

**THE VICTORIAN
TRIUMPH: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The Victorian Triumph: And Other Poems by Isabella Whiteford Rogerson

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ISABELLA WHITEFORD ROGERSON

**THE VICTORIAN
TRIUMPH: AND
OTHER POEMS**



Yours very truly,
Isabella Whiteford Rogers

THE VICTORIAN TRIUMPH

And Other Poems

BY

ISABELLA WHITEFORD ROGERSON

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS

WESLEY BUILDINGS

MONTREAL: C. W. COATES

HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS

1898

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
DEDICATED TO
THE LADIES OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND
METHODIST COLLEGE AID SOCIETY
AT WHOSE REQUEST
AND FOR WHOSE BENEFIT IT IS
NOW PUBLISHED.

I. W. R.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
October 12, 1897.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ISABELLA WHITEFORD—now the wife of the Honorable James J. Rogerson—is a native of the County Antrim, Ireland. In one of her earliest efforts the author graphically described the picturesque coast scenery of her home :

Nature cannot charm the eye
As it used in days gone by,
When together we have strayed
Where her wildest pranks were played ;
Where rocks on rocks majestic piled,
Grand, irregular and wild,
Like some breastwork of defence,
Charmed with its rude magnificence.

Reared in this grand romantic region—"meet nurse for a poetic child"—the young Irish girl soon developed into a sweet

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

songstress. From her very earliest childhood she wrote verses. Like the great Pope, "She lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." In the first edition of her works, an elegant little volume published in 1860 by McComb, of Belfast, are some of the productions of her childhood.

In 1850, Mrs. Rogerson's father and mother, accompanied by their four daughters and two sons, came out to Newfoundland. For nearly fifty years our Island has been her cherished home. There has always, however, been a very warm place in her heart for the Green Isle, even to this day ; especially when telling a story, there are traces of the sweet northern accent.

The dear honored parents, two loved brothers and two sisters have been taken from her. Only the youngest sister remains. To her were addressed these lovely lines :

Gems of poesy that woke
Dreams of softened sadness
When as yet our childish hearts
Echoed naught save gladness.

Back o'er the past with reinless speed
The wayward fancy sweeps,
And with the absent and the dead
A sweet communion keeps.

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Their blessed memories round me cling
With soothing, hallowing power,
Like the first sunlight of the morn,
Or dew of evening hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson are foremost in every good work. Her husband has all his life been a leading Temperance man, an earnest Church worker and philanthropist. Some of the most successful enterprises in the Colony owe their initiation to his sanguine temperament and vivid energy.

The reader will find in these pages many gems of pure intellectual brightness, deep love of nature in all her varied aspects and moods. There is scarcely a theme that is not touched on ; many refer to local events, to friends dear to the writer and the poet, who has embalmed their memories in these touching verses. There are many narrative and descriptive poems, but Isabella is essentially a poet of the domestic affections. Through all her works there runs a golden thread of deep religious feeling. Devotion to religion and her family is the key-note of the author's life—a lovely life, though embittered with many a sorrow and many a tear—tending the sick, comforting and solacing the declining years of loved parents, dear sisters, cherished brothers. Isabella has always been the stay and comfort of a family circle as united and devoted as ever existed on earth.