

**LETTERS FROM
LUSITANIA; AND OTHER
COMPOSITIONS, IN
PROSE AND VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649460267

Letters from Lusitania; and Other Compositions, in Prose and Verse by T. C. B.

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T. C. B.

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AND

COMPOSITIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE,

BY



ALSO,

POEMS AND PARODIES

BY

OTHER PENS.

WINDSOR:W. WILLMORE, PRINTER, THAMES STREET.
1876.*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

1000

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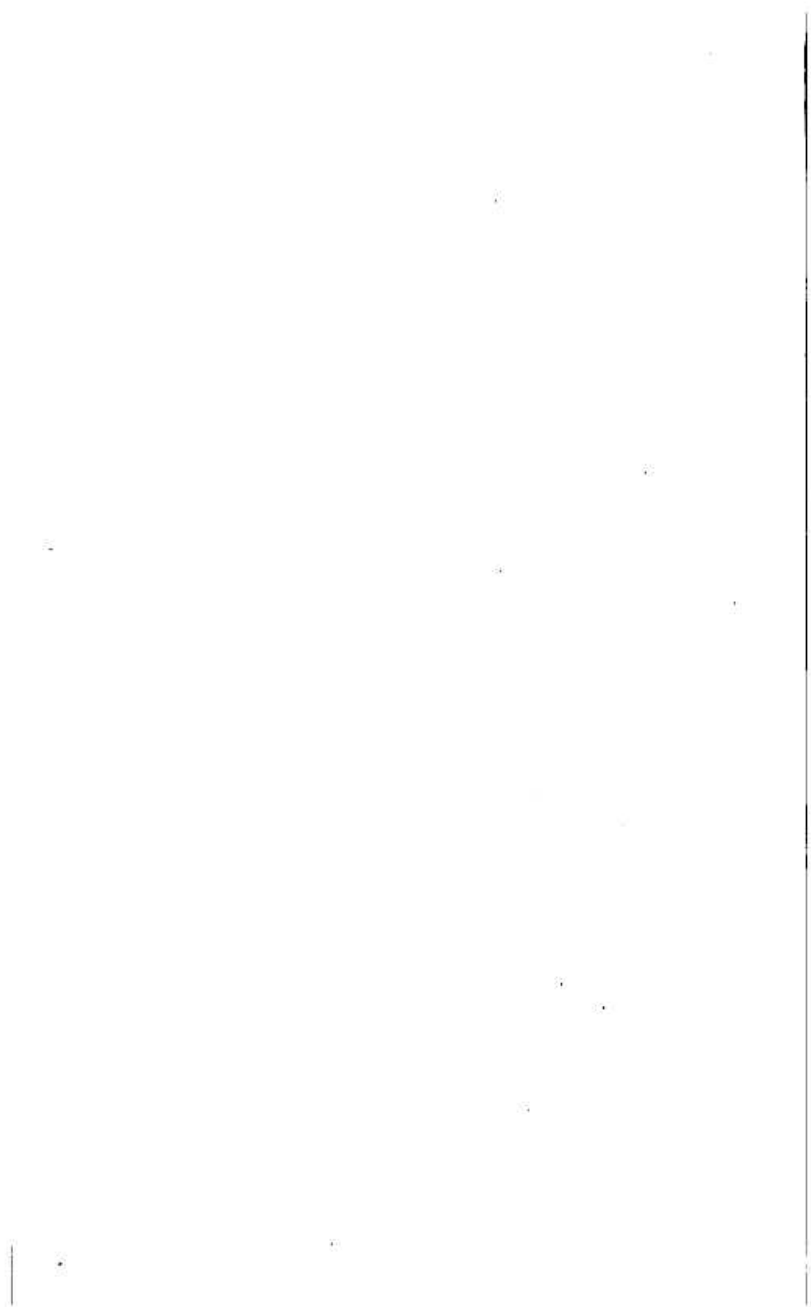
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203. e. 546.



*I dedicate these letters and verses to
a dear friend and companion, in whose
company and cherished society I hope to
complete my tour through the world.*

TO MY FRIENDS:—

Accept, one and all of you, my sincere thanks for the interest manifested during the progress of this little work. To some my acknowledgments are due for encouragement lent to this my *maiden* literary effort;—to others, for many invaluable comments and suggestions elicited after patient perusal of its pages as they appeared in succession.

To you: proven and sincere—if materialistic—friends, I am no less indebted for advice and sage counsel. With respect to you, I have no fear that this possibly unremunerative claimant for house-room, and a place at your tables, will be denied; though she bring no other gold than such as bedizens her jacket.

To yet other friends—who deprecated my 'rushing into print'—may, were jealous of the time and money expended in combining in one harmonious whole the scattered parts of letters written during a three years' expatriation—my thanks are offered for the evident interest and concern evinced; and when I have bidden you to reflect how the time and money spent in nourishing my bantling's feeble growth, might have been less creditably dissipated by the author of her being; and when you shall have connd and attentively considered how

'Tis better to have striv'n and failed
Than never to have tried at all,

perhaps you also will receive her with good grace.

"Having kept my pace foregone,
And learnt all laughter to defy"

the result of my labours, and appellat for your favours and applause is before you.

When perused, may you feel able to say:—

"Let others but offend their lungs
By talking loud detraction;
Find thou in harmony thy balm
And happiness in action."

"A poor poem or essay does not do much harm, after all; nobody reads it who is like to be seriously hurt by it."

* * * * *

"Before you write that brilliant notice of some alliterative Angelina's book of verses, I wish you would try this experiment:—

Take half a sheet of paper and copy upon it any of Angelina's stanzas,—the ones you were going to make fun of, if you will. Now go to your window if it is a still day, open it, and let the half-sheet of paper drop on the outside. How gently it falls through the soft air, always tending downwards, but sliding softly, from side to side, wavering, hesitating, balancing, until it settles as noiselessly as a snow-flake upon the all-receiving bosom of the earth! Just such would have been the fate of poor Angelina's fluttering effort, if you had left it to itself. It would have slanted downward into oblivion so sweetly and softly that she would have never known when it reached that harmless consummation."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

