

THE BLINDED BOURBONS.

("Qui leur eût dit l'austère destineé?")

[II. v., November, 1836.]

Who then, to them[1] had told the Future's story?
Or said that France, low bowed before their glory,
 One day would mindful be
Of them and of their mournful fate no more,
Than of the wrecks its waters have swept o'er
 The unremembering sea?

That their old Tuileries should see the fall
Of blazons from its high heraldic hall,
 Dismantled, crumbling, prone;[2]
Or that, o'er yon dark Louvre's architrave[3]
A Corsican, as yet unborn, should grave
 An eagle, then unknown?

That gay St. Cloud another lord awaited,
Or that in scenes Le Nôtre's art created
 For princely sport and ease,
Crimean steeds, trampling the velvet glade,
Should browse the bark beneath the stately shade

Of the great Louis' trees?

Fraser's Magazine.

[Footnote 1: The young princes, afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X.]

[Footnote 2: The Tuileries, several times stormed by mobs, was so irreparably injured by the Communists that, in 1882, the Paris Town Council decided that the ruins should be cleared away.]

[Footnote 3: After the Eagle and the Bee superseded the Lily-flowers, the Third Napoleon's initial "N" flourished for two decades, but has been excised or plastered over, the words "National Property" or "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" being cut in the stone profusely.]

TO ALBERT DÜRER.

("Dans les vieilles forêts.")

[X., April 20, 1837.]

Through ancient forests--where like flowing tide

The rising sap shoots vigor far and wide,

Mounting the column of the alder dark
And silv'ring o'er the birch's shining bark--
Hast thou not often, Albert Dürer, strayed
Pond'ring, awe-stricken--through the half-lit glade,
Pallid and trembling--glancing not behind
From mystic fear that did thy senses bind,
Yet made thee hasten with unsteady pace?
Oh, Master grave! whose musings lone we trace
Throughout thy works we look on reverently.
Amidst the gloomy umbrage thy mind's eye
Saw clearly, 'mong the shadows soft yet deep,
The web-toed faun, and Pan the green-eyed peep,
Who deck'd with flowers the cave where thou might'st rest,
Leaf-laden dryads, too, in verdure drest.
A strange weird world such forest was to thee,
Where mingled truth and dreams in mystery;
There leaned old ruminating pines, and there
The giant elms, whose boughs deformed and bare
A hundred rough and crooked elbows made;
And in this sombre group the wind had swayed,
Nor life--nor death--but life in death seemed found.
The cresses drink--the water flows--and round
Upon the slopes the mountain rowans meet,
And 'neath the brushwood plant their gnarled feet,
Intwining slowly where the creepers twine.
There, too, the lakes as mirrors brightly shine,

And show the swan-necked flowers, each line by line.
Chimeras roused take stranger shapes for thee,
The glittering scales of mailed throat we see,
And claws tight pressed on huge old knotted tree;
While from a cavern dim the bright eyes glare.
Oh, vegetation! Spirit! Do we dare
Question of matter, and of forces found
'Neath a rude skin-in living verdure bound.
Oh, Master--I, like thee, have wandered oft
Where mighty trees made arches high aloft,
But ever with a consciousness of strife,
A surging struggle of the inner life.
Ever the trembling of the grass I say,
And the boughs rocking as the breezes play,
Have stirred deep thoughts in a bewild'ring way.
Oh, God! alone Great Witness of all deeds,
Of thoughts and acts, and all our human needs,
God only knows how often in such scenes
Of savage beauty under leafy screens,
I've felt the mighty oaks had spirit dower--
Like me knew mirth and sorrow--sentient power,
And whisp'ring each to each in twilight dim,
Had hearts that beat--and owned a soul from Him!

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND

TO HIS MUSE.

("Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme.")

[XL, May 19, 1836.]

Since everything below,
Doth, in this mortal state,
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow
Communicate;

Since all that lives and moves
Upon the earth, bestows
On what it seeks and what it loves
Its thorn or rose;

Since April to the trees
Gives a bewitching sound,
And sombre night to grief gives ease,
And peace profound;

Since day-spring on the flower
A fresh'ning drop confers,
And the fresh air on branch and bower
Its choristers;

Since the dark wave bestows
A soft caress, imprest
On the green bank to which it goes
Seeking its rest;

I give thee at this hour,
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,
The best of all the things in dow'r
That in me be.

Receive,-poor gift, 'tis true,
Which grief, not joy, endears,--
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,
All pure before thee laid;
Receive of all the days I live
The light or shade!

My hours with rapture fill'd,
Which no suspicion wrongs;
And all the blandishments distill'd
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay

Flies fearless, wild, and free,
And hath, and seeks, to guide its way
No star but thee.

No pensive, dreamy Muse,
Who, though all else should smile,
Oft as thou weep'st, with thee would choose,
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine! this gift
Receive;--'tis throe alone;--
My heart, of which there's nothing left
When Love is gone!

Fraser's Magazine.