

**VICISSITUDE: OR, THE
SUN AND SHADE OF
XXX. HOURS. A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649729364

Vicissitude: Or, the Sun and Shade of XXX. Hours. A Poem by P. S. Glubb

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Cover @ 2017

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A Poem.

BY

P. S. GLUBB.

"There is a sure Vicissitude below
Of Light and Darkness, Happiness and Woe."

Young.

"How much of Change there lies in little space."

London.

LONDON:

C. A. BARTLETT, PATERNOSTER ROW;

PLYMOUTH: W. BRENDON, GEORGE STREET;

LISKEARD: J. PHILP.

1856.

TO
MARY HARRIS,
WIFE OF
ARTHUR HARRIS, ESQUIRE,
OF ROSEVILLE, DARTMOUTH,

This little Work is Inscribed,

BY
HER LONG OBLIGED, AND EVER GRATEFUL AND
AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

P. S. GLUBB.



PREFACE.

THE Muse undoubtedly makes but an indifferent Sermonist. A poet (sacred name) might possibly pen an excellent treatise on Moral Philosophy, or even reduce a system of ethics to proper verse; but despite his most strenuous efforts to pound and grind down together the incompatible Prose and Muse, that sweet essence, that indefinable something which we call Poetry, would escape, and the edifying result fail to be the vehicle of that species of pleasure which Poetry alone imparts.

Yet, it may be asked, has not the Muse ever claimed to be associated with instruc-

tion, and borne sweetly uttered testimony to the beauty and power of what is true and good? Yes; as in one sense have all God's works, since the day when first "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" and the chiefest of all below—a man whose soul is in tune with the universe, of which he is a musically adjusted centre—such an one

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

From this canon of Nature, the Muse takes a hint; and holding up the eloquent finger points to her own creations, as the Architect might to the sacred building which he planned and intended to be in form and compartment suggestive of worship and holiness. One design, therefore, of the following Poem is, by suggestion rather than by formal precept or "austere admonition," to point an