

POETRY.

POETICAL DEDICATION OF A VOLUME.

[Miss Eliza Cook, in publishing a new edition of her beautiful Poems, has dedicated them in the following truly heartfelt and generous strains to a kindred genius—the gifted Charlotte Cushman. The verses do honour to both.]

The early melody my heart-strings bore,
Free and untaught as God's Eolian notes,
Of winds in woods, or waves upon the shore,
Was heard by thee long since—thy soul, which dotes
On High, Eternal Nature, gave to me
Its gentle sympathy: and all unknown,
Thy spirit sang to mine, and craved to see
The simple reed that pleased thee with its tone.
Fate brought thee hither from the far-off West,
Thy genius shone, and Fame can tell the rest.
I gazed with joy upon thy open brow,
And Faith sprung up between us, firm and sound;
We were good, earnest friends at first, and now
Where is the hand by which could be unbound
The mingled threads of Feeling's fairest hues,
That hold us captive in Affection's thrall?
Where is the poison-tongue that could infuse
Into our draught of Peace Doubt's burning gall?
We speak too meaningly, and mean too well,
For any worldly craft to break the spell.
We have talked on through many a cheerful day,
As Reason's mood on Fancy's impulse led;
Time oft has flown so deftly on our way,
That ere the south seemed light the west was red;
And if my later song bear harvest grain,
Of richer excellence, as some declare—
Thine be the praise that waits upon the strain,
And thine the leaf of laurel it may wear;
For thou hast brought back all the zeal of Youth,
Broadened my brain and fortified my truth.
I love thee, and herewith I dedicate
Unto thy name the children of my mind;
My verse is honest if it be not great,
And thou wilt brook the fruit's unseemly rind.
My first instinctive lays poured with the hope
Of soothing breasts that meet too little heed—
To add a star to the dull horoscope
Of hearts that in their darkness still can bleed.
I sing for the chafed mass, and not for those
Who, crouched on flowers, groan o'er a rumpled rose.
I know thou art an altar where my lyre
May honourably yield its worship chaunt;
'Tis only worth like thine that could inspire
The unbought minstrelsy of this Romanant.
I would not flatter monarchs for their thrones,
Nor serve a golden shrine to win its pelf;
My harp—the proudest thing my spirit owns—
Lies only at the feet of thy dear self.
Friend, Woman, Sister, let it lie there long,
And mark how Love and Trust shall help its song!

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

Nay be not angry, chide her not,
Although the child has erred;
Nor bring the tears into her eyes
By one ungentle word.
When that sweet linnet sang, before
Our summer roses died,
A sister's arm was round her neck,
A brother at her side.
But now in grief she walks alone
By every garden bed;
That sister's clasping arm is cold:
That brother's voice is fled.
And when she sits beside my chair
With face so pale and meek,
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
The tears upon her cheek.
Then chide her not; but whisper now,
"Thy trespass is forgiven;"
How can'st thou frown in that pale face?
She is the last of seven. —*Willmott's Poems.*

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

The pen and the sword a council held,
O'er which old Time presided,
And who should wear his laurel crown,
Was, by him, to be decided.
Come tell me now the Monarch cried,
Come tell me both your story,
And he who has the most good done,
Him will I crown with glory.
The laurels I bring, the sword began,
Were won in a glorious cause;
I have hurled from the throne the tyrant King,
Who invaded his people's laws.
I have proved my might in many a fight,
Both on the land and sea;
And I will swear the pen won't dare
To say that he'll outlive me.
The pen replied, in a modest tone,
See the good that I have done,
I have taught mankind that right is might,
From the King to the peasant's son.
I have saved a glorious nation's blood,
Being spilt in a useless strife,
And my trophies are Peace and Plenty,
Which I have won on the field of life.
Old Time his impartial balance held,
And their separate virtues weighed,
But soon to the modest pen decreed
A crown that should never fade.
Go sword, on thy fading laurels feast,
(And brief is the span I afford.)
And know that the pen, the glorious pen,
Shall for ages outlive the sword.

Devonport, Nov. 18, 1845. JAMES SIMMONDS.

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