

Penrith, Dec^r 15, 1819

Dear Father,

I have just now received your letter of the 14th. It, in a great measure superseded the necessity of sending a letter (enclosed) which I had prepared for my mother.

The letter which you did not see, contained some qualifications, and ameliorative additions, to the former, which, it was hoped, would remove the objections. It was directed to the care of Mr. Stephen, so that the postage would be one penny, which trifle would certainly have been paid, had it not been for some disagreeable circumstances attending the post-office.

I enclose you a copy of the verses you mention; they were inserted about the beginning of June last. J. Penquircs might ^{have} arise from a different cause, from that which you suppose; - The signature was new, - though not poetical - it was correctively descriptive - there was (I heard) much inquiry made about it in Penrith, and the minor critics exercised their abilities on the style; there was no date to guide them, but in general it was attributed to Tho^s. Lee of Stril; whose productions sometimes appear, though I have forgotten both the signature and the paper.

Silver is so scarce here that retail business is almost at a stand; it is reported that large hoards are amassed by individuals. The post office here changes notes at the rate of six pence per pound; is this legal? or ought they to pay government in the coin that they receive? The practice is looked on very invidiously.

The Soldiers left this place for Carlisle, very reluctantly; they seemed persuaded that they should soon be brought into action.

The Lord Lieutenant passed through Penrith, on his road to Carlisle. He had ridden post from London. The cause of his journey is not exactly ascertained, but it has caused a great sensation in this neighbourhood.

People are in general preparing for the worst; some mischief is evidently impending. The Radicals are not numerous here, but are very bad characters. Many traditional prophecies of ominous import are considered by the vulgar, on whom they have great influence, as nigh their completion; one doggerel runs thus "When Lowther nigh, comes to Mount Briggs; low shall Lowther lig." The conditional part of the prophecy has come to pass through the enclosure of the Common; another, rather singular "There shall be a winter

Robert Graham
to Mr. Penrith
from the
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Council, a careful Christmas, and a bloody Lent." another, These shall be a great tax granted but never levied."

I was rather surprised to hear that my Mother was going to Liverpool. Please give my Love to her, and all our family

I am

Dear Father,

Your affect. Son

Rob^t. Abraham.

Verses occasioned by the scenery by the River Emont.

Lovely Nymph, of silent tread,
Who hauntst the Emont's rocky bed,
Whether thou shunst the glare of day,
And hidst along its banks thy way,
And hidst thee to the moss-grown cell,
Where Solitude and Silence dwell;
Silence, save when the Southern Breeze,
Rustles among the pendant Trees;
Though Solitude is ever thy Guest
And calls thy tuneful soul to rest,
Or listest neath some mould'ring height,
To the sullen plaint of the Bird of Night,
Or dipst thy feet in thy favorite stream,
And thy guest on the dancing beam,
Thy gentle plumbers on my head,
Thy mild and placid influence shed.

Hail, thou fair stream whose springs arise,
Where Place Fell greets the Western Skies,
And winds along by Yanwath's towers,
And wetst the feet of Carlston's towers,
And deeply heavest thy silent waves,
Nigh rugged rocks and trickling caves
Big Ben Parls' rude domain,
And Minian's fields of waving grain;
Fell, hung with woods thy lofty side,
Thou weldest the Eden's smoother side.

Hail, for I love to roam at even,
Along thy banks of harest green,
To pull the Cuckoo in the dell,
Or prove the Primrose fragrant smell;
Or watch along thy ambient side,
The trout or gilded chevin glide;
Or plunge me in thy circling wave
And in thy guileless waters lave.

Hail for I love through dells to roam,
The fabled Giant's secret home,
And ponder o'er full many a tale,
Of Captive's plaint and Maiden's wail;
Whom the strong tyrant's cruel might,
Forced from their homes and guardian Knight,
And pent within his gloomy cell,
Full many a tedious hour did tell;
Till Launcelot of oft-tried might,
The Giant overcame in fight;
And from their Prison Cave set free,
Of Knights with Ladies twenties three:
With Iron now no more 'tis barred
No Locks or Bolts the entrance guard
The dropping health their Place assumes
The wild-Tern waves its dark-green plumes.

Hail! for the tuneful voice of song,
Has echoed through thy valleys long,
Thine are the hills, and thine the Groves,
Where Robin sportive genius roves,
And through thy Mountains oft have rung
The wild notes trembling on his tongue;
And many a Cambrian chief has spread,
His faded laurels round thy head;
And wildly many a bard hath told,
The deeds of ancient Chieftains bold.

Be peace, O Emont, by thy stream,
May happiness upon thee beam,
Shall be thy name in song renowned,
Shall be thy banks with plenty crowned.

The Copy that appeared in the Journal was very incorrect, and several mistakes were made in the printing.

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