers—sinks to ground!

IV.

In vain ! alas ! YORK's battle shout
Rallies no more amid the rout.
Down sinks PLANTAGENET—his steed
Lies gasping 'neath him on the mead :
On every hand, stern foemen strive,
To take the rebel DUKE alive ;
O'ercome at length, and wounded sore,
His feeble frame they captive bear,
A darker fate for him in store !

V.

When RICHARD'S azure plume went down,
The last faint flickering hope was gone :
But few there were who recked to fly,
They fought to conquer, or to die ;
And none for life were heard to crave,
No quarter sued—no quarter gave ;
They deemed the battle sweeter tomb,
Than meet the headsman's bitter doom.

VI.

But one there was—a tender boy, ¹³
By priest led forth from out the fray,
Whose flight caught CLIFFORD'S eagle eye.
He marked his gold-embroidered vest,
Most like what RUTLAND'S self possessed,
And spurred his steed, and hotly pressed
The fleeing youth, alas ! too late,
To shun thy father's coming fate !
Away ! Away ! thou gentle dove,
The falcon's wings are swift above !
Oh ! ruthless deed ! Oh ! bloodiest war !

And thou so meek a foe not spare ?
The bridge is gained—where chantry stood,
On buttress based, midway the flood,
Where CALDER'S swollen torrents poured,
Their clattering steeds abreast are heard—
Ah! coward's blow! the vengeful lord,
Plunges in RUTLAND'S heart his sword!
The deed is done—mortal the wound—
The shrieking victim sinks to ground.

VII.

The silken scarf the stripling wore,
The murderer dipped in RUTLAND'S gore,
Then straightway to his father bore.
The DUKE was seated on a mound,
With paper crown, and robe arrayed,
Whilst nobles scoffing, circled round.
With bloody scarf, and reeking blade,
CLIFFORD a seeming reverence made ;
“ Hail ! prince without a people—hail !
“ King Richard ! kingdomless—all hail !
“ Rebel, and traitor to the State !

“Thy foulest treason expiate!

“Sweet sight! thy RUTLAND’S fresh-warm blood!

“And sweet, the tears, I see thee shed!

“False murderer of my sire!¹⁵

“To glut an orphan’s ire,

“I bid thee thus expire!”

He stabs—as sinks PLANTAGENET,

Beholds unmoved Queen MARGARET;

And fiercely shout the rabble rout

Of vulgar souls, that stand without;

And heaping insult on the dead,

The prostrate body they behead.

And ere another sun had set,

Three bloody heads in insult met,

SALISBURY and RUTLAND, side by side,¹⁶

With YORK, all ghastly, gaping wide,

On EBOR’S proud embattled gate!

VIII.

SANDAL, meanwhile, unguarded lay,

And fell to WILTS an easy prey.

As day declined, from out the port,

Sounded strange mirth within,

As wild and high, through hall and court,
Arose the festive din.
The QUEEN and NOBLES bold,
A royal banquet hold,
And hands with slaughter crimsoned o'er,
Goblets of wine all heedless pour ;
Lord CLIFFORD fills the chair of state,
The murderer where the murdered sate,
And rules the noisy fête.
But they who walked yon halls at morn,
Lie on the battle-field forlorn,
Limb from limb, convulsed, and torn !
Upon the cold and senseless clay,
YORK's headless corse unburied lay,
And scared the moonbeam's timid ray,
Which glanced on him, and thousands more,
Grown stiff, and black, in freezing gore :
But Vengeance only sleeps awhile
Upon the dead's deserted pile,
She holds her darkest deeds in store
Against wrath's swiftly coming hour.
With wilder rage, and deadlier doom,

With reeking sword, and crimson wings,
Lo! now she shakes her morion's plume,
And back to ten-fold slaughter springs.

IX.

But thrice the wint'ry moon had waned,¹⁷
Since SANDAL'S plain was carnage-stained,
Ere TOWTON'S fiercer fight was gained.
At eve the rival armies met,
'Mid mingled storm of snow and sleet ;
So frantic closed the fiendish fight,
Unheeded passed the faded light ;
Unbroken through the dismal night,
'The combat raged, and deathblows clashed,
As steel with steel, in darkness flashed ;
The stroke—the shriek—the curse—the groan—
The heavy plunge of steed o'erthrown—
Man grappling man—the foe unknown,
Or half revealed where torches shone—
Till morn beheld the ceaseless fray
Unquelled—unquenched, with dawn of day,
Nor YORK, nor LANCASTER gave way.

O'ercast for leagues the purpled plain,
In gory pools—with heaps of slain,
Amid the crimsoned snow-wreaths lain.

X.

Soon singled forth from out the dead,
The bloody CLIFFORD'S severed head,¹⁸
On EBOR'S archway stood :
And Vengeance there did brood,
Whilst honored burial gained the three
Sad victims of his cruelty,
RUTLAND, and YORK, and SALISBURY ;
And EDWARD shed a warrior's tear
O'er a loved sire, and brother's bier.
Lo! still on TOWTON'S battle-field,¹⁹

And round its streamlet's grassy bed,
Ev'n now, the blood-stained meadows yield

The fairest roses, white and red !
For as each warrior sank to earth,
To these his gory badge gave birth ;
And cultured there by hand unknown,
In circles some, and some alone

Luxuriant rise and deck the plain,
 And blossom o'er the circling slain;
 How few would deem their fragrant bloom
 Was shed o'er fellest foemen's tomb!

XII.

Old SANDAL'S gate wide ope'd to greet
 The young—the brave PLANTAGENET.
 With pious hand, a cross he built,²⁰
 To mark where RICHARD'S blood was spilt.
 Of gothic structure, rare,
 Where RUTLAND fell, a chantry stood,
 Impinging midway CALDER'S flood,
 Saint MARY'S chapel, fair,
 Now re-endowed, that priest might pray
 For such as fell in bloody fray,
 On SANDAL'S slaughter-sickening day.
 Full oft, whilom, the traveller,
 Journeying through the night,
 Would sheath his sword, or rest his spear,
 Hailing yon turret's light;
 Full oft, by day, the passer by,

Who chanced the goodly fane to see,
And heard the requiem steal on high,
 Would stay his foot, and entering there,
With reverend mien, and bended knee,
 Pour forth a solitary prayer.

Who now beholds that crumbling fane,
Might deem devotion on the wane :
Nor priest, nor votary enter there,
Nor anthem breathes—nor voice of prayer,
But busy Commerce plies her care,
And daily seeks her wonted gain.
Devotion owns a purer shrine
Than reared by man—a work divine ;
The holy oracles impart,
That God's own temple is the heart.

XIII.

Oh ! lust of empire, could'st thou tell
The yet unnumbered host that fell,
In each protracted strife unknown,
'Twixt nobles warring for a throne,
Oh ! say, what boots a despot's sway,

When crime and blood have paved the way ;
Have dimmed the crown—the sceptre stained,
The laws of GOD and man profaned ?
Go—view the slaughter-covered field,
By morrow's rising sun revealed ;
Go—ask each mangled—bleeding corse,
What is ambition ?—“ Hell's own curse !”
Oh ! tale of blood, how full of woe
Thy purpled streams of carnage flow !
The widow's tear—the orphan's sigh,
Speak of their speechless agony.
How tainted by the breath of war
The loveliest spots in nature are !
Lo ! SANDAL ! on thy shattered brow,
There dwells the stamp of vengeance now ;
Ambition's scourge, the curse of war,
Has left his deadly impress there !



S A N D A L

IN

T H E O L D E N T I M E .



P A R T I I I .



Chronicle.

Age after age, grey Sandal's tower
Confessed each reigning Monarch's power.
Edwards, and Henrys, one by one,
Bequeathed the pile from sire to son,
Till House of Stewart held by right
The proud and venerable site.
When Cromwell sought with bloody hand,
To grasp the sceptre of our land,
Resistless rebel! Sandal's wall
Was doomed with Charles' throne to fall.



The Parliamentary Wars.



ARGUMENT.

SANDAL's antiquated style compared to the travellers toil-worn aspect—SANDAL is held by BONIVANT for KING CHARLES—OVERTON besieges—opens a furious Cannonade—the fire returned with equal spirit from the CASTLE—the Birds are silent—Nature is awe-struck by the sound of Cannon—the besieged sally with varied success—SANDAL impregnable by assault—Famine appears among the Garrison—they still hold out undismayed—their hopes supported by good-tidings from the KING—they kindle fires on the high tower—the Garrison shout as if the KING were come to raise the siege—succour comes not—the Garrison are dwindled by famine and sword—BONIVANT calls a truce—obtains an honourable capitulation—marches out amid the plaudits of the enemy—SANDAL is demolished, and shrinks into a ruin.



The Parliamentary Wars.

CANTO I.

THE SIEGE.

I.

Ev'n as the brow of him estranged,
Whose wayward steps have widely ranged,
 Since youth's ambitious prime,
Brings home the furrows of long years,
Sickness, and woe, and war's dim scars,
 Back to his native clime;
So, many a stain on SANDAL'S tower
Proclaims the time-destroying power;

Full many a sapling-oak grown grey,
Tells of an earlier, greener day;
And on yon dial's antique face,
The lapse of centuries ye trace;
Yon pointed arch—yon fretted wall,
Yon oaken-raftered banquet hall,
With much beside, within the pile,
Bespeak its ancient cumbrous style.

II.

Brave BONIVANT kept SANDAL's gate,²¹
 Upon her doubtful day,
And strove to shield the blow of fate,
 From CHARLES' tottering sway.
Then frowned her battlements along,
War's horrid engines, stout and strong,
 And long flung back defiance bold:
A double moat encircling all,
Four fathoms deep beneath the wall,
 Laved the broad basis of the hold.

III.

Stout OVERTON in CROMWELL'S cause
Lays siege—his circle nearer draws,
 Hems in the castle's rising ground;
The Roundheads raise on every side,
Trench, foss, and fortress high and wide;
 But most where stands yon Danish mound,²³
From cannon's mouth, War's tempest lowers;
Then pours amain his deadly showers,
With thundering voice on SANDAL'S towers,
Till hill, and dale, and plain rebound,
With each tumultuous burst of sound.

IV.

Loop-hole, and keep, and battlement,
Robed in dense sulph'rous element,
Indignant hurl their death-bolts back,
With fiercer fire, and louder shock,
Till dungeons reel, and turrets rock.
As peal on peal, the echoes wake,
 Answers each distant hill;
And trembles every startled lake,

And hushed within her woodland brake,
The songster's note is still :
Betwixt the cannon's thundering stroke,
No voice is heard to stir,
But wreaths of ever thickening smoke
Hang in the awe-struck air.

V.

Anon, from out the portal rush,
Like ocean's tide, or torrent's gush,
A chosen band of Cavaliers ;
Where'er their serried rank appears,
The foe retires—or stands his ground,
Sheltered by trench, or swelling mound,
And stubborn fight strews death around ;
Till bleeding, foiled, and backward driven,
The invader seeks his rocky haven.

VI.

In vain ! ye shake—but cannot raze
Yon massive pile of bygone days !
Onset by day—assault by night,

Disclose no yawning breach to sight;
War's iron tempest vainly falls
On SANDAL'S adamantine walls.
But though no outward trace appears
Of slackened nerve—or wasted strength,
Within, a secret canker wears,
For Famine's form stalks forth at length;
More deadly is her silent thrall,
Within the close beleaguered wall,
Than where war's thickest death-bolts fall.

VII.

As hourly carnage strewed her slain,
The moon waxed full, and waned again:

The loyal hearts within
Beheld their ranks grow thin,
But still fought undismayed;
Though greedy Famine preyed,
Yet lurking Treason feared
To breathe one traitorous word.

When fortune smiled, and when there came
Good tidings from King CHARLES, a flame

Burned mightly bright on SANDAL'S tower,
And quickly answered was the light,
From POMFRET'S distant turret's height,³³
And loud the war-shout rent the air;
The Roundheads trembled in their camp,
And ran to arms—the distant tramp
Of royal steeds seemed drawing near,
Whilst fiercely cried each Cavalier,
“A prince ! A Prince !” as hill and tower
Woke to their shout at midnight hour.

VIII.

Day by day, and night by night,
Brave BONIVANT prolongs the fight;
Famine and sword have dwindled quite
 His little band of men ;
Succour comes not—till hope—alas !
 Dies in his breast, and then
He calls a truce—and treats for life,
But vows to perish in the strife,
If liberty be granted not
To all within the castle's moat.
Life—fame, and liberty are won ;

The few, the brave, the famished pass
Forth from the fortress, one by one :
Ev'n CROMWELL'S warriors hailed their foes,
 As BONIVANT marched out ;
Whilst gazing on their dauntless brows,
From rank to rank the plaudit grows
 To one accordant shout !

IX.

But they are gone !—and SANDAL'S walls
Crumble beneath the iron hand,
That raised a scaffold for a king,
And dared in regicide be great,
To grasp the sceptre of the State.
For Fate ordained her princely halls
Should melt as by enchanter's wand,
Quick as the thought's imagining !
Bastion and turrets, where are they ?
Gone like the dreams of yesterday !
And SANDAL'S feudal pride is gone,
Or shrunk into yon mouldering stone !

CANTO II.



ARGUMENT

An invocation to Poesy—the dreamer of by-gone hours—the memory of the dead—poetical—the dreams of poesy described—some bright and momentary—some heavenly—some impious and daring—the BARD craves not these, but a parting gleam of other days—a pensive dream—the vale of the CALDER, as seen from SANDAL—the ruins—the deathlike stillness of the place—wishes for a BARD of the Olden Time, to sing of happier days—all is hushed in sleep—the graves covered with grass—an adder glides by—glitters and disappears—twilight—darkness—the rents of time are effaced—the ruins grow gigantic—Glory inhabits her tenement anew—Fancy restores all things—past ages recalled—a crowd of Phantoms rise—WARREN, ALICE and JOAN—YORK and RUTLAND—the besiegers—they vanish—the wreck alone might inspire the MUSE—war leaves Grandeur desolate—the BARD turns from perishable things, to the contemplation of things that perish not—hails his spirit's destiny.



C A N T O I I .

S A N D A L C A S T L E I N R U I N S .

I.

Hail, Poesy ! immortal power !
Fair dreamer of a by-gone hour !
Oh ! lull thy bard in tranquil bower ;
Sit watching o'er his slumbering head,
And softly whisper of the dead,
Of olden time, of joyance fled.
Oh ! 'tis a sacred love thou hast

For all that was, but now is past ;
Though they be sped, whose footsteps wore
The paths they now may tread no more,
 Yet these thou wouldst explore ;
 Ah yes ! by Fancy's aid,
 Fly back to days of yore,
 And raptured live them o'er,
 Wild, visionary maid !

But these are not thine only dreams ;
Some less beloved, yet brighter far,
'Thou hast, which flit like sunny gleams,
Like lightning's flash, or falling star ;
Now mount with hope on seraph's wings ;
Now enter at the gates of heaven ;
'Till Fancy loathes all earth-born things ;
'Till Reason's steps are backward driven ;
Then impious grown—thine eye will pry
'The threshold of eternity !
'Tis then thy wild imaginings
Will dare, alas ! forbidden things ;
'Too bright for earth—too frail for heaven,
By every sister fancy given,

Vague visions such as ne'er can be
Embodied in reality—
But these thy bard craves not of thee,
Oh ! grant to him a parting gleam
Of other days—a pensive dream !

II.

Look down on CALDER's tranquil vale,
Her waters reddening in the sun ;
And mark yon barge's glowing sail,
Catch evening's glories one by one ;
Behold how burns yon distant spire,
Tinged with vesper's fading fire :
And far beyond, the purpled hills,
Slope softly melting in the gleam
Of daylight's faint expiring beam,
Which dances still in CALDER's stream,
And welkin's West with radiance fills—
Then turn, and bend thine eye in tears,
Where SANDAL's ruined arch appears :
Sole remnant of her kingly pile !
Gaze on yon arch, and mark the while,

Of all her feudal glory reared,
How War has reft what Time had spared !
SANDAL ! alas ! thy voice is still—
Nor wakes as erst from grass-grown hill,
The lute's soft strain in lady's bower ;
Oh ! for a bard of olden time,
To yield thee back thy life in rhyme,
And sing afresh thy glorious prime,
When wassail-rout convulsed thy tower,
And banquet shook thy festive halls !
But all is still—thy crumbling walls
No more shall echo back the tread
 Of prancing steed—no more shall war
 Arouse thy warrior's listening ear,
With trumpet's clang, and clashing swords ;
Nor prisoner's sigh, nor love's last words,
Whisper amid thy voiceless dead !
How still is death ! and thou—how still !
I fear to climb thy turf-clad hill,
Or wander o'er thy hidden graves ;
Where'er I gaze, the green-sward heaves
In hillocks, and the dark bough waves

So gently o'er the sleepers there,
I would not trample on their bier.

III.

But—see ! how soft yon adder glides,
In silent course the hill besides ;
And now her venom'd head she hides ;
Anon—pursues her noiseless way,
And doubling shuns each rustling spray ;
How bright her streaks of silver-grey !
Like tracks of light at break of day
Adown a mountain's rugged sides—
'Tis passed—her arrowy form hath fled,
Where yon dark thicket's shades are spread.

IV.

The wings of night are brooding now,
Above—around—beneath ; the gloom
Of yon deep elms, that shade the tomb
Of Grandeur, shrouds the haughty brow
Of SANDAL'S triple-vaulted tower ;
The rents of time, the wrecks of war,

Grow less and less distinct, and are
Effaced, as darkness veils the hour ;
Yon loftier pile of massive stone
 Shoots up into the dusky air,
By eve's wan light gigantic grown,
 And wakes the pride that slumbers there !
And yon rude walls resume their reign
By night, and Glory dwells again,
Ev'n in her hoary tenement ;
 And Fancy's spell creates anew
Buttress, and arch, and battlement,
 Rising in splendour on the view,
As erst they stood in grim array,
High towering in the face of day.

V.

Dim peering through the veil of night,
 You murky forms bring back a crowd
Of images, that seek the light,
 And leap from out the misty shroud
Of ages—picturing as they glide
 Athwart the tablet of my thought,

What did of good, or ill betide
These walls, and all the deeds here wrought.

VI.

And Lo ! twain spectres robed in air,
Muffled, and still, are gliding by,
Stealing along so warily !
And ever gazing on yon pair,
And beckoning still, a phantom fair,
Follows them aye with tearful eye :
He sees thee, hears thee not !
His early vow forgot ;
Alas ! thou love-lorn JOAN-DE-BARR,
Thy WARREN bends his brow of war
On yon false dame of LANCASTER—
Such is thy wayward lot !
They pass, and now a crowd of dead,
Rise from their cold—ensanguined bed,
YORK'S bleeding corse, and severed head ;
And he, the young PLANTAGENET,
Stabbed to the heart—in order set,
Range 'neath their roses, white or red,

Horsemen and footmen, grim as death,
Pause for the spectre-trumpet's breath ;
Rally, and wheel, and charge in fight,
Then rush into the gloom of night—
And now, a dread beleaguering host,
Phalanx on phalanx, take their post,
The fated fortress compass round ;
 Throughout the lengthened fight,
Flash follows flash—though stilled the sound,
 And hushed the cannon's roar ;
 Then strange to wondering sight,
Bastion and keep in silence fall,
And silent sinks the crumbling wall,
 And SANDAL is no more !

VII.

And now, the phantom-crowd is gone,
And yon rude remnants stand alone.
SANDAL ! thy wreck might well inspire,²⁴
In glowing breasts—a poet's fire—
And cold the heart—and strange the eye,
That could unheeded pass thee by,

Nor read the dark decree of fate,
How War leaves Grandeur desolate !

VIII.

What ! if the bard from out thy wreck
Of grey and moss-grown stone,
May gather strength his lay to deck,
With strain of loftier tone ;
May turn from prince's crumbling state,
O'erwhelmed by time, by war, by fate,
To things which perish not, nor die,
Changeless in their eternity !
Yes, turn from earth, and earthly toys,
To brighter hopes—unfading joys ;
Then heavenward raise his glistening eye
To unseen mansions in the sky,
And hail his spirit's destiny !

THE END.



THE VICTIM.



THE VICTIM.

A TALE

OF THE

“LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.”

SECOND EDITION.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE moral that the following TALE contains, will, it is hoped, compensate in some degree for its fictitious character.

No precise date is affixed to this story, beyond being posterior to the great struggle for liberty, in which TELL gained his immortality, and SWITZERLAND her independence.

The unreserved confidence which "CONSTANCE" places in her lover, is in perfect accordance with the great purity and simplicity of manners, which peculiarly characterize the SWISS, and on that ground she may be fairly acquitted of any breach of decorum.



P A R T I.

P A R T I.

A R G U M E N T.

FLEULEN, the home of CONSTANCE—her virtue and beauty—GRUTLI, MEINRAD'S abode—his bravery and high spirit—kindred spirits—MEINRAD'S Courtship—CONSTANCE accepts him—the perils of his Hunter's life—his feats—his occupation when watching on the snow—his description of Alpine Scenery—evening, night and morning—he gathers flowers and gems—CONSTANCE watches his promised bark—MEINRAD'S form—they sail on the Lake—their conversation—she sings—the echoes—the night approaches—they return and find the Old Man on the watch—he blesses them—MEINRAD takes his leave for the last time, before they are to be married.



The Victim.

P A R T I.

I.

DEEP in FLUELEN's shady bower,¹
There bloomed a lone and lovely flower,
Sole daughter of an aged sire,
Whose soul was touched with freedom's fire :
To him was nought to glad his hearth,
Save CONSTANCE, and a life of worth.
Here, Virtue formed in Beauty's mould,

A second EVE, as once of old,
Sent like an angel from above,
To light an Eden with her love.

II.

In GRUTLI'S wave-worn—deathless town,^z
A Hunter dwelt—high his renown
Amid his native ice-bound steeps,
Where Avalanche in thunder leaps.
A braver warrior in her host,
All rocky URI could not boast,
Her Alpine sons of liberty,
A man more fearless, and more free,
Than dauntless MEINRAD of GRUTLI !
The eagle trembled at his tread ;
The chamois knew him well, and fled ;
To die, and tempt it were the same,
So withering fell his deadly aim.
There dwelt enthroned upon his brow,
 The manlike spirit of the free ;
Save GOD—to none his knee would bow,
 He owned no tyrant's sovereignty.

Within, the SPARTAN'S spirit burned ;
Without, the badge MORGARTEN earned,
Vowed "ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE,"^s
And stamped him bold HELVETIA'S son.

III.

Some Bards have said, divinely wise,
And sure 'tis sweet to think it so !
That as each spirit quits the skies,
To dwell on earth in mortal guise,
A kindred spirit leaves them too,
That twain below one bliss may find,
The union of their wedded mind.
So MEINRAD deemed, and so it proved,
For CONSTANCE was the maid he loved.
She seemed to him that brighter part,
Which yet was wanting to his heart ;
That tender, blissful, loving thing,
Careering but on rapture's wing,
And doubling all that joy can bring,
To fill, and warm, and light the breast—
Bearing that gentle offering,

Which woman's love alone can give,
To bid its hopeful morrow live,
To set its aching void at rest !

IV.

I ween, he knew no dextrous art,
Nor played the crafty suitor's part,
To gain an entrance to her heart ;
He knew the thought that dwelt in his,
Nor deemed amiss that thought were her's,
Their souls were one—at least in this,
The ken that purity confers.
Nor mingled he amid the crowd,
Who prattle lies with flattering tongue ;
The love he owned was scarce avowed,
A chain unseen around him hung ;
But love will spy the chords that draw
The captive heart, how fine so e'er,
Though none might see, yet CONSTANCE saw,
And felt the link that reached to her.

V.

Too artless was FLUELEN'S maid,
 When MEINRAD once had owned love's smart,
To think affection can be paid,
 Too cheaply by a woman's heart.
Oh—no ! she framed no lying tale,
 Of feelings shocked—or feigned surprise—
The blush that mantled 'neath her veil,
 The love that darted from her eyes,
Too plainly told the pleading swain,
His earnest suit was not in vain.

VI.

Such was the man that CONSTANCE loved ;
 Each day with hunter's perils rife,
A source of new affection proved,
 And twined a charm around his life—
To welcome home that fearless youth,
Was more than happiness in sooth !
Oh ! when they met, 'twas doubly dear,
Beatitude enhanced by fear !
Then MEINRAD spoke of gulphs that yawn,

Insatiate round each icy Horn;
Of gulphs his dauntless footsteps crossed,
Where many a hardy Swiss was lost;
And how he scaled the giddy crest,
 Where Lämmergheyer her aerie placed,
And how he bearded in her nest,
 That sovereign of the frozen waste;
Of nights he spent on some lone rock,
That hourly trembled with the shock
Of Avalanche that rushing by,
Like midnight thunder rent the sky!
Fair CONSTANCE shuddered as he spake,
Yet loved to hear for MEINRAD'S sake.

VII.

Then, as to chase away her fear,
He told how softly charmed his ear,
When wakeful on the frozen fell,
The tinkling of her village bell!
That sound he knew was speaking then,
From out his CONSTANCE' lowly glen,
It reached his icy couch above,
To tell him of his sleeping love!

How too, at eve, he watched the sun,
 First gild FLUELEN's slender spire,
Then, ere his glorious course was run,
 Light CONSTANCE' chalèt's roof with fire;
Yes! how he watched the trembling light,
Wax fainter, till it vanished quite,
And spire, and cot were lost to sight!
How, as the mist curled up the glen,
 From out the slowly purpling lake,
It veiled the calm abodes of men,
 Till fire-light gleams would fitful break,
Ev'n through the twilight and the gloom,
To point each freeman's hearth and home.
 Then turned to GOTHARD's brow,
 To catch his dying glow;
Then hailed each star, that gathered light,
And twinkled at approaching night;
Till Cynthia clomb the icy wall,
 And shone upon his raptured eye,
As darker grew the nightly pall,
 The deep—deep azure of the sky!
Then hoary scalp, and calm lagoon,

Waxed bright beneath the radiant moon,
And silvered every glittering Horn,
In paly splendour to adorn,
As seeming guardians of the deep,
Their peaceful, midnight hours of sleep !
Whilst far beneath, the lunar-bow,

Was arched with cold and faded ray,
It seemed so flickering, faint, and low,

The ghost of beams that shone by day !
Oh ! then his spirit glowed with love,
He knelt, and breathed a prayer above,
A prayer for her, who dwelt below,
While he was watching on the snow.
Then slowly to his crag he crept,
To dream of *CONSTANCE* as he slept.

VIII.

But Oh ! the light—the blaze of morn !
By man too dazzling to be borne—
That soaring, lofty-pinioned one,
The eagle, only greets the sun !
The diamond sheen of glacier's host,

With every pinnacle a gem !
An icy world in glory lost,
With Alp on Alp, like swords of flame !
None but the hunter sees the world,
In such a flood of light unfurled !
Then burst a thousand waterfalls,
Which darkness' icy spell enthrals,
From noon till sunset, joyous melt,⁵
Gushing adown the mountain's belt.
Such tales would glad the maiden's ear,
While MEINRAD spake she loved to hear.

IX.

Oft as the hunter's steps would roam,
He stayed to pluck the Alpine rose,
And brought a lovely garland home,
Entwined with that sweet flower that blows,⁶
In regal purple—queen of snows !
Full many a gem, and crystal too,⁷
The wandering MEINRAD found the while,
But when they met his CONSTANCE' view,
Oh ! what repayment in her smile !

But more than all, he joyed to sail,
 Alone with her before the gale ;
 Borne on the bosom of the deep,
 To glide beneath each beetling steep,
 Recounting deeds her sires had done,
 And how, and where the strife befel,
 Pointing the path of Freedom's son,
 Tracing the deathless steps of TELL !

X.

To GRUTLI'S shore how oft she gazed,
 Where SEELISBERG'S grey brow upraised,
 Looks back on her sweet peaceful vale,
 To catch her lover's promised sail.
 Oh ! when it came—what joy to find,
 That sail was spread before the wind !
 How slow the gale that brought his bark,
 Love-laden on her silent way,
 But when 'twas nigh enough to mark,
 The form she loved—'twas fond delay !
 'Twas MEINRAD'S form—yes ! none but he,
 The dauntless MEINRAD of GRUTLI !

His raven locks—his eagle eye,
Where soul broke forth triumphantly—
His lofty brow, where honor shone,
His bronzed cheek by watchings wan,—
His plume—his belt—his garb of green—
His song—his smile—his stalworth mien—
His every aspect—spoke the man !

XI.

One eve, 'twas thus, upon the pier,
That CONSTANCE watched his vessel near—
Whilst he, fond youth, saw well that face,
 That beamed with innocence and love,
So sweet—so fair—he seemed to trace,
 A smile descending from above,
To light him on his love-bound way,
With something more than mortal ray !
Yes ! that soft lip—that azure eye—
Were melting into ecstasy !
They told of rapture felt by none,
Save by that fond, admiring one ;
Of thoughts, they spake, that burned within,

Yes! thoughts, unuttered save by them!
Sure, such a smile from her to win,
Was worth a prince's diadem!
Lo! there she stood, her tresses fair,
Hung floating in the balmy air,
A moment's blush was mantling spread
Upon her cheek, as he drew nigh,
By fits it deepened, and it fled,
That lovely cheek—how womanly!

XII.

His bark has touched the shore;
A moment sleeps the oar;
A moment fled—his destined bride,
Is seated by her MEINRAD'S side.
The white sails swell before the breeze,
'That whispers through the mulberry trees,
'That whispers round FLUELEN'S bower,
And seems to sigh in this soft hour,
An hour so full of rapturous joy,
Another such might fear to cloy!

XIII.

While gently stealing down the lake,
The words were these young MEINRAD spake—
“CONSTANCE ! I roam once more the snows,
 But then return—to leave thee never—
How bright the thought within me glows,
 For death alone our love can sever !
The day I seek thy happy strand,
Us twain shall link in Hymen’s band ;
To night we part—but ’tis the last
 Sad parting here below,
Yes ! CONSTANCE, when those hours are passed,
 We shall no parting know !
I’ll leave no more my lovely bride,
I’ll never—never quit thy side !”

CONSTANCE.

“And wilt thou roam no more afar,
 “But dwell within thy village bourn ?
“Then ne’er shall CONSTANCE shed a tear—
 “Nor o’er her absent MEINRAD mourn !”

MEINRAD.

“Away—then every woman’s fear!
Thou canst not be but happy here—
From every ill to keep thee free,
My daily—hourly, task shall be—
A chalet’s hearth shall glad thine eye,
When winter’s blast howls dismally;
Full many a kid shall know thy voice,
Capering round thy fold rejoice;
 Yes! seated ’neath the shade,
Of walnut, vine, and mulberry,
 Where choristers have played,
Where oft has hummed the tuneful bee—
How joyous will the moments flow!
My life—my light—mine idol, thou!”

CONSTANCE.

“If this may be—as sets the sun,
When hours of cheerful toil are done,
Our little bourn we’ll roam about,
To spy some unseen beauty out,
Some charm, new-born, shall then arise,
To glad our earthly paradise.”

MEINRAD.

Aye—CONSTANCE ! doubly sweet with thee—
 To watch each favorite flower and tree ;
 And doubly sweet, as sabbath bell,
 Peals deeply from our lowly dell,
 To hie to GRUTLI'S house of prayer,
 To pour our joint petition there—
 For angel-like, to thee 'twas given,
 To point my pathway up to heaven ;
 From thee I learnt to prize,
 A mansion in the skies !

CONSTANCE.

“Nay—Hush ! we're moulded in one frame,
 We both adore our Maker's name—
 Ah yes ! on earth, we're one in soul,
 And, one in heaven, our destined goal !
 A brighter—better—purer world,
 Is virtue's blissful destiny—
 Where Love's white banner waves unfurled—
 There waves through all eternity !”

XIV.

Awhile she ceased—her azure eye,
Met MEINRAD's gazing pensively—
Ev'n as their native purple lake,
Whose waves around FLUELEN break,
Their boundless love seemed little less—
So pure—so deep—so fathomless !

“ Say, MEINRAD ! can this ever be—
Such bliss were sure denied ?
I'd rather live—and die with thee,
A freeborn hunter's bride,
Than aught on earth beside !
Though lowly be our lot,
There reigns within a cot,
A peace that pure contentment brings,
Too pure to glad the throne of kings !”

MEINRAD.

“ It is that peace—that pure delight,
Which rises on my raptured sight,
Of joy it tells in store for me,

Could but that joy be shared by thee !
Ah yes ! 'twere sweet to live below,
With one whose every wish I know,
Whose every thought, I feel is mine,
My soul is wedded now with thine !”

CONSTANCE.

“ But ev'n this dream of joy,
My woman's fears alloy ;
It is a dream—thou dost not know,
What strange mishap may wake in woe !”

MEINRAD.

“ Away ! sweet CONSTANCE, with that thought,
It clouds the joy so dearly bought—
It dims the hour, whose moments glow
The brightest in our walk below.
Away ! with every thought of ill—
Another's breast such fears might fill—
They must not—shall not rest with thee—
Thy heart should beat too happily !

Come—glad me with thy wonted lay,
Perchance 'twill chase thy fears away."

XV.

A smile around her soft lip played,
As CONSTANCE joyous, thus obeyed.

S O N G .

I.

Baron HENRY was wedded in TOGGENBERG's Hall,^s
To the beauteous IDA, the flower of ST. GALL ;
Weary hours that erst lingered in TOGGENBERG's Tower,
Gaily danced in the Eden of IDA's soft bower ;
Day and Night chased each other so quickly away,
 With the fulness of pleasure, the warbling of song,
Was there ever a rapture, ye lovers ! Oh say !
 But it stayed there to glad ye in passing along ?

2.

Baron HENRY to IDA had given a dove,
All the down on its bosom was pure as her love,

When her HENRY was absent, she fondled his bird ;
Perching on her white shoulder, 'twould quit its warm nest,
All the soft things she whispered that little one heard,
Oh ! how sweetly it nestled, and cooed in her breast !
And oft in her pastime she gave him her ring,
Which he bore round her chamber on frolicsome wing.

3.

In a moment, unthinking, to greet the blithe day,
IDA opened her lattice—her pet flew away !
Soon his soft wings returned, but they brought not with them,
Any gladness to IDA, she mourned for her gem ;
'Twas the gem of all others, the gift of her lord,
Yes ! his last dearest token, the seal of his love,
'Twas the signet of Hymen, that plighted his word ;
Then think how she chided that sly wanton dove !

4.

Ah ! the fate of a stripling may hang on a ring !
There's a magical power in that glittering thing !
Baron HENRY was hunting, as homeward he hied,
From his castle to greet him there came a fair page,
On his lily-white hand, Baron HENRY espied,

IDA's pledge that he gave her, and trembled with rage.
Not a word—it is done, and that fair youth is bound
To the fiercest of chargers that pranced o'er the ground!

5.

Oh! 'twere well had his anger been sated with ill,
Fiercest jealousy burned in his hot bosom still:
HENRY flew like an arrow to TOGGENBERG's tower,
Never chieftain so frantic, so blinded with ire,
For he hurled his young bride from her green-mantled bower,
Like the hurricane's blast, or a whirlwind of fire!
But she clung to the ivy that grew round the pile,
Like the sea-gull that builds on a lone rocky isle!

6.

Like a dreamer from sleep, Baron HENRY awoke,
How deathlike the sadness that over him broke!
When he gazed on the EDEN his IDA had made,
All the light of her beauty had vanished and sped!
Not a sound breathed the harp, that his IDA had played,
Yet her innocence spoke though its music had fled!
“Gentle IDA! my IDA! what then have I done?
“Ah! how fearful the moment that finds me alone!

7.

“ See! a phantom is walking the dim-lighted hall!

“ Oh God! ’tis her spirit that speaks from the wall!”

“ HENRY! ne’er shalt thou see me, I leave thee for ever!

“ Seek me not in the wide world, I go far away,

“ Yet know I forgive thee—thy wrong cannot sever

“ The hearts that were one in the morn of their day!”

IDA spoke—and then vanished like mist on the hill,

But the voice that she uttered is floating there still.

8.

She was seen ne’er again by the Lord of ST. GALL,

Though she dwelt in an abbey beneath his high hall.

Like the voice of an angel with balm on its wings—

IDA’S pardon breathed comfort, and fell on his ear,

Like a blessing from heaven, when the lost bosom clings,

To the dawns of hope, as they shine through the tear!

HENRY spent all his lifetime in penance and fast,

For the deed he had done, and the Eden he lost.

XVI.

She ceased to sing—but still there played,

The echo of her melody,

And many a soft response was made,
Repeated by the listening sky,
Or melted on the tranquil lake,
Like fleecy cloud, or snowy flake ;
Around the shore the last note creeps,
Then dies away among the steeps ;
For as they floated on the tide,
The softest whispers still replied ;
Along the coast, each rocky cove,
Or asked, or answered of their love.
All fear had fled, and all alloy,
To mar the fulness of their joy—
An hour it was of heavenly bliss—
A brighter world that shone in this !

XVII.

The sun had sunk the hills below ;
The ruby paled on GOTHARD'S brow ;
Then, star by star lit up the sky,
And twinkling spoke of worlds on high ;
Had tolled full many a vesper bell,
That Day had bid his world farewell ;

Huge, bleak, and dim, the giants grew,
That brooded o'er the deep ;
Darker waxed the shadowy hue,
That mantled all in sleep.
Now, every village spire was lost,
That marked the margin of the coast ;
The shore around, and on the heights,
There shone a thousand flickering lights ;
A thousand such were on the sea,
But pictured there more tremblingly !

XVIII.

'Tis night—the bark has found its way,
Again to deep FLUELEN's bay ;
An aged man awaits its sail,
The children of his love to hail—
Lo ! now their voices greet his ear—
Full soon the dim white sails appear—
They come—they come—a moment more—
They leap upon the rocky shore ;
The old man clasped his child,
And gazed on both, and smiled.

He blessed the twain with trembling hands,
But part they must—the hour commands—
Yet not as erst when MEINRAD sailed,
For then the future's face was veiled;
They parted now with scarce a sigh!

 If ever Life had power to bless,
She smiled on their futurity,
 With youth—health—hope and happiness!

END OF PART FIRST.

P A R T II.



P A R T II.

A R G U M E N T.

An old suitor of CONSTANCE' described, whom she had rejected—his mysterious and wicked character—jealousy brings him back in disguise to FLUELEN—he meditates revenge—the approaching Fête at EINSIEDELN—the troop of Pilgrims—their song—they embark for BRUNNEN—their song renewed—a storm comes on—rages, and rolls away—CONSTANCE sets out for the Fête—she passes various objects on the lake—sees her MEINRAD's abode—her bracelet falls into the water—she remarks for the first time her pilot—his deadly gaze—she recognizes him as her old suitor—he vows to drown her if she will not be his bride—she refuses—prays—he hurls her into the lake—she sinks, and prays for her murderer—her lover away on the hills—MEINRAD feels a sudden fear, which causes him to stagger and fall as he crosses a gulf—his spirit joins that of CONSTANCE in a better world—a sick man is brought to the Convent at ALTORF—he speaks to none—refuses all Christian communion—his convulsed and agitated state—he raves—is haunted by a vision of CONSTANCE—curses and dies—the FRIAR's terror at the awful spectacle—the peaceful death of CONSTANCE' aged sire—the general lamentation for CONSTANCE—her grave unknown—reflections and moral of the story.

The Victim.

P A R T II.

I.

A man there was, unknown by name,
Who once had sued for CONSTANCE' hand,
But unrequited was his flame,
He wandered in a foreign land.
Unkenned his birth—his rank to all,
Or whence he came—or where he went;
'Tho' deemed by some a son of GAUL,

That thitherward a spy was sent—
Yet this was disavowed by none,
HELVETIA, owned him not her son !
But who he was—time yet may bring
To light the strange, and hidden thing.
If CONSTANCE knew—she ne'er revealed—
When asked of him, her lips were sealed.

II.

The wide world he had roamed about,
In learning's highest walk had trod,
But madly wise, had learn'd to doubt,
The very being of a God !
From that same hour, his tainted heart,
From peace and virtue seem'd to part ;
No law he owned—he owned no creed,
His only lawgiver, his deed.
The wayward passions of his breast,
The only guides his soul confessed ;
Through every change of good and ill,
He sought to sate his lordly will ;
Forgiveness fled his selfish heart ;

Revenge for mercy took the part ;
Unhallowed was his lip by prayer,
Instead, a curse seemed breathing there ;
Sabbath was stranger to his soul ;
And year by year unheeded stole,
Unheeded, save as each might bring,
Its cup of joy, or scorpion's sting.

III.

For pleasure's sake, he cared to live,
For aught beside, he willed to die ;
For all the joyance life can give,
He sought—but sought it wrongfully.
Each word—each look he had at will,
No wonder then, they worked for ill—
Yet such the man, who sought to win,
A maid—so pure—so meek—so lowly—
As pure as mortal was from sin—
If angels dwelt on earth—as holy !
The force he tried of every wile,
Her youthful bosom to beguile ;
Yet art on art was vain—

Her love he ne'er could gain;
So, hopeless, parted but to roam,
All recklessly without a home.

IV.

No longer was the world to him,
A sunny world—its light grew dim;
A blasted—hapless man he strayed;
 There dwelt within his breast,
A canker worse than sin had made,
 A torment ne'er at rest!
“What! foiled by one poor lowly maid!”
“His joyance fled—his hopes betrayed!”
Revenge, and death—broke o'er his dream,
“Revenge! Revenge!” his only theme!

V.

In fit disguise he gained that spot,
Where love had cursed his wayward lot.
That heart he saw resigned to one,
A holier—purer flame had won—
He heard the lover's parting vow,

He saw them meet, he saw them sever,
And twice he muttered, deep and low,
“They shall not meet again ! no never !”

VI.

One radiant moon had waned away,
Since MEINRAD left FLUELEN'S bay ;
At length approached the rite divine,
When CONSTANCE vowed at “MARY'S” shrine ;
Right godly Anchorites await,
At EINSIEDELN, the holy fête ;¹
And pilgrims gather far and wide,
To cross to BRUNNEN on the tide.
A matin hymn adown the vale,
Rose wildly on the morning gale,
And clearer still, and louder grew,
Till troop on troop, were seen afar,
Breaking awhile upon the view,
Then lost where winding gorges are—

PILGRIM'S HYMN.

1

“St. MARY ! we thy pilgrims are,
 “Journeying from afar;
 “The hill—the vale—the mead along,
 “Re-echoes to our song !

2

“Our march began with morning's star,
 “Wakes like the tramp of war,
 “Till vesper bell has died away,
 “Ev'n at the close of day.

3

“The field our camp—the sward our bed—
 “And there our meal is spread;
 “Ave, Maria ! shield from seath !—
 “Oh, shield our father's faith !

They throng FLUELEN'S woody glen,
 Each with an offering, maids and men;
 Both old and young, and poor and great,
 Are journeying to the solemn fête.

Nor tarry they, round LUCERNE'S shore
Is quickly roused, each slumbering oar.

VII.

Oh! 'tis a joyous sight to see!
Yon crowded barks are gliding by,
So gay with pilgrim company!
Their coiffeurs, beads, embroidery,
Their costumes all of rainbow dye!
They sail—they sail—how wild and high,
Breaks the full chorus to the sky—
A thousand tongues in symphony!

4

“Our bark is trimmed—and fair the gale,
“We stretch our oar and sail;
“Our shallop light, from swell to swell,
“Bounds like a wild gazelle!

5

“Ave Maria! greets our skiff,
“Answering from each cliff!
“Ave Maria! shield from scath,
“Oh, shield our father's faith! N 3

The song grows faint, the bright hues fade,
The pageant dwindles into shade ;
Yet still a lingering echo plays,
And oft a flash of silvered rays,
And gleams by fits, a moment break,
Far—far away upon the lake.
While tracing thus their distant oar,
Kindling yon sparks along the shore,
Receding still, how sweet to hear,
Their hymn expire upon the ear !

VIII.

The sky grew dark, and darker still,
The swarthy bosom of the lake ;
Deep silence sat on every hill ;
The linden durst nor wave, or shake.
Murkier—deadlier waxed the gloom ;
FLUELEN'S valley seemed a tomb ;
Fair LUCERNE'S lake, a sepulchre,
Wherein are swept all things that were.
A horrid pause—a time of dread—
For every living thing had fled !

Now streamed athwart the tempest's night,
A hideous flash of sulphur-light;
Anon—the crash of thunder broke;
So wild—so deafening was the stroke,
Aghast each giant mountain shook !

And hark ! around the lake,
How dread the echoes wake !

The rampart-rocks seem rent asunder,
By every fitful burst of thunder !
The battle roars, from height to height,
Filling with wild amaze each glen,
The peel—the crash—the din of fight,
Which Alp on Alp flings back again !

IX.

But few, and big the drops that fell
Upon the water's sullen swell;
Yet long and loud the tempest's roar,
Deep volleyed round the trembling shore.
Now gathering here—now gathering there—
It cast a moment's fearful glare,
Till rolling down the darkened sea,²
It left FLUELEN still, and free.

X.

The threatening storm, and tempest's ire,
Were seen by CONSTANCE' aged sire;
Fearful he bade her bark delay,
Till cloud and thunder passed away.
All now were gone, and none but she,
Remained of pilgrim-company.
Joyful that all seemed hushed again,
She peeped from out her rocky glen;
One bark she saw, within her reach,
Moored on FLUELEN'S stony beach,
An only bark—and one with her,
Who seemed the shallop's mariner.
Then CONSTANCE' sire, albeit late,
Would have her join the morrow's fête.
The future's face he little knew,
But blessed, and bade his child adieu.

XI.

The sun shines bright, but in the air,
There dwells a chill the tempest leaves.
For BRUNNEN'S town, the breeze blows fair;

The loosened bark now gently heaves ;
She bounds with joy o'er yon blue tide,
Which erst so deadly dark was dyed.
Now proudly tower on either hand,
 The ACHSENBERG, and SEELISBERG,³
Two giant crags, that beetling stand,
 Triumphant o'er the circling surge.
And now they reach the shrine of TELL,
Fair CONSTANCE knew, and marked it well—
But Oh ! how fondly dwelt her eye,
When GRUTLI'S spire was seen on high !
Oh ! then how bright that soft eye glowed,
 (Alas, how oft love's vision errs !)
She deemed she saw his blest abode—
 Yes ! MEINRAD'S home—it would be her's !
“ Ah ! where is he ? His footsteps tread,
“ O'er many a frozen torrent's bed.
“ Far o'er the Alps his swift feet roam,
“ Away from that sweet peaceful home !
She gazed—and gazed, till all was lost—
The speck had vanished from the coast !

XII.

Lo ! as she stretched her soft white arm,
Her dazzled eye to shield from harm,
 A faithless bracelet fell,
Plashing it sank into the lake,—
 Alas ! she loved it well,
And mourned its loss for MEINRAD'S sake.
 'Twas then she chanced to mark,
 The man that steered her bark ;
Fixed was his gaze, like venom'd snake,
Erect, his fatal spring to take—
On her he gazed so piercingly,
She quailed beneath his deadly eye !
A treacherous glance so fiercely shot,
A glance once seen, and ne'er forgot !
Back o'er the past her memory ran,
Had she not seen—not known that man ?
Of all men most she feared to see—
Oh heavens ! and could it then be he !
It is !—It is !—she knows him now !
The chill of death is on her brow—
“ 'Tis he ! ” she shrieks, his frown—his form !
“ Oh God ! protect me from his arm ! ”

XIII.

“ CONSTANCE ! thou knowest my suit,” said he,

“ A suit, thou once denied,

“ This lake—I vow, thy grave shall be,

Or, swear to be my bride !”

“ Never ! Oh never ! Let me die !”

She shrieked, in fearful agony—

“ Rash maid ! and wilt thou brave me now ?

“ Seest thou the yawning gulph below ?

“ Aye—seest thou not yon chilly wave ?

“ Thy word revoke—or 'tis thy grave !”

XIV.

Down knelt the maid, her tearful eye,

To Heaven she raised imploringly—

“ Great God ! my MEINRAD is not nigh—

“ If such thy will—I die ! I die !”

What fiend so fell, so foul, as stand,

And mark yon maiden's brow,

Wrung in her bitter woe,

In youth, in bloom, in loveliness,

Nor feel one pang at her distress ?

And durst thou lift thine impious hand,
Lest Hell should blight thee with its curse ;
Ay ! sear thee with a withering brand,
Like murderous CAIN, for thou wert worse ?
Or, was it Heaven's all-righteous will,
That thou should'st fill thy meed of ill ?

XV.

Ev'n as she weeping knelt in prayer,
Ruthless he seized her silken hair,
Nor stayed her prayerful lip to mark,
But hurled her from the quivering bark !
One heavy plunge—one woman's shriek—
Her life's last ebbing struggles speak—
Her look now fixed on that fierce brow ;
As o'er her lips the chill waves flow,
A gurgling voice, that ceased to live,
Still faintly muttered,—“ I forgive !”
And as she sank, her tranquil eye
Still gazed on his more wistfully !

XVI.

Where now that maid—the pure—the fair ?
A moment saw her seated there,
A moment more, her form is fled ;
So softly sealed above her head,
The waters leave no trace behind,
Save one that haunts the guilty mind !

XVII.

Ah ! where the lover of the dead ?
That widowed one—and yet unwed !
The self-same hour that CONSTANCE died,
The chain was snapped, that bound his side !
Say—was it some unwonted start,
That thrilled a dagger to his heart ?
A sudden fear ?—than fear—'twas more—
An anguished pang unfelt before ;—
A dread that flashed across his brain,
Like deathbolt on the battle-plain ;
 A chilling, withering, blast,
 That told him hope was passed ;
A voice that whispered in his ear,

So sad—so ghostly—and so clear—
“Thy CONSTANCE calls thee to her bier!”
One false step—and all is o'er!
The widowed MEINRAD lives no more!
And wert thou called, young MEINRAD, say,
 To share a brighter world of love?
Thy kindred spirit winged its way,
 To seek thy ransomed bride above,
To taste of bliss without alloy,
Still kindred in eternal joy!

XVIII.

Had waxed the moon, and waned again,
Since pilgrims thronged FLUELEN'S glen;
The nightly wind with dreary wail,
Blew shrill down ALTORF'S darkened vale;
When loudly shook the convent's gate;⁴
But who are they who knock so late?
A sick man in their arms they bear,
Then lay him at the holy door.
Full many a friar thronged to see,
The man they left so hastily.

They queried of his home, and name,
Then how the sickness o'er him came ;
Away he turned from every one,
Or sign, or answer, made to none.
Nor Christian symbol would he own,
Although by sainted palmer shown ;
His hand he waved to those who held,
Before him JESUS' sign of eld.
The friars crossed themselves, for well
They might, to see an infidel !

XIX.

Yet paler grew, and yet more wan,
The visage of that dying man,
He lay awhile, as still as death,
So feebly seemed to draw his breath ;
He hid, anon, his ghastly head,
Then rolled convulsed upon his bed ;
Anon—he started from his couch,
As though he feared a phantom's touch ;
Not one amid that company,
Could brook the fierceness of his eye ;

It rolled—it glared—it struck the sight,
With more than mortal—lurid light,
To blast as 'twere with fire from Hell,
The brew whereon its lightnings fell !
Anon, he cursed—then clenched his teeth,
Like one that dies a murderer's death.
Anon, some wild unearthly sound,
Would break the antique chamber round,
So loud the shrieks, the mingled rout,
Trembled to hear, that stood without !
Accents they were, that all might fear,
Though few interpret what they hear.
Yet were there some, that knew them well,
He spake, said they, of death, of Hell,
Of judgment day—of righteous ire,
Of deathless worm, of quenchless fire !

XX.

But once his rolling eye was fixed,
Intent the holy men betwixt,
And then he spoke with stifled cry,
“ She gazes still—yon silent eye

“ Beneath the wave, is fixed on me !—
“ On me—on me—so wistfully !”
Back starting then, he hid his head,
As paralyzed with inward dread ;
Then rose again, as one in death,
Gasp to draw his struggling breath.
The sweat stood chill upon his brow ;
His eye grew glazed, and ceased to glow ;
On Satan’s name he called, and cursed,
Then sank, for death had done its worst !

XXI.

The holy brethren stood aghast,
They feared to think that breath his last—
They ne’er had seen so dread a sight,
As lay before their eye that night ;
The visage of the dead was writhed,
More fiendlike seemed than when he lived !
They gazed, but scarcely drew a breath,
So fearful was that corse in death !
A death so dread amid the gloom,
Must haunt each witness to the tomb ;

Full many a prayer was breathed by them ;
His beads right oft each friar told ;
All looked, and longed for morning's gleam,
Its cheering brightness to behold !

XXII.

While sunk in sleep, that self same night,
Another spirit took its flight.
For CONSTANCE' sire, an aged man,
His finished course in calmness ran.
He breathed no sigh—no sign he made ;
The morrow found him softly laid,
As one who took his peaceful sleep,
In slumber more profound and deep ;
So gently passed away his breath,
On him so light the hand of death.
Oh ! had he known his daughter's fate,
Had sank his hoary head in tears,
But on his furrowed brow there sat,
Contentment, with her ripened years !
Old age to him brought no alloy,
But sunset seemed of all his joy !

In death, by faith in ONE 'twas given,
That sire should meet his child in Heaven.

XXIII.

Fair CONSTANCE slept beneath the wave,
Though none there were that knew her grave:
Full many a widow's tear was shed,
Full many an orphan mourned the dead;
For oft had glowed the widow's eye,
And orphan's, with her charity.

XXIV.

Just Heaven! 'twas thy all-wise decree,
No bliss on earth should perfect be;
Their cup of wrath the wicked fill,
 For Hell,—but worth and purity,
On earth, meet oft what seemeth ill,
 In Heaven their recompence shall be!

THE END.

A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.



A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS;

OR,

LINES SUGGESTED BY

A

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,

IN THE SUMMER OF

1835.

FOURTH EDITION.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

ALL that the AUTHOR of these STANZAS has attempted, is to lay before his reader a rough SKETCH of those objects with which he felt himself the most interested, and at the same time, to convey the train of THOUGHTS they severally awakened in his mind.

Five years have now elapsed since the Author (then a minor), visited the CONTINENT, and he is fully aware, that during this period of time, not only many objects herein described may have changed their aspect and character, but that his own views have also undergone considerable alteration.

Notwithstanding this, he prefers incurring the charge of puerility in thought and expression, to attempting anything like such a revision of the Poem, as would render it an index of his present tone of mind and feeling, were the same objects again presented to his view.

With this determination, his efforts have been chiefly directed to effect some little improvement in the versification and general arrangement of the Poem: but even in this respect, the Author is fully aware of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of giving a finish to what was originally intended as a mere outline; and he must therefore request the reader will bear in mind, that “a rough sketch” is all which he must look for in the “Traveller’s Thoughts.”

C O N T E N T S .

FRANCE.

INTRODUCTION—Thoughts on leaving home and landing in France—Paris—a spirit of War and rebellion lurking there—
NAPOLEON—the memory of his greatness—Hôtel-des-Invalides—
Sœurs-de-Charité—the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise—the tombs
of CUVIER and his daughter CLEMENTINE, of NEY, MASSENA,
DAVID, ABELARD and HELOISE.

S W I T Z E R L A N D

A N D

I T A L Y .

A distant view of the Alps—the Perte-du-Rhone---Geneva---
 Clarence---Julie---the castle of Chillon at midnight---Mont Blanc
 ---Mer-de-glace---Maria-de-Mont-Blanc---Song---the daughters
 of Switzerland---the Pass of the Simplon---Castle-la-Bathia---
 Sion [the ancient Sidunum]—the cascade of Turtmann---the
 town of Brieg and the valley of the Rhone---the gallery of
 Gondo---the Doveria and Frassinone---the first view of Italy
 by moonlight---the valley of Fontana and Val d'Ossola---Lago
 Maggiore---Isola-Bella---the colossal statue of St. Carlo Baronio,
 Milan---Napoleon's triumphal arch :—the Austrian Guards---the
 beauty of the women---the Cathedral---St. Carlo Baronio's
 shrine---the Course---the great theatre of Scala---the Ambrosean
 College---Como---Queen Caroline's villa---a Sabbath Eve---
 Lugano---Silk worms---the Pass of St. Gothard---Funeral---the
 traveller benighted between Giornico and Faido.

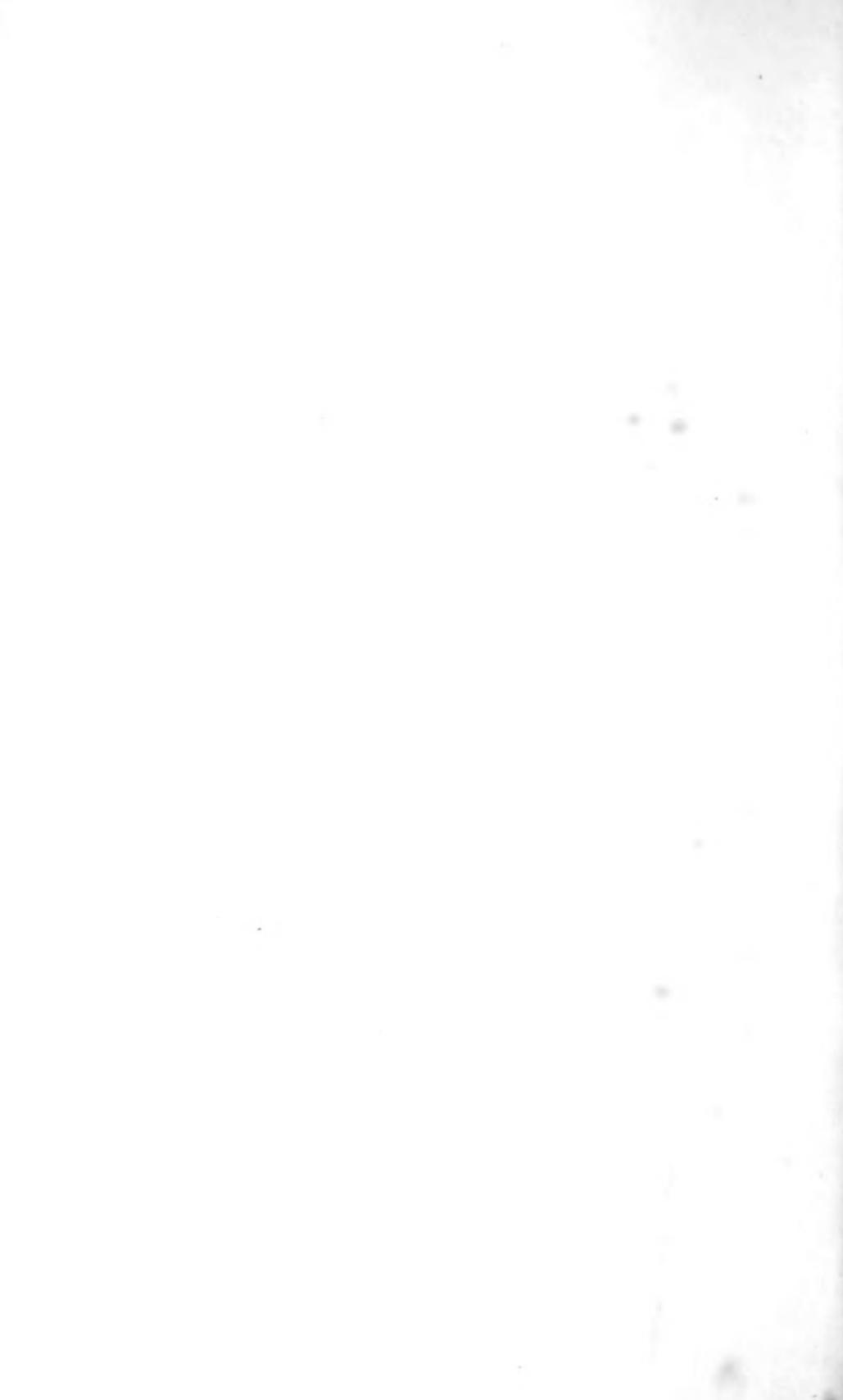
The Summit—the Avalanche gallery—bridge of snow—the Reuss—the chalets perched among the rocks—Bürglen the birth place of Tell—Aldorf, where he shot the apple from his son's head—Lucern—storms frequently occur there—Tell's Chapel—Stauffacher, Furst, and Arnold,—where they nightly met—Gessler's ruined Castle—Küssnacht where Gessler was shot—the great beauty of the lake—Mount Pilatus—the Rhigi—a thunder storm—its echoes—the chiming of bells—Tell's Shade—the sun rise—thoughts on Switzerland—her beauty—her independence—Morgarten—Sempach—the monument to the Swiss Guards at Lucern—the Rossberg—the villages destroyed by the falling of part of that mountain—Stanzas—the lakes of Sarnen and Lungern—the glacier of Rosenlauri—its beautiful colour—the Wetterhorn—Wengan Alp—Jungfrau—the waterfalls—the Staubbach—the cascades of the Reichenbach—the rainbow—Lake of Brienz—the cascade of Giesbach—the traveller passes behind one of its falls—song to Switzerland and Liberty—farewell to the Alps.—a Sun-set from the ramparts at Bern—the last blush on the mountains—thoughts on leaving Switzerland.

THE RHINE

BELGIUM, &c.

The falls of the Rhine at Shaffhausen—Baden—the Neckar—
Heydelberg—the Rhine—its vineyards and ruined castles—
Aix-la-Chapelle—CHARLEMAGNE—His throne and tomb—the
Meuse — NAPOLEON and Waterloo — PICTON — HOWARD —
WELLINGTON—Thoughts on war—Antwerp—RUBENS—his
“ascent and descent from the cross” in the Cathedral there
—the Citadel—CHASSE—Conclusion.

FRANCE.



F R A N C E .

INTRODUCTION—THE CHANNEL—FRANCE— PARIS.

I.

IN days of yore when HAROLD crossed the seas,¹
Satiety had turned his mirth to woe ;
He found the wine of pleasure on the lees,
And Riot's maddening race was run below ;
Moody—with quickened pulse, and fevered glow,
He seized his harp, and dashed the cup away,
No sigh was heard, no tear was seen to flow,
As homeless, reckless of a home to stray,
Climates afar he sought, where scorching sun-beams play.

II.

Not so, a youth, who leaves his cherished home,
To scan the varied form of nature's face ;
Where'er the truant's steps may idly roam,
His soul in fancy still will fondly trace
That home, which distance never can efface ;
Nor quits his hearth through dull satiety,
But longs to traverse o'er a wider space,
Mankind to contemplate with curious eye,
Or, gaze on spots enfamed in olden History.

III.

Nor his the eagle's wing that HAROLD knew,
Sky-borne, to soar aloft, and seek the light ;
A short horizon must content his view,
He wends his course with slow unsteady flight ;
And like Minerva's moping bird of night,
Now jaded lags, now drooping seeks the shade,
Now dazzled shuns the noon-day's sunbeam bright,
And loves to brood where nature has decayed,
And Time has ruthless been, tho' spoiler's hands have stayed.

IV.

FAREWELL thou Poet's Cliff! we meet again!²
Ah! if his Muse would deign to follow me,
Would leave her classic hill, and plough the main,
Yes—wake her silent harp of minstrelsy—
But why lament, since this may never be?
Alas! 'twere vain to sue the sacred Nine,
Since Fate has e'er decreed that none but he,
The child of Nature, kindly born to shine,
Can wreaths of deathless bays around his brows entwine.

V.

My country fades! the faintest streak appears!
Ah, now 'tis gone! but Hope forbids to weep;
One pleasing thought my drooping spirit cheers,
My homeward bark shall hail thy vanished steep!
* * *

'Tis now a stranger's shore, whereon we leap;
Though constant novelty the mind enthrals,
This land awakes a sense that cannot sleep,
Bright deeds of valour back to life recalls,
For here there dwells untamed the spirit of the GAULS!

VI.

BEHOLD the blood-stained chronicles of FRANCE !
The wondrous scenes your latest record tells,
Rise like the o'erwrought fictions of romance,
On which the mind amazed—bewildered dwells.
How many a rankling breast in secret swells
With deadly hate, the fickle crowd among,
And stifled Treason lurking there, rebels
Against a Monarch's sway, ay—thousands long
To join in open arms, the reckless, maddening throng!

VII.

Oh, that the past a lesson still might be !
That past had proved instruction to the wise ;
A deeper tide of blood must gush from thee,
Before thy restless, warring spirit dies,
Ere Peace dare quit her mansion in the skies :
Though Pleasure holds her court within thy walls,
I hear a harsher note than her's arise,
The drum's dull beat in sullen accents falls,
Hark ! louder than the drum, the brazen trumpet calls.³

VIII.

Far o'er the deep arose a flaming star,
Which lit the frightened world with lurid light,
Big with the destinies of direful war,
It waxed in splendour with each bloodier fight,
Till blazing forth from its meridian height,
On AUSTERLITZ a gorgeous lustre threw ;
EUROPE aghast—long shuddered at the sight :
That star grew pale as Moscow redder grew,
It waned—it slowly sank, and set at WATERLOO !

IX.

Engendered first, 'mid anarchy of states,
Nursed in the camp, and cradled in the war,
Child of bright Genius, darling of the Fates,
Thy god was fame, and glory was thy star.
The deadly passions which contending jar,
And tear the entrails of their parent land,
Harnessed like dragons to thine iron car,
Bridled and guided by thy master hand,
Now speed their headlong course, now curbed, expectant stand.⁴

X.

Deserted FRANCE ! thy master-mind has fled !
Where now the kingdoms which his sceptre swayed ?
Where now the legions vast his eagles led
Through seas of blood invincible to wade ?
Ah ! where the might that Time has not decayed ?
Immortal Fame her lasting record keeps,
There writ, thy deathless name shall never fade,
Although no angel o'er thy willow weeps,^s
And exiled far from home, thy giant spirit sleeps !

XI.

Where'er we turn, this city holds to view
Some image that recalls the mighty dead ;
In silence here we contemplate anew
The dream-like wonders of the scene that's fled ;
The arch of triumph, and the sculptured head,
The splendid palaces, and works of art,
Ay—e'en the sacred dust on which we tread,
To kindred souls a feeling can impart ;
And all the dreaming past, will back to being start !

XII.

Hang in yon gilded dome a tattered band,⁶
A thousand banners of the vanquished foe,
A thousand spoils from every blushing land
Save one, and here 'tis her's no shame to know;
I feel within, a Briton's spirit glow,
Which proudly kindles as I gaze the while
On all the trophies Conquest can bestow,
Yet wanting one to crown the gorgeous pile,
The dauntless flag that streams o'er ALBION'S sea-girt Isle.

XIII.

Say! can it be within this warlike land,
That tender Pity dwells in human guise?
Ah! yes, I see a dark-robed sister band⁷
Who justly claim a mission from the skies;
Their souls are fraught with heavenly sympathies;
By day—by night, on tip-toe stealing round,
They smooth the pillow where the sick man lies;
Ev'n nobles' daughters in yon garb are found,
Whom FRANCE has proudly held, as honored and renowned.

XIV.

Nor cease with life the offices of Love;
What time the kindred clay returning blends
With earth—the spirit ransomed soars above,
Ev'n Friendship still the treasured dust attends:
Go, climb yon hill, 'tis there Affection lends
A lasting memory to her countless dead;
A grateful voice from every grave ascends,
The simple cross, that marks the peasant's bed,
Speaks louder than the tomb, with sculptured marble spread!

XV.

There, rose and lily shed a rich perfume,
And Philomela pours her softest lays,
As if to banish from the dreary tomb
The fearful shudder which its horrors raise,
That sickening thought—mortality decays!
And there, the lover bending o'er the urn,
Where crumbling into dust the heart now lies,
Which once with plighted love was wont to burn,
Hangs still another wreath, to wither in its turn!

XVI.

Here cold, and silent as their marble tomb,
A noble father, and his daughter rest ;⁹
Nor could her piety avert the doom,
Which wrapped in dismal shrouds her nuptial vest,
And blighted all the hopes that love had blest :
For none e'er breathed a holier flame than thine ;
Thy marriage wreath was wove—but Heaven's behest
'Twas, round thy sepulchre that wreath should twine—
Thy bridal bed the grave—angelic CLEMENTINE !

XVII.

I saw one desolate—one nameless grave,
Amidst the motley heaps that fold the dead,
It told no triumphs of the sleeping brave,
For here, no marble reared its sculptured head ;
O'er the dark earth a lonely woodbine spread,
And sweetly blossomed on the mouldering clay ;
Methought, 'twould more adorn some widow's bed,
Than mark the spot where he unhonored lay,
The wayward child of war ! the gallant hapless NEX !¹⁰

XVIII.

The wise—the great—the valiant—the august,
Here quickly leave the objects they adore ;
How soon mortality dissolves in dust,
While faithful friends may linger and deplore !
MASSENA ! here, thy countless wars are o'er ;
DAVID ! thy magic pencil's task is done ;
Sad love-sick HELOISE will dream no more,
Nor wake to find that ABELARD is gone,
And she, poor widowed wretch, left sorrowing alone !

XIX.

Thou city of the dead ! sad, lovely spot !
Lost in remembrance, buried in the past,
Here, we might deem the present were forgot !
I dearly love this potent charm thou hast !
Bound by thy spell, I linger to the last,
And tread again each cherished, hallowed maze :
Around thy dead, a ray by memory cast,
Illumes a chronicle of bye-gone days,
Which freely speaks their meed of censure, or of praise.

S W I T Z E R L A N D

A N D

I T A L Y .

S W I T Z E R L A N D

A N D

I T A L Y .

T H E D I S T A N T A L P S .

XX.

THE ALPS! the ALPS! they crown the gorgeous view!
Here far beneath, slow winds the serpent SOANE!
There, rise the PYRENEES in azure hue!
Remote as eye can trace, the silvery RHONE
Creeps to her footstool, at the Alpine throne;
There, EUROPE's kings magnificently stand!
The loftiest of the lofty dwells alone,
The hoary monarch of the giant band,
And frowns in stillness dread, o'er the wide prostrate land!'

XXI.

I fain would muse, but evening's lengthening shades,
Teach me through yonder vale to bend my way ;
Soft Twilight reigns amid the verdant glades ;
Yon rapid-rolling river chides delay ;
Though oft along its shores I long to stay,
To gaze upon its blue—its lovely tide ;
Or wondering peep at Nature's frolic play,
Where she awhile her Nymph is pleased to hide
From man's too prying eye, in caverns deep and wide.*

G E N E V A .

XXII.

GENEVA ! how I love thy glassy lake,
'Tis here, the wearied soul might sink to rest,
Ay—lulled to slumber, ne'er again to wake,
Repose for ever, on thy tranquil breast.
Here, smiling Peace would dwell, a constant guest,
Here, Plenty pour her rich, o'erflowing horn :
I know no sweeter spot, by nature blest,
For man's delight ; with each successive morn,
Again more glorious scenes thy paradise adorn !

XXIII.

Thee seeks the RHONE, and to thy bosom rushing,
Pours there her turbid waves, and sinks to sleep,
Then smiling wakes, and gaily forward gushing,
Bluer than summer's heaven her waters leap,
Flinging their white foam o'er thy circling steep.
Just so have men, world-wearied, sought thee too,
And found their peace within thy glassy deep ;
Ne'er did enamoured Genius vainly woo,
For, round thy sacred shores, his spirit deathless grew.

XXIV.

LEMAN ! I've gazed on thee, by day—by night ;
I've watched thy varying face with child-like glee,
Now, glistening in the silvery, morning light ;
Now, gleaming bright, at noon, an emerald sea ;
Now, purpling, as the stars look out from thee ;
I've seen each smile--each frown, from heav'n fresh caught,
I've deemed thy moon-lit hours thy dreams might be,
I've known thee change, as if what in thee wrought,
Rose to thy sleeping face, to tell some waking thought.

XXV.

CLARENCE ! I gaze on Love's devoted shrine ;
CLARENCE ! there dwells a magic in thy name !
It stirs a thousand thoughts of thee and thine :
JULIE ! thou hold'st in death a stronger claim,
Time shall not quench, but hallow more thy flame ;
CYNTHIA'S bright waters bring thee back to me ;
Thou'rt gone indeed—but still are they the same,
Ev'n now, methinks, thy winged-bark I see,
Slowly and sadly heave, home-bound, from lone MEILLERIE.³

XXVI.

We know thou'rt but a vision of the mind,
Yet deem thou didst inhabit mortal clay,
For still a JULIE upon earth we find,
Yet love thee more than such ; from thee, decay
Can snatch no charm, no loveliness away.
How has bright Genius peopled LEMAN'S shore !
How lit the mountains with his living ray !
How woke the silent groves, that slept before,
Taught now to whisper love, will whisper ever more !

XXVII.

'Tis midnight now, I feel her witching power.
 How softly shines the gentle orb of night !
 She pours on CHILLON'S venerable tower
 Her pallid stream of chequered, silvery light.
 Dim mountains rise in wild stupendous height ;
 Pale LEMAN slumbers at their rugged feet,
 Nor swells one wave of sparkling, chrystal, white,
 To wake the silent shore with hollow beat,
 Where amorous glow-worm's lamp, points out her green retreat.

XXVIII.

Where walls and water close the dungeon round,
 Where grated windows, darkling, meet the eye,
 There comes, methinks, from out yon bars a sound,
 Like victim's sickening—choking—long-drawn sigh !
 Three hundred years have swept like phantoms by,⁴
 Since CHILLON'S pillared arch beneath the wave,
 Beheld two youthful martyrs pine and die,
 And one outlive them on his brethren's grave :
 Rest ye not victims yet ? Hath aught your fame to crave ?

XXIX.

Ye rest—ye sleep—'tis but the dungeon's dews,
Exhaling from the dreary vaults of stone;
Or 'tis the scene—the hour that can infuse,
Into the rushings of the distant RHONE,
The semblance of a sigh, when thus alone—
Peace, BONNIVARD! thou hast inspired a song,
Which shall outlive these walls, and so atone
For all the past, henceforth, enrolled among
Thy country's martyred sons—yes! Fame requites thy wrong.

XXX.

Poor child of anguish, strife and death! when most
Thy heart has bled, 'tis thine, alas! frail man!
To make thy false god, Glory, thy chief boast,
And patch up thine idol, for Glory can
Assuage thy bitterest pangs; the cheek, though wan
With sorrowing, will flush if Fame but speak,
Nay—whisper of the dead; nor tears flow on,
Nor utters maddened Grief her phrensied shriek,
But sobered down and mute, finds all her longings seek.

MONT BLANC, AND CHAMOUNI.

XXXI.

Mountain of mountains ! —————

————— Wonderworking God !

Thou hast upreared a throne ! Thou canst reveal
Thyself in outward shapes—ye who have trod
Where now I am, with me have lived to feel
What none can well express, nor yet conceal,
The presence of a God—a consciousness,
That here Omnipotence has set his seal—

Has played with worlds—has rent them—little less
Than such are piled around, transfixed and motionless.

XXXII.

At thy dread presence, Lord ! river and sea,
Silent and breathless stand, poised in mid-air,
The awe-struck billows raise their heads to thee,
Frozen and pallid with affright, nor dare
To lift their voice, or break ; while pausing there,
The trembling Avalanche awaits thy nod,
Then prostrate falls—ye temples meet for prayer !
Temples, not made with hands ! nor vainly trod,
O'erwhelmed—bewildered—lost, I bow before your God !

XXXIII.

By day—by night—in calms—in wintry storms,
When closely viewed—when dimly, distant seen—
It matters not—thy endless-giant forms
Start from their base with such majestic mien,
The soul astonished reels—the dazzling sheen
Of thy eternal—trackless—spotless snows,
Well shadows forth the purity, I ween,
The might—the majesty—the calm repose
Of HIM ,at whose decree, thy gorgeous summits rose !

XXXIV.

Thy billows stiffened in their rolling pride,⁵
 Whose purple waves in yawning gulphs descend,
 I tread amazed—behold yon shadow glide
 Athwart my path—it stays—I upward bend
 A wistful glance—where countless spires ascend,
 An eagle soars in heaven-born majesty,
 As earth-freed, winged spirits heavenward tend!
 Still—still he soars, immeasurably high!
 His mate, the thunderbolt—his home, the deep blue sky!

XXXV.

Thy children, Chamouni, are wont to scale
 The eagle's crag, the chamois' dreary home;
 Born in the bosom of thy monarch's vale,
 They learn in boyhood on his snows to roam,
 Or cross where torrents rage, and frantic foam;
 Till grown familiar with his frozen face,
 Have led e'en strangers to his fearful dome;
 One fearless daughter of thy hardy race
 Has dared upon his brow, her giddy foot to place!⁶

XXXVI.

Behold ! they come, sweet daughters of the hills !
With flowers and fruits, a joyous company,
They climb the steep, they cross the sparkling rills,
Chasing the browsing kids with childish glee,
Tinkle the bells where'er the goatlings flee ;
How cheerily the aged mountains ring !
Yon little choral band, in symphony,
Their wildest warblings to the zephyrs fling,
Their gambols cease the while—and list ! the maidens sing—

S O N G .

1.

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! come away !
Leave the misty vale below ;
Watch the trembling rainbows play,
Where the voiceless torrents flow ;
Climb where Alpine roses grow,
Seek them on the glacier's side,
Pluck them while they freshly blow,
Twine them for CHAMOUNI'S bride.
Brightly dawns the blushing day ;
SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !

2.

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! softly creep,
 Azure gulphs are gaping wide,
 Hand in hand, then downward peep,
 Dancing round their slippery side ;
 Cross the rugged icy tide,⁷
 Climb where crystals strew the ground,
 Seek them for the Hunter's bride,
 Set them in her garland round :
 Thus shall we beguile the day,
 SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !

3

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! where ye go,
 Singing thus we follow you ;
 Daughters of the spotless snow
 Seeking berries bright with dew,
 Plucking those of crimson hue,
 Offerings for our mountain bride,
 Gems, and fruits, and flowerets too,
 We will bring at even-tide ;
 Home return at close of day,
 SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

4.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! haste away!
 Clouds enwrap the mountain's brow,
 See ye not the lightnings play,
 Where the flaming glaciers glow,
 Wildly leaping to and fro?
 Peal on peal, the thunders break!
 Deeper now the torrents flow!
 Hark ye! how the echoes wake!
 Quickly cross the frozen sea;
SISTERS! SISTERS! where are ye?

5.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! have ye seen
 Flowerets scattered on the ground?
 Can ye trace where such have been,
 Haply some are strewed around?
 Forward! Forward! Hark! a sound—
 Avalanche has burst his way!
 Hill and valley now rebound!
 Hapless wanderers! where are they?
 See ye footsteps in the snow?
BROTHERS! BROTHERS! forward! ho!

6.

BROTHERS ! BROTHERS ! forward ! haste !
Steps are here—but none come back !
 Leading to that fearful waste,
Avalanche's wonted track !
Pines are shattered, scathed, and black,
Trembling since the **Spoiler** crossed—
Blindly forward ! tho' ye lack
Every vestige of the lost :
SISTERS ! SISTERS ! do ye live ?
Avalanche shall answer give !

7.

BROTHERS ! BROTHERS ! rocks are riven
Mark ye not the rude death-blow ?
Those ye seek are now in heaven,
Such ye ne'er can meet below.
Harken, **Brothers !** seek not now,
Seek not here, for they are not !
Sepulchred in spotless snow,
Mourn their early, hapless lot :
SISTER-spirits ! softly sleep !
BROTHER-spirits o'er ye weep.

XXXVII.

Heaven shield ye safe, ye little vocal band!
I love to see your sparkling clear blue eyes,
Your rosy cheeks by purest breezes fanned,
Your tresses floating 'mid the zephyrs' sighs,
Warm are your hearts, and there Contentment lies,
And prints her dimple on each smiling face,
Which tells of joy the free-born heart supplies,
Where Liberty has stamped a nobler grace,
Than Beauty's softer hand, in servile lands can trace.

THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

XXXVIII.

Now spies the traveller LA BATHIA'S tower,^a
Where walls and dungeon moulder in decay,
Sad, faded relic of a bishop's power,
Who held this lovely vale in iron sway :
Now treads he CÆSAR'S venerable way,
That leads from SION'S grey, monastic steep ;
Now wearied, waits the roseate dawn of day,
Where TURTMANN'S waves in foaming torrents leap,
To climb the SIMPLON'S brow, with slow-ascending sweep.

XXXIX.

Day dawns apace—his first rude blushes peep :
The march begins, and soaring, still ascends,
Mountain on mountain piled, and steep on steep ;
Yon tiny speck, the feeble vision lends,
To mark where stands a town—the white RHONE bends,⁹
Curled like a silken twist—a hair—'tis lost !
Farewell ! the pine—the moss—the verdure ends.
Welcome ! ye regions of eternal frost—
Eyries, and ice-falls, hail ! hail ! glacier's glittering host !

XL.

Hist ! on his icy couch the spoiler sleeps !
He stirs—he wakes—by Desolation flung,
Like thunderbolt, from hill to valley leaps ;
Mountain to mountain speaks with thunder-tongue,
They greet him trembling—a quivering among
The shaggy pines beneath, proclaim their dread—
Air palpitates—the torrent now has sprung,
Wild with affright from out her rocky bed—
Look up ! the eyny rocks ! the Aiguille nods its head !

XLI.

DOVERIA'S frantic torrent leads the way,
 She cleaves the mountain as ye onward tread ;
 Heaven, Hope, and Mercy banished with the day,
 And earthquake's womb seems closing over head—
 Lo ! cascades loosened from their icy bed,
 Descend from yon immeasurable height,
 Now like a mist—now waving like a thread
 Of silver, on a ground as black as night,
 Steal down the wild abyss, and vanish from the sight !¹⁰

XLII.

Trembles the granite with a thousand shocks
 Unceasingly ! DOVERIA'S clammy breath
 Clings fast, or trickles down the reeking rocks,
 Like dews on dungeon walls, or house of death—
 With murkier, deadlier shade now glooms the path ;
 Like Stygian gulph descends the fearful way !
 The din of waters wakened into wrath,
 Thunders amain ! and leaping into day,
 Wild FRASSINONE bursts, in terrible array !¹¹

XLIII.

Wild FRASSINONE ! how we gaze on thee !
Sublimity around her spell has thrown,
Flashing and foaming, like an infant sea,
She sends thee forth, majestic, and alone !
Like lightning's glare, through sepulchres of stone,
Dazzling the eye, and vanishing in smoke !
How GONDO trembles on her marble throne !
Look down the gulph ! what hideous caverns choke
The hissing—boiling flood, and stem its ponderous stroke !

XLIV.

Twin walls of adamant now tower to heaven,
And beetling proudly, dim the light of day ;
Methinks, but yesterday, by Earthquake riven,
So freshly rent yon massive blocks away ;
So vast—so giantlike, they seem to say,
“Ten thousand years pass o'er us as a dream !”
They spurn the tyrant Death,—and mock Decay,
Dash from their cold embrace the baffled stream,
Hurl the wild lawine back, and drown the eagle's scream !

XLV.

'Tis summer now—and these their softest smiles;
When winter's wildest, fiercest storms descend,
Ay, then they frown, upreared in ebon-piles,
Pierce through the murky cloud, and darkly blend
With Tempest in her maddest mood, where penned,
Her gathered thunderbolts in fetters lie—
Yes—lure the vivid flash too weak to rend—
And woe betide the wretch who wanders nigh,
Death rolls alike below! and riots in the sky!

XLVI.

The moon is up, and all her starry train:
As winds the way—what see ye smiling there?
ITALIA! 'tis thy far extended plain.¹²
Welcome! thy charming face—thy balmy air!
Methinks, I ne'er beheld a form more fair,
A brow more sweet, more soft, more calm than thine!
Thy plenteous lap o'erflows with offerings rare
Of fattening olive, and of purple vine—
Dangling from tree to tree, the pendant festoons twine!

XLVII.

Birthplace of heroes ! cradle of the great !
Thy Bards prophetic, whither are they sped ?
Swept by thy stroke, irrevocable Fate !
Are they too numbered with the voiceless dead ?
Ah no ! with Empire, Glory hath not fled !
Arts, arms, and virtue, were not born to die !
Still—still they live—their brightness now is shed
O'er LATIUMS' vale, and greets our raptured eye—
Hail we no faithless dream, ITALIA, hail we thee !

M A G G I O R E .

XLVIII.

LAGO MAGGIORE ! on thy sleeping waters,
We view thy pale, enchanted palace rise ;¹³
'Tis here ITALIA'S pensive, dark-haired daughters,
May wondering, gaze upon the deep blue skies ;
Or, turn to SIMPLON'S snows their jet-black eyes ;
In thy green mirror, they may daily see
Their own fair face, and every form that lies
Reflected there ; tower, mountain, town, or tree ;
Or nightly count beneath, what glittering worlds there be !

XLIX.

'Tis sweet to watch the gorgeous setting sun,
Gild all the mountains rising on thy shore—
See! yonder bark returns, her labour done;
The joyous song—the lightly plashing oar;
And now by distance lulled they wake no more.
With fragrant wings, a balmy gale comes on,
Deep sighing yields the lake a perfumed store;¹⁴
Yon form colossal, waxes grey and wan;¹⁵
The landscape softly fades, its fairy hues are gone!

M I L A N .

L.

Behold where yon proud arch in triumph stands!¹⁶
Lo! AUSTRIA'S guards advance, arrayed in white,
In files, parading with their martial bands;
Enslaved and fallen MILAN shuns the sight!
Beneath yon veil, where woman's eye shines bright,
Mark ye a lovely face of classic mould?
A form how slender, and a step how light!
But yet not such as FLORENCE can unfold!
Where beauty rivals her's, who reigned in days of old.¹⁷

LI.

MILAN! thy COURSE is peopled by the gay,
 Thy nobles wear a careless, thoughtless smile;
 By night, what thousands bend their listless way,
 Where diamonds sparkle bright in SCALA'S pile,¹⁹
 Sweet music's witching voice is heard the while!
 ST. AMBROSE' walls are decked with works of art,¹⁹
 With learned volumes writ in olden style;
 But these to some, no pleasure can impart,
 Whose duller sense grieves not, tho' wisdom's soul depart!

LII.

Thou dazzling temple! marble-fretted fane!
 Thy sainted columns dwell amidst the skies,
 Archangel-like, look down upon the plain,
 As far as ALPS and APENNINES arise:
 Whoe'er within thy sacred precincts hies,
 Will feel a holy awe suffuse his soul—
 Mark how yon cloud of incense upward flies!
 Hark! through the sounding aisles, what anthems roll—
 One-long-loud burst of praise, pervades the sacred whole.

LIII.

Here lies ST. CARLO in his chrystal shrine ;³⁰
 His deeds of love adorn these silver walls ;³¹
 But e'en where pomp and pageantry combine,
 The form of death the troubled heart appals :
 Alas ! thy mouldering corse but mockery calls
 Such orient splendour round its cold remains ;
 The blaze, which on thy golden vestment falls,
 Displays thy shrivelled skin, where throbb'd thy veins,
 While life still breathed in thee, its pleasures and its pains !

LIV.

Thy deeds were good, thy fame has long to live ;
 Thy soul perchance now mingles with the blest ;
 Say ! can the boons, which mighty monarchs give,
 Afford thy pure, seraphic spirit rest !
 Why glares his ghastly form in gorgeous vest ?
 Why hangs that jewelled crown above his head ?
 Yon heart, yon emerald cross upon his breast ?
 Or golden cherub sentinels his bed !
 Their tinselled lustre now, seems but to mock the dead !

C O M O .

LV.

I love to float on Como's sea-green tide,
Skirting the olive groves along her shore ;
By thy white walls, VARENNA, now I glide,
Now, towards yon villa stretch my lingering oar,
Where lived a BRITISH QUEEN, but now no more!²²
'Twixt wave and sky, what mountains intervene !
What balmy breezes on thy bosom pour !
Nature has blended in one matchless scene,
Vineyards, and rocks, and clouds, and hills of tenderest green !

LVI.

A sabbath eve on Como's verdant shore !
 A thousand barks are skimming o'er the lake !
 But, hark ! I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
 How proud RAYMONDA'S rolling echoes wake !²³
 What multitudes the sultry town forsake !
 Gay music steals from every martial band !
 Or age, or youth, the festive mirth partake ;
 What beauteous women crowd upon the strand !
 Yet 'tis a sabbath eve ! and this a Christian land !

LVII.

Let BRITAIN blush, not blame ;—is LONDON free
 From scenes like this ? What says the teeming Park,
 Where fashion's votaries are wont to be ?
 What say those crowds, who reeling home at dark,
 By deeper revelry their sabbath mark ?
 What say those dulcet sounds within our walls,
 Where some gay songstress carols like the lark,
 But veils the entrance of her festive halls,
 Yet still the sabbath's broke, despite the curtain falls !

LUGANO.

LVIII.

Behold LUGANO basking in the sun,
She seems asleep upon her rocky bed ;
Not so her daughters, see ! their toil's begun,
Beneath their vines they wind the golden thread ;²⁴
Fair Nature's lap with FLORA's gems is spread ;
Yon swan-winged bark has crossed the glassy calm !
LUGANO's sleeping image now has fled,
The parted mirror doubles every charm,
She wakes, she moves, she breathes, all glowing, soft, and warm !

THE PASS OF ST. GOTTHARD.

LIX.

Lo! o'er Ticino's arch there comes a crowd—
A long, dark file of mourners wend their way,
They bear a corse enfolded in a shroud—
And now they reach the prison-house of clay,
The last-lone couch—the mansion of decay—
Poor silent, houseless, wanderer! all is o'er.
Poor children of an hour! Alas! to-day
We bring the loved one home—to stray no more!
'To-morrow—where are we? laid with the friend we bore?

LX.

Now up the winding gorge, the rugged way,²⁵
'Mid towering heights, by weary steps ascends :
What thrilling horrors rise at close of day !
A mingled chaos in the darkness blends !
Nought, save the distant gleam the lightning sends,
Ever and anon, a momentary glare ;
Nought save the wanton spark the firefly lends,
Careering wildly through the darkened air,
To pierce the traveller's gloom—or snatch him from despair !

LXI.

League after league, he seeks his night's abode,
His march by midnight ne'er will he forget !
Now here—now there, the lawine roars aloud,²⁵
He breathes her chilling breath, but sees her not !
The pitchy darkness of the lonesome spot,
At length displays a faint—a distant light,
Perchance some phantom—no, a friendly cot
Hangs out a beacon from the rocky height ;
'Tis here the wight, way-worn, may haply rest the night.

LXII.

'Tis morn—he climbs the sainted GOTHARD'S throne,
 Lo! now 'tis noon—he stands upon his brow;
 Here, many a lovely plant by nature sown,
 Blooms fresh and fair, as melts the spotless snow;
 Yes! painted butterflies he spies below;
 They sip the nectar from some short-lived flower:
 Blushing around, the Alpine-roses blow;
 There, far beneath, behold STAVEDRO'S tower;⁸⁷
 Here stood the Hospice once, and braved the snow storm's
 power.⁸⁸

LXIII.

See! Avalanche has filled the torrent's bed:
 Bursting the bar, the tide leaps through, and lo!
 From crag to crag, the snow-arch hangs o'erspread,
 Impotent yet threatening; ev'n as we view
 Ponderous porteullis menace, and pursue
 Our hastened way beneath the frowning gate,
 Though guarded not; so fleetly seems to flow
 You foaming flood, as fearful to await
 The spell-bound bar to fall, and rushing shuns its fate.

LXIV.

Ye Alp-born Chamois ! grant your speed to me !
 Or, would the mountain eagle's wing sublime,
 Might waft me 'neath yon snow-clad gallery²⁹
 Where Avalanche, in spring and winter time,
 Is wont to sweep the daring sons that climb
 The GOTHARD'S brow ; ye guardians, shield the blow !

* * *

I pass unhurt, yet tremble at my crime—
 For crime it may be called, for one so low,
 To leap the sacred bounds of this wide, trackless snow !

LXV.

See ! where the REUSS pours forth her foaming surge,³⁰
 A rocky mountain rears his frowning head :
 Methinks, yon torrent sounds a solemn dirge,
 Sung o'er the fearful grave of those who bled,
 And stained with gore her roaring waters red !
 Methinks, I hear the shriek of wild despair,
 As fell her archway loaded with the dead,
 What time the thundering cannon ceased to glare,
 As horse and rider blent, in death lay mingled there !

LXV.

Perched in the crannies of a lofty rock,
 A Châlet's lattice glitters in the sun ;
 Look up ! a damsel tends her little flock,
 Where'er the summer's verdure has begun ;
 And now bright Phœbus' daily course is run,
 She leads them homeward to their pine-log fold ;
 Behold her sire—her brothers, one by one,
 The hardy tillers of the scanty mould,
 Return in peace at eve, and climb their rocky hold.

LXVI.

Rest ye awhile where Freedom's children dwell ;
 And mark yon hamlet on the verdant hill ;
 Yonder, the birthplace of immortal TELL !³¹
 Yonder, the tyrant bid him prove his skill ;³²
 Yonder, was wont his SPARTAN soul to thrill,
 His breast to kindle for his country's sake ;
 He left yon lowly cot, and purling rill,
 A hated despot's galling chain to break,
 And wander'd round the heights, that guard this blue-wav'd lake.³³

L U C E R N .

LXVIII.

Ye calm—ye smiling—ye deceitful waves !³⁴
What eye surveys your easy swelling tide,
These heights' rude base, which gently kissing laves,
Would deem, there lurked beneath an ocean's pride?
That yon meek waves in mountain-billows ride,
And 'mid their gulphs, the fated bark must sink?
Or if she 'scape, where raging dark and wide,
The deadly caldron boils, 'twere vain to think,
Yon rampart-rocks would spare, that frown around the brink !

LXIX.

Ye living landscapes ! Nature boasts no clime,
 Where scenes of beauty, rapturous and rare,
 Blending with forms stupendous and sublime,
 Melt into splendour, as they mingle there ?
 What can with LUCERN'S winning smile compare ?
 Or what with bold PILATUS' frowning height,
 Yon range of summits glittering in the air ?
 Judge ye, can EUROPE yield another sight,
 More rife with every charm, to ravish and delight ?

LXX.

The fame of Freedom's son hath never slept !
 Yon Chapel marks the Hunter's daring leap ;³⁵
 On yon grey rock, the THREE, their vigils kept :³⁶
 A Patriot's spirit hovers o'er the deep,
 And haunts each mossy dell, each beetling steep.
 Ay ! long will Vengeance brood where GESSLER fell ;³⁷
 Ne'er o'er his ruined tower shall mourners weep.
 'Mid scenes like these, there needs no mightier spell,
 To rouse the matchless soul, that fired the breast of TELL !

LXXI.

Meek like Devotion in her hour of prayer,
Behold yon simple fane with slender spire;
'Twas there the hireling Tyrant fell—'twas there,
Rude Justice bade the Oppressor to expire.³⁸
As twanged the unerring bow with freeman's ire,
Awoke the first wild note of Liberty,
Ringing from Alp to Alp,—while beacon fire
Proclaimed the despot dead—HELVETIA free!
A voice that thrills as erst, though TELL has ceased to be!

THE RHIGI.

LXXII.

The traveller climbs at eve the RHIGI's brow ;
He views a threatening cloud enwrap her side ;
'Tis rolling on—'tis red—'tis rending now—
Ha ! see ! how bright, how swift the lightnings glide
With vivid glare into the foaming tide !
Now here—now there, they skim the burning lake !
Dense rolls the flame-fraught canopy and wide ;
Beneath—around, how wild the thunders break,—
Tremble the eternal hills, the ancient mountains quake !

LXXIII.

The first wild crash has passed ! 'tis silence here ;
Yon startled mountain now has caught the roar—
Now backward flings her echoes on the ear,
Their lengthened peal rolls louder than before,
So full, so deep, so dread, her thunders pour :
Ten thousand voices, mingling, rend the skies ;
They feebler grow ; but one is heard—'tis o'er ;
Hist ! 'tis but fancy—no—afar where rise
Yon peaks, the last faint echo wakes again, and dies !

LXXIV.

'Tis gone ! that lurid cloud has spent its ire ;
It leaves the world to Darkness and to Sleep.
Now, slowly chimes a bell from unseen spire,
How soft, how sweet the sound, as zephyrs sweep
The distant vesper, tinkling o'er the deep !
'Tis hushed—but hark ! a second yet more near,
Pebbles forth with silver tone beneath yon steep ;
Its warnings cease, but rouse another here,
And numbers still around, entrance the wakeful ear !

LXXV.

When every bell has spoke the midnight hour,
And all is lulled to rest ; when moon-beams play,
Where crags on crags, in twilight grandeur tower,
Ev'n higher far than hunter climbs by day
TELL'S shade is seen to glide, the peasants say,
From rock to rock ; high o'er the sleeping lakes,
His deathless shafts are heard to wend their way :
The eagle flaps her wings, and screaming wakes ;
The chamois dreads their sound, and forth from covert breaks.

LXXVI.

'Tis early morn ; the east is streaked with light ;
A lingering mist o'erhangs the pallid west ;
The mountain's feet lie wrapped in drowsy night ;
The lakes sleep shrouded in a cold grey vest ;
The universal world seems still at rest.
Ha—see ! yon frozen peaks have caught a ray
Of new-born light, which fires each icy crest,
Steals gently downward, heralding the way
Of the all-glorious orb, the Exhaustless Fount of day !

LXXVII.

He comes! he comes! in splendour, youth, and pride,
Untamed—undimmed—and hark! the Alpine horn!
Gold-fingered Light has touched the mountain's side:
Again the Alpine minstrel greets the morn!
From ROSSBERG'S heights his matin song is borne;
The lakes, blood-red—in amber, dight the plains;
The night-shroud gone; bright jewels now adorn
All nature's works; nor yet one spot remains
In drowsy sleep. Awake! fresh vigour swell my veins!

LXXVIII.

Awake! my soul, arouse! and revel now,
In pure, unmingled joy, thy years allow!
While Life, and Youth, their daylight dreams bestow!
While still unmixed with care, untinged with woe,
The life-blood's first, fresh, joyous currents flow.
Methinks, I feel the magic of this land
Of palaces, and seas of ice, and know
What rapture is, where floods by fairy's wand,
Wave into silence all, and melting, kiss the strand!

LXXIX.

Wild clime! where rivers rob their hue from heaven;
 Where hoary mountains blush at even-tide;
 Where icy thunderbolts, the rocks have riven;
 Where roses blossom on the glacier's side;
 Where fire-flies flash, and o'er the torrents ride;
 Where Night with death-pale Iris loves to roam;
 Where TELL's wild spectre still is seen to glide,
 Where Nature's Babel rears her guiltless dome;
 Where Freedom, aye and Love have ever found a home.

LXXX.

Yes! Freedom's home—nor less the home of Love!
 If ever such has blessed this world of woe,
 If love on earth, as pure as that above,
 Can burn as bright in woman's heart below;
 If streams, that here in virtue's current flow,
 As heavenly waters, can as stainless be—
 Say—where the land their image can bestow?
 Say—where the home of Love and Purity?
 If such can be on earth—HELVETIA—'tis with thee!

LXXXI.

Thou second SPARTA ! 'tis a happier fate,
 Has blessed thy valour, and redeemed thy blood,
 Has found thee worthy, and has left thee great :
 The shocks of Time thy sacred shrine has stood—
 Braving the tempest, lightning, fire and flood ;
 Bequeathed from sire to son, the boon descends :
 By Beauty fondled, and by Freedom wooed,
 Bewildered, o'er thee Admiration bends,
 What wouldst thou more ? if aught—ev'n that Enchantment
 lends !

LXXXII.

HELVETIA ! how thy tide of blood has gushed !
 Vouch it, MORGARTEN ! vouch it, SEMPACH'S plain !³⁹
 Ah ! then thy tear was dried, thy sigh was hushed,
 Not one red drop that fell—fell there in vain !
 Freedom and Glory triumphed 'mid thy slain ;
 Alas—how altered now thy brighter day !
 Thou ! form a link in BOURBON'S cankering chain—
 Thou ! prop Corruption in her last decay—
 And dig thyself a grave amidst her mouldering clay !

LXXXIII.

Faithful in death, the shaggy lion lies—⁴⁰
 The slaughtered guardian of an Alien's trust,
 He clasps the royal scutcheon, and defies
 Rebellion, in her bloodiest hour of lust—
 Yet vainly clasps! forth from each mortal thrust,
 The life-blood tide is ebbing fast away!
 HELVETIA! lift thy voice from out the dust,
 The Lion-rampant has avenged the day,
 When fell thy butchered sons, with BOURBON's tottering sway!

LXXXIV.

But cease thy rhapsody, and count yon peaks,
 And name yon seas which glow beneath thy feet;
 Thine eye, bewildered 'mid their splendour, seeks,
 Some tranquil home, some quiet, cool retreat:
 Then turn where wooded slopes in olive meet,
 Behold the Tyrant's grey and ruined tower!
 Eastward then gaze, on once the happy seat
 Of smiling hamlets, in one hapless hour,⁴¹
 Laid waste, and prostrate, 'neath that mighty mountain's power!

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

I.

'Twas on a smiling autumn day,
The sweetest day in all the year,
When Beauty shed her brightest ray,
Without a frown—without a tear,
That CONRAD led his blushing bride
Up the ROSSBERG'S sunny side;
That morn had seen the silken knot
Unite for aye their envied lot.

2.

The bridal train were wild and gay,
Full many a festive air was sung;
Full many a floweret fresh and gay,
Before the happy bride was flung;
The path was strewed with every sweet,
As Youth and Health, with flying feet,
Ascending sought some shady bower,
Where Love and Mirth might rule the hour.

3.

An aged pair, with cautious tread,
The last of all the giddy throng,
Now climb the steep—now slowly thread
The thicket's verdant maze along:
Their tardy limbs could ill compete
With Mirth and Beauty's winged feet,
Yet were they gay, for Time had cast
No shade of sadness o'er the past.

4.

Now midway up the mountain's brow,
Young CONRAD sat with EMELINE,
Nor saw, I ween, the vale below,
At other hours with rapture seen :
He stole a kiss—he begged a flower,
The sweetest, richest bridal dower !
He whispered love—he dreamed of joy
Unceasing, and without alloy.

5.

Ill-fated hour ! too transient bliss !
Ah ! was it then Love's latest breath ?
Ah ! was it then his parting kiss,
Embracing in the jaws of death ?
Little ye thought that last sweet smile,
The frown of Fate would so beguile !
So mask the dark eternity !
So mock your hapless destiny !

6.

The vulture screams ! her brood forsakes—
The pines are trembling far and wide—
The mountain shudders—totters—breaks—
Then thundering falls into the tide,
A darkened, shapeless, mingled mass,
The chaos of the form that was,
Heaped, and pent, and strewed around,
A sepulchre without a bound.

7.

Of all that joyous bridal train,
Return but two to tell the tale,
The childless, aged pair remain,
Their children's hapless lot to wail :
They saw the yawning chasm rend,
The Avalanche of rock descend,
When rose one shriek—they heard no more—
'Twas drowned in ROSSBERG's thundering roar !

THE GLACIER OF ROSENLAUI—
THE WETTERHORN.

LXXXV.

Pass ye by SARNEN'S lake, by LUNGERN'S wave,
And climb amid yon glacier's icy spires,
There saunter through each crystal grot, and cave,
Which sparkles bright with thousand wondrous fires:
Wanderer! stay, yon virgin snow conspires
To hold, by magic rapt, thy 'wilder'd eye,
Where the cold shadow falls, a tint acquires
Of azure deep, that shames the pallid sky!
Around yon granite throne, what Aiguilles tower on high!

LXXXVI.

And higher far, yon Pyramid of snow,⁴²
Peers threatening down upon this matchless scene,
As monarchs gaze upon a prostrate foe;
He reigns arrayed in dazzling, silvery sheen,
From age to age—eternally, we ween,
Breathes forth the icy breath that chills his side—
Chills every stranger's soul, that here has seen
His frozen image, reared in lofty pride,
Amidst the fading stars, at early morning tide!

J U N G F R A U .

LXXXVIII.

'Tis morn, we mount the WENGAN'S Alpine steep :
Lo ! see arrayed in spotless purity,
The virgin queen of mountains wake from sleep !
Her misty veils, slow melting, upward flee ;
The bashful garb of her virginity
Inwraps her cruel breast in dazzling white—
And some, as cold as thou, on earth there be,
Love never yet has moved, nor can invite,
Their proud, relentless hearts, at Hymen's fane to plight !

LXXXVIII.

JUNGFRAU ! the matchless—the sublime—the fair—“
Thy voice was music once in MANFRED’S ears—
Yon stern and giant peaks, grown hoary there,
Have stood with thee through all the countless years,
By day—by night, thy veteran compeers,
Since time began; where then thy boast of youth?
No smiling verdure round thy belt appears,
At foot, no circling flowers are seen, in sooth—
No! from thy barren breast, the living seek not ruth.

THE STAUBBACH, AND
GIESBACH.

LXXXIX.

Full shines the sun on STAUBBACH's magic streams;“
Her fleecy locks, broad waving, dance in air;
Gliding adown each tress, a thousand beams,
Glitter like diamonds in a lady's hair! ✕
Behold yon cloud, yon goddess seated there,
With painted bow, amidst the dazzling light!
To what, save sights in dreams, can ye compare
That giant flood, which vaults from heaven's height—
Then frolics in mid-air, hushed as the foot of night!

XC.

Flow on! flow on! thou fairy-land cascade!
 Thou rainbow-goddess! say, what power detains
 Thy flight, till PHŒBUS half his course has made,⁴⁶
 Then bids thee soar aloft, and spurn the plains,
 Scattering thy dew-drops in a thousand stains?

* * *

Iris has fled! now stretch thy lingering oar
 On BRIENTZ' rippling tide, where silence reigns—
 Above, unbroken, where the eagles soar,
 Beneath, ev'n GIESBACH'S tide, falls voiceless on the shore.

XCI.

How wild this nook! how loud the waters roar!⁴⁷
 They headlong fall betwixt the rock and sky,
 Deep in the gulph, their chilling torrents pour
 One step leads forth into eternity!
 Lo! in this dripping grot, we sheltered see,
 Of varied hue descend, yon watery sheet,
 Waving pelucid, as it rushes by!
 For some fair Naiad, sure, this spot were meet,
 The Genius of the falls—but void is her retreat!

XCII.

Haply she's charmed to yonder Chalet's side,
 For list ! wild music steals upon the ear,
 It rises now, it echoes far and wide ;
 And louder grown, and fuller, and more near,
 A chorus swells in accents, shrill, and clear ;
 Soft voices mingle with the Alpine horn.
 These strains oft cost the wandering SWISS a tear ;
 On music's wings, his exiled heart is borne
 Back to his father-land, from whence 'twas bleeding torn.

S O N G .

1.

Land of mountains! land of snows!
 Joyous land of liberty!
 Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
 Spirit of THERMOPYLÆ!
 Where's the Tyrant? Where's the foe?
 Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
 Graves are all I now can see,
 Trampled on by Liberty!

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant? &c.

2.

Nature's children, wise and brave,
 Are you men as once of old?
 Is there one would be a slave?
 One be bought by paltry gold?
 By the fane, where GESSLER fell;
 By the sacred shade of TELL;
 By the flash, that scath's the fir;
 Still we are the men we were!

CHORUS.

By the fane, where &c.

3.

Now that battle's strife is o'er,
 Crowning you with victory,
 Will you revel evermore,
 Plunged in slothful luxury?
 Stranger, tho' we live in peace,
 Hunters' perils never cease,
 Perils thou may'st vainly guess,
 Mid our frozen wilderness!

CHORUS.

Stranger, tho' we &c.

4.

Stranger, here 'twere vain to woo,
Ere the swain had learned to war ;
Ere his aim fell dead and true,
'Mid the Chamois from afar.
SWITZERLAND has Spartan games,
Lovers there contend for dames ;
Winners there, may wooers be,
As in days of Chivalry.

CHORUS.

SWITZERLAND has Spartan &c.

5.

Tell us not of coal-black eye ;
Tell us not of sable-hair ;
These but speak too mournfully,
Alpine damsels should be fair ;
Fair we ween, with eyes of blue,
Locks of orient, golden hue ;
Hearts whose every beat is free,
Fetterless as Liberty !

CHORUS.

Fair we ween, &c.

6.

Land of mountains ! Land of snows !
Joyous land of liberty !
Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
Spirit of THERMOPYLÆ !
Where's the Tyrant ? Where's the foe ?
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know ?
Graves are all I now can see,
Trampled on by Liberty !

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant ? &c.

FAREWELL TO THE ALPS.

XCIH.

The sun descends—I ne'er shall see again,
Yon sun go down, and gild each kingly head.
Upon these ramparts, mournful I remain—⁴⁵
I fondly watch the changeful tints that spread
O'er each hoar brow, as they around the bed
OfSickness, mark each hurried flush that sweeps
Athwart her pallid cheek, ere life has fled;
So here, I lingering gaze, my spirit weeps;
Like dearest parting friends, I view yon ALPINE steeps.

XCIV.

A dusky hue comes creeping o'er the plain :
Lo ! now, methinks, it climbs each mountain's side ;
Their gold grows dim, their glory's on the wane,
As up the heights the murky shadows glide ;
Where now your life, your light, your gorgeous pride ?
Methinks, yon giant forms wax cold and dead,
But see ! they breathe again, for far and wide,
There kindles on their snows a ruby red !
A moment too—and that last, hectic flush has fled !

XCV.

Ye terrible and vast ! in childhood's hour,
To me ye were as things unseen yet feared,
Seeming dread spirits of the dead whose power,
Dwells where the earthly form hath not appeared ;
And when, with awe-struck mind, I saw upreared,
Cloud-girt, and throned in mystic majesty,
Yon thousand god-like forms, they grimly peered,
Dim and unearthly from the purpling sky :
Yes ! now like phantoms scare,—spectres of worlds gone-by !

XCVI.

Ye pinnacles of grandeur ! will ye go ?
Ay—go and join the silent things that were ?
Ye shall—ye must come back, ev'n as the flow
Of Ocean's tide—as lightning-clouds career
Against the onward gale—as sounds of fear,
Wild shrieks, and dying groans, with magic spell,
Still haunt in lonesome hours the startled ear !
To me ye shall return—I've loved ye well—
I hear your distant voice—it speaks afar, Farewell !

T H E R H I N E

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B E L G I U M .

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THE RHINE, BELGIUM, &c.

FALLS OF SHAFFHAUSEN.

I.

YE wondrous falls, how vast your angry sea !
Since time began, till time shall be no more,
Through all the ages of futurity,
Your mighty waste of waters still will pour,
Nor cease awhile their thundering, deafening roar !
A speck, a mite, a helpless worm, I feel,
I tremble, standing on your sounding shore ;
O'er the wild tumult of your surge I reel ;
Strange horrors chill my veins, and o'er my senses steal !

II.

But hold ! one thought has crossed my giddy brain.
This wide, majestic tide must cease to flow,
Time will disclose its splendour on the wane ;
“This speck, this mite, this helpless worm” will show
Itself immortal, while the flood below,
Will vanish as a dream at dawn of day.
Yes ! then, proud river, thou shalt live to know
Thyself an emblem, formed but to decay,
And thine the fate of things, which earth-born, pass away !

B A D E N - B A D E N .

XCVIII.

Lo ! now I gaze on BADEN'S motley crowd,¹
Where Beauty walks, where Fashion loves to flaunt.
I see the rich, the poor, the gay, the proud,
Ay—e'en the sick, this scene of pleasure haunt,
They force a smile, as if in health to vaunt
Some dear enjoyment once, they now abhor ;
The poor were rich, but they must bear the taunt,—
Scorn's finger raised ; their folly now deplore,
Beggars by one die's cast, they curse the "rouge et noir" !

HE Y D E L B E R G .

XCIX.

High on you hill, which frowns o'er NECKAR's tide,
There lives a monument of bye-gone days :²
Amidst its roofless walls, its ramparts wide,
By lightning scathed, by fire, by deadly frays,
Thrice ruined, yet e'en thus, the wreck displays,
More stately pride, tho' desolate, I ween,
Than when its festive lord sat crowned with bays,
'Mid glittering crowds, and with a monarch's mein,
Quaffed the o'erflowing bowl, and pledged his blue-eyed queen.

THE RHINE.

C.

Our bark is floating on the lovely RHINE,
Nor stays to count the ruins on her steeps,
Or gaze upon the tempting purple vine,
That crowns yon verdant slopes, and downward peeps.
While this gay river to the ocean sweeps,
She smiles at Grandeur's relics, stern and hoar!
At every bend, some giant fortress keeps
Its mute, and deathlike guard along the shore,
No watchman on its tower, no warder at its door!

A I X - L A - C H A P E L L E

CI.

Thy ashes, CHARLEMAGNE, are sleeping there!
Lo! here, I sit upon thy marble throne:
Where now the terrors of thy sword? Ah! where
Thy regal pomp? this worn—this mouldering stone,
To tell what once thou wast, remains alone!
And yet methinks, it speaks with louder tongue,
Than monuments with gold and silver strown,
With blazoned arms, or gaudy tinsel hung,
Or decked with pompous strains, by hireling minstrels sung.

W A T E R L O O .

CII.

Beyond the rocky valley of the MEUSE,
Seek ye the spot where nations sank in strife,
Quitting the winding bourn of peaceful views,
For blood-stained fields, with fame and carnage rife.
Tho' every Briton loves, as dear as life,
His freedom, bought by hearts as brave as true,
Yet far away, the mother, sister, wife
Still mourn that fight, still pour their tears for you,
Who found a hero's grave—sepulchral WATERLOO!

CIII.

That flaming star, which scorched the 'frighted world,
Drawing all monarchs in its lengthened train,
Down from its height by Heaven's vengeance hurled,
Fell like a meteor on this smoking plain,
In seas of blood, extinguished 'mid the slain.
But yet not idly flowed that life-blood tide,
Here, ransomed EUROPE, did not bleed in vain ;
Thy glory, WELLINGTON, will e'er abide,
Where conquering PICTON fell, and gallant HOWARD died.

CIV.

How little now to mark this feast of death !³
How still the graves, where thousands 'neath the sod,
Here gasped in deadly strife their latest breath,
Midsighs and groans ; where blood-stained hoofs have trod ;
Where countless plumes were seen awhile to nod,
As front to front, War's glittering cohorts stood ;
Where Death raged on, a fierce avenging god,
And reveled long amid the waste of blood,
Which crimsoned all these slopes with one vast, purpling flood !

CV.

When will the fiend, the direful fiend of war,
Ride on the blast, and scorch the world no more?
When will that God dismount his iron car,
Nor wade again 'mid tides of reeking gore?
Shall e'er be lulled to rest the cannon's roar?
Oh! curst ambition, in the breast of kings!
For sure, will heaven, her wrathful vials pour,
So long as man to lust of empire clings,
Down on his latest sons, the scourge of battle brings!

A N T W E R P .

CVI.

ANTWERP! thy Citadel lies prostrate here;
We mournful stand upon its ruined wall;
These mounds, but yesterday, the hero's bier,
Will soon be shrouded in a grassy pall.

ANTWERP! 'twas here, the locust-gathered GAUL,
Thousands on thousands, round thy ramparts lay;
Here, as thy bulwarks, one by one did fall,
The dauntless CHASSE, held thy foes at bay,
Yes, vainly courted death, amidst that fearful fray.

CVII.

Thy city, RUBENS! speaks thy deathless fame,
Upon her walls, thy pencil's wondrous art,⁴
Within the soul can raise a holy flame,
Which kindles as we gaze, and melts the heart;
Such the soft, magic power, thy works impart.
For who can view unmoved—The Bleeding-ONE—
The pierced—the CHRIST—nor horror-stricken, start!
His world of woe! his agony begun!
The Man of sorrows he, yet still JEHOVAH'S SON!

CONCLUSION.

CVIII.

'Tis done! my truant steps now turn to home.
In after years, my soul shall fondly dwell,
Where she, in youth's gay dream, was wont to roam;
For nought but death, can break the magic spell,
That binds my heart, that bids my bosom swell,
Whene'er her fancy paints afresh each scene
I loved to view; yes—oft my tongue will tell,
Again its thrice-told tale to those, I ween,
Whose kindred souls have loved to rove where mine has been.

CIX.

My soul will hover still where LEMAN sleeps;
Yes! wing her flight o'er mountains clad in snow;
Or, climb the summits of their rocky steeps,
And gaze upon the purpling lakes below;
Or, watch the ALPS' expiring, crimson glow;
Or lave in COMO's soft, and sea-green tide;
Or peep at IRIS where her waters flow;
Or past the shrine of TELL in rapture glide;
Ay, yes! 'mid scenes like these, my heart will still abide!

CX.

A thousand pictures in my memory live,
I would not part with for a monarch's throne;
'Tis all the treasure that the past can give,
The only treasure I can call mine own.
Nor can creation's fairest works be known,
And still no thought of rapture mingling there,
Ascend to HIM, whose wondrous hand is shown,
Alike from pole to pole, from star to star;
Of whose Almighty power, the signs unnumbered are!

CXI.

Blessed Thought! the dearest boon from GOD to man ;
A world within, is formed to live and move ;
A world, eternity alone can span ;
Where the fond soul can cherish—ay, can love—
Can show an innate evidence to prove,
A part immortal mingles with our clay ;
A thing all bodiless she sears above ;
And thus her Maker's image can display—
A boon, nor Time, nor Place, nor Death, shall snatch away !

THE END.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

N O T E S

t o

S A N D A L I N T H E O L D E N T I M E .

NOTES

TO

SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I

“O'er Sandal's green and thick-set wood ;”

The castle of Sandal, or Sammerhall, is situated about two miles south of Wakefield. It stands on a considerable eminence, commanding a beautiful and extensive prospect, and once formed part of the vast possessions of John, last Earl of Warren and Surrey. The castle was probably built at a much earlier period, and we are

informed that it was destroyed by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, out of revenge for an insult committed on his wife by the said Earl of Warren, who, however, afterwards restored Sandal to its original grandeur. The inhabitants of Wakefield will easily recognise the origin of the street called "Warren-gate" or "Wrengate", which led to one of the Parks of the Earl of Warren. "Park Hills" was another chase belonging the said Earl.

2

" 'Tis Joan-de-Barr, Earl Warren's bride,"

Joan-de-Barr, daughter of Henry, Earl of Barr, and grand-daughter to Edward I., married John, Earl of Warren, by whom she was divorced, the Earl settling upon her 740 marks per annum. She went abroad, and died A. D. 1361.

3

" They were not born in wedlock, they"

The Earl's children by Maud-de-Nerford, were John, and Thomas-de-Warren, also by her, or some other mistress, he had William—Joan—Catherine, and Isabel-de-Warren.

4

“ To-night San Martin comes—to night,”

Richard San Martin, a deformed knight, and relative of the Earl of Warren, was concerned in the capture of Alice-de-Lacy, the wife of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; which circumstance occasioned her divorce from her husband, when she afterwards married the said Richard, who endeavoured, but without effect, to lay claim to the Earldoms of Lincoln and Salisbury.

5

“ From Coningsburg, by covert way,”

Coningsburg Castle, near Doncaster, formerly one of the possessions of the Earl of Warren, probably built soon after the Conquest, on the site of a Saxon fort.

6

“ ’Tis midnight now, and Kirby’s feudal walls”

Though hardly needful, it may be well to state, that the “Harper’s Tale” is a mere fiction; the story, however, is not more improbable than many related in History.

7

*“Beneath the dungeon-keep there lay,
“A winding subterranean way,”*

There still exists a tradition among the inhabitants of Sandal, that formerly there was a subterranean way, leading from the castle to the cellars of the Great Bull Inn, Wakefield, and consequently passing under the river Calder. The author is informed that the said Inn was formerly a monastery.

8

“For when that noble stood arraigned,”

Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was brought a prisoner to his own castle of Pomfret, by Sir Andrew-de-Harley, March 21 (15 Edward II.), and being arraigned before the king, in the presence of the Earl of Warren and other Barons, was sentenced to death for high treason, and executed immediately afterwards.

9

“De Warren’s strength began to fade,”

John, Earl of Warren, died, without issue, June 30, 1347, on his 61st birthday. He was buried in the abbey church of Lewes, in Sussex.

His life was one of great activity. He appears to have taken part in all the principal events which characterise the reigns in which he lived. He attended Edward I. in his last expedition into Scotland. He formed part of the retinue of Edward II. when he went over to marry the king of France's daughter. He attended Edward in his Scotch expedition. He, together with other powerful barons, besieged Piers-de-Gaveston in Scarborough Castle, and took him prisoner. Soon after, he refused to attend the king to Scotland, on account of several grievances remaining unredressed. 10 Edward II., however, he joined the army against the Scots. 13 Edward II. he was similarly employed. 18 Edward II. he was appointed Captain-general of the forces sent into Gascoign. 20 Edward II. he was made one of the twelve lords, who were to govern the kingdom during the prince's minority. 1 Edward III. he was again in the expedition against Scotland. 7 Edward III. he was at the battle of Halidown, and assisted Baliol soon after. 9 Edward III. again in Scotland. 13 Edward III. he was chosen one of the sureties of the king of England, for the completion of the marriage of the Black Prince, with the Daughter of the Duke of Brabant. 20 Edward III. he married Isabel-de-Houland, who survived him.

For further particulars, see "Memoirs of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surrey. By Rev. J. Watson, M. A., F. A. S."

10

“ Rallying round Plantagenet,

“ Five thousand valiant swords were met,”

The narrative of Sandal is again resumed after the lapse of 113 years from the death of the Earl of Warren, with which Part I concludes—It may be well to state the events which preceded, and occasioned the Battle of Wakefield—An Act of Settlement having been drawn up, it was agreed, that Henry VI. should keep the crown for life, but that the Duke of York and his family, should succeed him at his death. The Queen, disdaining any arrangement which dethroned her child, joined her friends in the north, who had raised an army in the King's name—among these were the Earls of Northumberland—Lord Clifford—the Duke of Somerset—the Earl of Devon &c., with an army of 20,000 men.

The Duke of York, leaving Warwick and Norfolk with the King, and directing his eldest son Edward to follow with the rest of his forces, set out with Rutland and the Earl of Salisbury towards the north, and arrived at his castle of Sandal on 21st Dec., with 5 or 6,000 men—The Duke spent his Christmas at Sandal, and the Queen's forces lay some time at Pomfret—Edward was still at Shrewsbury—on 30th Dec., 1460, the Battle of Wakefield was fought.

For a full account of the battle of Wakefield, see—Sharon Turner's History of England—Allen's History of Yorkshire—Speed's History of Great Britain—Henry's History of Great Britain—Pictorial History of England, also Shakspeare's King Henry VI., 3rd part.

11.

“The Saviour's hymn is stealing,”

The Author, on account of the Battle of Wakefield being in suspense for several days previous to the 30th December, on which day it actually took place, will not be considered guilty of an anachronism, in representing the Christmas carols as occurring on the eve of the engagement.

12

“And there Sir David sued in vain,”

Sir David Hall, an old and faithful knight of Richard, Duke of York, slain in the Battle of Wakefield.

13

*“But one there was—a tender boy,
“By priest led forth from out the fray,”*

The name of the Earl of Rutland's tutor was, Sir Robert Aspoll, a priest.

14

“ The bridge is gained—where chantry stood,”

See “Whitaker's Loidis and Elmete”—who speaks of the very early existence of a chantry on Wakefield bridge. Since the first edition of this poem was printed, the author has perused Mr. Scatcherd's “Dissertation” &c., which throws considerable light on the early history of the chapel on Wakefield bridge.—

The impression on the author's mind, remains, in the main, the same as before his perusal of Mr. Scatcherd's interesting work. The author had no difficulty in understanding the meaning of Dr. Whitaker, with reference to the early existence of a chapel, or chantry, on Wakefield bridge.—and with regard to its prior endowment of £8, 10s. 3d., in the reign of Edward III, without any pretensions to antiquarian research, there appears to him, no inconsistency in there having been a re-endowment by Edward IV. of £14. 15s. 3½d., together with considerable repairs in the edifice, and probably additional service, in the form of masses for the dead, being required of the officiating priests at that period.

Mr. Scatcherd's remarks on the west front of the chapel, as being of much earlier date than the reign of Edward IV., are very satisfactory; in fact, if any enlargement of the chapel took place at the

period of its second endowment, the proximity of the bridge to the West-front, would alone prevent much alteration in that quarter; whilst the building might have been more easily enlarged at the eastern extremity.

The most difficult question really appears to be, to ascertain, what was the exact amount of repairs, alterations, or enlargement, which took place in the reign of Edward IV., to give rise to the general, but mistaken idea, that the Chapel was originally founded by that Monarch.

15

“ False murderer of my sire.”

Thomas, Lord Clifford, slain at the first battle of St. Albans, May 22nd, (33rd Henry VI.) by the Yorkists, was father to John, Lord Clifford, who slew the Duke of York, and young Rutland, at the Battle of Wakefield.

16

“ Salisbury and Rutland, side by side,”

The Earl of Salisbury, being taken prisoner after the Battle of Wakefield, was sent to Pontefract Castle by Queen Margaret, and

beheaded there : his head was afterwards exposed on the gates of York, together with many others.

17

*“ But thrice the wintry moon had waned,
“ Since Sandal’s plain was carnage stained.”*

Towton, a village three miles S. E. of Tadcaster. The celebrated battle between the houses of York and Lancaster, so fatal to the latter, was fought on Palm Sunday, 1461.

18

“ The bloody Clifford’s severed head”

John, Lord Clifford, was slain the day before the Battle of Towton ; having put off his gorget, he was struck in the throat by an arrow, and immediately expired.

19

“ Lo ! still on Towton’s battle field”

The author is informed by a gentleman who has visited the field of battle at Towton, that roses of a peculiar kind still grow there, some

in distinct circles in the centre of the pasture ground. Many of the inhabitants of the village believe, that these roses have sprung from the pits in which the slain were buried after the battle.

20

“ With pious hand a cross he built ”

This cross was destroyed by the Parliamentary army at the siege of Sandal Castle.

Nothing now remains to mark the site, but a ditch, which cuts off a small triangular piece of ground, said to be the exact spot where the Duke of York was slain.

21

“ Brave Bonivant kept Sandal’s gate ”

The reader should bear in mind the lapse of 184 years since the Battle of Towton, the last prominent event with which Part II. closes.

Sandal Castle was held by Colonel Bonivant for King Charles, and after a siege of three weeks surrendered to Colonel Overton, September 30, 1645. The castle was dismantled about a year afterwards, by order of the Parliament.

In the reign of James I., the ruined castle and park adjoining belonged to Sir Richard Beaumont; by him it was conveyed to the

Neviles of Chevet, and from them it found its way into the Pilkington family, and thus, to its present possessor, Sir W. Pilkington, Bt. of Chevet.

There is a drawing of Sandal Castle preserved in the Dutchy Office of Lancaster, made in the reign of Elizabeth, from which the engraving now extant, has been executed.

22

“ But most where stands yon Danish mound,”

Lowe Hill may have a Roman origin, but at present it bears the marks of a Danish mount, surrounded with a double ditch. If a watch tower formerly stood here, it may have given name to the town of Wakefield, called in Domesday Book, Wachefield.

The distance of Lowe Hill from Sandal, makes it less probable that Overton should have planted his chief battery there, when the hill, facing the opposite, and least defensible part of the castle, stands much nearer. However, so speaks tradition.

23

“ From Pomfret’s distant turret’s height”

Pomfret Castle being besieged at the same time with Sandal, this expedient was hit upon by the governors of both castles, for the pur-

pose of keeping up the spirits of their garrisons—and whichever first received the good tidings, was to signify the same by kindling a fire on the highest tower of the castle. See Boothroyd's History of Pomfret.

24

“Sandal! thy wreck might well inspire”

The author has pleasure in transcribing the following excellent verses, which were written by a gentleman on his first visit to the ruins of Sandal Castle, in as much as they will evince, that the author has asserted the truth, and that, as regards Sandal,

“The wreck might well inspire,
“In glowing breasts—a poet's fire.”

ODE TO SANDAL.

“Relic hoar of ancient days!
“How scant, and scattered is the wreck,
“That serves to mark the sacred place,
“Which erst thy towers were wont to deck.

“Thy spacious courts no more are trod;
“Thy warriors sleep beneath the sod;

"Thy bastions dark, no longer crown,
"Those mounds from which they once did frown.
"But stately hall, and vaulted keep,
"And light thrown arch, and turret steep,
,, And citadel of loftiest pride,
"And treble-gate, and draw bridge wide,
"Are gone, are sunken from our sight,
"Soon lost amid the misty, darkling night,
"Which ever follows close on Time's oblivious flight!

"Gone! is the Baron's feudal state;
"Gone! is the fame of the mighty and great;
"Gone! is the prowess of martial knight;
"Gone! are the charms of his lady bright;
"Gone! is the pomp of thy chivalry,
"Of thy pageants gay, and thy heraldry:
"But tho' lost thy state, and shrunk thy form,
"Thou yet hast power our hearts to warm;
"Whilst pitying thee, and musing still,
"We slowly turn from SANDAL HILL."

N O T E S

10

T H E V I C T I M .

N O T E S
to
T H E V I C T I M .

P A R T I .

1

“ Deep in Fluelen’s shady bower;”

Fluelen, a small port on the lake of Lucern, in the canton of Uri.

2

“ In Grutli’s wave-worn, deathless town,”

Grutli, a small village in an angle of the lake of Lucern, and opposite the port of Brunnen. The locality is rendered “deathless”, from having been the nightly rendezvous of the Swiss Confederates. They met at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, in a lonely strip of ground, surrounded by thickets, called the Meadow of Grutli.

3

“Vowed, ‘One for all, and all for one,’”

The Confederates, after their victory over Duke Leopold of Austria, in 1315, at Morgarten, renewed their ancient bond of union, as expressed in the above comprehensive motto.

4

“Where Lämmergheyer her aerie placed,”

The lämmergheyer is the great vulture of the Alps. He wages a continual warfare with the chamois, and has been known even to attack oxen in some parts of the canton of Uri. After wearying his prey by a long chase, he at length drives him to some isolated rock, where the chamois has no alternative, but that of facing his adversary; but in putting himself in a posture of defence, his equilibrium becomes very critical—and the lämmergheyer, after making several feigned swoops, succeeds at length, by one powerful stroke of his wing, in hurling his victim over the precipice. Dropping down after him, with all the air of a conqueror, he dispatches the unhappy creature with a stroke of his beak, and enjoys the feast at leisure. (See Dr Beattie's “Switzerland.”)

5

“From noon till sunset joyous melt,”

The generality of Swiss waterfalls begin to flow on the first melting of the snow, early in the month of May, and cease towards the end of September; but some run only during the daytime, and one, the Griesen-bach, that rises at the foot of Mount Blake, runs only from mid-day to the setting sun. (See Cox's "Switzerland.")

6

“Entwined with that sweet flower that blows,”

The gentiana-major grows in profusion within a few paces of the glaciers.

7

“Full many a gem and crystal too,”

Fine specimens of agate and crystal are found among the Alps, and those from St. Gothard are generally superior.

8

SONG,

“Baron Henry was wedded in Toggenberg's hall,”

The facts related in this song are historically authentic, and may be met with in that admirable work, Dr. Beattie's “Switzerland.” The only liberty taken with the narrative, is the metamorphosis of a raven into a dove.

The ancient fortress of the Counts of Toggenberg crowned a rock not far from the present convent of Fischingen. (Canton St. Gall.) It was in one of the cells of this convent, that the beautiful Ida ended her life.

P A R T I I .

1

“ At Einsiedeln the holy fête,”

The abbey of Einsiedeln is romantically situated in the valley of Sil,
(Canton Schwyz.)

A great annual fête is held there on the 14th of September. An immense number of pilgrims flock to this anniversary from all the cantons of Switzerland, the Rhenish provinces, and various parts of Germany. They appear in their native costume; many of them bringing offerings from those who are prevented from joining the pilgrimage.

2

Till rolling down the darkened sea,"

The lakes in Switzerland are called "seas."

3

"The Achsenberg, and Seelisberg,"

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and lesser Achsenberg, whose rocky sides rise perpendicularly out of the lake of Lucern to a prodigious height. They afford no landing place, except one small tabular rock level with the water, on which is erected a chapel, in commemoration of Tell's leap from the boat in which Gessler was conveying him, with the intent of placing him in perpetual imprisonment.

4

"When loudly shook the convent's gate,"

The Capuehin convent at Altorf.

The market place of this town is celebrated as being the spot where Tell, at the inhuman command of Gessler, shot the apple from his son's head. The village of Bürglen, the birth-place of Tell, is not far distant. Altorf is about half a league from Fluelen.

N O T E S

TO A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

NOTES

TO A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

FRANCE.

1

"In days of yore when Harold crossed the seas,"

See Childe Harold, Canto 1.

2

"Farewell thou Poet's Cliff! we meet again!"

Shakspeare's Cliff, Dover.

3

“Hark! louder than the drum the brazen trumpet calls.”

While in Paris, the stranger cannot fail to remark the frequent sound of martial music in the streets.

4

“Now speed their headlong course—now curbed, expectant stand.”

It was the genius of Napoleon, that turned the fiery spirit of the Revolution into a warlike channel, and directed it against foreign powers to his own aggrandizement.

5

“Although no angel o’er thy willow weeps,”

A willow grows over Napoleon’s grave in St. Helena.

6

“Hang in yon gilded dome, a tattered band,”

The gilded dome of the Hôtel-des-Invalides.

7

“Ah! yes, I see a dark-robed sister band”

The Sœurs-de-Charité, some of whom are of noble family.

8

“Go climb yon hill, 'tis there Affection lends”

The Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise.

9

“A noble father, and his daughter rest,”

Clementine Cuvier, the lovely, accomplished, and pious daughter of the celebrated Baron Cuvier, who died at the time previously fixed for her wedding.

10

The wayward child of war! the gallant, hapless Ney!

Marshal Ney's monument had been removed by order of the late government.

S W I T Z E R L A N D A N D

I T A L Y .

1

“And frowns in stillness dread, o'er the wide prostrate land!”

This view is seen from the heights behind Lyons, the blue mountains to the right are a continuation of the Pyrenees.

2

“From man's too prying eye, in caverns deep and wide.”

The natural curiosity of the Perte-du-Rhone.

3

“Slowly and sadly heave, home-bound from lone Meillerie.”

See Rousseau's *Héloïse*, quatrième partie, Lettre XVII.

4

“Three hundred years have swept like phantoms by—”

Bonnivard was prisoner in the castle of Chillon, from the year 1530, to 1536. See Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

5

“Thy billows stiffened in their rolling pride,”

The Mer-de-glace.

6

“Has dared upon his brow, her giddy foot to place !”

Maria-de-Mont Blanc.—The height of the mountain is 15,732 English feet.

7

SONG.

“Cross the rugged icy tide,

“Climb where crystals strew the ground,”

Crystals, and agates are found in great abundance at the Jardin, on the opposite side of the Mer-de-glace.

8

“Now spies the traveller la Bathia’s tower,”

This picturesque ruin which overlooks the Dranse, belonged to the Prince-Bishops of Sion (the ancient Sidunum), remarkable for its isolated crags, surmounted by the ruins of a castle, and two palaces.

9

“To mark where stands a town—the white Rhone bends”

Brieg on the Rhone.

10

“Steal down some wild abyss, and vanish from the sight !”

The Gorge is enclosed by perpendicular rocks from 1500 to 2000 feet high.

11

“Wild Frassinone bursts, in terrible array !”

The Frassinone plunges into the Doverio under a bridge at the termination of the Gallery of Gondo.

12

“Italia! ’tis thy far-extended plain!”

The valley of Fontana, and immediately afterwards the Vald’-Ossola comes in view.

13

“We view thy pale, enchanted palace rise,”

Isola Bella, the splendid palace of the Boromeos.

14

“Deep sighing, yields the lake its perfumed store;”

The air is completely scented with the profusion of flowers on the Isola Bella.

15

“Yon form colossal, waxes grey and wan;”

St. Carlo Baromeo’s colossal statue.

16

“Behold where yon proud arch in triumph stands!”

Napoleon’s Arch, which terminates the Simplon-road at Milan.

17

“Where beauty rivals her's, who reigned in days of old.”

The Venus-de-Medicis.

18

“Where diamonds sparkle bright in Scala's pile,

The great Theatre of Scala.

19

“St. Ambrose' walls are decked with works of art,”

The Ambrosean College contains beautiful pictures, and a most valuable library.—Among other curiosities are exhibited a copy of Josephus, 1400 years old, written on papyrus on both sides,—also a copy of Virgil, said to be in Petrarch's hand-writing, with notes added when he was further advanced in life.

20

“Here lies St. Carlo in his chrystal shrine ;”

The chrystal coffin is invaluable, and the silver and gold which adorn this shrine are estimated, independently of their workmanship, at 4,000,000 francs.

21

“His deeds of love adorn these silver walls ;”

Silver basso-relievos illustrating the pious actions of St Carlo.

22

“Where lived a British Queen, but now no more !”

The unfortunate Caroline.

23

“How proud Raymonda’s rolling echo’s wake,”

The villa Raymonda, which serves as a lounge for the inhabitants of Como, and is situated about a mile from the town.

24

“Beneath their vines they wind the golden thread ;”

Great numbers of silk-worms are kept here,

25

“Now up the winding gorge, the rugged way,”

From Giornico to Faido.

26

“Now here—now there, the lawine roars aloud !”

Innumerable cataracts pour into the Ticino.

27

There! far beneath, behold Stavedro's tower ;

This, and several adjoining towers were built by the Lombards in the sixth Century.

28

“Here stood the Hospice once, and braved the snow-storm's power.”

The old Hospice was destroyed during the French Revolution.

29

“Might waft me 'neath yon snow-clad gallery,”

An Avalanche Gallery has been constructed over the most dangerous part of the road.

30

“See! where the Reuss pours forth her foaming surge,”

The Devil's-bridge over the Reuss was the scene of a dreadful encounter between the French and Imperialists in 1799.

31

“ *Yonder, the birthplace of immortal Tell!*”

Bürgler .

32

“ *Yonder, the Tyrant bid him prove his skill;*”

Altdorf, where Tell is said to have shot the apple from his son's head.

33

“ *And wandered round the heights, that guard this blue-waved lake.*”

The lake of “the four Cantons”, or lake of Lucern.

34

“ *Ye calm—ye smiling—ye deceitful waves!*”

This, in common with most of the Swiss lakes, is subject to most sudden, and violent storms.

35

“ *Yon Chapel marks the Hunter's daring leap:*”

The lake is hemmed in by the greater and lesser Achenberg, which rise perpendicularly from its shore. Tell's chapel stands

on a small tabular rock, the only landing place for some distance along the shore.

36

“On yon grey rock the THREE their vigils kept:”

Stauffacher, Fürst, and Arnold.

37

“Ay! long will Vengeance brood where Gessler fell;”

A chapel marks the spot near Küssnacht, where also may be seen the ruins of Gessler's castle.

38

“Rude Justice bade the Oppressor to expire,”

“Fired at the thought, he raised instinctively the unerring shaft to his eye, and as the tyrant fell, the last twang of the slackened bow-string was the first note of Helvetic liberty.”

Dr. Beattie's Switzerland Illustrated.

39

“Vouch it Morgarten! vouch it Sempach’s plain!”

The plains of Morgarten, and the shores of the lake Sempach, ever memorable for the defeat of Leopold of Austria in the fourteenth century, by the Swiss Confederates.

40

“Faithful in death, the shaggy lion lies.”

A fine monument in the garden of general PFYFFER, at Lucern, erected in commemoration of the Swiss Guards, who fell in defence of the Tuilleries—10th August, 1792.

41

“Of smiling hamlets, in one hapless hour,”

Goldau, Busigen, upper and under Rütter, with 457 inhabitants perished on the 2nd September, 1806, by the fall of a portion of the Rossberg.—The incidents mentioned in the accompanying stanzas are founded on fact, as connected with this melancholy catastrophe.

42

“And higher far, yon Pyramid of snow,”

The Wetterhorn.

43

“ Jungfrau! the matchless—the sublime—the fair—”

Jungfrau (young woman, virgin). This mountain was considered as inaccessible, which most likely gave rise to its name, but I believe one hunter has lately found his way to its summit, and has therefore destroyed the charm.

44

“ Yon stern and giant peaks, grown hoary there,”

The Silverhorn, Wetterhorn, Faulhorn, Shwarzerhorn, grand et petit Eger, &c.

45

“ Full shines the sun on Staubbach’s magic streams,”

The Staubbach is 900 feet high, and descends in one waving, fleecy torrent, almost without sound to the earth.

46

“ Thy flight, till Phæbus half his course has made,”

The rainbows are not visible after noon.

47

“How wild this nook! how loud the waters roar!”

The traveller passes behind one of the falls of the Giesbach.

48

“Upon these ramparts, mournful, I remain—”

The ramparts of Bern, which command a magnificent view of the Alpine range.

THE RHINE

AND

BELGIUM.

I

“Lo! now I gaze on Baden’s motley crowd.”

These hot springs were frequented in the time of the Romans, and now are a very fashionable watering place. Gambling is carried on to a ruinous extent here.

2

"There lives a monument of bye-gone days."

The castle of Heidelberg, one of the finest ruins in Europe.

3

"How little now to mark this feast of death!"

With the exception of the Belgian lion.

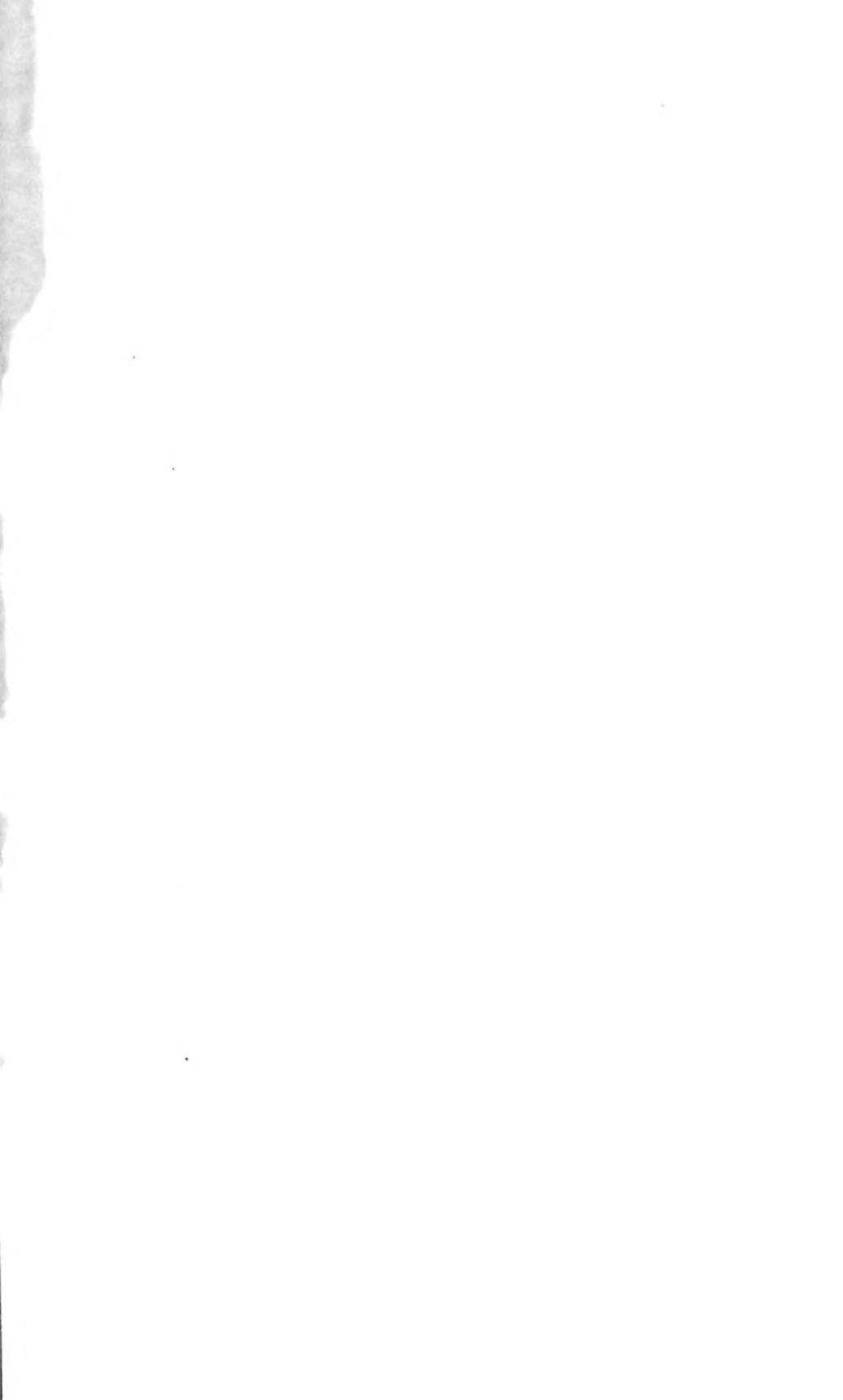
4

"Upon her walls thy pencil's wondrous art."

The Cathedral at Antwerp, which contains RUBENS' celebrated pictures of the "ascent and descent from the cross."

THE END.

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