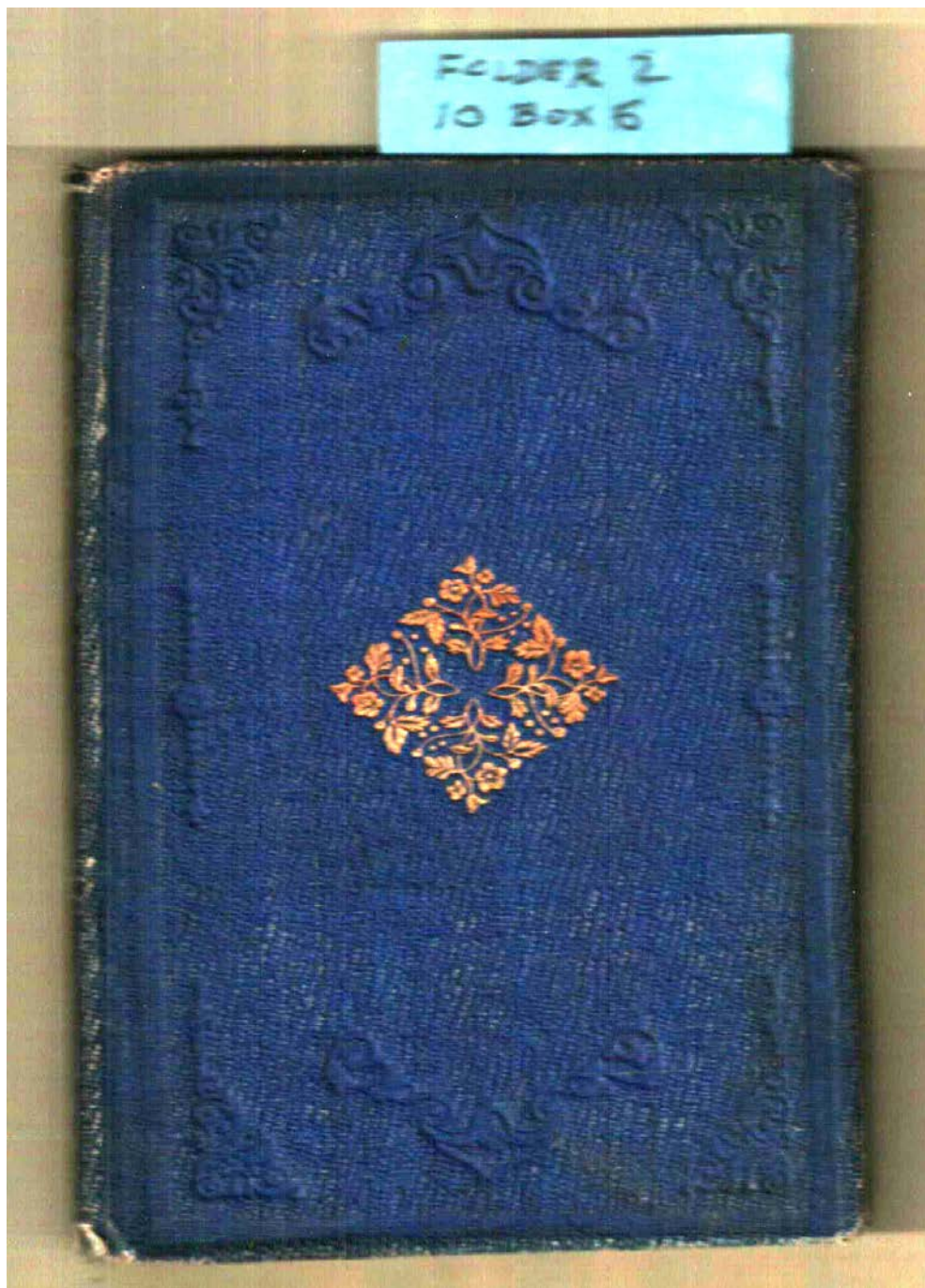


**Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2**  
**"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legat Brothers, 1856**

Image 1 r10\_06-02-000-0077 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



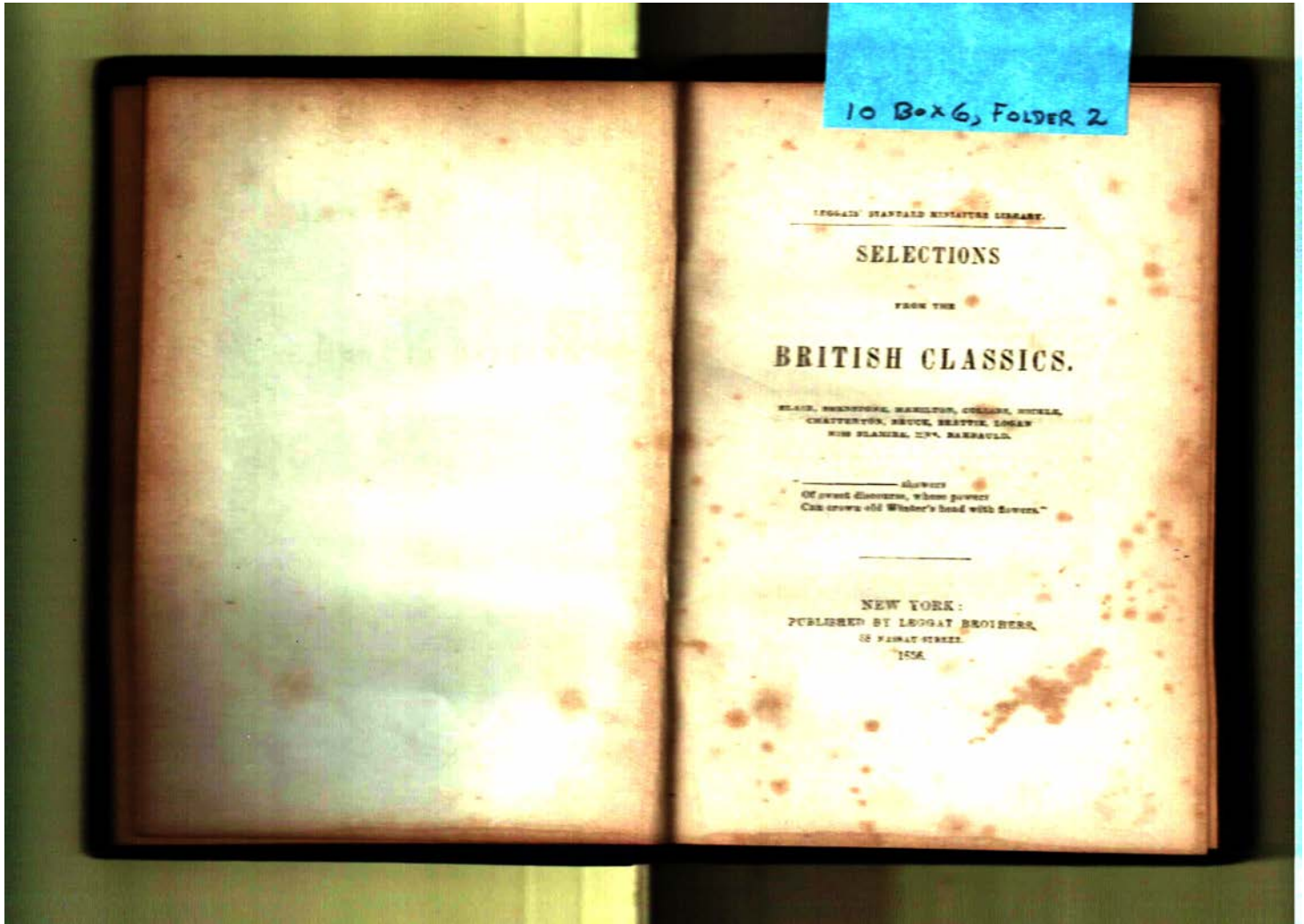
**Names:**

Selections From the  
British Classics

**Types:**

book cover

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Leggat Brothers, 1856  
Image 2 r10\_06-02-000-0078 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

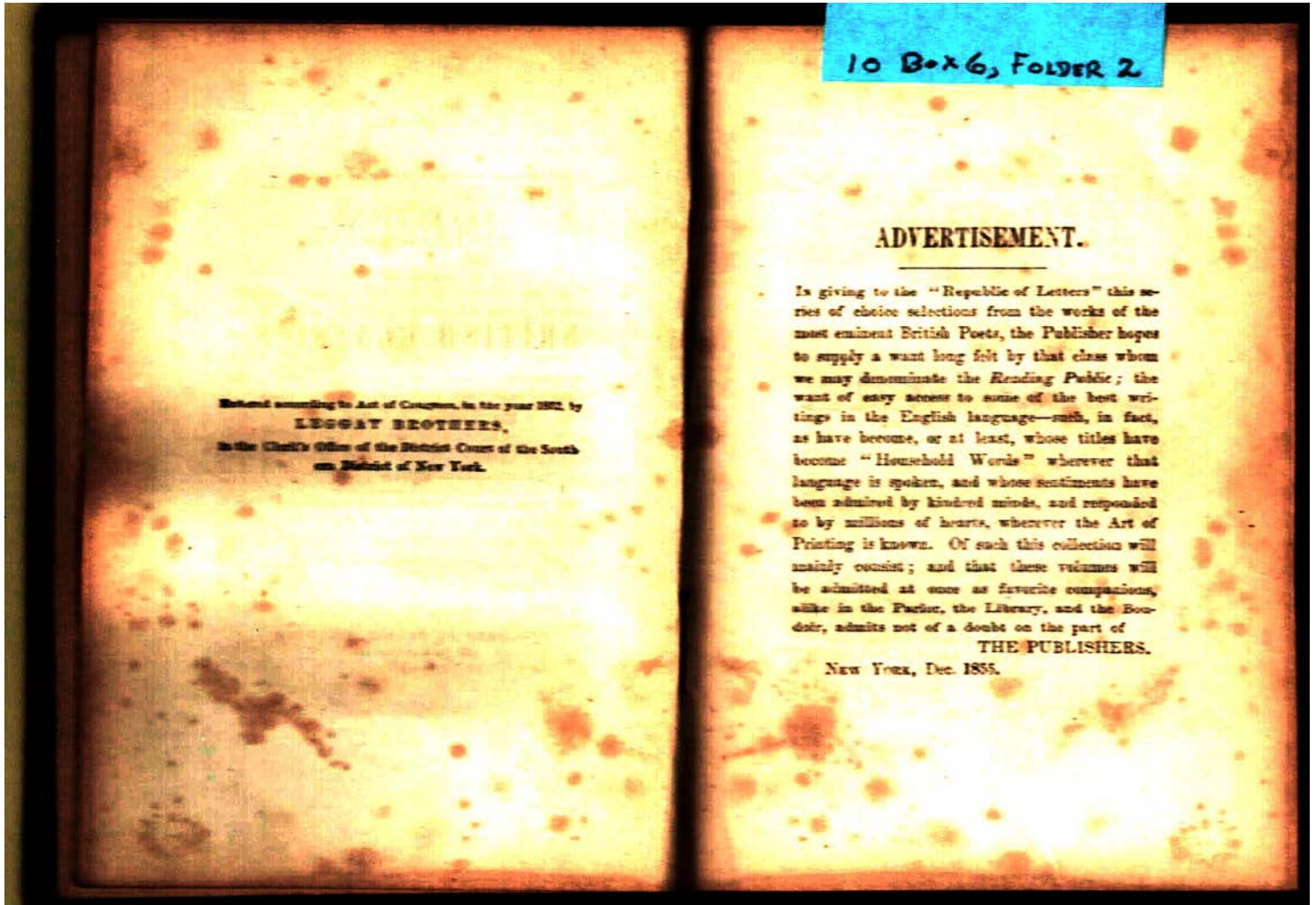


**Names:**  
Selections From the  
British Classics

**Places:**  
New York, NY

**Types:**  
book

**Dates:**  
1856



**Names:**

Leggat Brothers

**Places:**

New York, NY

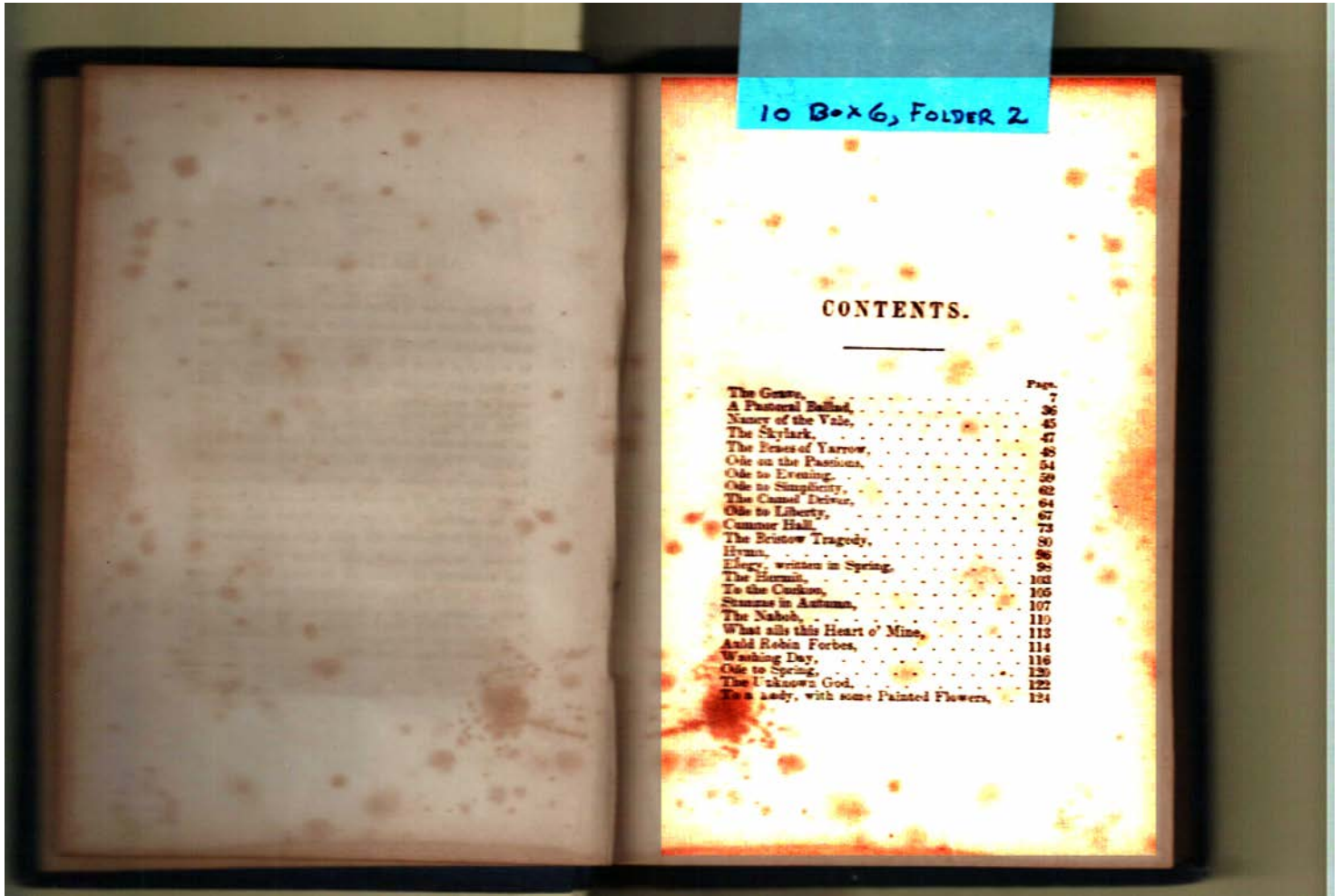
**Types:**

Advertisement

**Dates:**

1855

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legaat Brothers, 1856  
Image 4 r10\_06-02-000-0080 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

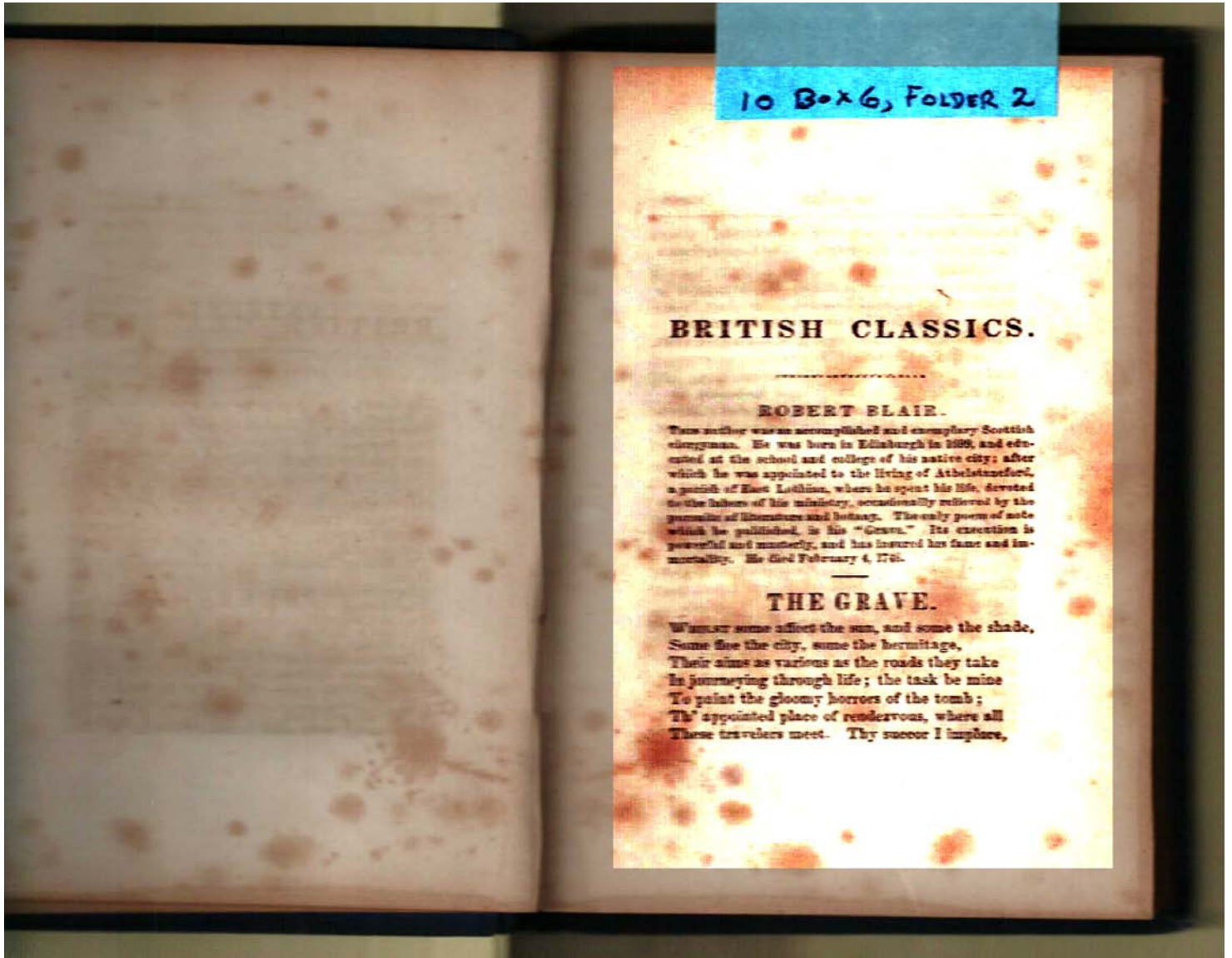


**Names:**  
Contents

**Places:**  
New York, NY

**Types:**  
book

**Dates:**  
1856



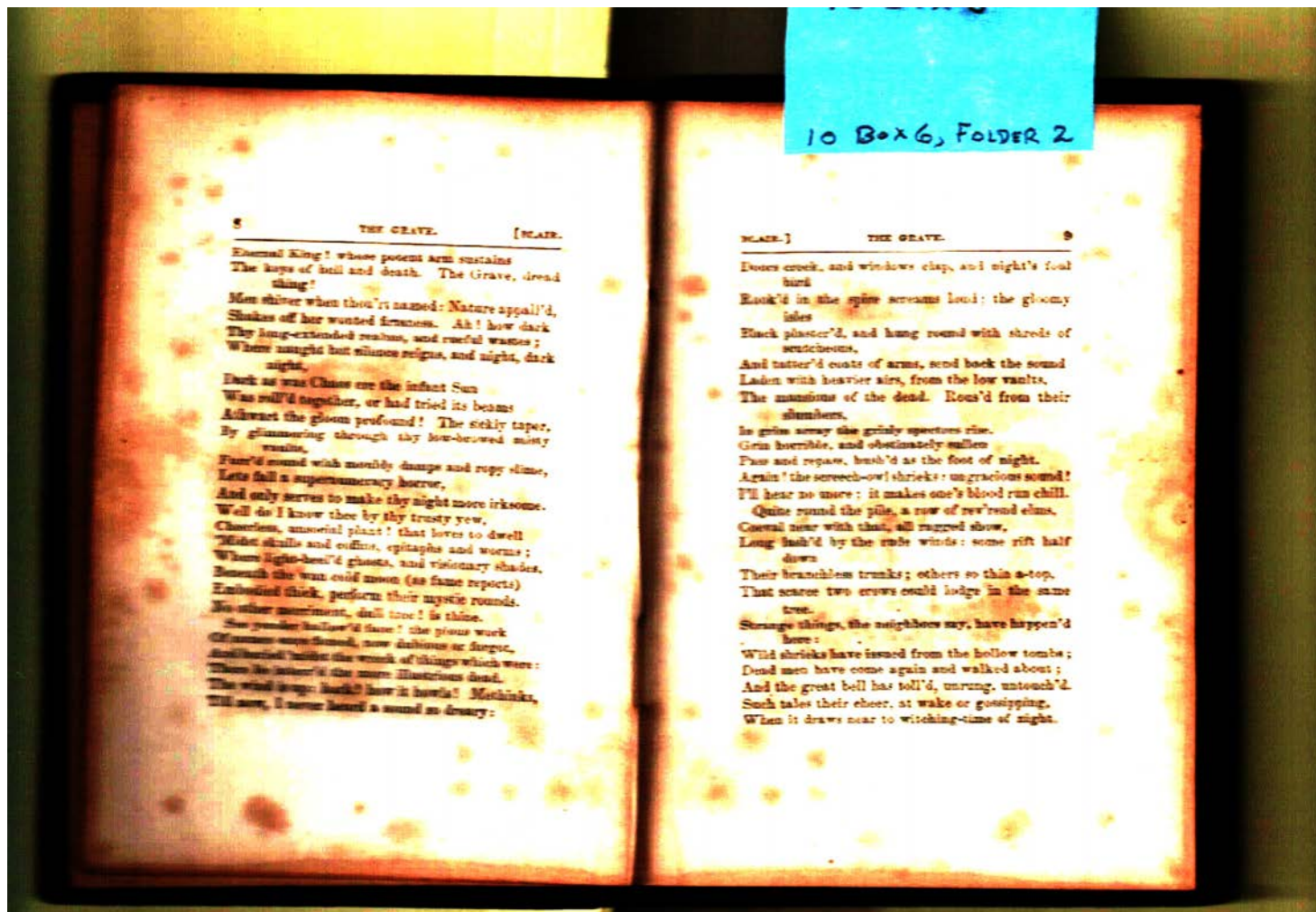
**Names:**

Blair, Robert

The Grave

**Types:**

poem

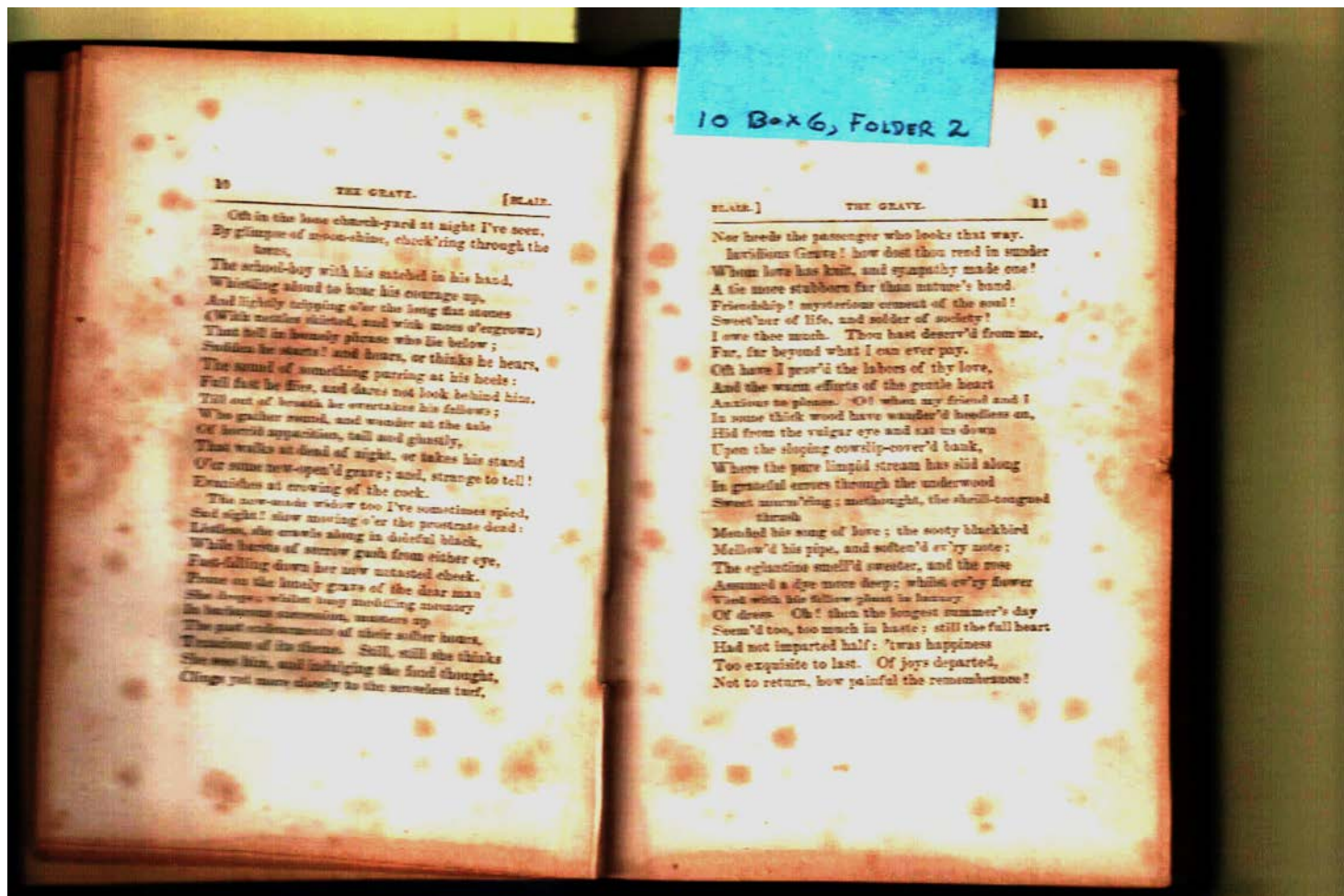


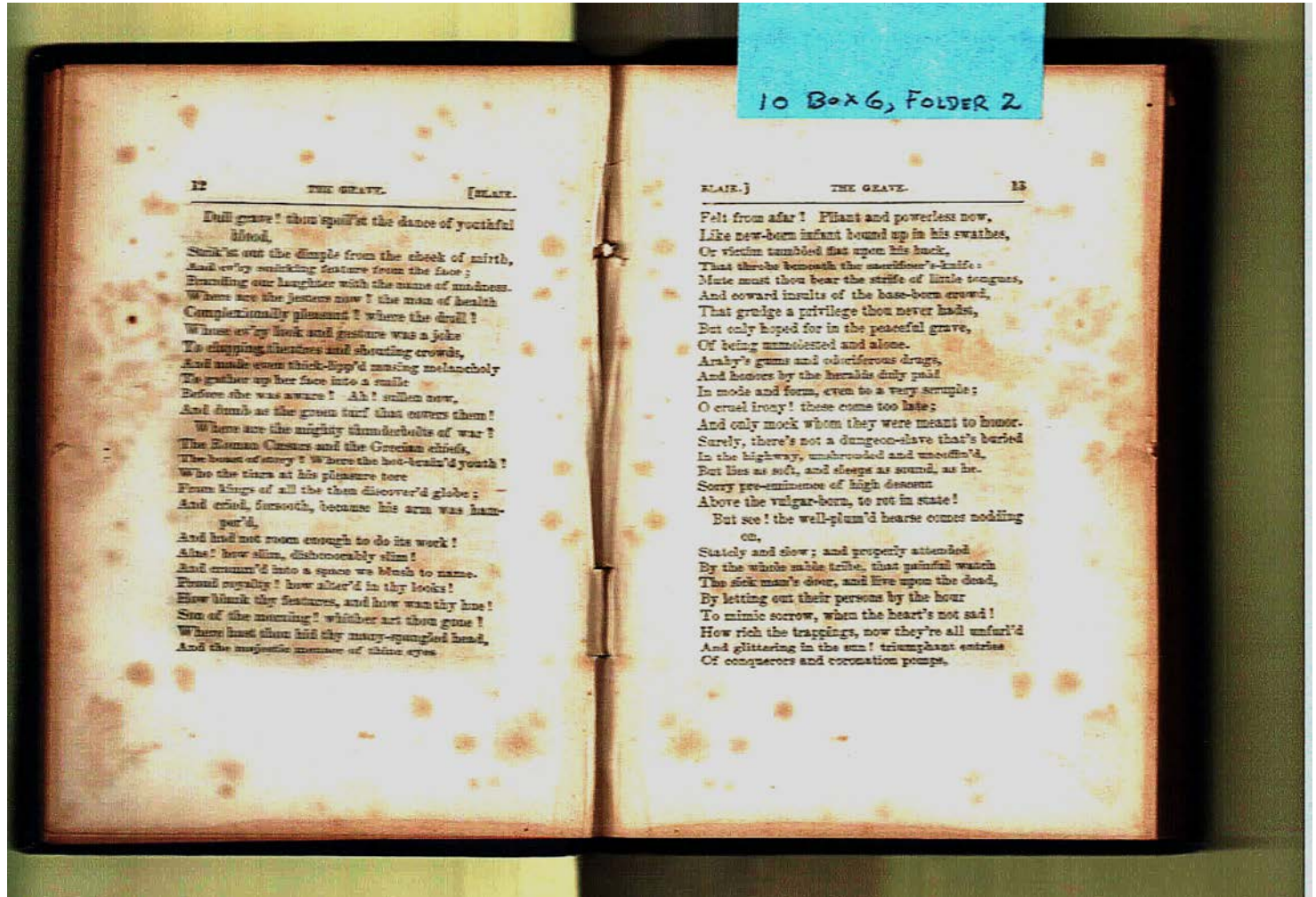
8 THE GRAVE. [BLAIR.]  
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains  
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread  
thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd,  
Shakes off her wasted fringes. Ah! how dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and awful wastes;  
Where midnight but silence reigns, and night, dark  
night,  
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun  
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams  
Adorn'd the gloom profound! The sickly taper,  
By glimmering through thy bow-brow'd misty  
vaults,  
Furn'd round with mouldy dumps and ruy slime,  
Lets fall a superannuated horror,  
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.  
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Chauntless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;  
Where light-bee'd ghosts, and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embedded thick, perform their mystic rounds.  
No other ornament, dull true! is thine.  
The yonder halow'd tomb! the pious work  
Of man's own hand, now dubious or forgot,  
And buried under the wreck of things which were:  
There he poster'd the more illustrious dead.  
The wind whips: hark! how it howls! Methinks,  
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:

[BLAIR.] THE GRAVE. 9  
Doors creak, and windows clasp, and night's foul  
bird  
Hark'd in the spine screams loud; the gloomy  
isles  
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of  
wretchedness,  
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound  
Laden with heavier sighs, from the low vaults,  
The mansions of the dead. Round from their  
slumbers,  
In grim array the grisly spectres rise.  
Grim horrible, and obstinately sullen  
Pace and repave, hush'd as the foot of night.  
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!  
I'll hear no more: it makes one's blood run chill.  
Quite round the pile, a row of red'ned elms,  
Coastal near with that, all ragged show,  
Long hush'd by the rude winds: some rift half  
down  
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,  
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same  
tree.  
Strange things, the neighbors say, have happen'd  
here:  
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;  
Dead men have come again and walked about;  
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.  
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,  
When it draws near to witching-time of night.

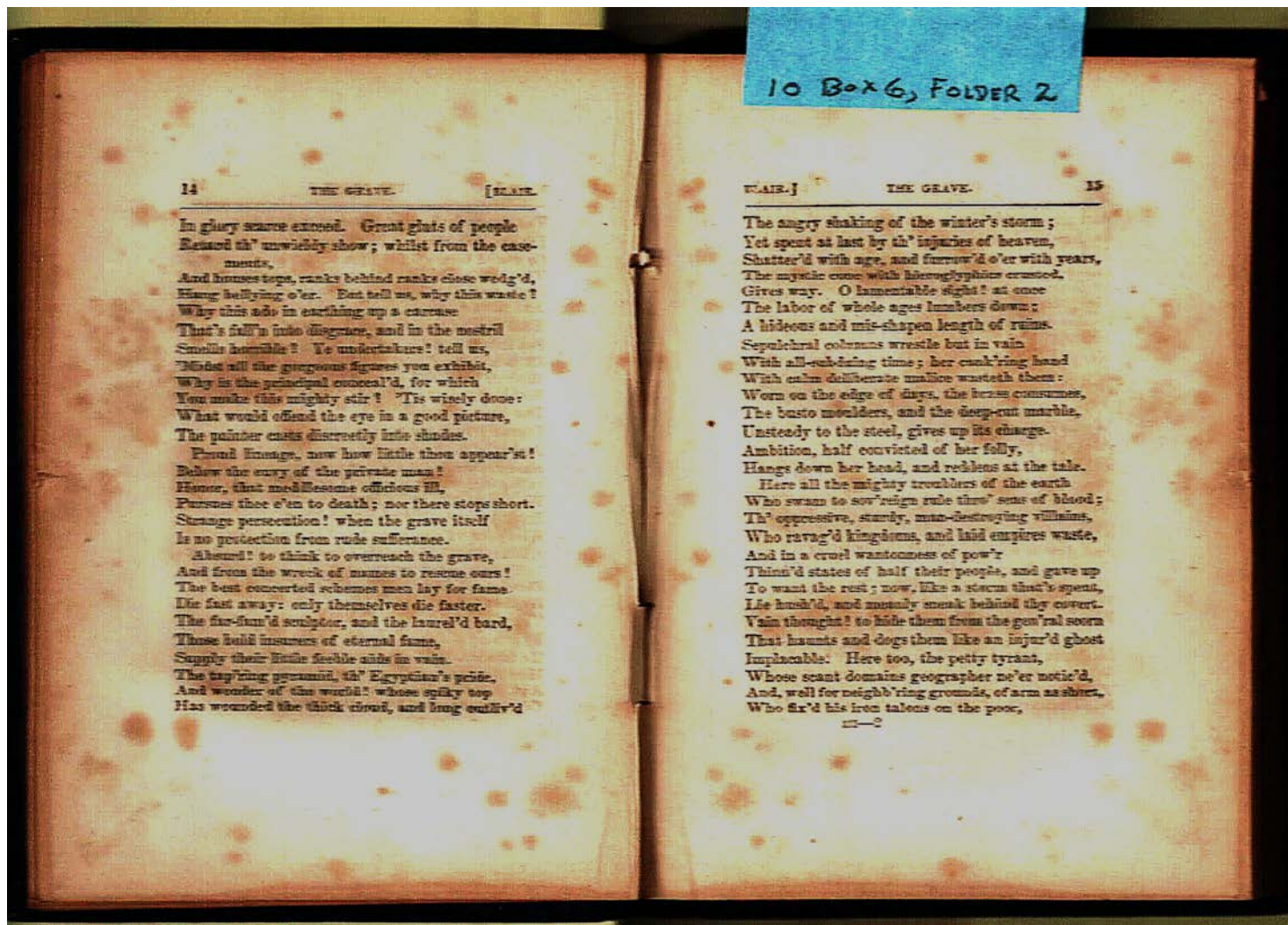
Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legaat Brothers, 1856

Image 7 r10\_06-02-000-0083 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)









In glory scarce extol'd. Great gluts of people  
Reared th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-  
ments,  
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd,  
Hearg bullying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?  
Why this ado in earth'ing up a carcase  
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril  
Smells horrible? Ye undertaker! tell us,  
Mistake all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
Why is the principal concern'd, for which  
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:  
What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
The painter casts discreetly into shades.  
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!  
Behold the envy of the private man!  
Honor, that meddling officious ill,  
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short.  
Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
Is no protection from rude sufferance.  
Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,  
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!  
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame  
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.  
The fix'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,  
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,  
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.  
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pile,  
And wonder of the world! whose spire top  
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd

The angry shaking of the winter's storm;  
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,  
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,  
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crossed,  
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once  
The labor of whole ages lurches down;  
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.  
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain  
With all-subduing time; her creak'ring head  
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:  
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,  
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.  
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,  
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.  
Here all the mighty troubleers of the earth  
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;  
Th' oppressive, starchy, man-destroying villains,  
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,  
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r  
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,  
Lie hush'd, and mutely sneak behind thy covert.  
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn  
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost  
Implacable: Here too, the petty tyrant,  
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,  
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,  
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,  
—2

10 Box 6, Folder 2

16

THE GRAVE.

[SLAVE.]

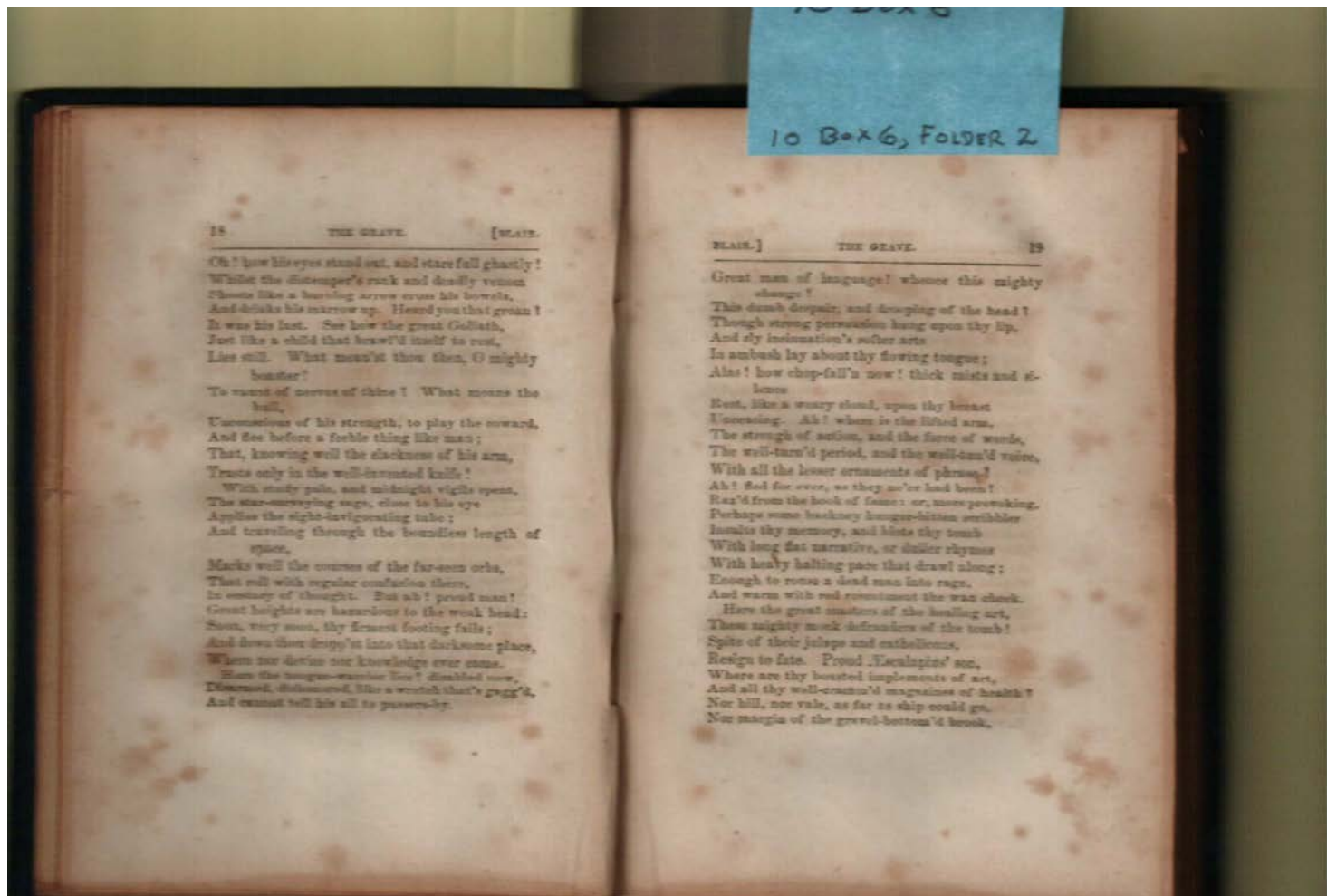
And grip'd them like some horrid beast of prey,  
Deaf to the fearful cries of gnawing hunger,  
And piteous plaintive voice of misery  
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,  
Of the same common nature with his lord :)  
New tone and humbly, like a child that's whipp'd,  
Shakes head with dust, and calls the worm his  
brother :  
New pleasurable and bright. Under ground  
Frondey's a jest; vassal and lord,  
Cousely familiar, side by side consume  
What self-esteem, or others' adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we were something  
Above the common level of our kind ;  
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd  
Saturny,  
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.  
Beasty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!  
The grave discredit thee: thy charms expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilac soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of! Will thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee hom-  
age?  
Nobility I see thee with thy head low laid,  
While reclined upon thy damask cheek,  
The high-bred worm, in lacy volumes roll'd,  
Kisses unscar'd. For this was all thy station!

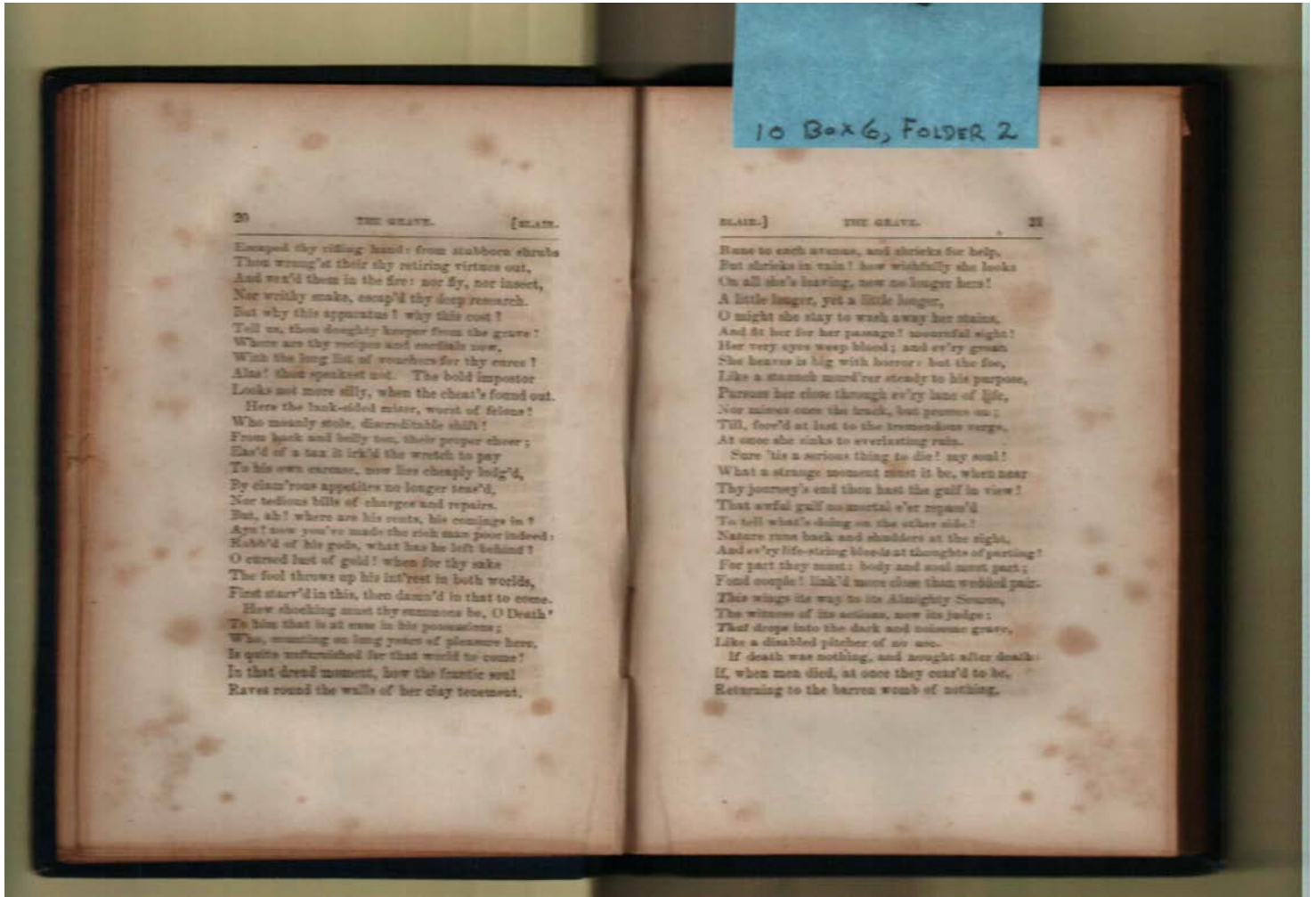
SLAVE.]

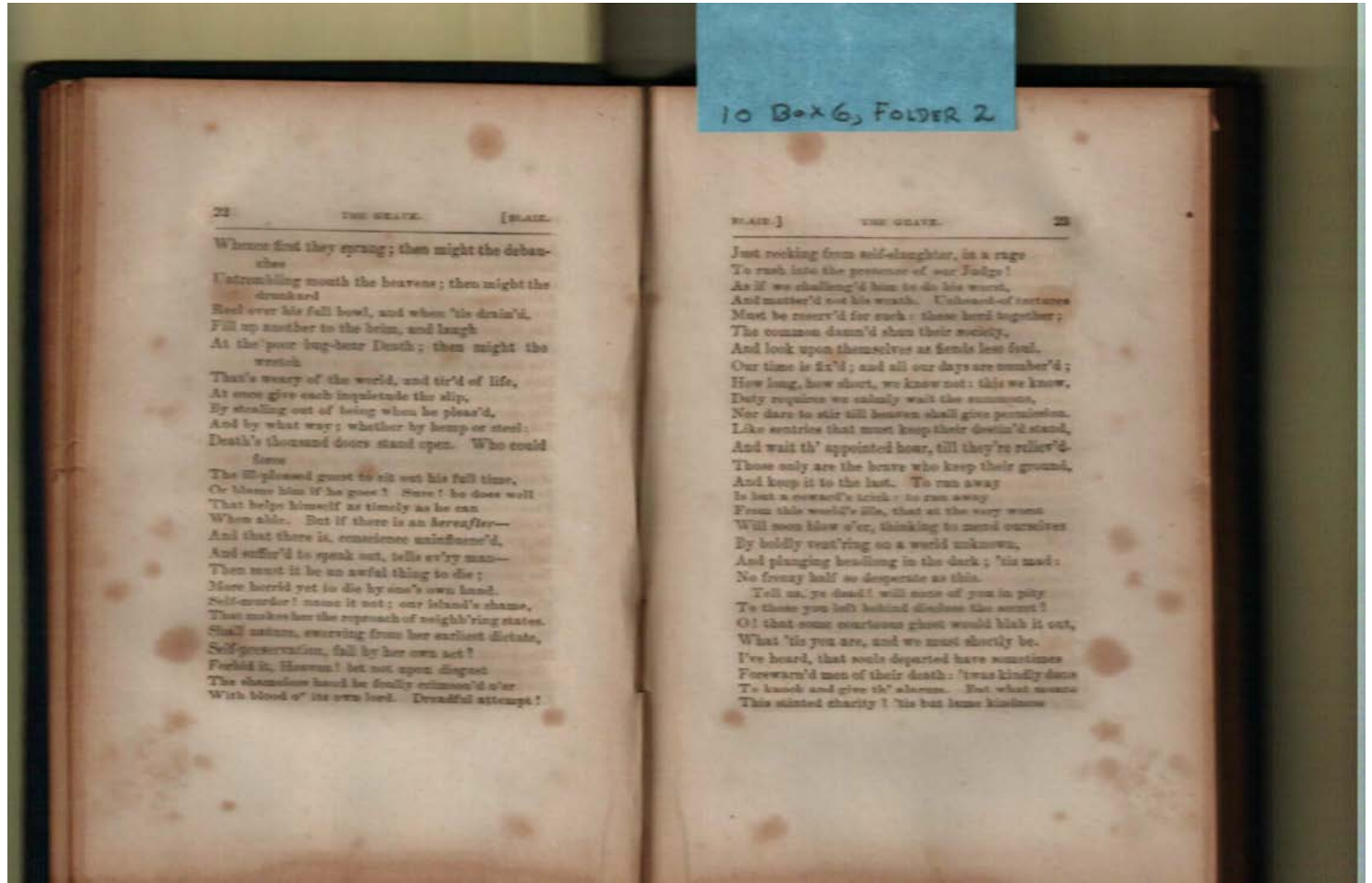
THE GRAVE.

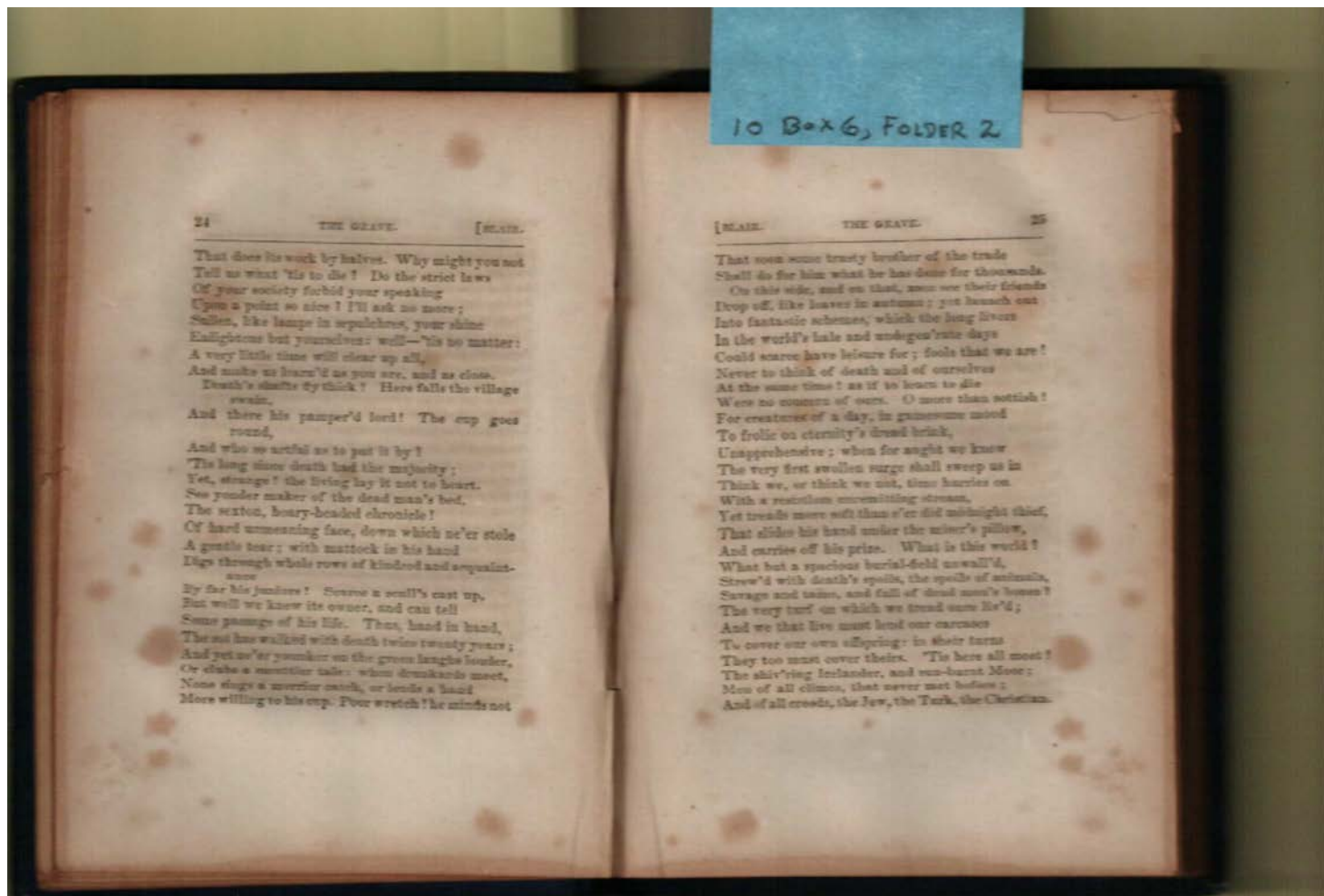
17

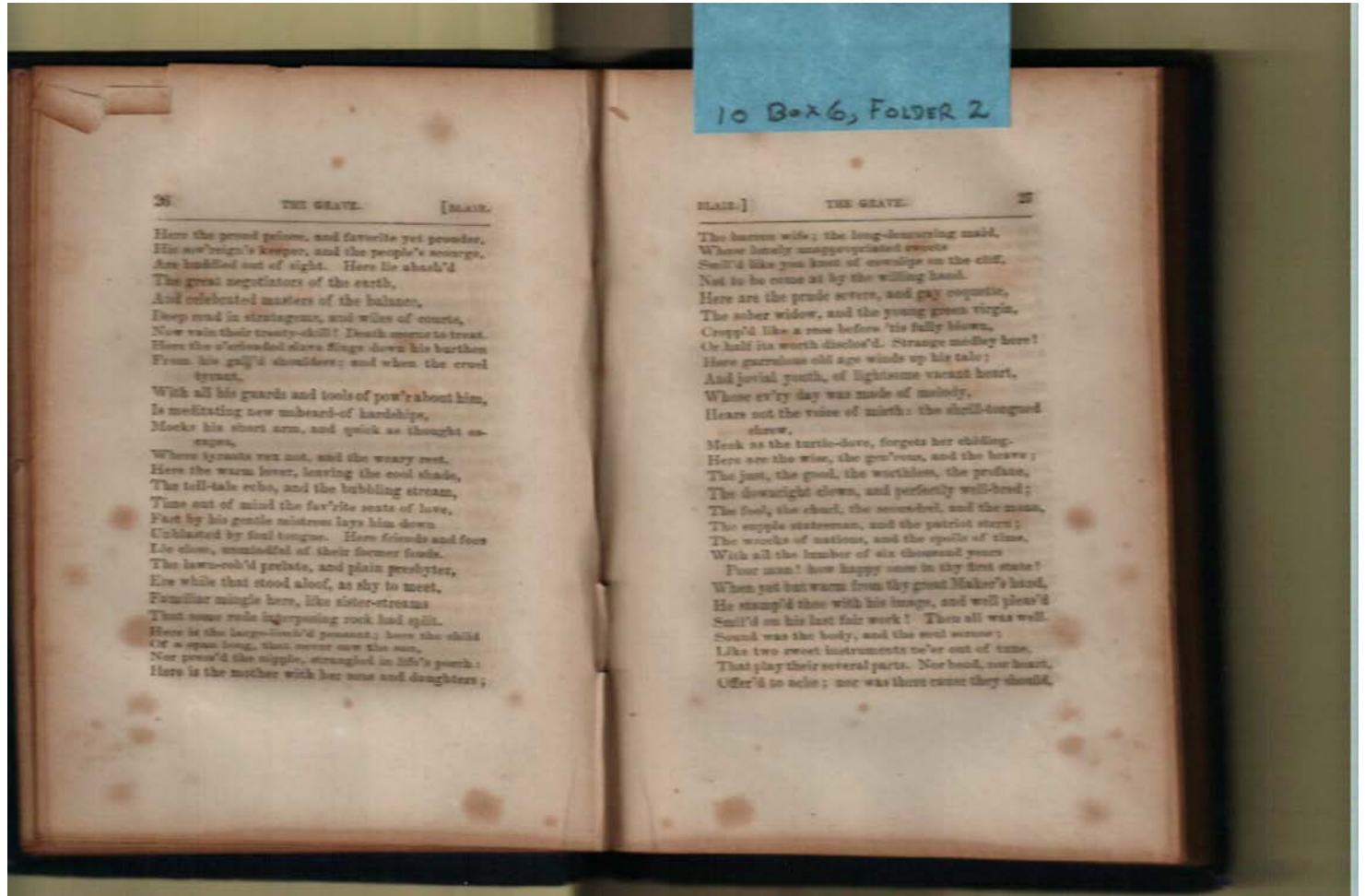
For this thy painful labors at thy glass,  
To improve those charms, and keep them in re-  
pair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not! Fool  
feeder!  
Coarse fare and carrion pieces thou fall as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears  
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:  
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain  
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.  
Strength, too! thou sturdy, and low gentle beast  
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,  
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling  
That rashly dar'd thee to the unequal fight.  
What groan was that I heard! deep groan indeed!  
With agonish heavy laden! let me trace it:  
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man  
By stronger arm belabor'd, gasps for breath  
Like a hard-busted boat. How his great heart  
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too small  
To give the lungs full play! What now avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread  
shoulders?  
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,  
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight

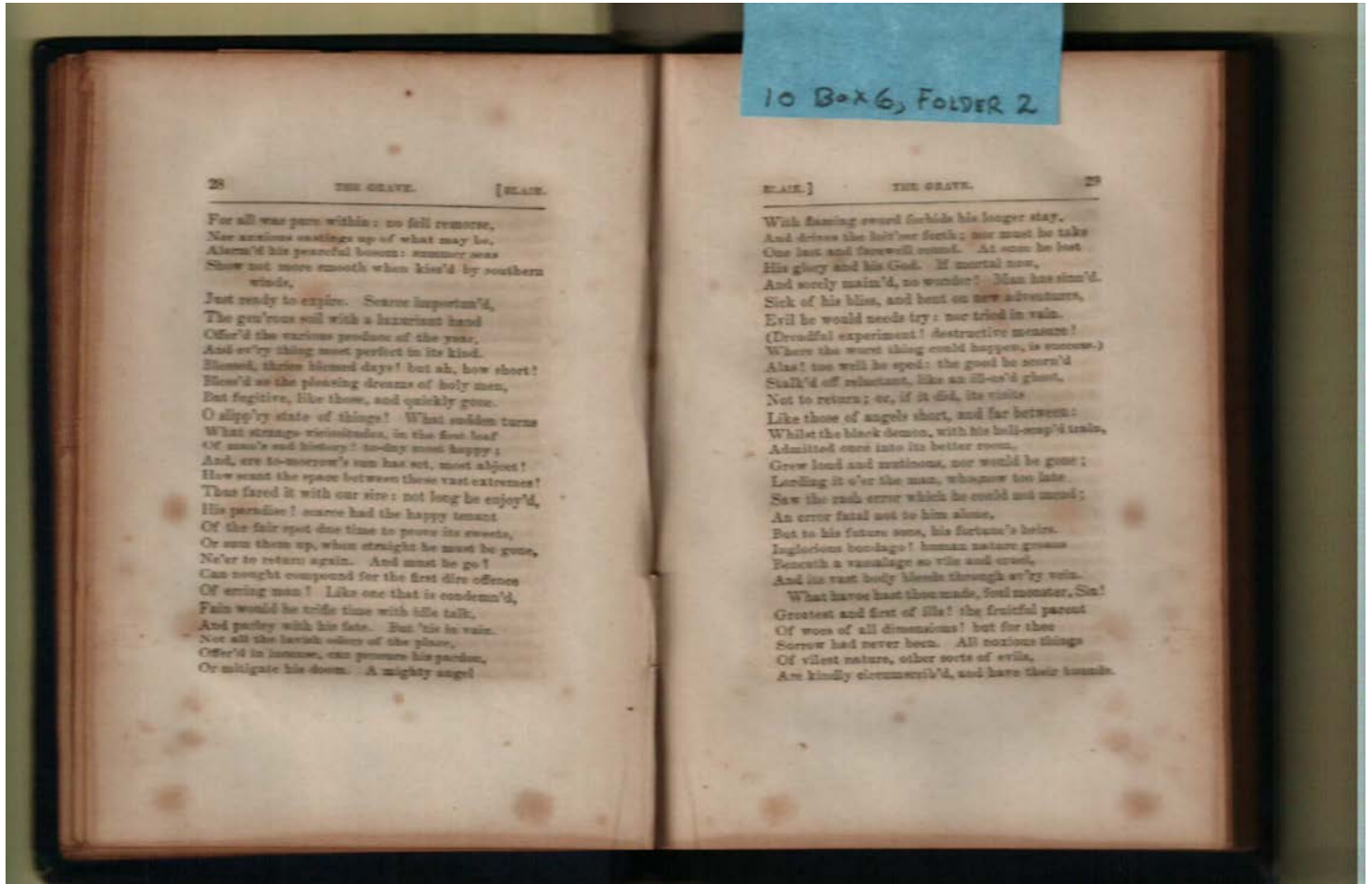








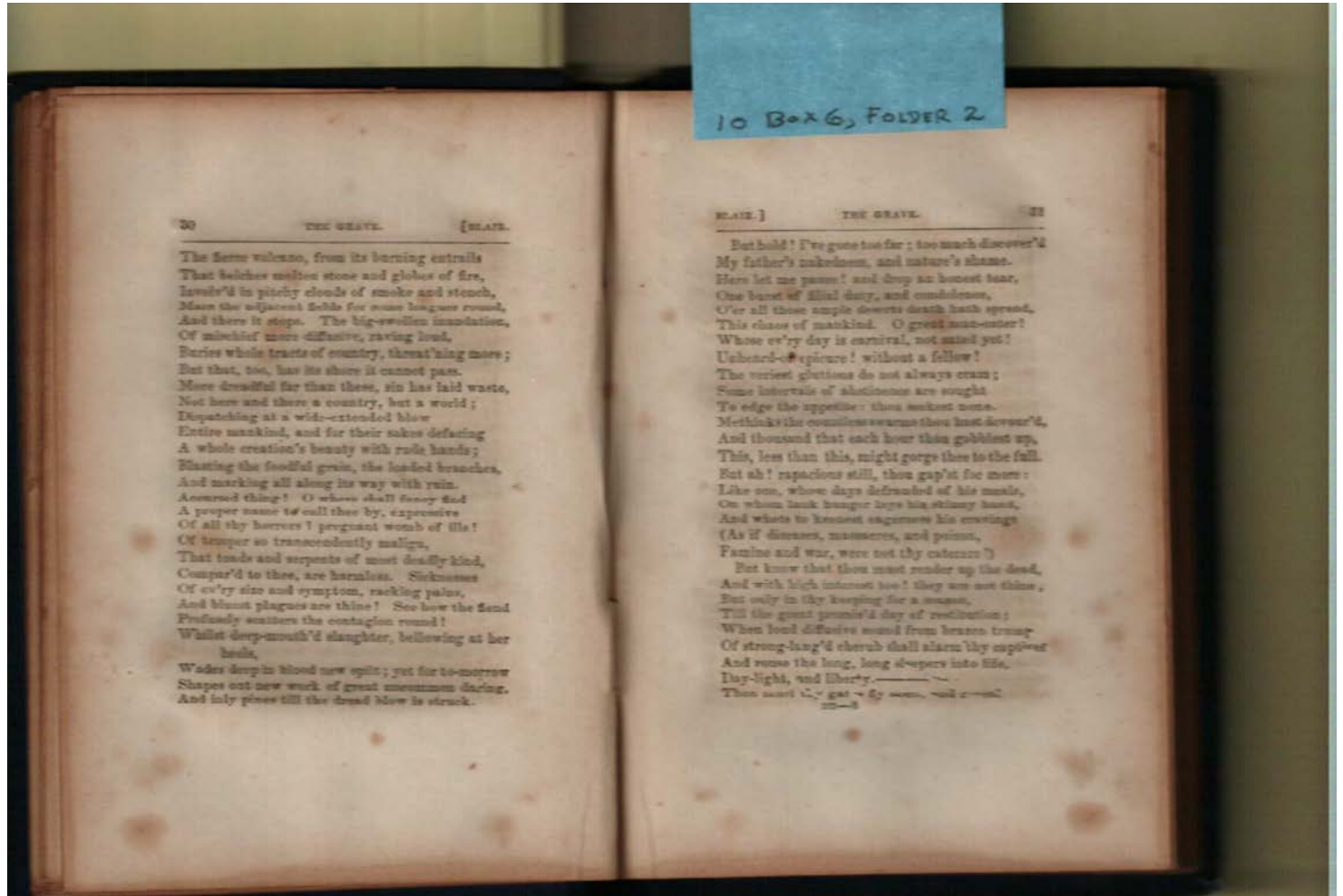




For all was pure within: no fell remorse,  
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,  
Alarms'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas  
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern  
winds,  
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,  
The generous soil with a luxuriant hand  
Offer'd the various produce of the year,  
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.  
Bliss'd, thine blessed days! but ah, how short!  
Bliss'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,  
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.  
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns  
What strange vicissitudes, in the few leaf  
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;  
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most wretched!  
How scant the space between these vast extremes!  
Thus fared it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd,  
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant  
Of the fair spot time to prove its sweets,  
Or run them up, when straight he must be gone,  
Ne'er to return again. And must he go!  
Can thought compound for the first dire offence  
Of erring man! Like one that is condemn'd,  
Pain would he wile time with idle talk,  
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.  
Not all the lavish odors of the place,  
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,  
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel

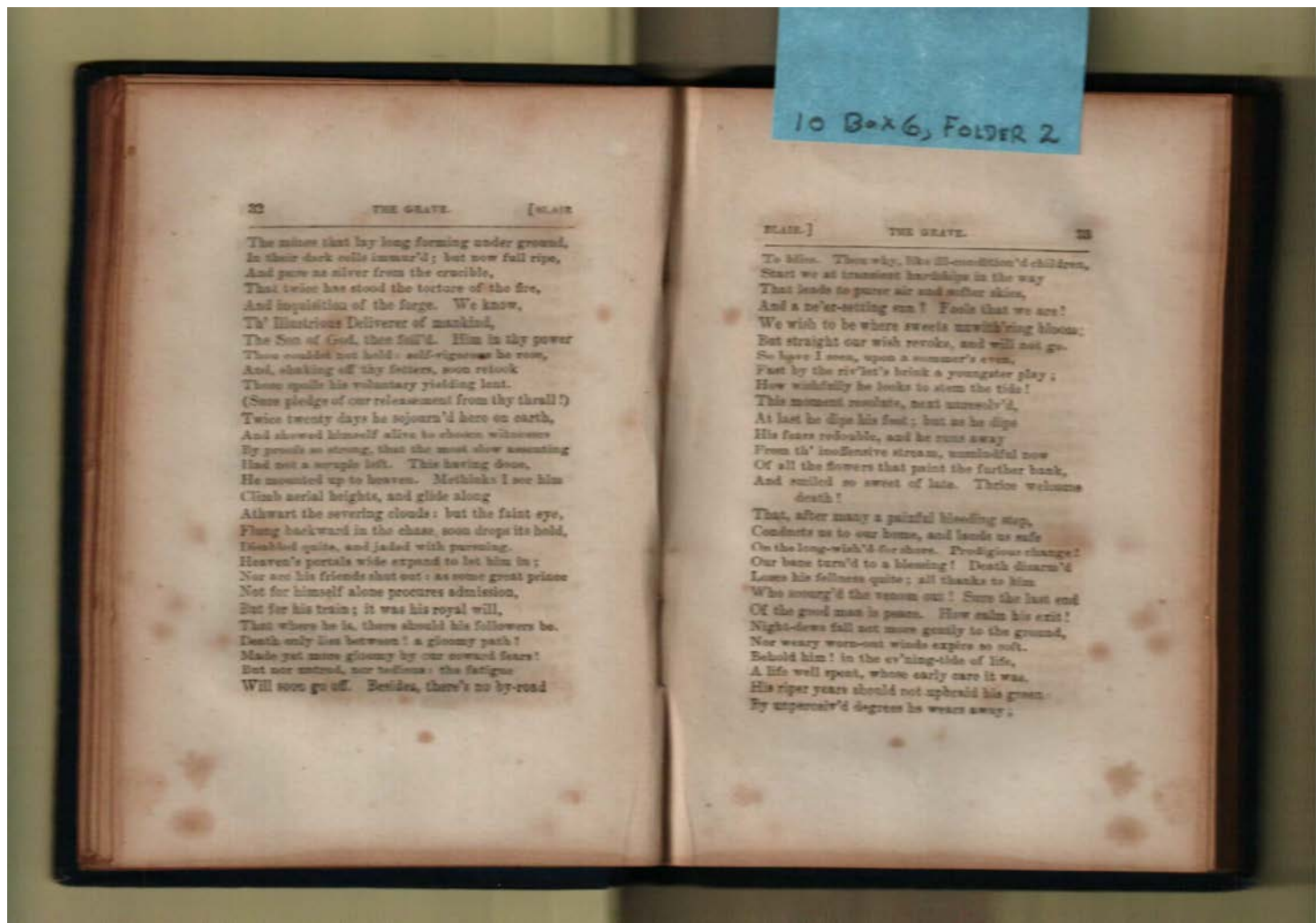
With flashing sword forbids his longer stay,  
And drives the lost'ner forth: nor must he take  
One last and farewell round. At once he lost  
His glory and his God. If mortal now,  
And sorely main'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd,  
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.  
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!  
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)  
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd  
Stall'd off reluctant, like an ill-w'd ghost,  
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits  
Like those of angels short, and far between:  
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-sweep'd trails,  
Admitted once into its better room,  
Grew loud and ruminous, nor would be gone;  
Lording it o'er the man, whenever too late  
Saw the rash error which he could not mend:  
An error fatal not to him alone,  
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.  
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans  
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.  
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!  
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent  
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee  
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things  
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,  
Are kindly circumscrit'd, and have their bounds.

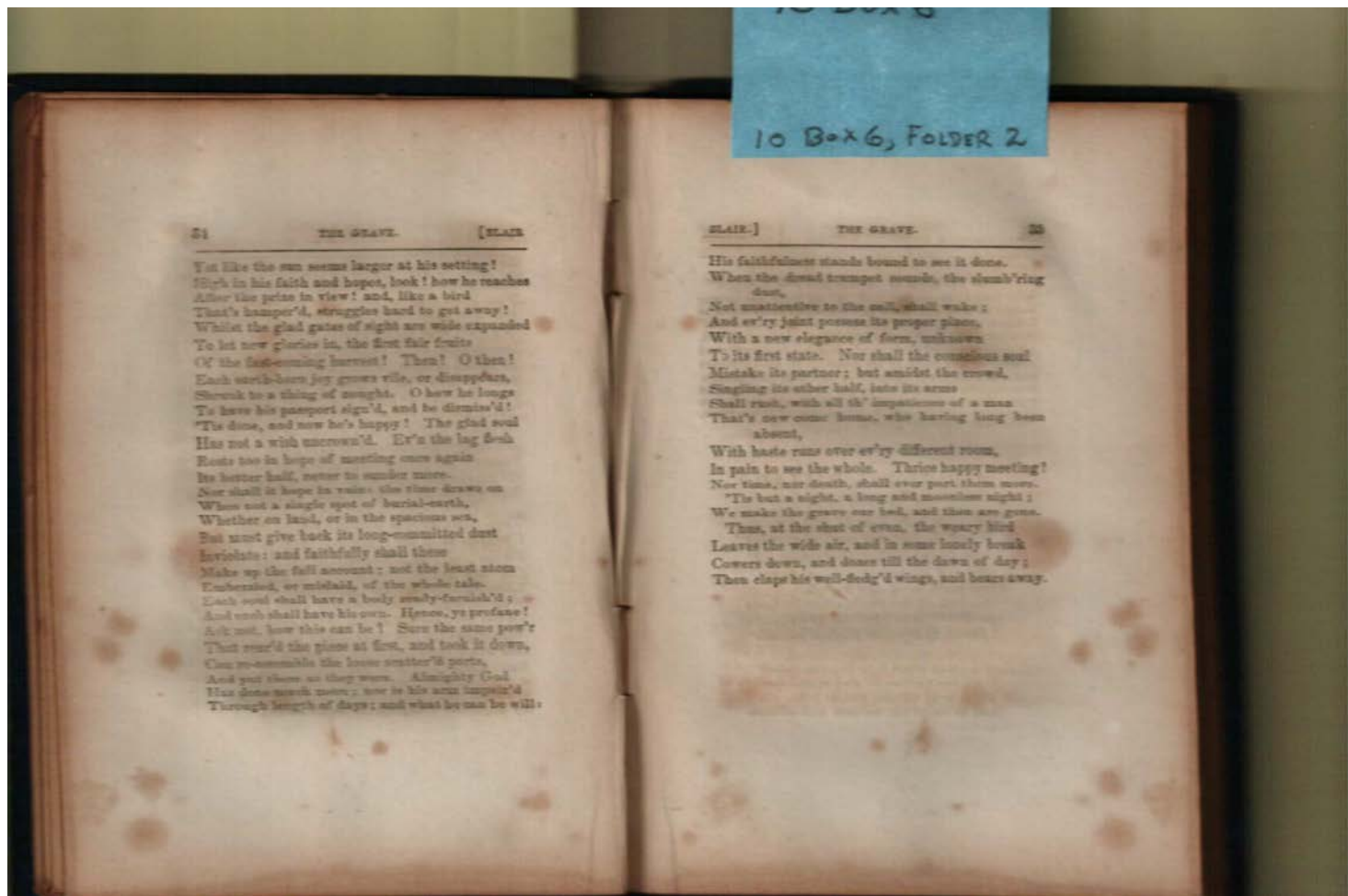


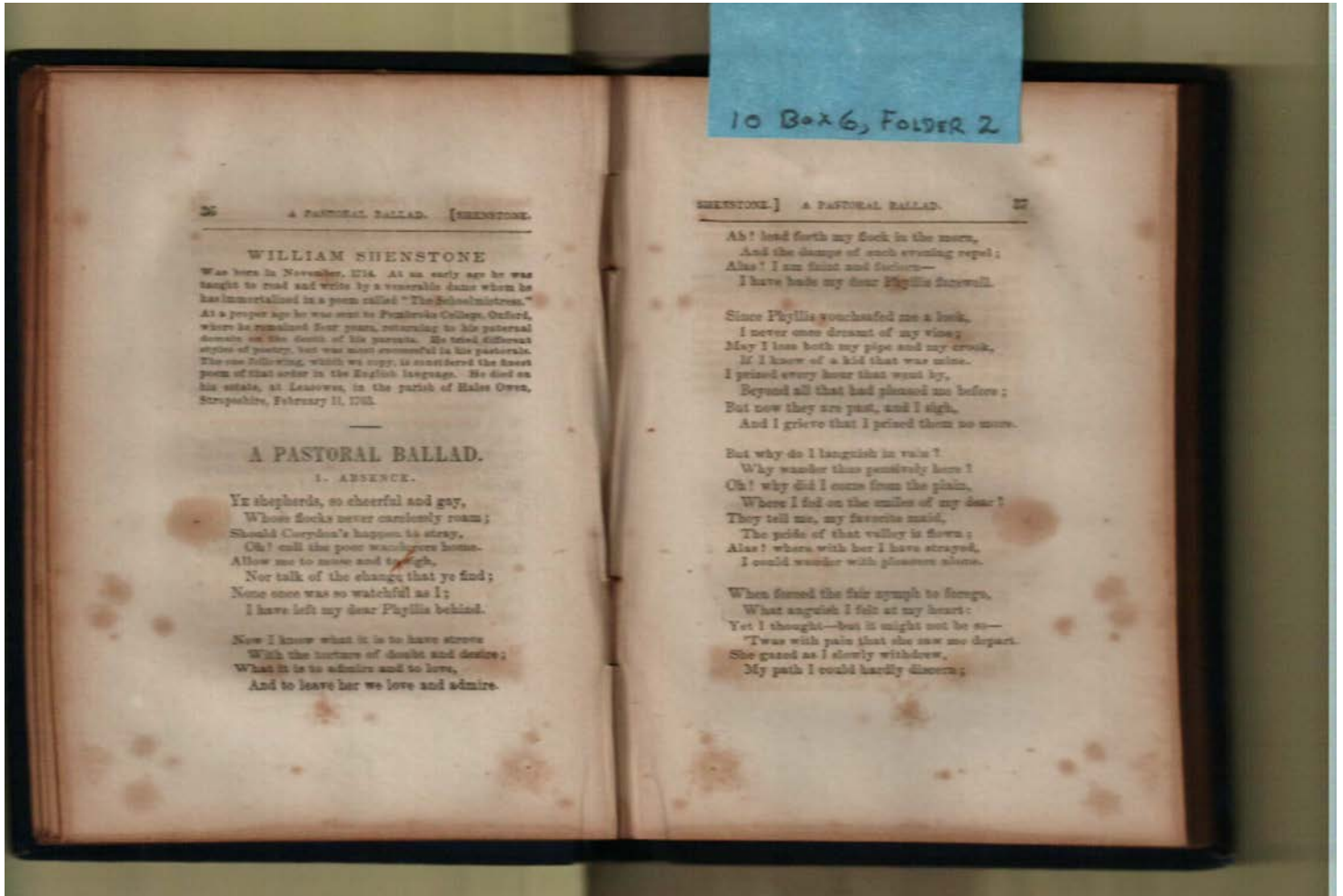


The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails  
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
Lays'd in pithy clouds of smoke and stench,  
Mows the adjacent fields for some leagues round,  
And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,  
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;  
But that, too, has its shore it cannot pass.  
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,  
Not here and there a country, but a world;  
Dispatching as a wide-extended blow  
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing  
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
Flouting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,  
And marking all along its way with ruin.  
Accursed thing! O whose shall fancy find  
A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
Of all thy horrors! pregnant womb of ill!  
Of temper so transcendently malign,  
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,  
Compar'd to thee, are harmless. Sicknesses  
Of ev'ry sort and symptom, racking pains,  
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend  
Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her  
heels,  
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet far to-morrow  
Shapes out new wick of great unconsum'd daring,  
And hily pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd  
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.  
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,  
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,  
O'er all these ample deserts death hath spread,  
This chaos of mankind. O great non-exist!  
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!  
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!  
The voracious gluttons do not always cram;  
Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
To edge the appetite: thou satest none.  
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,  
And thousand that each hour thou gobblest up,  
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.  
But ah! rapacious still, thou gart'st for more:  
Like one, whose days defrauded of his meals,  
On whom back hunger lays his stony hand,  
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings  
(As if diseases, massacres, and poison,  
Famine and war, were not thy caterers!)  
But know that thou must render up the dead,  
And with high interest too! they are not thine,  
But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till the great promise'd day of restitution;  
When loud diffuse sound from heaven's trumpet  
Of strong-ling'd cherub shall alarm thy copper  
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
Day-light, and liberty. ————  
Then must thou get thy score, and come ————  
———







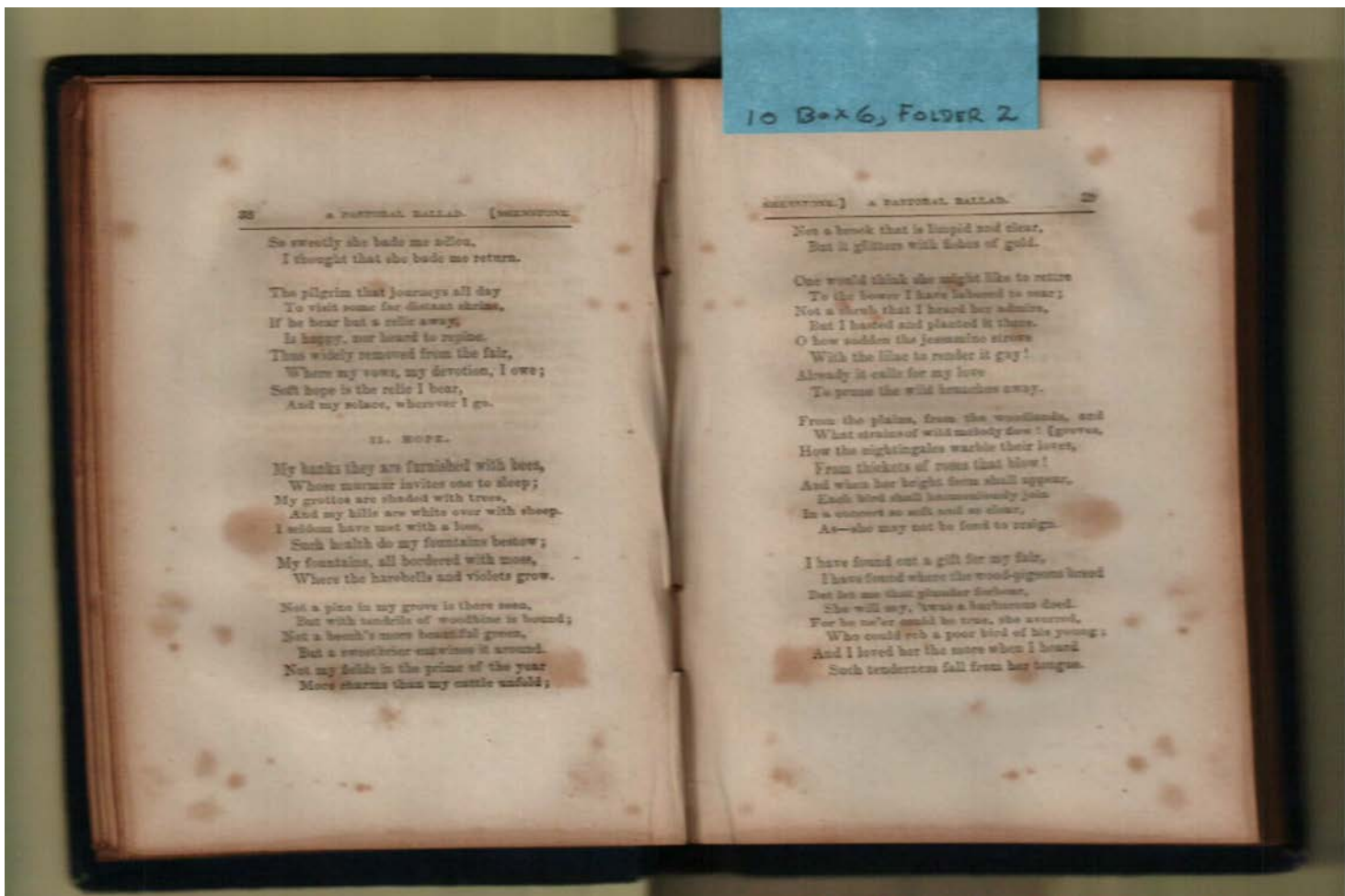
**Names:**

A Pastoral Ballad

Shenstone, William

**Types:**

poem



So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
To visit some far distant shrine,  
If he bear but a relic away,  
Is happy, nor heed to repine.  
Thus widely removed from the fair,  
Where my eyes, my devotion, I owe;  
Soft hope is the relic I bear,  
And my solace, wherever I go.

11. MORN.

My banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My groves are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep.  
I seldom have met with a lion,  
Such health do my fountains bestow;  
My fountains, all bordered with moss,  
Where the harebells and violets grow.

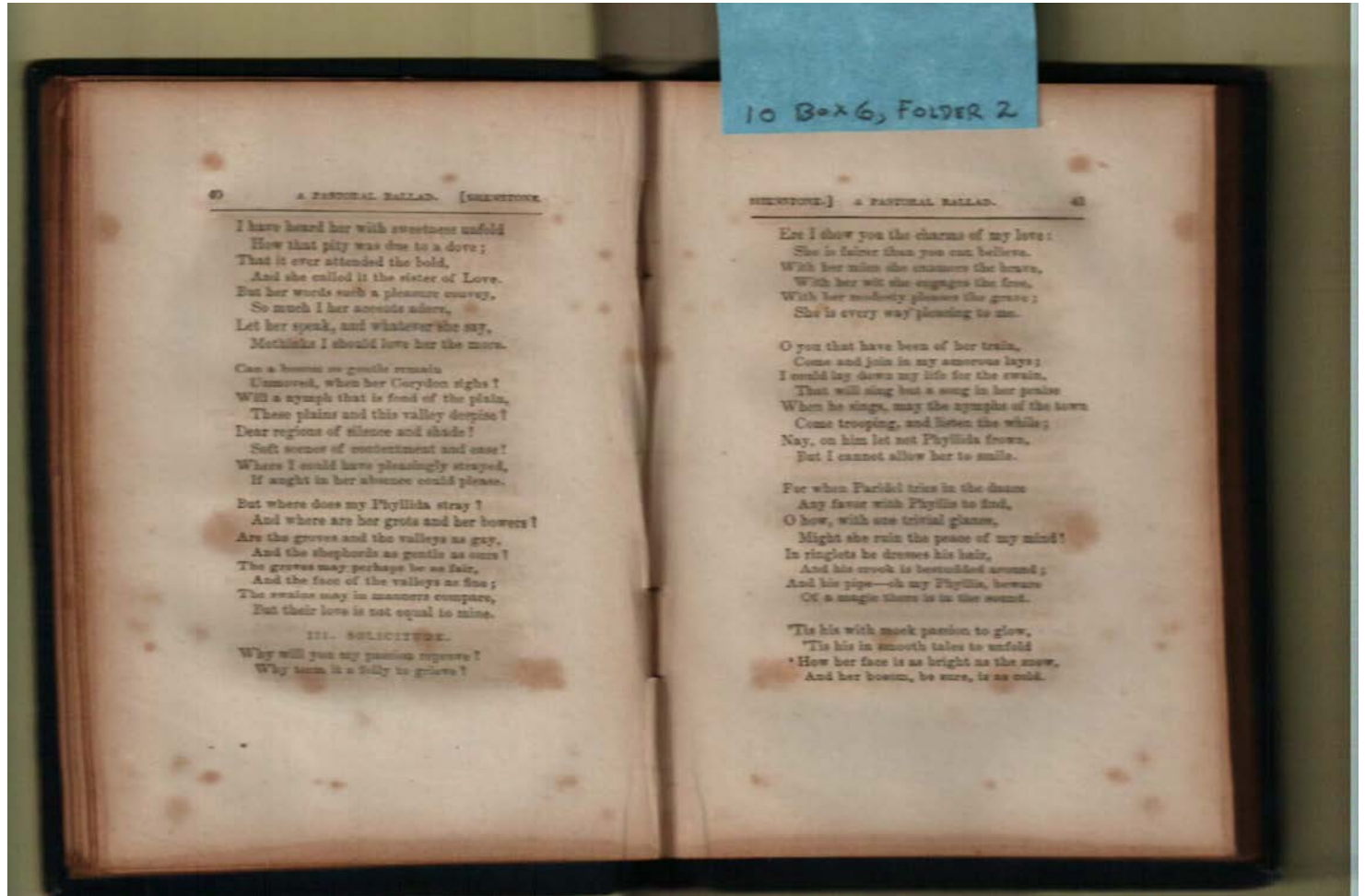
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;  
Not a bush's more beautiful green,  
But a rosebrier entwines it around.  
Not my fields in the prime of the year  
More charms than my cattle unfold;

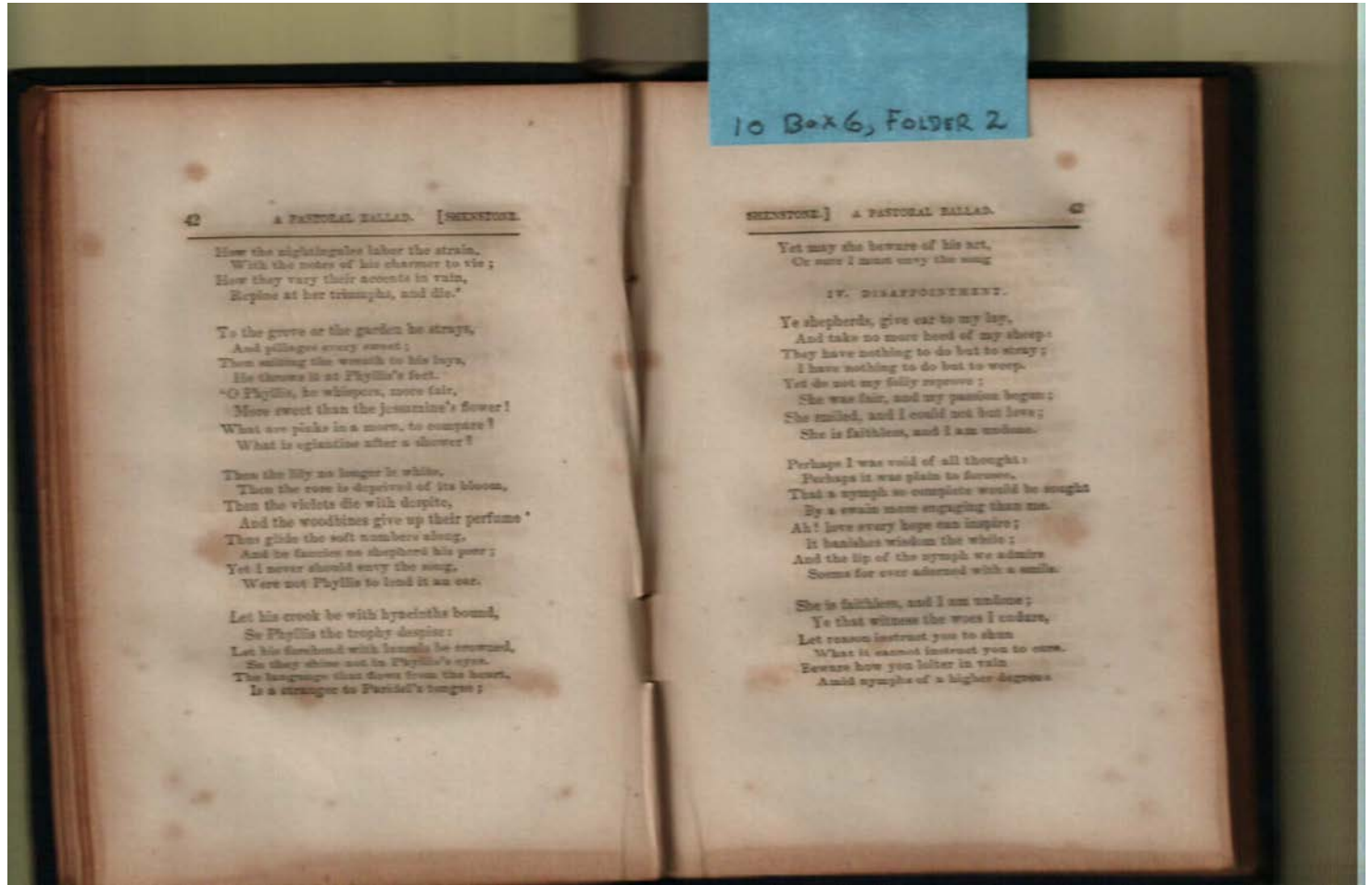
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

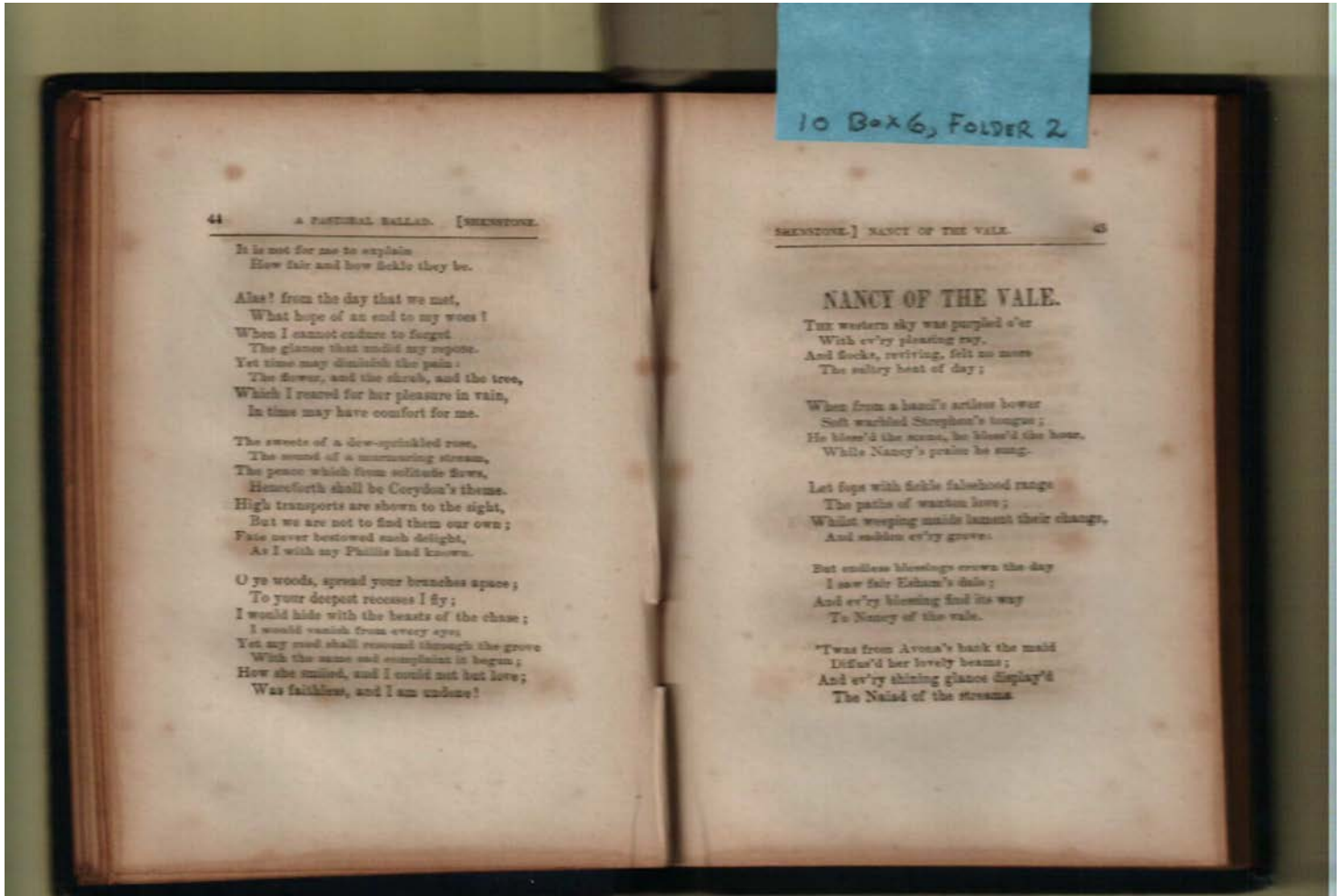
One would think she might like to retire  
To the bosom I have labored to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I heeded and planted it there.  
O how sudden the jasmine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay!  
Already it calls for my love  
To press the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and  
What strains of wild melody drew! (groves,  
How the nightingales warble their loves,  
From thickets of roses that blow!  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed  
But let me that slender herb rear,  
She will say, 'twas a herbaceous deed.  
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
Who could rob a poor bird of his young;  
And I loved her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.







**Names:**

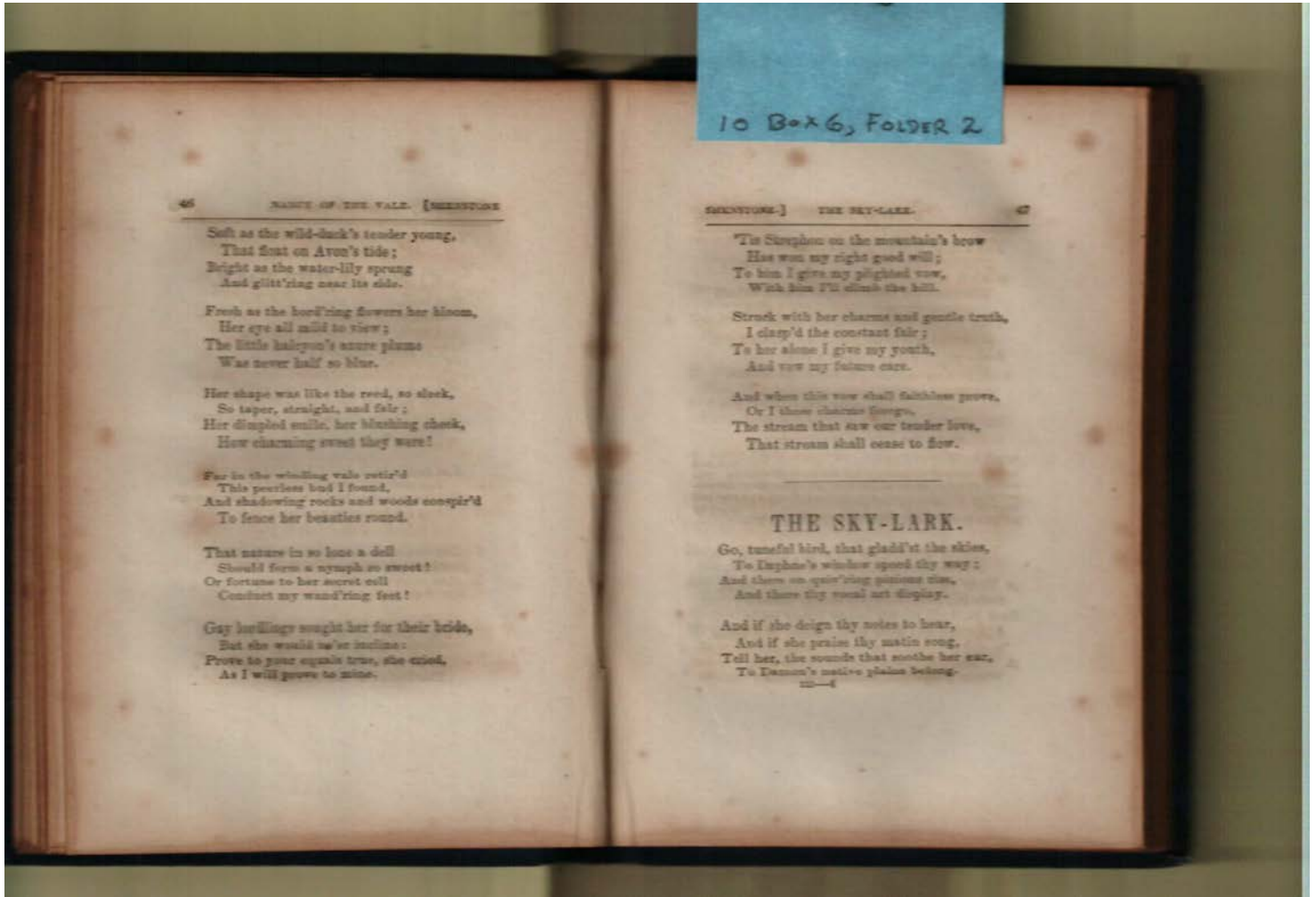
Nancy of the Vale

Shenstone, William

**Types:**

poem





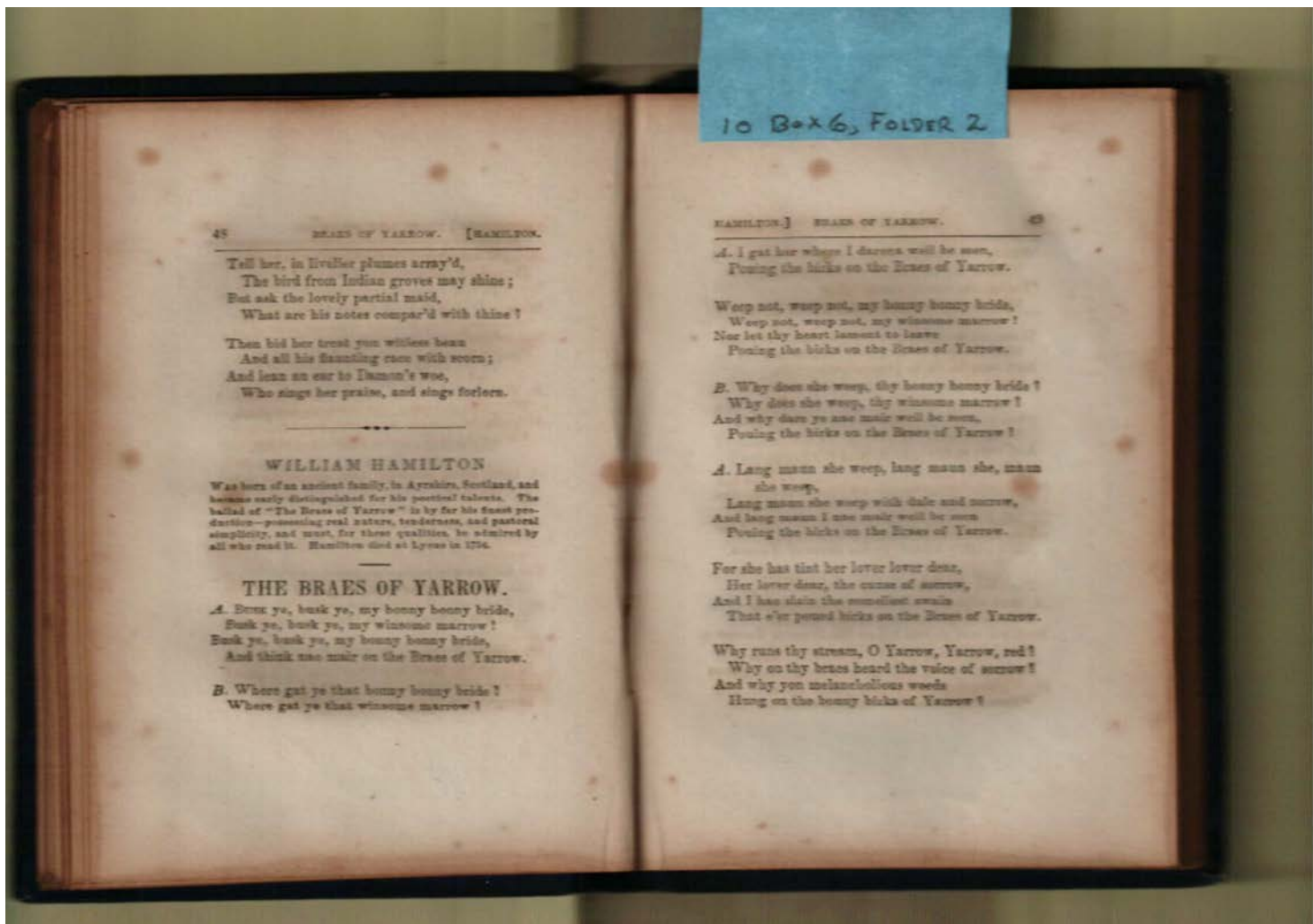
**Names:**

Shenstone, William

The Sky-Lark

**Types:**

poem



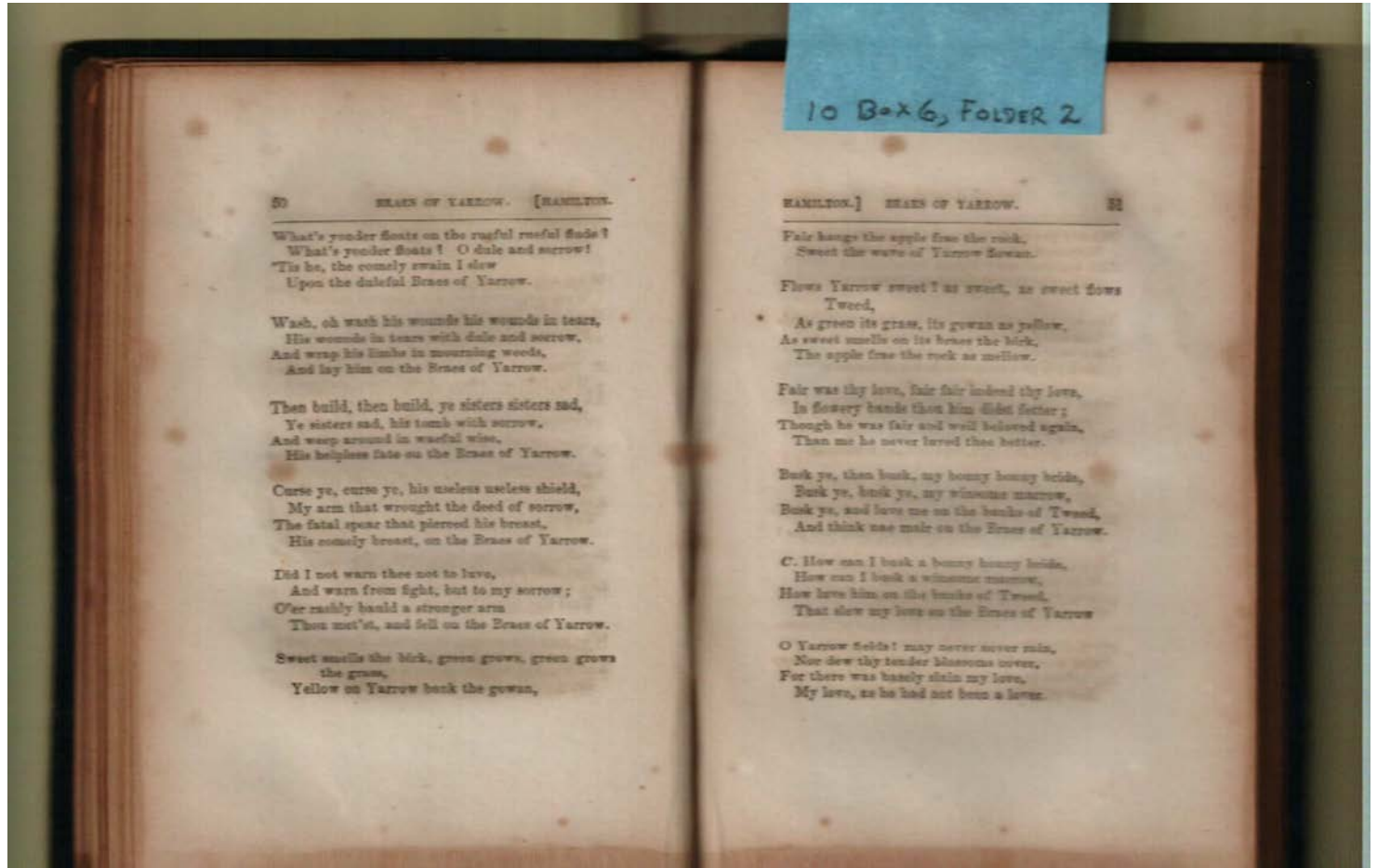
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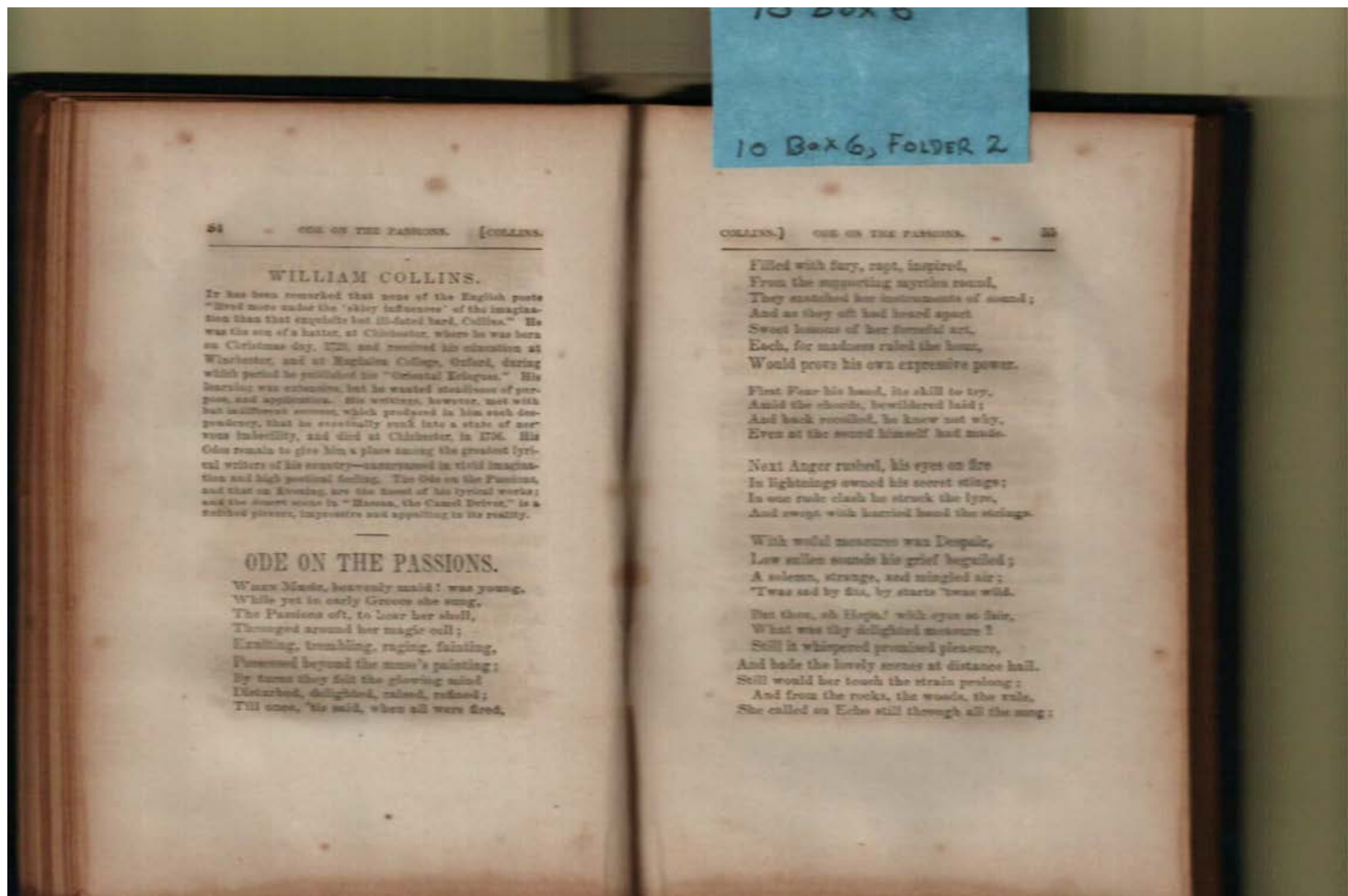
Hamilton, William

The Braes of Yarrow

**Types:**

poem





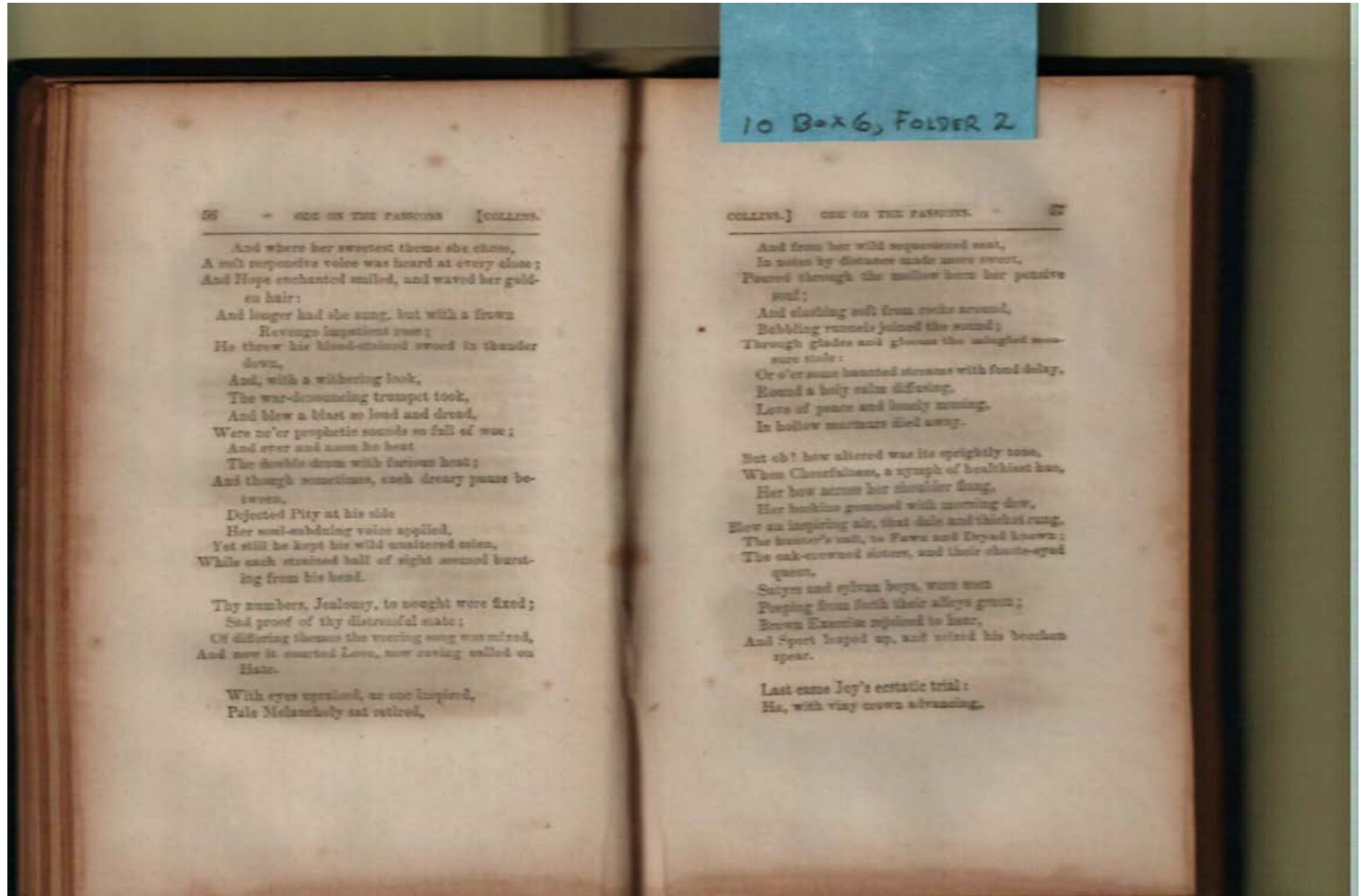
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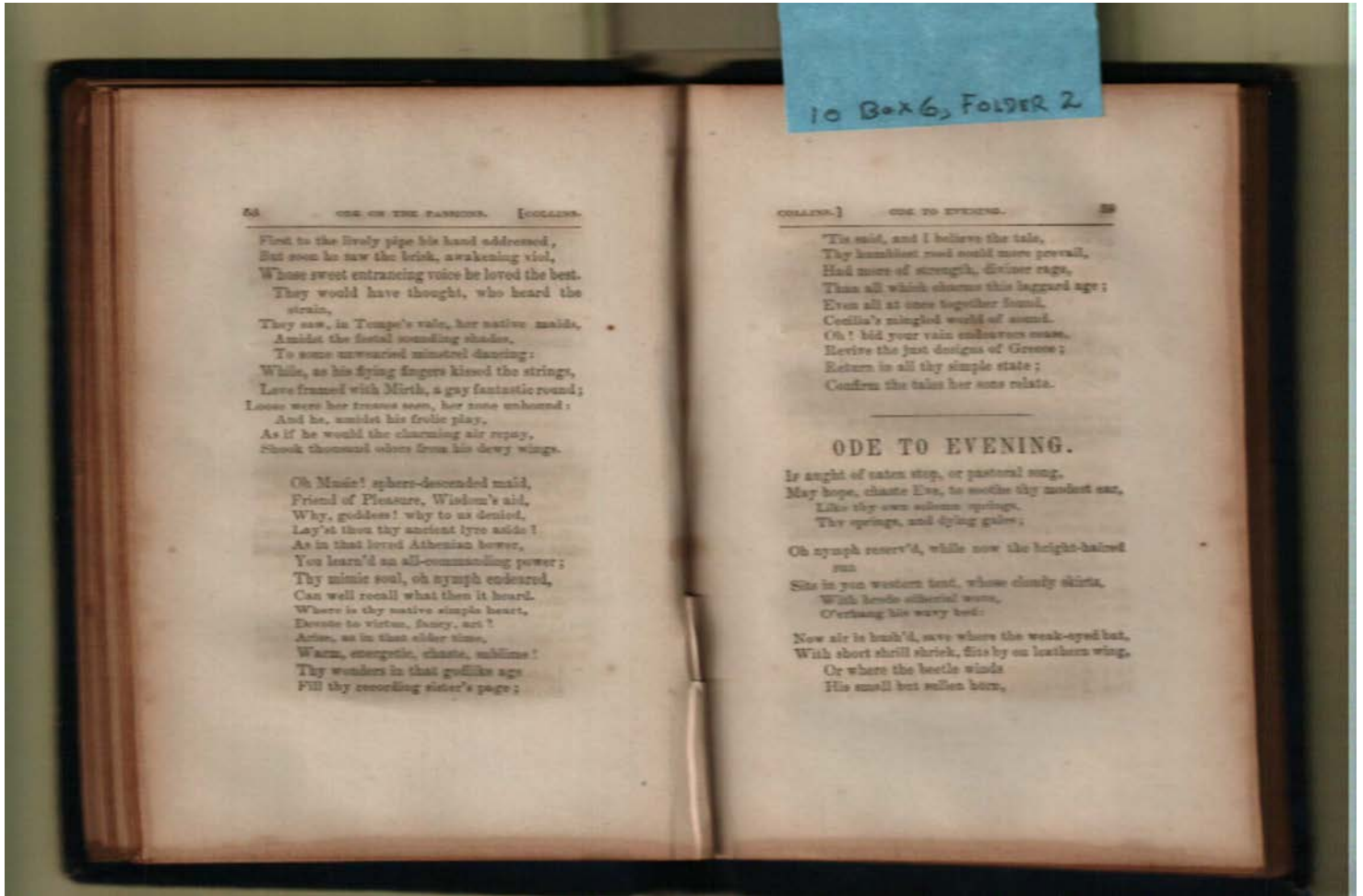
Collins, William

Ode on the Passions

**Types:**

poem





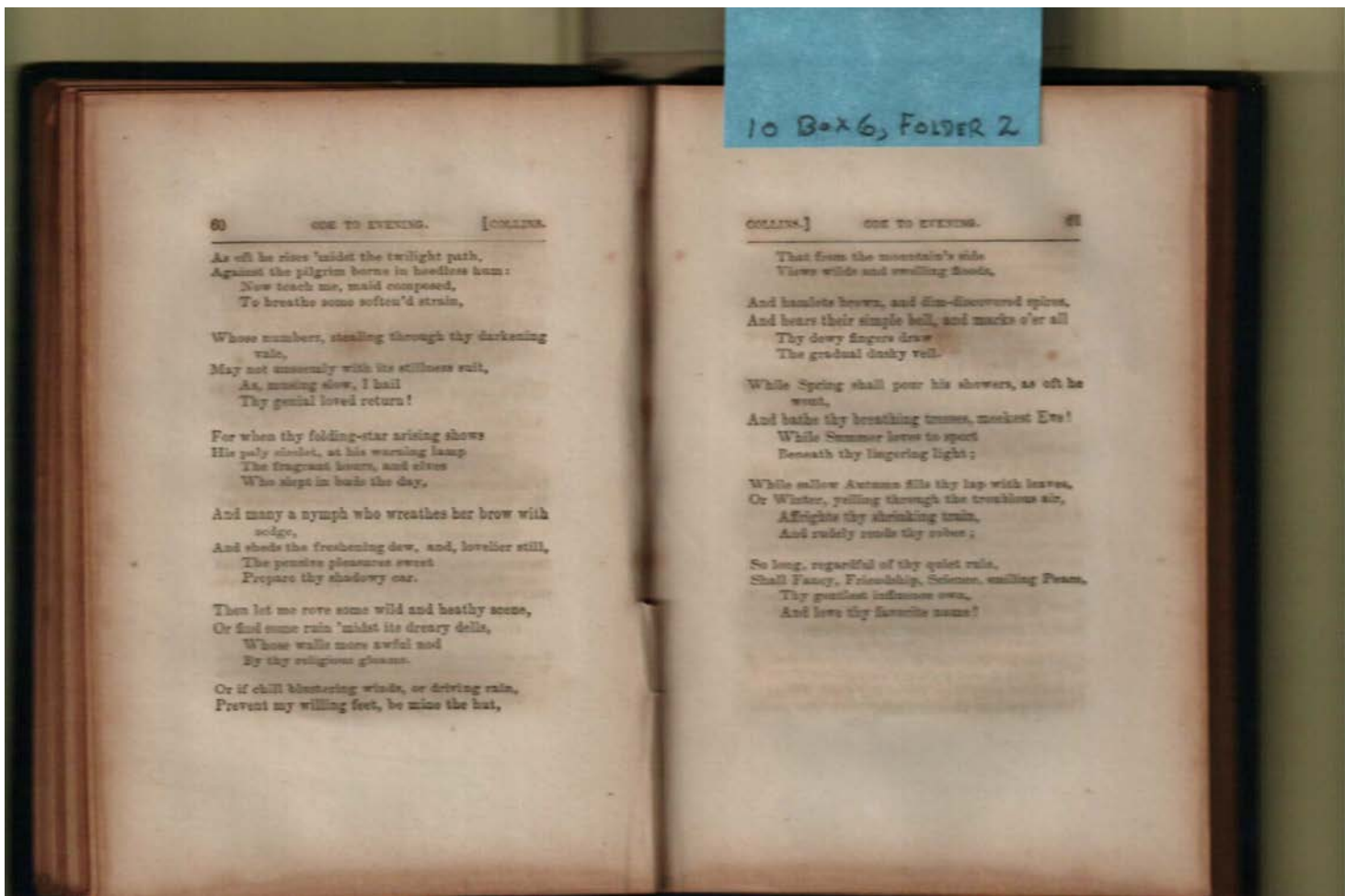
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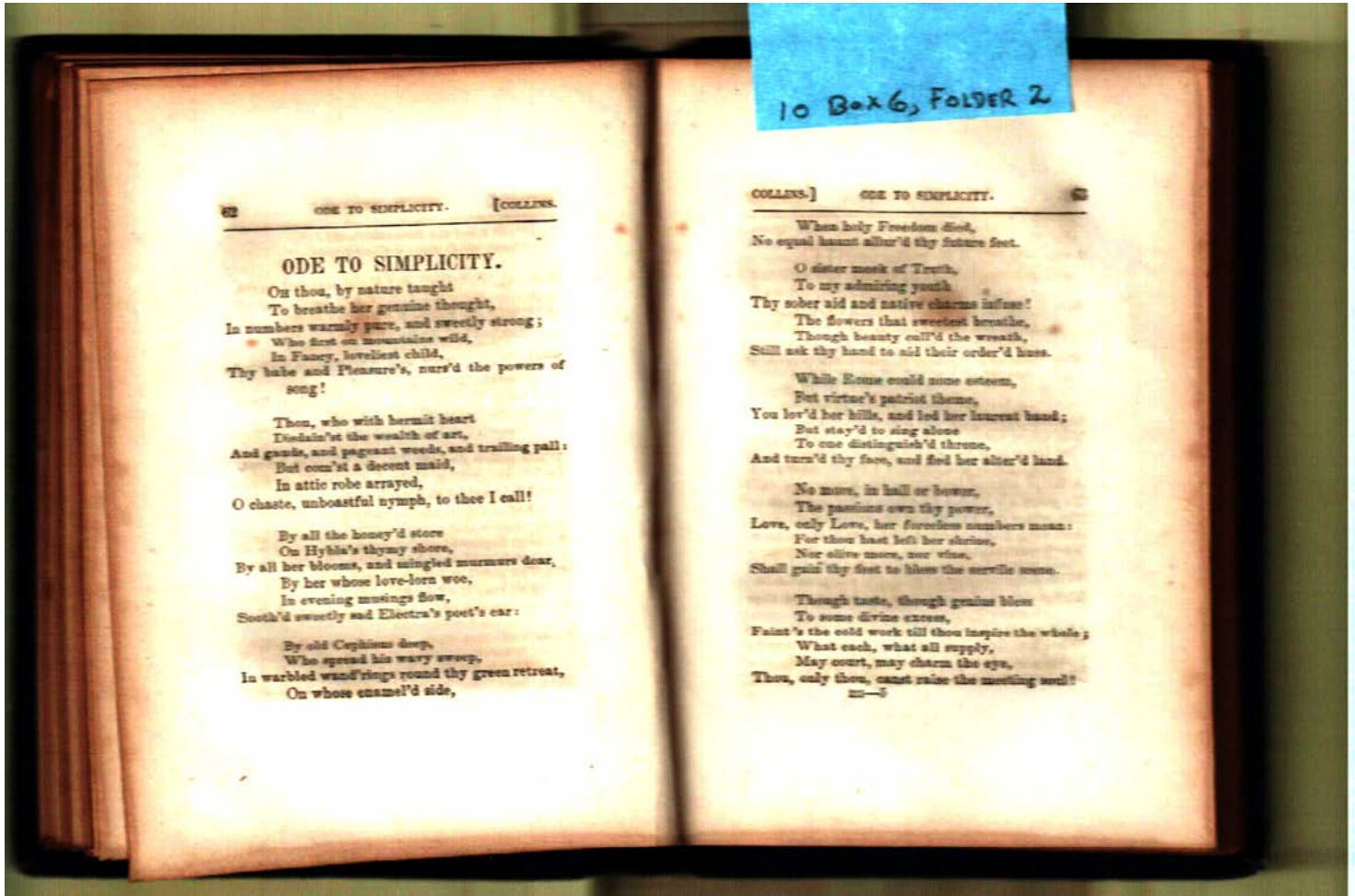
Collins, William

Ode to Evening

**Types:**

poem





**Names:**

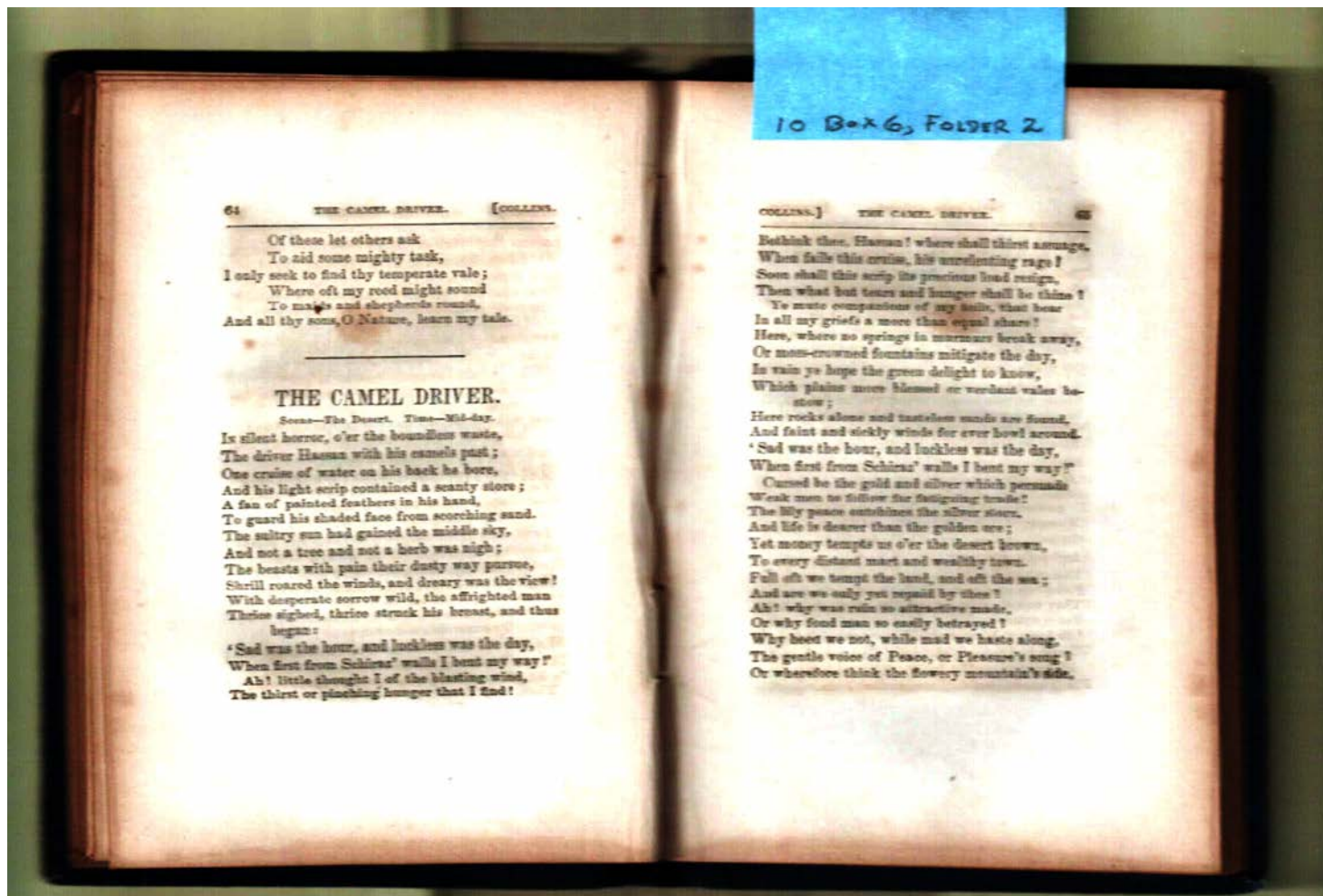
Collins, William

Ode to Simplicity

**Types:**

poem





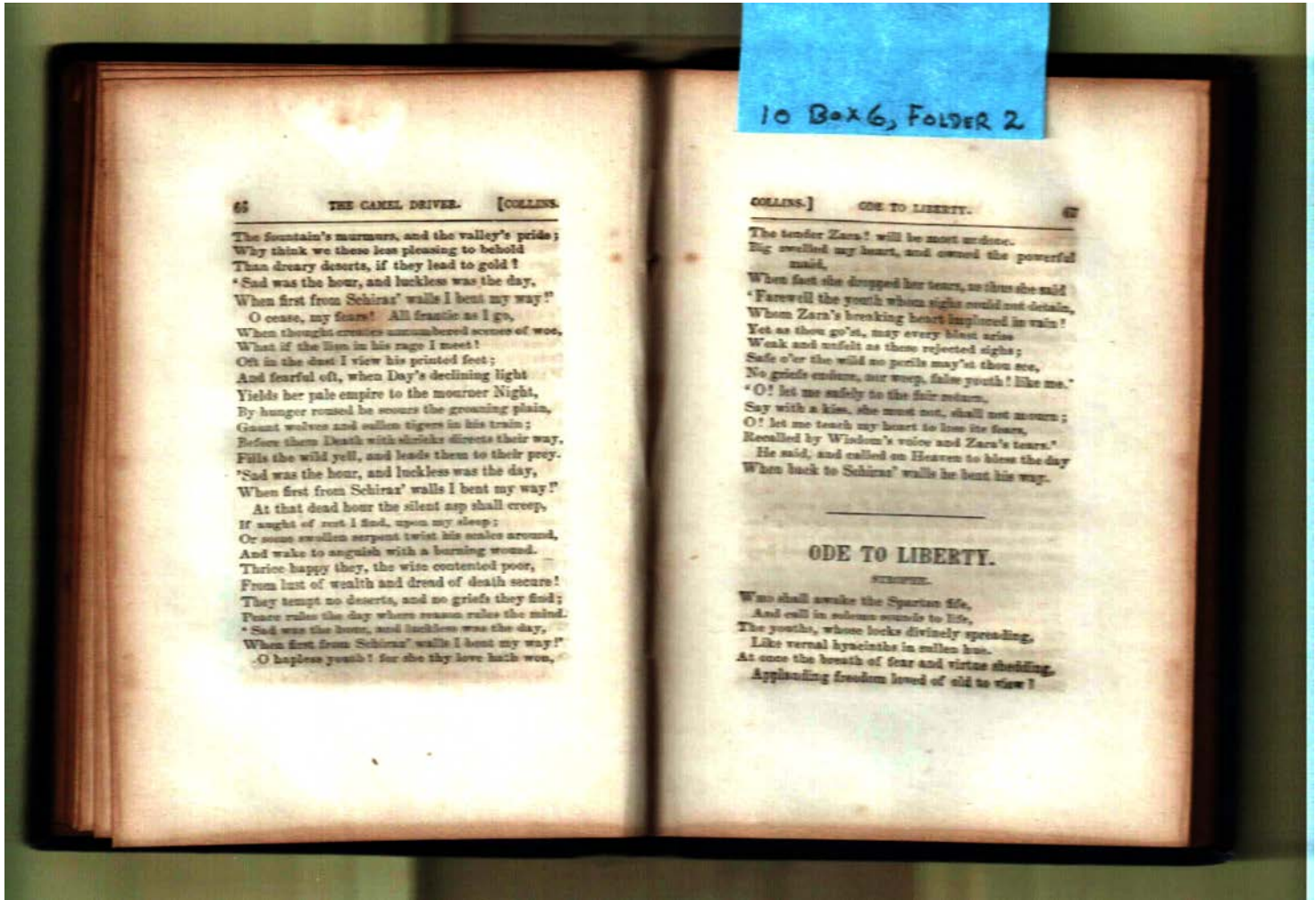
**Names:**

Collins, William

The Camel Driver

**Types:**

poem



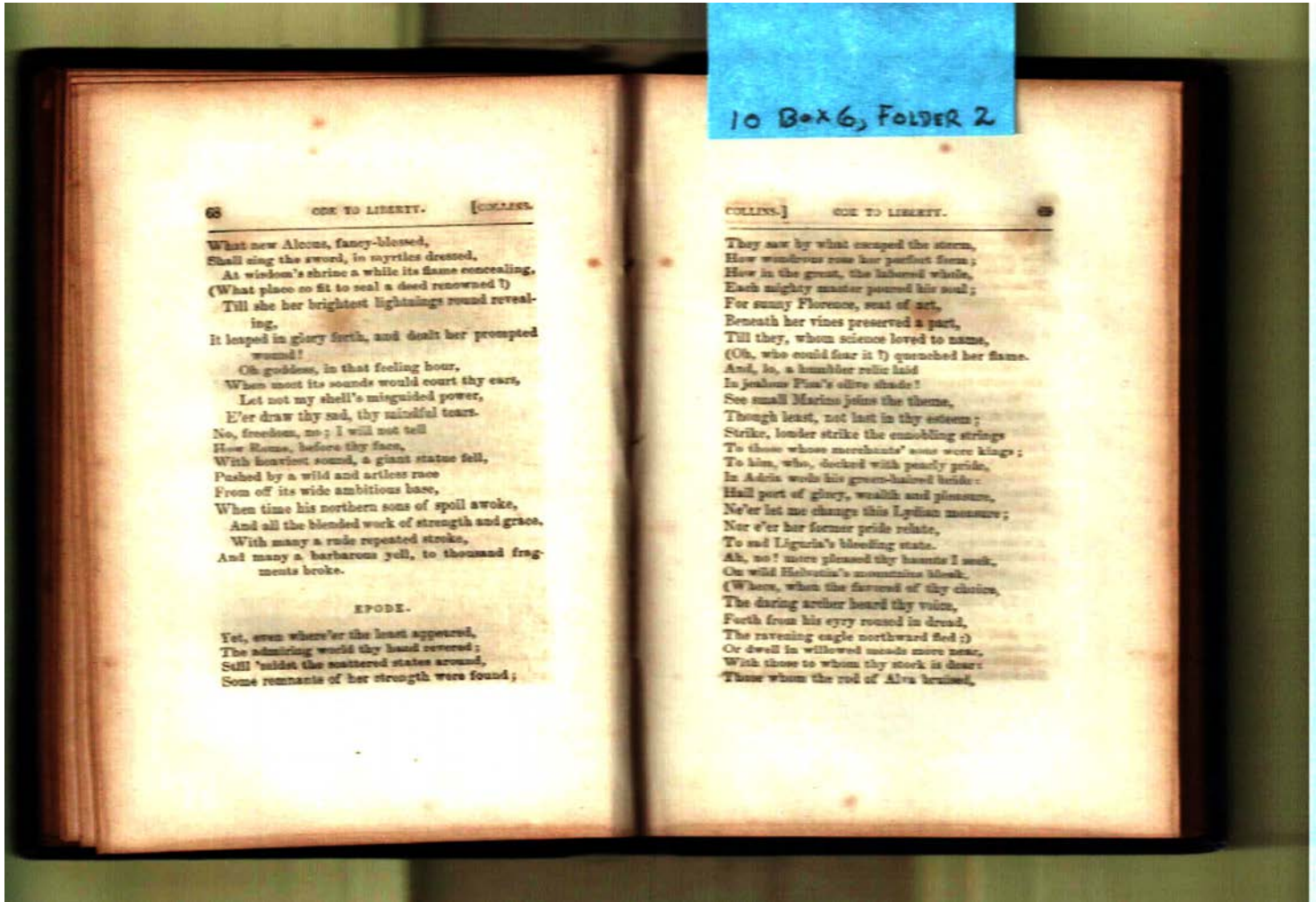
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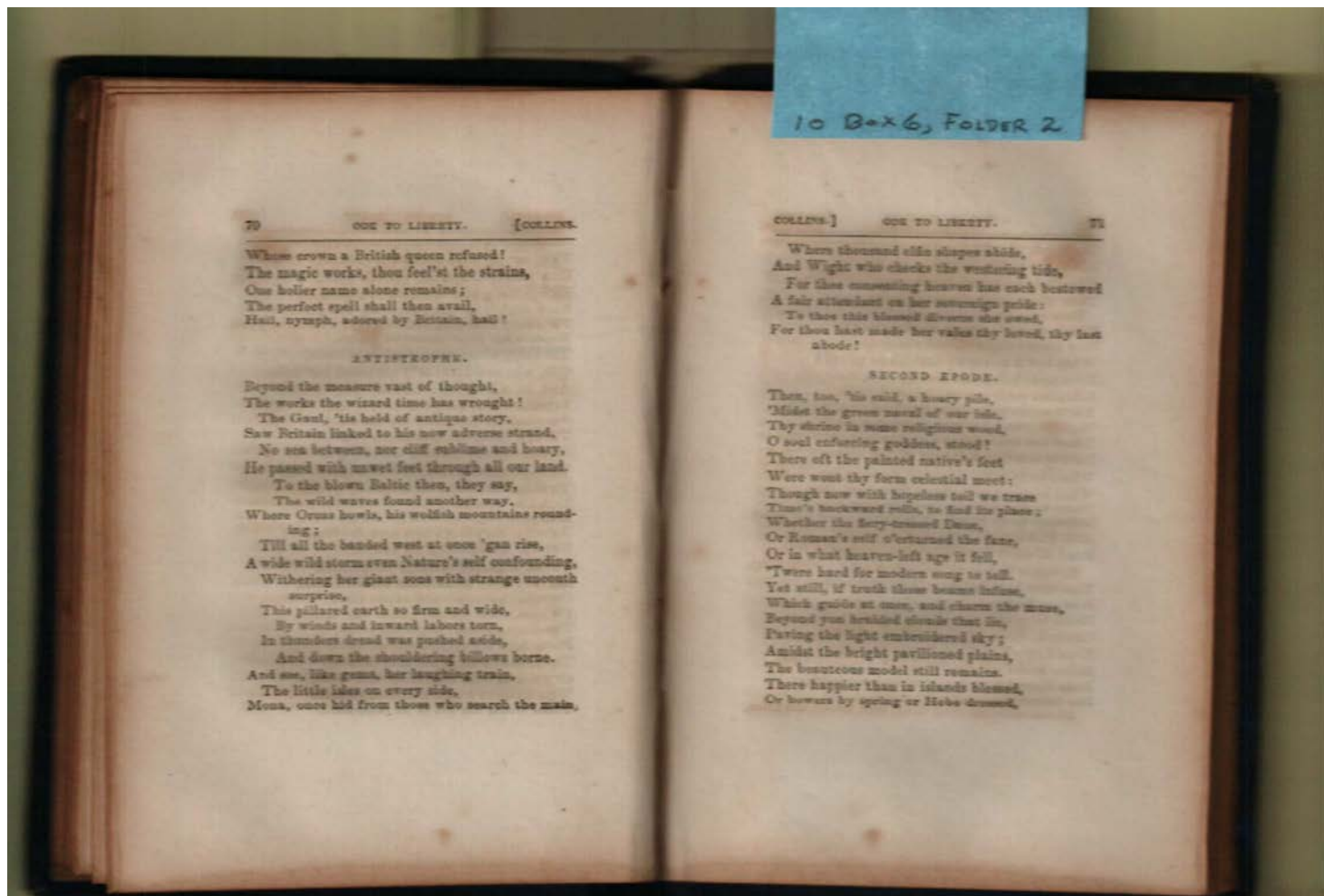
Collins, William

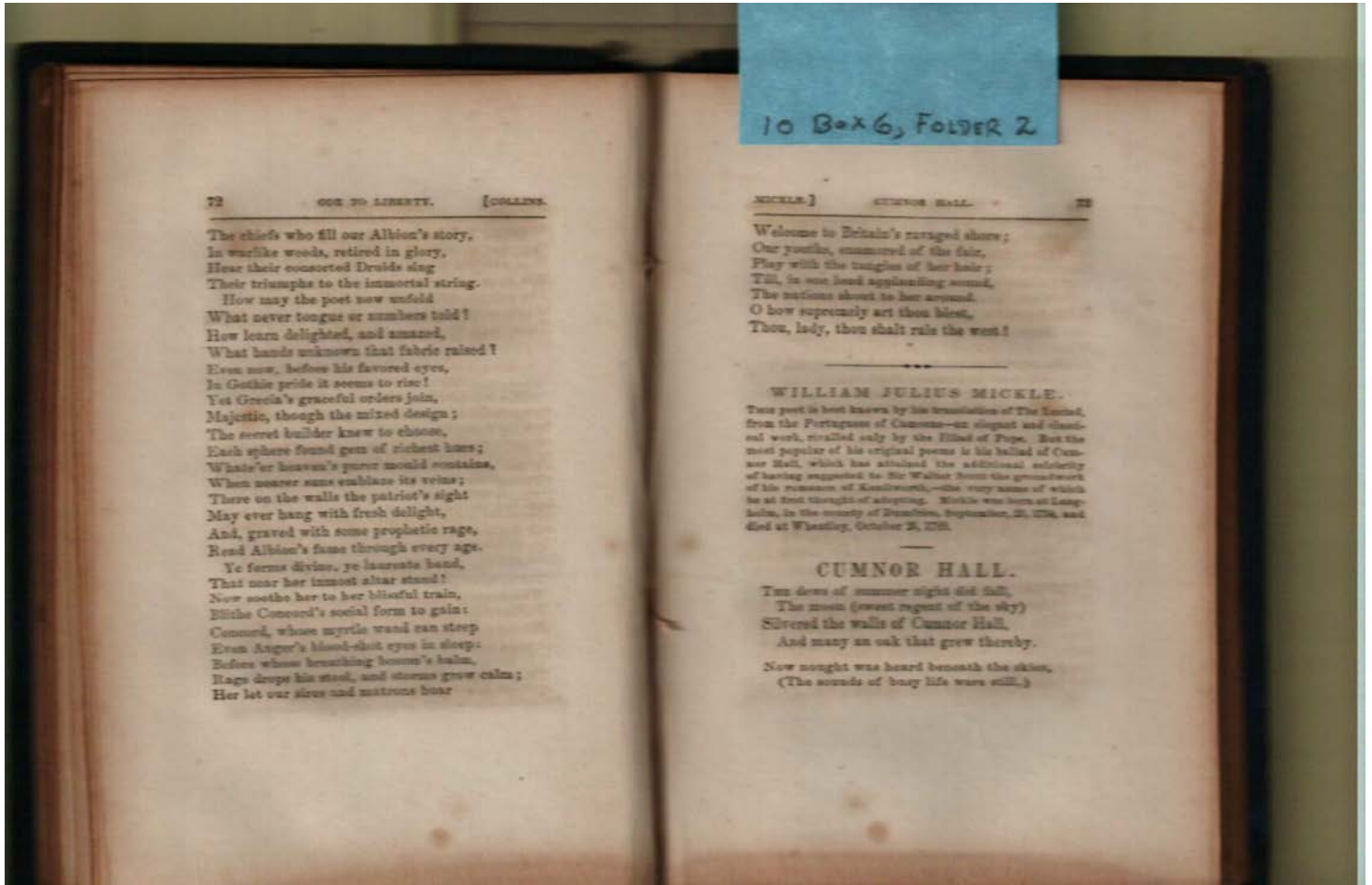
Ode to Liberty

**Types:**

poem







72                      OUR VO LIBERTY.                      [COLLINS.]

The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,  
In warlike woods, retired in glory,  
Hear their concerted Druids sing  
Their triumphs to the immortal string.  
How may the poet now unfold  
What never tongue or numbers told!  
How learn delighted, and amazed,  
What hands unknown that fabric raised?  
Even now, before his favored eyes,  
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!  
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,  
Majestic, though the mixed design;  
The secret builder knew to choose,  
Each sphere found gems of richest hue;  
While'er heaven's power mould contains,  
When newer suns emblaze its veins;  
There on the walls the patriot's sight  
May ever hang with fresh delight,  
And, graced with some prophetic rage,  
Read Albion's fame through every age.  
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,  
That near her inmost altar stand!  
Now soothe her to her blissful train,  
Blithe Concord's social form to gain;  
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep  
Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:  
Ere she whose branching bosom's balm,  
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;  
Her let our sire's and matrons bear

10 BOX 6, FOLDER 2

MICKLE.]                      CUNNOR HALL.                      73

Welcome to Britain's ranged shore;  
Our youths, enamored of the fair,  
Play with the tangles of her hair;  
Till, in our loud applauding sound,  
The nations shout to her around.  
O how supremely art thou blest,  
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west!

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

This poet is best known by his translation of *The Maid*, from the Portuguese of Camoens—an elegant and classical work, rivalled only by the *Iliad* of Pope. But the most popular of his original poems is his ballad of *Cunnor Hall*, which has attained the additional celebrity of having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of *Kathleen*,—the very name of which he at first thought of adopting. Mickle was born at Lasey-hall, in the county of Down, September 22, 1758, and died at Wheatley, October 2, 1828.

CUNNOR HALL.

Ten dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon (sweetest regent of the sky)  
Silvered the walls of Cunnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.  
Now nought was heard beneath the skies,  
(The sounds of busy life were still.)

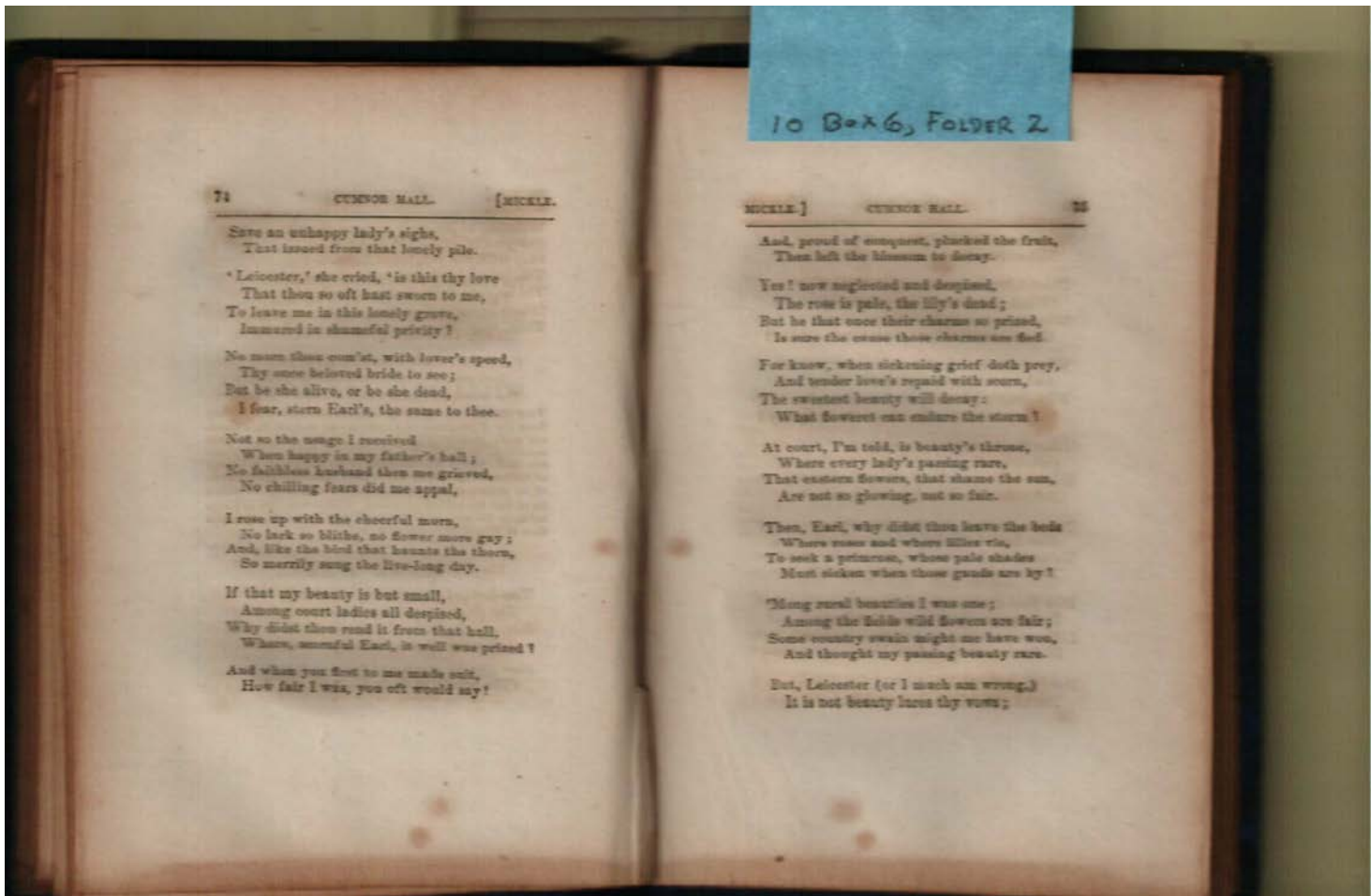
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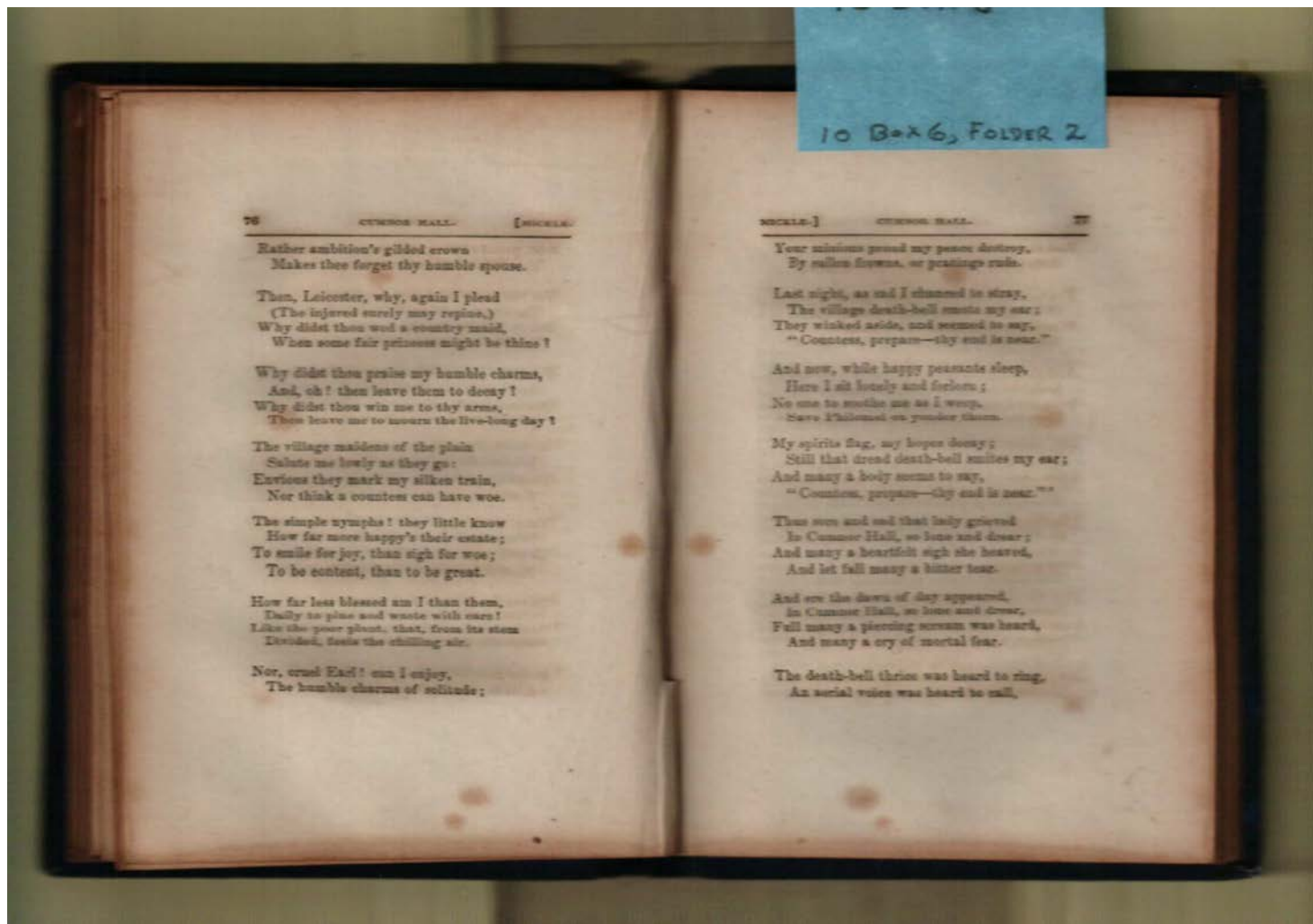
Cunnor Hall

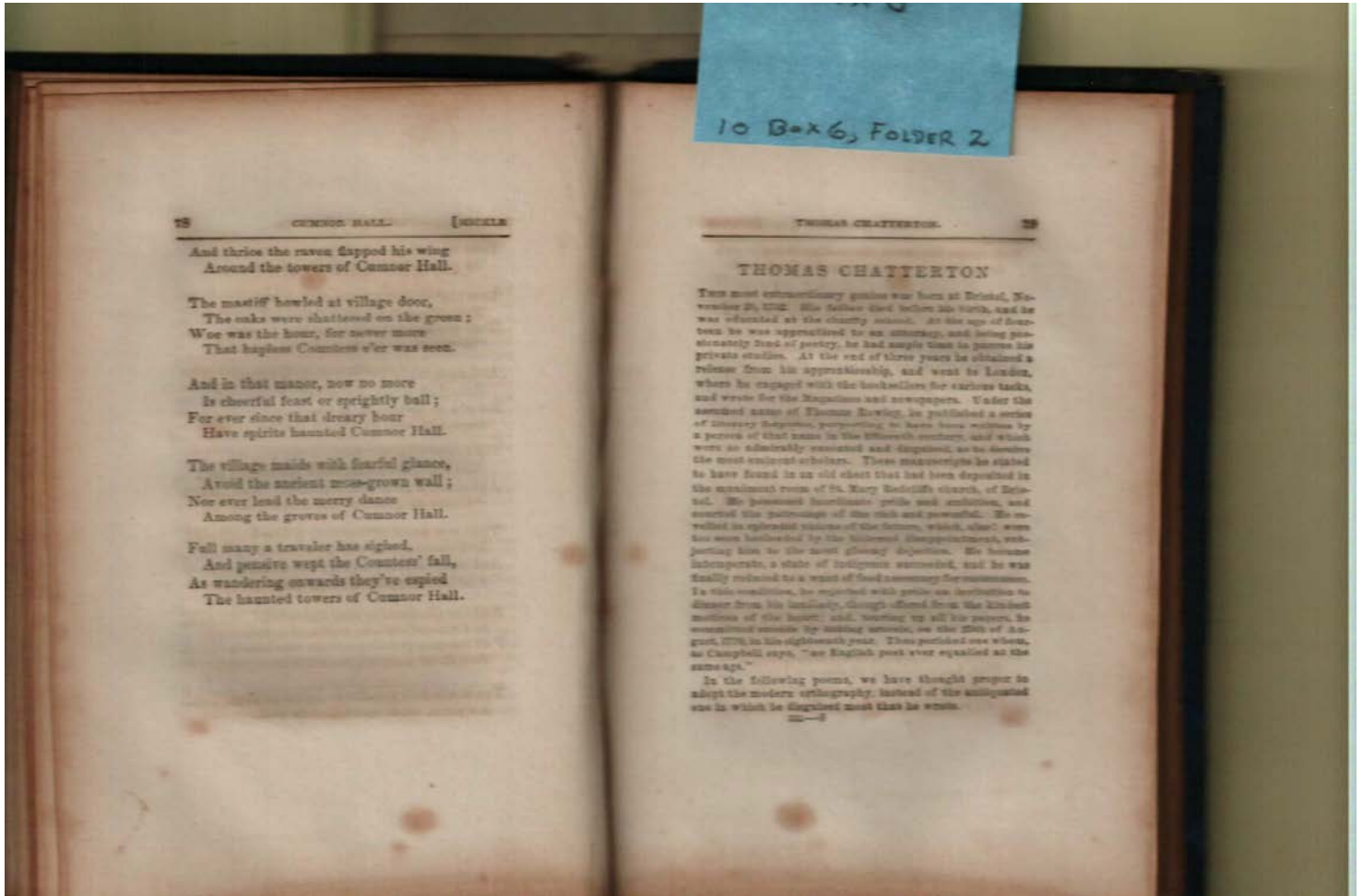
Mickle, William  
Julius

**Types:**

poem

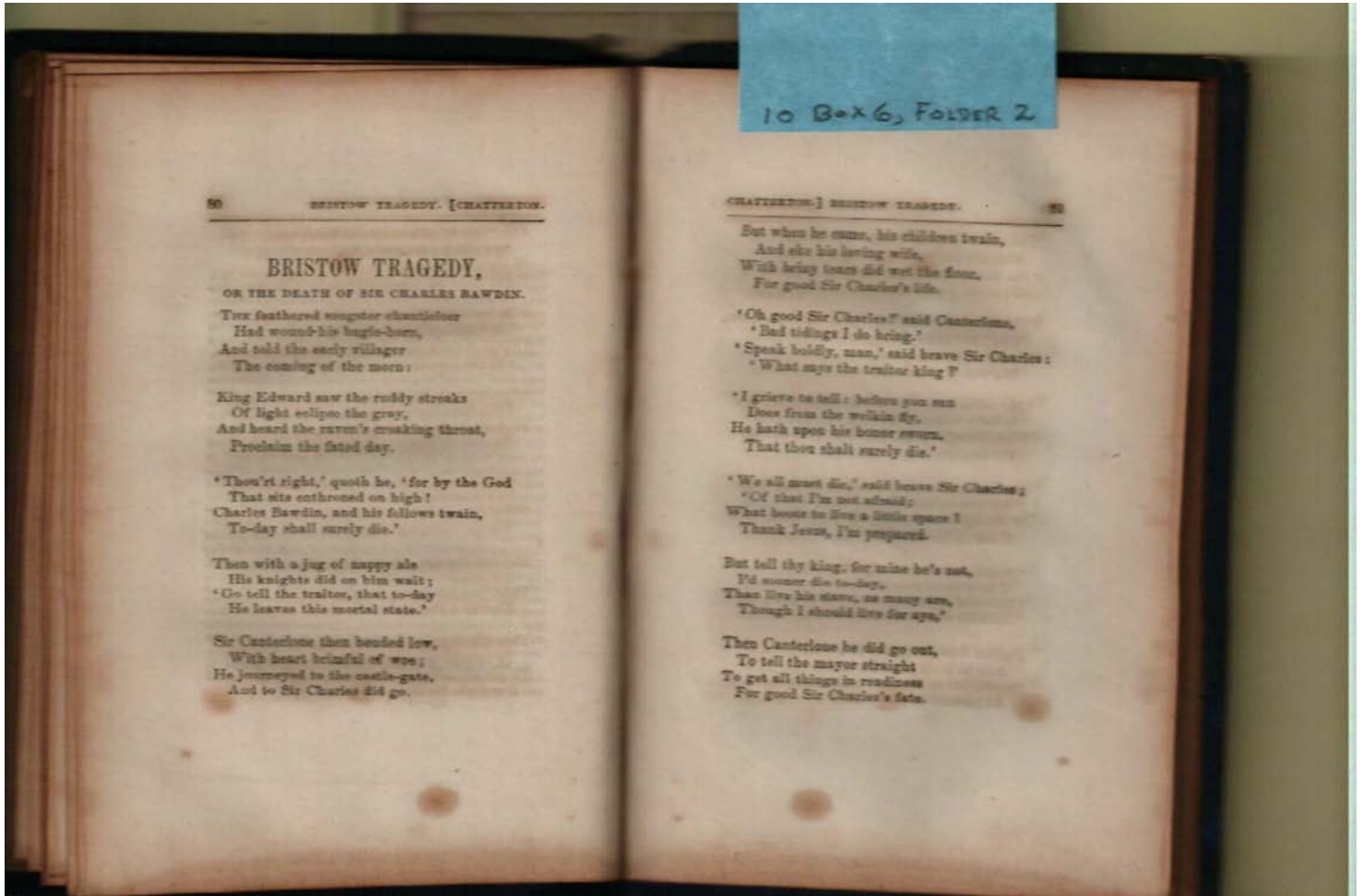






Names:  
Chatterton, Thomas





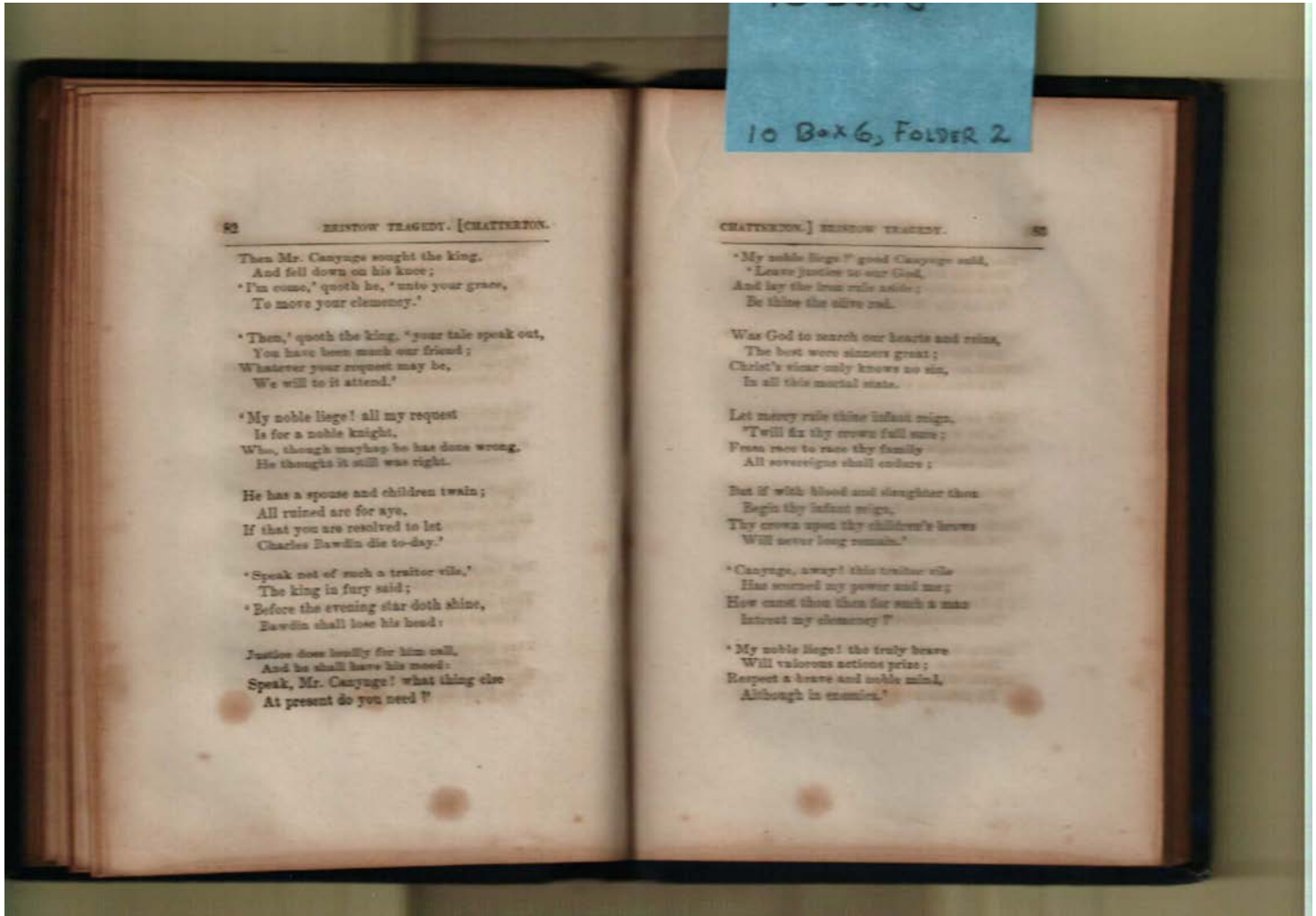
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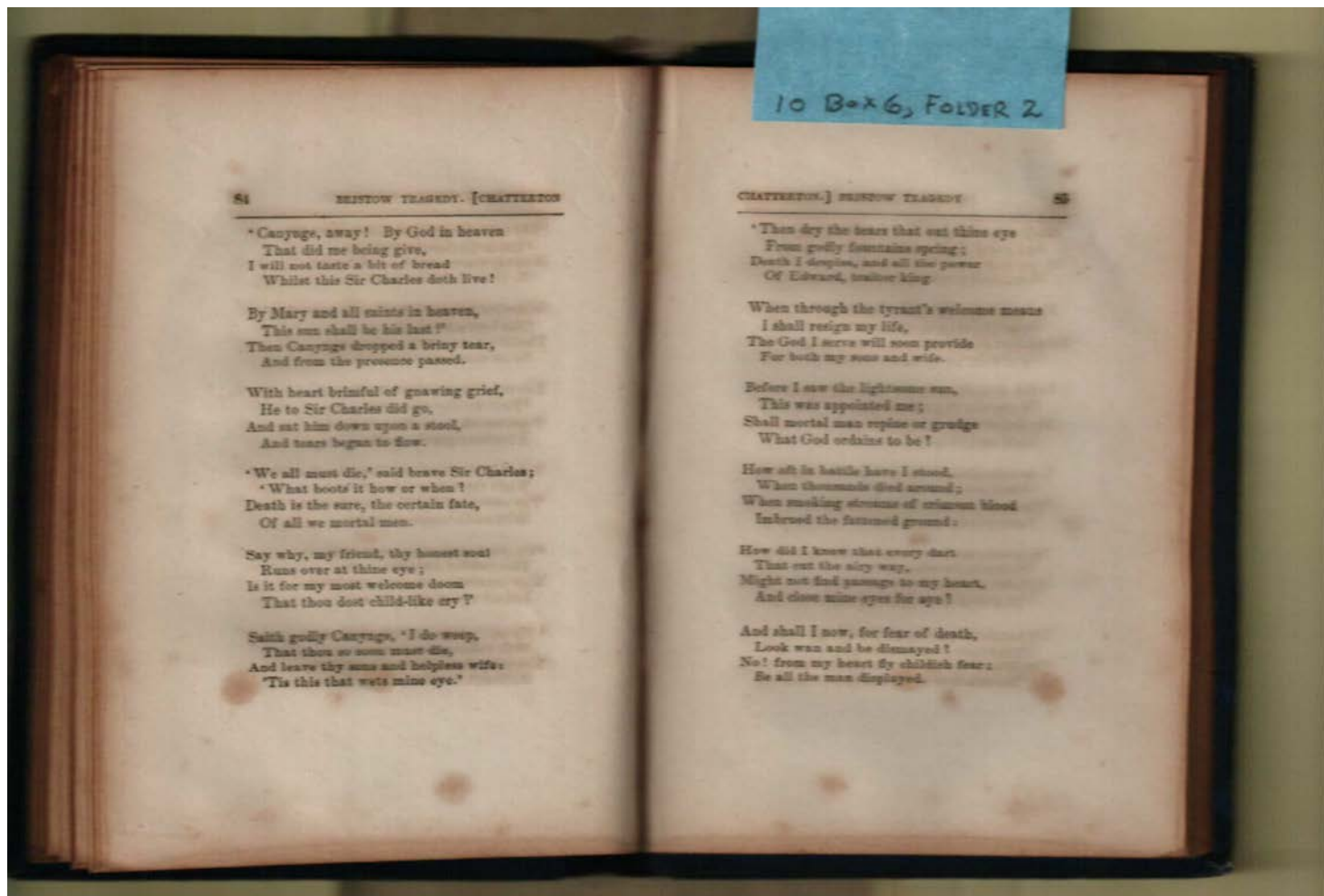
Bristow Tragedy

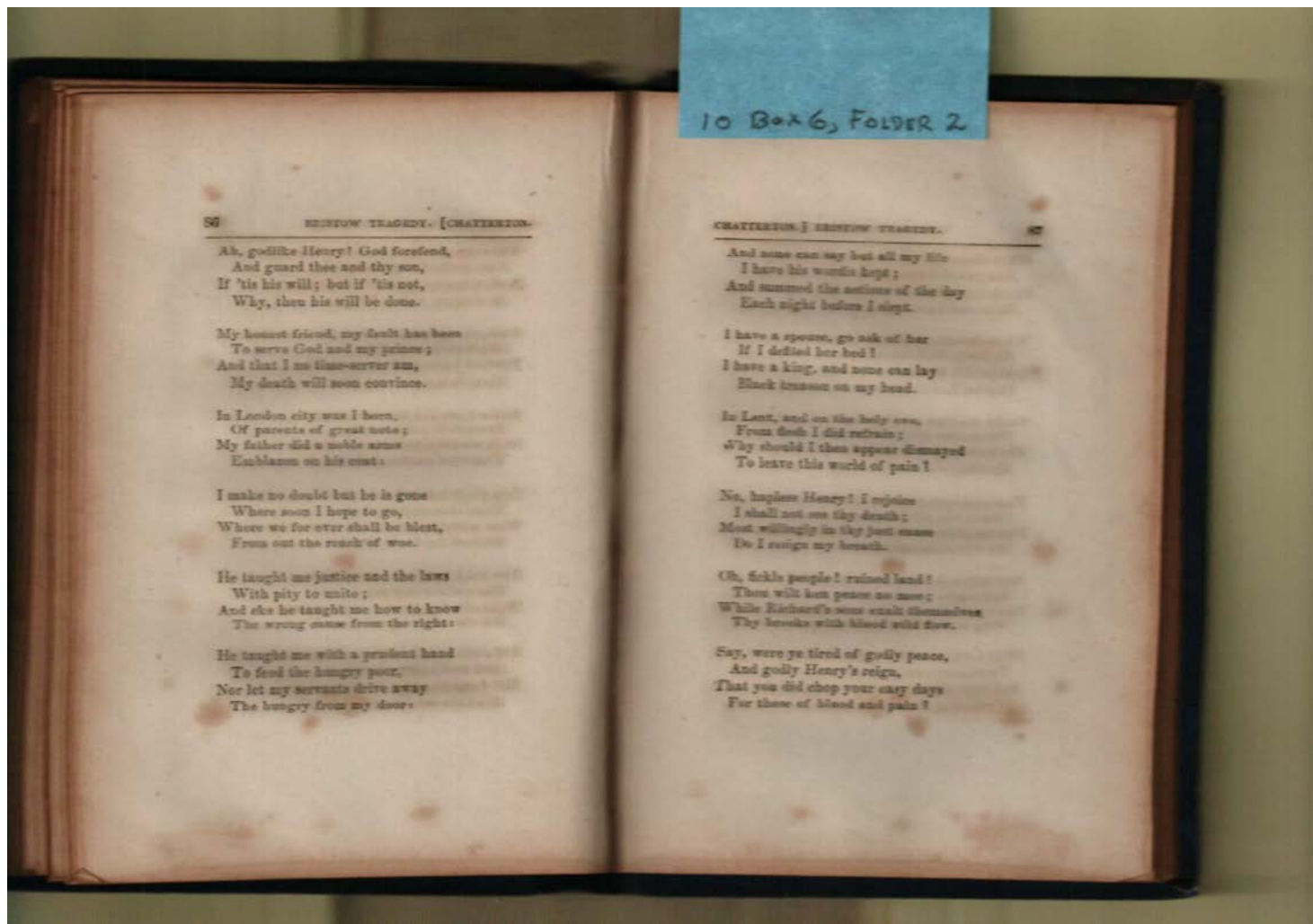
Chatterton, Thomas

**Types:**

poem







Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,  
And guard thee and thy son,  
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,  
Why, then his will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been  
To serve God and my prince;  
And that I no time-server am,  
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,  
Of parents of great note;  
My father did a noble arms  
Emboss on his coat.

I make no doubt but he is gone  
Where soon I hope to go,  
Where we for ever shall be blest,  
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws  
With pity to unite;  
And eke he taught me how to know  
The wrong cause from the right:

He taught me with a prudent hand  
To feed the hungry poor,  
Nor let my servants drive away  
The hungry from my door.

And none can say but all my life  
I have his words kept;  
And summed the actions of the day  
Each night before I slept.

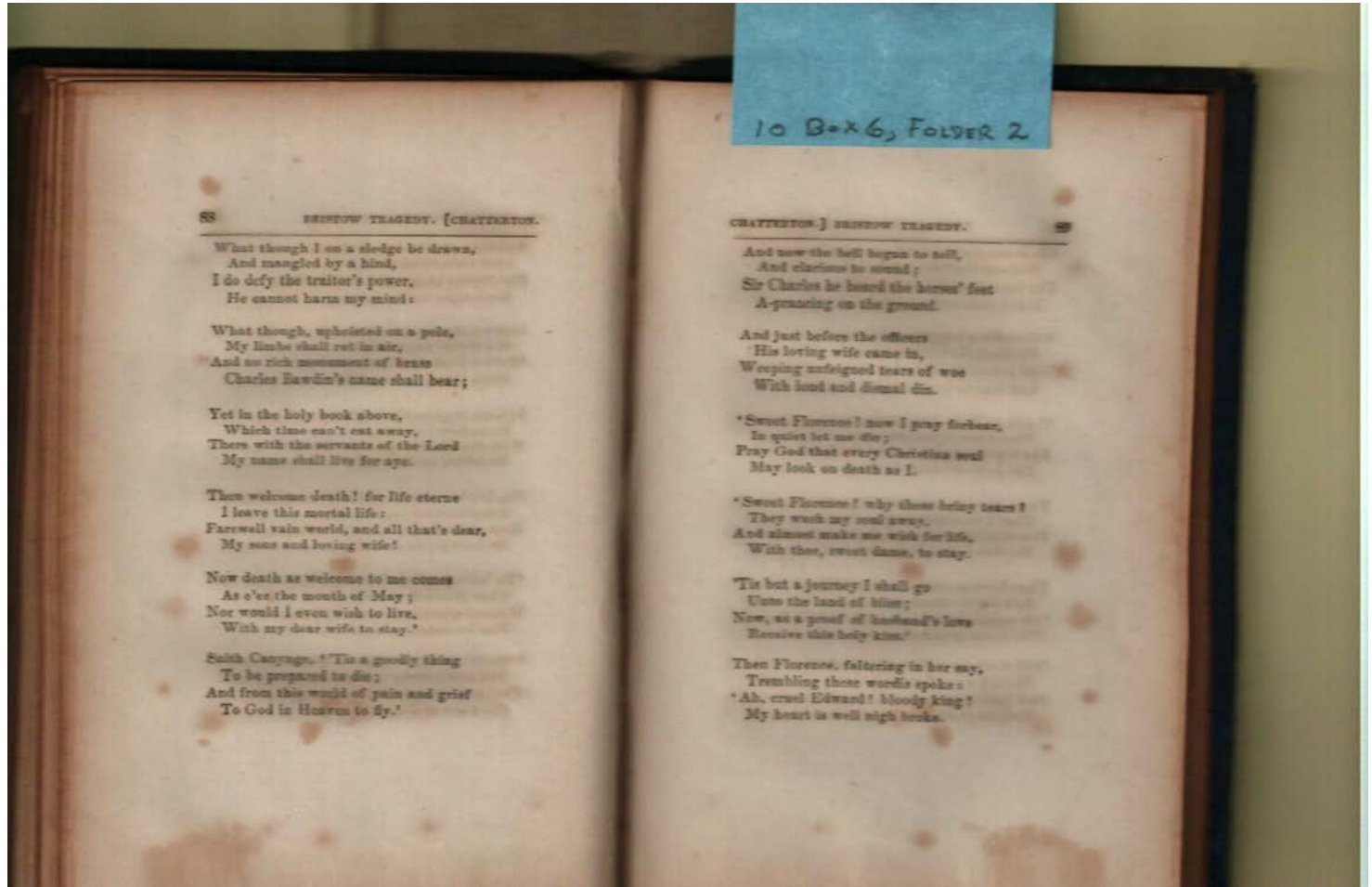
I have a spouse, go ask of her  
If I defiled her bed!  
I have a king, and none can lay  
Black treason on my head.

In Lent, and on the holy eves,  
From flesh I did refrain;  
Why should I then appear dismayed  
To leave this world of pain?

No, hapless Henry! I rejoice  
I shall not see thy death;  
Most willingly in thy just cause  
Do I resign my breath.

Oh, fickle people! ruined land!  
There wilt not see thy doom;  
While Richard's sons shall themselves  
Thy brooks with blood and fire.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,  
And godly Henry's reign,  
That you did chop your easy days  
For those of blood and pain?



What though I on a sledge be drawn,  
And mangled by a hind,  
I do defy the traitor's power,  
He cannot harm my mind:

What though, upheasted on a pile,  
My limbs shall rot in air,  
And no rich monument of brass  
Charles Rawlin's name shall bear;

Yet in the holy book above,  
Which time can't eat away,  
There with the servants of the Lord  
My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death! for life eternal  
I leave this mortal life:  
Farewell vain world, and all that's dear,  
My sons and loving wife!

Now death as welcome to me comes  
As e'er the month of May;  
Nor would I even wish to live,  
With my dear wife to stay.

Said Caecyge, 'Tis a goodly thing  
To be prepared to die;  
And from this world of pain and grief  
To God in Heaven to fly.'

And now the bell began to toll,  
And clarions to sound;  
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet  
A-grancing on the ground.

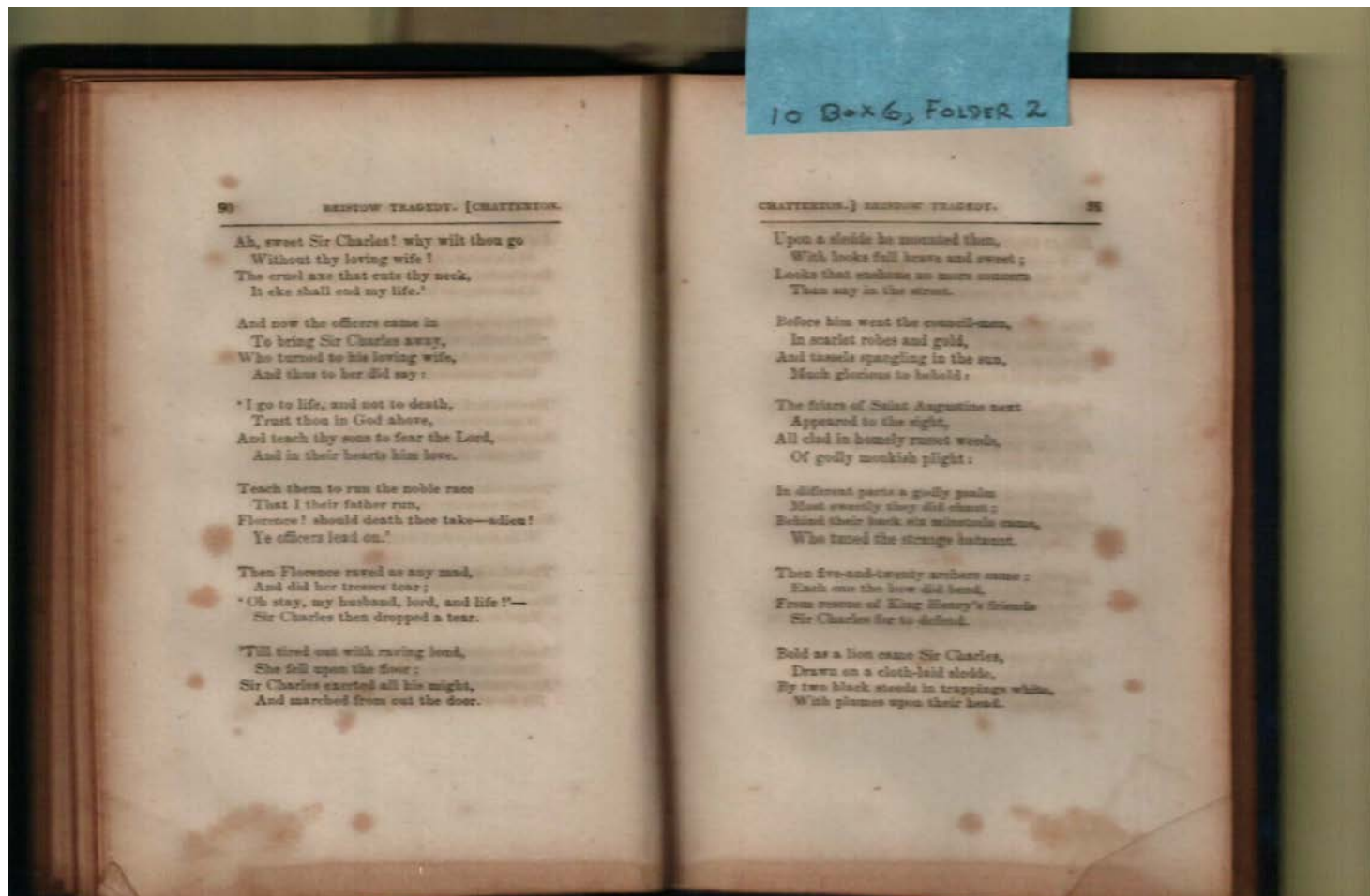
And just before the officers  
His loving wife came in,  
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe  
With loud and dismal din.

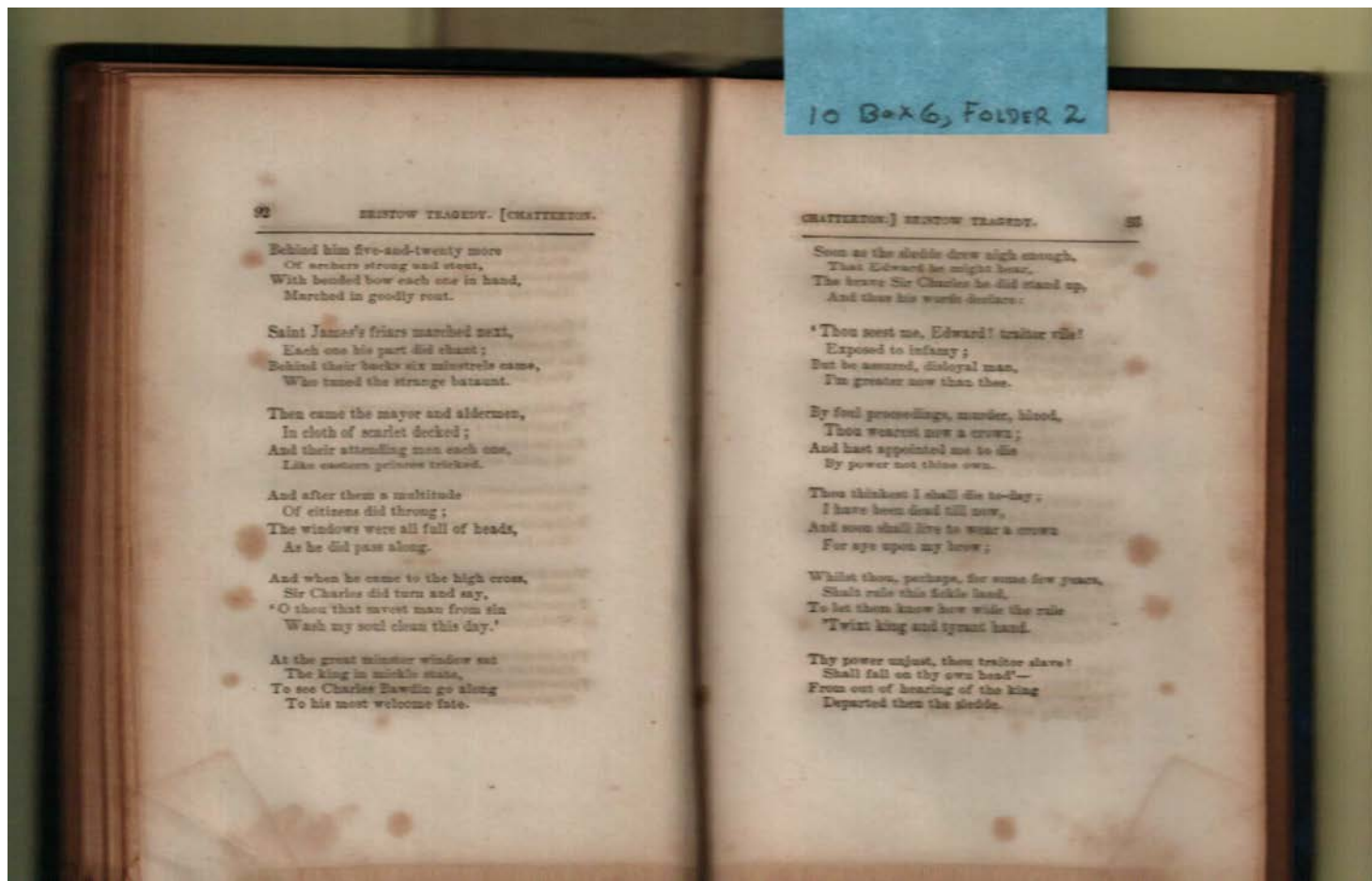
'Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,  
In quiet let me die;  
Pray God that every Christian soul  
May look on death as I.

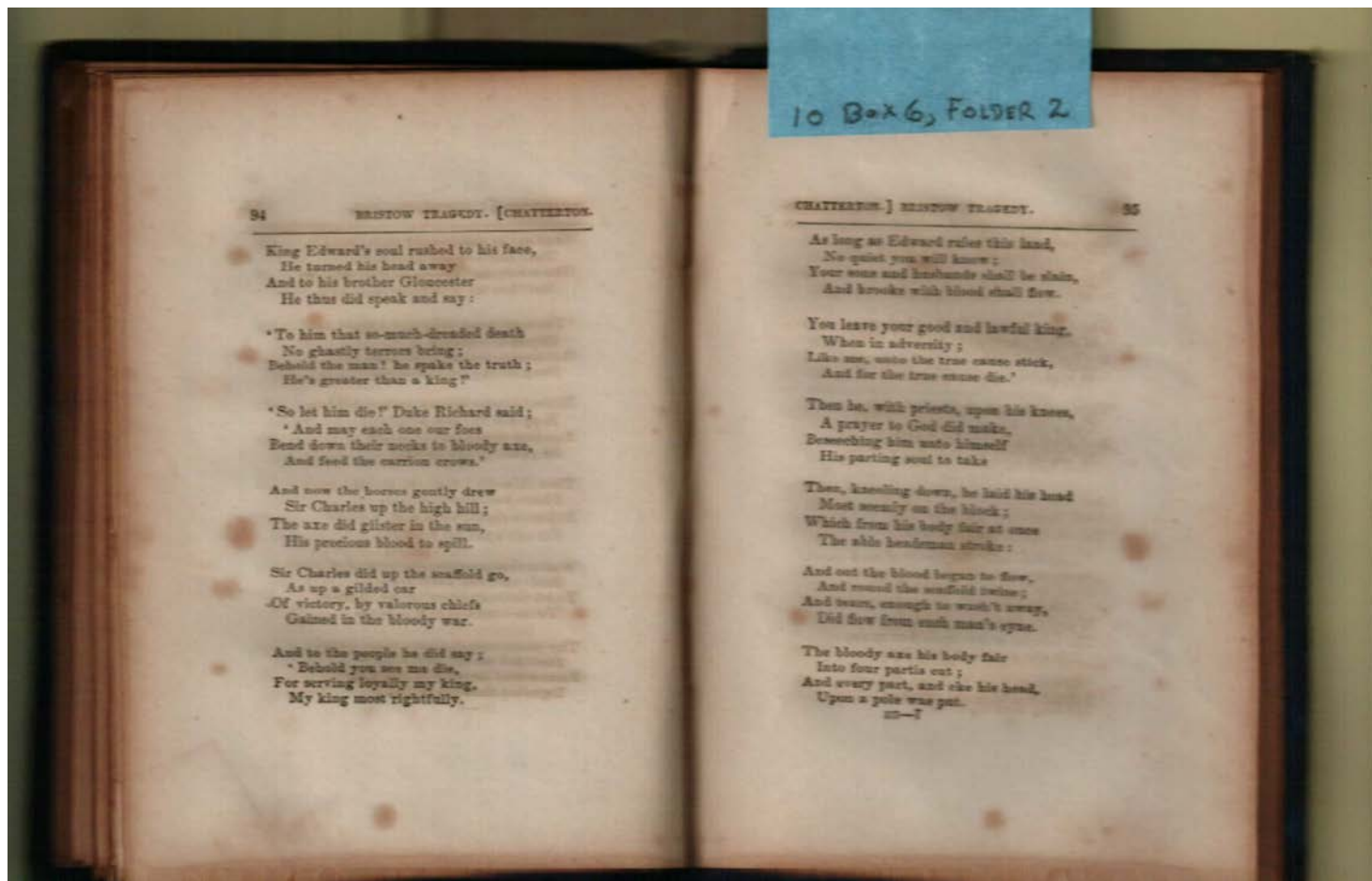
'Sweet Florence! why these heavy tears!  
They wash my soul away,  
And almost make me wish for life,  
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go  
Unto the land of bliss;  
Now, as a proof of husband's love  
Receive this holy kiss.'

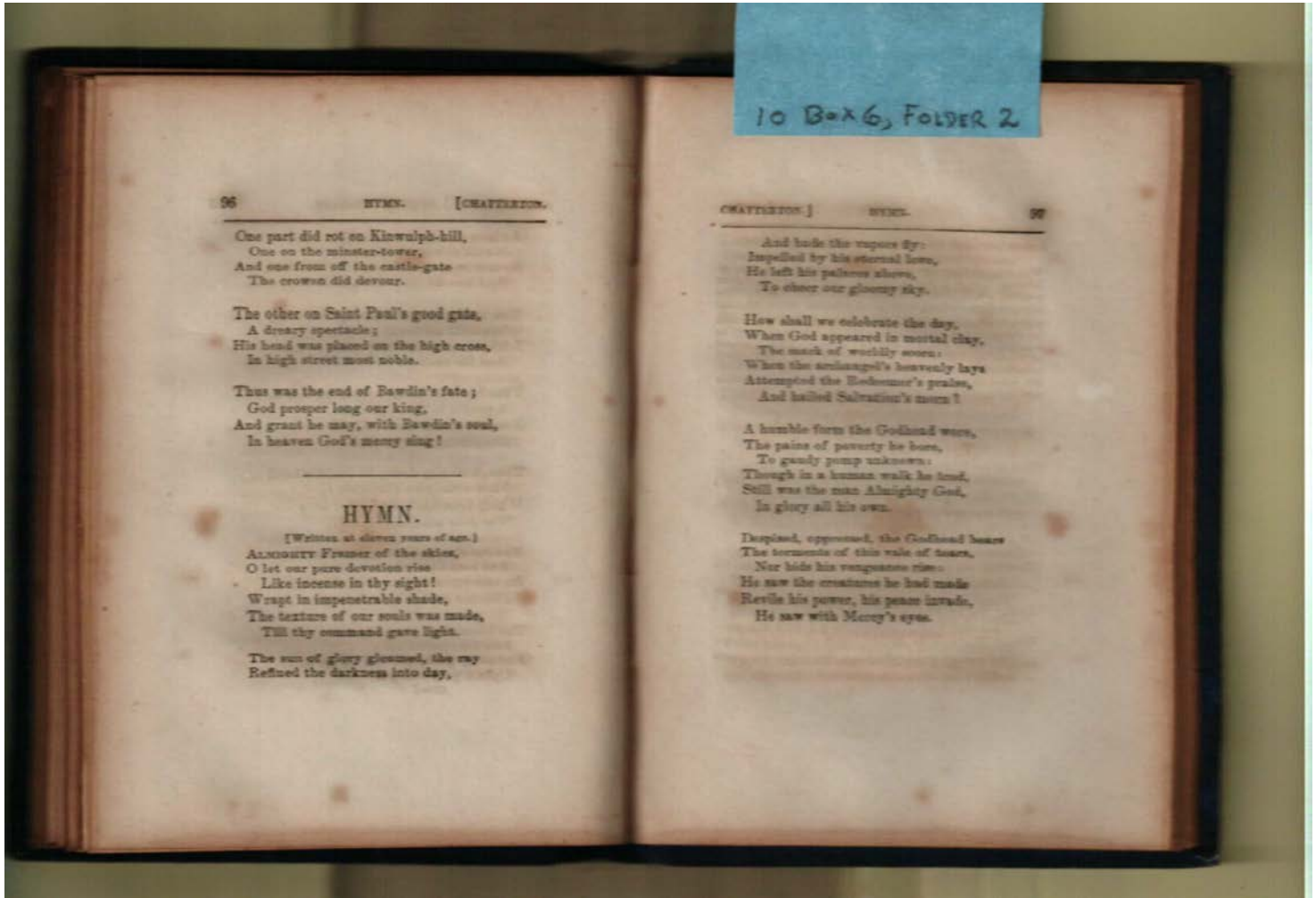
Then Florence, faltering in her say,  
Trembling these words spoke:  
'Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!  
My heart is well nigh broke.'











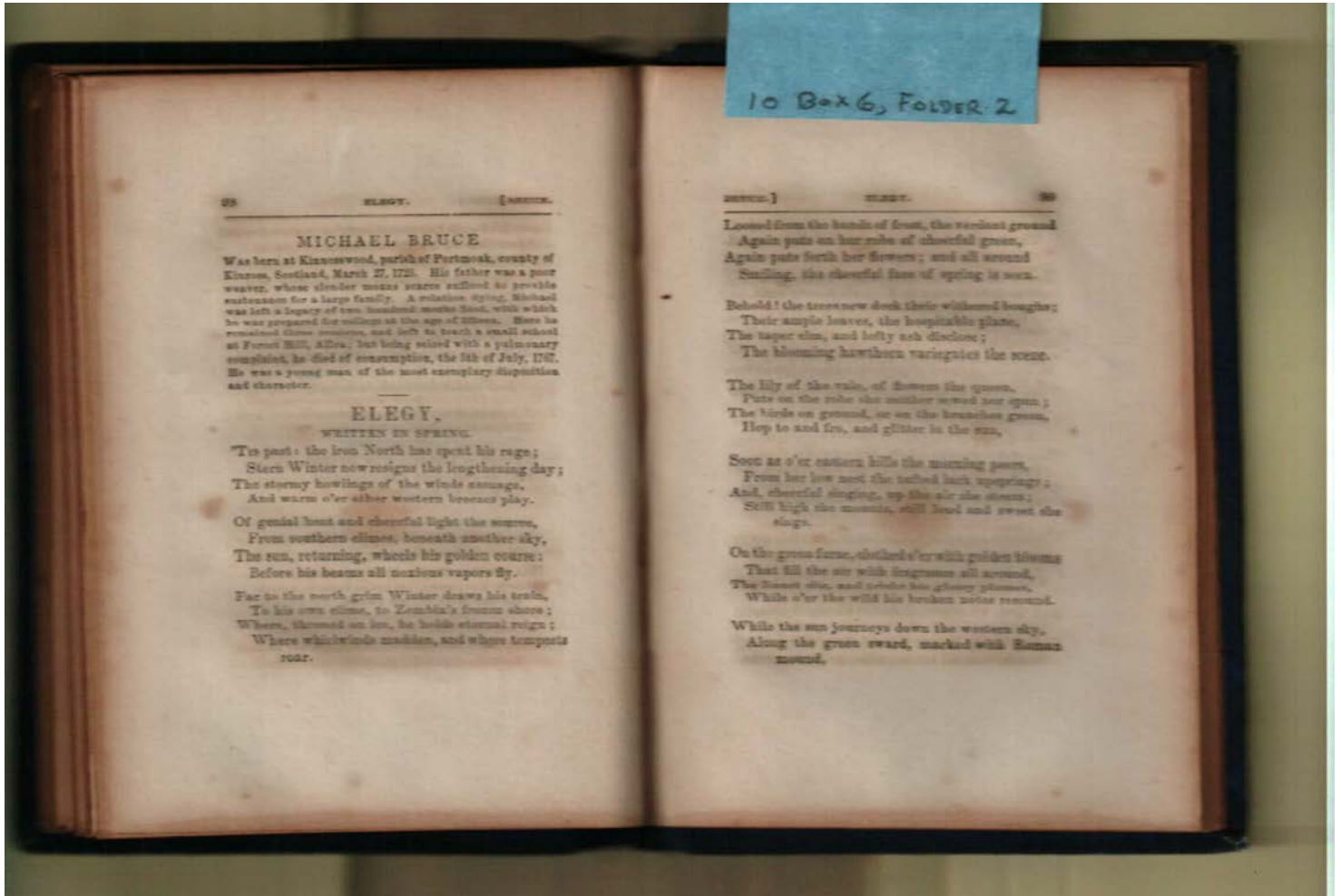
**Names:**

Chatterton, Thomas

Hymn

**Types:**

poem



**Names:**

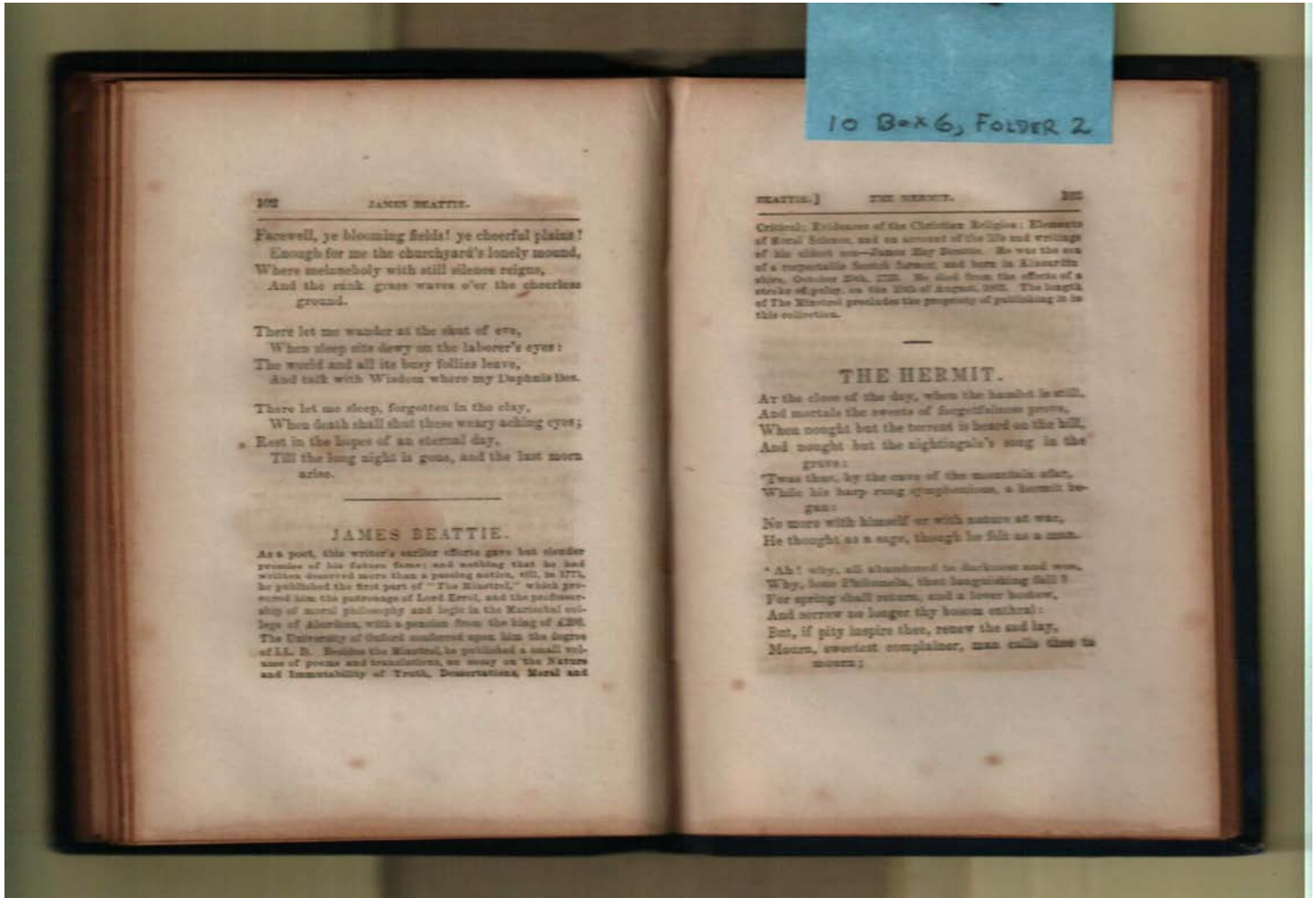
Bruce, Michael

Elegy

**Types:**

poem





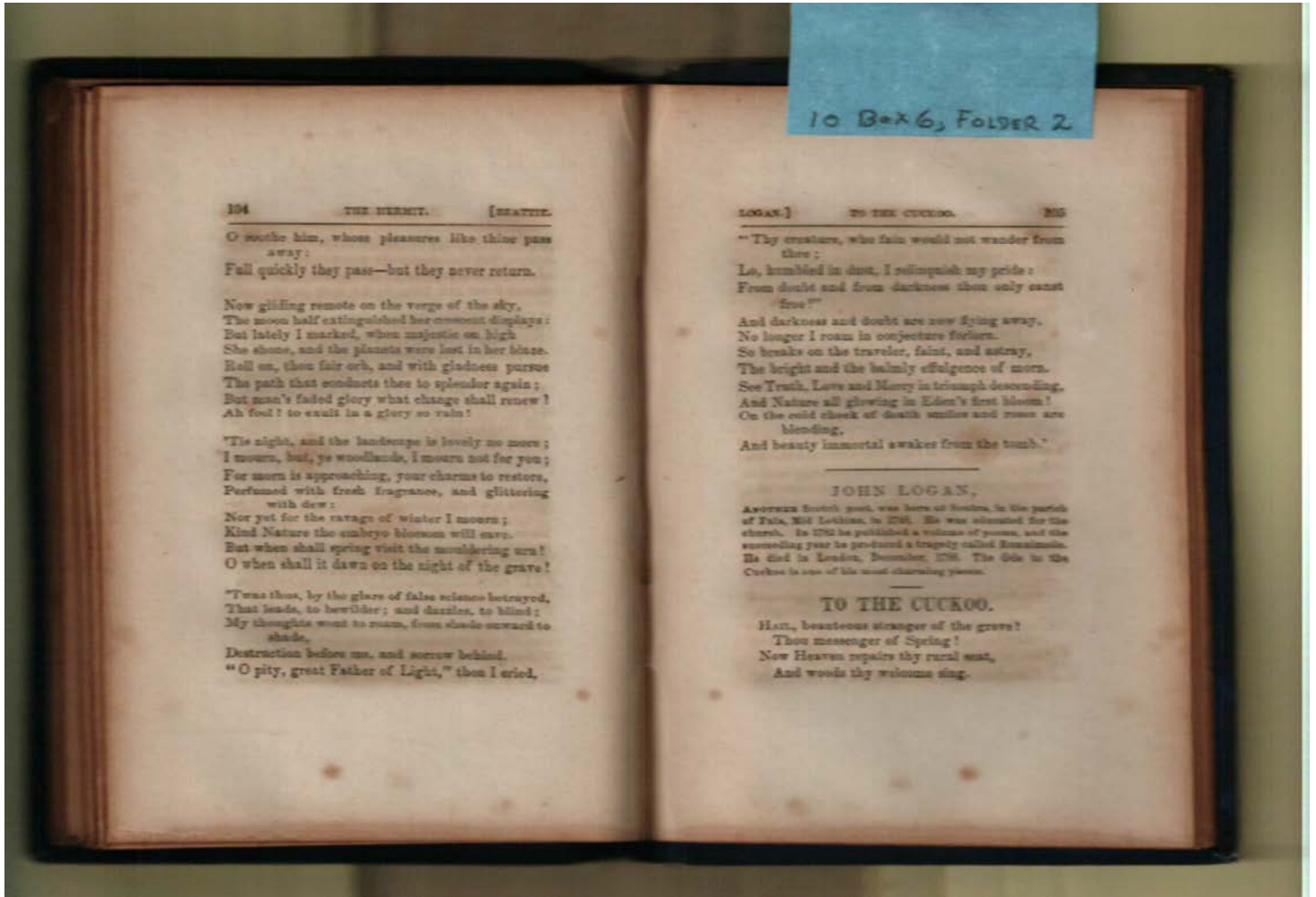
**Names:**

Beattie, James

The Hermit

**Types:**

poem



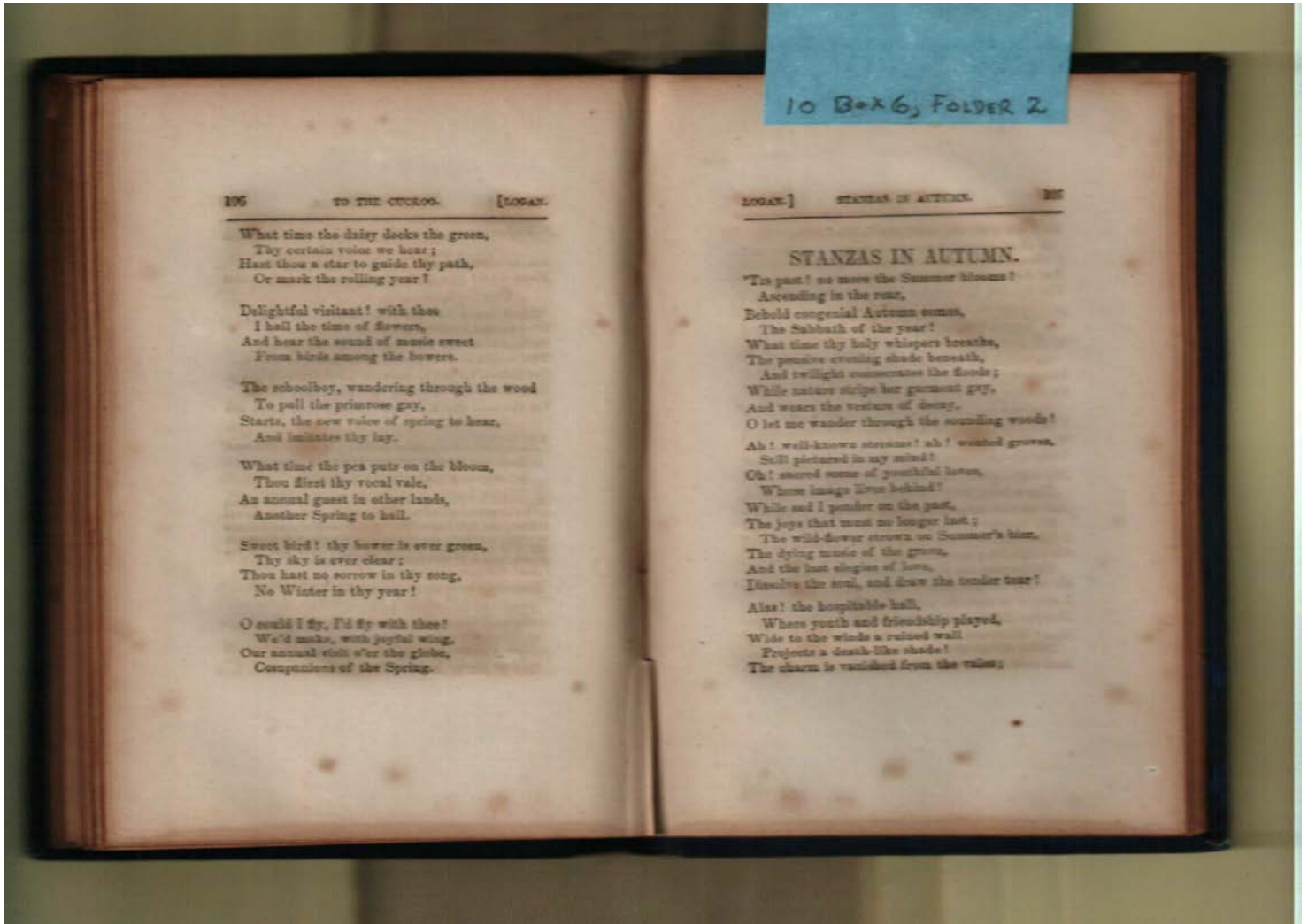
**Names:**

Logan, John

To the Cuckoo

**Types:**

poem



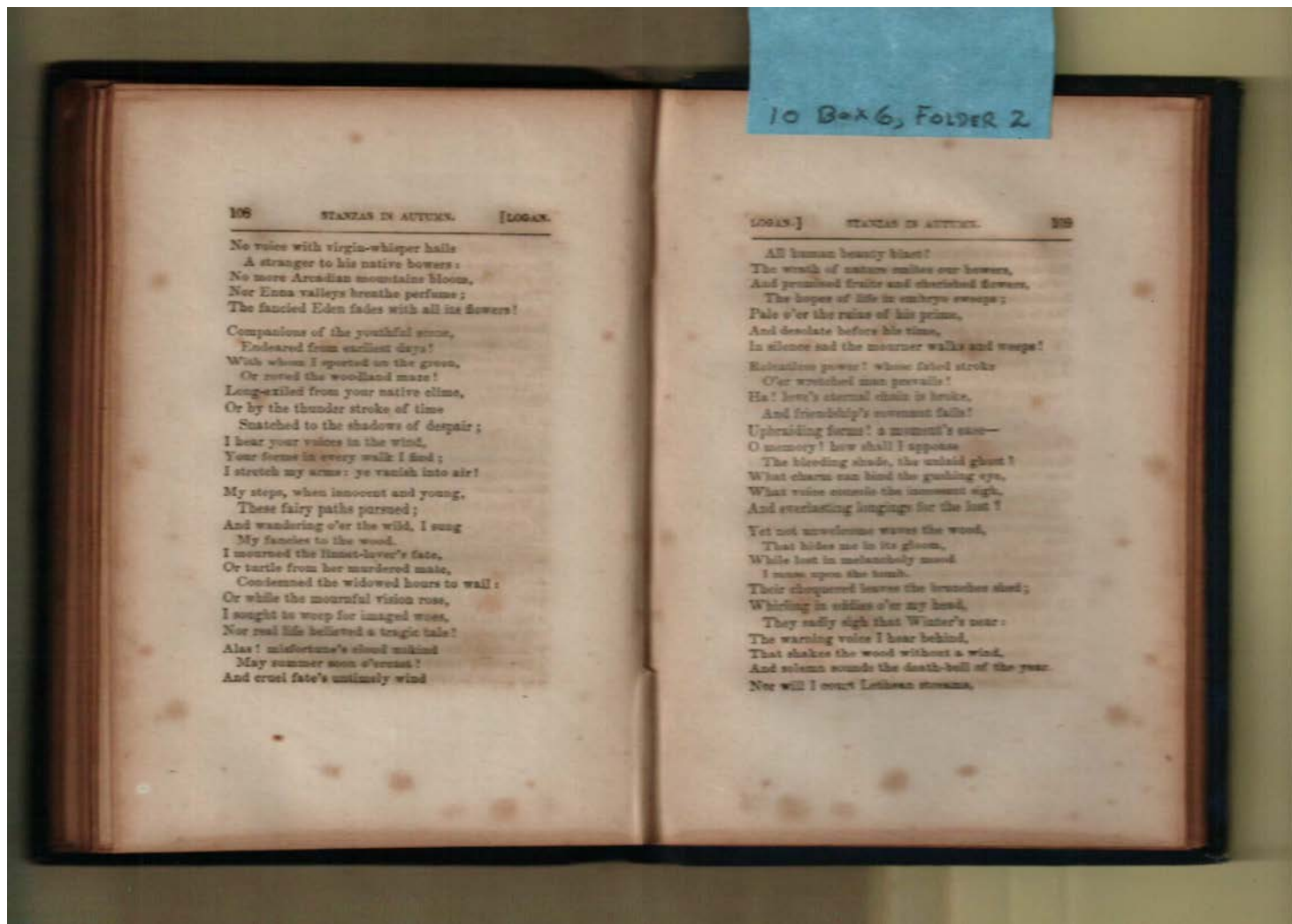
**Names:**

Logan, John

Stanzas in Autumn

**Types:**

poem



No voice with virgin-whisper hails  
A stranger to his native bowers:  
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,  
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume;  
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

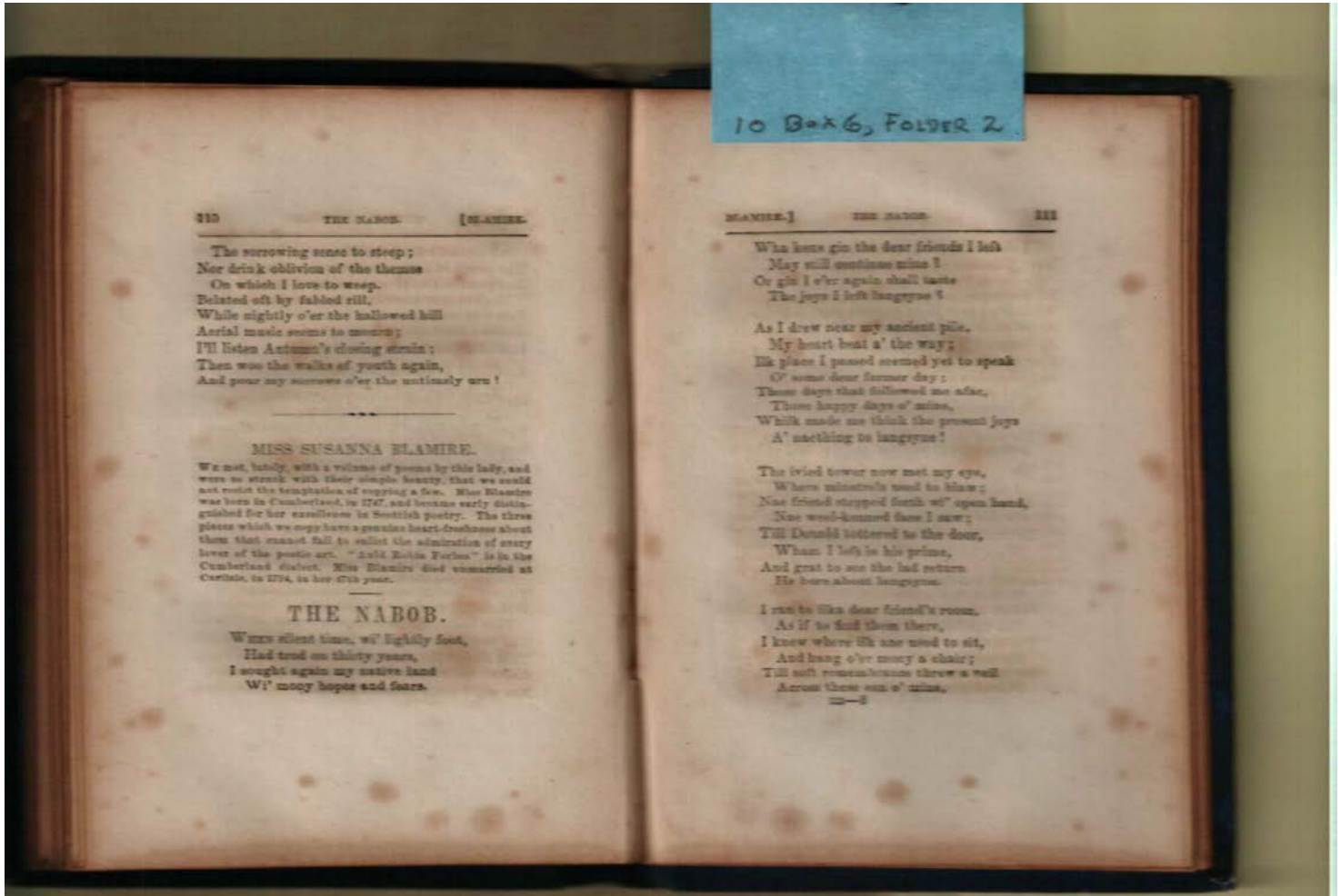
Companions of the youthful scene,  
Endeared from earliest days!  
With whom I sported on the green,  
Or roved the woodland maze!  
Long-exiled from your native clime,  
Or by the thunder stroke of time  
Snatched to the shadows of despair;  
I hear your voices in the wind,  
Your forms in every walk I find;  
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,  
These fairy paths pursued;  
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung  
My fancies to the wood.  
I mourned the hunter-lover's fate,  
Or tattle from her murdered maid,  
Condemned the widowed hours to wail:  
Or while the mournful vision rose,  
I sought to weep for imagined woes,  
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!  
Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind  
May summer soon o'erspread!  
And cruel fate's untimely wind

All human beauty blinest!  
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,  
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,  
The hopes of life in embryo sweep;  
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,  
And desolate before his time,  
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Sublimed power! whose fated stroke  
O'er wretched man prevails!  
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,  
And friendship's covenant falls!  
Upholding forms! a moment's ease—  
O memory! how shall I oppose  
The bleeding shade, the unslaid ghost!  
What charm can bind the gushing eye,  
What voice console the inconstant sigh,  
And everlasting longings for the lost!

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,  
That hides me in its gloom,  
While lost in melancholy mood  
I muse upon the tomb.  
Their clung leaves the branches shed;  
Whispering in eddies o'er my head,  
They sadly sigh that Winter's near:  
The warning voice I hear behind,  
That shakes the wood without a wind,  
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.  
Nor will I court Lethean streams.



**Names:**

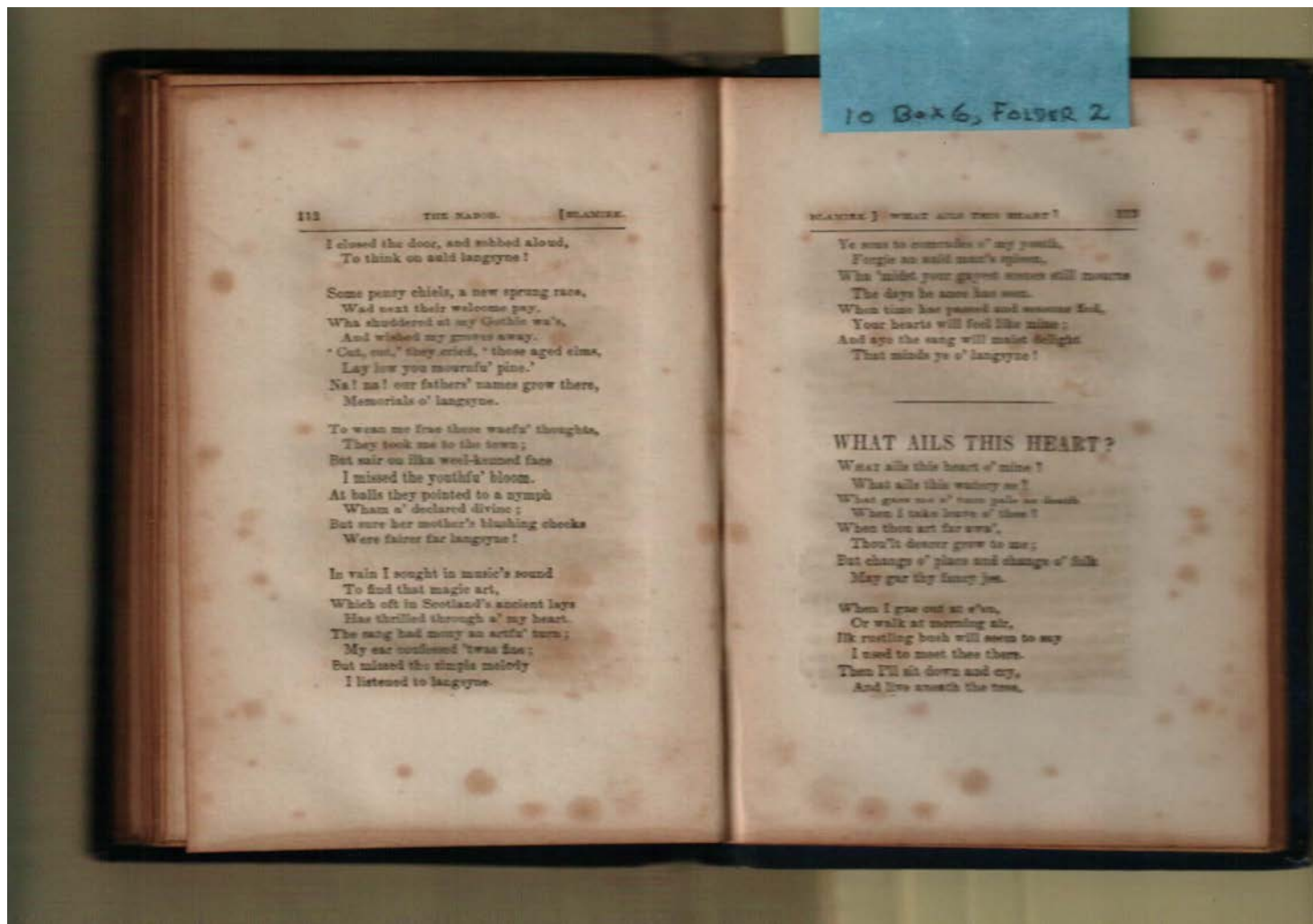
Blamire, Susanna,  
Miss

The Nabob

**Types:**

poem





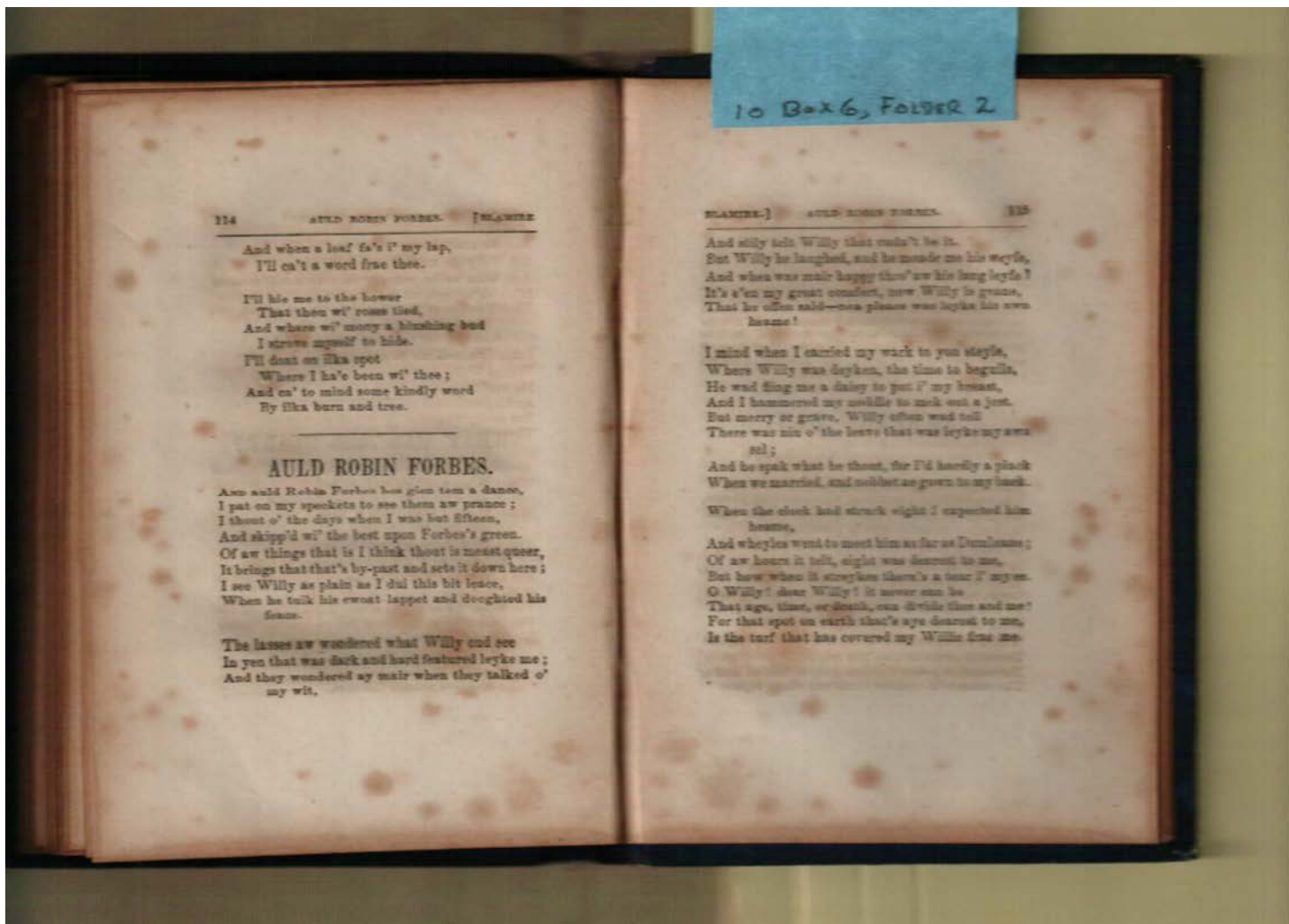
**Names:**

Blamire, Susanna,  
Miss

What Ails This Heart

**Types:**

poem



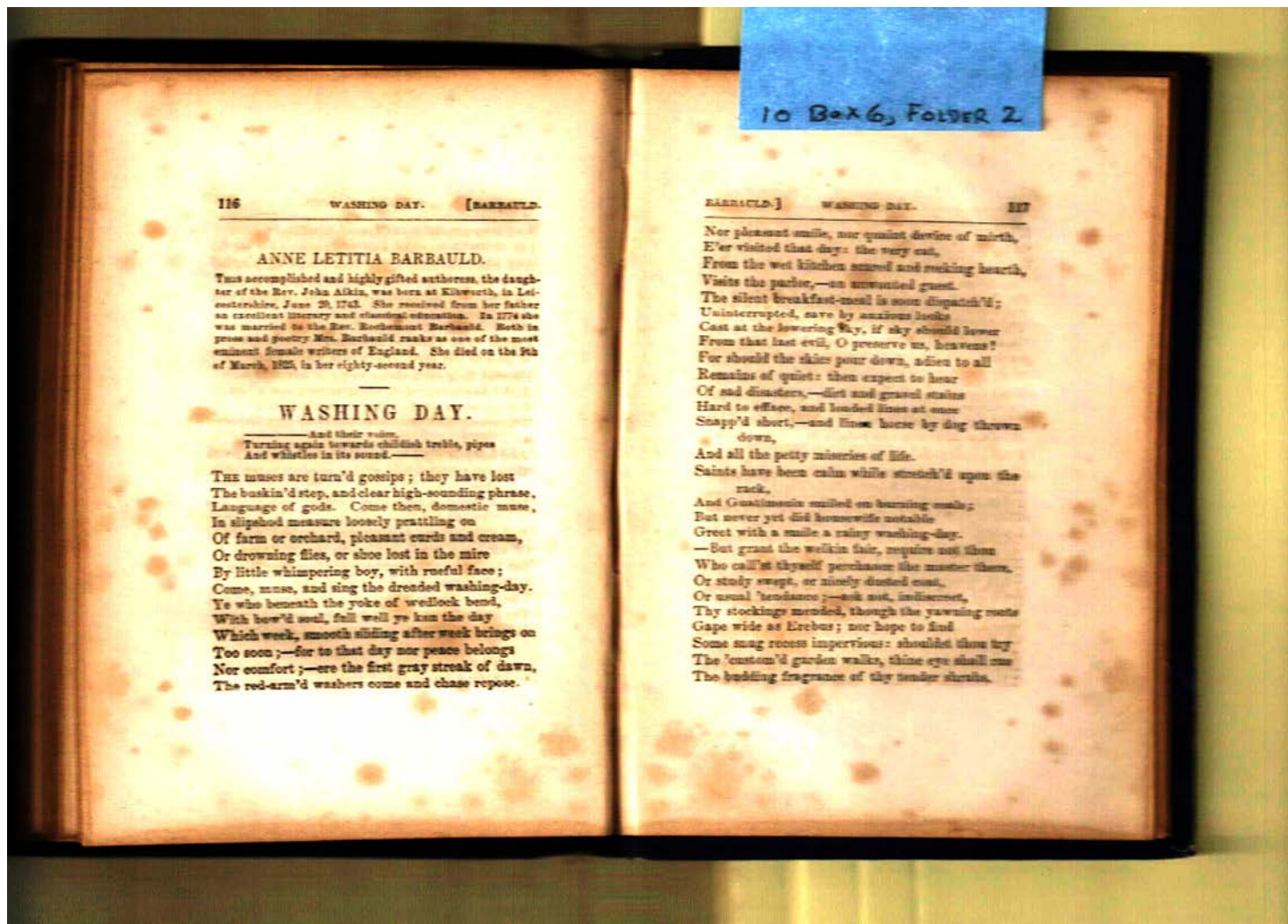
**Names:**

Auld Robin Forbes

Blamire, Susanna,  
Miss

**Types:**

poem



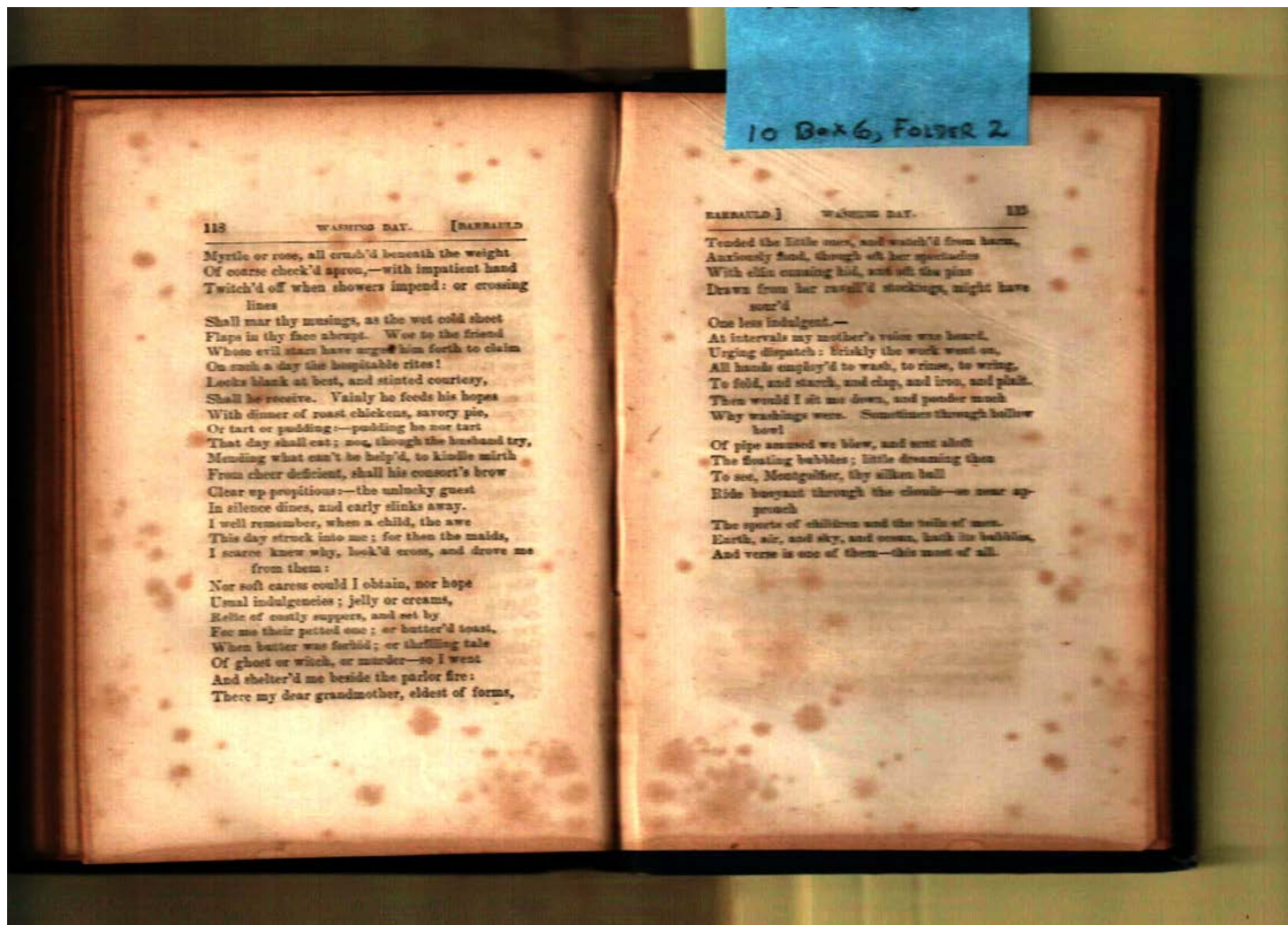
**Names:**

Barbauld, Anne  
Letitia

Washing Day

**Types:**

poem



Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight  
Of coarse check'd apron,—with impatient hand  
Twitch'd off when showers impend: or crossing

lines

Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet  
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend  
Whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim  
On such a day the hospitable rites!  
Looks blank at best, and stinted courtesy,  
Shall be receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes  
With dinner of roast chickens, savory pie,  
Or tart or pudding:—padding he nor tart  
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,  
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth  
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow  
Clear up propitious:—the unlucky guest  
In silence dines, and early slinks away.  
I well remember, when a child, the awe  
This day struck into me; for then the maids,  
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me  
from them:

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope  
Usual indulgencies; jelly or creams,  
Relief of costly suppers, and set by  
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,  
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale  
Of ghost or witch, or murder—so I went  
And shelter'd me beside the parlor fire:  
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,

Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,  
Anxiously food, though oft her spectacles  
With elms cunning hid, and oft the pins  
Drawn from her rustl'd stockings, might have

sour'd

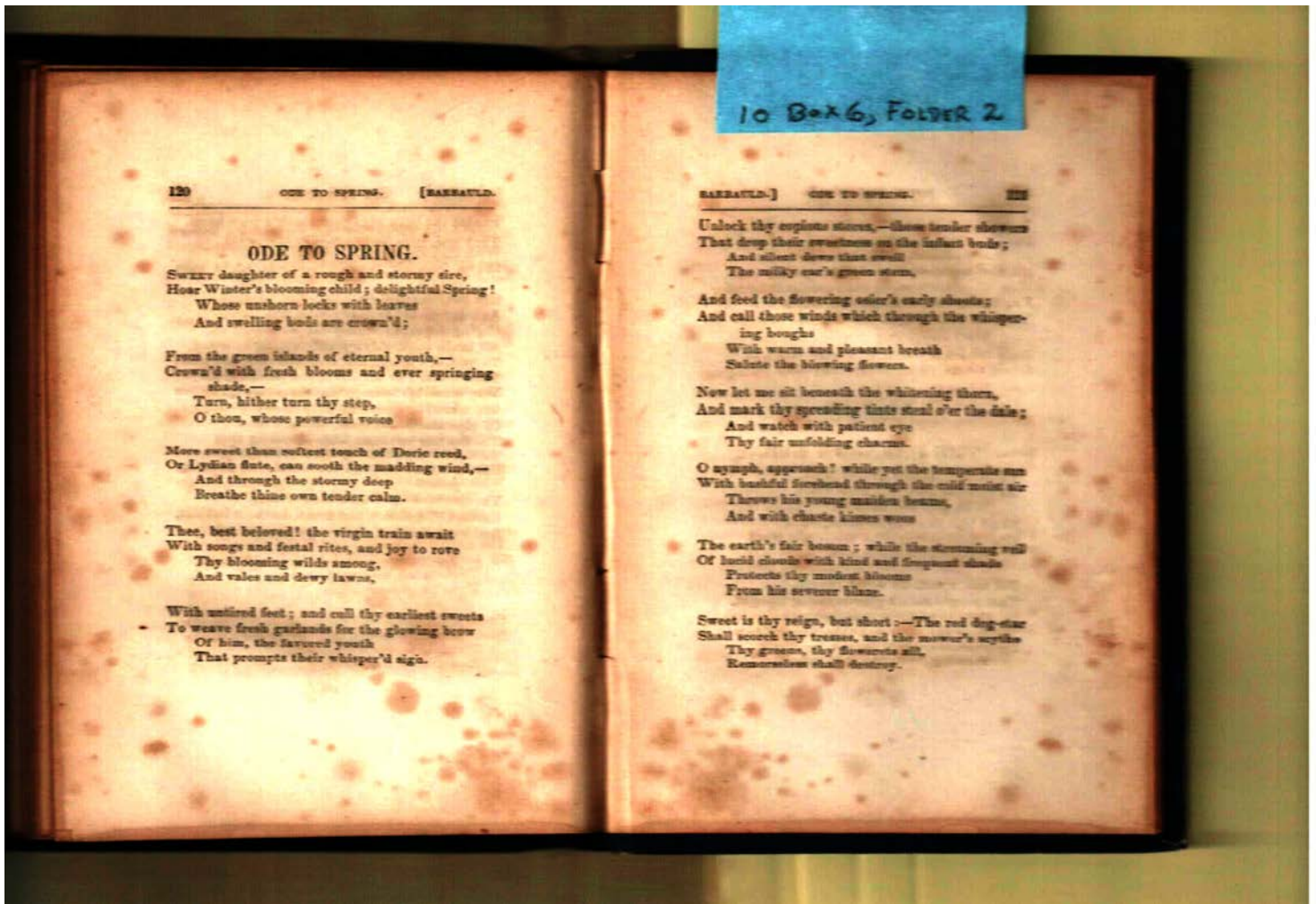
One less indulgent.—  
At intervals my mother's voice was heard,  
Urging dispatch: briskly the work went on,  
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,  
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.  
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much  
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow

howl

Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft  
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then  
To see, Montgolfier, thy alkali ball  
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near ap-

proach

The sports of children and the toils of men,  
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, lack its bubbles,  
And verse is one of them—this most of all.



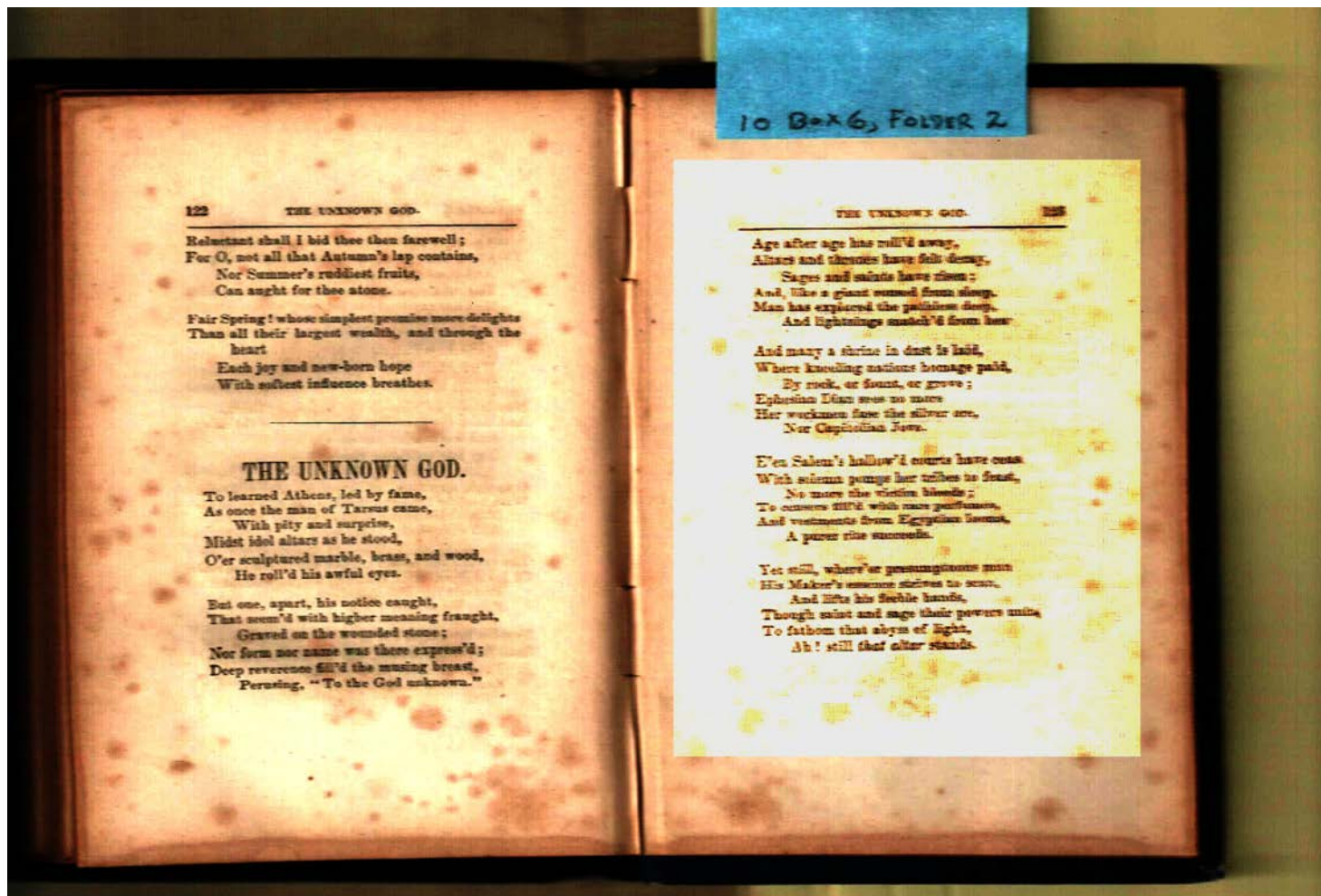
**Names:**

Barbauld, Anne  
Letitia

Ode to Spring

**Types:**

poem

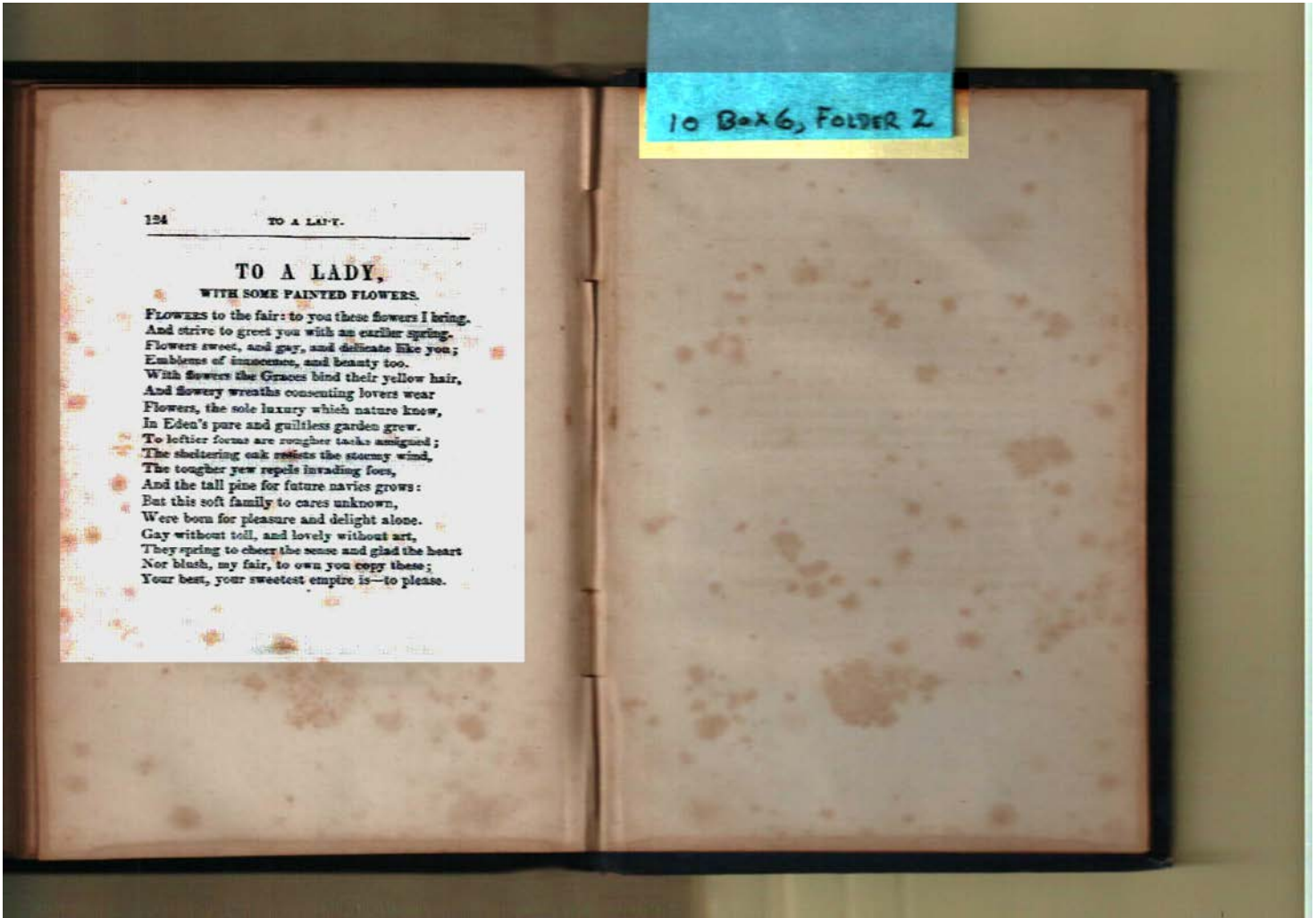


**Names:**

The Unknown God

**Types:**

poem



**Names:**

To A Lady With  
Some Painted

Flowers

**Types:**

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legat Brothers, 1856

Image 64 r10\_06-02-000-0140 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



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Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legat Brothers, 1856  
Image 65 r10\_06-02-000-0141 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



**Types:**  
book cover

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2  
"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legaat Brothers, 1856

[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

## Table of Contents

[Image 1](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0077)

[Image 2](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0078)

[Image 3](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0079)

[Image 4](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0080)

[Image 5](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0081)

[Image 6](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0082)

[Image 7](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0083)

[Image 8](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0084)

[Image 9](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0085)

[Image 10](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0086)

[Image 11](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0087)

[Image 12](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0088)

[Image 13](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0089)

[Image 14](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0090)

[Image 15](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0091)

[Image 16](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0092)

[Image 17](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0093)

[Image 18](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0094)

[Image 19](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0095)

[Image 20](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0096)

[Image 21](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0097)

[Image 22](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0098)

[Image 23](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0099)

[Image 24](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0100)

[Image 25](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0101)

[Image 26](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0102)

[Image 27](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0103)

[Image 28](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0104)

[Image 29](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0105)

[Image 30](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0106)

[Image 31](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0107)

[Image 32](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0108)

[Image 33](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0109)

[Image 34](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0110)

[Image 35](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0111)

[Image 36](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0112)

[Image 37](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0113)

[Image 38](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0114)

[Image 39](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0115)

[Image 40](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0116)

[Image 41](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0117)

[Image 42](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0118)

[Image 43](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0119)

[Image 44](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0120)

[Image 45](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0121)

[Image 46](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0122)

[Image 47](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0123)

[Image 48](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0124)

[Image 49](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0125)

[Image 50](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0126)

[Image 51](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0127)

[Image 52](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0128)

[Image 53](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0129)

[Image 54](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0130)

[Image 55](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0131)

[Image 56](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0132)

[Image 57](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0133)

[Image 58](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0134)

[Image 59](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0135)

[Image 60](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0136)

[Image 61](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0137)

[Image 62](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0138)

[Image 63](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0139)

[Image 64](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0140)

[Image 65](#) (r10\_06-02-000-0141)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Name & Place Index](#)

[About the Collection](#)

**Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 2**  
**"Selections from the British Classics," Published by Legaat Brothers, 1856**

[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

## **Name & Place Index**

A Pastoral Ballad [20](#)  
Auld Robin Forbes [58](#)  
Barbauld, Anne Letitia [59](#), [61](#)  
Beattie, James [52](#)  
Blair, Robert [5](#)  
Blamire, Susanna, Miss [56](#), [57](#), [58](#)  
Bristow Tragedy [41](#)  
Bruce, Michael [50](#)  
Chatterton, Thomas [40](#), [41](#), [49](#)  
Collins, William [28](#), [30](#), [32](#), [33](#), [34](#)  
Contents [4](#)  
Cumnor Hall [37](#)  
Elegy [50](#)  
Hamilton, William [26](#)  
Hymn [49](#)  
Leggay Brothers [3](#)  
Logan, John [53](#), [54](#)  
Mickle, William Julius [37](#)  
Nancy of the Vale [24](#)  
New York, NY [2](#), [3](#), [4](#)  
Ode on the Passions [28](#)  
Ode to Evening [30](#)  
Ode to Liberty [34](#)  
Ode to Simplicity [32](#)  
Ode to Spring [61](#)  
Selections From the British Classics [1](#), [2](#)  
Shenstone, William [20](#), [24](#), [25](#)  
Stanzas in Autumn [54](#)  
The Braes of Yarrow [26](#)  
The Camel Driver [33](#)  
The Grave [5](#)  
The Hermit [52](#)  
The Nabob [56](#)  
The Sky-Lark [25](#)  
The Unknown God [62](#)  
To A Lady With Some Painted Flowers [63](#)  
To the Cuckoo [53](#)  
Washing Day [59](#)  
What Ails This Heart [57](#)

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection

**Preferred Citation:** Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection, Archives and Special Collections, M. Louis Salmon Library, University of Alabama in Huntsville, Huntsville, AL.

**Collection Scope and Content:** The Collection of 114 Linear ft. includes a total of 156 Archival Boxes. The Frances Cabaniss Roberts collection covers the historical records of the Cabaniss Roberts family. This collection contains extensive correspondence records of the Cabaniss Roberts family circa 1830 to 1930.

**Archives/Special Collections Access Restrictions:** None

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