

**THE STAR-SEER: A
POEM, IN
FIVE CANTOS**

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The Star-Seer: A Poem, in Five Cantos by William Dearden

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WILLIAM DEARDEN

**THE STAR-SEER: A
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FIVE CANTOS**

THE
STAR - SEER :

A POEM.

THE STAR-SEER :

A POEM,

In Five Cantos.

BY

WILLIAM DEARDEN.

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth this wreath of love was woven
With sparkling stars for flowers."

SCHILLER.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN;
AND LEYLAND & SON, HALIFAX.

M DCCC XXXVII.

TO

FREDERICK WILLIAM CRONHELM, ESQ.

This Poem,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

WILLIAM DEARDEN.

PROEM.

IN the beautiful and romantic valley where the scene of the following Poem is laid, a venerable relative of mine recently resided, full to o'erflowing with legendary lore respecting the valley and its inhabitants, in the olden time. From his lips, as we sat one fine summer's eve, a few weeks previous to his death, on a bench before his cottage, I heard the particulars of the traditionary story on which the Poem is founded.

By the majority of those who, being stern matter-of-fact personages, and exceedingly sceptical, not only of the utility, but of the verity, of all records that are in the slightest degree tinctured

with romance, unless proof-warranted by incontrovertible facts, the old man's narrative will, I fear, be esteemed one of those idle and incredible legends, which ought to be consigned to eternal oblivion.

There are others, however, it is hoped, from whose hearts, unwithered by the chilling breath of Utilitarian Philosophy, will be yielded a *poetical* faith in my aged relative's tale of other years. In the full assurance that such will be the case, I shall, without further preamble, give the hoary chronicler's account of the Star-Seer.

"Two or three centuries ago, a castle stood on Oswald's rocky height, the owner of which was renowned far and near, for his skill in astrological science. Though the nature of his sublime studies tended to impress the minds of the vulgar with awe, his munificence, noble bearing, and uniform goodness of heart, won him the esteem and affection of every inhabitant of Caldene. (1) By the knowledge of his art, he had ascertained that a certain wonderful comet, (2) which was first observed in the hour of his birth, and continued to revisit our northern hemisphere periodically about every five years, was his Natal Planet, and that there was a lovely being, who was also subject to its influences, and whose destiny was mysteriously interwoven with his own. Her he resolved to find; and, assuming the garb of a palmer, he quitted his studies, and went in search of the beautiful unknown. Wandering in Kirklees woods,

on the evening when the comet commenced its fourth grand career through the heavens, he discovered at the entrance of a grotto, an enchanting creature, hailing with enthusiastic ardour, the glorious re-appearance of the splendid aerial voyager. With feelings of indescribable delight, he knelt by the fair worshipper, and in language the most impassioned, poured out the tenderness of his soul, and told her, that the planet which she had addressed as her Natal Star, presided over the destinies of both. In the heart of the beautiful enthusiast arose a devout belief that the words of a youth so engaging in manners and in mien, must be indisputably true; nor did she scruple, ere the termination of the first interview, to listen to the language of love, and breathe it sweetly in return. Frequent were their meetings beneath the boughs of Kirklees; and at each, the affection so romantically begun, grew stronger and stronger.

“But the bliss which they enjoyed did not last long. The voice of the sovereign summoned the youth of Britain to avenge the insults of the proud King of Spain, and to carry the thunder-bolt of war into the land of the insolent aggressor. To Harold of Oswald the appeal was imperative; he tore himself from love and his studies, and joined the ranks of the brave warriors who had rallied round the standard of loyalty and patriotism. What can surpass the affection of woman? What obstacles impede? What dangers intimidate? In the disguise of a soldier, Editha of Kirklees quitted