

EX. 1851.218
~~400.A.83~~

EXHIBITION POEM.

EX. 1851. 218

~~400-A-83~~

~~Box 1~~
A 9

To,

Sir C. Wentworth Dilly Bart
with the profound respect of
his humble servant the
author. —

11
The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] the [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

THE

Exhibition Poem.

BY MARTIN.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

AT HIS RESIDENCE, ROSE COTTAGE, GROVE STREET,
HACKNEY.

1851.

26. 11. 67.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

THE EXHIBITION.

HAIL! gentle muses, hail!
We would to fair Parnassus go,
If sweetly led by thee;
And there with thee prevail,
With fond desire,
To give the skill to strike the lyre,
That praise, and love, and joy may glow;
That we
Inspired may be.

The lovely Nine lead on the way,
In sportive dance, delighting, gay,
And when they've passed the Temple gate,
Fair Thalia takes the chair of state,
And smiling, seems in love to say,
We give the power that's sought by thee;
What thou canst do, now let us see.

A theme we choose that's great and grand,
Since it concerns our father-land,
And many mighty lands beside,
O'er all the earth extending wide.
A theme that Poets well may sing,
To which sweet music all its powers may bring,
 Its praise to sound
 To all around,
Who stand upon its hallowed ground.
A beauteous Hall with show of things;
That into shade obscuring flings
A thousand other sordid sights,
Which many a little soul delights,
As flattering friends give transient joy,
As fowlers lure but to destroy.

The useful is the mighty source
 Of every good;
And as time rolls along its course,
 We should,
 Where'er we're found,
 Diffuse around
 All good we can,
Unto our fellow man,
 As streams supply
 All they pass by

With glowing health,
With joy and wealth,
Who lives but for himself alone,
Is useless on the sod, or throne.
As water in a still and stagnant pool
Infects the air
That's hovering there,
And spreads contagious vapours round,
Which hurt who tread the dangerous ground ;
And tho' he may, in his own eyes,
Appear as one who's very wise,
He really lives and dies

A fool!

The Good, the Great, the God of all,
Himself is Maker of all things that be,
From atoms, up to worlds on high,
In sparkling myriads in the sky ;
From tiny flies that sport in air,
To angels heavenly, bright and fair ;
And in that noble brilliant Hall,
Material—art and science—skill,
Howe'er displayed,
In all things made,
Which we
Admiring see,

THE EXHIBITION.

Is but the work of hands and will,
Of creatures who from Him obtain
The strength of nerve and strength of brain,
All brought in wondrous force to bear,
On all things made so beauteous there.

And hence,

We, in a sense,

May well discern ;

And 'tis a lesson all should learn,

That though we call them all our own,

They are all His, and His alone.

The universe itself—so vast—sublime,

And still the same through all the course of time,

So fraught with mystery souls with awe to fill,

Is but one mighty exhibition of His skill.

There may be some at ease upon the sod,

Who look disdainfully on artists poor,

And think what honoured souls are they,

With nothing else to do but play ;

But be it known,

As 'tis by ethics shown,

The artist is the most like God.

We bear in memory dear, and shall through life,

The name of him whose soul was ever rife

With anxious wishes for the good of all
Around him, far and near.

The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;
Their interests all,
To him were dear.

The luxury of ease who scorned,
And o'er neglected sufferers mourned :
Who worked in faith and laboured well in love,
Obedient to his Master's will above :
Who earned his honours all and praises too,
And ever would have something good to do :
Who, though not honoured with a crown,
Has gained a glowing, high renown,
In realms above and realms below—
From all we read and all we know—
Of greater and more lasting worth,
Than all the crowns that are on earth.
The brightest crown shall fade away,
But virtue shines through endless day ;

And he devised the noble plan
The Hall gigantic high to rear ;
Nor can we, as we history scan,
Beholding all achieved by man,
'Mongst all the fabrics that appear,
Find one of such momentous kind,
In all the nations most refined.

To some who love a sight, 't may seem
As but a pleasing fairy-dream,
A thing that bodes nor good nor harm,
And only useful just to charm ;
But he, for whom the tear we shed,—
Because to all its glory dead,—

Unless a spirit glorified
Is not in heaven the bliss denied
On virtuous works below to gaze,
And see how men true virtues praise,—
As rose the towering, glittering site,
Looked on it in a different light :
And many noble ones beside,
With best of wishes, hope and pride,
And 'mongst them all, the noblest seen
Was our beloved and gracious Queen. |

How sweet, how cheering, how divine,
Is friendship really true ;
Who can the holy power define,
That makes one heart of two ?
Akin to love, from heaven it came,
Tho' some declare it but a name.

Nor anger, nor reproach, nor scorn,
Can in true friendship be ;

'Tis cheering as the dawning morn
Benighted travellers see.
Oh! let us as through life we wend,
Have one, at least, who is a friend.

Were all by friendship's purest ties
In hallowed compact riven,
The sight might gladden angels' eyes,
And make earth almost heaven.
Then let our powers be brought to play,
To foster its benignant sway.

And who does not descry,
With ready eye,
That all should try,
By soothing efforts to prevail,
And bring all nations into friendship's pale.
When demon war, with hellish ire,
Drives thousands on to conflict dire ;
When blood and death are rife in fire ;
When rapine, terror, shrieks, and cries,
Please Satan's ears and charm his eyes,
What is it but sweet friendship's smile
Can do away with things so vile ?
A friend loves well a friend to greet,
For friendship's strengthened when we meet.

Man by his Maker was designed
With power of speech and power of mind,
A social intercourse to find.
Friends love their works to show to friends,
To strengthen sympathy it tends ;
And praise, wherever 'tis deserved,
Should never, never be reserved.

The more good things our friends can do,
The more we praise and love them too.
Friends fear lest friends they should offend,
And often to their judgment bend ;
'Tis right, since all our wisdom grows
By learning what each other knows.

Extend your views of friendship fair,
And bring them all on this great plan to bear,
And clearer, and yet clearer still,
The wise and generous motives will,
Of those who worked the problem through,
Appear to you,
As stars 'twixt darkening clouds at night,
Sometimes peep out in lustre bright,
To guide the traveller on his way,
Till he shall meet the smiling day.
They saw 'tis with the nations as with men ;
Bring them to friendship, and they then

Will act as friends,
And all that tends
To mar this work of love,
They will with power remove ;
Here, in our nation, all
In friendly compact meet
Within our Hall,
And there each other greet.
Would they could speak each other's language too ;
Who knows the good that might accrue ?
Let parents catch the thought,
And so to do,
Let all their children well be taught !
Was speech at first
By heaven accursed,
Because of man's presumptuous will ?
Let prayers arise,
And pierce the skies,
That heaven may earth with such pure friendship fill,
That all may see
How needful 'tis of all one tongue to be.
Our foreign guests of Britain great and wise
Have often heard with much surprise,
But faith was needed to believe
What they with sight could not perceive ;

But when they've heard and also seen
They'll think and judge between.
They may, as they pass by
With scrutinizing eye,
And looking round for novelty,
Catch sight of things that will not gain us praise,
As when we may too closely gaze
On paintings beautiful, rare,
They do not look so fair.

The sun itself, though it has shone so long,
Has some dark spots its disk upon,
Its brightness seems not piercing through.
And Britain, though so glorious bright,
Reviewed in a nation's light,
Has its spots too.

What they shall see within the gorgeous mart,
In works of science, labour, art,
We have no doubt will please them well,
As they at home will tell.
For though 'tis said there's nothing new,
And in the main 'tis really true,
There never was built such a store,
And so well filled, on earth before.
Is Britain what some people call
A nation of shopkeepers all,

Who ever work and never play
From morn till night, from day to day,
Regardless of all things but trade,
And how the money can be made?
They've built a noble shop at last,
And get their custom pretty fast!
 Not only so,
 But all can go
 For but a trifling fee,
And without purchase, all things 'see ;
From north and south, from east and west,
Brought over sea and over land,
Made by machine and made by hand. i
Some large, some small, some coarse, some fine.
Some quite complete, some but design ;
And some for young and some for old,
Some made of stone, some made of gold.
And some for rich and some for poor,
Yet of their class, by all confessed,
 The very best
Which those who sent them could procure ;
And as you may not go to see,
We'll give in contrast two or three.
For churches, painted windows, pleasing, fair,
And bayonets sharp, the daring foe to dare.

The pealing organ thundering loud and clear,
The cot to rock to sleep the baby dear.

Enchanting pins to fasten ladies' shawls,

Huge cannon balls

To knock down massive walls.

The beauteous vase for lovely, blooming flowers,

The mortar, that terrific bombshells showers.

For drowsy ones, the soft and easy chair,

The saddle for the high-bred, mettled mare.

Harpoons to pierce enormous, angry whales,

Small scissors just to cut your fair one's nails.

Gold wedding rings, fair blushing brides to deck,

Life belts in case you're on a sinking wreck.

Artistic stoves to warm a church or school,

And fans to keep fastidious ladies cool.

Sails, flags, marquees and tents, and blinds, and screens

And newest styles of cumbersome crinolines.

The telescope to pry the depths of space,

The corset made to tightly lace and brace.

The microscope that greatly magnifies,

And Turkish veils which hide all but the eyes.

Attorneys' wigs well powdered, and with tails,

And compasses to guide in heavy gales.

The downy pillow, quite elastic, soft—

The glittering sword to cut a head clean off.

Sharp ploughs to plough the roughest, hardest land,^s
 Bright thimbles for the softest, whitest hands.
 For all our fair ones, dress of mixture great,
 With boots so high at heel, they spoil their gait.
 Machines that each some moving wonder wins,
 To drive the largest ships, or head the smallest pins.

In fact, for 'tis in vain to try
 To bring before the eye
 Of those who cannot go
 To see the wondrous show,

One thousandth part of things that grace
 The miles of space ;

There is enough your eyes to tire,
 Though you should look but to admire,
 With calm demeanour quite profound,
 The whole year round.

And those who've come from many a clime
 On this great ball,
 Shall spend much time,
 And not see all.

But shall they not, in our loved land,
 See more, much more, that shall their praise demand ?

Yes, they shall see
 That Britain's children all are free,
 To talk, to preach,

To write, to teach,
None daring motives to impeach—
To travel where they please
In perfect ease.
That there are found
On Albion's ground
No dungeons vile, where men from day to day,
From year to year,
In grief and fear,
Pine life away.
No gaudy long procession in our way
Of priests attired
To be admired,
To whom men bow and kneel,
Whate'er they feel,
In very fear
Lest they before inquisitors appear,
And dearly have to pay.
They'll see the temples in our land,
On every hand,
Where Britons stand
Unshackled, free,
Their love to show
To Him, the great, the wise, the good,
As it is meet they should,

Whose children all they be ;
And praise aloud his glorious name
From whom they came,
To whom they go,
They'll see our seats of learning, where
True wisdom's taught,
With toil and care
To all by whom 'tis sought.
Where Britain's sons have oft been reared,
Who have before the world appeared
In glowing light,
With virtues shining bright ;
Whose name shall be upon historic page
Held in esteem until the latest age.
They'll see the splendid fabric towering high,
Where laws are made, the best beneath the sky,
Despite what murmurers say.
Where Sovereign, Lords, and Commoners agree
In unity to be ;
Yet hold in check each other, as with rein,
That neither shall the ascendance gain—
The best, the wisest, and the safest way
All nations of the earth to sway.
And all who trow
That they a better system know,

And they could work it too,
If we the wondrous work would let them do,
 Would find, we trow,
Whatever wisdom they might show,
 Like boys who try
 To leap too high,
 It quite a teaser to do so ;
 Let all who disagree,
 But look beyond the sea !
They'll see our courts of Justice too,
Where Judges are to justice true—
Whom neither bribe nor interest move—
 Who must and will reprove
And punish all who break the law.
Twelve of their fellow men before,
Who must approve, and all agree,
That as they judge, so it shall be ;
Who oft condemn in sympathizing tears,
 Commingling with the culprit's fears.
They'll see our schools of art and skill,
Where many with determined will,
As travellers up a toilsome hill,
 Have many passed,
 And gained the height at last ;
While many their great works applaud,

And spread their well-earned fame abroad.
They'll see our houses for the sick and poor
Of every class, of every grade,
Where all the ills they may endure
Receive a kind, attentive aid.

They'll see how well our nation's stored with wealth,
Our sturdy labourers' strength and health ;
Our plodding and determination too,
All showing what men can by labour do.
They'll see our nobles and their rich domains,
Not gained by binding men with chains ;
But held in peace, and all enjoyed,
Because sweet freedom's not destroyed.
With people, as with boys at school,
Just treat them kindly, and you then may rule ;
But woe to those who for their pride's dear sake,
Their tempers sour and their sweet freedom take :
For tho' as high by their own power they rise
As gluttoned eagles to the skies,
And dream all danger sweetly passed,
Yet, sure as they go up, they will go down at last.
They'll see the palace of our Queen,
And had she been,
As she
Was wont to be,

From sorrow free ;
 She would, with gracious smile, have greeted all
 Within the spacious, gorgeous hall.
 But all her worth and virtues well they know,
 And sympathize with her in all her woe.
 That, we call death, is a distressing thing,
 Though it has lost its venom'd sting,
 By Him, who in its own domains
 In mighty conflict broke its heavy chains,
 And as a glorious conqueror arose,
 The vanquisher of all our foes.
 Still, it has power to break each tender tie,
 For all are sinners, and must die ;
 That is, to earth,
 And all its beauties and its mirth,
 With all its grandeur, honours, riches too,
 As flowers that sip the sparkling morning dew ;
 And lovely blossoms to our eyes disclose,
 Yet fade away,
 Though once so gay,
 And fall to earth from whence they rose.
 But, cheering thought, our virtues cannot die,
 But shall on high,
 As diamonds in a beauteous tire
 That glitters as electric fire,

Adorn the crown that he shall give,
Who died that we might ever live.
Our gracious Queen, with faith and love,
Through tears of hope, thus looks above,
Where death no more shall separate
Those who shall reach the blissful state.

Where all shall meet

With rapture sweet,

Who parted here?

With many a tear,

And shall through all eternity

With their eternal Father be.

But let us bring our rhyme to end,

For really we've already penned

More than we ever thought to see,

Yet hope 'twill please, and useful be.

We've glanced at things that visitors have seen,

Who here have been

From many a clime,

Beside the world's great show.

Shall they for nothing roam,

For nothing spend their time,

And from us uninstructed go?

Will they not run a parallel

With things at home,

And make, in mind, their models fair,
And take them there,
And show them well ?

We hope they will, and that, in course of time,
All idol worship—superstition—crime,
Shall from their nations banished be,
And they adore our God, as well as we.

Then peace shall as a river flow ;

For let the peoples know,
In spite of all parade and show,
The banners bright, the showy gear,
The minstrelsy we are so pleased to hear,
The well-earned honours to the soldier given,
War is, to nations all, the scourge of heaven:

Let all their powers employ

To haste the happy day,

Which shall appear,

In every sphere,

When war shall all be done away,
And all things warlike, nations shall destroy.

Let all the worthy efforts of the friends,

This noble hall who reared,

Be well approved, be well revered ;

That all their patriotic ends

May answered be ;

That commerce, peace, and love, and unity
 Their powers may ply,
To make all happy 'neath the sky.
Our Great Almighty Father, God,
 Though He of all is Lord,
Has given us all the verdant sod,
 And seas beside,
 On which to ride,
Our help each other to afford.
Hence, let us aim at universal good,
And live in holy brotherhood.

THE END.

