FRAGMENTS

OF POETRY AND PROSE

"PERDITUR HÆC INTER
MISERIS LUX"

G.

Preface.

No apology is necessary for the compilation of a Book like the following; its pretensions will ever be found too humble for criticism: for it contains nothing beyond the transcript of a fugitive thought, or the casual notice of something, which its writer desired to have remembered.

Perhaps my tale is sad,— perchance 'tis gay:
No matter which, 'twill fritter time away,
Shew on the path of solitude, a flower;
And serve at once, to please and chase the hour.

The Alps.

See where yon snowy pinnacles arise!
Woo the dark clouds, and almost touch the skies:
Untamed by storms, amid whose desert howl,
The airy chamois, and the night wolf prowl.
Unscaled by man! impervious to his tread,
"They point from Nature, up to Nature's God."
Here far below, the cross and stones disclose,
Some way-worn traveller, sought, and found repose:
Perchance a vain attempt to scale thy crest,
Marked his own littleness, and gave him rest.
Thus 'tis with man! Earth's boundary, travers'd o'er,
But shews his vain ambition,— and no more!

To the Primrose

There's many a flower of loveliness, in bloom
In yonder dell:
But of all others sweet perfume,
I love thine well!

Some buds there are more beautiful, yet chief
Of all that grows;
Thy pale and yellow cup and leaf
Give me, primrose:

Sweet daughter of the opening year,
Earliest of time:
Tho' gayer blossoms will appear,
Yet art thou mine.

And if chill even's wintry frost
Should thee assail;
Still, unregardless of the blast,
Shalt thou prevail.

I will not rob thy mother earth
Of thee, loved one;
Nor seek to crush thy modest worth,
So bloom thou on:

On seeing, and intending to remove some
withered rose leaves from a favorite book.

Still let them lie! unseverd from
The page where long they've taen repose:
For once these witherd emblems were
The petals of the blushing rose!

Though faded now, they then were gay
As she who placed them there in gladness,
And tho' their rosy tints are fled,
They yet retain an air of sadness.

Pale mute remembrancers of time,
The cherish'd Hope thou raised, - is blighted,
Like thee, — long years have intervened since thou
Since thou wert lonely treasured there, — and sighted.

So fare thee well, when next I greet
The page whereon thy forms are printed,
Memory shall then retrace its joys,
And how those early joys were stinted.

Contentment.

My cot is overshadow'd by trees,
There the oak and the chesnut are found;
The Myrtle, and Laurel, enlivening these,
Are verdantly scatter'd around.
The Jessamine twines round my latch,
The Ivy, is creeping up there;
The swallow builds under the thatch,
And its twitter rejoiceth my ear.
I look out from my casement, beyond
The rich fields, where the gay yellow corn,
Like enchanter is waving its wand,
As the lark gaily carols at morn:
At noon, when the shepherd reclined
Beneath the tall beechen tree's shade,
Tunes his pipe, to enjoyment resigned,
I view his white flocks on the glade.
In the grove where the wood-pigeons dwell,
At eve, is the nightingale's song;
As it wakens the echoes, each dell,
Hill, and Valley, her music prolong.

My

My garden is stock'd with wild flowers,
The busy Bee hums in my hive;
Thus, I joyously pass the gay hours,
I'm the happiest mortal alive.
The Church with its tapering spire
Bore my trees, calmly points to the skies,
Where each sabbath, I offer the pray'r
Of content, as my orisons rise.
'Tis true, that tho' solitude reigns
To a pensive extent in my bower;
Yet 'tis free from pale envy, or pains,
Closely shelter'd from wind, and from shower:
Within, I've a neat frugal board,
Enough for myself, and to spare,
Can a meal to the weary afford,
When oppress'd by misfortune or care.
My shelves are well lined with good books,
A few pictures, — and something in store,
A friend, now, and then, at me looks,
And what can a mortal wish more?

To the Sea

I love thee, wild, and wayward Sea,
Though thou art dark and lone!
Cradled by storms, my infancy
Found thee a home.

Ere thy green wave, when more matured
In years, I wander'd on;
And still wherein thy billows lured,
I roam'd alone!

Those days are past, and far from thee
I dwell on Land;
Yet still thou art to me, dark sea
Along lost friend!

And may thy wave when life is o'er,
My own tumultuous swell,
Claim thy lost Son from Earth to shore,
And tune his knell!

I could not sleep beneath the turf
Where others rest,
Better a thousand miles at sea, they surf
Would suit me best *

Uncoffin'd, free, beneath the surge,
Mortality might roam,
By tempest lull'd, the storm my dirge,
And welcome, home:

* Mankind generally are desirous of dying on Land:— surrounded by friends, and weeping relatives, a shroud, a coffin and a grave beneath the grass green turf, are the objects of their solicitude: by these they imagine the thorny path to eternity is divested of half its terrors! How different are our tastes and opinions! give me the boundless ocean, the sigh of the night breeze, the gushing of many waters, the wail of the Sea-mew and the prospect of an interminable space unconsciously to wander in, and Death whenever it comes to me shall be welcome:

Ah me! how oft at noontide's hour reclined,
I lie lain beneath these oaks, and listened to the wind;
The brown crisp'd leaves my bed, my horse, the stile,
Mused as a child, nor thought of sin or guile:
Watch'd the gay sunbeam stealing o'er the glade
And mark'd with wond'ring eye, its light and shade.
Alas! what visions then were wont to glow,
In that young heart, that never felt a woe!

As boyish passion, in sweet sadness shone,
To win an Empire there, - and call it love!
There too ambition with its gilded hain,
Would seek admission oft: and strive amain
With graver thought; all these are vanish'd now,
And manhood smiles at the remembrd shew,
Full twenty winters more with iron hand
Hath crush'd young fancy with its lifeless band;
Yes shewn how vain alas! was hope or joy,
And how unlike the Man is, to the Boy.

The Hellespont
Sestos and Abydos.

Hero and Leander.

Lone Tower that stands on Sestos' silent shore,
The sacred Fane of Love, in days of Yore:
From thy grey Turret, Hero's torch was wont
To light Leander o'er the Hellespont;
Nightly how oft she rear'd the friendly Brand,
To guide her lover from Abydos' strand:
But now, no more the friendly torch shall burn,
Or anxious maiden watch his safe return;
Both sleep in peace, beneath dark Helle's wave,
Time, for their monument, and love their grave;
Then roll ye faithless waters, dark and lone;
They need no other record, than their own:
On airy pinions, Fame, with lasting breath,
Shall tell the tale, and point their place of death.

Hagreen. Cipche

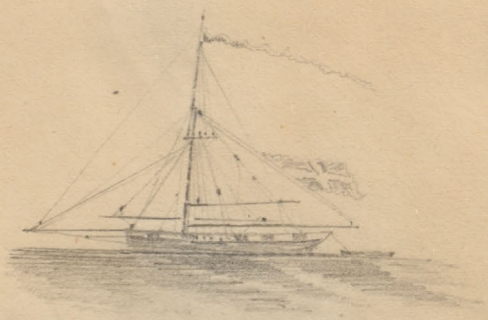
TAMARISK VILLA, FELIXSTOWE.

THE MARINE RESIDENCE OF LADY HARLAND.

Night on the Sea Beach

I love to roam along the unheaden sand
When the moon hath risen over Sea and Land
When all on Earth's Scene is serene
And the far breakers are but dimly seen
When the evening Gun is fired at Sea
And the shore is left to the moon and me
When no earthly figure is seen to glide
But the long shining shadow at my side
And the light appears at the Beacon Tower
And the splash is heard of the fisherman's oar
When the flags on the Brook are waving stiff
And the Sea Bag sleeps in his Beachmoor's skiff
When the watch dog howls at the heavenly light
And the Bat flies by on the wing of night
In an hour so lone when the wild Sea Mew
Is lightly skimming the waters blue
And the pale cold Moon beams chastely kiss
The ripplying waves in harmony blis
I love to roam for then memory's power

Can retrace the ways of the bygone hours
And cause on the future intensely free
As the wave at my feet breaks sullenly
In the sight of the bright moon as gently it blows
And spreads over the bosom a deep repose
Oh my home so beneath I have thought again
Towards a long long age of pain.



Swettenham Beach

We met in silence we parted at night
On the banks of the lonely river
Where the fragrant lines unite their boughs
We met and we parted for ever

The night bird sang, the stars above
Told of many a touching story
Of friends long past the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears the mantle of glory

We met in silence and our cheeks were wet
With tears that were past controuling
And we vow'd we would never, oh never forget
And those vows at the time were consoling

But the lips that echo'd those vows of mine
Are as cold as you lonely river
The eye, the beautiful spirits shrine
Has shrouded its fires forever.

Now when I look on the moonlight sky
My heart grows full to weeping –

Each Star is to me as a sealed book
Some tale of the lost one keeping

We met in silence we parted in tears
On the banks of you lonely river
Where the odour and bloom of these by-gone days
Will hang round its waters forever.

The Warrior's Grave

The moon shone bright on the Stone and Brake
And streamed on the tower, and illumined the lake
And never did Cynthia's beams of light
Gild a scene more lovely fair and bright.
As I reclined on a mossy bed
Where the violet had hidden its purple head
And mused awhile my spirit was sunk in gloom
Near a Warrior's cold and silent tomb.
And I envied the rest of that martial shade
As it lay beneath the roof of the shadowy glade
For the night breeze of Hemia gushed in the dark
Fill
It seemed the abode of sweet melancholy
But anon the jarring Bell with its sound
Served to waken the echoes that slept around
As solemn it pealed on the midnight air
It reminded my soul of the Warrior's prayer
I gazed on the grey funereal stone
That covered the sod of that lonely one
But no sculptured marble was there to tell
The name of the Hero who nobly fell

Yet I knew by the print of the shield & the spear
Which the chisel had deeply engraven there
That the corse of a gallant warrior priest
In the sleep of the grave that place of rest
And I thought on the days & the years that were
Since first they laid him beneath that stone
Where perchance his living foot had trod
Over the green but now deserted sod.
Changed was the stalwart arm of steel
That had made the hang'ty foeman feel
In the conflict of many a crimson day
It had borne its garb in the mingled fray
But the verdant lauriel that decked his brow
Has yielded its place to the cypress now
And the darkest leaved ivy lonelly spread
Its wreathes over that dew bespringled bed.
Then peace to his ashes may he sleep on the sleep
Of the brave who can neither wake nor weep
Who are free from all care and worldly pain
Returned to their nothing not again

Forgiveness

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard,
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father forgive their sins he said";
"They know not what they do."

Dear Jesus may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

INTERIOR OF S. MARTIN-ON-THE-HILL, SCARBOROUGH.

The fallen Leaves

I love those faded yellow leaves,
All scatter'd sad and lone,
They seem to speak of absent joys,
Of other pleasures gone;
Yet never were they half so sweet,
So pensive, as to sing
Like pale consumptive Beauty's cheek,
Bright in its own decay!
There is a charm for those who think,
In autumn's waning hours,
To linger sadly on the past,
Within her leafless bowers.
These fallen leaves are but the types
Of every thing on Earth,
Fleeting, and unsubstantial still,
Even from their earliest birth —
Low on the wind, and vanishing,
They find a silent home,
Admired once, neglected now,
And on the cold ground strewn.

Scorn'd by the bleak and wintry winds
Neglected will they lie,
As some young heart whose promise fair
Is crushed, thou left to die!

June 2nd 30.

Heath Spurge

Jaunton

Paignton Beach Devonshire 1860.

The Burial of Sir John Moore,
who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we buried him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few & short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow;
That the foe & the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant & random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly & sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh & gory:
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Ah! do not say Farewell
Though we be doom'd to sever;
'Tis like the sullen passing bell,
Of pleasure gone for ever
Ah! find a gentle language there,
The mournful truth to tell
Say "Parted friends may meet again"
But do not say Farewell
oh! do not say Farewell.

It tells of pleasures past away,
It tells of future sorrow,
That Summer smiled on yesterday,
And Winter comes to morrow
Around the heart it seems to throw
A melancholy spell
Of mingled agony & woe
Oh! do not say Farewell
oh! do not say Farewell.

Wreaton Vale.

Oh Vale beloved sacred to Friendships lay
Where sweetest converse chased the hours away
Ere yet the Summer's golden Days were prime
Or Nature felt thy mellowing influence time
Here every lawn and tree and bank and flower
Served but to shew the softness of the hour
Near you bare Camp above whose hillocks green
Round Rome's imperial Purple once was seen
Idly to flaunt on air and shew how vain
Ambition struggles to extend her chain
Low is the longueror's mound and warriors sleep
Beneath that glade where browse the simple sheep
Mark too yon sacred fane of palest grey
Whose sunlit tower smiles in the morning's ray
Within that hallowed precincts slender round
Is half the History of the Village found
Fair fertile field of Claremont's wide domain
Far from the seat of envy care and pain
How memory longs to breathe thy gales anew
And taste the honied freshness of the dew

Where gnarled Hawthorns thickly sprinkled round
Bestrew their diamond increase on the ground
And wanding near the infant purling brook
Thro' sedge sequester'd dell and tangled nook
Skimmed by the laden Bee whose cheerful hum
Steals o'er those waters sparkling in the Sun
What need the muse thy praises streamlet tell
Whose mossy sides deck'd by the asphodel
Impel thy gentle rills then onward stray
Their gliding course like Happiness away
Oh could I but rehearse what hours were mine
Of short but unmixed pleasure wing'd by time
How would the muse ascend on Eagle's wing
To trace the pleasures of that golden spring
And thou dear friend companion of that hour
May blessings copious as the vernal shower
Stream round thy path as light around the pole
And emulate the brightness of thy soul
Years may pass on alternate sun and shade
May gild and darken tower and tree and glade
Thy wandering foot o'er other Vales may stray
And other thoughts beguile the devious way

Yet shall the memory of thy beauties dwell
Around my Heart dear Vale: remembered well!!

Great, very great, is the comfort of praying for those whom we reverence and love, while greater if we can be assured that they also are then praying for us. – We feel all the joy and gladness of a mutual meeting before the throne of God: there is imparted to the heart, however desolate before an inexpressible sociality, may I say a holy conviviality. –

The Rectory of Ballihead

The Revd. R. W. Evans

True Happiness

True happiness is not the growth of earth
The root is fruitless if we seek it here,
Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
Yet never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise thy seeds are sown,
In here, and there, a mind of heavenly mould
It sees show, and blooms, but never was known
To open here the Climate is to cold

—— " ——

Epitaph in Martin Hussingtree Churchyard.
The grave of Mrs. Mary Dunage widow late of
Battle in Sussex. In accordance with her wish to
be buried, where with her Uncle Stephens when Rec-
tor of Martin she had passed the said the happiest
days of her Youth; She was a discreet Woman doing
good with scanty means. Cheerful to the last she died
Sept 27th 1834 after a few days illness at the advanced
age of 86. We trust that through Christ her reward
is with her in Heaven. Copied A. D. 1866. Sept 18th J.G.

—— " ——

To Sarah on presenting her with a
Forget me not

Dear Sarah let this simple flower
That reminds us of our lost
For we like this in one short hour
Mays wither and be forgot

Its stem was green, its head was blue
I took it from its shady spot
An emblem sweet of Friendship true
It seems to say, Forget me not

1837

Hymn for a little Child.

Oh God of yonder starry frame,
How should a thing like me
Dare to pronounce thy holy name
Or bow to thee the knee?
I know not of my spirits birth
How dust & soul combine
Nor being of one thing one Earth
And how can I know thine.

2nd verse

I only know that I was made
Thy purpose to fulfil;
And that I gladly would be good
And do thy holy will
For this body being rational
For this body dwelling place
I bless the Lord but most of all
For Gospel of thy grace

3d verse

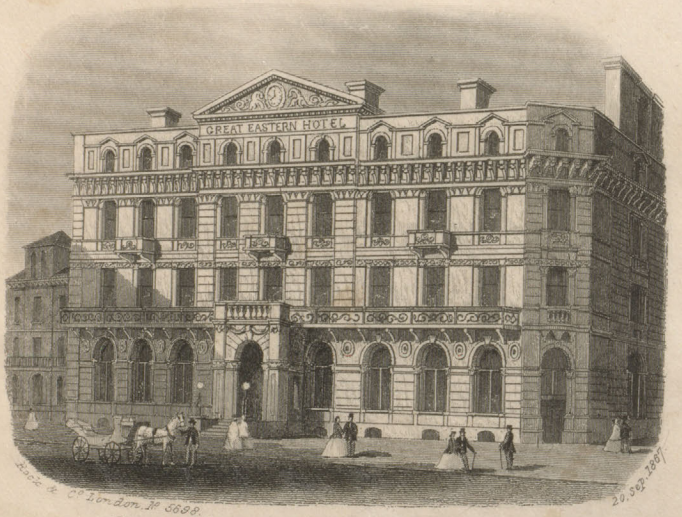
Direct my soul to search and know
What Jesus did for me
And teach my little heart to glow
With thankfulness to thee;

And when this weary life is done
And dust to dust declines
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,
Where they wear Glory crowns

4th verse

Take my dear Parents to thy care
My little household too
And listen to their humble prayer
When they before thee bow
And when they pray for wishful one
With fervour that exceeds;
Do thou return the blessing free
And double on their heads

Copied Jan 31st 1869.



Great Eastern Hotel, Harwich.

The Path of Life

They say there's a thorny path of Life
In truth I have seldom found it,
I have shunned the cares of worldly strife,
And the dangerous rocks around it;
I deem it a folly to seek for pain,
On the mountains of Pride where there fence the plain
'Tis said that life is beset with bears,
Indeed I have rarely seen them,
I limit my hopes and my own desires,
And gather content between them.
Still half the ills of life are wrought,
Unknown to fears before except in thought.

over

They tell me that life is a date of sorrow,
I deem it a date of bliss.
I have peace for to day, I have hope for tomorrow,
And what is there cheerless in this,
For Providence gladness to all imparts,
May it give us the blessing of grateful hearts

21 — 1837

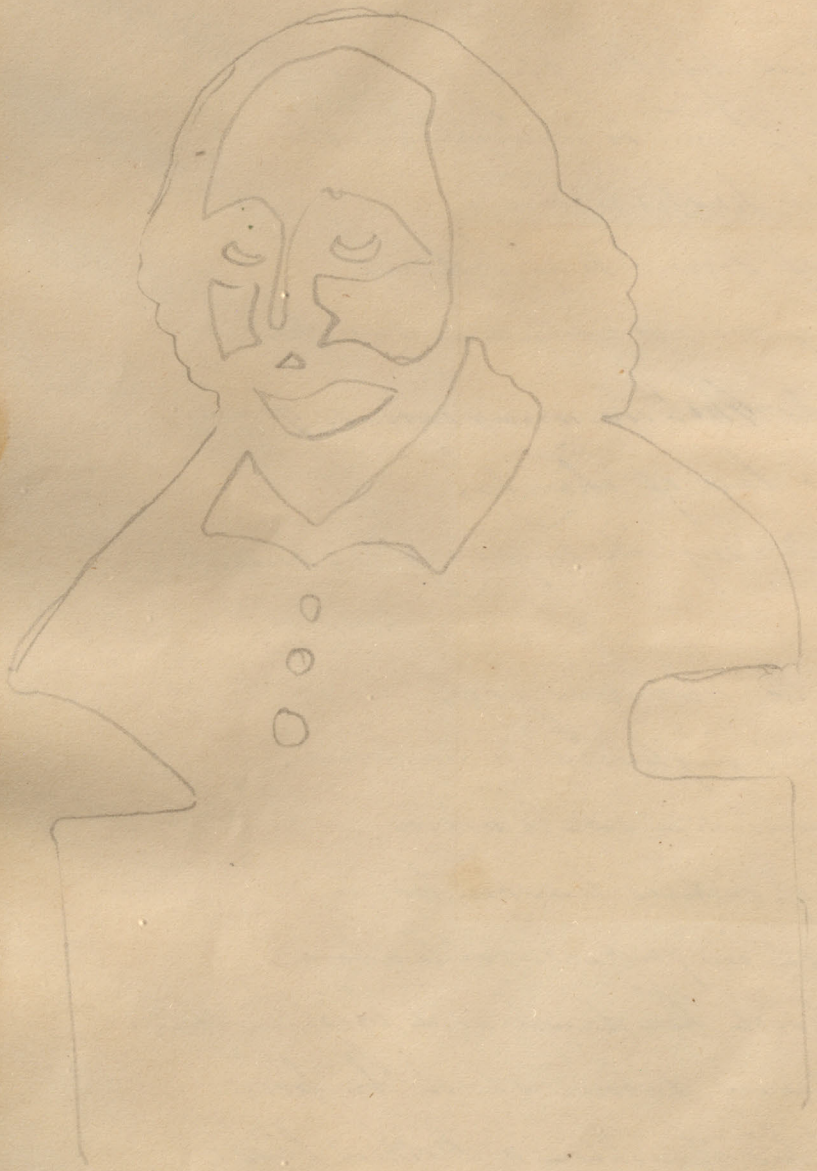
Dovercourt from Beacon Hill, Harwich

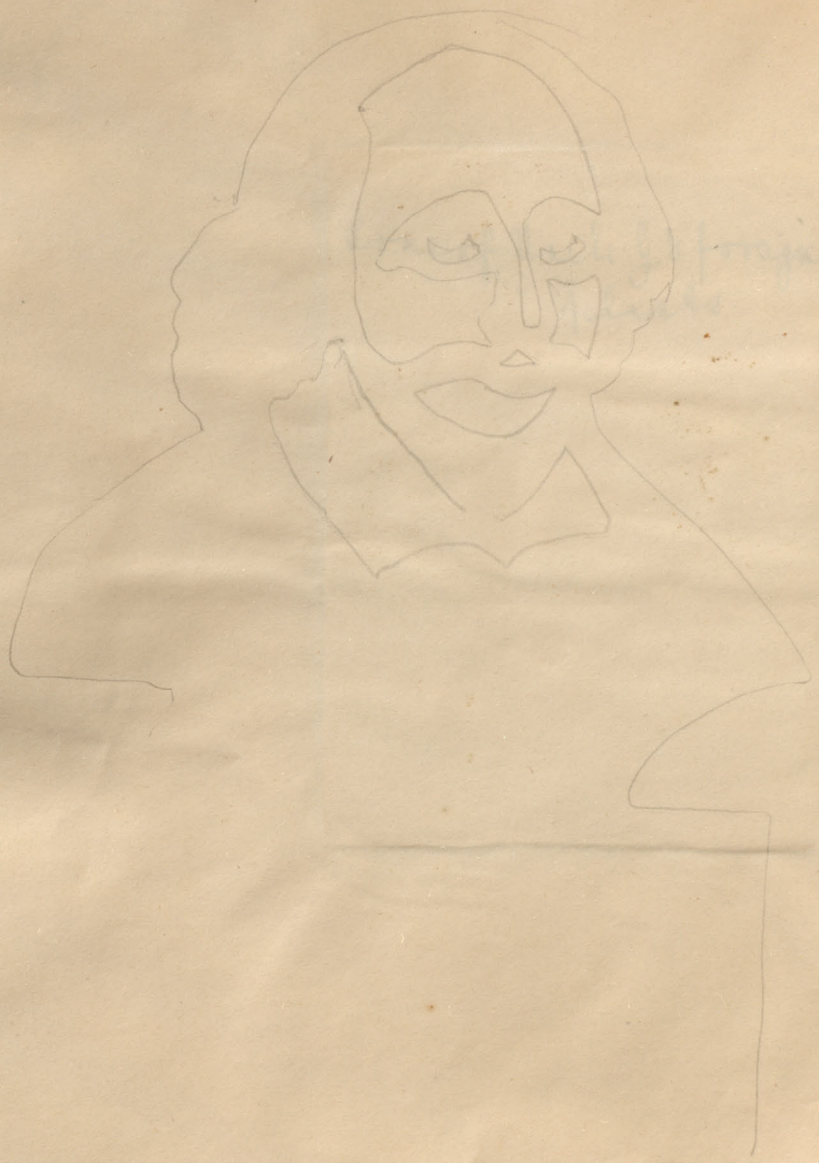
Breakwater & Landguard fort from Beacon Hill, Harwich

Forbearance

Oh never let us lightly fling
A dart of woe to wound another;
Oh, let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound — but he
Who wounds that he may extract a groan
Has learnt no law of charity,
Which ne'er conflicts in spite or in scorn.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue,
But not to wound — not to annoy
Is part of virtue's lesson too: —
Peace, wrapped in purer worlds above,
Shall descend her dawn and brighten this.
When all men's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts — a brother's bliss.





An After Thought.

I cannot call affliction sweet,
And yet 'twas good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

Thy wearied soul was all resigned,
To thy most gracious will;
Oh! had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still.

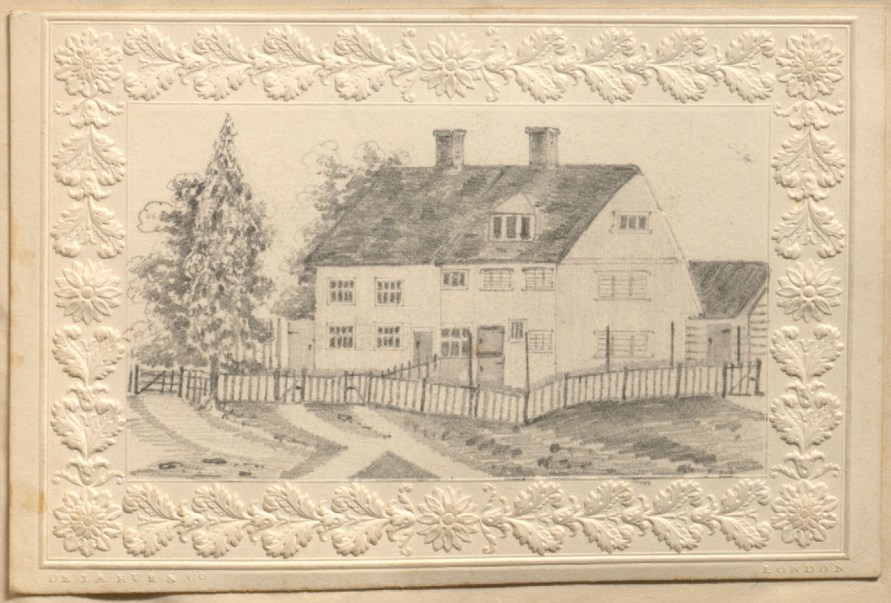
Where are the vows which then I vowed,
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud
These like the early dew.

Lord! grant me grace for every day
Whatever my lot may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"Thy God is all to me."

Jan 7 1840

Chediston Church

Suffolk



Chediston

Gathered from Ecclesbourne Glen Oct 5th 1877.

Ringstead Norfolk. October 1876.

Scottsham Beach. 1839.

To Prosperity

Celestial Maid receive this prayer!
If ever thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling care
And bless a hut like mine

Let humble worth without a fear
Approach my ready door
Nor let me ever see a tear
Regardless from the poor!

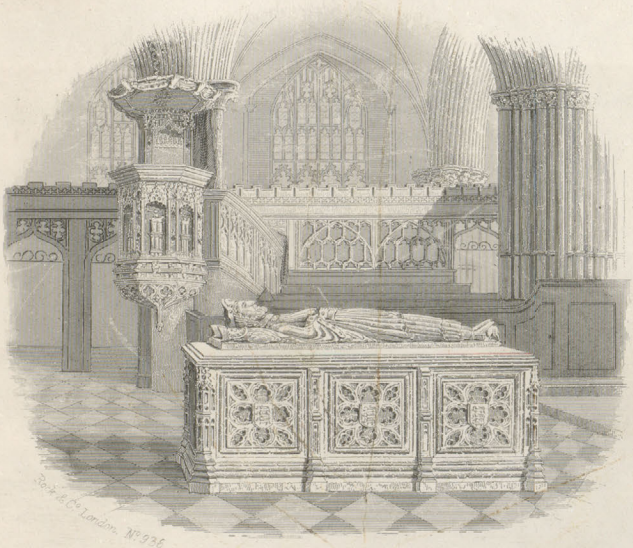
O bless me with an honest mind
Above all selfish ends!
Humanity warm to all mankind
And cordial to my friends ---

With conscious truth and honour still
My actions let me guide
And give no fear but that of ill
No scorn but that of pride

Thus fortified thus happy let me dare
On Pleasures direct Paths to gage
Conclude my night in ardent prayer
And wake my morn in praise

That hence my soul may hope to prove
The utmost Saints can know;
And share his gracious smile above
Whose loves she kept below

Carter



Scott & Co London. No 936

Worcester Cathedral.

King John's Monument & Stone Pulpit.

The dying Flowers.

Fair flowers why wert thou plucked so soon
Why early doomed decay?
Why must thou on the cold earth strewn
Be left to fade away?

Oh what avails that gilded vase
In which thy beauties dwell
Far lovelier than in its embrace
Wert thou in yonder dele.

Thy base is like some covering
Built round a broken Shrine
Where memory still keeps hovering
O'er all that was divine

Nay struggle not fair flowers
Thy freshest bloom is fled
A few short waning hours
And thy lingering leaves are dead

Our time, than thine is gayer
Stile too bright & brief to stay
Then let us breathe a prayer
And haste with you away. —

Dec 23rd 1836 —

On a departed Mother

Beneath yon tomb a blessed relic sleeps
A mother moulders to ignoble clay
The hungry worm around that bosom creeps
Which I have slept on many a helpless day

And others thence have drawn their early life
Successive objects of maternal care
But just as she left us in the world's thick strife
To mourn a loss the world cannot repair

She left us early - 'twas the will of Heaven
There lie her ashes in a sacred grave
Few were her sins and they shall be forgiven
Many the virtues which her soul shall save

Her children's tears bespeak her former worth
But soon will they forget her anxious love
May they, like her, pass through the storms of earth
And share with her the recompense above

The Last Rose of Winter.

How sweet when around us afflictions dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour,
When drooping, dejected, in sorrow we bend —
Is the constant adherence of one faithful friend.
The crowds whom we smiled with when gladness was ours
Are summer's bright blossoms, & autumns gay flowers;
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,
That friend is the winter's lone beautiful Rose.

A Sultan consulted Solomon on the proper inscription for a Signet ring, requiring that the maxim which it conveyed should be at once proper for moderating the presumption of Prosperity, and tempering the pressure of Adversity. The inscription supplied by the Jewish Sage was admirably adapted for both purposes, being comprehended in the words,

"And this also shall pass away."—

"When far distant, sometimes think of me"—

Elizabeth—

Copied from Parsons Pocket Book for 1860

The Birds are Flown.

1

I miss the sound of bustling feet,
On chamber stair and hall;
I miss the general converse sweet,
The echoing laugh & call

2

The going out the coming in
I miss of those most dear
The eager tale of treasured hopes
Poured into mother's ear.

3

I miss the dimmed appealing eyes
Forgiveness where they sought
Of those who by some thoughtless act
Brought care and trouble brought.

over

4

Then dear familiar faces too
I looks from round my board
Faces whereon I used to read
Written the hearts record.

5

I looks the quick responsive glance
The sympathising smile
Which did my every joy enhance
And could sad thoughts beguile

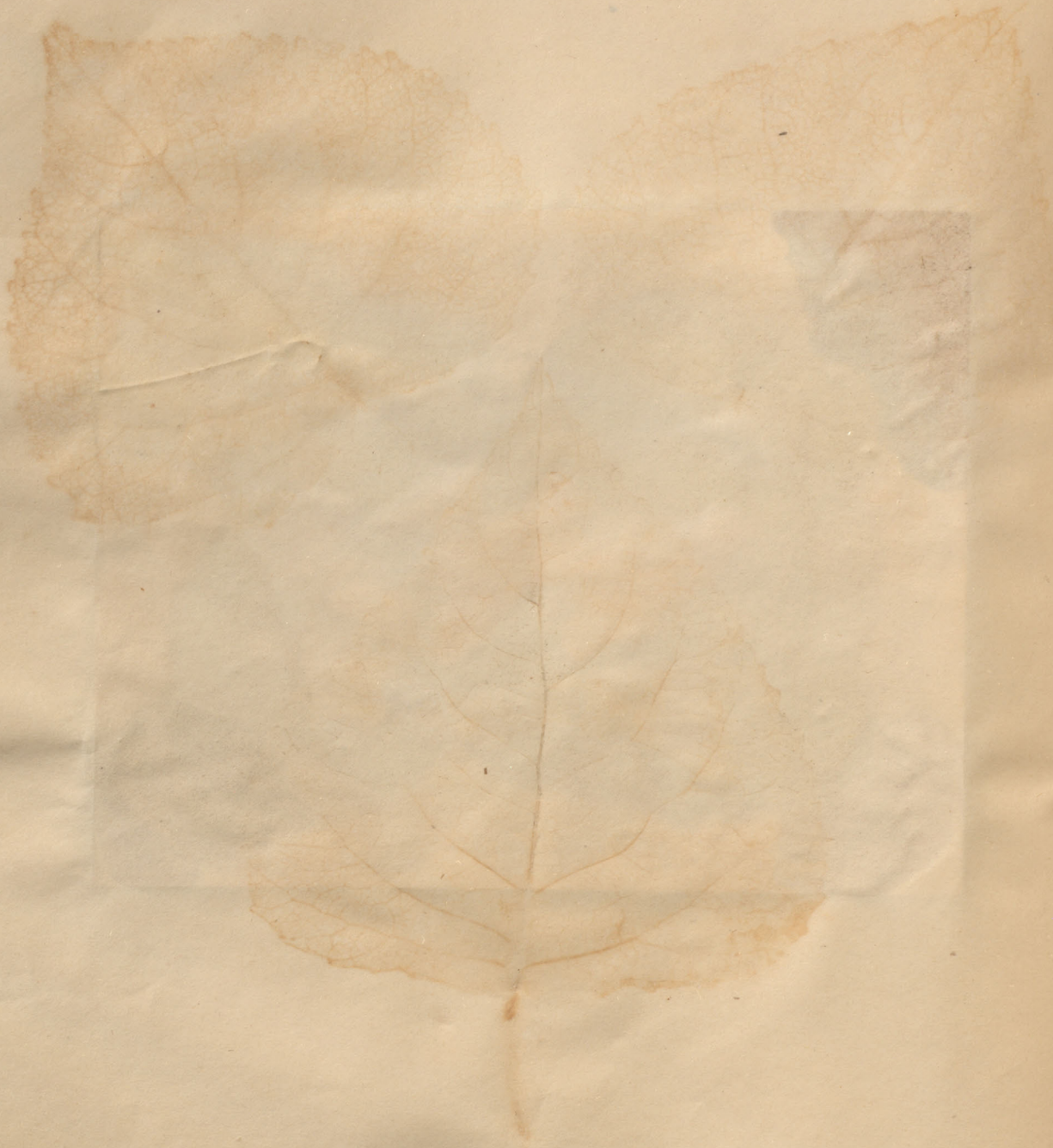
6

There was a time our nest was full;
The nestlings now are flown
And those who have not found "their nest"
Will make themselves a home.

7

But ever and anon they'll seek
The shattering old roof tree,
And cheer it with their choral song
Of loves fidelity. M. H.

Worcester Cathedral



Sept.r
1866.

Gathered from the Garden at Marton Rectory
Worcestershire.

Osborne, Isle of Wight

Ryde, Isle of Wight

Belshazzar's impious feast
5 Chapter of Daniel

Loud spoke the harp & timbrel, in Chaldea's lofty Hall
Belshazzar's mighty feast was spread, and joy illumined all.
A thousand lamps of silver, cast a mellow radiance o'er
The golden cups of Judah ranged along that marble floor
And the dark eyed queen of beauty in Babylonish pride
Bedecked in precious Eastern gems, Belshazzar's side
The princes of the land, with their wives and nobles there
Were gathered round the impious King his mantling cup to share
And high the sparkling goblet with generous wine o'erflow
As the song and jest of revelry above the tumult rose!
The temple's sacred vessels were profaned by Heathen Idolatry
And they drank, and worshipped as they drank, the Gods of Egypt & Greece
In that same hour came forth the fingers of a Hand!
Shrouded within a glorious mist, o'er that unholy band!
The flickering tapers dimly shew the darkness of the hale
While Jehovah's fiery characters, are tracing on the wall
Then Mene, Mene, Tekel & Upharsin on the dome
Of that proud palace, burnt in flame & lighted up the gloom
Confusion, mixed with terror spread around the festive board
As the sages of Chaldea failed to read the mystic word.

In simple garb, the prophet came, before the throne & bow'd
As he recognised God's judgement upon that impious crowd
Hear thee, O King! my God hath said, thy glories pass away
Thy kingdom number'd is by him and finish'd in a day!
Thyself wch in the balance weighed, of good, and wanting found
The Mede & Persian foe in strife shall compass thee around
The Prophet ceased, the characters are faded from the wall
Queen, Princes Nobles, all are gone from that high festival!
But one bright eye of beauty remained to solace him
For the baneful ingenious sufferer, is punished in his sin
Pale terror chill'd his false heart, yet tonight he not to fly
For conscience whispered in his breast "Belshazzar thou must die"
And high, and wild, the tumult and din of battle rose
As Mede, and Persian charged in strife, their hated chal'nge foes
Thy marble Palace Babylon, was stained with fiery blood!
As there array'd in shining arms alone Belshazzar stood
Fiercely he strove for life and crown like Tiger in his lair
As clouds of arrows hurtled thick, and darken'd all the air
But vain the strife of javelin of arrow and of sword
For Israel's God in vengeance now fulfils his mighty word
Pierced by a hundred gushing wounds fainting Belshazzar die
And the long drawn shout of victory ascends the vaulted skies
Thy proud imperious Monarch slain O haughty Babylon!
The Mede divides his kingdom & the Persian mounts his throne!

The Family Bible

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other
That family Bible, that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand;

That richest of books, which excelled every other –
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books which excelled every other –
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ann Eliza Mauklin

Great Shurlow

December 7th 1841

Gathered from Ecclesbourne Glen
Oct 5th 1877

Suspense is perhaps the most agonizing of all human feelings keener by far than the canker of discontent, it wears away with the vital energies and destroys existence at a ruthless and a rapid pace What can be a greater torment then to have the faculties bound up as it were with a cord to the highest pitch of excitement and held at that tension until the cerements of life are burst asunder; -

there is no repose for the fated victim; - during its interval even hope, the charmer is either expelled, or admitted to the bosom by such short, and feverish gleams, that her visits are a mockery hardly less intolerable than the ravages of despair.

Let the wretch thus under excitement cast his eyes around wherever he wile the effect is the same he meets gladness on this countenance and joy on that even the fixed and woe worn look of rooted

sorrow is preferable to his state of existence because it is ~~reduced~~ to a certainty; the repose of nature becomes hateful and solitude is dreadful — Those who have once suffered the horrors of suspense will admit the reality of this description

March 6th 1839 —

Curious Epitaph in Salwarpe Churchyard Worcestershire

She was; but words are wanting to say what,
Oh think what a wife should be & she was that

Evening.

There is an hour when I think of thee;
'Tis when the daylight fades upon the flowers,
And the moon dawns upon the evening heavens,
And nature smiles in soft tranquillity.
'Tis a sweet hour; for the sighing wind
With dirge-like music lulls the world to rest
More plaintive sings the bird upon her nest
And all seems blest.— Then I call to mind
Thy gentle virtues, and the scenes beloved
Which we together trod; and like a dream
Most fading beautiful do those days seem
Of confidence serene and faith approved.
Alas! even like a bright and sunny day,
Have those delightful scenes all fraysed away.

Home Rev. J. Younge

'Tis Home where the heart is, wherever that be,
In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;
Not the grandeur, the number, the objects we see,
But that which we love, is the magical spell.

'Tis this gives the cottage a charm and a grace,
Which the glare of a palace but seldom has known,
It is this, only this, and not station or place,
Which gives being to pleasure — which makes it our own.

Like the Dove from the ark, a rest place to find,
In vain for enjoyment o'er nations we roam;
Home only can yield solid joys to the mind,
And there where the heart is, there only is home.

Emily Maria Maulkin

Great Thurlow

December 7th 1841

The Fall of the Trinity Church of Galveston
Commenced in 1842 —

The night veil has shaded Eve's calm stilly brow
As lonely I wander this precinct around.
To muse on the fate of yon Ivy clad Tower;
As sublime in its ruins it lies on the ground.

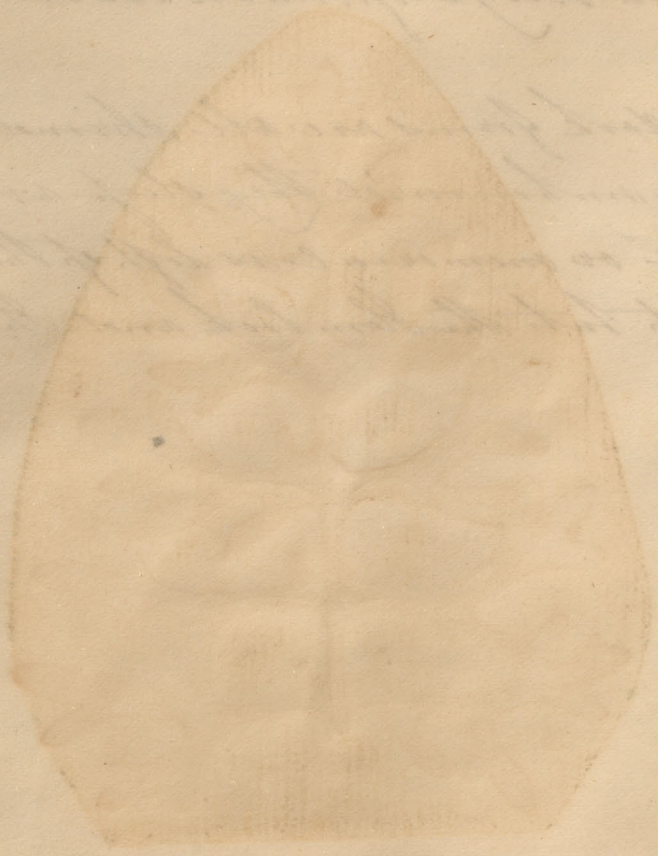
And are those grey turrets all scattered on earth
Beneath which I've roamed in the life spring of youth
Are the clouds that are shadow'd the dawn of my birth
Had this pierced the gay visions I fancied were truth

The loud pealing anthem once swelled in those aisles
That here in their grandeur rose stately to view
And woo'd the fair morning sun's gay gilded smile
Like the pale crest of Zion bespringled with dew

No more shall the form of the pilgrim be seen
In the garb of Confession to kneel at that shrine
Around which a hundred bright tapers their gleam
On the crop of Salvation shed a glorious shrine

Me thinks as I gaze on these Relics forlorn
I could fancy the choir of its monks on my ear
As slowly the chaunt of the Requiem is borne
On the night breeze of Heav'n o'er some sable bier

Oh no! their dark forms are all shrouded in Earth
Unknown and unhonoured they sleep without stain
Not a monuse or memorial is left of their worth
And nought but the Hemlock and Thistle remain



Edgar Tower, Worcester

The Danger of Earthly Love.

— Unseen she prayed,
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head
The dark leaves shook to wild prayer —
the fearful prayer
Of woman's gentleness yet repentant love.

"

"Father of Spirits, hear!
Look on my inmost soul, to Thee revealed;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

"

"Hear Father! hear and heal!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on thy shrine, my God, more fit for thee;

"

"If I have sought to live
But in the light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
Thou, that art love, Oh! pity and forgive

"

"This storm is hush'd at last,
No more my struggling spirit burns,
But fixed on Thee, from that dim world thus,
What have I said? The deep dream is not past.

"

"Yet hear! If still I love,
Oh! still be fondly — if for ever dear,
An earthly image rises my soul between,
And thy calm glory, Father, thronèd above;

"

"If still a voice is near
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control)
An earthly voice, disgusting my soul,
With its deep music, so intensely dear;

"

"O, Father, draw to Thee
My best affections back! the dreaming eyes
Clear from the mist — bid the heart that die,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

"

"I must love on, Oh God!
This bosom must love on! but let thy breath
Tend and make pure the flame that knows
Not death,
Bearing it up to Heaven, Love's own whole!"

J Hemans

July 17th 1841.

So brief our existence, a glimpse at the most
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft' even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that could echo it near, –
Ah! well may we hope when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile or a grasp of the hand hastening on
To near all we enjoy of each other in this. S. E. E.

What the world calls the best company is such as a pious mechanic would not condescend to keep; he would rather say, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity"

God has given us four books; — the Book of Grace; the Book of Nature; the Book of the world; and the Book of Providence. —

Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books; it does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them

Cecil's Remains —

"As thy Day so shall thy Strength be."

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be".

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
Amid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning shrinks my sighs,—
Still do thy promise, Lord, I plee
That "as my day, my strength shall be".

One trial more must yet be past;
One pang,— the keenest, and the last;
And when, with pain convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

From, "Childe Harold" - Canto 4:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin - his control
Stops with the shore; - upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee -
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: - not so thou,
Unchangeable save to the wild winds play -
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow -
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou -

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form-
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed - in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the Pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; - boundless, endless, and sublime -
The image of Eternity - the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone".
E. August 17. 1841.

A Sacred Melody

Be thou, O God: by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within;-

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shine round its plumes.

So may my soul upon the wings

Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings
Midst light from paradise

Mary Edith Maulkin

Gt Thurlow

Dec^br 6th 1841

The use of Flowers.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great, and small
The oak tree, and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours
For building, medicine and toil
And yet have had no flowers

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow

The clouds might give abundant rain
The nightly dews might fale
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night

Springing on valleys green and low
And on the mountains high
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by

Our outward life requires them not
Then wherefore had they birth
To minister delight to man
To beautify the earth

To comfort man — to whisper hope
Whenever his faith is dim
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him

Mary Howitt —

An Address to a Fly

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're
gone

Will appear as short as one
Louisa Eliz Maulkin
Gt Thurlow
Decbr 3rd 1841

"My Father's at the Helm."

The curling waves with awful roar,
A little bark assailed,
And faithless fears distracting power
Over all on board prevailed.

Save one, the Captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And cheerful with composure smiled,
At dangers threatening form!

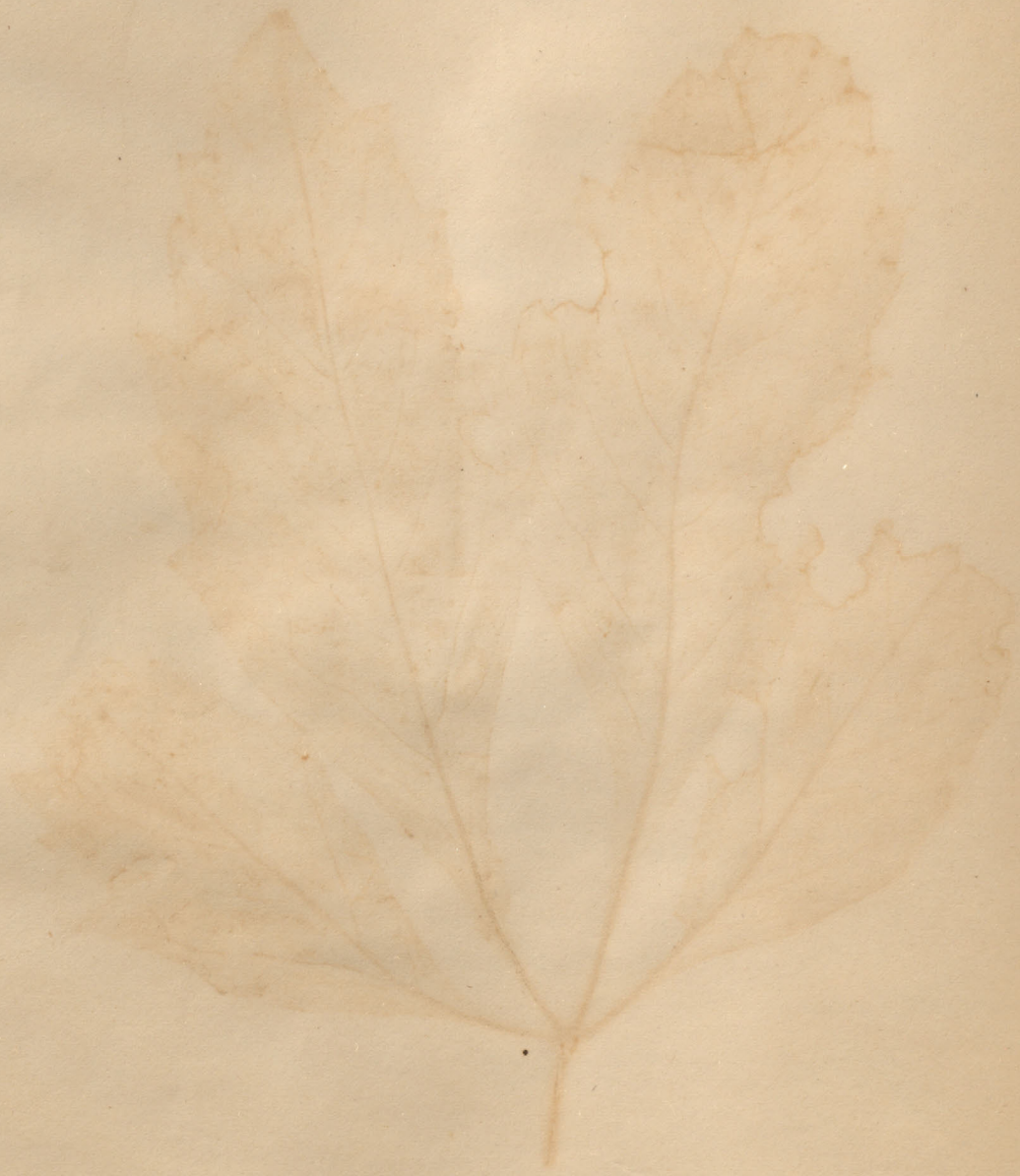
"Must sputter thus thus," a Seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm"!
"Why should I fear", the child replied,
"My Father's at the helm"

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helpers gone,
We still have one sure anchor left,
God helps and he alone.

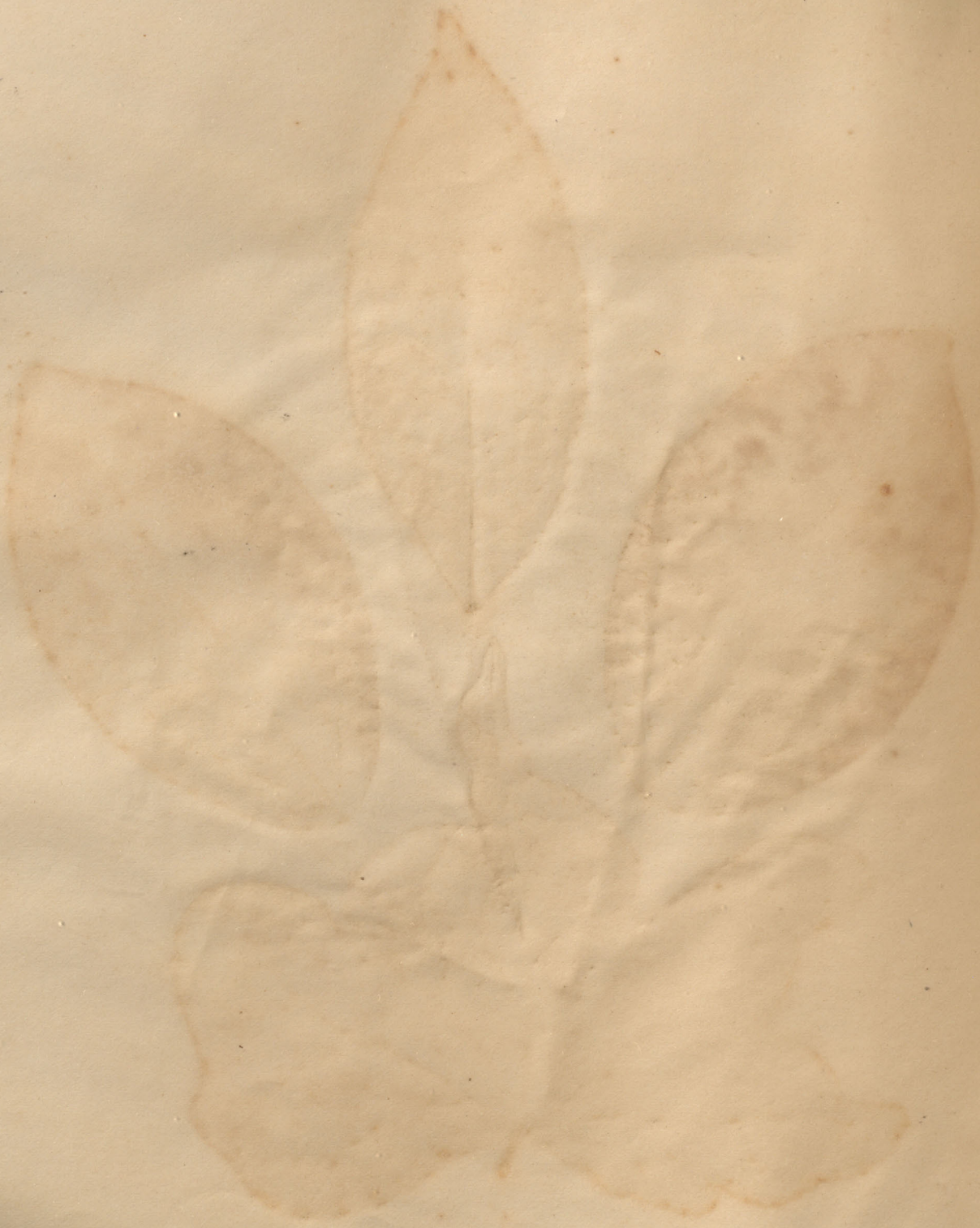
He to our prayers will bend his ear,
He gives our pains relief,
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief!

Then turn to him mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes overwhelm,
Remembering like the fearless child,
"Our Father's at the helm"

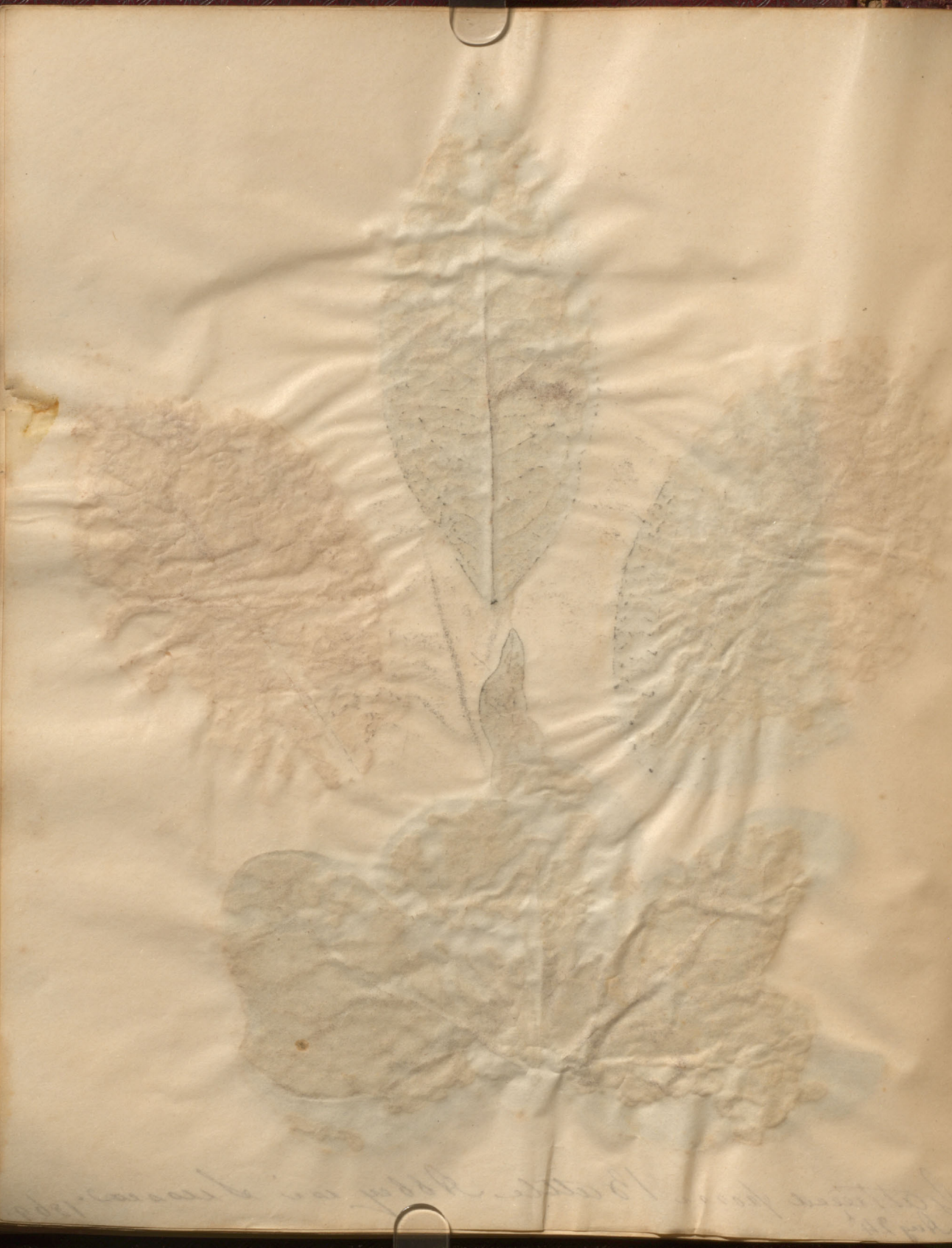
Watton
July 27th 1841



From Norwoodhurst the residence of
J. Brassey Esq. M.P. Sept 25th. 1877.



Gathered from Battle Abbey in Sussex. 1869.
Aug 24th

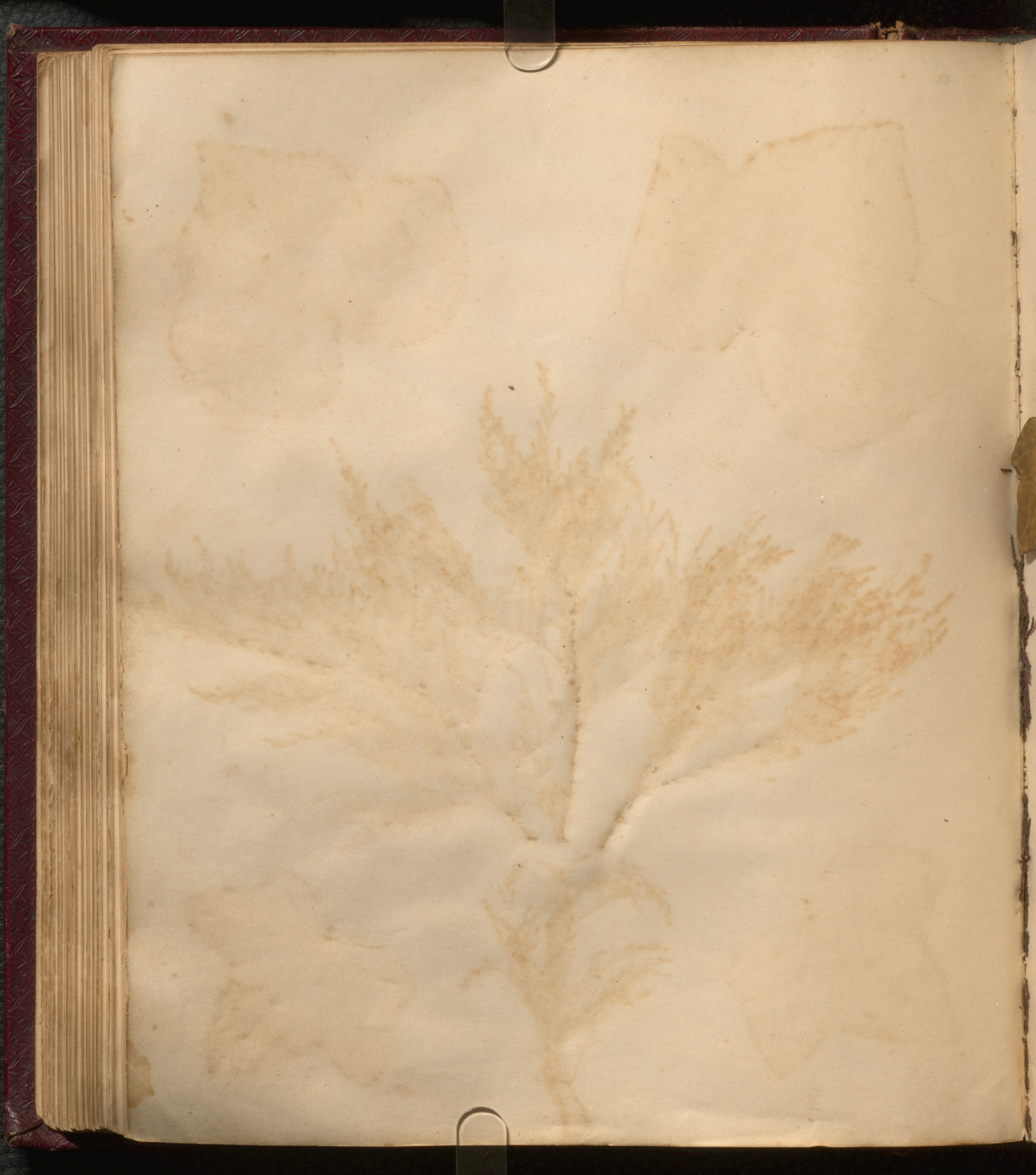


Ecce Homo

From Normanhurst the residence
of J. Bracey Esq Jun. P. Sept 25th 1877.

Martin Hussington (1866)

Golden Fern from Rungstead
Octr. 1876.



Gathered from the Castle Hill Hastings Aug 28th 1862.

The Last Word.

"Farewell! a word that must be, & has been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell."

July 24th 1840.

Byron.

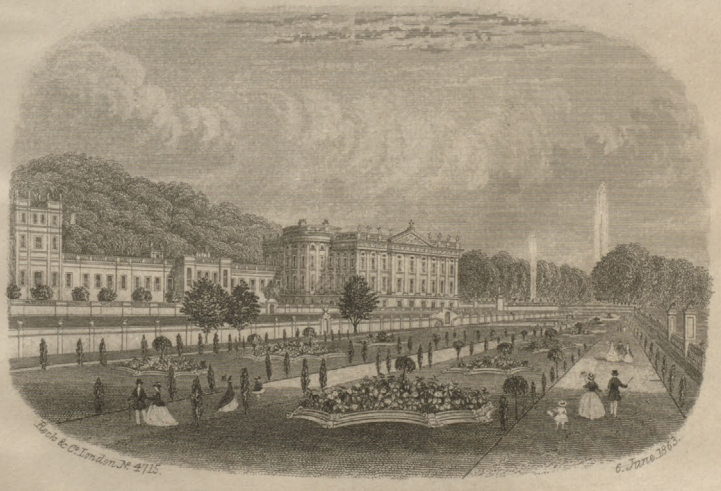
Sonneclayton Sept. 1845.

Somerlayton Sept 1875.

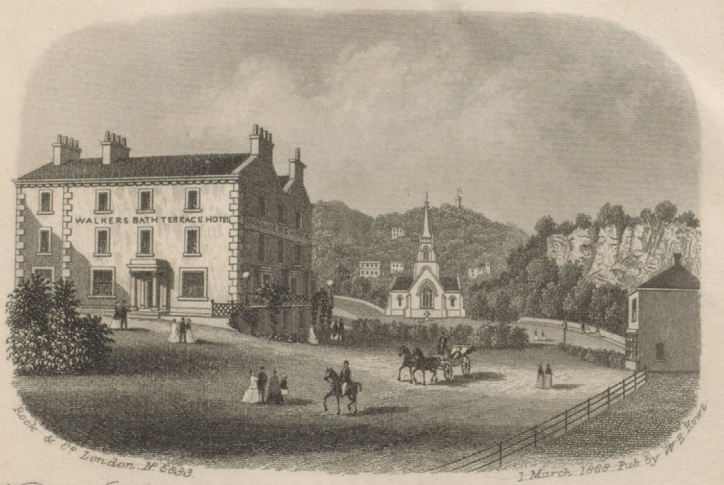
NEW BURIAL GROUND LYNN

St MARGARETS CHURCH S. W.

Chatsworth



Chatsworth, Italian Garden.



Walker's Hotel & Abraham's Heights, Matlock, Bath.

Old Church, Matlock.

Willersley Church near Matlock.

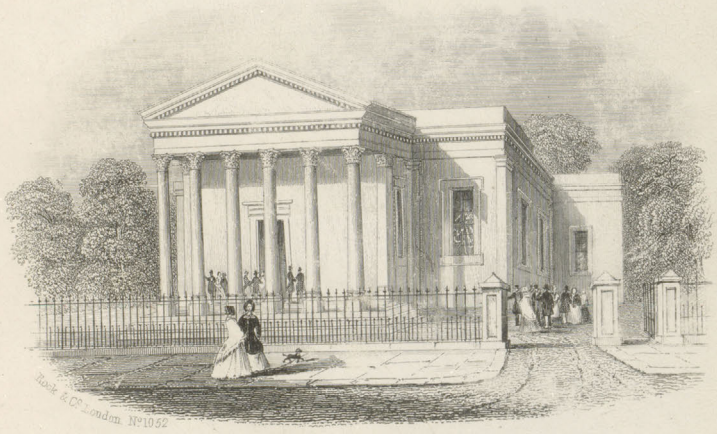
HEARTFELT PRAYERS.

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever *pray*?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone.
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

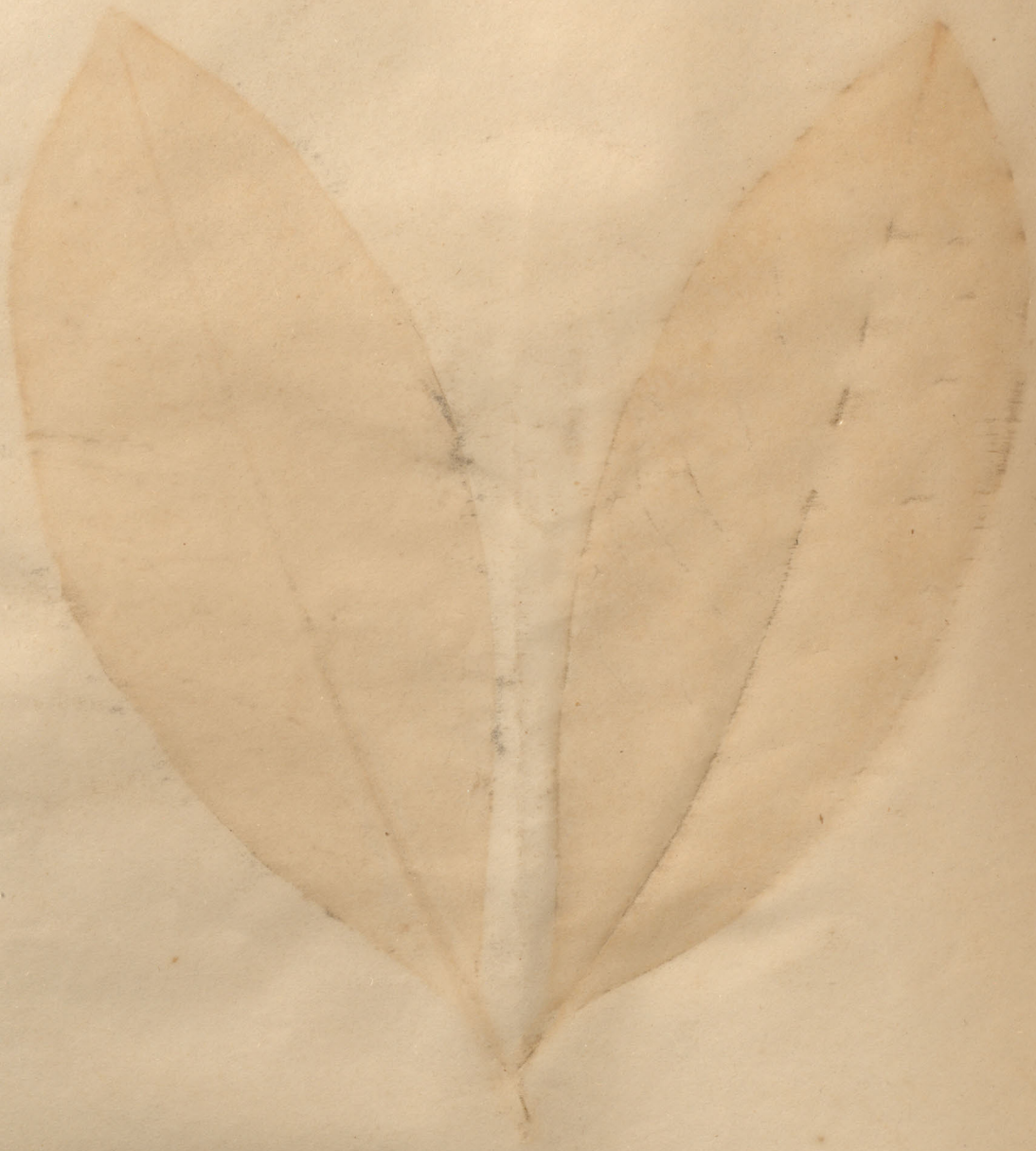
For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to that child attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Lord, show me what I want,
And teach me how to pray,
And help me when I seek thy grace,
To feel the words I say.



County Courts, Worcester.

Gathered from Uncle Howlett's Garden
Rungstead 1872.
— " —



Fairlight Septr 17th 1877.

From the late Lady Waldegraves
Property adjoining the Glebe.

Rock & Co London. No 6807. 2 Jany 1871.

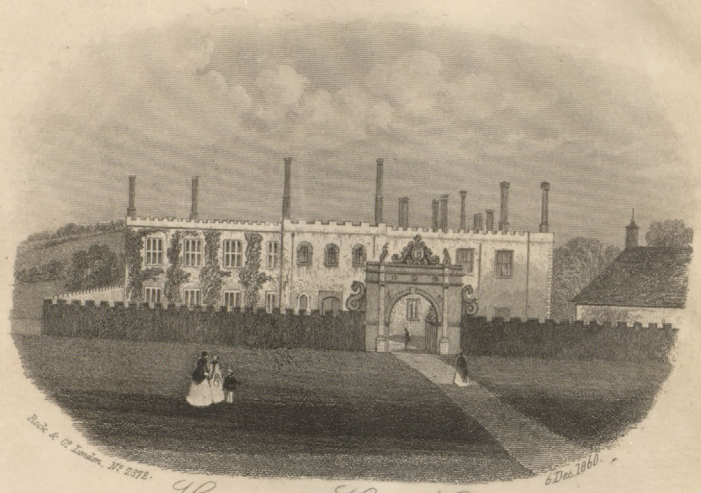
Nelson Road South, Gt Yarmouth.

ST. PHILIP, HEIGHAM NORWICH,
NEW CHURCH.

From the little Princess Grave in
Sandringham Church Yard
October 1876.

Light House, Hunstanton, Norfolk.

Hunstanton Church, Norfolk.



Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk.

The Golden Lion Hotel, Hunstanton.

Susan Eliz.th Godfrey / died April 16.th
1846

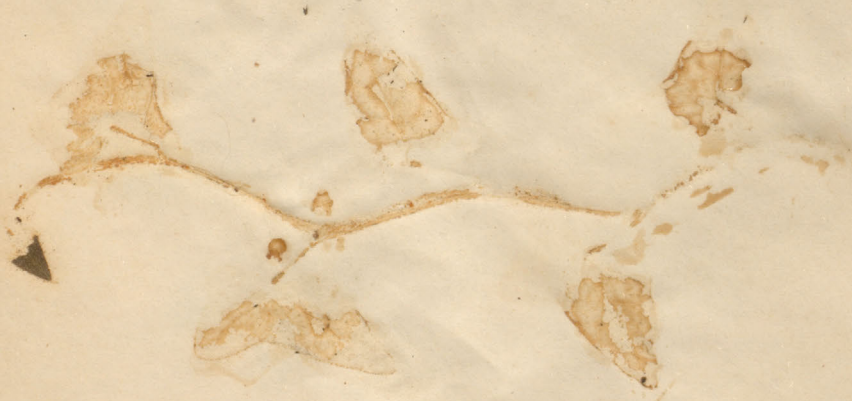
Belle Vue Park Lowestoft. (Alice 1875.)

Ivy Leaf.

Hastings Oct. 5th 1877.

From the top of East Hill

Stone on old Post in Yeaton Church Yard



Gathered Sept 9th 1876. by J. H. G.