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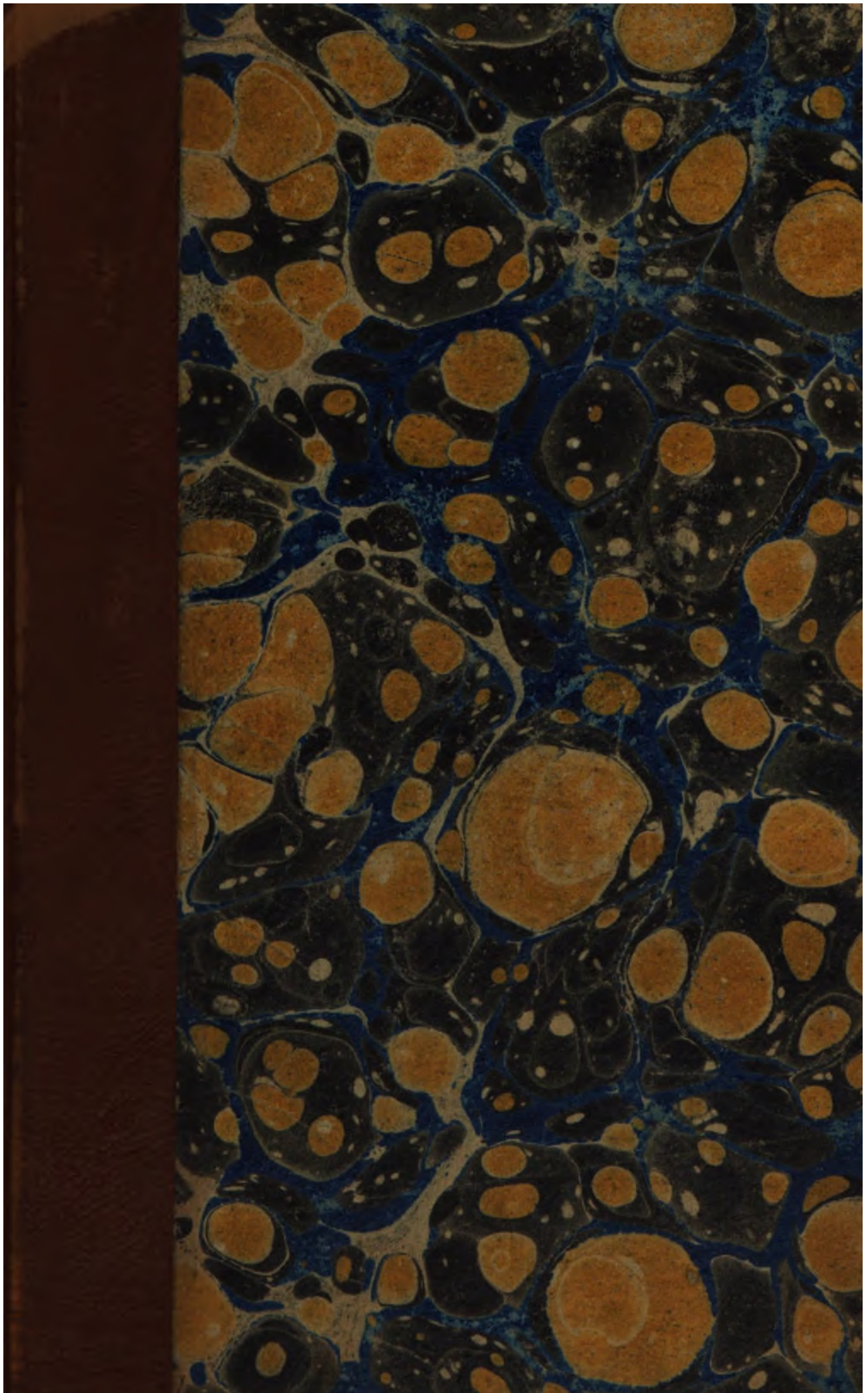
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49.984.







# P O E M S

BY

FRITZ AND LIOLETT.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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LONDON:

SHERWOOD & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW.

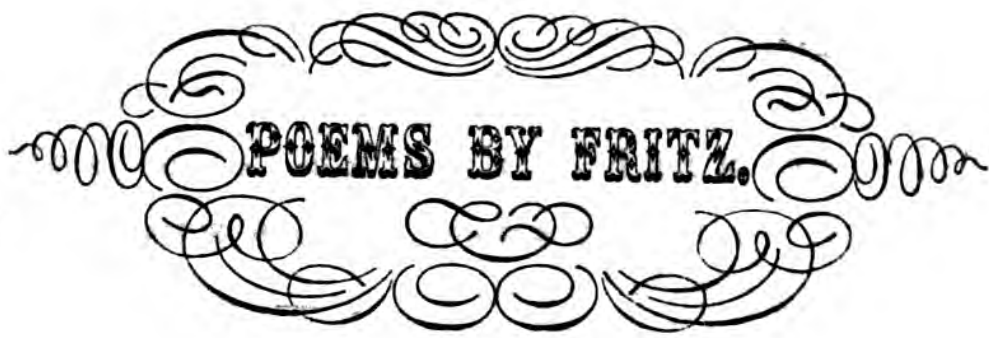
OLLIVIER, PALL MALL.

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1849.

LONDON:—

PRINTED BY SLEE AND SON,  
MARSHALL STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

A decorative flourish consisting of intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral patterns that frame the central text.

**POEMS BY FRITZ.**





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P O E M S.



LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.



The Poet-Orator of France  
Mounts the tribunal of the world;  
And there, before its eager glance,  
A triple banner hath unfurl'd,  
Inscrib'd with three immortal names,—  
The long-expected come to Earth;  
Then with a patriot's pride proclaims  
His own the country of their birth!

Europe's expectant millions hail  
The tidings with a wild applause;  
No more shall titl'd wrong prevail,  
But Freedom, Love, and equal Laws:  
While flies from land to land the shout  
Of welcome, by a people given  
To their deliv'ers. Who shall doubt  
That they are messengers from Heaven!

POEMS.

These plaudits yet no echo find  
With One, who was not wont to be  
To her brave people's welfare blind,—  
Britain, the guide-star of the free.  
What! jealous of another's fame,  
Spurns She the blessing from above,  
Because to France, her rival, came  
This noble Sister-hood of Love?

'Tis false! her wisest Sons are heard  
Their dark distrust to vindicate;  
They utter but one warning word,—  
Alas unheeded,—'Brothers wait!  
Wait but the dawning of the day  
When these, now worshipp'd as Divine,  
Their true credentials shall display,  
And whence the light in which they shine!

'Is it so soon ye have forgot,—  
Where these Divinities appear'd,—  
How on that darkly memoried spot  
A Demon-altar once was rear'd,  
Whereon, before a frightened world,  
All that the land held good and great,  
By these, it's Priestesses, was hurl'd,  
The victims of one common fate?

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

‘Then pause—deluded people, pause,  
Ere ye your fortress-gates unclose :  
Nor give to Earth again such cause  
To tremble at her children’s woes.  
If, deaf to reason, self-deceiv’d,  
Your shield away ye madly fling,  
Of liberty and life bereav’d,  
Succour, then, what power shall bring!

‘Yet think not, on her Island-rock,  
*Perfidious Albion*, all-secure  
From sorrows deep as yours, would mock  
At ills, less favor’d lands endure.  
Ye Nations, crush’d beneath the yoke  
Of threefold tyranny and wrong,  
Behold the potent charm that broke,  
The fetters She had worn so long.

‘Like her, Truth’s golden censer take,  
And waft it’s fragrance to the skies :  
A light upon your hearts shall break,  
And a bright vision glad your eyes.  
From those deceivers differing far,  
Three Sister-spirits shall descend ;  
Not Earth with hateful crimes to mar,  
But class with class in love to blend.

POEMS.

‘First;—Freedom; birthright of the brave,  
In every age and every clime;  
Not that which frees the sordid slave  
Of his own will to live in crime;  
But liberty to speak and act  
All that a generous soul may dare;  
And not for ruffians to enact  
Their terrors on the good and fair!

‘Then Justice, with her equal laws,  
For Prince and Peasant, always nigh  
To judge with truth the widow’s cause,  
And stern avenge the orphan’s sigh.  
Not She who preaches an unjust,  
Unnatural Equality  
Of man with man; *that* ever must  
On earth be no reality!

‘Fraternal amity—the last,  
Yet still the fairest of the three:  
Before whose smile the griefs, that cast  
Their shadows on the soul, shall flee.  
Then wars of dynasty by Kings,  
And rebel nations’ feuds, shall cease:  
Fraternity, that never springs  
From blood, shall then be rear’d in peace!’

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

The warning voice is lost amid  
The din of mighty preparations  
To greet the Strangers, come to rid  
Of their distress, the suffering nations.  
The time may come They will recall  
That warning in the night of sadness;  
Though now, unlisten'd to, it fall  
So dirge-like, on the ear of gladness!

For France, to change as ever prone,  
Unmindful of her darkest days,  
Upon the ruins of her throne  
Another shrine hath dar'd to raise:  
Democracy may there demand,  
As once, her victims; and again  
A guilty country's freedom stand  
To plead for mercy,—but in vain.

There virtue, science, beauty,—all  
That birth can give, or thought create,  
Because the lot of few, may fall;  
The many to propitiate:  
Then purblind labour's jealousy  
The rivalry it fears suppress:  
And capital, no longer free,  
Refuse a starving land to bless!



POEMS.

'The fierce and fiery passions, nurs'd  
So long in secret, then no more  
By kingly power restrain'd, may burst  
Their bounds to stain the earth with gore.  
Not thinking, though it seem to blend  
With dust, that stream of human blood  
To heaven shall mount, but to descend  
Again,—their native land to flood!

Though such the promis'd good: though these  
Their gifts who came mankind to save,  
Who proffer'd to the weary, ease,  
And freedom to the social slave;  
Yet thousands to their temple throng  
From north and south, and on their path  
Earth's ancient land-marks bear along,  
Uprooted by a people's wrath.

Ah! when they reap the bitter curse  
Of their rebellion, and shall groan  
Beneath a tyranny far worse  
Than that of monarchies—their own,  
When all the wise distinctions, meant  
Man's faculties to stimulate,  
In one ignoble mass are blent,  
And life resume its savage state,

**LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.**

Then, when each monument that years  
Of peace had scarce suffic'd to form,  
'Neath war's rude trample disappears—  
Like flowers before the wintry storm,  
The world's Inhabitants may spurn  
This offspring of a doubtful birth;  
And to that only Being turn  
Who can regenerate the earth!

---

## OUR VESSEL OF STATE.

---

She shall weather the storm by the bounty of heaven;  
Though many brave barks from their moorings be driven:  
Though her timbers may strain in the rush of the blast,  
They will hold out this once as in times that are past.  
For the hull of our gallant old craft is encas'd  
In oak, by the winters of centuries brac'd:  
And her masts, that stand proudly, of old were sent forth  
From the forests of Fir in the far-distant North:  
In the vigor of youth, and the firmness of age,  
Still true to her helm, though the tempest may rage;  
There is wisdom to shape out her perilous course,  
There is courage to baffle the elements' force!  
In the moment of need, her well-officer'd crew,—  
To duty, as ever, still loyal and true,—  
To the world shall exhibit the heart-cheering sight  
How danger makes Britons the closer unite!

The contrast how dire, we yonder behold,  
A vessel drives on, by no guidance controll'd;

## OUR VESSEL OF STATE.

With her rudder unshipp'd, and her mainmast in shivers,  
To each shock of the wave she convulsively quivers!  
By the Pilot deserted, who only could check  
Her career of ill-omen, and save her from wreck;  
While blind to their danger, the leader-less band  
Are striving who next shall succeed to command!

Other ships, the wild sport of the hurricane's wrath,  
O'er the waters are tracking their terrible path;  
Dismay'd by the future of terror and doubt;  
Disunion within, and the tempest without!

Yet let not the vessel, by Providence blest  
With his favour, in pride stand aloof from the rest;  
But bear down at once to their succour and lend,  
In the hour of their danger, the aid of a friend.  
Yet beware, lest like them, She—the vessel of State—  
Christianity part with,—her glorious freight,—  
Or She too, alas, may partake of their fate!

## 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,

### THE COVENANTER.

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.

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 :

---

\* Col. Claverhouse. Vide Macaulay Hist: Eng: vol: 1.

POEMS.

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.

\* \* \* \*

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.

---

## ODE TO THE NEW YEAR. (1848)

---

We welcome the ray of the bounteous Sun  
That gave new life to thee;  
We trustingly call thee a happy one,  
Whatever thy burthen be!  
Though the gifts thou bringest, as ever of old,  
Are but mingl'd good and ill,  
And man's spirit, too vast for the Earth to hold,  
No mortal bliss can fill,  
We joyfully greet thee; no longer array'd  
As once in warrior-pride,  
While the phantoms of folly and ignorance fade  
Away at thine onward stride;  
But we know that ere thine eventful course  
On this Earth is fully run,  
*That* Earth will yet feel, in terrible force,  
The evil her Sons have done.  
There are scenes that Nature with lavish hand  
Has adorn'd with Eden's bloom,  
Where lur'd by the beauties of climate and land  
The peasant shall find a tomb:



## POEMS.

There are homes of peace,—but the soldier shall reap  
His harvest of glory there;  
And demon-hands shall a reckoning keep  
By the homestead's midnight glare:  
There are charnel spots, by the portal of health,  
Where the pestilence shall hold  
His deadly court;—and the Sons of wealth  
Shall be powerless with their gold!  
And though the Creator His promise fulfil  
That food by labour shall grow,  
That seed-time and harvest shall fail not,—yet still  
Her thousands shall Famine lay low.  
Yet sadder far than the vials of wrath,  
That only our bodies feel,  
Are the woes of the mind that crowd on thy path,  
No mortal drug can heal;  
For the moral Upas with deadly shade  
Shall distil on souls beneath,  
A blight which their innermost life shall invade  
And leave it in living death.  
Still shall oppression,—the law-shielded might  
Of the strong, in an age refin'd,  
With ungauntletted hand,—crush the weaker right,  
Divorcing from hope the mind.  
In favor'd regions, where no dread woes  
Like these shall man endure,

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

Where the heart in its dream of unruff'd repose  
Seems of happiness most secure,  
The staff of the agèd, the love of the young,  
Thy coming shall call away;  
And in silence and sadness the hearts that are wrung  
Outlive their affections' decay.  
In contrast warm to the winter without,  
Are gleams from yonder dwelling,  
Where Pleasure is flinging her incense about,  
Of blissful moments telling;  
Yet the light and warmth of that wedding-feast,  
Reflected on hearts that live  
In each other's being, to them at least  
No accession of bliss can give:  
But spring shall come, and those hearts be cheer'd  
By the light of its genial ray;  
And the airy castle their love had rear'd  
Shall then have past away!

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome thee still, though we grieve thou hast  
Such sorrows in thy train;—  
The lingering gloom of a midnight past  
Whose shadows yet remain:  
In the glorious light on thy brow we trace

## POEMS.

The dawn of a brighter day;  
When the taint of the curse having left our race,  
The slayer his hand shall stay.  
Then the sunbeam of Truth shall unclouded arise,  
And the mists of Error flee  
O'er the mountains whose shade on our pathway lies,  
And leave our vision free:  
Then shall the banner of crime be furl'd;  
And the harrowing scenes of woe,  
Deforming the face of a beautiful world,  
That world shall no longer know;  
Then the eye of Love, from its heaven above,  
Shall weep at no deed of wrong;  
And the ear in vain, for the cry of pain  
Shall listen,—and listen long!

---

## 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,  
Onward I pass uncheck'd!

## POEMS.

A whisper of mine makes the lover resign  
His betroth'd although with a sigh;  
And 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.

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 pass'd by;  
And the suicide in his 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!

THE VOICE OF SLANDER.

And when my blast hath onward past,  
    Though follow on its track  
The plumed 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!

---

## TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

---

Lo! from out thy cavern vast  
Where oblivious Time hath hid thee,  
Come! thou Spirit of the Past,  
At holy friendship's call I bid thee!  
Hither upon memory's wing  
Come, and to remembrance bring  
Many a happy moment fraught  
With many a glowing vision;  
Perchance for earth too highly-wrought,  
For mortals too Elysian:—  
This humble tribute to commend  
To him,—the cherish'd poet-friend!

Spirit of the passing hour,  
Wheresoe'er thine hand may guide him,  
Let the omnipresent Power,  
Like a sacred shield beside him,  
Every ray of pleasure double,  
Intercepting every trouble.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Let the noon of Heaven's light  
    But reflect his spirit's gladness;  
Let the love-lit brow of night  
    Wear to him no shade of sadness;  
Evermore let life assume  
    On his path, an added bloom!

And thou—as yet in distance dim,  
    Spirit of the Future! hearken  
To the prayer I breathe for him;—  
    May no cloud of sorrow darken  
O'er the summit of his joy;—  
    Not a storm his hopes destroy!  
And if, perchance, when trebly rich  
    In proofs of earth's affection,  
Within his heart one vacant niche  
    Remain,—be his election  
On me, that still as heretofore  
    I may be all I was,—and more!



## THOUGH LIFE BE A WASTE.

---

Though life be a waste where the spirit is chill'd  
By the night-blast, or scorch'd by the splendors of noon,  
Where the garner of wealth to repletion is fill'd,  
While poverty may not partake of the boon:  
Yet homes of delight in that desert abound,  
Where contentment, descended from heaven, is found.

Though the high-color'd future Hope loves to portray  
On youth's fair horizon, for ever recede,—  
And the wells of affection should cease to allay  
The thirst of the soul in its moment of need;  
Yet sometimes earth's sorrow the heart cannot crush,  
And from manhood's cold nature will tenderness gush!

Though the red clouds of war in their fury impell'd  
By the breath of a nation, sweep over their prey:  
Depicting how fearful man's passions unquell'd  
By a Power Almighty, would be in their sway;

**THOUGH LIFE BE A WASTE.**

Yet Peace reigns unbroken in many a spot  
Where the sword in its scabbard, dishonor'd, may rot.

Though humanity's chronicle, blotted with tears  
Of the Angel-Recorder, serve but to disclose  
How often the light of the soul disappears  
Beyond the dark shadow of life-during woes;  
Yet to some of our race, nor a few, is it given,  
In this region of sin, to grow meeter for heaven!



## RESIGNATION.

---

Thou on whose soul, by sorrow bow'd,  
The ray of hope's no longer shining,  
Look up! yon intercepting cloud,  
Though dark, hath yet a silver lining.

Of some bright joy, perchance, bereft,  
Some bliss through life too fondly cherish'd,  
Thy soul in loneliness is left  
To brood o'er all its hopes now perish'd.

Weep on! yet thou would'st not recall  
Again to earth the parted pleasure;  
Forseeing woes that would befall  
In after life thy sainted treasure.

'Tis there where thou mayst hope to come;—  
The world around, above, before thee:  
A Sun shines on that spirit's home  
That hath no cloud to veil its glory!

## BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

---

*'O wären sie immer vereinigt!'*

SCHILLER.

---

The garden of Life wherein mortals are dwelling,  
With many a flow'ret of beauty is stor'd :  
Unrivall'd in form, or in mind all excelling,  
Like roses, will some by the crowd be ador'd.

Yet they who resemble, in pureness of spirit,  
The lily's soft radiance, attracting our love,  
Unhonor'd, it may be, on earth, shall inherit  
Perfection in Eden's fair garden above.

There, when the lilies and roses are blended,  
When virtue and beauty their oneness resume,  
The winter of Time with its blight shall be ended,  
And earth's flowers transplanted eternally bloom !

## 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!

LIGHT AND SHADE.

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!

---

## 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.

FAITH.

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!

—



## EDUCATION.

---

Men of thought, with iron nerve,  
Fronting error, take your stand;  
Never from your purpose swerve,  
Till it cease from out the land:  
Long and dread the strife may be,—  
Ye yet shall have the mastery!

Wisdom's garb though it assume,  
Tear the flimsy veil aside;  
Let the light of Truth illumine  
Falsehood's kingdom far and wide:  
Though around you darkness clings,  
The dawn is nigh of better things.

Ignorance,—the sleep of mind,  
Holds it in a fatal trance,  
To you bright creation blind  
Waiting now its op'ning glance:  
Be it yours the spell to break,  
The souls of men shall then awake!

## EDUCATION.

When before that mighty host  
Error's dark dominion falls,  
His were then a feeble boast  
Who the body disentralls;  
The tyrant's chain he breaks—but ye  
Boldly bid the soul be free!

---

## COLONISATION.

---

'Tis sad, in truth, to view the strife  
That hourly marks the race for life,  
In this proud land, whose wealth and state  
The nations seek to emulate;  
To see her high-soul'd sons in vain,  
Strain the sinew—rack the brain;  
Till men who all things boldly dare,  
Sink down, unnerv'd, in mute despair!

For 'mid the crowds that round them press,  
How few may hope to win success;  
Or if they yet shall struggle on,  
Of what avail the prize when won,  
If gain'd but at the fearful cost  
Of ruin'd health, of honour lost!

Each day more keen the conflict grows;  
Alas that brothers should be foes!

## COLONISATION.

Each day more hard becomes the task  
To live and let live—all they ask ;  
Soon will the path that man must tread,  
Be o'er the dying and the dead !

Unless the rulers of the land  
Shall wisely lend a helping hand,  
To lead our starving myriads forth,  
Where labour still shall earn its worth ;  
Where Saxon skill, and Celtic might,  
No more oppos'd, may both unite,  
In distant scenes, on neutral ground,  
New empires, vast as this, to found !

---

## A M B I T I O N.

---

Let not well alone,  
While better lies before thee;  
Still be pressing on  
Along the path of glory.

Mighty men of old,  
Who led the van of science,  
To such proverbs cold  
Dar'd to bid defiance.

Rueful had it been  
For this sad world of ours,  
If the horizon seen  
Had bounded thus their powers.

Ease they nobly spurn'd,  
Life's stormy billows breasting;  
Till the prize was earn'd,  
From labour never resting.

## AMBITION.

Thus did they expose  
False dogmas long undoubted:  
Truth beheld her foes  
In many a conflict routed.

Is there no dark spot  
Where still cold error reigneth?—  
Let us falter not,  
While yet one wrong remaineth!

---



## THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

---

Long since, some half a century or so,  
Ere yet the change had come o'er locomotion,  
When no one thought the hackney-coaches slow,  
Nor had our ancestors the faintest notion  
How *slick* all sorts of vehicles could go  
By steam's propulsion, over land or ocean,  
The following curious incident, I've heard,  
No small commotion caus'd, where it occur'd.

A country couple, 'Flybekins' by name,  
Like many others of that generation,  
Had liv'd entirely unknown to fame,  
Until they came to this determination,  
Which in the sequel they had cause to blame,  
As presently you'll learn by this narration,  
To undertake a journey; simple folk,  
They found a journey in that age no joke!



POEMS.

At home by many for their worth esteem'd,  
Though in their manners unsophisticated,  
They felt a slight importance, as beseem'd  
Their birth to grandeur distantly related  
In their simplicity they never dream'd  
How ill their friendship was reciprocated :  
Alas, they knew not for the heart's expansion  
The cottage is so far before the mansion!

They rashly thus resolv'd to put in practise  
A pet idea they long had entertain'd,  
Their titl'd friends to visit; for the fact is  
They talk'd of high connections, and were pain'd  
When neighbours wonder'd; though the farmer rack'd his  
Brain for excuses, why they had remain'd  
So long apart from such belov'd relations.—  
Some hinted at the difference of stations.

From Trull, the village where they chanc'd to dwell,  
Near Taunton famous for Saint Mary's Steeple,  
They started; but how many woes befell,  
Ere they arriv'd in town, these honest people,  
Would take a column of the *Times* to tell:  
I wonder how they could contrive to keep well.  
Bad roads, damp sheets at Inns where they were cheated,  
With ills too numerous to be repeated!

### THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

In the most eligible part of town,—  
'Twas Russell Square,—where dwelt the *élite* of Fashion,  
A Lady in her boudoir, just come down  
To breakfast, seem'd a little in a passion :  
To judge at least from pouting lip and frown,  
And the odd way in which sh'd tied her sash on,  
With other symptoms, and a tatter'd Letter ;  
The sight of which seem'd not to make her better.

The Lady Lydia Boromor was what,  
In Novel *parlance*, is a brilliant creature ;  
Though often in a pet, for she was not  
The most submissive of her sex by nature ;  
Her lord, who now arriv'd upon the spot,  
Declar'd his wife would make a splendid preacher,  
And shame it was that woman's animation  
Should not adorn the pulpits of the nation !

Requested then my Lord to know the cause  
That put her Ladyship in such a taking :  
Said she : 'pray tell me what's the use of laws  
That tax your precious brains so much in making,  
If they can't keep one from the horrid claws  
Of poor relations ;—how my head is aching ;—  
Those odious Flybekinses have come up  
And ask'd us to go there to-night to sup !'



FIRE-ESCAPE.

Of their attention:  
As they were returning,  
The fire-escape  
That were burning:  
The fire-escape

Life's and Dick Escaping  
With fervor  
The Life-preserver

At it supper-time.

Of a dinner:

Of guests with prime

Shropshire butter.

Of bacon in that time,—

As to their utter

Asleep found them,—

—and no one round them!

Of the Watch.

As they retire:

Of the latch.

As to escape from fire;

As them;—with despatch

As to behold the dire

As: Oh, how shocking!

As sparks, and what an awful knocking!

## POEMS.

A loud long whistle eas'd the careless mind  
Of Lord Augustus Boromor; and then he  
Was to the *contretemps* at once resign'd.

'Twere well if his example follow'd many  
In this our generation, when they find  
An unexpected obstacle, or any  
Occurrences annoying like the present,  
Which made his Lady really quite unpleasant.

However both of them at length agreed  
To welcome the intruders, and to smother  
Their strong aversion, taking special heed  
Lest their acquaintances,—there was the bother,—  
Should come across these folks of rustic breed;  
For if there is a crack, somehow or other,  
Kind friends will spy it out, and get a peep  
At our weak point, however close we keep.

Meanwhile the country cousins had reviv'd  
From all their lately undergone mishaps;  
And with the information they deriv'd  
From watchmen, guides, their flyman, and the maps,  
Found out the quarter where their kinsman liv'd;  
But since 'twas scarcely eight, they thought it p'raps  
Better to leave a line than pay a visit;  
As being early London folks might quiz it.

## THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

Of course the shops attracted their attention;  
And as they to their lodgings were returning,  
They saw display'd a patent new invention,  
To aid escape from houses that were burning;  
And having heard too people often mention  
The frequent London Fires, and quick discerning  
Its value, they at once resolv'd with fervor  
To stop and buy this wondrous Life-preserver.

When evening came, and with it supper-time,  
Our friends were in a little of a flutter;  
Longing to feast their honor'd guests with prime  
Fresh Devon cream, and Somersetshire butter,  
And Wiltshire ham,— call'd bacon in that clime,—  
With other rarities,—but to their utter  
Discomfiture, the hour for sleeping found them,—  
The bacon, butter, cream,—and no one round them!

At nine p.m. according to the Watch,  
And Flybekinses custom, they retire;  
To dream of burglars lifting up the latch,  
And some one trying to escape from fire;  
When lo! a noise awakes them;—with despatch  
They seek the window,—to behold the dire  
Fulfilment of their visions; Oh, how shocking!  
What flames, what sparks, and what an awful knocking!

POEMS.

Down goes the new *escape*, which in its place  
Was put for use whene'er it should be needed;  
The hapless couple tumble out apace;  
The cold night air, their scanty dress not heeded.  
Then had they gaz'd on many an upturn'd face,  
They would, poor things! more quickly have receded,  
For they were now, just fancy, full in view  
Of Lord and Lady and their grinning crew!

## THE NOR'EAST COURSE.

AN IRISH TALE.

---

A Roman Consul once declar'd,  
And wisely there's no doubt,  
That power with another shar'd  
He'd rather be without.  
So thought the hero of our tale,  
A Fisherman of ould Kinsale,  
When sitting tête-à-tête  
In pretty warm debate,  
And laying down the law  
On points of Seamen's practise,  
His learning didn't seem to awe  
A Stranger, who attack'd his  
Conclusions with a hardihood,  
That Paddy thought was rather rude:  
'May be you're not aware,'  
Said he, 'to whom you're spaking;



POEMS.

Or p'raps you'd have a care  
Of the liberty you're taking;  
And not be quite so rash."—  
'Oh lave off that balderdash,'  
With sneering lip, the other quoth;  
'Don't I know you and your's, in throth,  
And 'taint an O'Sullivan need be a'fear'd on  
Sich as yourself Mister Barny O'Rierdon!'  
'Och! if its widda O'Sullivan's boy,  
O' your lucky return thin I wish you all joy;  
But anyhow darlint you might recollect  
I'm your eldher, and shew me a leetle respect.  
For sure now I cant see the use of your thravel,  
If at your betthers it tache you to cavil!'  
'Faith thin, I did'nt quite mane to behave  
Ungintleman-like, so your pardon I crave;  
But I'd like to ask one thing, that is if you plase,  
If a man that has fish'd aff the land all his days,  
In respect of his larning's at all, at all,  
To compare wid a man who has sail'd to Fingal!'

Now Barny, although  
In Fisherman's arts  
An adept, did'nt know  
Much about foreign parts;

### THE NOR'EAST COURSE.

Yet lik'd not to shew  
His ignorance, so  
With the usual address  
Of his countrymen, he  
Began to express  
His rapture to see  
His neighbour again ;  
But still it was plain  
He was taken aback ;  
And couldn't get over  
The unfriendly attack  
Of the upstart young Rover.

Thought Barny: 'twont do for this brat of a boy  
With his tales about Fingal myself to annoy :  
And to spite him, in throth, if I did but know where  
The horrid place lies, I'd contrive to get there.'  
But the bother was how to enquire the way,  
Yet not to his rival his weakness betray :  
At length in this strait he resolv'd to appeal  
To an 'Ayst Ingee' sailor ; one Peter O'Neale.  
What Peter advis'd him will soon be perceiv'd :  
At any rate Barny's own mind was reliev'd,  
And he swore how he'd face the O'Sullivans all,  
When he too could brag of a voyage to Fingal.

## POEMS

Not long after this on a fine breezy day  
A rakish-built Frigate swept out of the bay;  
And O'Rierden's fleet *hooker*,\* a tight little craft,  
That cleft the blue waters, came following aft.

That night, and next day, thus they sail'd on together;  
But though all the while 'twas the clearest of weather,  
Not a glimpse of dry land blest the eyes of poor Barny;  
However he manag'd, by dint of much blarney,  
To silence the murmurs that rose from the two  
Messmates, who form'd all the rest of his crew.  
In daylight a pretty good distance he kept;  
    But for fear the big ship  
    Might give him the slip,  
At night 'neath her taffrail he cautiously crept.

While thus in the wake of the vessel he sail'd,  
By her captain one morning the hooker was hail'd;  
And Barny was question'd, when under the lee,  
'Pray where are you going?' 'On my business,' said he:  
'But *where?*' said the captain. 'Why sure 'tis no matther  
Where a poor man like me is a goin:' said the latter.  
'No, only I'm curious rather to know  
What can be the reason you follow me so!'

---

\* A small fishing-boat.

## THE NOR'EAST COURSE.

‘Faith thin,’ said Barny, ‘there’s no plot to unravel;  
On the same road in throth may not two people thtravel?’  
‘Of course; but a vessel of war with her guns,  
And a burden at least of some hundreds of tons,  
You won’t go to compare with a hooker, I guess,  
Take care, my fine lad, you don’t get in a mess!’

On went the Frigate, and after her flew  
That swift little bark, with her valorous crew.  
But when a full week in this manner was past  
Misgivings in Barny arose,  
As to whether or no his provisions would last  
Till his wanderings came to a close.  
So urg’d by his own and his comrades’ alarm  
Lest this luckless adventure should bring them to harm,  
When next time the hooker came up alongside  
He demanded a parley; when granted, he cried:  
‘Why thin, Captain dear, is it soon you’ll be there?’  
With surprise at the question, the Captain said: ‘Where?’  
‘Och! you know *that* yourself now!’ ‘’Tis well that I do.’  
‘But now, Captain jewel, jist tell to me thrue  
Whin of your voyage will you be at the ind?’  
‘Why p’raps in three months, if we’re favor’d with wind!’  
‘Oh! arrah it’s joking you are, Captain dear,  
Or sure now you want for to kill me wid fear!’  
When the other enquir’d the cause of his fright,

POEMS.

Said Paddy: 'Oh! didn't I think 'twas all right;  
To tell you the throth thin, your honor I heer'd  
Was going there, and so in your company steer'd  
To save me the trouble of finding it out;  
But leetle I dram'd you'd thus lade me about!  
'And where,' said the Captain, 'did you think I was bound?'  
'Why to Fingal, but sure a long way you've come round.'  
'A long way indeed Pat, to Bengal I'm going!'  
'Oh!' said Barny 'what is it myself will be doing!  
Oh! why did the deuce put sich thoughts in my head  
As to go to O'Neale,—thin 'twas *Bingal* he said!  
But pray now, your honor, do tell me if *Bingal*  
The place where you're goin's much farther than Fingal?'  
'Why yes,' said the Captain, 'a trifle or so!'  
'Oh!' roar'd out poor Paddy, 'thin what will I do!'  
'Why turn round and get back again by the same  
Road as the one by which hither you came.'  
'Oh! I'll niver get back!' 'Why then 'twould appear  
You don't know your course, bless the man, can't you steer?'  
Quoth Barny: 'myself it was illigant knew  
The coorse while I kept you, your honor, in view;  
And as for the steering, myself is the best  
Of all hands at a tiller;—that's barring the rest!'  
'You've a compass?'—Said Barny: 'why sure I've a pair  
That the Carpinther lift.' Said the Captain, 'I swear  
You're the veriest blockhead that ever, off shore,

## THE NOR'EAST COURSE.

In this world, I'd the pleasure to meet with before!  
Yon don't know the cardinal points I suppose?'  
'The Cardinals, faith thin, I riverence those;  
They belong to the Pope.'—roar'd the Captain: 't would take  
The Pope and the cardinal virtues to make  
A man bear with you: then you don't know the four  
Points of the wind!' 'That I do, Sir, and more!'  
'Well never mind *more* Pat; this one thing is clear,  
If you wish to get home, due nor'east you must steer;  
But how are you off for provisions?' 'Why thin  
In regard of that same, great disthress we are in;  
For nothing the *Scalpeens*\* except, which by Pater's  
Advice for a cargo we brought, and some taters,  
Have we got to exist on until we're at home!'  
Said the Captain: 'Poor fellows, I'll order you some.'  
'Long life to your honor! and may be I'm thinking  
To so noble a Gintleman's health I'd be dhrinking.'  
'Well Paddy some grog too you shan't be without,  
But homewards you'd better be turning about!'

They parted at length: the proud Ship bore away;  
And dash'd from her prow the white glittering spray.  
How great was the contrast those vessels between!  
Like a shell on the wave, the frail hooker was seen;  
Yet brave men within her knew nothing of fear;

---

\* Pickled Herrings.

## POEMS.

And joyful as ever gave back the loud cheer  
That burst from the Ship, with her kind-hearted crew,  
As away o'er the wide heaving waters she flew.

While true to his text, dauntless Barny O'Rierdon  
His nor'eastern course, never doubting, still steer'd on.  
No fears could alarm him, no dangers o'erwhelm ;  
Like a brave-hearted Pilot, he stuck to his helm.  
When soon in the offing, a Brig hove in sight ;  
She bore down upon him, and to his great fright  
He saw she would come just exactly across—  
'Worse luck to her carcass!'—his nor'eastern course.  
She did so ; and bade him run under her lee ;  
Or she'd fire upon him ; leave his course—no, not he!  
Cried the hardy old Fisherman : 'Niver a bit,  
'My nor'aysthern coorse for yourself will I quit:  
Do you think I've got nothing to do but to plase  
Sich blackguards as you, let me go on my ways!'  
They fir'd, but miss'd ; and as good luck would have it,  
Though the brig touch'd the boat, he just manag'd to shave it.

But scarcely had Paddy made good his escape  
From this 'little bit of a bother,'  
When he tumbles right into another big scrape  
Almost as bad as the other.  
For the hooker, the very next night, ran athwart  
A Ship as she lay right a-head ;

## THE NOR'EAST COURSE.

Which, when she saw Pat, put her helm hard a-port,  
And hove to; 'jist a-purpose,' he said,  
'To ruinate him, and his nor'aysthern coorse!'  
Yet instead of his ruin she turn'd out the source  
Of good fortune; for she was a West Indian trader  
Bound homewards, but contrary winds had delay'd her;  
And the famishing crew look'd in vain o'er the wave  
For succour, till Pat and his boat came to save.  
His scalpeens were barter'd for double their worth  
And Barny, the happiest creature on earth,  
Or rather on ocean, towards home once again,  
On his nor'eastern course, was seen ploughing the main.  
But better luck even than this was in store;  
When Barny had held on a few hours more,  
Exactly before him a Ship came in view,  
Which to be an American Liner he knew  
By her tapering masts, and her smartness of gearing;  
When shrewdly conjecturing she might be steering,  
Like himself, on the nor'eastern course, a bold plan  
Came into the head of the crafty old man.  
So he bore up and spoke her; 'A long way you've bin'  
Said Barny; 'I'm glad that you've come back agin!'  
This voyage was his first one; the Yankee replied;  
And he wanted a Pilot his vessel to guide  
Into Cove. 'Sure now hav'n't I piloted more  
Than any two min out of Cork did before.'



## POEMS.

The American bade him in haste get aboard ;  
And having first given his comrades the word  
To follow the vessel, he did so ; and now  
Begg'd the Captain to just let him turn in below ;  
'For slape and myself have been sthrangers,' said he,  
'And plase don't disturb me till dry land you see !'  
No wonder that after the watches he'd kept,  
For twenty four hours the poor fellow slept.  
When call'd, and the captain express'd some surprise  
At his somnolent powers, said he, rubbing his eyes :  
'Ah! Shouldn't I pay great attintion, d'ye think,  
To slape, when it happens I do get a wink !'  
By this time the head of Kinsale hove in sight,  
And mighty indeed was old Barny's delight  
'Once again with his eyes to behold,' as he said,  
'Its good-looking faytures—the darlint ould head !'  
By dint of much luck, no misfortune befell  
His charge, and the Captain commended him well  
For an excellent Pilot, and gave him his fee,  
Which Barny receiv'd, you may guess, with some glee ;  
And swore 'twas the easiest money he'd made  
For many a year, and to think too 'twas paid  
To pilot the vessel, that shew'd him the way  
To his home ; where thenceforward he took care to stay!

---

The substance of this Tale is taken from 'Adventures at Sea.'

## THE LAY OF THE HATS.

---

Two swains and three maidens reclin'd t'other morn,  
Very much to their own satisfaction,  
In a nook, which the Thames had contriv'd to adorn  
With many a shade of attraction.

The Ladies were very nice specimens all  
Of humanity's feminine gender;  
Not too old, nor too young, not too short, nor too tall,  
Nor robust, yet by no means too slender.

P'raps more gifted in some things, in others far less  
Than is usual, the Gentlemen were;  
Being young, and unwedded, of course you can guess  
That they did'nt object to be there.

While one of the party obligingly read  
The adventures of Mister Ledbury;  
One listen'd; two others were talking instead;  
One slumber'd—poor dear, she was weary!

POEMS.

When off from a head roll'd a hat in the stream,  
    Disconnected by some means or other;  
The sleeper awoke from her pleasant day-dream,  
    And all was confusion and bother.

At length to its owner the hat was restor'd,  
    Though looking somewhat hydropathical;  
Having sent the whole party well nigh over board,  
    And made the fish feel quite hysterical.

When soon at their leisure they canvass'd the cause  
    Of this curious decapitation,  
Said the wearer: 'Ill tell you what upset the laws,  
    'In this case, of my hat's gravitation.

'It was jealousy doubtless to see with what grace  
    'These Ladies their straw-hats were wearing;  
'So it cut all acquaintanee at once with my face  
    'And a watery grave sought—despairing!'

## CHLOROFORM.

---

Thanks to our *Saw-bones'* unwonted urbanity,  
We may now bid adieu to all ills of humanity:  
No longer our poor tortur'd frames they shall vex,  
Since Chloroform offers such wondrous effects:  
Realising at length the fond dream of the Stoic  
That endurance of pain needs no effort heroic;  
But under this influ'nce 'tis really a pleasure:  
Though sometimes the Doctors do give over-measure,  
When the chance seems to hang on the turn of a feather  
If the pain and the life do not both go together!  
So potent this agent for good and for ill,  
To lengthen life, and, on occasion, to kill.  
Of course the invention has since been applied  
In all possible forms, and a thousand beside:  
Some have used it they say, in an instance where force is  
Of little avail, to stop runaway horses.  
And once it was used,—in a journal I read it,—  
(To such idle reports though 'tis vain to give credit,)

POEMS.

By a husband to quiet his talkative half;  
As gas was long giv'n to make ill-temper'd laugh:  
Wives too have been known, it is said, with a sinister  
Intention, a dose of the same to administer.  
In Paris, *chevaliers d'industrie*, I'm told,  
Have employ'd it to ease luckless wights of their gold:  
And even in Ireland some people say, with  
Chloroform, Landlords have been made away with.  
Yet therefore by no means I wish to decry it,  
But only to uses more proper apply it;  
And recommend Kings on their people to try it!





**POEMS**  
BY  
**LIOLETT.**

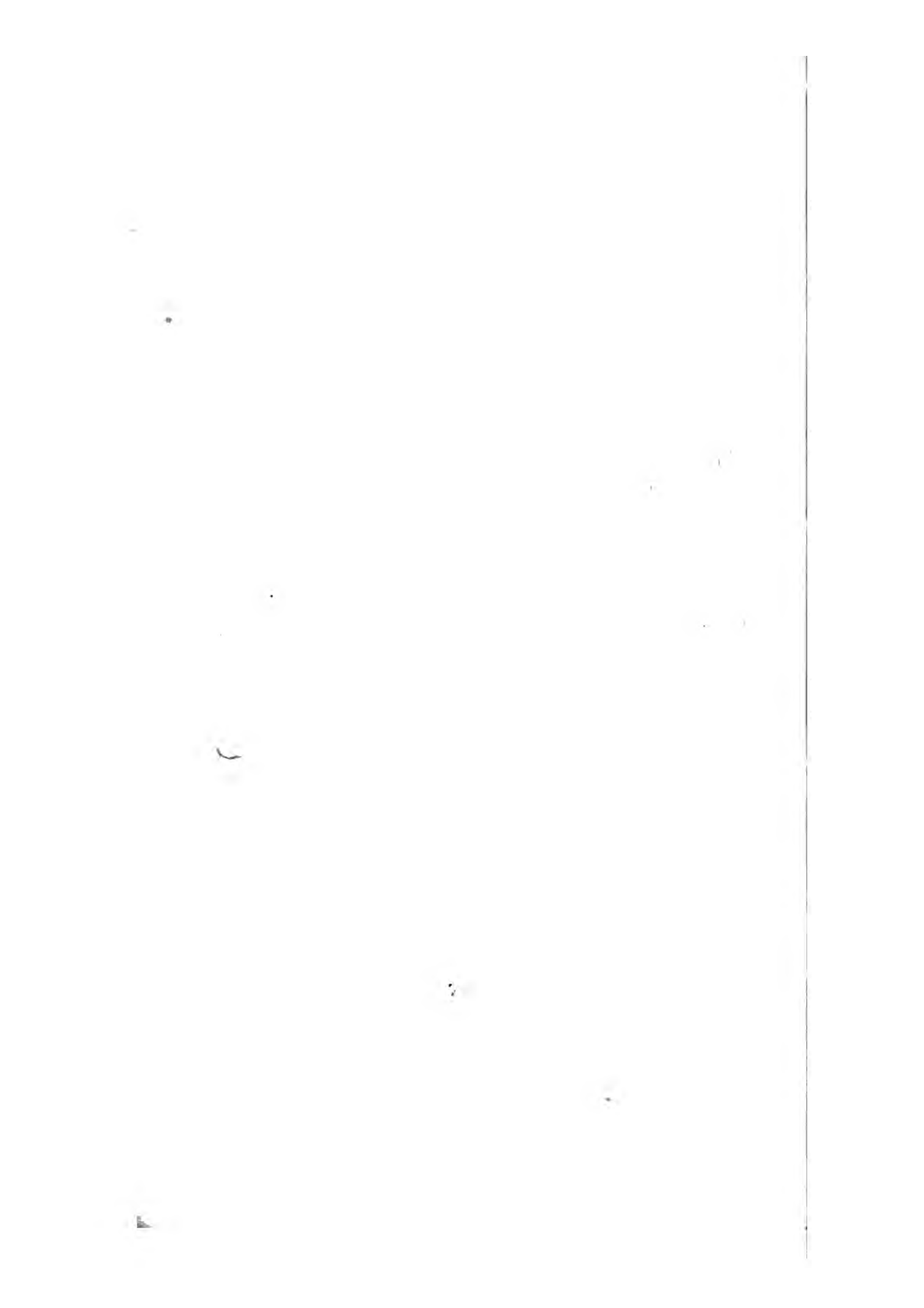
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# P O E M S .

## THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

---

When first the Master-hand  
Fashion'd the sea and land,  
And fix'd the stars to shine in endless youth,  
A spirit too he gave  
To sky, and hill, and wave,  
Born of his great idea, and call'd it Truth ;  
She, when the heavenly host rejoic'd,  
Join'd in the grateful notes, angelic, silver-voic'd.

Deep in the heart of all  
Is heard her gentle call ;  
For all creation hastes at her command ;  
The stars that silent move  
Along the arch above,  
The sun, the cloud, the wind, the restless sea, and land ;  
They rise, or fall, or wake, or sleep,  
Obedient to her sway, which rule o'er them doth keep.

POEMS.

Hers is the mighty law,—  
Whether in seeming war  
The noisy billows roll, or lightnings gleam,  
Or sleeping in the light  
Flooding with splendor bright  
Alike the earth and sea,—which reigns supreme;  
Discordant force is never found  
In all those wondrous orbs, which fill the space around.

Yet not to nature's mind  
Alone is truth confin'd;  
Commission'd from above for man she came;  
Towards every noblest part  
To light his wand'ring heart,  
And with such lustre burn, and quenchless flame,  
That error should not dare to come  
Where truth, unrivall'd, pure, might choose her sacred home.

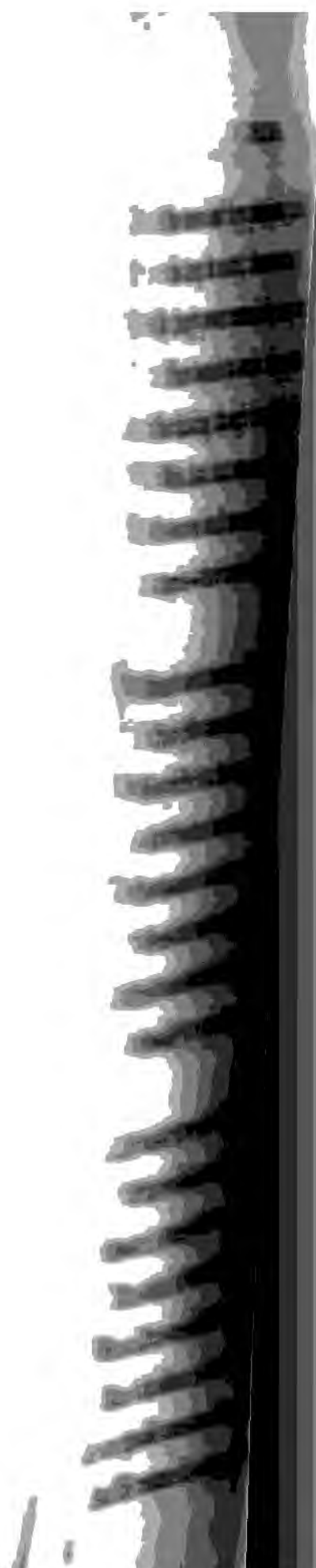
But man, in darken'd pride,  
His heart to her denied  
And, foolish, grop'd to seek another light;  
Too sure of full success,  
He labor'd to impress  
His dreams upon the world to chase the night;  
As though the shades, so thickly lain,  
Would fly before a dream, sprung from a sickly brain.

## THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

Hence came the fearful days  
That yet, with sore amaze,  
Graven on history's page, the student reads;  
How man so low can fall,  
Till kindred, friendship, all  
Spurn'd or forgot in heat of ruthless deeds:  
Till earth became one common scene  
For deadly hate to rage, where love before had been.

In scenes of strife and blood  
Brother 'gainst brother stood,  
And broke the ties of love without a sigh:  
Sons have their fathers slain  
In hope of earthly gain,  
And mock'd the tears of mothers weeping nigh;  
The grave itself hath fail'd to keep  
The pallid corpse within, lock'd in its final sleep.

Then blaz'd the martyr's stake,  
Who died for truth's dear sake,  
Whether religion's, science', depths she taught;  
And high the tyrant's seat  
Was rais'd, while 'neath his feet  
The hope was crush'd which holier favor sought;  
And dar'd above to lift its eyes  
Leaving the hopes of earth for those of loftier skies.



CONTENT

1. Equity, Equity, Equity

2. Name of the

3. Covenant

4. to the New York

5. Name of the

6. Term of the

7. Date of the

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POEMS.

In truth's much-injur'd name  
Was lit the murderous flame;  
Falsely for her the vengeful sword was drawn;  
Till spent was error's night  
And gaining hourly might  
The rising sun of truth brought back the dawn,  
Whose lightning rays with golden hue  
Tipp'd the majestic hills, then lit the vallies too.

Truth bids the world awake,  
And arms immortal take  
To drive the deadly foe from her domain;  
That error rule no more,  
And over sea and shore,  
In every heart and home, the truth may reign;  
That He, whose foes she hath withstood,  
May see her finish'd work, and then pronounce it good.

---

## SONG OF THE PESTILENCE.

---

From rotten slime, and sultry clime,  
I rise, a loathsome thing;  
And Death doth wait on my throne of state  
For I feast his gluttoning:  
Before me march hot breaths that parch  
The life-blood in the veins;  
While with ruthless glee I laugh to see  
Their ravage o'er the plains.

The burning spot, by me begot,  
The brow of my victim seals;  
The horrid gloom of the dismal tomb  
Hope from each heart conceals;  
The cries that burst from fever-thirst  
Are music to my ears;  
No mortal voice makes me rejoice,  
Unless 'tis chok'd with tears.



POEMS.

Where mirth and joy, without alloy,  
In human bosoms dwell,  
Where eyes that meet with glances sweet  
Of happy moments tell,  
'Mid heart's delight, and sunshine bright  
Of hope's resplendent day,  
I come with breath of pain and death,  
And hope must pass away.

The gurgling groans, and dying moans,  
The rattle in the throat,  
When the frenzied heart feels life depart,  
Are sounds on which I doat:  
And I laugh again when the fun'ral train,  
With plume, and pomp, and state,  
Consigns the dead to his narrow bed,  
Corruptions loathsome mate!

Yon miser old, with heaps of gold  
His fingers scarce can feel,  
Shall be my prey this very day,  
His death-wound none can heal:  
And let him try with wealth to buy  
The aid no hand can bring;—  
At the midnight hour, beneath my pow'r  
He lies, a blasted thing!

**SONG OF THE PESTILENCE.**

I love to clasp in my deadly grasp  
The young, the brave, the fair;  
To watch the eye of those that die,  
The lustre failing there:  
And could the force of my onward course  
Obey my purpose fell,  
I'd blast the face of the human race,  
And make this earth a hell!

---

## THE CHIMES OF LES HALLES.

---

Dreams are but folly, as they say;  
Yet one I had, when on my way  
    Through Flanders, I must tell;  
In ancient Bruges I chanc'd to stay,  
    When midnight shadows fell.

It is a city strange and old;  
And many a wild romance that's told  
    Might there have acted been;  
And many a gallant knight and bold  
Have play'd on such a scene.

I wander'd late through lonely streets,  
When scarce an eye the stranger greets,  
    Or scarce a footstep falls;  
And gaz'd on wealth's forgotten seats  
    In almost royal walls.

## THE CHIMES OF LES HALLES.

The dim cathedral's tow'ring spire,  
As 'twould through night to heaven aspire,  
Itself in darkness lifted;  
Like souls who still are toiling higher  
To pierce through error gifted.

High from the antique belfry near  
The chimes came o'er my listening ear,  
A wild and startling sound;  
As they have rung for many a year  
Their ever-varying round.

But they alone who've heard can tell  
What magic in the rich tones dwell;  
Something there is of dread  
In that unearthly, speaking swell  
That rings out overhead.

Perhaps 'twas this, for yet again  
When once was still'd that magic strain  
I long'd the notes to hear,  
That shapes of fancy in my brain  
Through slumbers made appear.

POEMS.

And so I slept, and dream'd a dream,  
Which, even telling it, I deem  
Was chanted by the bells:  
It was a sadly fashion'd theme  
To suit their saddening spells.

Methought I saw the city lay  
Beneath a gentle moonbeam's ray  
So soft, and yet so bright  
That 'twas as though the tardy day  
Usurp'd the place of night.

And in its light a maiden stood,  
Whose noble looks of gentle blood  
Bespoke, and lordly birth;  
I doubt if other beauty could  
Like hers be found on earth.

Yet not alone, for one whose eye  
Flash'd out the fire of courage high  
Was standing by her side;  
And something seem'd to whisper nigh  
She was his wedded bride.

THE CHIMES OF LES HALLES.

They spoke not, but I seem'd to hear  
Their story whisper'd to my ear,  
Without a voice or sound;  
And yet I saw no shape appear  
In all the light around.

A tale of ancient love it was;  
Such as but seldom comes to pass  
Amid the world's deceits;  
Where guile too oft for truth—alas!  
The trusting spirit meets.

They lov'd from childhood, and their fate  
Through by-gone years was fortunate,  
And free from love's alarms;  
She was high-born; his name was great  
And far renowned in arms.

And oft when war had rous'd the fire,  
Whose light makes hearts to fame aspire  
His sword she girded on;  
And rais'd the patriot's ardor higher  
By union with her own.

POEMS.

Bnt now, for yet the land again  
Was ravag'd by the fearful train  
Of war's relentless pow'r,  
And he the neighbouring camp must gain  
Before the midnight hour,

Now, when she felt that from her sight  
He'd pass before the morning's light,  
And knew that with him went  
Her all, for death perchance to blight,  
Her wonted courage bent.

And starting tears came from her eyes,  
With stif'd sobs, and bitter sighs,  
As come from hearts that break:  
When lo! I heard those chimes arise,  
As though an angel spake.

They came, and went, as by the air  
The strain was wafted here and there,  
Along the silent ground;  
To me they seem'd almost to bear  
A blessing in their sound.

THE CHIMES OF LES HALLES.

As though they chim'd of happier days,  
Of home, and childrens winning ways,  
And made of peace their theme;  
Until I fail'd my earnest gaze  
And waken'd from my dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet brooding sleep soon brought again  
The tales of fancy in my brain;  
But chang'd was every scene;  
Nor shape nor shadow now remain  
As they before had been.

A pillow'd couch, a darkened room,  
Without a ray to chase its gloom  
Of day's enliv'ning light;  
And one, just ling'ring near the tomb,  
Lay there, a piteous sight.

The sickly taper's glare reveal'd  
A form which death's own hand had seal'd;  
And scarcely could I trace  
The fire which ere the battle-field  
Lit up that noble face.



POEMS.

Before me was the work of war;  
Thus could its murd'rous fingers mar  
    A bright and noble spirit;  
Thus help to spread the curse afar  
    Which men from men inherit!

And there he lay, and by his side  
Knelt down the almost widow'd bride,  
    In deep and bitter anguish;  
Watching the thread of life divide,  
    As its slow pulses languish.

Her hand was lock'd within his own;  
He spoke, but in such mournful tone,  
    She felt that hope had fled;  
And shudder'd, as she were alone  
    Already with the dead.

His eyes were fast upon her bent;  
His failing breathing came and went;  
    A pause,—and all was past;  
That long-drawn sigh from earth had rent  
    The noble heart at last!

THE CHIMES OF LES HALLES.

Then reign'd a solemn silence round,  
As reigns sometimes on holy ground,  
Unbroken by a sob :  
I heard my very breathing sound ;  
My very pulses throb.

She gazed, unconscious of the truth  
That came to blight her early youth,  
Life had so softly fled ;  
It was a saddening sight, in sooth,  
The living and the dead.

A saddening sight ;—and as I gaz'd  
I mus'd on life, till half-amaz'd  
To see its hope so blighted,  
A murmuring thought was almost rais'd  
That love was thus requited.

But, musing thus in dreams, I woke ;  
Those chimes again my slumbers broke  
With such a strain, that even  
It was as though sweet voices spoke  
Of future bliss in heaven !

## TRUE PROGRESS.

---

Think not your labor done,  
Whatever good is won,  
Ye who the world of hope and danger tread;  
For many a loftier peak,  
That mortal man may seek,  
Uplifts almost to heaven its towering head.

Though dim in mist and cloud,  
And hid in snowy shroud,  
There *is* a path that patient toil may keep;  
Though often beaten back,  
And lost the dangerous track,  
The conquering flag shall crown the highest steep.

The mighty minds of old,  
With step serene and bold,  
Advanc'd, though all the world in scorn derided;  
Without a doubt, or fear,  
Unheeding danger near,  
They to the power of Truth their cause confided.

## TRUE PROGRESS.

With wonder and with awe,  
The heaven-born things they saw,  
Through years of toil, and oft through life, they gain'd;  
And woke the dreaming world,  
In deadly slumber curl'd,  
To purge each thought and hope by error stain'd.

The paths before unknown,  
Which oft they trod alone,  
We in admiring crowds may press to see;  
Yet as we wond'ring gaze  
On once untrodden ways,  
Content to live in sloth we may not be.

For yet the mountain-height  
Its crest above our sight  
Rears up, while myst'ries strange are hid between;  
We too must higher climb,  
Or truths still more sublime  
Than those our fathers won will lie unseen.

Then gird the loins, and toil  
To break the rocky soil,  
And pierce through all that bars our upward way;  
Let wisdom lead the van,  
While faith recounts to man  
That, once beyond the mists, there shines a cloudless day.

POEMS.

And when the height we gain,  
And doubts no more remain,  
Each shall review with joy the paths he trod;  
And we too shall behold,  
Like Moses as of old,  
High on a holier mount, the face of God!

---

## EARTH'S WRONGS.

---

The martyr-souls who bore the name  
Of Christ on earth, though on them hurl'd  
In taunt, and fetter, sword, and flame,  
The mocking of a godless world,  
Were heard beneath the altar cry  
For vengeance on their guilty foes;  
And 'mid the harps that fill the sky  
The thrilling voice of thousands rose,  
Join'd with the grateful song:  
"How long—oh Lord—how long!"

"Judge and avenge;—the earth hath drunk  
The blood we shed in joy for thee;  
And 'neath the cold swift waters sunk,  
It ting'd the foam that edg'd the sea;  
Still do thine eyes behold the spot  
That man may seek in vain to hide;

POEMS.

Thy martyr's blood can perish not,  
Though swept beneath an ocean's tide;  
Haste thou to judge the wrong:—  
“How long—Oh Lord—how long!”

Heaven hears their cry;—yet not alone  
Rings through its courts that awful pray'r;  
Earth hath her slaves, whose feebler moan,  
With anguish'd note, ascendeth there;  
Yon dreary home, and cheerless hearth,  
Where patient grief sits down to die,  
Worn by oppression, pain, and dearth,  
Respondeth to the heart's sad cry:—  
Judge thou the proud and strong;  
“How long—oh Lord—how long!”

The o'ertask'd men, whose days are given  
To heaping wealth for others use,  
By niggard hands repell'd, and driven  
From life's pure joys to its abuse,—  
Who pant for time, the richest gift  
That God bestows on man, to learn  
How they their hearts to him may lift,  
And thence for peace and mercy turn,—  
Cry out,—a mighty throng;—  
“How long—oh Lord—how long!”

## EARTH'S WRONGS.

The infant things, whose trembling feet  
Can scarcely tread their native soil,  
By whip and hunger forc'd to meet  
The lengthen'd hours of daily toil,  
Train'd to deceive, and pity gain  
With gushing tears, and stiff'd moan,  
And simulate the racking pain,—  
An easy task, with all their own,—  
Cry out,—a mighty throng,—  
“How long—oh Lord—how long!”

From darken'd mines, and barren hills,  
From swelling waves on ocean's breast,  
From unsown fields, where famine kills,  
And camps with toil unmark'd by rest,  
From every spot where slavery wears  
The life of man, and wrongs oppress,  
A sob ascends which heaven hears,  
Though utter'd in the heart's recess:—  
“Judge thou the proud and strong;  
“How long—oh Lord—how long!”

Hear ye the cry—whose homes are set  
Among the proud, in wealth array'd;  
Redress the wrong and woe, while yet  
The dreadful fire of wrath is stay'd:



POEMS.

For not in vain shall man send up  
    His voice and tears to pitying skies;  
And ye shall drink the bitter cup  
    Of heaven's revenge for guiltless sighs;—  
    Hear! for the cry is strong;—  
    “ How long—oh Lord—how long ! ”

---

## TO A BEE.

---

Thou of the light, aërial wing,  
Who, 'midst the rays  
Of the sweet sun's warm welcoming,  
Dost chaunt thy lays  
Of love and hope to flow'rets bright,  
Kissing away the tears of night,  
And of the cooling breeze,  
Sweeping o'er earth and seas,  
Thy car of state dost make,  
Which, as the soft winds wake,  
Wafts thee, thou fairy thing, among the flow'rs and trees,  
Oh say,—within thy tiny breast  
Is happiness a constant guest?  
And are the cowslips always sweet;  
And do the roses ever greet  
With their blushing smiles thy coming,  
When thou, amidst their beauties humming  
With hovering wing, dost whisper low  
Thy full heart's deep delight, or how  
Among all other flowers beside  
The roses still are all thy pride?

POEMS.

I love to hear thy murmur'd song  
At evening's stilly hour, along  
The margin of some grassy brook,  
Beside a cool, sequester'd nook,  
Where not a voice, save thine, is nigh,  
    And hush'd is every breeze ;  
And even zephyrs cease to sigh  
    Among the hawthorn trees ;  
Go to thy home; and may thy sleep,  
    Throughout the soothing night,  
Be all-refreshing, calm, and deep,  
    Until the morning light :  
And oh ! that all the sons of care,  
    Whom want or woe hath bound,  
Might feel this night, as thou wilt there,  
    A slumber, sweet and sound !

---

## CONSOLATION.

---

'Tis better as it is;—for change  
May compass sin within its range;  
And cloudy skies, and anxious fears,  
Deepen to storms, and swelling tears;  
    All things alike must know decay,  
    And time will soften grief away.

Mourn ye the lov'd—has death reveal'd  
Anew the woe too lately heal'd?  
Bore ye the lost one to the grave,  
Her who had liv'd if love could save?  
    Not void of hope commit the dead  
    To rest within that narrow bed.

Feel ye your home-joys faded now,  
And throbs of grief beat on your brow?  
Comes she alone when slumber seems  
To picture things that can't be dreams?  
    Cherish the thoughts that thence arise  
    To meet again beyond the skies.

POEMS.

The simple flow'rs she tended,—take;  
And keep them for her memory's sake;  
Nor shun them if they droop and die,  
They're sacred, though we scarce know why;  
    The lightest touch thrills through each part  
    Of memory's music in the heart.

Weep on the grave that lowly lies,  
Shut out from rude and vulgar eyes  
By that old church whose rugged wall  
Throws shade when noon-tide splendors fall;  
    Think as the church protects the graves  
    So God defends the souls he saves.

'Tis better as it is;—afar,  
Where endless joys and union are,  
Where hope itself no more can be,  
And time melts in eternity,  
    A great reward your faith shall know,  
    And praise to him who will'd it so!

---

## BLIGHTED HOPES.

---

The human soul is a wondrous thing,  
A thing of dread and might ;  
For, fetter'd in clay, it yet can wing  
Through space its boundless flight.  
It yearns and sighs for a wider scope  
Than this world can bestow ;  
In joy, and in grief, it cherishes hope  
A fairer scene to know ;  
It seeks a glory more than its own,  
Like higher natures blest ;  
Nor can its endless life be known  
By a token more confest,  
Than that which every day is shewn  
In its sad and sore unrest.

The soul lacks more than all the earth  
Its thrones and chiefs possess ;  
For the things we deem of matchless worth  
Have not the power to bless :

POEMS.

We may sigh for wealth, or seek for fame,  
We may bend them to our will,  
We may do great deeds, and earn a name  
At which a world shall thrill,  
And though its applause may in thunders roll  
Yet all shall be naught to the human soul.

Eternity,—that mighty scene  
Where time shall never die,  
And the grave can come no more between  
Us and the glorious sky,  
Where we shall drink fresh streams of life  
As years and years roll on,  
And every trace of pain or strife  
Shall be for ever gone,  
Where the knell of death shall never toll,—  
This is the hope for the human soul.

Grieve not, oh man! nor let thy heart  
Mourn over hopes destroy'd,  
That which once form'd life's fondest part  
May be a dreary void,—  
And even love, on this side heaven  
Its best and purest boon  
To weak and erring mortals given,  
May droop like flow'rs at noon,—

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Wealth may decay, and friends forsake,  
The very powers of mind,  
While life yet lasts, their flight may take,  
Nor leave a trace behind,—  
Thus may it be, a blight may fall  
Till cold despair brood dark o'er all,  
Grieve not, one hope outweighs the whole,  
Eternal life for the human soul!

---



## THE SKYLARK.

---

Bird, whose enchanted note  
Hath gain'd thee worshippers among  
The sons of verse, in days remote,  
Whose harps to thee have sung;  
I too, beholding thee, would pour  
My tribute forth, to swell the store.

Thou on thine airy pinions  
The winds of morning cleaving,  
Upspringest nigh to heaven's dominions,  
Earth far below thee leaving;  
Thine heart as joyous, and as free,  
As is thine own glad melody.

Sweet bells in lofty tow'r,  
Which fill the air with sound,  
Are like to thee, when thou dost show'r  
Thy liquid notes around;  
Fainting they fall, or trembling rise,  
Borne on the breeze which swells or dies.

THE SKYLARK.

Thy kingdom is the air;  
For such a monarch fitting;  
No fetters bind thy spirit there,  
On wings of lightness fitting;  
By space thou can'st not bounded be,  
For what is space to one like thee?

And as thy quivering wings,  
My soul shall learn to rise;  
Like thee, in scorn for earthly things,  
Mount upward to the skies:  
With anxious flight to heaven aspire,  
Till heaven be won, upsoaring higher!

## WISHES FOR THE GRAVE.

---

'Mid pleasant voices, hopeful words,  
'Mid eyes whence tears of love o'erflow,  
Oh let me die;—not loose the chords  
Of life in dread and cheerless woe;  
And while departs each failing breath,  
One step be gain'd to life through death.

And where the air is all perfume,  
From buds and flow'rs blushing round,  
Let me be laid; and make my tomb  
Within the murm'ring ocean's sound;  
For, though in death they're nothing worth,  
I lov'd the seas and flow'rs on earth.

And sometimes in the cool of even,—  
When Sabbath bells with holy chime,  
Whose notes seem echo'd down from heaven,  
Chant of eternity to time,—  
Let youthful forms my grave surround,  
And pluck the daisies from the ground.

WISHES FOR THE GRAVE.

So till the glorious time shall come  
That heaven shall ope her portals wide,  
'Till God shall call his wand'ers home,  
And welcome in the justified,  
Secure in hope my frame shall rest  
To be with life eternal blest.

---

## SPRING.

---

With tears and smiles the maiden spring  
Is bending o'er the earth,  
To kiss and welcome every thing  
That struggles into birth ;  
The flow'rs are lifting everywhere  
Their faces, brightly blushing,  
To hear the love-strains of the air,  
Through leaves and branches rushing.

The plain with thousand colors gleams ;  
So varied in their dye,  
That on the ground the rainbow seems  
In broken hues to lie ;  
The waters catch the gold and blue  
That up in heaven glow,  
And earth-born tints, that mingle too,  
As shadows come and go.

Each tiny flow'r forsakes the earth  
To meet its youthful queen ;

**SPRING.**

And every tree comes peeping forth,  
In robes of emerald green:  
The birds with music fill the air;  
Joy trembling on the wing;  
All Nature smiles; so sweet, so fair,  
So lovely is the Spring!

---

## L I F E .

---

One day, in a kind of waking dream,  
I reason'd on human life ;  
And I thought how strange it all would seem,  
With vacant folly rife,  
Could we lift up the veil that covers the soul,  
And gaze on the passions that under it roll.

The child, the man, and hoary age,  
Are all in essence the same ;  
For we may write, with learn'd page,  
Yet we differ in naught but name :  
Like a stream, which flows in drops at its source,  
Is the same, though a sea, at the end of its course.

A butterfly flits before the eyes  
Of a child in its infant glee ;  
He puts forth his hand to catch the prize,  
As it dances from flow'r to tree ;  
And we smile at the gloom which darkens his face  
When he grasps, not the insect, but empty space.

LIFE.

Yet men as we are, we may discern  
A type of manhood there;  
We grasp at a plaything at every turn,  
And find it but empty air:  
Ambition, renown, and glory's rage,  
Our toys till we pass from manhood to age.

And when the white frosts of winter fall  
Around our wrinkl'd brows,  
Oftimes some glittering dust is all,  
That man's desires can rouse;  
As cling to the gold his trembling fingers,  
So his soul on the earth in dotage lingers.

How strange, that earth-born joys afford  
A zest to the human spirit  
More grateful than hopes for eternity stor'd,  
Wealth heap'd for man to inherit:  
The chain of his life must broken be;  
Yet he hangs by its links o'er eternity's sea!



## FUTURE BLISS.

---

The pilgrim, worn with travel long,  
To gain his native land,  
Beholds with joy, and rapture strong,  
Its still far distant strand;  
He mounts the hills whence may be seen  
Its cliffs, though seas yet roll between.

And when those mists that veil his sight  
The playful breezes tear,  
He sees afar, in gleams of light,  
Its well-known outline there:  
How seek his eyes the long'd-for soil:  
How much despis'd his weary toil.

And such the life of mortal race;  
Exil'd on a distant shore  
We mount the hills, to catch a trace  
Of our home that lies in store;  
And thence, in faith, can here behold  
The fruitful tree, and street of gold.

FUTURE BLISS.

And as we mount in purer air  
How glorious is the view,  
Less we see of the world up there,  
Its strifes, and passions too:  
How man's work fades in pomp and glory  
Beheld from mountains great and hoary.

Think not the beauteous visions given  
To mock the hopes they raise;  
For thou shalt see the courts of Heaven  
More bright as earth decays:  
Life's joys are poor, and known to few;  
But heaven's are real, and endless too.

---

## THE POET'S GRAVE.

---

Where should a poet's grave be made?  
Beneath the cypress' mournful gloom?—  
A brightness mingled not with shade,  
Should beam upon his tomb;  
Lay him beside the silver sea;  
His requiem,—its melody!

Who for a poet's death should weep?  
Those only who of kindred are?—  
All hearts a poet's death should steep  
In grief, at home, afar;  
His words are nature's voice, his mind  
Reflects the truth on all mankind.

Who shall the poet's mantle wear?  
Will it become the earthly great?—  
The poorest, humblest one may share  
The poet's varying fate,  
If but the strains he warbles o'er  
Echo the notes that went before.

**THE POET'S GRAVE.**

What should a poet's guerdon be?

The mine of wealth, the sculptur'd urn?

A grateful, deathless memory

Will make the best return;

The highest meed that earth can give

Is in the heart, though dead, to live!

## TRANSLATION.

HORACE BOOK I. ODE II.

---

Now of terrible hail upon the land  
And snow enough the Father hath rain'd down ;  
And, smiting sacred tow'rs with red right hand,  
    Frighted the town :  
Frighted the nations, lest with omens new  
The grievous Pyrrhan age return ; when all  
His flock of sea-calves Proteus withdrew  
    To mountains tall ;  
When fish were tangl'd in the lofty elm,  
Of doves before the noted seats, and where  
The flooding waters rise and overwhelm,  
    Swam timorous deer ;  
For we have seen the yellow Tiber, driven  
Back from the Tuscan shore, with waves amain.  
The stones cast down to royal memory given,  
    And Vesta's fane.  
Whilst he himself to be avenger boasts

TRANSLATION.

Of Ilia, too disconsolate : and, (Jove  
Displeas'd) the stream o'erflow'd his left-hand coasts,  
Impell'd by love.

Few by their parents' crimes, our youth shall hear  
The sword by townsmen whetted ; by which more  
The Persians dread to slay it fitting were ;  
With wars in store.

Who shall the people call the Gods among  
The tottering state to rule ? Or with what pleading  
The sacred virgins Vesta seek their song ;  
Coldly unheeding ?

To whom shall Jupiter assign the task  
Our crimes to expiate ? At length come thou  
Thy shoulders white veil'd with a cloud (we ask)  
Augur Apollo !

Or, smiling Erycina, rather thou,  
If thee it please, whom Mirth and Love surround ;  
Or if thy drooping race thou still dost know  
Who didst it found,—

O'erworn, alas ! with thy too lengthen'd play,  
Whom clamour pleases, and the polish'd helm,  
And visage stern of Moorish foot, when they  
Fierce foes o'erwhelm :

Or thou, with alter'd form, if thou wilt take  
A youth's upon the earth, oh winged son  
Of Maia bountiful, for Cæsar's sake,  
And here be known

POEMS.

As his avenger: late to heaven returning,  
Long with the Roman people, willing, dwell ;  
Nor thee, offended, us for vices spurning,  
    Too swift a gale  
Hence take thee : rather here thy triumphs great :  
Here Father love thou to be call'd, and leader ;  
Nor shall the Medes unscath'd insult our state,  
    Thou chieftain, Cæsar!

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# THE RIVAL SMITHS.

A MORAL TALE.

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Some fifty years ago, a western city  
Rejoic'd in many a squire and wealthy dame ;  
And though they're now forgotten, more's the pity,  
They once stood high upon the list of fame :  
But whether grave, or courteous, gay, or witty,  
To them and us 'tis pretty near the same ;  
Besides this perfect age can need no more  
Of vice or virtue to increase its store.

So to oblivion's mercy we will leave them,  
And speak of two who liv'd about that time :  
Rivals they were ; and if one could believe them,  
Each like a rose just opening into prime :  
But, witnesses for self, we can't receive them,  
Nor evidence like that admit in rhyme ;  
So pass the matter ; only give a hint  
Both ugly were as—what would shame the print.



POEMS.

Hardly old maids were they, and yet so far  
    Advanc'd towards that woman-hated state,  
You could not deem them else, or you would mar  
    The charms of English middle age, which late  
Compar'd with other lands in fading are:  
    Each no doubt secretly abjur'd her fate,  
Yet always so contriv'd as not to shew it;  
Nor above all to let the other know it.

For rivals too in heart-affairs were they,  
    As well as dress and station; and my tale  
Displays them waiting for an anxious day,  
    Which long had promis'd been; the London mail  
At length brought letters: and they were to say  
    Each happy guest invited, without fail  
Must for the following evening prepare  
Her robes, her gauzes, and her flowing hair.

For 'twas a county ball which agitated  
    Full many a breast in Exeter's fair town;  
And never were such doings, 'twas related,  
    At least none knew such from the oldest down:  
And those who sadly for three weeks had waited  
    The rumor'd prorogation by the Crown,  
(For till that time their members could not come,)  
Now talk'd as though they'd talk each other dumb.

### THE RIVAL SMITHS.

Among these were the Misses Smith, for such  
The common appellation which they bore,  
Although no ways related, and as much  
They talk'd as all the rest, or may be more:  
For each determin'd was that night to clutch  
The prize of triumph; and to make it sure  
They both resolv'd no pains should then be lost  
Their persons to adorn, nor care for cost.

Miss Charlotte Smith and Miss Eliza too,  
(For these their several Christian names), apart,  
The day before the ball, as well they knew  
How all-important is the aid of art,  
Sallied out early with the self-same view  
To spend the morning at the splendid mart  
Of Mrs. Jones, a milliner from town,  
Who with the newest things had just come down.

But as 'twas Charlotte's happy fate to dwell  
Much nearer than Eliza to the place  
Where Mrs. Jones awaiting was to tell  
The beauteous shape of this, of that the grace,  
To her of course the glorious triumph fell  
Of choosing ribands, sashes, gloves, and lace,  
Before Eliza could the shop be at,  
For she was "scant of breath," and rather fat.

POEMS.

Miss Charlotte look'd, admir'd, chose, and paid;  
Among the rest a turban caught her eye:  
In such a head-dress should she be array'd  
No one without admiring could go by;  
The price was much; but yet the silly jade  
Resolv'd for victory at once to try;  
And so she bought it, and did much implore  
Soon as herself to find it at her door.

Thus she departed, but had hardly past  
The corner when Eliza entered quick;  
She too had toil'd with trembling steps and fast,  
The shop to reach, a showy prize to pick;  
But when she found herself to be the last  
In chance of decking out, she turn'd heart-sick;  
For well she guess'd her rival would secure  
What to the wearer beauty would assure.

And so the case she found; for nothing there  
Was for her choosing left, that she could find  
Would in the contemplation, or the wear,  
Give satisfaction to her anxious mind;  
No turban for her head-dress, not a pair  
Of dashing gloves, nor aught was left behind  
By her too greedy rival, and by others  
Who throng'd the shop: aunts, cousins, wives, & mothers.

THE RIVAL SMITHS.

With disappointment raging, back she goes;  
Till after great consideration had,  
She vow'd to bend not to her jealous foes,  
But make the best out of a bargain bad;  
Superior to misfortune thus she rose;  
And with a polish'd message sent a lad  
To one or other of her cronies, who  
She begg'd to lend her what would help her through.

And to her joy a ready answer came  
In shape of muslins, and of other things  
Belonging to the trappings of a dame;  
Yet not, I grieve to say, this kindness springs  
From mere good-nature, but the torturing flame  
Of envy (which too many a bosom wrings),  
For fear the town should of Miss Charlotte speak  
More than of one who mov'd in their own clique.

But while she turn'd the various favors o'er,  
And manag'd great contrivance in her brain,  
A startling knock was heard at the street door,  
A hurried knock, a second, and again  
A third was finish'd, louder yet, before  
The servant scampering up with might and main,  
A rustling package in her hand receiv'd  
Directed to Miss Smith, who scarce believ'd

POEMS.

Her senses when she found a turban there,  
Which was a real gem, a perfect dear,  
As she at once declar'd; but not for her  
Was meant the prize; of course the thing was clear;  
Mistaken for Miss Charlotte; on the spur  
Of that flush'd moment, without thought or fear,  
She quick resolv'd to snatch the offer'd aid,  
And "do that Charlotte finely," as she said.

But meantime poor Miss Charlotte on the rack  
Of expectation was, for to her horror  
She found no turban there when she came back,  
That night it came not, neither on the morrow;  
Than this all other finery she would lack  
Most cheerfully; and so with rage and sorrow  
She waited, hardly liking to inquire  
Of Mrs. Jones, whose temper smelt of fire.

At length, the evening drawing nigh, she rais'd  
Her courage up sufficiently to send  
To Mrs. Jones, who was of course amaz'd,  
But very sorry she no help could lend;  
(And truth to tell an ancient quarrel blaz'd  
In Mrs. Jones's heart, with spite to blend),  
So would not ask her lad; nor had suspicion  
Who 'twas would profit by his erring mission.

## THE RIVAL SMITHS.

And thus arriv'd at length the night of nights;  
The town was quite uproarious, in and out;  
The rabble swarm'd to see the wondrous sights,  
And added yelling to the noise and rout:  
The carriages came thund'ring, deck'd with lights;  
The horses wond'ring perhaps what 'twas about:  
The ladies flutter'd in, midst gauze and laces,  
Old, young, and middle-aged, to seize their places.

The stewards had, "with caution kind and wise,"  
(As on the following day the paper said),  
A little ante-room of moderate size  
Provided, and a skilful ladies' maid;  
Where each could trim herself; before the eyes  
Of common gazers on her beauty prey'd;  
And where among the rest Miss 'Liza came,  
Wearing the turban: really 'twas a shame.

But as the little room now held a throng,  
Miss 'Liza, who was anxious to get in  
Before her foe what did to her belong  
Could recognise, and perhaps would make a din,  
Which she might shrink from when the guests among,  
Fast as she could her portly form did win  
Into the ball-room, where, with flutteration,  
She saw her entrance made a great sensation.

POEMS.

And pleas'd at this, of course, which to her dress  
And to the turban she ascribed most,  
But hardly to her grace and manners less,  
She sidl'd in among the gallant host,  
Which shew'd that night, as candour must confess,  
A beauteous sight, to many a heart's sad cost;  
Until at length some elderlies enlist  
Her company to take a hand at whist.

And this beyond all things she lik'd the more,  
Because it happen'd that they plac'd the game  
Exactly opposite the grandest door,  
Through which of course each fresh arrival came;  
And here she hop'd the triumph to secure  
To see her rival turbanless; her aim  
The rather being silent exultation  
Than risking open gaze, and altercation.

At length Miss Charlotte, who had long delay'd  
In hopes some lucky accident might find  
The missing turban, in her best array'd,  
Arriv'd in haste lest she should be behind;  
Yet still within the little room she stay'd,  
To see her dress completed to her mind;  
When, looking down by chance upon the floor,  
She saw a something laid behind the door.

THE RIVAL SMITHS.

She took it up; it was a turban; and  
    With wonderment she found it was her own;  
Her great delight she scarcely could command;  
    Of course she didn't fail to put it on:  
And, being shrewd, was quick to understand,  
    The lucky chance by which the thing was done;  
Miss 'Liza was the culprit, and her due  
She only gave her, as is known to you.

And coming muffl'd up in cloak and hood,  
    (For she a coach had always held too dear,  
So came on foot, as Charlotte said she would),  
    And being hurried throwing off such gear,  
'Twas quite to be imagin'd how she could  
    Pull off the turban too, and drop it there;  
However that might be, Miss Charlotte went  
With hurried steps to shame her rival bent.

And, entering quickly in, a stifl'd scream  
    Escap'd her as she first Eliza saw;  
Who for her part appear'd as in a dream  
    Beholding Charlotte with the turban, or  
Another so much like it as to seem  
    The very same, without a change or flaw;  
So like it was indeed, that to her head  
She rais'd her hand to see if her's had fled.



### THE RIVAL SMITHS.

Her head she touch'd,—but ah! a vacant space  
With horror and amazement all she found;  
She started up, and hurried to a glass;  
Her head was black, and with no turban crown'd;  
Her silk skull cap usurp'd the turban's place,  
And gave her poll an aspect smooth and round;  
She turn'd and saw her rival, who, amaz'd  
To see the sight, in triumph on her gaz'd.

This strange catastrophe we now must leave,  
With all its horror, to imagination;  
And how Miss 'Liza, as to say we grieve,  
Was ill for several months through sheer vexation;  
With what beside the reader will conceive  
As how the matter caus'd a great sensation;  
And furnish'd talk for many a scandal-monger  
To tell to those who for such stories hunger.

And now, good reader, as we wish our tale  
To bear a moral, though in jesting told,  
We trust 'mong all who read, that none will fail  
To understand it, be they young or old;  
Nor value it the less, because 'tis stale  
How envy and all vices of that mould  
Will in the end, as we've detail'd the thing,  
Cause those who play with them to feel their sting.

