

**ISABEL DE BOHUN: OR,  
THE SIEGE OF HEREFORD;  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Isabel De Bohun: Or, the Siege of Hereford; And Other Poems by Thomas Vaughan

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**THOMAS VAUGHAN**

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BY THOMAS VAUGHAN.

HEREFORD:  
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS, HIGH TOWN.

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1858.

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HEREFORD.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PELLISSE, HIGH TOWN.

TO THE  
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS  
OF THE  
HEREFORD LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC  
INSTITUTION,

THIS VOLUME OF POEMS IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.





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## PREFACE.

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It was at first intended that the preface of this little work should be a somewhat conspicuous feature, and should set forth in some measure the object of its publication, besides treating of its merits or demerits. But on making a closer examination of the store from which the materials had to be selected, it was found there was so much of worth that could not be compressed within the narrow limits of a subscription volume, that it would be impolitic to rob its readers of one page which could be made to represent the muse of the deaf author. Other reasons might be urged why the prefatory remarks should be as brief as possible; but the circumstances which have so long delayed the publication are too well known, and too touchingly mournful, to be further alluded to; and the contents of the following pages speak so forcibly and plainly in their own behalf, that explanation on the one hand, and eulogy on the other, are rendered quite unnecessary.

To select, revise, and compile the contents of this volume has occupied considerable time, and called for the exercise of some amount of judgment, the object in view being to present as acceptable an offering as possible to the general public; at the same time not losing sight of the local predilections of the author. But the task has been essentially a labour of love, both because it was rendering a service to an afflicted and deserving fellow-man, and because it gave the opportunity to lay

before the public in a becoming garb, some of the productions of a local bard who deserves encouragement on the ground of merit alone. Kings have their laureates, whose purchased laudations are trundled out "to order," like the purchasable commodities of our butcher or baker; but we have a local laureate whose simple kindness of heart and purity of sentiment flow spontaneously forth like the sparkling of the gushing brooklet in the rays of the sunlight, or the trill of the early song-bird at the first approach of Spring. What calls the happy smile to others' cheeks, gladdens also the heart of our poet; what occasions joy to others, inspires his breast with unaffected pleasure, and his blithe songs come forth from the "genial current of his soul," sweet and refreshing, untainted by misanthropy or selfishness, unfettered by sycophantic adulation. There is no under-current of party-feeling, no infusion of "peculiar views" on political or social questions, which so often puddle the stream of intellect, and foul the waters that should flow in translucent purity. No more is meant than what is said, except where language fails to convey the intensity of good feeling. No hidden meaning, no concealed sting, lurks under the gilded wing of humour: where mirth is aimed at, it is merry and innocent as children's laughter; but the more serious or pathetic strains are those of a heart bleeding for the sorrows of mankind, or yearning with love and sympathy. To rescue these "rough gems" from obscurity, and present them to the light as becomes their value; to clear away the rank undergrowth with which physical affliction and defective means of education had choked the sweet wildings of the poet's brain, has been my pleasant task. How far I have succeeded, is not for me to say; all I claim credit for is honest intention—a desire to benefit the author, and at the same time meet the taste of the public.

One word of apology is due to the subscribers, inasmuch as one of the poetic tales originally announced was withdrawn to admit a number of shorter pieces, many of which display a beauty it were not well to conceal. There yet remains ample material for a succession of volumes such as this, should occasion hereafter call for their publication.

The subscription list, flattering as it is, by no means adequately represents the sympathy and support accorded to the author. Many subscribers take a number of copies; and some, whose station and means are only excelled by the goodness of their hearts, recognised by liberal donations the appeal made on behalf of the author when he was visited by misfortune of no ordinary kind, and when Death relieved from protracted suffering one who had hitherto cheered his lonely way in life. The names of those who thus ministered to adversity are not blazoned out in distinction from the rest; but their kindness is not the less gratefully appreciated, nor is their reward less sure, because they in their benevolent dispensations regard the Divine injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

As Mr. Vaughan offers elsewhere his "Tribute of the Heart," it only remains for me to make my bow, and solicit the indulgence of the public on behalf of the Author and

THE EDITOR.

Hereford, March 12th, 1858.

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