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POEMS

BY

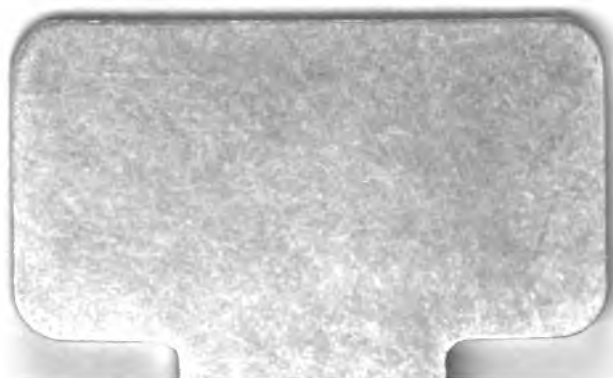
FRITZ.

—

1861.



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P O E M S

BY

FRITZ.

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P R E F A C E.



SOME of these Poems were originally published with others by a friend of the Writer; the rest have nearly all since appeared in various popular periodicals.

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P O E M S.

P O E S Y.

THERE are who tell us that the day
Of Poesy hath pass'd away :
That in this dull prosaic age,
Unopen'd is the Poet's page,—
Unsuited to its mind mature
His metaphors, his tropes obscure :
Howe'er the world's untutor'd youth
Might need such half-diluted truth,
Its well-accustom'd eye can gaze
Undazzl'd on her naked rays.
Arm'd with each marvellous appliance
From out the cabinet of science,
With all a Tyro's calm conceit
Struts the philosopher complete
Through Nature's erst untrodden ways,
And all her wonder-works surveys.
His mighty mother, Earth, lays bare
Her many-chamber'd heart; and there

POEMS.

He finds the relics, strange and vast,
Of some unknown and shadowy past ;
Then upward with unwonted flight,
On star-bright regions' dizzy height,
He marks the planets in their place,
And tracks them on their awful race.
'Tis his to scale the glorious seat
Of light, and of her daughter, heat :
He boldly analyzes there
The subtle fluids of the air.
The wildest of the visions vain
That ever haunted dreamer's brain,—
The Alchemist's absurdest whim,—
Become realities to him.
The Elements, that once could tax
A Titan's strength, he moulds as wax,
Obedient to his will, and bends
Their stubborn forces to his ends :
Beneath his plastic hands they change
To shapes as numberless and strange
As ever frenzied eye beheld
In all the wizard tales of eld.
Effects he fathoms to their cause
Within the depths of Nature's laws.
The ever-beauteous forms of life
With which this teeming earth is rife,
'Tis his with curious eye to scan,
In slow gradation up to man.

POESY.

An open book, before him lies
Man, with his deep affinities
To other races nobler still,
Who higher grades of being fill.
The pow'rs that in the world unseen
Move Providence's vast machine,
The laws Creation's King ordains
To govern States, his wit explains.
No more the influence that controls
The secret workings of men's souls,
Though long by sages vainly sought,
Can mock the searchings of his thought.
No more remains a mystery
To him that strangest history
Of human consciousness : his art
Man's thought can trace as on a chart,
Through all its vast imaginings
Back to the motive whence it springs.
There, in the gradual growth of mind,
Each onward step is well defin'd :
How first by means intuitive
The soul perceptions may receive :
And how by bodies, are impress'd
Ideas, that the eye arrest,
Upon the vision of the brain
That yieldeth them in thought again.
Thus images long since forgot
By chance again to memory brought,

POEMS.

Have mingl'd with the passing scene,
As though its shadows they had been.
The contrarieties of race :
The differings of form and face :
Why, scarcely less than angels, some,
And others very brutes become !
All this our trim philosopher
Will tell, nor ever fear to err ;
Nor pauses here, but o'er the pale
Of knowledge steps, to lift the veil
From mysteries that seem to lie
In depths that scrutiny defy :—
The sympathetic chain that binds,
In one, the family of minds ;
How far the stronger force of will
Compels the weak, for well or ill :
How far the soul can commune hold
With distance, and events unfold :
What marvels meet its searching glance,
When wand'ring in the land of trance :
And what is sleep, and whence come dreams ?
If matter IS—or only SEEMS ?
If things are not what they appear ?
If grief, and joy, and hope, and fear,
Are but diseases of the brain :
What marks the madman from the sane ?
Where nature ends :—free-will begins ?
What virtue is ; and what are sins ?

POESY.

And where the difference between
The symbol and the thing unseen?
If self be not the only thing
To which the spirit's faith can cling?
No problem now can thought evolve,
But modern intellect shall solve:
No truth too great for Reason's grasp
Within its wide expanse to clasp!—
If this be so, and Poesy
"The expression of all worship" be,
How can her rhapsodies engage
The attention of this sapient age,
That thinks to nought is reverence due
Within the earth, nay, heavens too?
And yet it was not so of yore,
In palmy days of pagan lore;
When with the Muses, hand-in-hand,
Philosophy was wont to stand
Beneath the sacred dome, and share
The homage of the wisest there!
And though their mighty spirits grop'd
Through darken'd ways, where yet they hop'd
To find a purer truth than aught
Within the reach of finite thought,
Yet in its brief and gloomy hour
Their faith, though humaniz'd, had pow'r
To lead their spirit to aspire,
Beyond themselves, to something higher,

POEMS.

Mistaken faith !—and yet 'twas real,
The worship of their souls' ideal.
Thus far to nature they were true,
Man's universal need they knew,
Of some bright angel by his side
His reason's erring steps to guide
In search of happiness, that none
Of mortal birth can find alone.
'Twas thus their imagery gave
To rock and plain, to shore and wave,
Presiding geniuses—a crowd
Of gods to which their spirits bow'd.
What if, in revelation's blaze,
The soul needs not man's lesser rays,
To light her heavenwards ; yet still
The power of poesy can fill
Her world with shapes,—a nobler band
Than ever hallow'd heathen land.
When Fancy at the altar bends,
Not feeble is the aid she lends,
On man's eternal hope and fear,
Religion's sacred fane to rear ;
'Tis hers to lift the soul above
The joys of sense, and teach the love
Of beauty, when unmarr'd by sin,
To holiness so near akin ;
Else why should form and colour be
So richly spread o'er earth and sea ?

LOOK UP.

'Tis hers to teach man how to raise,
On high, harmonious notes of praise :
No voice throughout the creature-throng
But loves to pour the grateful song,
Then long cease harping may not she,
Sweet sky-born minstrel Poesy!

LOOK UP.

LOOK up, when about thee are clinging
The joys that would bind thee to earth :
In thought let thy spirit, upspringing,
Still roam the bright land of her birth.

Look up from the sorrows that darken
With shadow thy pathway through life ;
To the sweet voice, of hope speaking, hearken,
'Mid the old sounds, discordant, of strife.

When thine heart 'neath its burthen is failing,
Look up to thy Maker for might,
Is the night-time of error prevailing ?—
Truth sheddeth above thee her light.

Look up, when despairing thou liest
Far down in the depths of thy sin ;
Look up from thy glory the highest,—
There are heights yet more lofty to win.

THE CURÉ OF TOLEDO.

'Twas in Toledo's town there liv'd
A Curé once who long had griev'd
 And thought the State to blame ;
For that, the while fools else had thriv'd,
 Himself was lost to fame.

Not few the fearful stories told
Of Zagal, a professor old
 Of arts so call'd the black :
A learn'd man ; yet this world's gold
 He much was known to lack.

To him his steps the Curé bent ;
Though not at all with thoughts intent
 On using means forbid :
Advice to crave he simply went,
 As many others did.

Old Zagal welcom'd him and press'd
To stay and sup ; he'd give the best
 His larder poor supplied.—
“ Let those two partridges be drest : ”
 Unto his maid he cried.

THE CURÉ OF TOLEDO.

When known the visit's aim and end,
Said Zagal : " Courage take, my friend,
Ere supper shall be had,
I'll prove that Fortune soon will mend
Towards thee her manners bad.

There ! rest upon that ebon-seat,
'Tis one for Dignitaries meet ;
It came from Mecca's shrine ;
And hath a charm and virtue great
For sorrow such as thine !"

With throbbing heart the Curé heard
How he, from post to post preferr'd,
The prelacy should win :
Then Zagal finish'd with a word,
Just for himself, put in.

His grateful promises the Priest,
Whose joy to rapture had increas'd,
Upon the wizard show'r'd ;
Then left him and his savoury feast
Alone to be devour'd.

* * * * *

POEMS.

What boots it step by step to trace
The rapid rise to wealth and place,
 That prov'd the prophet true ;
And how the rivals in his race
 Fewer each moment grew ?

Suffice to tell, in very brief,
How he became the prelate-chief,
 Toledo's hierarch :
His present splendour's bright relief
 To moments erst so dark !

Our life,—it is a proverb strange,—
Howe'er the world around may change,
 Is still the same within :
For naught throughout Creation's range
 Can touch the soul but sin.

'Tis not the purple robe of pride
That poverty of soul can hide,
 Nor yet her wealth enhance :
Th' immortal ever hath defied
 The power of circumstance.

Earth's sunshine only bids the mind
Put off the coverings that blind
 Suspicion to its crimes :
And so it fell, as we may find,
 In these, our Curé's, times.

THE CURE OF TOLEDO.

Where yonder sits a Priest enthron'd,
Before him stands an old man bound,
Of sorcery accus'd ;
Now by his former guest disown'd ;
His prayer for life refused.

And yet they once again confront,
When Spain's proud Church, as is her wont,
Performs an " Act of Faith,"—
Which means the burning those who don't
Quite credit all she saith ;

The pomp of royalty is there,
The haughty Ferdinand, the fair
And gentle Isabel.
It is a scene of beauty rare,
As olden legions tell.

" Art thou that Moor," the King demands,
" Who led El Zegri's hostile bands
Against my chivalry,
And curst Grenada's fruitful lands
With thy foul sorcery ?"

" Sire, my own liege lord I serv'd,
With this right arm now all unnerv'd,
For him those spells I wrought ;
If loyalty hath death deserv'd,
To die I murmur not :

POEMS.

Yet since my hapless master fell
That I have blameless liv'd could tell,
Perchance, yon Prelate proud."
See how the Priest, as on him fell
That old man's eye, is cow'd.

To him then turns the royal Dame,
And asks if nothing from the flame
Can save the agèd Moor?—
"Lady, the Church's rights must claim
Their due, all else before;

"Believe him not, that sinner old
To the foul fiend himself hath sold
In many a dark offence!—
What! wilt thou with me parley hold!—
Familiars, bear him hence!"—

In wrath he rises from his seat,
And wakes!—'twas but a dream: the cheat
By Zagal is confest.

"Said I not well a virtue great
That ebon-seat possess'd?

When next a boon thou hast in view
Just let thy promises be few,
Or keep them otherwise,
"Farewell!"—"one partridge now will do!"
Unto his maid he cries.

THE JEWELLED RING.

BESIDE the tomb
The poor man stood,
In midnight gloom
And solitude.
He gaz'd on the light
The jewel shed,
That glisten'd bright
On the hand of the dead.
"Is it sin," he said,
"For the living's sake,
From the senseless dead
A gift to take?
Is it sin," he said,
"To rob the grave,
From its home of dread
The lov'd to save?"—
There crouch'd near
That corpse yet warm
A thing of fear,
A spectre-form.
To his sad view
It seem'd to be
The semblance true
Of poverty,

POEMS.

That woeful comes,
 To starve by stealth,
Beside the homes
 Of hoarded wealth.
That hideous One
 Still pointed where
In beauty shone
 The jewel rare.
“Why from the gold,
 In the nerveless clutch
Of death, withhold
 Thy trembling touch ;
Why turn the while
 Thy frenzied stare
Down the darken'd aisle ?
 There is nothing there
Save the shadow cast
 By thy thought of wrong,
As in gloom it past
 That aisle along !”—
He fear'd, in sooth,
 The dead One's face,
The life of youth
 Yet seem'd to grace.
“Lady, forgive,
 If sin it be,
Yet others live,
 As fair as thee,

THE JEWELLED RING.

In my dark home,
For whose sad need
I hither come
To do this deed.”
Doth he not reck
The sorrowing look
His hand would check
With stern rebuke!—
He saw alone
The skeleton there,
And the gem that shone
On the hand so fair.
But when, from the grasp
Of the fingers, the ring
He seeks to unclasp,
To his own they cling.
His hand he frees
From the fell embrace,
In haste, and flees
The terrible place :
While, through the gloom,
His flight to urge,
From many a tomb
Pale shapes emerge ;
Like ghosts of crime,
And folly’s hour,
Long long since hidden
In the grave of Time,

POEMS.

When in fearful power
They rise unbidden,
With the spirit lost,
And track its path,
All tempest-tost,
O'er the sea of wrath.
And first among
That spectre-throng,
Is the hideous thing
With the jewell'd ring.
"Stay, stay!" it cries,
In whisper'd shriek,
"Thou hast left the prize
Thou cam'st to seek!
Stay, stay," it cries,
"In thine home of sorrow
A lov'd One lies,
Shall see no morrow:
And wealth alone
Hath power to save
That cherished One
From the morrow's grave."—
His fears he spurn'd
At that thought of woe;
And swift return'd
To the tomb; when lo,
In the twilight dim
The buried stands,

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

And beckons to him
With her jewell'd hands !
The strength of despair
Grew weak before
That face so fair,
And the hue it wore.
With terror pale,
To the form he kneels ;
His sinful tale
In tears reveals.
A living voice,
In accents low,
Then bids rejoice
His heart of woe :
To her sad plight
If help he bring,
He wins that bright
And jewell'd ring !

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

I STOOD amid the marts of earth,
And sighed to see unhonour'd lie
The sterling good, while specious worth
Was stamp'd for gold by fashion's die.

POEMS.

The wealth, whose worth is in its use,
With gift on gift was heap'd o'er,
Tho' wrung by many a dark abuse
From out the poor man's scanty store.

The proper pride by men miscall'd,
And on the praise of earth enthron'd,
Was selfish meanness, triple-wall'd
Against the griefs that round it groan'd.

At many an altar of high state
I saw the heart its trust betray,
Where love and youth must sadly wait
Till pass their virgin bloom away.

I saw the Genius that could give
New worlds of intellectual wealth,—
Could teach the heart to nobly live
In earnest of immortal health,

Not on the pinnacle of power,
Of riches, honour, and renown :
Some base-born idol of the hour
Had robb'd his glory of its crown.

From every practis'd tongue of guile
Fast flow'd the words of truth and good ;
On every lip there play'd a smile,
Of holy peace and brotherhood ;

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

But when the pure and humble heart
To God's wide temple came to pray,
They bade the sinner kneel apart,
Nor share with them the heavenly ray.

In sorrow from the scene I turn'd,
Hard question with my heart to hold :
The hopes that on its altar burn'd,
In youth's bright hour now crush'd and cold,—

The hope to win a noble name,
And on the path of good to rise
To some far-shining height of fame,
Cheer'd onward by the great and wise.

Then from my chasten'd spirit's sight
The scales of error slowly fell :
I knew the seeming wrong was right ;
I knew the world was ordered well ;

From sin by that soul-sickening strife
With forms ignoble and untrue,
To purge the high heroic life
For earth, when shap'd to bliss anew.



THE COVENANTER.

WHERE moonlight glistens on the sands,
'Neath Scotia's rocks, a maiden stands :
Why looks she forth upon the wave,
Then turns to heaven for power to save ?
Is there no pitying hand to break
The chain that binds her to yon stake ?
Alas ! the onward rolling tide
That comes to claim its destin'd bride,
May sooner on its path recede
Than he who owns this ruthless deed.
And what the crime by such a fate
That maiden young must expiate ?—
Her fathers' faith she'll not unlearn ;
An alien creed she dares to spurn ;
For this, and this alone, she dies :
Yet this her hour of strength supplies.

Amid the sorrow-stricken throng
That in this scene of woe and wrong
Behind the steel-clad troopers press,
Full hearts are rais'd that maid to bless,
Who on the altar of God's truth
Thus offers beauty, love, and youth.

THE COVENANTER.

But soon, with low and gurgling sound,
The cold sad waters close around :
Higher and higher still they flow,
But man may yet some mercy shew ;
For see, above, a weeping group
Before the leader of the troop,*—
What crimes to his dark memory cling,
Fit servant of the Bigot-King !—
On bended knee, implore to spare
One so belov'd, so good, so fair ;
“ Again,” he cries, “ the test I give ;
“ Her own the choice to die or live !”

The messenger she sees draw nigh ;
Hope gleams a moment in her eye ;
But no ! though sad to mark the strife
That tells how yet she clings to life,
The spirit of her dauntless sires
That woman's feeble form inspires :
One glance of fear upon the flood,
Of grief to where her kindred stood,
Of trust to yon far moon-lit heaven,
That at the last may peace be given,—
And she hath nerv'd her soul to brave
The rising terrors of the wave.

* * * * *

* Col. Claverhouse. *Vide* Macaulay's Hist. Eng., vol. 1.

POEMS.

And when again those sands are bare,
No record of the deed is there :
Yet hath it liv'd from sire to son
Since Britain's throne was lost and won :
And still the simple people say,
At midnight oft the moonbeams play
About a maiden, as she stands,
In terror, on those Solway sands.

~~~~~  
THE MAIDEN'S TOWER:

WITH anxious ear the Sultan heard  
From prophet-lips the fateful word :—  
The future of his daughter dear  
Would never darken into fear  
When sixteen summer-blooms had shed  
Their lustre o'er her lovely head ;  
“ Yet guard,” the Seer said, “ her youth,  
The while, from serpent's tainted tooth.”

The Bosphorus' blue wave beside,  
The Moslem built a tower of pride,  
And stor'd unsparingly within  
All joys his Eastern wealth could win ;  
Then to the palace-prison gave  
The menac'd life his love would save.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MAIDEN'S TOWER.

Behold, has dawn the fated hour :  
Light breaks upon the prison flower :  
The father comes with royal train  
His virgin treasure to regain.  
What bliss is in the maiden's dreams  
Of palmy groves, of flowers and streams,  
That deck, in memory's magic sight,  
Her sire's gay gardens of delight !  
Oh, heaven of joy, cag'd bird, for thee  
In sun and air to wander free !

And now they pass the guardian gates ;  
Now seek the chamber where awaits  
The captive, on hope's eager wing  
To tempt the freedom blest they bring.  
But wherefore forth she cometh not  
With welcome ? Is the hour forgot ?  
Through every heart cold terror creeps :  
Pale on her couch the maiden sleeps  
The sleep that shall no waking know.  
Woe to the childless one ! Ah, woe !

A gift of fairest flowers had hid  
An asp, that in her slumber slid  
To the warm whiteness of her breast,  
And slew the life that broke its rest.

\* \* \* \* \*



POEMS.

So runs the legend of the tower :  
False love, the serpent in the flower,  
Had wound his way with subtle art  
Through wall of rock, to rob the heart  
Of youth, too trustful, of its light,  
And the fair bud of beauty blight.

---

NIGHT - LIGHT.

---

TELL us not in olden story  
Of some unremember'd glory  
    Gladdening once these skies of earth—  
Palaces and gardens golden,  
Never more to be beholden  
    In this blighted land of dearth.

Send us, rather, some kind angel,  
With an eloquent evangel  
    To reveal the hidden bliss  
In the common air abounding,  
All our daily walk surrounding,  
    Eyes of earth are wont to miss.

Oh, to be to sorrow blinded ! ;  
Oh, to be by love reminded  
    Of the long-forgotten good—

NIGHT-LIGHT.

All the many-sided mercies,  
Woven into life's reverses,  
By our thankless thought withstood !

Flowers of joy, that open only  
To the broken heart and lonely,  
Brooding o'er its own distress :  
Sweet bird-voices high upraising  
Man's dull heart, and ever praising  
Life for all its loveliness.

Kind affection's interchanges,  
When the wintry world estranges  
Hand from hand and face from face :  
Larger charity, unfolding,  
From no human heart withholding  
Love's all-welcoming embrace.

Light above us, light within us,  
From the gloom of fear to win us  
To a brighter coming day,  
When no more the Spring of gladness,  
But the night-shade cold of sadness,  
From this earth shall fade away !



## CALUM DHU.

---

“WHERE stands the cot in yonder glen”—  
Thus spake Mc Gregor to his men—  
“Lives Calum Dhu, our fiercest foe ;  
No arm, 'tis said, can bend his bow,  
No might may match the fearful force  
That speeds his shaft's resistless course :  
Come, Evan, we, the bowmen best  
Of all our clan, will dare the test.”

But, summon'd by the chieftain's call,  
Who cometh forth? No warrior tall.  
Yon grey-eyed dwarf, with bushy beard,  
Is not fierce Calum Dhu, the fear'd !  
“Whom seek ye, Sirs?” “A boon we crave,  
To bend the bow of Calum brave.”  
“Be that alone the boon ye sought,  
As soon 'tis done !” The bow is brought.  
But vainly see Mc Gregor strain ;  
Now Evan's vaunted strength is vain.  
In wrath the mountain chieftain cries—  
“All might of man this bow defies ;  
Not Calum's self can bend, I ween——”  
“Ha ! say ye so ? mine eyes have seen  
His arrow, 'ere its flight was spent,  
O'er yonder hill's high summit sent.

CALUM DHU.

Full oft Mc Gregor's warriors best  
Have Calum's force in fight confest ;  
And stood *he* here full soon would know  
One arm can bend brave Calum's bow."

Mc Gregor's brow with anger burns,  
As slow from Calum's cot he turns  
To where, their chief awaiting still,  
His clansmen rest them on the hill.  
Almost the height was won, when first  
On both a dark suspicion burst ;  
Too late they read the dwarf's intent,  
And backward gaze :—*the bow is bent !*  
"Mc Alph—hooch !" Hark ! the war-cry calls  
For help in vain.—Mc Gregor falls !  
Another shaft hath left the bow,  
And Evan, too, is lying low !

But now full dearly shalt thou rue  
Thy dastard deed, false Calum Dhu !  
They come—thy foes, though falling fast,  
Like leaves on track of Autumn-blast,  
Before thine arrow's deadly aim,—  
Their chief's revenge they come to claim.  
The force of Calum's shaft is spent,  
And Calum's bow for aye unbent !

## THE VOICE OF SLANDER.

---

' ON Rumour's wing a blight I bring  
To all that's good and fair ;  
And when I seek a healthful cheek  
The bloom's no longer there ;  
I plant the thorn of human scorn  
In the timid shrinking breast ;  
From the breaking heart I then depart,—  
Disease will do the rest !

In the halls of light where beauty bright  
Her reign of pleasure holds,  
My canker-tooth to the heart of youth  
Eats through the ermine-folds :  
And what if death wait on my breath,  
And all life's hopes are wreck'd,  
In the gilded haze, that wealth can raise,  
I onward pass uncheck'd !

A whisper of mine makes the lover resign  
His betroth'd although with a sigh,  
Though the ivy when wrung from the oak where it clung  
May sicken, and wither, and die.  
On the once happy hearth 'tis mine to give birth  
To the woes of wedded strife ;  
I call up fears that jealousy rears,  
And hearts are estrang'd for life.

THE VOICE OF SLANDER.

See yon pale group in anguish stoop  
Over a prostrate form ;  
That bleeding clay was young and gay,  
And Life to him was warm ;  
But in the height of his soul's delight  
My presence passèd by :  
And the suicide in Godless pride  
Hath dar'd uncall'd to die.

What recks the world a soul is hurl'd  
Into the dark unknown,  
While to its wings through ether clings  
The blood to weigh it down :  
And though the void the self-destroy'd  
Left in a blighted home  
May not be fill'd, the pulse once still'd,  
Yet scatheless I may roam !

And when my blast hath onward past,  
Though follow on its track  
The plumèd hearse, and orphan's curse,  
And shriek of maniac,  
A glittering screen o'er the deadly scene  
The hand of Fashion flings ;  
And Folly's laugh o'er the cenotaph  
Of her victim gaily rings !'

## F A I T H.

---

YE who think the Truth ye sow  
Lost beneath the winter-snow,  
Doubt not, Time's unerring law  
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.

God in Nature ye can trust ;  
Is the God of Mind less just ?

Reap we not the mighty thought  
Once by ancient sages taught ?  
Though it wither'd in the blight  
Of the mediæval night,

Now the harvest we behold :  
See, it bears a thousand-fold !

Workers on the barren soil,  
Yours may seem a thankless toil ;  
Sick at heart with hope deferr'd,  
Listen to the cheering word :

Now the faithful sower grieves ;  
Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

If Great Wisdom have decreed  
Man may labour, yet the seed  
Never in this life shall grow,  
Shall the sower cease to sow ?

The fairest fruit may yet be borne  
On the resurrection morn !



## THE RAINBOW OF LOVE.

---

THERE'S a rainbow of beauty that spans the sad earth,  
And the tears of the heart have their share in its birth.  
From the first fairy smile to the grief of the grave ;  
O'er the glory encircling the brow of the brave ;  
O'er our life in its sunlight of fortune and fame ;  
And over the gloom of a sunset of shame ;  
As an army of angels with bright wings unfurl'd,  
So the Rainbow of Love keepeth watch o'er the world.

Where fond woman is found in the birth-hour to tend,  
Through the chances of childhood and age to befriend,  
Or the innocent heir of the great and the good,  
Or the babe with the dark blot of crime in its blood ;  
Where the form of the fair, with its beauty and truth,  
Can fill e'en the Eden-born yearnings of youth ;  
There the Rainbow of Love like a beacon of bliss,  
Bendeth down from the worlds of the bless'd to this.

When the travel-worn turns from his wandering path  
To the home unforget of an earlier faith,  
And the words of the sainted, who warn'd him of sin,  
When he went from her bosom life's battle to win,  
Come back to the spirit of guilt with a pow'r  
They knew not in infancy's innocent hour,  
Lo ! he sees ere his path to the portal is come,  
That the Rainbow of Love shineth over his home !



POEMS.

There's a rainbow of beauty that spans the glad heaven,  
And the joy of the angels o'er sinners forgiven,  
On their throne-worlds of glory and rapture, is cross'd  
By the shade of a sorrow for souls that are lost ;  
For the Rainbow of Love is a circlet of light  
That sets not with earth when it passeth from sight,  
But is spreading still onwards, above and below,  
Till it makes the broad universe bright with its glow.

---

IDEAL BEAUTY.

---

THERE'S beauty when the sunlight falls  
On upland, wood, and plain ;  
And some fair scene of earth recalls  
Lost Eden's homes again.

There's beauty, too, yet holier far,  
When night bids sorrow cease,  
And soft the light of moon and star  
Shines on the hour of peace.

But what is loveliness like this  
To visions of the soul,  
When o'er it, in some thought of bliss,  
Imagin'd glories roll ;

And earthly fears of future woe,  
And hopes that now the heart  
Can bless, like dreams at morning's glow,  
From memory depart !

## CHILDHOOD'S CHEERFUL LOOKS.

---

OH, there's something more than lovely in sweet childhood's  
cheerful looks,  
And they bear a better lesson than the learning of our books :  
These teach us, to be wiser, how we must graver grow :  
Those tell us how from innocence their heart-warm spirits  
flow.

While o'er their early morning sky the clouds of grief are  
few ;  
While on their undefil'd souls still lies the heavenly dew ;  
The incense of a holy joy goes upward to their God ;  
Fear only falls upon the path the foot of age hath trod !

They err who think the heavy step that crushes every flower,  
Which blossoms in the spring of life around the youthful  
bower,  
Is weight of wisdom, as of years, the while our bodies bend,  
And through the dark'ning vale of death, creep sadly to  
their end.

The burthen of the world it is that on the feeble frame  
Weighs with the still increasing love of riches, rank, and  
fame,  
And ere the soul hath reach'd its prime, weaves wrinkles on  
its brow,  
Stays the light step of happiness, and lays man's vigour low.

POEMS.

But wisdom to the truly wise gives ever angel-wings,  
Bears young and old above the woe, that to the earthly  
    clings,  
Looks forth from eyes of loveliness that never knew a tear,  
And makes the glazing glance of age full oft as bright and  
    clear.

Then think not to be wiser, we all must graver grow :  
Oh, not from folly's fount the streams of joy and gladness  
    flow !  
For there's something more than lovely in sweet childhood's  
    cheerful looks,  
And they bear a truer lesson than the learning of our books.

---

HIDDEN POWERS.

---

AYE, it is very sad to know  
    The Eden-earth that might be ours,  
If love's warm world could only shew  
    The blossom of its hidden powers !

What tho' the bird, whose broken wing  
    Tells of its wont the bar to beat,  
Long prisoner, unlearn to sing  
    The wood-notes of its wild retreat.

HIDDEN POWERS.

'Twere better, far, to lose the life,  
Through weary, yearning, years to wage  
With man's dark lot a bootless strife,  
Than live to love the captive's cage !

What tho' the gay and sportive throng,  
That never felt they were not free,  
Shall mock us with their merry song,  
And bid our hearts as happy be ;

Let them not teach us to forget  
The song that was, that shall be, ours,  
Who look to lift Hosannas yet,  
Amid the golden-fruited bow'rs ;

Lest haply we, too soon, like some—  
The sweetest songsters of the earth—  
Shall find our spirit-voices dumb  
Before the music of our birth :

We'll rather learn, through grief, to know  
How bright the sun, how fair the flow'rs,  
When love's warm world is made to shew  
The blossom of its hidden pow'rs !

## S U N S E T.

---

OH, the sunrise is a glorious sight,  
As it floods the plain below,  
Or rolls its waves of rosy light  
From mount to mount of snow !

For it tells of the waking of Nature's heart,  
With its bounding pulse of life,  
And the urging of man's new world of art  
On its path of noble strife ;

Yet we love the silent sunset more,  
Though it shades the light of earth,  
And bids proud man's brief work be o'er ;  
For death but heralds birth :

And there's more of life in the last sad ray  
Of the soul, as it helpless lies,  
Than in its boldest, strongest, day,  
When its Genius tempts the skies.

What gilds the dying sun's bright gleam,  
With a glory never given  
To the fainter flush of the morning-beam,  
But the dawn that it hath in Heaven ?

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

---

WINTRY souls are ever flinging  
On the world their icy chill ;  
From the realm of fancy bringing  
Every form of mortal ill ;  
Till Life, the home of joy no more,  
With sorrow's hue is sicklied o'er.

They who seek for gloom may find it  
Where the sun's rays brightest shine :  
Not a hill but hath behind it  
Spots where light and shade combine :  
Our souls are ever free to choose  
The fairer part, or still refuse.

Hearts there are more warm and sunny,  
Which in every scene of life,  
Leave the poison, sip the honey ;  
Wooing peace in homes of strife.  
Ill-fortune hath no power on such,—  
All turns to joyance at their touch !

Would that souls like these more often  
Cross'd our spirit's path below  
With their smile of hope to soften  
Rocky hearts, that thence might flow  
A full fresh stream of sacred love  
O'er all their race—like His above !

## THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

---

SAD to see the infant face  
Tell of life's maturer wit,  
That with childhood's simple grace  
Should alone be lit.

" Whither, little weary one,  
Lonely dost thou go ?  
Yet unrisen is the sun,  
Yet untrod the snow.

" Thou art far too young to stray—  
Come, thy need confess."

" I must to the fields away,  
For my water-cress."

" Where are all thy treasur'd toys  
Dear to infancy ?"

" Tell me not of childhood's joys—  
What are they to me ?

" I have heard of happy homes,  
Where kind friends may be ;  
Where nor cold nor hunger comes—  
What are they to me ?

" Others may the blessings gain  
Life is said to give :  
I but know its want and pain,  
In the strife to live !"



## THE TWO TEMPLES.

---

TIME *was* when Shinar's eastern plain  
Was peopl'd with the tribes of earth,  
Sworn in their pride to rear a fane  
To grace the scene of Empire's birth,  
Where man with man in union strong  
Might firmly fix the rule of wrong.

The dread design was vain as vast  
Before high Heaven's aroused wrath ;  
And o'er the face of earth outcast,  
Each nation soon its separate path  
Of wealth, or war, or peace pursued,  
Subduer oft, and oft subdued.

Thus man's dark passions, self-destroy'd,  
To crush the good have powerless been  
That, still upspringing in the void  
Their strife had left, arose unseen,  
Till in its calm and hallow'd shade  
Her home lost Love again hath made.

Time *is* when to the western shore  
From farthest east, and south, and north,  
The nations of the world, once more  
Together banded, pour them forth,  
Their mighty monument to raise  
Of Art's new triumphs now in praise.



POEMS.

Fair first-fruit of Love's genial sway,  
And foretaste of a happier hour,  
When woes of war have passed away,  
And 'neath her noon of peaceful power  
Shall Science, breaking Error's chain,  
Its rule o'er all the earth regain !

1851.

~~~~~  
WHAT IS CHARITY ?
—

To open the unsparing hand
And scatter largess o'er the land,
At bare-fac'd Beggary's demand :
This is not charity.

To lead the list of wealthy fame
That, slighting Labour's honest claim,
Endows some servile act of shame :
This is not charity.

The mite ungracious of the mean ;
The gift enforc'd, that ne'er had been
By human eye of praise unseen :
This is not charity.

In hope of usury to give,
Reward of service to receive :
Let not the selfish thought deceive
That this is charity.

NEVER LOOK BACK.

Unask'd the ready aid to lend ;
The orphan'd life in love befriend :
With penury's dark woof to blend
 Help's golden thread, is charity.

For anger's look the loving word :
The passion-prompted speech unheard :
To quench the thought deep wrong has stirr'd
 This—this is Heaven's own charity.

NEVER LOOK BACK.

NEVER look back
On thy sorrowful track :
From the warm world around thee,
From the brighter beyond thee,
Never look back.

Let the dead have their dead
With the fears that are fled ;
Thy love ever-giving
To the hopes of the living :
Let the dead have their dead.

POEMS.

Why weeps thy remorse
O'er its sin's silent corse?
Arise from sad dreaming,
The dark day redeeming;
So rest thy remorse!

Is the fond face unseen?
Is the black veil between
The belov'd and the loving?
All its darkness removing,
Faith beholds the unseen.

The past with its pain
Would'st thou live o'er again,
When a future of glory
That lengthens before thee
Knows nor sorrow nor pain?

Never look back
On thy sin-trodden track;
God's gifts by vain longing
Ungratefully wronging—
Never look back.

BEAUTY IN AGE.

THERE'S beauty in age, tho' the pride of our prime
May shrink from the touch of the Angel of Time :
There's a brightening hue of a holier Heaven
To the failing form by the spirit given—
The halo of hope sublime !

Though bedimm'd by the frequent falling tears,
Is the silver crown of our hoary years,
With its jewels of honour and trustful truth,
More bright than the golden circlet our youth
On its brow triumphal bears.

From that beauty may wither its fashion frail,
All the roses of hopeful health may pale ;
But the loving look and the smile of peace
May be ours when the pulses of pleasure cease,
And the fires of passion fail.

Oh, the fair young feature may well give place
To the glory of thought on an aged face,
And the loveliest lip that is folly-fraught
To the mouth of the old, when its words are wrought
Of wisdom and gentle grace.

All the beauty of youth shall too surely fade,
Ere life's summer hath set, its autumn decay'd,
But the beauty of age shall the brighter bloom
Beyond the short shadows of time and the tomb—
A beauty immortal made !

T O * * *

WE reckon life by seasons, years,
And nightly moons, and labouring days ;
For who could count its smiles and tears,
Its blame who measure, or its praise ?

But one short round of nature's sun
Hath borne us on Time's changing wheel
Since we in heart and hope were one,
And knew the heaven the lov'd can feel.
Yet in that year's swift-circl'd zone
How vast the life our hearts have known !

Still level hang the eternal scales
Above our future ; still we dwell
Within the shadowy fear that veils
From searching sight the oracle.

And yet across the sad obscure
Our sacred trust its solace throws,
And with the love, that shall endure
When shade is not, the darkness glows ;
Then in the faith so brightly seen
Let's lose the doubt that lies between.

SUN AND STORM.

SMIL'D the parting sun from under
The storm-cloud's canopy of thunder,
And athwart the glooming sky
Flung his bright bow hopefully ;
As he would to mourners say—
“ Never far is mercy's ray.”

Rose the hill betwixt the sun
And the lands where day was done :
Sky and earth on this side met ;
Yonder, heaven's light linger'd yet,
Shining into nearer sight
Far-off bay and foreland-height.

Oft we deem all darkness, when
Only to our narrow ken ;
Mindless, in our homes of shade,
Of the worlds in light array'd :
Fairest sun and stormiest weather
Still, life-like, will come together :

Vain is every anxious art
Hope and fear to keep apart ;
Till no longer Nature's light
Only dawns from out the night ;
Till no more, to wake the storm,
Suns shall shine to light and warm.

THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER wave, from life's great ocean breaking
On the world's shore, hath slowly ebb'd away ;
In memory's caves a hollow murmur waking,
Whose echo faint through other years shall stay.

What though new wrecks of ruin'd promise sadden
The strand once brighten'd by their hopeful sail,
Rich with a freight of pleasures, born to gladden
The hearts that now their early loss bewail ;

Full many a bark, the night of grief outriding,
In its sore need, from power of peril sav'd,
In the glad haven of its God's providing,
Smiles from its shelter on old dangers brav'd :

Where to and fro, 'mid winds and waters surging,
The ship distress'd toils on in hopeless gloom,
Its weary, wand'ring, doubtful, course is urging,
And fears at every shock a sudden tomb ;

Lo ! at the helm, unseen of mortal vision,
The guiding Pilot sits protectingly,
To steer it swiftly to the lands Elysian—

1860. The heaven of hope where the sad heart would be.

B E A U T Y.

Not in vain the earth is teeming
Everywhere with love and light ;
Not in vain bright heaven is beaming
Beauty from its golden height :
These are needful, more than seeming,
Read we but their use aright.

See, the sun-ray paints not nature
Only for the poet's eye ;
Earth still shows her fairest feature
Where the lands of summer lie ;
Still rejoiceth every creature
When the light of morn is nigh.

Flowers and stars are God's creation,
Both array'd in beauty's guise,
Calling forth our adoration :
Dare we then the flowers despise,
While we yield the heart's ovation
Ever to the glist'ning skies ?

Let not man, high heaven arraigning,
Bootless deem the glory spread
Round his path, to self restraining
Thoughts that else had upward fled ;
Still the loftier truth attaining,
In the light by beauty shed !

THE POWER OF POVERTY.

No heart by love, no soul by wisdom shielded,
But fears the echo of mine armèd tread :
No sceptre strong, by tyrant terror wielded,
Can crush man's spirit like my sway of dread.

To shun my hated presence, youth and beauty
Their vision'd bliss for baser hopes resign,
And turn aside from ways of truth and duty,
To find that folly's path but leads to mine.

By me are souls, that smile at danger, daunted :
I make the stubborn knee of pride to bend :
Love flies the fondest home my step hath haunted :
I part the orphan and his father's friend.

The poet looks upon the lordly dwelling
Beside his humble hearth, and murmurs not ;
Though in his soul he see a worth excelling
The hero-names that win life's proudest lot :

He asks not of the world the learnèd leisure
To prove him worthy of a higher fame ;
He seeks alone so much of earthly treasure
As willing toil from wealth can rightly claim :

But to his bower of bliss I come, and, linking
To hope-consuming care that glowing heart,
Bid Genius, from the unwonted burthen shrinking,
Bear to a kindlier clime his glorious art :

THE POWER OF POVERTY.

Where, bending o'er her toilsome task, a maiden
Reprieve from woe hath sought in Sorrow's sleep,
While her sad waking thoughts the heart o'erladen
In slumber throng ;—'twas I who bade her weep !

And in the darker scenes of some proud city,
Where works of ill by reckless souls are wrought,
Oh, this might move the scornful heart to pity !
'Tis I who tempt to crime the wavering thought ;

And I who taint the source of life, till fever'd
It madly pulses through a people's veins,
In whose blind strife all social bonds are sever'd,
And wrong, o'er fetter'd law, unrivall'd reigns ;

Then not with sin and shame I dwell secluded,
But enter halls of rank, and beauty's bower ;
That learn, too late, by me of worth denuded,
They were but worshipp'd for their golden dower.

With griefs like these I cloud the brow of gladness,
Turn Nature's lord to sin's degraded slave ;
In age fill up the measure of its sadness,
Till wearied life no longer fears the grave.

Yet thus of human ills by man most dreaded,
I do but faintly shadow forth the need
Of him, the purple-vestured pauper, wedded
To nought but gold, whose soul is poor indeed !

EARLY DEATH.

'Tis sad to die, with life
Just op'ning to our view,
When ev'ry scene is rife
With pleasures ever new :
Not sad to quit the earth
While all is pure and bright,
Ere sin hath given birth,
In age, to sorrow's night.

'Tis sad to part, withal,
From those that here we love,
Whose longings might recall
The spirit from above :
More sad to live and find,
Ere yet the heart is old,
Those lov'd ones prove unkind,
Their love grow slack and cold.

'Tis sad to die in youth,
Ere yet the soul hath known
The lessons deep of Truth
That age may learn alone :
Not sad, while yet a child
In thought, to die, before
The conscience is defil'd
By man's unhallowed lore.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

'Tis sad to die, and leave
All that the spirit will'd
In after-life, and grieve
O'er visions unfulfill'd :
Not sad to think, while lie
Our bodies in the tomb,
Our souls, though borne on high,
The deeds of life resume.

It is not sad to die
In early youth or age,
If bright our memory
On Love's recording page :
If truth the heart possess,
We have not liv'd in vain—
If we have liv'd to bless,
To die will still be gain.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

By the life in battle shed,
By the dying and the dead,
By the prison-house of dread,
For peace we pray.
By the raging passions rife
In the cruel crimes of strife,
By the loss of more than life,
For peace we pray.

POEMS.

By the victor's doubtful fame,
Built on famine, sword, and flame,
By the routed foeman's shame,
For peace we pray.

By the heritage of hate,
Bidding love, with hope elate,
Long her promis'd land await,
For peace we pray.

By the dawn of better days—
Science and its peaceful praise
Darken'd with war's blood-red haze,
For peace we pray.

Not through wronging of the right,
Yielding mercy up to might—
Better with all hell to fight
Than this peace to pray.

Not to crouch proud power beneath,
Glozing wrong with coward breath—
This were worse than direst death!
Not such peace we pray.

But the triumph of His will
Who man's wrath restraineth still
In its mad career of ill,—
This the peace we pray.



LIGHT IN GLOOM.

Not in the freshen'd fields of the North
Where the waters are gushing for ever forth ;
But where the burning beauty kills,
We love the music of murmuring rills.

Ask the mourner what this meaneth—
Solace for the broken heart
Call'd in weakest hour to part
With the love on which it leaneth ;
Can the sunny spirit know
Blissful dreams that visit woe ?

Brighter was his father's hall
To the beggar'd prodigal
Than the happy elder-born
Taught by years of use to scorn.

In the wilderness the Seer
Strengthen'd was with angel's cheer.
Light on prison'd Peter shone :
In Herod's royal heart was none.

Go into the mine to see
All the starr'd Eternity,
In the glory of thy days
From the summit of thy praise ;
Or thy God will send His night
To reveal it to thy sight.

A VOICE OF GRIEF IS IN OUR EARS.

A VOICE of grief is in our ears ;
About our path are signs of woe—
More sad than ever fancied fears,
In dreams of ill, have dar'd to show.

Where life its light is wont to shed,
And homes of love their bliss impart,
The last faint ray of hope hath fled
From many a strong and noble heart.

We falsely deem in other time
Such scenes of sadness were unknown—
Such floods of poverty and crime
Have burst upon our age alone.

For depths of woe, by wealth o'erlaid,
May deepest lie where hidden most :
The heart to feel, the hand to aid,
Oh, these our age may proudly boast !

Let all whom Heav'n with power hath blest,
Go forth, life's sorrow to allay ;
Nor doubt, if each but do his best,
Our nation's God the plague will stay.

A VISION OF HOPES.

A VISION rose from out the past,
And o'er my soul its shadow cast,
 With shapes of fancy fraught :
A gloomy valley, deep and vast,
 Was pictur'd to my thought.

On every side the place was throng'd
With hopes that once to earth belong'd,
 And glow'd within the breast
Of those whom early death had wrong'd,
 Or,—may be, truly blest.

The years of trusting love were there,
That One, as op'ning morning fair,
 Had deem'd were yet to come,
When came God's messenger to bear
 Her spirit to its home.

And, as the changing scene I view'd,
Full many a hope of future good,
 Beside those years of bliss,
Mementos of man's frailty, stood
 Within the dark abyss.

POEMS.

The aspirations high to win
A place, the lofty fane within,
Where Genius sits enshrin'd,
Far from the world's unholy din,
In man's adoring mind.

The wish'd for pow'r to stem the ills
Of blameless poverty, that thrills
The pitying soul to know,
And feel the wealth the spirit wills
The hand may not bestow.

And there were longings from the heart
Of parents, blessings to impart
To children of their love,
And bid them choose the better part,
All earthly bliss above.

And there was gather'd many a prayer
For the great God's protecting care
On sister, brother, friend,
To walk life's path of foul and fair,
With guidance to the end.

With deepest wonder and with awe,
Those blighted hopes of youth I saw,
And others, all, alas!
Soon by our being's changeless law
Like them, too, doom'd to pass.

* * *

A VISION OF HOPES.

Again I look'd, when over all
A brighter lot there seem'd to fall :
Those hopes had second birth ;
Yet was their loveliness, withal,
Somewhat akin to earth.

Unto the maiden now are given
Unending years of love in heaven :
Resounds on high the name
Of him who long hath nobly striven,
Unguerdon'd here by fame.

And Pity, open-handed, now
Immortal treasures will bestow ;
And Heaven's smile reward
Parents, who in their offspring shew
How much they love the Lord.

Now friendship's heart-warm pray'r is heard,
Its soul with grateful gladness stirr'd,
That blessings long implor'd,
And long for purpose high deferr'd,
On hearts belov'd are show'r'd.

Such was the vision of the past,
That o'er my soul its shadow cast,
And such the lesson taught
By that strange valley, deep and vast,
So pictur'd to my thought !

AUTUMNAL LIGHT.

A MOMENT aglow
With the summer light,
Then cold as the snow
Of the Northern night,
Is the changeful face of the autumn sky :
Oh symbol sad
Of the heart's own heaven :
With hope now glad,
To grief now given :
Its beauty only born to die !

The cloud that seems
To be fit alone
In the sunset-gleams
For an angel's throne—
An emblem of the winged thought,
When the eye is blind
To all but good,
And the gifted mind,
In happiest mood,
The hues of a holier world hath caught ;

Till the icy shade
Of the dark earth come,
The light to fade,
The warmth benumb,
And all the glorious vision veil !

THE SHINING LADDER.

Oh hope how vain,
The illusion bright
To bring again
To the longing sight,
If the first strong faith of the spirit fail.

Yet 'tis but faith
And sight that cease,
Nor know how death
Is life's increase :
Yon dull grey sky is glorious still,
And so shall shine
To the open eye,
In the day Divine,
Eternally,
When the largest hope shall have its fill.

THE SHINING LADDER.

SORROWING o'er its wounded wing,
Crouching a forbidden thing,
The soul of crime in darkness lay,
Where man's hate was hindering
The dawning of a better day.

POEMS.

Fair as some unfallen star,
In the heavens of faith afar,
From the hand of life it came :
Scarce a thought, its light to mar,
Cast the shadow of a blame.

Till, the while its angel slept,
To the heart a tempter crept,
In the loving guise of truth ;
And the wrong'd but weak one wept
O'er the ruin'd peace of youth.

Where the guilty wooer—where ?
Spurn'd by scorn of man to share
Woman's sorrow as her sin ?—
Who shall part the foul and fair
Fashion's painted halls within !

In the night of her despair,
Bright'ning all the hallow'd air
With its seraph-shapes of light,
Rose a shining ladder there
On the soul's awaken'd sight.

But his heart still calm and cold,
By its bad career made bold,—
In the future of its fear,
Who shall bid that heart behold
Hope's bright ladder shining near ?

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

AGE in its plenitude of power
Looks proudly back on childhood's hour,
And scorns the little hopes and fears
Could move it then to smiles or tears.

Yet well we know the glistening hoard,
By age through years of sorrow stor'd,
Hath not a charm the heart to bless
Like childhood's dream-wrought happiness.

And what the friends of after-days
To those dear ones whom love arrays
In warm unfading hues, ere youth
Hath learnt of life the sadder truth ?

Vain is the lore in cloister learn'd,
And worldly wisdom hardly-earn'd,—
Though all the present and the past
To them give up their treasures vast—

Beside the glowing fancies bright,
By heaven in its own lines of light,
Still broken oft and undefin'd,
Pourtray'd upon the infant mind !

Oh, for the simple faith that dare
To trust the lip that spake so fair,
And thought the beautiful was still
Untainted by the touch of ill !

POEMS.

Yet, heart, take hope ; may dawn a day
When childhood shall again bear sway,
More blest than infancy of earth ;
For age shall know that better birth !

EARTH'S TRIFLES.

THE kindly word that cheers
With hope the heart of woe,
And gently dries the tears
From eyes of love that flow.

The smile of friendliness,
In poverty's dark hour,
When oft the will to bless
Is wanting—not the power.

Oh, these we trifles call ;
Yet may their worth outweigh
Earth's deeds of glory all,
In Truth's eternal day.

And who in Time so poor,
But he may still impart
These gifts that will endure
When worlds of wealth depart !

ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER.

ONE swallow makes no summer,
Yet we welcome the new comer,
While dreary winter stays :
We know that whence he wingeth
His flight of joy, he bringeth
The hope of brighter days.

When still unending pleasures
Yields Nature from her treasures,
That unto all be free ;
And the weary hours of sadness
'Mid sunny smiles and gladness
No more remembered be.

To man it is not given
To make this earth a heaven,
Though long he strive, and well :
Bright Faith may come to cheer him—
Stern Truth is ever near him,
The vision to dispel.

What if for ever perish
The hopes we love to cherish,
That summer is at hand ?
We feel a sun is shining,
That knoweth no declining,
In yonder spirit-land.

H A P P I N E S S.

FROM all climes and every age,—
Heedless youth and hoary sage,—
Eagerly they press,
Each with beauty, wealth, or fame,
Onward to their being's aim—
Life's true happiness.

Childhood with its wonted joy,
Glittering brings the newest toy,—
All its little store :
Next comes hasting ardent youth
With his maiden's plighted truth ;
Can he proffer more ?

What hath made the world her slave
Woman, the bright boon to crave,
Brings,—her vaunted charms :
Wealth untold is manhood's claim,
Or the poet's deathless name,
Or renown in Arms.

Age that scarce hast strength to live !
What the treasure thou canst give,
Happiness to gain ?
Is it memory of the past,
Or the pleasures few that last—
All akin to pain ?

HAPPINESS.

Hapless mortals, vain your quest
Thus to sooth the soul's unrest :—
List the infant's sigh ;
Gold, love, glory, beauty's power,
Fail alike in sorrow's hour ;
Age unblest may die.

Is then happiness a shade ;—
Must her brightness ever fade
From the heart's desire ?
Welcome, then, the Stoic's creed !
To the bliss that mocks his need
Why should man aspire ?

Where the spirits of the just,—
Who their happiness can trust
To the will of Heaven,—
On, through life's bright summer-bloom,
Or its chill and dreary gloom,
Still have upward striven,

Thither comes she, all unsought,
With her richest blessings fraught,
To their home and heart :
These be not the transient joys
Fortune's lightest frown destroys,
Or her smiles impart !

WEEP WE NOT THE DAYS DEPARTED.

WEEP we not the days departed,
Hallow'd though in Memory's light ;
Turn we rather, hopeful-hearted,
To the Future's beacon bright,

Beaming like the cloud of fire
O'er the promis'd lands of Time,
Bidding every heart aspire
To their glowing heights sublime.

What though now the nations wander
In the desert dark between ;
Half the glory shining yonder,
To the eye of sense unseen ;

Though like Egypt's bondsmen grieving,
From their ancient homes outcast ;
Loth to journey onward, leaving
All the flesh-pots of the past :

Though the prospect vast before them,
All untried, its terrors spread ;
As of old, still threatening o'er them
Soon to roll its billows dread :

May the wand of Faith uplifted,
Still the raging ocean's wrath,—
In the hand of Genius gifted,
Guide the people on their path !

SUMMER TIME.

WITH a burst of happy voices,
As of childhood in its glee,
Now the gladsome earth rejoices
Summer-time again to see.

Flowers once more the sunlight courting,
And the western winds again
With the fairies nightly sporting
Over moonlit hill and plain,

Not a moment now but bringeth
Store of sunbeam, breeze, and shower
To the festive scene, and flingeth
On the earth its golden dower.

Thus bright summer still returneth
From its home in southern clime :
Not in vain Creation yearneth
For the blessèd summer-time :

But the summer of the spirit,
If but once its bliss be o'er,
And the lov'd ones that endear it—
These shall come again no more :

Yet beyond the wintry sadness
Of the chill and dreary tomb,
We will hope remember'd gladness
In the heart again may bloom.

QUIT NOT CERTAINTY FOR HOPE.

QUIT not certainty for hope,
While one gleam of joy remaineth :
Not within thy future's scope
Lives an hour that never paineth,
Till thy lot of life be cast
Where is fear for ever past.

This fair world that seems so glad,—
Brings it to thine heart but sorrow ?
From each present moment sad,
Turn'st thou to a happier morrow ?—
Think how many, sadder still,
Drink yet deeper draughts of ill !

Or perchance the outer gloom,
Comes it from thy darken'd spirit,
Robbing of its wonted bloom
Every bliss our souls inherit ?
Vain the hope thyself to flee :
Earth no Eden hath for thee !

Yet while tears of mortals flow,
ONE above is not unheedful :
Doubt not every earthly woe
To thy spirit's health is needful :
Time may be thou shalt confess
Griefs were angels sent to bless !

THE LEGEND OF SAXONY.

THERE is in many a legend old
A meaning quaintly wise :
'Tis fit the poet should unfold
The thought that hidden lies.

Thus Truth we call that fairy maid—
Sweet vision of the night—
Who rides by moonlight oft, 'tis said,
Upon her palfrey white.

By Boyneburg's ruin, on the plain
That crowns a lofty hill,
She comes when heaven hath not a stain,
And earth's glad voice is still.

And blest above his fellows he
Who meets that virgin fair ;
Yet none with sinful heart may see
Her beauteous image there :

And free from passions that control
Alike his age and youth,
Must ever man's immortal soul
Go forth in search of Truth :

Though Science to her giddy height
His willing steps may lure,
No glimpse of Truth shall bless his sight,
Unless his heart be pure.

A TREE THERE IS WHOSE BLOSSOMS CLOSE.

A TREE there is whose blossoms close
Their petals when the sunlight glows,
And only to the starry ray
The brightness of their bloom display.

A heart there is that shuns the hour
When scenes of sense put forth their power,
That can its wealth of love withhold,
Though woo'd by beauty, fame, or gold ;

But when the night of hope is nigh,
And sunlight leaves the spirit's sky,—
Though glist'ning still with many a star
To tell where higher glories are,—

Then come its deep affections forth ;
Outshineth then its hidden worth ;
Dispelling every dark distress,
Each sorrow-stricken soul to bless !

WHO WAITS AND WATCHES NEEDS MUST WIN.

Who waits and watches needs must win,
Tho' fiery zeal its aim o'erleapeth ;
Not war without, nor woe within,
The steadfast from his purpose keepeth.

All circumstance was made for man,
And not his haughty lord to be ;
To shape perforce his every plan,
By irreversible decree.

'Tis Genius' proud prerogative
To bend all Nature to his will,
And to the world new impulse give,
On path of happiness or ill :—

Man's sacred trust, too oft abus'd
For passion, pelf, or love of power ;
But when for good, by Genius us'd,
Sore-stricken Earth's most cherish'd dower !

RAGGED RELIGION.

EVER o'er the temple porch,
Where old Pagan piety
Lit the sacrificial torch
To its darker deity,
Was the word forbidding found,—
“ Come not near, 'tis holy ground !”

But hath ceas'd the cruel rite :
Souls of every name and nation,
In the church of Christian light,
Welcom'd free to seek salvation,
Read upon the unclos'd door,—
“ Preach the Gospel to the poor !”

Enter, then, ye thinly clad,
With your richer-rob'd neighbour ;
Here's no rank but good or bad ;
Pride kneels here with humble Labour :
Who would thrust the poor aside,
From their Christ, the crucified ?

'Tis enough we give the week
To the world's unequal judging,
Fortune's fickle honours seek,
Praise to meeker merit grudging :
On the Sabbath of the soul
Rest we from its false controul.

WINTER JOYS.

What, then, means this pressing plea
To the rich, for ragged brothers?
Who hath stolen their charter free,
Given their heritage to others,
Till these heirs of Heaven sue,
Suppliants for their equal due?

W I N T E R J O Y S.

WE weep full oft the golden age,
As taught by poet, prophet, sage,
When earth was clad in endless spring,
Whose birds of beauty ne'er took wing;
Nor droop'd the plain in summer's glow,
Nor verdure fled the hills of snow:

Yet would the heart grow weary soon,
Beneath the light of fadeless noon,
Long for the joys the seasons' range
Brings ever in their circling change,
And turn from spring's more genial rays
To glories of the autumn days;

And who would heedlessly forego
The bliss our winter-moments know—
The kindly feelings that have birth
Around the lov'd domestic hearth,
And still within the bosom bloom
More brightly for the outer gloom?

TRUST ON.

TRUST on, though thy trust still deceive thee,
And false be the fair dreams of truth ;
That now, in life's loneliness, leave thee
To weep o'er the friendships of youth.

The streamlet that bears on its bosom
The sunbeam, through caverns may stray ;
And meadows once bright with spring's blossom,
Will winter's cold raiment array ;

Yet the water its purity keepeth ;
And far 'neath the mantle of snow
The bud in security sleepeth,
Awaiting the soft summer-glow.

Then let not the warmth of youth's feeling
By Time's sad suspicion be chill'd ;
Thy spirit, to Heaven appealing,
Shall yet find its trusting fulfill'd !

PRESENT BLISS

BESIDE the lowly cottage-wall,
On tree and shrub and flower,
With shapes uncouth, the shadows fall,
In summer's twilight hour.

See there beneath the hawthorn sit
A blue-eyed infant fair,
To watch the fire-flies glitt'ring flit
Athwart the dusky air :

"Ye pretty things of light!" she cries,
And from her rustic seat,
Swift as the winged zephyr, flies,
And flings them at her feet ;

But see her now her seat resume,
And eager scan the store,
Then cry again, with brow of gloom,
"Ye pretty are no more !"

THE WAGES WAR.

BROTHERS, why so madly warring,
Love's new world of labour marring
 With the blinded strife of hate,
And with jealous hands unbarring
 To the foreign foe your gate ?

Yet may fall your land divided—
She whose giant strength derided
 All the force of all her foes,
Till her sons' own treason guided
 To the citadel their blows.

Ye in fortune's favour basking,
Men of mammon ! overtasking
 Human souls like beasts of toil,
God, such robbery unmasking,
 Rids you of your treasur'd spoil.

Workmen, cease your wild sedition,
Ye, too proud for Heaven's provision,
 Vainly kick at labour's laws.
Go, enlist your just ambition
 In a higher, truer, cause :

Men, with masters nobly striving
To ensure a better living
 In the Gospel's loving light :
Each the other's wrong forgiving ;
 All resolv'd to act aright.

EVERY FLOWER HAS ITS PERFUME.

(Turkish Proverb.)

EVERY flower that glads our path
'Mid life's waste its perfume hath,
 Breathe we but our love upon it :
Oft the gem, through earth's wide scope
Sought for, mocks our fondest hope
 When the yearning soul hath won it.

God his gifts hath all outspread,
Light of love the brightest shed
 Freely round the poor man's dwelling—
Wood and water, sun and shade,
Cloud-clad mountain, glen and glade,
 Grateful thoughts to Heaven compelling.

Then be ours in common joys,
Not the pow'r of earth destroys,
 Still to seek our chiefest pleasure :
Oft beneath some humble guise—
Scorn it though the worldly wise—
 We may find life's choicest treasure.

NOT THE BEAKER, BOSS'D WITH GOLD.

Not the beaker, boss'd with gold,
 More than love's full cup can hold ;
Nor its surface, silver-chas'd,
 Lend the wine a sweeter taste :

POEMS.

In the volume, velvet-bound,
Not a richer lore is found :
Outward beauty to adorn,
Something must be inly shorn ;
Till the comeliness begin
With the hidden life within.

VOX POPULI.

“ CHRIST to the cross ! ” who madly cried,
When mercy stood by murder’s side ?
Where martyrs bled, who, bigot-led,
Unsheath’d the sword, the death-flame fed ?
Who crowd to Folly’s idol-shrine,
Yet leave the wise with want to pine ?
Who hug their chain, and cringe and cower
’Neath the proud foot of perjur’d Power ?
Whose brow hath borne with savage glee
The crimson’d cap of Anarchy ?
Whose shout urg’d on War’s hell-hounds wild,
Though on their hearths swift crime recoil’d ?
Who bid the patriot’s heart to bleed
That dares their passion’s path impede ?—
’Tis they who, as one tyrant will,
Wield a whole people’s power for ill !

“WE HAVE BUT GIVEN HER BACK TO GOD,
THEN WHEREFORE SHOULD WE WEEP?”

SHOULD we weep for the dead and the blest,
And not for the sorrow that lives ;
For the soul that rejoiceth to rest,
Not the body of pain it bereaves ?

Would we twine a dark wreath for the brow
Of the joyous and sweet-smiling bride ?—
Our grief for the widow should flow,
Who sits by her lonely hearth-side.

The high-hearted youth, full of hope,
He asks not our sorrowful sighs,
When his wings, in the world's wider scope,
Learn with life's new won freedom to rise.

There's One who is worthy our woe,
A heart in the home he has left,
Robb'd of joy such as mothers may know,
And eyes of their love-light bereft.

We should weep for the many who mourn,
At the tomb, their unfitness for heaven,
Yet swift to their earth-love return,
Like the bird to the bonds it had riven.

Should we weep for the sainted and free
From sin, selfish coldness and care,
In the land where the bright spirits be?—
We should weep that our own are not there.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

'Tis well a grateful land should give
Its due to parted worth,
And honour all who nobly live
For others' good on earth.

Aye, freely give the dead One room
Amid the wise and great ;
For him uprear the costly tomb,
With panoply of state :

And o'er it place the blazon'd scroll,
Nor fail one patriot-deed
In fitting numbers to enroll,
That after-times may read !

Not so : to yonder humble fane
Let friends his ashes bear ;
And, where his fathers long have lain,
In peace, oh ! lay him there !

What need of pomp funereal now,
Death's pageantry to grace ?—
The tears of sorrowing nations flow
Above his resting place !

What need of monumental stone
His virtues to record ?—
Where'er our England's name is known,
Their memory is stor'd.

ON THE DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE.

“Flere et meminisse relictum est.”

By battle-fields of fame,
Where Britain's bravest bled,
Where peril's path of flame
To brightest glory led,
We weep our warrior dead ;

In camp and council-hall,
By many a word of might,
That first, at danger's call,
Bade patriot-souls unite
To guard their nation's right :

We weep the potent arm,
That curb'd all-conquering power,
And singly could disarm
Crime in its crowning hour,
And rest to earth restore.

We mourn—well may we mourn,
When from our midst depart
The truthful few who scorn,
From depth of honest heart,
The Sophist's specious art.

POEMS.

Now when our nation's foe,
With shatter'd strength renew'd,
Would deal the vengeful blow,
And blood require for blood—
God stay the fearful feud !

Now when our people love
The fair and flattering lie
Of prophets false, above
The truth's plain policy,
And dare God's law decry.

While by the tomb we weep,
Where low our hero lies
In valour's welcome sleep,
Still let our anthems rise
For him whose worth we prize,

With prayer that ONE who gave,
In need, will give again
To Britain sons as brave,
Her honour to sustain,
And man's wild wrath restrain.

1852.

THE POET'S POWER.

AYE, scorn the Poet's Power,
Darken with doubt his glory,
Break thou the spirit-spell he weaveth o'er thee,
Till earthward bow'd thine heart, in youth's warm hour,
Grow hard as sinner hoary,
Scorning the Poet's Power !

Yet know the Poet's song
Recks not thy spirit's spurning,
But soars to Heaven's high throne, and thence returning,
Gladdens the heart to which its strains belong ;
A rich reward still earning—
The Poet's sainted song.

Woe when the Poet's word
No more man's soul awaketh,
Nor on his clouded eye faith's vision breaketh !
Woe when the world's cold heart no more is stirr'd,
Though trumpet-tongued it speaketh—
The Poet's prophet-word !

Welcome the Poet's Power,
Nor deem he idly dreameth :
The light that on his heaven-borne spirit streameth,
Is but a ray of truth from Eden's bower :
When Love this earth redeemeth,
How blest the Poet's Power !

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