

**THE FLOWERS OF  
CALDER  
DALE: POEMS**

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The Flowers of Calder Dale: Poems by William Heaton

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**WILLIAM HEATON**

**THE FLOWERS OF  
CALDER  
DALE: POEMS**



THE  
FLOWERS  
OF  
CALDER DALE :

Poems,

BY WILLIAM HEATON,

OF LUDDENSDEN.

"How short the glory of the poor man's deeds,  
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own,—  
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,  
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown."

*Moore's Chelsea Pensioner.*

LONDON:  
LONGMAN AND CO.  
HALIFAX: LEYLAND AND SON.

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TO  
THE SUBSCRIBERS,  
AND THE  
INHABITANTS OF CALDER DALE  
IN GENERAL,  
THE FOLLOWING SHEETS  
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
AS A  
TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.



IN submitting the following unpretending pages to the notice of an enlightened public, the Author requests his readers to bear in mind that they are the productions of a man who has had very little learning. Entirely cut off from every opportunity of acquiring any knowledge of the higher branches of literature, and but scantily blessed with the means of improving himself in the first principles of letters, he feels sensible that the following attempts in verse, will be found defective in many points, and wanting that finished elegance which marks the productions of those who have had the advantage of a superior education.

The Author was under the necessity of going to work at the early age of nine years, and at that period he had never tried to write his own name: indeed, he had no knowledge whatever of letters, but what he had acquired at a Sabbath school, and through the medium of a village school dame, who advanced him so far in learning, that he was enabled to read, though only very indifferently, his *Testament*. Often has he employed his leisure hours, in the church yard in his native valley,

in trying to imitate the inscriptions engraven on the tombs, with a piece of a broken pipe, and it was in this manner that he acquired the first rudiments of the art of writing. He afterwards succeeded in procuring the assistance of a friend, who wrote out copies for him at different times, which he laboriously tried to imitate, until, at length, he became enabled to write a tolerably good hand.

No sooner had he gained a knowledge of writing, than he instinctively began to write verses, which for years were consigned to the flames almost as soon as they were composed. Not a single piece escaped that fate, until about six years ago, when, it coming to the knowledge of a few friends that he was in the habit of making verses, they advised him to keep copies of what he wrote. Little did he then think that any of his Poems would ever see the light.

He continued, however, to indulge his natural desire for versification ; at length several of his effusions made their appearance in some of the provincial papers. They attracted the attention of the Rev. Jas. Nelson, Incumbent of Luddenden, and several other influential friends, who, on looking over the manuscripts in his possession, wished him to make a selection, and publish a small volume by subscription. This, at last, he has consented to do ; but it is with the greatest diffidence that he appears before the public in the character of an Author.



He is aware that this is a string much harped upon by Authors, in bringing their productions before the world ; but he can truly and confidently assert, that it is principally the stream of influence, emanating from other persons, which has borne him to the door of the publishers.

Upon the Poems, contained in these pages, he offers no remarks, further than saying, that he is wishful for them to rest upon their own worth, and he will be quite content that they stand or fall according to their own intrinsic merit or demerit.

In examining this Boquet of Flowers, which the Author has culled from the delightful scenery around his native village, the critic will, undoubtedly, find much to censure ; but he may also possibly find something to approve. In the work of reprehension, to which he is invited, let him keep in mind the very slender means the Author has had for the acquisition of knowledge, and, under that consideration, let him, without prejudice, pronounce his verdict.

Sincerely wishing his numerous Subscribers, and kind friends, every blessing which this life can afford, he begs to subscribe himself,

Their humble and obliged servant,

WILLIAM HEATON.

Luddenden, near Halifax.

## Copies of Two Letters

Received by the Author from Wm. Wordsworth, Esq., Poet Laureate to Her Majesty, and Mrs. Eliza Craven Green, of Leeds.

Rigdal Mount, Ambleside,  
New Year's Day, 1844.

I cannot suffer this day of the New Year to pass without thanking you, my worthy Friend, for the good wishes you have expressed for me in your Verses of the 23rd of last month. Pray accept mine in return. May it long be permitted you in your humble station, to enjoy opportunities for cultivating that acquaintance with literature, of which the effects are shown, greatly to your credit in the lines you have addressed to me.

I remain, with much respect,  
Sincerely your's,  
WM. WORDSWORTH.

---

105, Kirkgate, Leeds, Nov. 1846.

Sir,

I have received your letter and feel deeply honored by your approval of my compositions; if it is in my power to render you any literary assistance I shall be most happy, perhaps an introductory Poem to the "Flowers of Calder Dale" might be acceptable? unless some more able pen is engaged on that service.

I beg you will place my name on your list of subscribers, but at the same time am sorry I cannot offer more than my own mite, as like many other worshippers of the Muses, our paths are more strewn with laurels than gold.

It is always a pleasure to me to discover how many sincere and ardent worshippers of Poetry are scattered among the mass of human life brightening their own lonely path and delighting the hearts of others; whatever may be your lot on earth you still retain

"A golden sunray from the Source of light,"

and have a wondrous advantage in the treasure of bright thoughts and pleasant fancies given *only* to the Poet, a dower of immortality.

That however your success in publishing may ensure you a share also in the benefits of this world is my sincere wish, and any literary aid I can offer is most assuredly at your service.

Your obedient Servant,  
MR. W. HEATON. ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

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