

**THE PLEASURES OF
LIFE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649672806

The Pleasures of Life, and Other Poems by George Hickling

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.

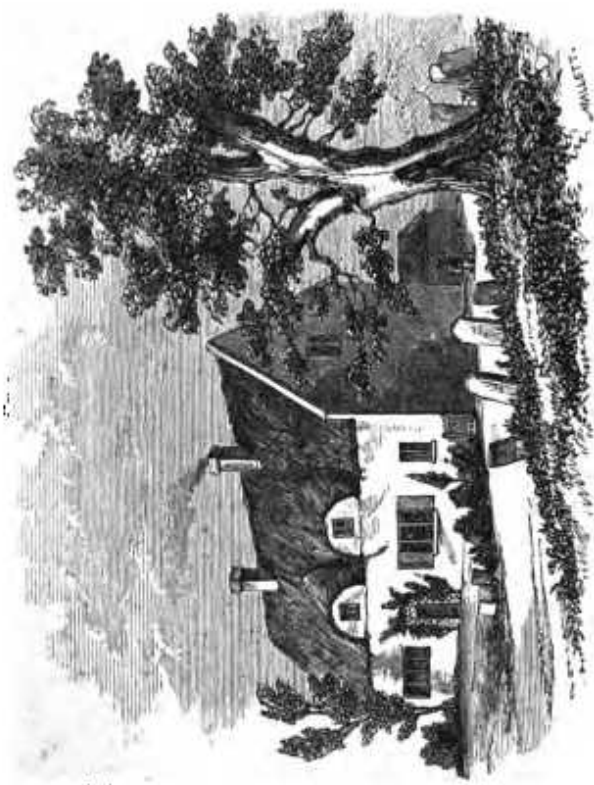
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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

GEORGE HICKLING

**THE PLEASURES OF
LIFE, AND
OTHER POEMS**



That was my childhood's home—there was I born,
There felt the sunshine of life's early morn.
"HOUR OF ENCHANTMENTS."

THE
PLEASURES OF LIFE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE HICKLING,

"RUSTICUS,"

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTIC LAND,"

&c. &c.



210. c. 36.

NOTTINGHAM:

J. G. SIMKINS, ANGEL ROW.

LONDON:

KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXI.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, K.G.,
HER MAJESTY'S
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES,
AND
LORD LIEUTENANT
OF THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM;
A NOBLE-MAN
IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD,
WHOSE DIGNITY OF SOUL, LAEGENESS OF HEART,
AND
LOFTINESS OF PURPOSE
COMMAND THE ESTEEM AND RESPECT
OF HIS FELLOW-MEN
IN EVERY GRADE OF LIFE,
THIS VOLUME,
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF HOMAGE AND ADMIRATION,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

[TO GEORGE HICKLING'S POEMS.]

Hickling! I like thy varied strains;
They suit me in my joys and pains.
Thy fancy gains, in easy flights,
Imagination's loftiest heights,
Thy store of words, held at command,
Entitles thee to take thy stand
Among the bards of eloquence.
And most of all, without pretence,
Thy natural and practis'd ear,
Spontaneous, without studied care,
Pours forth the melody of song
In sweetest music of our tongue,
With all the richest figures drest
Of Nature's over-pleasing vest;
And, chief, of rural scenery,
Thine the true charms of poesy!
Pure moral sense, and piety;
Each sentiment's propriety,
Not flowing from the rules of art,
But from the fountain of the heart.
(How far above those vicious wits,
Whom censure and not praise befits!)

Hickling! I am no flatterer:
I write not these things for *fâine* ear,
But for the public. May they give
Thy book some value, and receive
In pearls of poetry a treasure,
And a pure fount of frequent pleasure,—
Well fit to meet each private eye,
And on the parlour table lie,
And for each public library.

H. B., M.A.

Nottingham Park, Sept. 22, 1859.

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

PREFACE.

Four years and a half ago I published my first volume of poems, entitled "The Mystic Land." I have no reason to complain of the reception that book met with at the hands of the public and the press. I beg to tender my thanks to numerous friends for kind assistance on that occasion. I am under especial obligations to the firm of J. and R. Morley, Nottingham and London. I am also much indebted to L. Heymann, Esq., for his unmerited and unlooked for kindness.

I offer no apology for inserting at the end of this volume a few extracts from the opinions of the press. I refer my readers to them.

Here is my second attempt. It consists of a selection from what I have written since my first appeared. I beg to thank those noblemen, ladies and gentlemen, who have favoured me with their names as subscribers. I trust they will not be disappointed.

A word to my critics and reviewers may not be out of place, as my present work must come before the eyes of more of that class than my former did. Let it be remembered, then, that these poems emanate not from the secluded study of the professionally literary man, nor from the drawing-room of the wealthy and learned votary of the muse; but they come *direct* from the heart and home of one who is essentially a working man. They have been conceived in the workshop, on the road, and in the fields; and have been written out—I was about to say *polished*,