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VI.
"No, dearest child!—where'er thou befall,
Thy God is ever near thee,
He piteth all, He loveth all.
Pray, pray, and he will hear thee!"
"Oh, mother, hollow, hollow pitee!
God loveth not nor piteth me—
He recke not of mine anguish,
But lets me groan and languish."

VII.
"My dear, dear child, Heaven hath a cure
For every ill and dolor;
The Holy Sacrament, be sure,
Will prove thy best consoler!"
"Vah, mother, the asp that gnaws my heart—
No Sacrament can bid deport!
No Sacrament can quicken
Anew the once Death-stricken!"

VIII.
"My child, I fear thou art betrayed!
Thy lover may have plighted
His troth to some Hungarian maid,
And thus thy hopes are blighted.
What then? Grieve not, but let him go!
His perfidy will work his woe,
And, ere his bad life ceaseth,
Will rend his heart in pieces!"

IX.
"Oh, mother, mother, Gone is Gone!
Departed! Departed!
Woe, woe is me!—Alone, alone,
Alone and broken-hearted!
Die out, die out, my life's lost light!
Down, down in everlasting Night!
God spareth not nor careth,
Woe! woe! my soul despairoth!"

X.
"Oh, God of goodness, let not this
Provoketh thy malice!—
She doth but rave from the abyss
Of her profane affection,
Ah, child! forget the earthly love,
And lift thy heart to Heaven above,
The Spouse of Souls will take thee,
And He will ne'er forsake thee!"

XI.
"Oh, mother, what are Heaven and Hell?
Where, where is Wilhelm, mother?
With him is Heaven, without him Hell;
I want, I know, no other place.
Die out, die out, my soul's lost light!
Down, down in everlasting Night!
No Heaven for me without him!
No Heaven if I must doubt him!"

XII.
Then dared this maiden, with a brain,
Made mad by tortured feelings,
In reckless impetuosity,
The All-Just God's wise dealings!
And smote her breast, and groaned and cried,
And wrung her hands till, at eventide,
The pale-bright stars in millions,
Besprang Heaven's pavilions.

XIII.
Then—hark! a horse's hoof!—Hopp, Hopp!
They sound like father, brother, son,
Then cleave nearer!—then they stop,
And a rider vanishes from his course,
With clank of spurs and ringing knoll:
Then—hark!—the portal bell—Toll! Toll!
These stillness; then follow
These words in accents hallow:—

XIV.
"He-ho, my love! I am here now!
Tell me what tidies thou keepest!—
Art sad or gay? Art false or true?
And wakest thou or sleepest?—
What, Wilhelm! Is it really thou?
Oh, I have watched and wept till now!
But this dream midnight visits—
What may it mean? Whence is it?"

XV.
"I started from Bohemia late.
We ride by midnight only.
Up! come with me, my faithful mate!
Too long though mournest lonely!"

"Ah, Wilhelm, here is something wrong!
Hark! the wind bloweth strange and strong;

Come in and warm thee, dearest,
And here let usce and me rest!"

XVI.
"So may the wind blow strange and strong,
Blow stranger and blow stronger!
I must along! Thou must along!
We linger here no longer!"

Rise! Do thy attire and come with me,
My black bairn smooth impatiently!

We must lead leashes behind us
Before the priest can bind us!"

XVII.
"—Oh, Wilhelm, this but bodest dole,
Oh, tarry here till daylight!
Just now I heard 'Eleven' toll,
And Heaven hasten'd a gray light!"

"—Look hither! Look thither! The moon shines bright,
The Dead ride fast by night!

Ere Morning's red rays clamber
The skies, we'll reach our chamber."

XVIII.
"—And where, say, is the young bride's room,
Wherein her maids undress her?—

"—Far hence!—cold, lone, and dreary in gloom—
Six large planks, and two lessers!"

"—But is there space?"—Ay, space for both!
Come! no delay!—Snake thy sloth

Lest Night perchance belate us,
—The wedding-guests await us."

XIX.
And Leonora, garbed and out,
Sprang up behind the rider,
And flung her lily arms about
Her lover and her guider.

Then, ho!—Hopp, hopp, hopp!
Ride off the pair with never a stop;

Until both gasped together,
And flints and fire flashed nether!

X.
Aright, aleft, reeled, reft and cleft,
Earth's globe arched and under;
The sky swerved as storm-brown west;

The bridge layed in thunder,
"Glares up! Queen moon rides high and blue—

Hurrah! the Dead ride royalty too!

Dost fear the Dead, my best love?"

—Ah, leave the Dead at rest, love!"

XI.
But hark!—that drear choral swell!
Those night-birds' ev'ng funeral!

Hark! the bell, and dirge as well—

"Now, brethren, for the burial!"

And lo! a group who bear a bier,

A mourning group draw slowly near,

With chant like some deep dismal

Ghost-wall from realms abysmal.

XII.
"Halt, croakers, there! The corpse may bide

Its funeral rites till dawn;

To-night I espouse my fair young bride,

Lay down, then, bier and swining!

Come, sexton, come!—thy choir and thou

Shall toll us nuptial-songs now!

Come, priest, and bless the bedding!

Then, ho! for the feast and bedding!"

XIII.
Down went the bier; the dirge was hushed;

And, light-limbed and unladen,

Tripp, tripp, trapp, the buriers rushed

Behind the youth and maiden;

And, ho, ho!—hurry!—hopp, hopp, hopp!

Dashed forward all with never a stop,

Until all gasped together,

And flints and fire flashed nether!

XIV.
How twisted, how whirled, before, behind,
The forms of those who the mountains!
Before, behind, like wind, like Mind,
How few falls, falls, and fountains!

"Glares up! The moon rides high and blue—

Hurrah! the Dead ride bravely too!

—Ah! let the Dead sleep on, love!"

XV.
But look! Where you high gibbet-wheels

Wind shaken, creak and wabble,

The moonlight suddenly reveals!

A dancing phantom-rabbit!

"Ho, there, say neighbour!—down to me!

We'll all ride home so merrily, we!

And you shall dance before us,

While these here lit in chords!"

XVI.
XXV.

And down they came in eddying whirls,

With whirr as when, the while Eve's

Clouds gather black, the night-blaze swirls!

Through Autumn's blinks of dry leaves,

And, ho, ho!—hurry!—hopp, hopp, hopp!

Away trooped all with never a stop,

Till all gasped hard together,

And flints and fire flashed nether!

XVII.
XXVII.

How sped, how fled, the sky, the stars,

Like young steeds loose'd from harness!

How danced the stars! how glanc'd their cars!

How flew they through the Farnes!

"Look up! The moon rides high and blue—

Hurrah! the Dead ride nobly too!

Dost fear the Dead, my best love?"

—Ab, no! let them rest, love!"

XVIII.
XXVIII.

"Enough! I scent the morning gale;

My saude, I mark, are failing.

Right well have we ridden 'er hill and dale.

Beshold your grained sailing!

That wine-mad drakity! Losde

Its bars i' hall the as my bride!

Hurrah! the Dead ride fealty!"

XIX.
XXIX.

Aron they halt. The chancelled gate

Swings on to the gray wall's border,

And that strange group, as urged by Fate,

Mark the scene as we pass,

The steed's reins trail along the ground,

While wild lamentings all around,

Sad as the Tramp of Doom's tones,

Rise up from graves and tombstones!

XX.
XXX.

But now, O, Horror!—no! A clay

From some worn wall that moulders,

The horseman's garments fall away,

Fall piecemeal from his shoulders!

With scythes and sand-glass high upraised,

And grimning skull, now all creased

Of hair and flesh and feature,

He stands,—DEATH,—or His Creature!

XXXI.
XXXII.

High rear the steed, with mane upcur'd,

The earth yawns, feet unbound,

And down the hapless girl is hurried

Into the dark pit under;

And, while direful howlings fill the air,

And cries of terror and despair,

Beshold her there, a-lying!

Hall living and half dying!

XVII.
XXXIII.

And now the grisly spectre-hand,

As Night gives place to Morning,

Dance round their victim hand-in-hand,

And sing and shriek this warning—

"Bear,—though thy proud heart break with pain,

Heaven's wrath is not invoked in vain!

Thy body and thou must sever;

God spare thy soul for ever!"

* "O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist Hin!
Nun fahr weit und alles hin!"

The peculiarity magnificence and dreary character of the couplet can scarcely be appreciated except by a philosophical audience, or one trained in its repetition, also, in the ninth stanza, where Lorraine, in the excesses of her despair, takes no notice of the half-maddening suggestions of her mother, and can dwell only on the one miserable predominant idea, is a remarkable poetical beauty, and strikingly true to nature.