

**THE MINSTREL
WANDERER,
A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649649396

The Minstrel Wanderer, a Poem by Henry Bristowe Onyon

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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HENRY BRISTOWE ONYON

**THE MINSTREL
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THE
MINSTREL WANDERER,

A POEM.

——— His the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart,
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
Could he, who thus had suffer'd, so forget,
When such as saw that suffer'ing, shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his mem'ry fix'd
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
In that corroding secrecy, which gnaws
The heart to show th' effect, but not the cause?

BRONX.

BY
HENRY BRISTOWE ONYON.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. HATCHARD AND SON,
187, PICCADILLY.

1833.

190.



TO

CAPT. THOMAS BRISTOWE YOUNG, R.N.

THIS LITTLE WORK IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIPLING TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

FOR HIS MANY AMIABLE AND VIRTUOUS QUALITIES,

BY HIS OBLIGED YOUNG FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

OPINIONS or maxims that tend to extenuate our foibles, or flatter our intellectual faculties; like the reflexions of our mirror, are generally received with complacency and implicit faith, though perhaps neither the one nor the other exhibit an air of sense or a line of beauty; such, perhaps, is *here* the case. The three little narratives that compose this Poem, are founded on facts, and are presented to the reader under the following circumstances: I was showing a friend some poetry, that I had written upon various occasions, and he, fancying that a portion of it displayed some merit, persuaded me (without much difficulty, I grant,)

to select a *small* part, and publish it. In consequence of which I pared down a voluminous MS. to the size of the present work ; and I now send it forth, as Green the aeronaut despatches his little pilot balloon, to see *how the wind sets*, previous to embarking in a larger *inflation* ; for, as Lopez de Vega says :

“ No es mínima parte, aunque es exceso,
De lo que está por imprimir lo impreso.”

THE
MINSTREL WANDERER.

CANTO I.

