

**HELA; OR, WOMAN'S  
PRIDE: A POEM  
IN TWO CANTOS**

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Hela; or, Woman's pride: a poem in two cantos by Charles Utting

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**CHARLES UTTING**

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H E L A ;  
OR,  
W O M A N ' S P R I D E ;

A POEM,  
IN TWO CANTOS.



BY  
CHARLES UTTING.

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LYNN:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
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1842.

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1115.

### ERRATA.

Page 19, Line 13, [in some copies] for "could'st," read "could'st".  
— 51, — 20, for "from a lord" read "from a *foreign* lord".

## P R E F A C E .

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The Author, in offering the following Poem to the notice of the Public, is encouraged to hope that it will not meet with a general and unqualified condemnation. That it has many faults, he is sensible; but at the same time, he trusts that it will not be found wholly devoid of beauties. It was originally written some five or six years back, and although it has since that time undergone considerable alterations, may, perhaps, be considered still to abound with those crudities of conception, and sentiments of false philosophy, the almost necessary attendants upon a composition conceived, and first executed, almost in the days of mere boyhood; nevertheless, as a maiden effort, he hopes his readers will each look upon it with the eye of a lenient, rather than with those of a severe critic.

The first Canto partakes too much of the colloquial, to please even the Author himself; and the second may, perhaps, be too purely imaginative, to please others; but, the Author conceives that he has not drawn more largely upon the imagination, than the nature of his subject—and a poet's license—justified him in doing. There may, indeed, be a state of things supposed that was never co-existent with a general belief in the Fairy superstition, and the attributes and inclinations of the Fairies themselves, may not be such as were in by-gone ages, assigned to them as a race, in the traditions of which they were then the frequent theme—having generally been considered as malicious and mischievous in their propensities—but as they were not so universally, and as it suited his subject to make them appear in an

opposite and more favorable light, he has done so; considering, that if ever they existed at all, they were quite as likely to be one, as the other.

Again. The Author, in describing the Fairies, has omitted all mention of their attire. Green is the color said to have been worn by them, perchance because, like the milk-maid in the fable, they considered it to "become their complexions best;" but, as the Author does not pretend to be a connoisseur in female costume, he has left a void in his description, to be filled up by the judgment or imagination of his readers. Those who would adhere to the strict letter of the traditions, may suppose of each, that, like her who seduced Thomas the Rhymer\* to follow her to Fairy Land,

" Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne; "

while those who may, like the Author, think that this would savour too much of sameness, may, also like him, conclude that

Each that costume did adorn  
Which in her subject-clime was worn.

In conclusion, should any readers, in the fulness of their scepticism, question the existence of the Fairy Land the Author has described as forming no portion of this "terrestrial ball," and in imaginary triumph demand its whereabouts, he begs to refer them to the Paradise of Milton, and the Utopia of Moore; assuring them, that wherever and whenever these may be discovered, *his* Fairy Land will be at no great distance. The Author's own opinion is, that it exists in the nearest of the fixed stars; and those who are not satisfied to take this statement upon trust, may prove its situation elsewhere—if they can.

Lynn, Sept. 1842.

\*See Sir W. Scott's Ballad of that name.



# H E L A .

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## CANTO I.

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### I.

Lord Norwald's halls, one festive night,  
Contain'd a gay and glittering throng;  
A thousand lamps' united light  
Shone on the dance that swept along.  
The rich, the beautiful, the gay,  
Were gather'd in that bright array;  
The noble and the mighty there  
Bow'd low in homage to the fair;  
And, 'mid the splendour of the scene,  
The sparkling gem, and diamond's sheen,  
All eyes were fix'd on beauty's Queen.

### II.

And who was she—admir'd of all  
That stood within Lord Norwald's hall?

He is her sire, and this array—

    Wealth, fame, and power, and rank now meet  
To celebrate her natal day,

    And yield their homage at her feet.

And many a proud heart in that hour

Unconscious yielded to the power

Of female beauty, and became

The victim of a transient flame ;

For, though as high-born dames were there,

Though many beautiful and fair

Were gathered in her father's hall—

Hela stood loveliest of them all.

### III.

Majestic in her stature, fair

    As poets paint a Venus, she,  
With eyes all dark and raven hair,

    Stood worshipp'd 'mid that revelry.

A Byron's pen alone could tell

    Her form's full power, and paint her charms ;

Her chisell'd lips, her bosom's swell,

    Her delicately rounded arms ;

Her eyes, which flash'd forth love, and all

That binds the heart in beauty's thrall.  
 More beautiful she look'd that night  
     Than she before had ever seem'd ;  
 The glances of her eyes more bright—  
     For then love's rays first from them beam'd ;  
 'Twas then before her view there came  
 One who had youth, rank, wealth and fame ;  
 And manly beauty to command  
 A maiden's virgin heart and hand.  
 They met—he spoke—his voice was bland—  
 His words were sweet—his gaze was full  
     Of admiration, chaste and pure,  
 That would at once all doubtings lull  
     Of passion shewn forth but to lure.  
 Thus Hela felt, and felt within  
 Her heart a something new begin  
 To shed its influence, and to dawn  
 Upon her as a cloudless morn  
 Dawns on the earth—a promise fair  
 The day an aspect bright will wear.  
 Alas ! she then but little knew  
 That, often beautiful to view,  
 Love enters there a welcome guest,  
 And staying—cankers in the breast ;