# BRANTHWAITE HALL, AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649404575

Branthwaite Hall, and Other Poems by William Hetherington

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

## WILLIAM HETHERINGTON

# BRANTHWAITE HALL, AND OTHER POEMS

Trieste

## BRANTHWAITE HALL,

.

.

(**1**)

3Q2

.

AND OTHER

# POEMS.

#### 87

## WILLIAM HETHERINGTON,

COCKERMOUTH.

Carlisle :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY CHARLES THURNAM.

MDCCCXXXVII.

Gough Adda Cumberland,

.....

3

1. 1. <del>\*</del>.

٠

a**n** a D

51 \*2 - 25

(\*)

### DEDICATION.

A PATRON and dedication seem to be required—and, too often, by simulation—to introduce a work like the present, where imagination and fancy predominate.

Some of the rhyming family have chosen names of celebrity in literature and science to gild their dedication page. Others pursue a different course, by pouring strains of flattery into the ears of wealth and power. A few have dedicated to friendship, and feelings of the heart. Among the last, let my first essay be placed.

When I put your name, my only-surviving and beloved Sister, in front of these pages, do not suppose that I am intending to draw a gasconade to emblazon your inestimable qualities, and bring the blush of offended modesty into your check: my desire is, simply, to present this Work to you as a triffing but sincere tribute of regard and affection—proving to you that I have duly appreciated in you the kindness of a sister with the feelings of a brother. And whenever your eye shall fall upon the present volume, in passing through the yet blank space of futurity, if I am living, remember that a brother's heart is open to the kindest feelings of human nature towards you; and if I shall have passed the " bourne from whence no traveller returns," believe that the departed spirit of a brother (if departed spirits are ever permitted to revisit this world of clay) hovers over you, watching, with guardian care, the vicissitudes of life, with

.

#### JANE DICKINSON.

\*\* \*\*

8 a \*

### PREFACE.

OBTRUDING a volume of poetry upon the attention of . the public, in times like these, when the press, prolific as the female rabbit, teems the spawn of intellect, like floods of winter in our aqueous clime, and when the majority are too much engaged-attending to the craving demands of the corporeal stomach-to pay great regard to the appetites of mind, appears almost a work of supererogation. Poetry, painting, and music, captivating as they are to the youthful, the generous, and the enthusiastic, bestow not the same feelings of delightful and innocent pleasure to sordid men of this world, engrossed with their wealth amassed, or power acquired-too often to be exercised for selfish and exclusive purposes; and the unpretending bard, who, claiming not to possess any very extraordinary genius, intelligence, or learning, may when publishing poetry in this age of light, of refinement, and wisdom, calculate with great confidence and certainty, to receive from the critic's class of readers the imputation of impertinence, if nothing worse, as a reward for his pains. I do not affect to treat the judgment of

#### PREFACE.

the learned with levity or indifference, neither to deny nor dispute the just claims of the learned critic, the Christian theologian, or the philosophic reasoner, to sit in judgment upon mine, as well as all other literary productions addressed to the public; but I feel the anxiety natural to humanity, when placed at the bar, and before the eye of the public, subjected to the scrutiny and critical examination of the learned and the wise, who are but too apt to play the cynic, when placed in the scat of judgment to decide the fate of fellow-men. There is, however, another class of readers, happily more casily satisfied than the critics, and whose good opinion 1 more desire to secure than even the learned. It is gratifying to observe --- and what an unprejudiced observer may do-that there always has been, that there is, and that there ever will be-desecrated as the world may be-a majority of persons disposed to excuse errors incident to humanity, whether they discern them in literary productions or elsewhere, provided always that they be errors of the head only, not of the heart, and especially if the redeeming qualities of good, though mistaken intentions, can be discovered surrounding them. Ardent minds, during the earlier periods of life, often commit

viii

4

PREFACE.

the sin of rhyme, though few have the hardihood to risk the publication of their effusions, after comparing them with the superior productions already before the public. How far that public will tolerate the obtrusion of my weak efforts, to contribute a mite, however small, towards its amusement or instruction, at present I am unable to judge, and time only can determine.

The poetizing fraternity of the present day, like the ship-carpenters of our island, are placed in circumstances of difficulty for materials of the first-rate quality. All the old oaks of noblest growth have been worked up, and now ships can only now be constructed from the soft timbers of recent growth ; so, also, the regions of poetry have become bare and barren. All, or almost all the trees and shrubs of beauty, strength, or grandeur, have been monopolized by some of the favourite sons of Apollo, and planted into their several parterres, gardens, forests, or pleasure-grounds. It is true that the world exhibits, at present, much of the old leaven of human perverseness in perfect maturity. An ample field is fairly open, for a writer of talent to expose it, and thereby to make bad men ashamed of themselves. But to wield with effect the sword of satirical sarcasm requires a powerful arm, and

ix