

THE IDLE HOURS OF AN INVALID

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649610693

The Idle Hours of an Invalid by George Richard Beaumont

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 RICHARD BEAUMONT

**THE IDLE HOURS
OF AN INVALID**



THE
IDLE HOURS
OF AN
INVALID.

TURN, turn, my wheel ! all life is brief ;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
 What now is leaf will soon decay ;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
The blue eggs in the robins' nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
 And flutter and fly away.

Longfellow.



OXFORD :
PRINTED BY A. R. MOWBRAY & CO.
1878.



Dedication.

MOTHER, to You—who falter'd ne'er,
But with one single aim and thought,
Our Brother's good for ever sought,
And nursed him with a tender care :

To You—to whom he owed the power
Of walking in that fairy land
Where Art and Science, hand-in-hand,
Amused him many a lonely hour :

We DEDICATE his book of rhymes—
The offspring of his fertile mind ;
And may you, in perusing, find
A balm therein for tearful times.





INTRODUCTION.

WE publish our Brother's Rhymes for circulation amongst friends, who, we are sure, will "be to his faults a little blind." It must be remembered he wrote with no idea of his verses ever appearing in print; neither would they be now published, had we not received from him permission to do with them as we pleased.

We claim for him no high poetic art: he merely dabbled in versification—as he did in the sciences—for his own amusement. Many of the pieces, we are aware, lack finish, and are otherwise faulty; but we have thought it better in most cases to print them as they were written. Here and there slight changes have been made, but never has the sense been altered. The lines on Windermere were written before he was seventeen; and many of the others were found after his death written in pencil on scraps of paper.

No further apology should be needed.

GEORGE RICHARD BEAUMONT was born October 2, 1853, and lived rather less than twenty-five years, more than a third of which period he was an invalid. Reckoned by years this was a short life : by results it was long,—“the life is long which answers life’s great end.” His thoughts and sentiments may be gathered from the following pages ; his chief characteristic was reservedness. He was ever quiet and retiring, even before friends, very few of whom really understood him. But this is not a memoir. Let it suffice : as he lived, so he died,—quietly and peacefully.

“ He faded and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind.
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o’er his untimely lot ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature’s feebleness,
 More slowly drawn grew less and less ;
 I listen’d, but I could not hear.”

Byron.

His last long voyage is o’er ; no longer “battling
 with the angry tide,” he is “safe in port,”—

“ Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond this pulse’s fever beating.”

He bears the palm and wears the crown, and we—

“with an aching void” it seems “the world can never fill,”—are left behind still to toil upwards in the dark, still to bear the brunt of life’s battle.

“ But though the wind so wearily is whining,
Each cloud it rolls has got a silver lining.”

And we, too, shall soon be

“ Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going.”

* * * * *

Many of the ideas in the following pages were taken from books our brother had been reading. The influence of Tennyson’s poetry—“ In Memoriam ” especially—is apparent in many pieces; and who cannot trace, in the verses he has called “ The River Styx,” the following golden words of Charles Dickens?—“ How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes ! But it is near the sea. I hear the waves ! Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes ! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank ? ” *

* “ Death of Little Dombey.” Charles Dickens.

Again, in the last two stanzas of "Gone," who cannot see the shadow of these words of the inimitable novelist?—"The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean." *

For the verses entitled "Evening" he has composed a tune. The two deaths recorded in rhyme—"Sunset and Sunrise," and "Peace,"—were each the result of the same fatal malady he suffered from himself, Consumption. "Gone" was probably written on the same occasion as "Sunset and Sunrise."

Many of his verses are unfinished; the "Wreck of the Dunbar," for instance. This piece is founded on fact. The "Dunbar" mistook the lights at Sydney Heads, and dashed on to the rocks, and all lives were lost, save one.

The "Parramatta Rhymes" were written with the intention of inserting them in the diary he kept of

* "Death of Little Dombey." Charles Dickens.

his voyage round the world in the ship "Parramatta," in 1873-74. "The Rape of the Lock," and the "Vision of the Woman in White," are founded on incidents that occurred, the one when outward bound, the other when homeward bound.

In conclusion, the arrangement has been made chronologically, as far as possible, and a few foot-notes have been inserted.

E. T. B.

W. M. B.

OXFORD,
July, 1878.

