

Classic Poetry Series

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

- poems -

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Winthrop Mackworth Praed(1802 - 1839)

Winthrop Mackworth Praed (28 July 1802 – 15 July 1839) was an English politician and poet.

He was born in London. The family name of Praed was derived from the marriage of the poet's great-grandfather to a Cornish heiress. Winthrop's father, William Mackworth Praed, was a serjeant-at-law. His mother belonged to the English branch of the New England family of Winthrop. In 1814 Praed was sent to Eton College, where he founded a manuscript periodical called *Apis matina*. This was succeeded in October 1820 by the *Etonian*, a paper projected and edited by Praed and Walter Blount, which appeared every month until July 1821, when the chief editor, who signed his contributions "Peregrine Courtenay," left Eton, and the paper died. Henry Nelson Coleridge, William Sidney Walker, and John Moultrie were the three best known of his collaborators on this periodical, which was published by Charles Knight, and of which details are given in Knight's *Autobiography* and in Maxwell Lyte's *Eton College*.

Before Praed left school he had established, over a shop at Eton, a "boys' library," the books of which were later amalgamated in the School Library. His career at Trinity College, Cambridge was a brilliant one. He gained the Browne medal for Greek verse four times, and the Chancellor's Gold Medal for English verse twice in 1823 and was bracketed third in the classical tripos in 1825, won a fellowship at his college in 1827, and three years later carried off the Seatonian prize. At the Union his speeches were rivalled only by those of Macaulay and of Charles Austin, who subsequently made a great reputation at the parliamentary bar. The character of Praed during his university life is described by Bulwer Lytton in the first volume of his *Life*.

His poems were first edited by R. W. Griswold (New York, 1844); another American edition, by W. A. Whitmore, appeared in 1859; an authorized edition with a memoir by Derwent Coleridge appeared in 1864: *The Political and Occasional Poems of W. M. Praed* (1888), edited with notes by his nephew, Sir George Young, included many pieces collected from various newspapers and periodicals. Sir George Young separated from his work some poems, the work of his friend Edward FitzGerald, generally confused with his. Praed's essays, contributed to various magazines, were published in Morley's *Universal Library* in 1887.

Praed was not only successful at Eton during his lifetime, but a society still exists that bears his name. The "Praed" society is the poetry society currently existing

at Eton. It occurs at a Beak's House, the current beak being The Head of English, Mr Francis, and is exclusive even at the school, where membership and attendance can only occur if one is spotted and invited. It is not surprising therefore, that it is little known and has not been referred to, although it will appear in the school's official list of societies in Fixtures.

A Letter Of Advice

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat, and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain, - it is broken?
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

O think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered,
'What further can grandeur bestow?'
My heart is the same; - is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then;
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe -
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

A Song Of Impossibilities

LADY, I loved you all last year,
How honestly and well --
Alas! would weary you to hear,
And torture me to tell;
I raved beneath the midnight sky,
I sang beneath the limes --
Orlando in my lunacy,
And Petrarch in my rhymes.
But all is over! When the sun
Dries up the boundless main,
When black is white, false-hearted one,
I may be yours again!

When passion's early hopes and fears
Are not derided things;
When truth is found in falling tears,
Or faith in golden rings;
When the dark Fates that rule our way
Instruct me where they hide
One woman that would ne'er betray,
One friend that never lied;
When summer shines without a cloud,
And bliss without a pain;
When worth is noticed in a crowd,
I may be yours again!

When science pours the light of day
Upon the lords of lands;
When Huskisson is heard to say
That Lethbridge understands;
When wrinkles work their way in youth
Or Eldon's in a hurry;
When lawyers represent the truth
Or Mr. Sumner Surrey;
When aldermen taste eloquence
Or bricklayers champagne;
When common law is common sense,
I may be yours again!

When learned judges play the beau,
Or learned pigs the tabor;
When traveller Bankes beats Cicero,
Or Mr. Bishop Weber;
When sinking funds discharge a debt,
Or female hands a bomb;
When bankrupts study the Gazette,
Or colleges Tom Thumb;
When little fishes learn to speak,
Or poets not to feign;
When Dr. Geldart construes Greek,
I may be yours again!

When Pole and Thornton honour cheques,
Or Mr. Const a rogue;
When Jericho's in Middlesex,
Or minuets in vogue;
When Highgate goes to Devonport,
Or fashion to Guildhall;
When argument is heard at Court,
Or Mr. Wynn at all;
When Sydney Smith forgets to jest,
Or farmers to complain;
When kings that are are not the best,
I may be yours again!

When peers from telling money shrink,
Or monks from telling lies;
When hydrogen begins to sink,
Or Grecian scrip to rise;
When German poets cease to dream,
Americans to guess;
When Freedom sheds her holy beam
On Negroes, and the Press;
When there is any fear of Rome,
Or any hope of Spain;
When Ireland is a happy home,
I may be yours again!

When you can cancel what has been,
Or alter what must be,
Or bring once more that vanished scene,

Those withered joys to me;
When you can tune the broken lute,
Or deck the blighted wreath,
Or rear the garden's richest fruit,
Upon a blasted heath;
When you can lure the wolf at bay
Back to his shattered chain,
To-day may then be yesterday --
I may be yours again!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Everyday Characters I - The Vicar

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say--
'Our master knows you--you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the strangers caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,--
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,--
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,

It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords--and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæe genus:
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,--
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?--look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
'Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus lauru.'

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Everyday Characters Ii - Quince

Fallentis semita vit*. — Hor.

Near a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil Church and steeple.
There stood — alas! it stands no more! —
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants ;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns, and making presents.
Though all the parish were at strife.
He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
He laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits — and marriage.

Sound was his claret — and his head;
Warm was his double ale — and feelings;
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings :
He went to church but once a week ;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals and schools,
He used to swear, were made to cozen ;
All who subscribed to them were fools, —
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen :
It was his doctrine, that the poor
Were always able, never willing ;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then — a shilling.

For full ten years his pointer Speed
Had couched beneath her master's table ;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable ;
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon ;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

But all was vain ; and while decay
Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him.
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair.
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

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Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was 'something odd about him ! '

I found him, at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble :
He prosed of slipping down the hill.
Discovered he grew older daily ;
One frosty day he made his will, —
The next, he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he lived, — and so he died! —
When last I sat beside his pillow
He shook my hand, and 'Ah!' he cried,
'Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
I '11 bring a licence in my pocket.

'I've left my house and grounds to Fag, —
I hope his master's shoes will suit him ;
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, — or shoot him,
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox, —
She '11 find him an uncommon mouser, -
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

' Whether I ought to die or not.
My Doctors cannot quite determine ;
It 's only clear that I shall rot.
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid : — but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection :
Tom! — we shall meet again; — and yet
I cannot leave you my direction ! '

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Everyday Characters Iii - The Belle Of The Ball Room

Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done wth writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty; --
Years, years ago, while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball;
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced -- oh, Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I though 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she left her sparrows.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.
My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frown'd, but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thriteen,

Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks, --
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Händel; it was grand, --
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterfiles, and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories,
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Lèboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted;
Her poodle-dog was quite adored,
Her saying were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smil'd on many just for fun, --
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh,
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves, ---
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly Not Yet,' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows -- and then we parted.

We parted -- months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh --
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only -- Mrs. Something Rogers.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Everyday Characters Iv - My Partner

'There is, perhaps, no subject of more universal interest in the whole range of natural knowledge, than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed.'

-- British Almanack.

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced last year my first quadrille
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.
I spoke of Novels: -- 'Vivian Grey'
Was positively charming,
And 'Almacks' infinitely gay,
And 'Frankenstein' alarming;
I said 'De Vere' was chastely told,
Thought well of 'Herbert Lacy,'
Called Mr. Banim's sketches 'bold,'
And Lady Morgan's 'racy';
I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining:
And Laura said -- 'I doat on books,
Because it's always raining!'

I talked of Music's gorgeous fane;
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
And criticised Pacini;
I wished the chorus-singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogised Brocard's à plomb,
And voted Paul 'terrific!'
What cared she for Medea's pride,

Or Desdemona's sorrow?
'Alas!' my beauteous listener sighed,
'We must have rain to-morrow!'

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses:
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
Vienna's dread of treason:
And Laura asked me -- where the glass
Stood, at Madrid, last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her falser lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together:
My shuddering partner cried 'O Ciel!
How could they, -- in such weather?'

Was she a Blue? -- I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces:
A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician? -- it was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

Flat Flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling.
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And, when my worship was most warm, --
She -- 'never found it colder.'

I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, brooders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her! --
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a Barometer
And hang himself beside it!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Everyday Characters V - Portrait Of A Lady

IN THE EXHIBITION OP THE ROYAL
ACADEMY

What are you, Lady ? — nought is here
To tell us of your name or story,
To claim the gazer's smile or fear.
To dub you Whig, or damn you Tory ;
It is beyond a poet's skill
To form the slightest notion, whether
We e'er shall walk through one quadrille.
Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty! — all the world
Are talking of your bright brow's splendour,
And of your locks, so softly curled.
And of your hands, so white and slender ;
Some think you 're blooming in Bengal ;
Some say you're blowing in the city;
Some know you 're nobody at all :
I only feel — you're very pretty.

But bless my heart ! it 's very wrong ;
You 're making all our belles ferocious ;
Anne 'never saw a chin so long; '
And Laura thinks your dress 'atrocious;'
And Lady Jane, who now and then
Is taken for the village steeple,
Is sure you can't be four feet ten.
And 'wonders at the taste of people.'

Soon pass the praises of a face ;
Swift fades the very best vermillion ;
Fame rides a most prodigious pace ;
Oblivion follows on the pillion;
And all who in these sultry rooms
To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,
Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,
As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten — as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow ;
Forgotten — as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow ;
Forgotten — like the luscious peach
That blessed the schoolboy last September ;
Forgotten — like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream
That whelms alike sage, saint, and martyr,
And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme.
And Canning's wit, and Gatton's charter.
Here, of the fortunes of your youth.
My fancy weaves her dim conjectures.
Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
As passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was 't in the north or in the south
That summer breezes rocked your cradle ?
And had you in your baby mouth
A wooden or a silver ladle ?
And was your first unconscious sleep
By Brownie banned, or blessed by Fairy ?
And did you wake to laugh or weep ?
And were you christened Maud or Mary ?

And was your father called 'your grace' ?
And did he bet at Ascot races ?
And did he chat at commonplace ?
And did he fill a score of places ?
And did your lady-mother's charms
Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings ?
Or did she prate about the arms
Her brave forefathers wore at Hastings ?

Where were you finished ? tell me where !
Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick ?
Had you the ordinary share
Of books and backboard, harp and physic?
And did they bid you banish pride,

And mind your Oriental tinting ?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks —
A votary of the sylvan Muses ?
Or do you con the little books
Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses ?
Or do you love to knit and sew —
The fashionable world's Arachne ?
Or do you canter down the Row
Upon a very long-tailed hackney ?

And do you love your brother James ?
And do you pet his mares and setters ?
And have your friends romantic names ?
And do you write them long long letters ?
And are you — since the world began
All women are — a little spiteful ?
And don't you dote on Malibran ?
And don't you think Tom Moore delightful ?

I see they've brought you flowers to-day;
Delicious food for eyes and noses ;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks, and all the roses ;
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose look as fondly answers ?
And is he, fairest, in the Church ?
Or is he — ain't he — in the Lancers ?

And is your love a motley page
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow ?
Are you to wait till you 're of age ?
Or are you to be his to-morrow ?
Or do they bid you, in their scorn,
Your pure and sinless flame to smother ?
Is he so very meanly born ?
Or are you married to another ?

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu !
I think it is your bounden duty

To let the rhymes I coin for you
Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
From you I seek nor gold nor fame ;
From you I fear no cruel strictures ;
I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures !

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Fairy Song

HE has conn'd the lesson now;
 He has read the book of pain:
 There are furrows on his brow;
 I must make it smooth again.

Lo! I knock the spurs away;
 Lo! I loosen belt and brand;
 Hark! I hear the courser neigh
 For his stall in Fairy-land.

Bring the cap, and bring the vest;
 Buckle on his sandal shoon;
 Fetch his memory from the chest
 In the treasury of the moon.

I have taught him to be wise
 For a little maiden's sake;--
 Lo! he opens his glad eyes,
 Softly, slowly: Minstrel, wake!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Good Night To The Season

Good-night to the Season!—the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
The Lady Eliza's new song;
Miss Fennel's Macaw, which at Boodle's
Is held to have something to say;
Mrs. Splenetic's musical Poodles,
Which bark 'Batti, batti!' all day.

. . .

Good-night to the Season!—another
Will come with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married, or buried?—no matter,
Good-night to the Season, Good-night!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

The Newly-Wedded

NOW the rite is duly done,
Now the word is spoken,
And the spell has made us one
Which may ne'er be broken;
Rest we, dearest, in our home,
Roam we o'er the heather:
We shall rest, and we shall roam,
Shall we not? together.

From this hour the summer rose
Sweeter breathes to charm us;
From this hour the winter snows
Lighter fall to harm us:
Fair or foul—on land or sea—
Come the wind or weather,
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
We shall share together.

Death, who friend from friend can part,
Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
Closer to each other:
We will call his anger play,
Deem his dart a feather,
When we meet him on our way
Hand in hand together.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

The Talented Man

Dear Alice! you'll laugh when you know it, --
Last week, at the Duchess's ball,
I danced with the clever new poet, --
You've heard of him, -- Tully St. Paul.
Miss Jonquil was perfectly frantic;
I wish you had seen Lady Anne!
It really was very romantic,
He is such a talented man!

He came up from Brazenose College,
Just caught, as they call it, this spring;
And his head, love, is stuffed full of knowledge
Of every conceivable thing.
Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

His stories and jests are delightful; --
Not stories or jests, dear, for you;
The jests are exceedingly spiteful,
The stories not always quite true.
Perhaps to be kind and veracious
May do pretty well at Lausanne;
But it never would answer, -- good gracious!
Chez nous -- in a talented man.

He sneers, -- how my Alice would scold him! --
At the bliss of a sigh or a tear;
He laughed -- only think! -- when I told him
How we cried o'er Trevelyan last year;
I vow I was quite in a passion;
I broke all the sticks of my fan;
But sentiment's quite out of fashion,
It seems, in a talented man.

Lady Bab, who is terribly moral,
Has told me that Tully is vain,
And apt -- which is silly -- to quarrel,

And fond -- which is sad -- of champagne.
I listened, and doubted, dear Alice,
For I saw, when my Lady began,
It was only the Dowager's malice; --
She does hate a talented man!

He's hideous, I own it. But fame, love,
Is all that these eyes can adore;
He's lame, -- but Lord Byron was lame, love,
And dumpy, -- but so is Tom Moore.
Then his voice, -- such a voice! my sweet creature,
It's like your Aunt Lucy's toucan:
But oh! what's a tone or a feature,
When once one's a talented man?

My mother, you know, all the season,
Has talked of Sir Geoffrey's estate;
And truly, to do the fool reason,
He has been less horrid of late.
But today, when we drive in the carriage,
I'll tell her to lay down her plan; --
If ever I venture on marriage,
It must be a talented man!

P.S. -- I have found, on reflection,
One fault in my friend, -- entre nous;
Without it, he'd just be perfection; --
Poor fellow, he has not a sou!
And so, when he comes in September
To shoot with my uncle, Sir Dan,
I've promised mamma to remember
He's only a talented man!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

The Vicar

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path
Through clean-clipp'd rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
"Our master knows you; you 're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
And warm'd himself in court or college,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipp'd from politics to puns;

It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablish'd truth or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspir'd
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admir'd,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost;
Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles to the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improv'd by burning.

And he was king, and lov'd to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter
The clammy lips of fever smil'd
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learn'd the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus.
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled.
The church is larger than before,
You reach it by a carriage entry:
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you 'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down,
And construe on the slab before you:
"Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauro."

Winthrop Mackworth Praed