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The Romance of Real Life

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THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"Tis sweet, when night is hushed in deep repose;
And hides the Minstrel's form from every eye;
To breathe the thoughts that speech can never disclose,
In all the eloquence of harmony.

The mellow strain pervades the silent air,
And minglest with the sleeper's blissful dreams;
The Lover hears the song of unmixed fair;
The humble saint, an Angel's holy hymn.

Then sweet to know that she, for whom alone,
Pours the wild stream of plaintive melody,
Recalls the voice of Love in every tone;
Approves its truth, and owns its purity.

Borne on the breeze that cools her glowing cheek,
And fans the order of her forced breath;
Lifts the low lock that slumbered on her neck,
Sports round her couch, and lingers o'er her rest.

Borne on that breeze, it greets her listening ear
With tales of raptured bliss and tender wo;
And tells of Joy and Grief, of Hope, Despair,
And all that love, and Love alone can know.

Fair companions hear the something sound,
But mute to them the voice that speaks to her;
Burns the warm blush, unmarked of all around,
And darkling falls, unseen, the silent tear.

But not unseen of all; for to his eye,
By Fancy's magic light she stands revealed;
Her bosom struggling with the halfbreathed sigh,
By the strong pressure of her hand repelled.

The Tear that in the moon-beam sparkles bright;
The pensive look; the outsretched neck of snow;
The Blush, contending with the silver light,
Whose cold pale gleam would quench its fervid glow.

He sees and hears it all. The muse's stream
Extends a viewless cloud of sympathy,
Thought answers thought; and, lost in Fancy's dream,
Each breast responsive swells with sigh for sigh.

Then O how sweet! warmed by the sacred flame,
Of mutual—true—but fruitless—hopeless love,
To run the high career of deathless fame,
And mid the world's admiring gaze to move.

Reckless of all but her. By midnight lamp,
To turn, with heedful eye, the learned page;
To shake the Senate, or to rule the Camp;
To brave the tempest's blast, or battle's rage!

What is the thought that prompts his studious zeal?
That mows his breast in danger's fearful path?
That nerves his arm to grasp the glory steel,
Despising toil and hardship, wounds and death?

It is that she the impasioned strain will love,
That gives her charm in deathless verse to shine;
Her favoring smile his donation faith approve;
Her raptured heart on every glowing line.

It is that she will cherish the renown
Of noble deeds achieved her name to grace;
And prize the heart that bent for her alone,
In glory's triumph, and in death's embraces.

"Tis that a grateful nation's loud acclam
May pour his praises on her favoring ear;
"Tis that the twilight splendor of his name
The widowed darkness of her heart may cheer.

when the lamps of the grave had at last cooled the fever of his brain,

It is said, and truly said, that "Truth is often more incredible than fiction." It is natural too, that we should take a deeper interest in the fortunes of creatures of flesh and blood, who have actually lived and suffered, than in the imaginary sorrows of beings that are themselves but figments of the writer's brain.

Why then do we so rarely meet with any narrative of facts which engages our feelings so deeply as a well wrought fiction? May it not be that in all histories of a romantic character there is, from the very nature of the thing, a degree of mystery which we cannot penetrate; and that the immeasurable little incidents, which adorn the pages of a romance, and so aptly illustrate the characters of the parties, are hidden by the veil of domestic life? It might be allowable to supply these; but the attempt to do so, is always offensive to the reader.

We are disgusted at seeing truth alloyed by fiction, and the fiction always betrays itself. Let a characteristic list—let it be detailed, and we find ourselves wondering who it was that took possession of the conversation. We read the scene between Ravenswood and Miss Ashton at the haunted fountain, and never ask, whether she rose from her grave, or he emerged from the Kelpie's cave. The strong sense of her love, her voice in every tone; and nerves his firm to grip the gory steel,

"That neither ever found another;
Her favoring smile his devotion faith approve;
Her raptured heart on every glowing line.

"That neither ever found another;
Her loving heart on every glowing line.

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O! ever lovely, loving and beloved;
Constant in absence; constant in despair!
By time unwearied, by caprice unmoved;
Thy lover's faith and fame thine only care!

'Tho' known to none but thee thy minstrel's name,
Or who the fair that caused his tender pain;
All undistinguished by the voice of fame,
The bard who sung the maid that walked the strain.

Yet may'st thou catch the unconscious sympathy
Of some soft nymph, who, from her lover's tongue,
Hears, with averted look and blush and sigh,
Her heart's fond secret in this artless song.

But were I skilful to weave the immortal verse,
Which after ages with applause would read;
Thy praise in fitting accents I'd rehearse,
And with unfading bay would crown thy head.

Then should my Laura's charms survive the tomb,
In strains like that the fairy bulbul sings,
When all unseen he wakes the midnight gloom,
Hovering o'er beauty's grave on viewless wings.