

My dear friend *Worbridge* 12/13/12

I very much admired
"The Christian & his Echo" - I meant
to read a few evenings before
the copy reached me - but had
no copy of it - I thank thee for
mine - I know with what interest
read in the papers, if thou ever
looked into them, of the sudden
death of my old friend & fellow
Lunenburgian, the Scottish Post
& Biographer - He was a Post of
of unquestionable genius, and a
worthy kind hearted man - We
have been acquainted for several
years & I rarely if ever went to
London without going to pay him
a visit - I had a short letter from
him about a month ago - it was
written in his wonted kind &
friendly manner, but the hand-
writing, as well as its tone & tenor
bespoke the invalid - It reached me
on a Friday morning - but being
engaged that evening, I could
not reply to it till Saturday even
when I sat down & wrote him a
long letter about the time I was
writing it - he died - he had been attacked
by Paralysis the following morning, after
he had written to me & died about
the time I was penning my reply

This letter is addressed to Rev. John Baker, Nov. 1883, Man of Letters, 240 page 17

The affecting circumstances narrated on the
other side will explain the following touching
Verses which I received from a friend by whom
I had stated the incidents now related to me.

The Poet's Message.

The evening lamp was trimm'd, and thro' its balustrade
O'er the scroll a Poet's hand had traced;
'Twas not the note of song, a theme more tender
Than Muse's votive hymns, its pages grac'd.
'Twas friendship's record - fraught with anxious feeling
For him, whose sadly drooping tone, and under,
In every uttered line their trace revealing,
By fond affection's quick'nd glance were seen.
The scroll is clos'd! but he - for whom 'twas written!
Who shall convey that message to his heart?
He at that hour - by Death's dark Angel smitten,
Unconscious all - is summon'd to depart!
Oh! fond and faint! give to the winds your charges!
Or write Love's tokens on the waves, where puff'd!
Whom ye would clasp - for from the grave, enlarge
The icy bed, to hold them over fast.
Our hearts are like that scroll! - the seal'd, and end'd;
Freighted or full - for happy interchange!
Instead we press - but dust with dust but blended,
And shadows are where Death and Death's world range.
Altho' these Verses are very touchingly beautiful:
it is very possible that, suggested as they are

by an incident so immediately interesting
to me, & brought home to my own feelings
in consequence, they may have a charge
to me which they would not have for
another person - but independently of
this I think they have much power &
pathos - They are written by a friend
of mine, whom I have estranged
with for some few years - but whom
I never saw, nor am like to see - and
whom I certainly never suspected before
of being a Poet - my own copy I
have subjoin'd the following Poem of my own.

Epitaph

All shadows are of this world - To another
Death, Death may follow thee - Hope there expand!
As couldst thou welcome me - my friend & brother!
From "Ewith's brief sunshine - to that sunless land!"

There was a feeling about the last line of the Poem
two last verses of my correspondent's Verses, which
I did not quite like the little Piece to end with.
The verses are in quasi long lines that
I have been fair to break any poet's words
to get them in without breaking one line into
one & a bit - which is not only unsightly to
the eye, but at first breaks the harmony to the ear
I send my enclosure on to Salmon
more affectly B Barton

(9) 84681

Gone be that scroll for aye - unread, unsealed
In musing silence to the flames consign
A mystery theme - shrouds thought all unrevealed
The thought that now must hence alone be thine

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In musing silence to the flames consign
A mystery theme - shrouds thought all unrevealed
The thought that now must hence alone be thine,
J. Lakes.

Sweet is the Cuckoo's blythsome lay
which hails the coming Spring;
Or Skylark's when to greet the day,
He mounts on fearless wing.

Sweet are the melodies that burst
From summers leafy bowers,
Mid blossoms gay by sunshine nursed
In bright and cloudless hours.

And richer still in woody lane,
Poured to the moons pale light,
The Nightingale's enchanting strain,
Heard in the hush of night.

But sweeter to my partial ear,
When these no more are known,
When leaves are changing, flowers are sere,
Mild Melodist, thine own.

See over

They warbling in the year's decline
Waken thought of deeper birth,
Feelings that own a holier shrine
Than music born of mirth.

Hence, when the birds of summer seek
A home in summer clime,
To me thy artless measures speak
Of harmony ~~sublime~~
sublime.

Even of that melody of heart
The Christian knows within,
Which faith and hope and love impart
To souls redeemed from sin.

Such mark unmired around them fade
Joys, flowers of beauty brief
And hopes, like trees which cast their shade
Change - and then shed their leaf.
Still, unto these at times are given
Strong faith in brighter days,
Firm hopes - which seek their home in heaven,
Pure love, and songs of praise.

Now can death's wintry chill restrain
Their song, or check their wing
That notes shall be resumed again
In heaven's eternal spring.

Woodbridge
Oct. 1899

Bernard Barlow

On the

Robin Redbreast singing in Autumn.
In a letter to my friend, Bernard Barton
of Woodbridge, 1833 (the Quaker Poet) I called
his attention to the peculiar song of the
Robin in Autumn: & I received in reply
the following lines, which I sent to a
small local paper, & are therefore almost
unknown. Keble's Christian Year (21st Sunday
after Trinity), very sweetly touches the
same fact. I question if either Poet was
aware of the other's verses. B. Barton's were
written in 1833, & Keble later.

Edwards,

Nov. 1883

[Albion's Lane 82-3]