

**PATRIOTISM: IN
THREE CANTOS,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Patriotism: In Three Cantos, and Other Poems by George Richardson

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GEORGE RICHARDSON

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P
P A T R I O T I S M :
IN THREE CANTOS,
A N D O T H E R P O E M S .

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

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ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHENSON AND PHYSIC.

True Liberty was Christian, sanctified,
Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone.
First-born of Virtue ! daughter of the skies !
Nursling of Truth divine ! sister of all
The Graces,—Meekness, Holiness, and Love ;
Given to God and Man, and all below,
That system showed of sensible existence
Their due unasked ; fear to whom fear was due ;
To all, respect, benevolence, and love.
Companion of Religion ! where she came,
There freedom came ; where dwelt, there Freedom dwelt ;
Ruled where she ruled, expired where she expired.

POLLOK.

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*Miss Lolla Crabtree
Boston*



P R E F A C E.

At a period, probably without precedent in the annals of any provincial district, when the press has for some years past, and is still, issuing upon the great ocean of literature a variety of works by persons of acknowledged genius and talent in that sacred emanation of the soul—that pure Castaly of thought which floweth from the inmost fountain of the human heart—Poetry, as well as from the more general veticaries to prosaic composition—the Author of the following pages ventures, not obtrusively or arrogantly, he hopes, but with respectful deference, and proper humility, to stand forth.

The Author would avoid trifling with the reader's patience, and consequently is not disposed to enter at length into the details of early life; nevertheless, he trusts that a brief and "unvarnished" sketch of his autobiography may not be deemed presumptuous or uninteresting. Born in the vicinity of Ancoats, Manchester, of humble, industrious, and respected parents, whose means, at the time of his youth, were scanty, and being one of thirteen, he was, from stern necessity, placed to business at a very early age; yet, whatever may have been his position, he does not desire to excite, by coloured or specious plausibility, any partial consideration, with the view of blunting the barb of criticism for the want of common scholastic knowledge, and the lack of the higher ornamental touches of classical diction; he would prefer, therefore, to submit, with becoming independence, to the candid and impartial critic.

Amid his daily labour, the Genii Poetry and Painting, as with emulative spirit, alternately had influence, and in turn triumphed over the mind of the Author; perhaps, however, in his adolescence, the latter held more clearly her dazzling imagery and fascinating mirror before his ideal fancy, and every short relaxation from toil was seized with vigilance for the pencil or crayon, in landscape or figures; whilst the ethereal voice and spirit of the former would occasionally rush, as if with divine melody, upon his ear, falling with thrilling influence upon the heart, and issuing thence, with hallowed fervour, through every chord—touching the most minute action and principle of his nature.

During a portion of his first business avocation, he had the benefit of educational improvement for a few afternoons in each week at the Academy of Mr. John Reynolds, then of Lever-street, where Mr. William Harper, the Author of "Genius," well and deservedly known and appreciated amongst the literati of Manchester, was a fellow pupil. About the year 1821, being then about fourteen years of age, the Author was placed in a foreign export house of high respectability—a removal very agreeable, and far more genial to his mind, as it afforded more leisure for the pursuit of his favourite study, which was drawing with the pencil or pen, and occasional attempts at water-colouring. Fortunately for him, the highly-gifted, but, alas! fragile and afflicted Henry Liveseige, (who was of an extremely kind and communicative disposition) gave almost nightly instruction to the writer and a fellow student in art, who resided in Bradford-road, within a door, indeed, of the home of the painter's cotemporary and biographer, Charles Swain, Esq. (of whom anon.) Liveseige, at this juncture of his history, was painting portraits in oil, occupying a room in his uncle's mill, Mr. Green (of Sandford and Green, Cotton Spinners, Canal-street,)—a gentleman justly and highly

respected—Henry's greatest friend and kindest benefactor, to whom, in conjunction with his own genius, may be attributable his subsequent excellence and popularity. The Author painted several pictures under him; for example, Morland's Farm Yard, copied an illustration, by Burnet, of Burns' "O, Willie Brew'd," &c., &c., frequently read with and for him Shakspeare; oft recurring to Henry IV., with the second part of which he was always much delighted, and from which he frequently made sketches with great spirit and facility, which the writer now deeply regrets not having preserved. Liversage subsequently, but for a short period, painted miniatures on ivory, &c., in which branch of art he was most signally fortunate. The Author had the honour of sitting to him several times to most striking and finished productions; he did not long pursue this department of artistic elegance, being too sedentary for and injurious to the pulmonary and grievous nature of his complaint. A few years after this, Liversage went to London, at the instance of his venerated uncle; was introduced to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and had the advantage of standing by this great painter when in his studio. He became intimate also with Etty, the eminent historical painter, and other academicians of ability and distinction. Any comment subsequent to this, touching his rapid progress, favour, and excellence, would be superfluous; wherefore seek "to gild refined gold, or paint the lily?" Original pictures of high merit, dramatic, historical, and imaginary, were rapidly and most felicitously produced, and are before the public in a finely-engraved style—mutely, but impressively eloquent of his power and genius, and worthy to decorate the gallery of a monarch—equally a credit to the town and his fellow artists, as unfading memorials of his high worth. He died at the age of twenty-eight years, in the year 1832, not before Fame had wreathed his brow, and rare ability had raised from obscurity his humble name; of whom thus singe his amiable and admired cotemporary, Miss Jewsbury, in her celebrated dirge:—

"Yesterday, scarce yesterday,
Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,
And his hand, with cunning play,
To the world these dreams was showing—
Yesterday—and in his eye,
Fame had writ her prophecy;
Sealed it on his flexile lips,
Now in dark and mute eclipse;
Could not Genius save her son?
Wherefore question? he is gone!"

One word upon a disputed point—that Liversage was an artist of considerable talent is obvious; that he had imagination there can be no question; even admitting the fact that he had recourse to models (what artist has not?), it must be granted, that in order to illustrate any one of the many subjects which he painted, much creative fancy would be indispensable—a vivid and striking ideality, a powerful imagination, and graphic delineation. That Liversage could sketch at the moment of suggestion, and that, too, with much truth and spirit, the writer of this work is a living witness, and will not shrink from his opinion.—A way therefore with this paucity of matter for criticism!—this sprinkling of blight upon his green fame! Lastly, his colouring, even at the time of his painting portraits, bore the feature of a master hand; there was no rubbing and driving for effect, but much brilliancy, with certainty of touch. This trait, but more clearly and boldly manifest, is delightfully displayed in his later productions; witness "Captain Macheath" in particular,—a transparent and most effective example of this character. For simplicity of nature, truth unadorned by art, "the Recruit" is a singularly clever specimen; his pictures generally exhibit a beautiful harmony of colouring, a judicious yet bold contrast of light and shade, great taste in the accessories; the drawing is correct, his female figures almost invariably graceful and easy, as the vignette illustration to Mr. Swain's first edition of the *Mind* will verify; hence therefore is he estimable, and entitled to be ranked as an artist of genius and imagination.—Honoured be his memory!

About the year 1829 a volume of essays upon subjects from History and Imagination, by our distinguished poet and townsman Charles Swain, Esq., came into the writer's possession, and from which he received his early notions of poetic taste. Deeply impressed with the moral and sacred inspiration which is so gracefully displayed, particularly in his Sonnets, and which are still clearly before his memory, is proud to see him again before the public in a work "The Mind," &c.—richly replete with the poetry of thought and the poetry of art; doubtless a volume which will go down to posterity, as a household gem, so long as the human intellect is capable of appreciating the glorious and beautiful of poetry and verse—imperishable as the "Mystery of Mind."

The next work known to the Author was "The Village Muse," by his friend Elijah Ridings, a book of unassuming appearance, but which has, notwithstanding, met with favourable notice; one piece he would particularly remark, which is perhaps the second we have in dialectic versification, possessing extremely rich and quaint humour.

Following the above, appeared "Hours in the Bowers," by the persecuted and veteran poet and annalist, Samuel Bamford, a many poems of which are probably unequalled by any modern writer for original conception and fresh vigorous sentiment. His volume of miscellaneous compositions manifest also a strong and laudable tone of sympathy for the "prostrate poor," exhibited in language not extreme, but with a moderate and salutary feeling of patriotic truth.

Subsequently, "Rhyme, Romance and Revery," and "A Voice from the Town," by the talented John Bolton Rogerson, have succeeded, with felicitous and universally admired pieces in prose and verse, the former abounding with rare ideal fancy—the romance of chivalry, &c.; certainly, in invention, very fertile, novel, and imaginative, and deserve to occupy a place in the first line for compositions of this class: the latter displays an exquisite and tender feeling—sweetly and touchingly sensitive of domestic affection.

The Author has thus briefly alluded to these, his known cotemporaries, and as distinguished in the literature of his native town. Almost identical also, but not of Manchester birth, is John Critchley Prince, Author of "Hours with the Muses," of whom it might appear presumptuous, on his part, to say more in admiration of his genius than has already appeared in our leading Journals. He cannot, nevertheless, withhold, in justice to his own thoughts, the humble testimony of approbation. The versification of Prince is well selected in point of diction, displaying a discriminating and powerful command of language, correct and melodious rhythm, with versification generally well adapted to the subject. In thought, they possess vigour, pathos, and freshness. A keen perception and rich delineations of the graces of nature prove sufficiently his grasp of mind; perhaps occasionally too much homage or adoration paid to the latter, and, as it were; deifying external nature; but it is pleasing to see that in some of his poems subsequent to the printed volume above named, he has with much power and truth "Looked through nature up to nature's God." Prince possesses a highly poetic temperament of mind, which has doubtless benefited by his sojourning in various parts of the Continent, amidst the sublime, the beautiful, and glorious works in the great world of God's creation.

A greater part of these the writer is familiar with, whom as private friends he esteems, and as public characters he admires; he has therefore thus thought fit to introduce them.

Although the Author has not been an extensive reader upon utilitarian principles, perhaps, yet he is tolerably conversant with the general and popular literature of his country; deeply conscious of the wondrous and universally characteristic power of the Prince of Dramatists, Shakspeare, so justly named, "Fancy's child"—the lofty and sublime aspirations of the Christian Poet, Milton. It would be in vain for him to attempt to speak the rapturous enjoyment he has experienced in the perusal of the works of these master-minds; equally fruitless, also, to paint the moral tone of Cowper—the artless grace and beauty of Goldsmith—the dignified energy of Pope—the thrilling fire of Liberty which glows in the verse of Campbell—the virtuous sympathy of Montgomery—the charming melody of Rogers—the varied, comprehensive, and gigantic mind of Byron—or the felicitous euphony of Moore. Not unfamiliar is he also with the poet and minstrel of Scotia, who certainly possessed an intuitively discerning and vigorous quality of mind, with a matchless pathos and humour. The writer may venture to state that there is scarcely a Caledonian more familiar than he may be with the stirring effusions of the great Bard of Ayr.

For his more practical information, he is much indebted to the valuable epitomes of Messrs. E. & W. Chambers, who have done so much for the intellectual, moral, and social advancement of the people; and he can only add, on his own account, that he is incapable of adequately expressing the gratification and advantage he has experienced from the works of these cultivators of the universal race of mankind.

The chief poem "Patriotism," may be considered a bold, but it is certainly a popular subject, and whether deemed anti-poetical or otherwise, the Author is of opinion, that poetry could scarcely be allied to a theme more laudable or inspiring than that of advocating the general welfare. For what is literature without a moderate

portion of temporal prosperity and happiness? In the introductory part of the poem, he has glanced at the attributes of the Author of all Good, simply to shew forth His bounty and mercy to the whole human race; concluding with (for example's sake) an Epitaph upon the character and misadministration of Christ, &c. The rhythm is varied, simply to destroy the monotony of uniform versification, which is apt to elay, however sweet. He hopes that in thought or sentiment, wherein he has more especially vindicated that "nurseling of truth divine," Liberty, nothing will be found to offend the most fastidious mind. A many of the miscellaneous pieces have appeared in the popular Journals of the day—the Manchester Guardian, Times, Courier and Advertiser; the Liverpool and Leeds Mercury, &c., &c.

The Dedication may not appear fashionable perhaps—no person of distinction has been sought with the mere jargon of adulation; the Author has selected one who through the voyage of life has been his friend, and in whom its calm or tempest wrought no change.—Who therefore more worthy?

The Author desires to express his thanks to the Printers for the great care they have taken in the production of this work; to Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Physick, his thanks are also due for the superior taste they have displayed. He begs to tender his respectful obligations to his friends for their esteemed patronage, and to say, by way of apology, that the press of his daily business, and not the printers' press, has been the sole cause of the delay in the appearance of his volume.

18, LLOYD-STREET, GREENWICH,
MAY, 1844.

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