

EPHEMERAL EFFUSIONS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649310081

Ephemeral effusions by D. R. M.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

D. R. M.

**EPHEMERAL
EFFUSIONS**



Ephemeral Effusions

by

D. R. M.

—♦♦♦—
Printed for Private Distribution.
—♦♦♦—

1856.



CONTENTS.

	Page
On being requested to write some Verses in a Lady's Album	1
Thoughts on quitting Henley School	3
Lines written in a Prayer Book	6
On seeing a Ship in full sail	7
Addressed to the High Sheriff of Devon for the Year 1845	9
An Acrostic	13
The Lover's Seasons	14
On a Lady's Grief for the Loss of a Plane Tree	16
Impromptu on the War with China	18
The Milliner's Lament	19
The Contrast	25
A well Authenticated Celestial Story	27
On Ellington losing the St. Leger, after winning the Derby	30
Easy Rules for Punctuation	34
Addressed to a Gentleman, who disputed the Measure of a Line	36
The <i>Letters</i> on the War	37
A Key to the <i>Letters</i> on the War	40
The Heroes' Dirge	41
The Welcome Home	45

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME
VERSES IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Write in Louisa's Album ! No.—Let it remain
As spotless, pure, and innocent, as she,
To whom the book belongs,
Why stain its snow-white leaves with witless
epigrams,
Or dull charades, or lover's faithless songs ?
Guiltless my pen shall be, chaste, virgin page
Of e'en one line, to sully thy fair face ;
For every word on thy pure surface trac'd,
Must mar thy beauty, and belie thy name :
But, if your Album must be filled, sweet maid,
Let all its treasures emanate from thee ;
Paint Virtue's image, Pity's soothing grace,
Celestial Truth, and Heaven born Piety ;

Collect the maxims of the wise and good,
The dying moments of the martyrs brave ;
Portray Religion with its gentle hand
Guiding the Christian's pathway to the grave :
But let no idle scribbler dare profane
This sacred volume, consecrate alone
 To virtue, and to thee.
Then boast Louisa of a gem so rare,
An Album stored with rationality.



THOUGHTS ON QUITTING HENLEY
SCHOOL

I.

Recall'd from those lov'd scenes of harmless mirth,
Of early friendships, and of love sincere,
To enter on the world's tumultuous stage,
Where envy, discord, and deceit appear :

II.

Say, can I leave that spot without regret,
Where childhood first induced maturer age,
To guide its infant steps in learning's paths,
And check each youthful fault by council sage :

III.

In this retreat my soul was taught to feel
The sacred awe, Religion doth impart,
To know, all nature own'd a God supreme,
And to adore that God with grateful heart.

IV.

Here first I learnt with steady hand to trace
The thanks, I ow'd, to kind parental love,
When parted from my kindred and my home,
The fond remembrance of that home to prove.

V.

Here first Apollo taught my hand to strike
The silver lyre, and wake harmonious sounds :
To warble to the Lute's wild plaintive notes,
And music's soothing power diffuse around.

VI.

Here first I learnt to imitate each flower,
Arrang'd in glowing groups by fancy's aid ;
Retain the semblance of beloved friends,
And make enduring forms that time would fade.

VII.

Here first I learnt to join the sportive dance,
In which so many cheerful hours are spent ;
But ah ! the time will come, when age denies
Such trivial pleasures, as in youth are lent ;

Then must our comfort from Religion flow :
This too I learnt in Henley's tranquil shade,
That peace with God will happiness bestow,
When all our transitory joys shall fade.

IX.

O, may I pass through life in virtue's road,
And, when I stand upon the verge of death,
May conscience whisper comfort to my soul,
And may I, full of faith, resign my breath.

