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*He saw, he knew,
Aunt Sarah kneel before him on her knee.
His Theodora!*

Angela & Theodora p. 20.

R. Wrentham, R.A. del.

P. Merrick sc. Woodcut.

Published by E.I. Coale.

E. H. W.

SALES

a Selection of

BALLADS,

LEGENDARY & PATHETIC.

BALTIMORE,

Published by E. I. Coale.

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A COLLECTION OF

POEMS,

LEGENDARY AND PATHETIC.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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PREFACE.

IF the emotions of chivalric feeling have not, like the age of chivalry itself, passed entirely away; if the human heart is not become wholly callous to sentiments of high honour, and the human mind has not absolutely discarded the principles of a lofty magnanimity; if there still exist those who ardently contemplate the glory of past ages, and in whose nature is united the most touching sensibility with the most dignified courage;—there are characters, to whom the following pages will not require the formality of an introduction.

THE
WILD HUNTER.

L OUD, loud, the Baron winds his horn ;
And, see, a lordly train
On horse, on foot, with deafening din,
Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack
Dash swift, from couples freed ;
O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,
Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallow'd temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heav'nward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and pray'r.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry :
See ! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left ?
That may I guess 'ull well :
Who were the horsemen right and left,
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
 A milk-white steed bestrode ;
 Mild as the vernal skies, his face
 With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
 Red as the furnace flame ;
 Sullen he lour'd, and from his eyes
 The death-like lightning came.

' Right welcome to our noble sport ;'
 The Baron greets them fair ;
 ' For well I wot ye hold it good
 To banish moping care.

' No pleasure equal to the chase,
 Or earth or heav'n can yield ;'
 He spoke,—he wav'd his cap in air,
 And foremost rush'd afield.

' Turn thee !' the milder horseman cries ;
 ' Turn thee from horns and hounds !
 Hear'st not the bells, hear'st not the quire,
 Mingle their sacred sounds ?

' They drown the clamour of the chase ;
 Oh ! hunt not then to-day,
 Nor let a fiend's advice destroy
 Thy better angel's sway.'

' Hunt on, hunt on,' his comrade cries,
 ' Nor heed yon dotard's spell ;
 What is the bawling quire to us ?
 Or what the jangling bell ?

' Well may the chase delight thee more ;
 And well may'st learn from me,
 How brave, how princely is our sport,
 From bigot terrors free.'

' Well said ! well said ! in thee I own
 A Hero's kindred fire ;
 These pious foolries move not us,
 We reck nor priest, nor quire.

' And thou, believe me, saintlike doct,
 Thy bigot rage is vain ;
 From pray'rs and beadrolls, what delight
 Can sportsmen hope to gain !'

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;
 And ever at the Baron's side
 Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
 Up-springs from yonder thorn :
 ' Now swiftly ply both horse and foot ;
 Now louder wind the horn !

See, falls a huntsman ! see, his limbs
 The pangs of death distort !
 ' Lay there and rot · no caitiff's death
 Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
 Wide o'er the country borne ;
 Now closer prest, a refuge seeks
 Where waves the ripening corn.

See, the poor owner of the field
 Approach with tearful eyes ;
 ' O pity, pity, good my lords !'
 Alas ! in vain he crie

' O spare what little store the poor
 By bitter sweat can earn !'
 Now soft the milder horseman warns
 The Baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
 Best pleas'd with darkest deeds ;
 'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
 Reckless what mercy pleads.

' Away !' the imperious noble cries ;
 ' Away, and leave us free !
 Off ! or by all the pow'rs of hell,
 Thou too shalt hunted be !

' Here, fellows ! let this villain prove
 My threats were not in vain ;
 Loud lash around his piteous face
 The whips of all my train.'

'Tis said, 'tis done : swift o'er the fence
 The Baron foremost springs ;
 Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
 And loud the welkin rings.

Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
 While man, and horse, and hound,
 Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
 Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath and field, o'er hill and dale,
 Scar'd by the approaching cries,
 Still close pursu'd, yet still unreach'd,
 Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mild the lowing herds that graze
 Along yon verdant plain,
 He hopes, conceal'd from every eye,
 A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
 Press ravening on his heels :
 See, prostrate at the Baron's feet
 Th' affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue ;
'O spare,' he cries, ' these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

' Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all !'
He spoke :—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere ;
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds
'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
Reckless what Mercy pleads.

' Away, audacious hound !' he cries ;
' 'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see transform'd to beasts,
Thee and thy beggar brood.

' Then, to the very gates of heav'n
Who dare to say me nay !
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry ;
Come, fellows, no delay !'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound ;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies ; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
 Rush swift with impious rage,
 When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
 Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
 Religion's free abode;
 For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
 E'en now have reach'd his God.

'They cry at heav'n's high mercy-seat,
 For vengeance on thy head;
 O turn, repentant turn; ere yet
 The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more Religion's cause in vain
 The gentle stranger pleads;
 Once more, alas! his sullen frere
 A willing victim leads.

'Dash on!' the harden'd sinner cries;
 'Shalt thou disturb our sport?
 No!—boldly would I urge the chase
 In heav'n's own inmost court.

'What reek I then thy pious rage?
 No mortal man I fear:
 Not God in all his terrors arm'd
 Should stay my fix'd career.'

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
 He calls his vassal-crew;
 Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
 All vanish from his view.

All, all, are gone!—no single rack
 His eager eye can trace;
 And silence, still as death, has hush'd
 The clamours of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser's sides,
 Nor back, nor forward borne ;
 He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
 But hears no sound return.

And now enclos'd in deepest night,
 Dark as the silent grave,
 He hears the sullen tempest roar,
 As roars the distant wave.

Louder and louder still the storm
 Howls through the troubled air ;
 Ten thousand thunders from on high,
 The voice of judgment bear.

' Accursed before God and man,
 Unmov'd by threat or pray'r ;
 Creator, nor created, aught
 Thy frantic rage would spare.

' Think not in vain creation's Lord
 Has heard his creature's groan ;
 E'en now the torch of vengeance flames
 High by his awful throne.

' Now, hear thy doom ! to aftertimes
 A dread example giv'n,
 For ever urge thy wild career,
 By fiendish bell-hounds driv'n.'

The voice had ceas'd ; the sulphurous flash
 Shot swift from either pole ;
 Sore shook the grove ; cold horror seiz'd
 The trembling miscreant's soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
 Again the lightnings play ;
 And every limb, and every nerve,
 Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant's swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground ;
He feels the demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood ;
On each o'erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light
Now red, now green, now blue ;
Whilst o'er the gulph the fiendish train
Their destin'd prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly
Still at his back the hell-born crew
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below Earth's smiling face ;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright ;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortur'd sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track ;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild Baron's hunt ;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman, (dare they speak,)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till God's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!