

# POEMS

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Poems by Marie J. E. Fotherby

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**MARIE J. E. FOTHERBY**

**POEMS**



# P O E M S

BY THE LATE

MARIE J. E. FOTHERBY.

Edited by her Husband.

"And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—"

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1862.

ANJ2340

TO  
HENRY EWEN, ESQ., F.R.C.S.,

*These Poems*

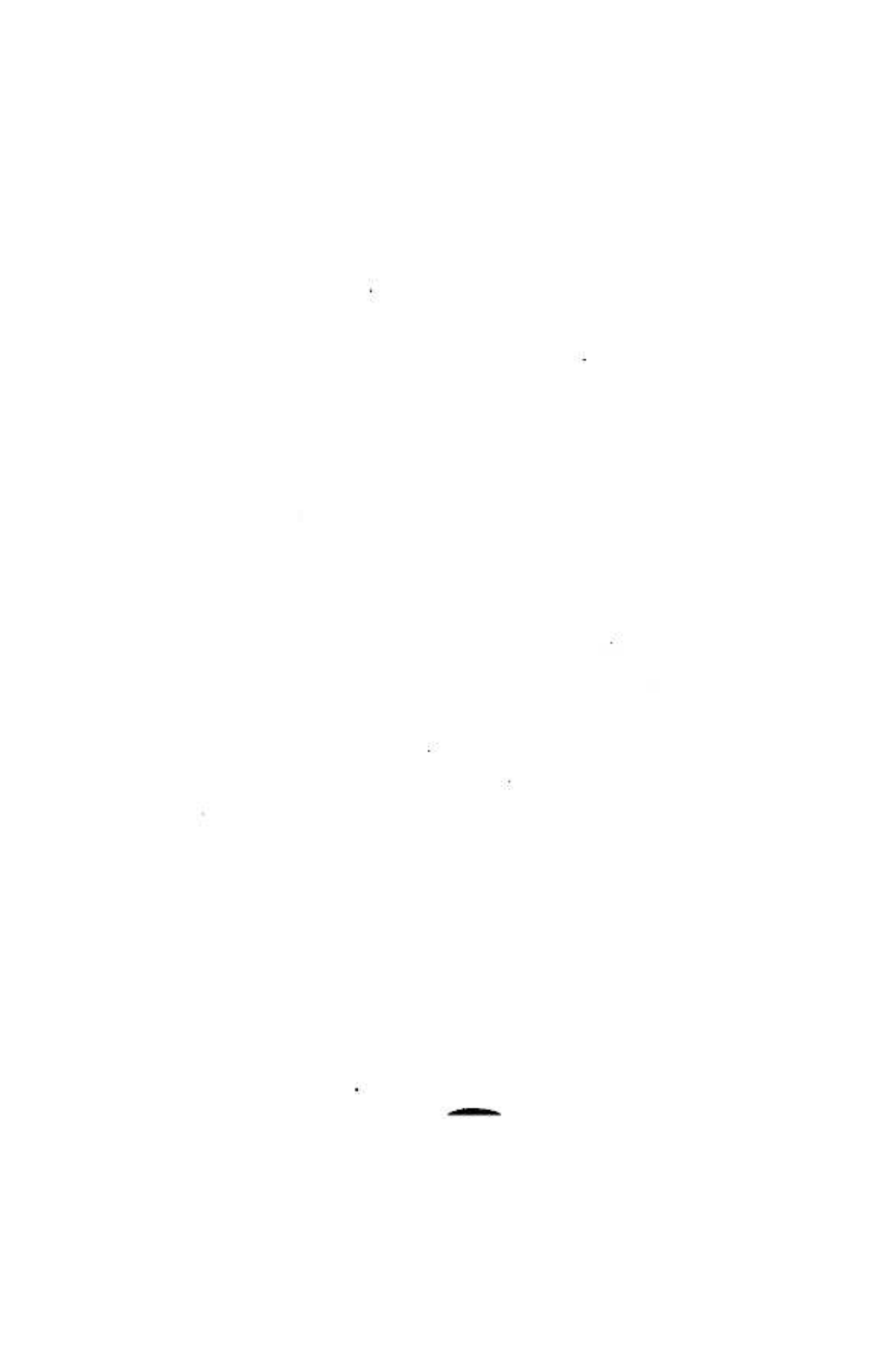
OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH THE AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM

OF HIS SON-IN-LAW,

THE EDITOR.



## PREFACE.

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THE publication of this little work has been undertaken in accordance with a feeling widely expressed, not only among the friends of the lamented authoress, but by others to whom she was chiefly known by her writings. The acceptance and fulfilment of this office has been a source of great pleasure to the Editor, believing, as he does, not only that the poetic excellence of the compositions entitles them to a permanent form, but that the earnest, thrilling words, in which the noblest principles of life are urged, cannot be spoken in vain, nor go forth without bearing some good fruit.

For several years past, the occasional poems of the authoress in various magazines have been read with increasing interest and plea-



sure; and it was fondly hoped that these snatches of melody were but the trial-tones of a harp whose cords should one day vibrate and swell in a full, continued tide of song.

But not on earth! "'twas the harp i' the air," and, floating upwards, its richer, nobler strains were henceforth to mingle with the divine harmony. How ardently she anticipated this employment her last song indicates. Yet we can at least retain what has been uttered; and the present selection from her poems and songs comprises those which have been already especially esteemed, and, in addition, several that have not hitherto appeared. In examining the manuscripts, it was found that although more than seventy had been published, a considerable number had not; and of these, many were of high excellence. Some, written during her last illness, and under the knowledge of its certain issue, possess a hallowed interest,—indeed, they are a voice from the grave itself. These are the concluding six in the volume, and they have all been

composed within the past few months. The last, viz., "A Soul's Song," was penned but a very brief interval before her decease.

It is not intended to enter into biographical details, but it may be desirable that readers observing the tone and character of these poems, should know somewhat of the literary tastes and habits of the writer.

The poetic temperament was certainly innate, and at a very early age began to develop itself. Some of her juvenile pieces exhibit not only great warmth and vividness of imagination, but possess a sustained consistency of thought and imagery that would bear comparison with similar productions of our best writers. Indeed, her powers matured early, and she possessed the happy combination of a deeply poetic nature along with a passionate fondness for the acquirement of languages. So eagerly was the latter followed, that when about eighteen years of age her health became seriously impaired, and absolute rest and abstinence from her favourite pursuits became

necessary. A close study of the best authors of each country (especially Dante, Novalis, Richter, Pascal, Calderon, Camoens, the Brownings, and Longfellow), accompanied by the publication of essays on the genius and productions of several, served not only to confirm and strengthen her own views and principles, but also to impart modes of thought and expression to her writings.

The poems are arranged as nearly as possible in the order of their production (except the first sonnet), this plan appearing the most natural and convenient. The opening ode, "To a Departed Spirit," was written before the authoress was quite fifteen, and the surmises here expressed soon ripened into an article of faith. It seemed, therefore, doubly appropriate to place this little piece at the commencement of her poetry. The first poem which appeared in print was, "Last Words;" it was published in "The Public Good," in 1850. This and the following five pieces were all written under the age of twenty; and they indicate the rapid growth of the