

PAULINE :

A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été,
Et ne le saurois jamais être.—MAROT.

Non dubito, quin titulus libri nostri raritate sua quamplurimos alliciat ad legendum : inter quos nonnulli obliquæ opinionis, mente languidi, multi etiam maligni, et in ingenium nostrum ingrati accedent, qui temeraria sua ignorantia, vix conspecto titulo clamabunt : Nos vetita docere, hæresium semina jacere : plis auribus offendiculo, præclaris ingeniis scandalo esse : . . . adeo conscientia suæ consulentes, ut nec Apollo, nec Musæ omnes, neque Angelus de cælo me ab illorum execratione vindicare queant : quibus et ego nunc consulo, ne scripta nostra legant, nec intelligant, nec meminerint : nam noxia sunt, venenosa sunt : Acherontis ostium est in hoc libro, lapides loqui, et caveant, ne cerebrum illis excutiat. Vos autem, qui æqua mente ad legendum venitis, si tantam prudentiæ discretionem adhibueritis, quantum in mello legendo apes, jam securi legite. Puto namque vos et utilitatis haud parum et voluptatis plurimum accepturos. Quod si qua repperitis, quæ vobis non placeant, mittite illa, nec utimini. NAM ET EGO VOBIS ILLA NON PROBO, SED NARRO. Cætera tamen propterea non respuite . . . Ideo, si quid liberius dictum sit, ignoscite adolescentiæ nostræ, qui minor quam adolescens hoc opus composui.—*Hen. Corn. Agrippa, De Occult. Philosoph. in Prefat.*

London, January, 1833.

V. A. XX.

PAULINE, mine own, bend o'er me— thy soft breast	Yet till I have unlocked them it were vain
Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me— thy sweet eyes,	To hope to sing ; some woe would light on me ;
And loosened hair and breathing lips, and arms	Nature would point at one whose quivering lip
Drawing me to thee—these build up a screen	Was bathed in her enchantments, whose brow burned
To shut me in with thee, and from all fear ;	Beneath the crown to which her secrets knelt,
So that I might unlock the sleepless brood	Who learned the spell which can call up the dead,
Of fancies from my soul, their lurking place,	And then departed smiling like a fiend Who has deceived God,—if such one should seek
Nor doubt that each would pass, ne'er to return	Again her altars and stand robed and crowned
To one so watched, so loved and so secured.	Amid the faithful : sad confession first, Remorse and pardon and old claims renewed,
But what can guard thee but thy naked love ?	Ere I can be—as I shall be no more.
Ah dearest, whoso sucks a poisoned wound	
Envenoms his own veins ! Thou art so good,	I had been spared this shame if I had sat
So calm—if thou should'st wear a brow less light	By thee for ever from the first, in place Of my wild dreams of beauty and of good,
For some wild thought which, but for me, were kept	Or with them, as an earnest of their truth :
from one thy soul as from a sacred star !	