

**THE LADYE
CHACE: A BALLAD**

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The Ladye Chace: A Ballad by Arthur Cleveland Coxe & Francis Philip Nash

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ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE & FRANCIS PHILIP NASH

**THE LADYE
CHACE: A BALLAD**

Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, bp. 18:5-
1876.

THE LADYE CHACE:

A BALLAD.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN BALLADS."

EDITED BY
FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

"For there be things so apt, credulous and facile to know,
that if they hear of a proper man, or woman, they are in
love before they see them, and that merely by relation."

Durton.

[CABINET EDITION.]

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1876.

Wm. A. Rathbone
5-9-1923

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W. A. S. V. W. 8-10

ADVERTISEMENT.

For reasons which are sufficiently explained in the editor's preface, the author of this Ballad now gives it to the press once more. After nearly forty years since it was withdrawn from print, it appeared last summer in serial form in the columns of a widely circulated periodical. The juvenile draught was imperfectly published, and it now appears in great part rewritten; incidents have been changed, and the plot itself considerably varied. Omitted portions, after corrections, are also restored. As the amusement of summer-vacations and occasional moments of relaxation, these improvements have been made; but its re-issue would have imposed a task upon the author for which his grave pursuits would have left him no time, had not the proffered aid of a beloved literary friend supplied him with an accomplished editor, whose critical suggestions have enabled him, without effort, to give the little work as much completeness as the nature of the case permits.

A small edition only is printed, and will be circulated, chiefly, among personal friends.

A. C. C.

LACOTE
1877.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In giving a preface to the following poem, I only desire to assume the responsibility for its appearance in its present form. I advised its republication in view of the facts. The poem was published when the author was a mere youth, and cannot be recalled; I, therefore, thought that it ought to be reissued after a thorough revision, such as his riper judgment might bestow, and in such shape that, if necessary, it might some day, without impropriety, take its place among the author's collected works.

The poem, moreover, seemed to me to possess what perhaps I may call an historical value. Half a century ago it was the fashion to forget as far as possible the legitimate descent of American civilization and institutions, and whatever else goes to the making of national character, from their true source in the mother country. It seemed to be thought by many that historical continuity could be broken as easily and as completely as political unity. In contradistinction to the prevailing fashion, this little poem aimed, for the first time, apparently, in our country, to carry the reader back to fields

of old English history now made familiar to us by the poetry of the English laureate and others, but then little remembered, even in England. I venture to believe that the future historian of American literature will find a place for some record of this early attempt to vindicate the title of American Poetry to a rightful share in the common heritage of the English-speaking race. But, be this as it may, when we consider the moral design apparent throughout, of correcting the ill-feelings engendered by two wars and reviving those natural ties which had been rudely sundered by political divisions; and in view of the fact that this was attempted while the recent wounds of 1812-15 still rankled bitterly, one cannot refuse approval to the Christian spirit of a youthful writer who was not afraid to stand almost alone speaking out of his human heart words of peace and good will amid the clamours of the multitude.

These are neither all nor the best, but only the less obvious reasons of my advice. Others there are, which I could give, if I were a reviewer and not an editor—reasons based on my critical estimate of certain parts of the poem and of the whole, considered as the work of an American youth of forty years ago; as the product of a period when our present relations with England, as steam and the telegraph have developed them, neither existed nor could have been foreseen. But my

Rt. Reverend friend denies his editor any such privilege, and restricts my references to himself to the coldest terms of official respect.

The important part which Bishop Percy's "Reliques" have played in forming the literature of the last hundred years is now generally recognized. It was an enthusiasm inspired by that collection of old English Ballads that led the author of the "Ladye Chace" to attempt a song of Alfred, only to relinquish it for this more dramatic story of Edgar. Thus, even beyond the Atlantic, Bishop Percy's faithful and loving industry was to bear a harvest which he never looked for—a harvest among the first-fruits of which may be reckoned this little poem; while, as fruit of a later growth, the author's "Christian Ballads" may be looked upon as only a better and higher expression of the same reverent sympathy with all that belongs to old England, as the venerable mother of us all.

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

GENEVA, September, 1877.