Seven days allowed for reading this Book.
Poems,

ODES, SONGS, AND SATIRES.

BY

JOSEPH CARSON.

KILPIKE, NEAR BANBREDGE.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rode yeotent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prett it.'

BURNS

NEWRY:
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PREFACE.

I have always considered a Preface the most interesting, which gives a little history of the Poems in succession, the incidents which gave rise to them, and the local truths, or traditions, connected with them—witness the Appendix to Dr. Curries’ edition of Burns; after reading which, I felt a double interest in perusing the poems again. Under this impression, it is my intention to give the reader a brief sketch of the principal causes which gave rise to many of the pieces contained in the present volume; besides, it may be found to be much more interesting than if I were to usher them into the world in the hackneyed style of some of my “rhyme-composing Billies” of the last few years.

Many of the Poems, it will be seen, bear evident testimony of having been written at an early period in life, when my stock of information from books was very limited. There will, also, no doubt, be found in them many inaccuracies, arising from my want of a knowledge of grammar and the English language, and which, in consequence, I was unable to discover; nor need this be wondered at, since it is well known to many persons in Lurgan, (my native place,) in Lisburn, and in the place I now reside, that I never was at a regular school since I was ten years of age.
with mind and sinews for ever on the wreck, scratching for them a scanty subsistence; while the wealthy blockhead, (who can scarcely scrawl his own name in legible characters) and the purdy prelate, (who drains from Ireland the tenth part of the produce of the land he never sees,) are wallowing in all the luxuries of this earth, which, in the end, but serve to cut short their span of existence, by engendering disorders that send them to their graves bloated masses of rottenness and corruption.

I may be accused by some of having been too severe upon the clergy of the Established Church; but where I have spoken generally, I must be understood to mean the drones of that Church. I consider the labourer worthy of his hire; but do the bishops labour? - do the deans labour? There is not on earth, a worse paid clergy than the curates of that church; but this, I trust in God, and its whole fabric of abuses, will be levelled to the ground by Lord John Russell's battering ram of Reform.

Before I had concluded on writing a Preface in this way, I had given in the notes to "Gideon, or the Itinerant Preacher," my reasons for writing that Poem. It is well known that this infatuated creature's whole course of existence, since he commenced riding preacher to the Farnham establishment, has been spent in attempting to proselytize the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry; this he does by abusing their creed, which, at once shews the man's ignorance; for nothing on earth, except the knowledge of its divine origin, will make them cling, with more firmness to their creed, than to hear it abused.

I do not remember any other circumstance, connected with the Poems, worthy of notice, except a few lines of the one to the Doctors of Banbridge, which were composed many years after the piece was first written: these lines are those in which the Poles are mentioned.

As I was not aware of the quantity of matter requisite to form a volume of a certain number of pages, I was forced, after what the manuscript contained was printed, to insert several sketches, and scraps, which were thrown by as unfit for publication: this was done for the purpose of making up, as near as possible, the number of pages promised in the prospectus.

Had the present volume been printed as first publications generally are, one half blank, the book would have been much larger; but the printer and I agreed to have no deception, but to print every page full, which will be seen is the case, except where the arrangement of the Songs and Scraps required it otherwise.

There have, lately, been so many productions, from "the followers of the ragged Nine," offered to public notice, (some possessing a degree of merit, and others the veriest doggerel,) that I have been, more than once, tempted to act like the old gentleman recorded in story, who, stepping over the threshold of Paradise, and seeing a number of strange faces, exclaimed, making a low bow, "Gentlemen, if I intrude here I am very willing to withdraw;" but not being of so very civil a disposition as the elderly gentleman above mentioned, I would much rather push fearlessly on, than submit to the annoying motion of retrograding at the "right face, march," given as unceremoniously to some of my
five weeks excepted, that I attended a school in Banbridge; during which time, I was taught to write a passable hand, and this, too, after I had joined (as the marriage ceremony has it,) the holy estate of matrimony. Prior to that time, I could have written a little, but more resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, than anything that goes by the name of writing in the present day.

The first piece I ever ventured to offer for publication, is that printed in page 71, on the death of Mrs. Alexr. McCaw, of Greenhill, near Banbridge. This poem was sent to the Newry Telegraph, and inserted in that paper; and oh! what a fluttering my heart kept, and how proud I was, when I saw it in print, and even at that time I had to employ a young man to write it out for me.

This gentlewoman's memory I have every reason to revere; she procured me books, and, I may say, taught me to read; correcting my bad pronunciation, and explaining the meaning of such words as I did not understand. This I practised every evening, for a winter season, after the labours of the day were over.

The next piece I shall notice, is that printed in page 52,—the "Answer to Daniel Magerry's Epistle to Mr. George Carlin, of Belfast." This poem should have been printed in the body of the work, along with my own answer to it, which is rather unintelligible wanting it; however, I shall insert it here, as I consider it possessing a good deal of merit, and calculated to do credit to its Author; besides, it will shew how a poor weaver felt, and expressed his feelings, on a reverse of circumstances, occasioned by a depression in the cotton trade.

"Since the first day I drew a web out of your warm room,
Till late, my affairs have continued to bloom;
I liv'd more like one of the worshipful quorum,
Than one doom'd to toil at the poor cotton loom.
Oft times I was able to help the distressed—
My wife's Sunday garment was fine figured silk,
The least child we had in fine gingham was dress'd:
Besides, we never wanted old meal and new milk.

"Thus time glided by me both heart-some and pleasant,
The poor never went unrelied from my gate;—
And I'd venture to wager your life, that there wasn't
A man more beloved on Lord Downshire's estate;—
I knew not of bodily or mental affliction—
My constant attendants were health, hope, and glee,
The wheels of my life whirl'd round without friction,
Old twice every day with the juice of green tea.

"But alas! circumstances are awfully changed—
Misfortune has found the way into my shed—
The sudden transition has so much deranged
Both wife and myself that we can't rest in bed;
Sweet Hope has ta'en wing, and the Muses stand yonder—
My once cheerful mind is now wrapt in despair,
And I sigh on that bosom so spotless and tender,
Where a thousand times I had forgot every care.

"Frank Bennett, the grocer, and spirit-retailer—
His conduct towards me is cruel and harsh;—
I'm summoned for debt by Hugh Lavery, the tailor,
Before Mr. Johnstone, of Ballymacash;—
Dobbin calls for the price of the coat that I'm wearing,
So, if thirty-shillings to send, you decline,
Instead of roast beef, and so-forth, on salt herring,
And Roger potatoes, I surely must dine:

"Coarse food ill agrees with my nice constitution,
Less dreadful to me is the sight of the dun,
Therefore, Sir, I hope you'll forgive the intrusion,
Of asking more money than's really won;—
Realize the request of the poor pensive weaver,
Whom fortune derides, and whose spirits are low,
And the hour, Mr. Carlin, that I shame your favour,
May life-feeding streams thro' my breast cease to flow."

When I first read this poem, it raised within my breast a warmness of fellow-feeling, to think of a man of genius (as he undoubtedly is), with a wife and four children, struggling against the hard pelting of poverty's pitiless storm, to keep a shelter over their heads,

* As I quote from memory, I am not sure that the above two lines are according to Mr. Magerry.
brother bards, as the lash of a carter's whip to the posteriors of his stubborn mule.

And now, kind and fastidious critic, a word in your ear:—I am an unlettered countryman, bred to the loom, and deriving my support from the eye of the shuttle; whatever may be found amiss in the following pages, attribute it not, I pray you, to the eccentricities of genius, but rather to the want of education; besides, I may here, in justice to myself, quote the words of Mr. Hugh Porter, the poet—"If I have been guilty of plagiarism, it is only when I was unable to distinguish between the imagination and the memory."

And now having said all that I have to say, respecting the Poems, I shall conclude with this statement, that had I been aware of but half the trouble and anxiety I have experienced in collecting subscribers, I would never have engaged in the almost Herculean labour.

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I.

I sing the man none ever sung before,
In numbers suited to the charge he bore,
Whose zeal fanatic blazed for sinful souls,
With all the fervour of Kilkenny coals,
And led him wandering over Erin, far
As old Cape-Clear and down to Mullingar:
Each village visiting and cottage lone,
Round Cavan, Bryansford, and Innishown.
II.
His wanderings all companionless he trode,
Save but the animal he sometimes rode;
Submissive, bending to the will of Heaven,
By which, poor soul, he thought the charge was given.
Courageous battling, with mind elate,
Every adverse wave and storm of fate,
Resolved to purge each sinful soul of evil,
And overthrow the empire of the Devil.

III.
O thou great power that guides the poet's pen,
To paint the crimes and characters of men,
Teach me with truth unerring to pursue
My hero, every wild adventure through;
Each feeble couplet teach me to erase,
And substitute a pithy one in place,—
Apollo, grant me this, 'tis all I ask,
And I shall fall with vigour to my task.

IV.
So much for introduction—now I shall
Introduce a different kind of measure;
I love the riders of Pegasus all,
Who gallop thro' each kind of rhyme at pleasure.
Careless of carping critics and reviews,
Fancy directs the nag which way they choose;
Facetious Pindar, Hogg, Moore, Burns, and Byron,
Their songs so varied never pall nor tire one.

V.
Some Authors trace their hero's genealogy
Down from the three-and-twentieth generation,
Drawling lengthened tropes in archaiology,
All for the gentle reader's information.

Thro' this might be the fashion of all ages,
It only serves to fill up many pages;
But mine, I found, arrived to puberty
Somewhere about the age of sixty-three.

VI.
His name—because the hero should be named
Somewhere in the beginning of the story—
For deeds of chivalry was never famed,
Nor rose immortalized on fields of glory;
Nor have I waded through Heathen mythology,
To cull some one of ancient etymology;
Old names for modern heroes sound but oddly,
Mine bears the appellative of Gideon Broadly.

VII.
'Twas rumour'd Gideon had possessions ample;
But as religion was his ruling bias,
To show the Earl of Roden an example,
He sold them, like the good man Annanias;
To aid the Bible Funds, that sacred measure—he
Became a donor to the common treasury,
But dreading some Iscariot base might lock it,
He wisely kept the most of't in his pocket.

VIII.
And stories ran that he had been a cobbler,
A meek psalm-singing son of old king Crispin,
Of Wesley's farrow, too, a raving babbler,
Long thundering prayers and saving sonnets lisping;
Finding at length the Craft a pack of rogues,
He fled his bulk, his awls, and clouted brogues,
To storm, with gospel truths, the devil's den,
From cobbling shoes, to cobbles souls of men.
IX.
'Twas whispered, also, that the Earl of Roden,
To expiate his Uncle's "foul offence," (a)
Divine results from Gideon's works foreboding,
Had him caparisoned at his own expense.
His Lordship, too, a good old horse bestow'd him,
A modest brute—himself had often rode him,
On Sabbath morns, to study o'er his cant—he
Surpass'd his prototype, famed Rosinante.

X.
Whether these tales were true or fabricated,
It matters not a farthing to our story;
Gideon's equipment, somehow, was completed,
And forth he rode—a special mission bore he,
To cram his doctrine down the people's throats,
And proselyte old wives with petticoats;—
Rascallions, knaves, pick-pockets, and poltroons,
To purchase their belief with pantaloons. (b)

XI.
Reader, let's take an etching of our hero,
Before we trace him to his first debut;
Because like Hudibras, Ralph, and Crowdero,
We've many a holy scene to frolic through;
'Tis therefore meet we sketch his whole contour—
His trappings, baggage, garb, and look demure,
Least we sometimes should chance to stop behind him,
That by his likeness we again may find him.

XII.
Behold him, then, a pursy, dapper fellow,
A meagre gelding's marcid ribs astride,
Whom we, for form's sake, shall christen Shiloh, (c)
His bare bones threat'ning to burst thro' his hide;

His face—but recollect, 'tis not the horse's,
But Gideon's face I mean—was broad and coarse as
Madam Sytaxe's at the coronation;—
Some marks it bore of 's missing vaccination.

XIII.
His garb and baggage next our notice claims,—
His querpo galligaskins, hose, and jacket,
Were holy garments, washed in many streams; (d)
But not so holy as the garb of Becket:
And ah! his sable velvet breeches were
A vile, profane, and prostituted pair—
These were the breeches Cougher's Saint was wearing,
When to the Inn he sailed a privateering.

XIV.
Crown'd was his brindled caput with a bonnet,
Set regimental-like, somewhat awry,
With golden-coloured band and buckle on it,
And tassels dangling round his leering eye;
Cram'd were his saddle-bags to size uncommon,
With Bibles, Tracts, and garb for man and woman;
And over all a blue stuff gabardine,
To let old Shiloh's tail out, slit behin'. (e)

XV.
Accoutred thus he sallied on his journey,
To meet the godly sailor, Captain Gordon, (f)
Who'd lately left his brother tars to mourn, aye,
And buckled shield of faith and gospel sword on—
Left drinking grog—his ancient occupation—
To forward Ireland's second Reformation;
With champion Pope, and Walker, too, in Co.,
And trunks of tracts from Paternoster-row.
XVI.
Gideon some miles had travelled on his journey,
When ev'ning shadows slowly curtain'd o'er him,
His wild infatuated mind would turn, aye,
To Adam's fall, and this vain world before him,
How he should pass before the saintly sailor,
And doughty Pope, the great polemic railer;
Howe'er he stopp'd while Shiloh eat his hay,
To prove his powers and make his first essay.

XVII.
'Twas in yon little village on the shore,
Perch'd on the summit, of an empty puncheon,
Beneath his arm polemic tracts he bore,
And in his hand he held a holy truncheon,
Bellowing to a crowd his wild orations,
Couch'd in the canting slang of many nations,
Bad English, Irish, French, and Oriental—
A thundering tirade, but nothing mental;—

XVIII.
Which mingling with the groaning of the rabble,
And eke the swearing of some captious carter,
Pictur'd to my mind the tones of Babel,
When those above would bawl for brick and mortar.
Ere his harangue of rigmarole (g) was over,
A tipsy tailor, and a drunken drover,
Throughout the crowd kicked up a drunken racket,
And fell pell-mell to dust each other's jacket.

XIV.
The brethern auditors, and maids in pattens,
Around the preacher and the puncheon clustered,
Dreading the fury of the fierce combatants,
Till press on press of ragemuffins mustered,
Who back before the battling heroes bore
Trampling curs, apple-wives, and cripples o'er,
Till souse they dashed against the sacred puncheon,
Upsetting Gideon, bible, tracts, and truncheon.

XX.
Our hero with the utmost nonchalance,
Amidst the noise and clamour of the battle,
Was, at the Pope and Jesuits of France,
Thundering out his motley garbled prattle—
Expounding texts of Holy Writ, to shew
The man of Rome and Popery's overthrow,
When the percussion from the swinish rabble
O'erthrew himself, and hushed his canting gabble.

XXI.
Poor Gideon scamper'd off upon all-fours,
Halting by turns to exercise his cudgel,
On legs, already putrified with sores,
So closely wedg'd that devil a shank could budge, till
They felt of Gideon's staff the application:
Some shifted back and bellow'd out d—n—t—n;
While others rub'd their shins, so sore it stung them;
Some kick'd his breech while passing thro' among them.

XXII.
Howe'er, with sullied paws, some kicks, and bruises,
Our hero, growling like a hungry bruin,
Took shelter where a certain nymph diffuses (h)
Her fetid stench, our nerves olfactory's ruin;
There from the vengeance-threat'ning mob secure,
He very wisely barr'd, inside, the door;
Himself consoling for his late disaster,
With how the Apostles suffer'd for their master.
XXIII.
When night's black curtain o'er the welkin stole,
And brawling mortals had the streets deserted,
Poor Gideon, trembling, from his hiding hole
Peep'd out to reconnoitre, ere he started;
When lo! a meager form approach'd his cell—
A good Samaritan—he knew him well—
Who led him home with self-approving smile,
To pour upon his bruises wine and oil.

XXIV.
Our hero's host a new cognomen bore,
Out of the laver of regeneration;
Ralph was his old appellative before
His dear conversion and initiation;
But then his zeal appeared so very pious—
By cripple Kidd (i) baptized, he was Matthias;
As if the very name would make him good as
The blest Apostle who succeeded Judas.

XXV.
His sister managed his household affair;
A debonair old dame of thirty-seven,
Whose forehead seemed the title-page of Care—
Her sole delight a tete-a-tete on Heav'n;
Her zeal to please her apostolic guest,
Lit up a holy flame within her breast—
From room to room with modest pace she'd amble,
The exact resemblance of Tabitha Bramble. (f)

XXVI.
However, Ralph and Phoebe's hospitality
On Gideon pour'd, in streams of reeking coffee,
And faith he show'd no symptoms of mortality:
With eye upturned to Heav'n, and bonnet off, he

Pour'd forth a short but pithy pray'r to Him
Who rules supreme above the cherubim,
Then, while the maiden's glowing eyes watch'd o'er him,
The victuals vanish'd that were set before him.

XXVII.
The creature-comforts over, Gideon smiled,
And stroked his chin in secret satisfaction;
Then kneeling down to prayer, in accents mild,
He offer'd up their souls to Heaven's protection—
That He who rules and regulates the spheres,
Would wealth dispense to them, and hoary years,
And so dispose their hearts to watch and pray,
And help the Itinerant Preacher on his way.

XXVIII.
The night being far advanc'd our hero yawn'd,
And cast a wistful look in Phoebe's face;
Resolved he was, as soon as morning dawned,
To flee the precincts of his late disgrace.
Somnolent tokens wrinkling round his nose
The maiden saw, and led him to repose,
While Ralph, good soul, left them to secret prayer,
And occupied his pallet up the stair.

XXIX.
There we shall leave him and return to Phoebe,
Who kindly ushered Gideon to his bed,
And as they both were far beyond the hey-day
Of life, and their impassioned blood had fled,
Salacious thoughts they suffered not to rise,
And mar their holy progress to the skies;
While hand in hand each occupied a chair:
The table bore the Book of Common Prayer.
XXX.
Some time they sat in heavenly conversation,
Until the light was flickering in the socket,
When Gideon thought him of a dissertation,
Which lay concealed within his ample pocket;
He drew it forth, morocco bind'd in,
Upon some point to satisfy the maiden;
But just as he had call'd some sage remark,
The light expired and left them in the dark.

XXXI.
Ye twinkling gems that stud the black arcade,
Unwearied watchers bright of us frail mortals,
Were ye empower'd to tell what pranks are play'd
Beneath your light, outside of Virtue's portals,
Oh! what a sable catalogue of crimes
Would living bards hand down to future times!
How would this proselyting system cease,
And phrenzied bigotry be shamed to peace!

XXXII.
Good-natured reader, fare-thee-well awhile;
We've travelld to the end of our first canto;
Some of the age's oracles may smile,
And some fastidious fools will have it sent to
Make sugar wrappers for some petty grocer,
And brand its author as a paltry pros'er—
But should it sink forgot in Lethe's river,
Farewell, good-natured reader, now and for ever.

Notes.

Note (a)—Stanza IX.

"To expiate his uncle's foul offence."

Lord Roden's canting fanaticism, and preaching from a little rostrum in his own castle, are facts so notorious that they need scarcely be remarked here; but it is not so well known that Percy Jebdlyn, the ex-Bishop of Clogher, is (for he is still suffered to exist,) the said Lord Roden's uncle.

Note (b)—Stanza X.

"To purchase their belief with pantaloons."

Our hearty enthusiast, in most of his proselyting vagaries, made use of the "Parnish stimulus—petticoats and pantaloons" to induce some of the rugged Roman Catholics to renounce their creed for his (if his was a thing to be defined.) It is reported that he distributed some of the above-named articles among the hearers of a Roman Catholic Priest in the vicinity of Bryansford, who having received information of the transaction, collected the articles in question, and delivered them to Gideon while he was "holding forth under the canopy of a black cap, to a group of motley auditors.

Note (c)—Stanza XII.

"Whom we for forms sake shall christen Shiloh."

We have exercised a power here which did not altogether belong to us in baptizing our hero's horse after Johanna Southcoit's second Messiah—though not after, for I believe the little gentleman has not yet made his appearance.

Note (d)—Stanza XIII.

"Were holy garments, well'd in many streams."

Some of the habiliments worn by our hero belonged, at a former period, to one of those cold-water saints, when the mania of dipping ruged, who kept them for the purpose of putting on his votaries who stepped in at the troubling of the waters. In his Last Will and Testament he bequeathed them to Gideon, who was then in training for his present avocation.

Note (e)—Stanza XIV.

"To let old Shiloh's tail out, slit behind."

It has been remarked that Poets in general don't live to be old, witness Byron, Burns, Kirke White, Ferguson, Wolfe, and a numerous list of others. The only reason for it is, that the poor devils in their rhyming fits are sorely tormented with contractions.
NOTE (f)—STANZA XV.

"the godly sailor, Captain Gordon."

This superannuated captain—this canting, hypocritical grog-swallower—this eighth wonder of the world—a religious tar, who has, probably, in many a bloody battle, from the brazen engines of his wooden tabernacle, practised the art of sending souls by the dozen "to their long account, with all their imperfections on their heads," came over to Ireland some years ago under the patronage and protection of Lord Roden, to propagate some new Creed he had discovered at sea, beneath the seemingly sanctified disguise of Reformation Societies.

But these ephemera lived their little day,
And, like the Brunswick Clubs, died of decay.

How he and his coadjutors, Gideon Ousely, Mr. Walker, canting McClinton and Co., succeeded in the North, we have had ocular demonstration of—scarcely had these pious jugglers conjured a Society into existence, till the one established immediately anterior to it had breathed its last. However, after labouring zealously, but unprofitably, for some time in the North, this indefatigable Captain thought it advisable to try, in the County Cork, his hocus-pocus tricks. How he succeeded there, the reader will discover by a reference to the papers published at that period; he will there find, that Messrs. Falvy and Crowly, two intelligent laymen, opposed him at all his Reformation Meetings, till they fairly speedchiefed him out of the country, home to his own dear Land of Cakes.

Gentle reader, do not start at this piece of information about to be recorded here:—changing has become so prevalent in the Religious and Political world, that it has long since ceased to excite the least surprise. No one had the remotest idea that the gallant man-of-wars-man had any feelings of ambition, masked under the disguise of religious reformation. But the cat has slipped out of the bag at last, and the once zealous reforming Captain Gordon has been nominated by his pious patron, Lord Roden, to the Borough of Dundalk, and gone into Parliament an Anti Reformer.

NOTE (g)—STANZA XVIII.

"Rigmarole." Byron's Don Juan is authority for the word—Canto I., Stanza clixiv.

"His speech was a fine sample on the whole Of rhetoric, which the learned call Rigmarole."

NOTE (h)—STANZA XIX.

"Took shelter where a certain nymph diffuses Her fatal stenches.".................

After the above allusion, the reader need scarcely be informed that Gideon's place of refuge was a temple of Cloacina; 'tis more than probable that his recent fall from the puncheon accelerated his desire to worship at the shrine of that goddess.

NOTE (i)—STANZA XX.

"By cripple Kidd.".................

We have introduced this Reverend gentleman's name here for the purpose, as the Scotch folk say, of roasting him a bitte, for a very witty expression attributed to him in the course of his periginations. 'Some boys were playing ball against the gable of a gentleman's office house, when the

Preacher passed by, who having an impediment in one of his feet, one of the boys not thinking his Reverence within ear-shot, desired the rest to leave off playing, for there was Kidd, the lame preacher. Mr. Kidd, who chanced to overhear the expression, stopped briskly up, and said, "my good lad, you are wrong, 'tis only lame Kidd, the preacher."

NOTE (j)—STANZA XXI.

The reader is referred to a perusal of Humphry Clinker, by Smollet. He will there find a description of Tabitha Bramble, to whom our Phoebe bore a striking resemblance.

It is the Author's intention, should the foregoing Canto meet the approbation of a discerning public, to add four other Cantos to the first, having collected authentic information of many ludicrous scenes which the hero figured in.

It may be asked by some, who are inclined to look askance upon the foregoing Stanzas, why I have made choice of a Reverend Divine, in real existence, for the hero of my poem? I answer, the man I heard abuse my Creed, and I have attempted to depict his fanaticism; whether retaliation was warrantable in such a case or not, I leave to the decision of more merciful judges than those who are inclined to cavil at it. Having heard this old gentleman, so much talked of for his strenuous opposition to Roman Catholic Priests and their principles, I went one evening, through curiosity, to hear him preach, but such another tirade of abuse never was thundered from the brazen lungs of the most raging Ranter of Cromwell's time—all levelled at that Man of Rome, (as he was pleased to designate the Pope,) and the Priests. However, after running on for about a couple of hours, he ended by telling us that the Roman Catholic Priests were sworn to inculcate a doctrine they did not believe themselves. This took place in the Methodist Chapel of Banbridge, before a very large assembly of people; but reader, don't imagine that the people of Banbridge, who are both liberal and intelligent, suffered such barefaced falsehoods to pass with impunity. The majority of the congregation were decidedly opposed to such a discourse, and expressed their disapprobation in no very measured language. The Deist, the Atheist, the drunkard, and sinners of every description, got leave to go to the devil their own way—not a sentence ever given to Gideon throws away upon them;—nothing is heard but Popery, Popery, Priests, and Idolatry.

It is the custom with persons who publish Books by subscription, in the writing of notes, to say the Author did this, and the Author said that, at the same time, it is the very Author himself who is saying all this. I, in some of the Notes, have adopted that mode of expression also; but in this I have spoken in my own person, as I wish to identify myself more immediately with the foregoing Poem.
ODE TO FEELING.
DECEMBER 27TH, 1820.

FEELING, to thee, from my young Muse, all hail!*
The tender tear and soothing sigh are thine;
I dote on thee with all M'Kenzie's zeal;
O! make my heart thy pure and sacred shrine.

Thou art a godly attribute of Heaven,
Bestow'd on some poor mortals here below:
By thee the sympathetic tear is given,
To soothe misfortune in this vale of woe.

But, Feeling, thou hast fled the human race,
And cold unkindness taken up thy room;
To Heav'n, thy pure delightful native place,
Thou'st ta'en thy flight on bright ethereal plume.

Reader, to find that this is truly so,
I pray thee read this little tale below:—

THE TALE.

Keen blew the bleak December blast,
The frosty air was piercing cold,
The rattling hail-shower, driving fast,
Beat on an Irish Piper, grey and old,
As he stood playing at G—ge C-o-z-r's door,
(Whose very dog was taught to bite the poor.)
* This piece was among the Author's first productions.

And trying all his pity-moving tones,
To stir up feeling in the lawyer's heart,
That he some pittance might impart,
To help his starving infant's on the stones.

How sweet M'Calpin from his pipes he blew,
Erin-go-bragh, and many melting airs,
Sweet airs that oft the tears of pity drew,
But not a foot was heard upon the stairs.
At length his dearest tunes been all played o'er,
And breathing on his fingers to restore
Them back to life,
He grop'd around him for his hapless wife—
"Go, Kate," he said, "and gently tap the door,
And bid his honour not forget the poor."

The wife, obedient to her spouse,
Crawl'd to the door as tim'rous as a louse,
(The palace louse, immortal made by Peter,
In his sweet lyric metre,
That dropt perhaps from George's witless pate,
And trembling crept along the royal plate.)
So crept the wife, the rapper to assail,
But not to strike a thund'ring peal—
One little tap she gave, then stepp'd aside,
And humbly waited on the man of pride.

When lo! a saucy menial, all perfume,
His face red blushing with the bottle bloom,
Popp'd out his head, stamping the stones upon,
And d—d the hungry wretches to begone;
Then clashing to the door with haughty air,
Left the poor souls to feed upon despair.*

* The above Tale is really founded on fact.
LINES
ON THE DEATH OF ANDREW M'CLELLAND, ESQ., OF BANBRIDGE.

The just, the good, more honours share,
In what the conscious heart bestows,
Than vice adorned with sculptor's care,
In all the venal pomp of woes.

Ferguson

Another soul has burst the bonds of life,
And left to earth its clay-built tenement,
To moulder there among the wreck of death,
While filial tears, affection's offering, pours
Around the body of the much-lov'd man.
Kings may depart, and heartless minions mourn,
In all the mimic pageantry of grief,
Bedizen'd o'er with crape and sable garments,
That only mock the spirit as it flies
To where its deeds have purchased it a home.
One hallow'd tear, from sweet affection shed,
A holier incense breathes around the soul,
As up it journeys thro' the twinkling spheres,
To meet its bright reward among the saints,
Than all this flare of fashionable grief;
Such tears to thee, M'Clelland, freely flow,
And speak the language of our sorrowing hearts,
That death had power to shroud thy many virtues
In the cold bosom of the gloomy grave.

An infant's vision was his life's career—
Yet he had cares, but such as left no trace
Engraved or furrowed on his placid brow—
His honest heart was fraught with every virtue
That Heaven bestows to mortals here on earth.
But vain it were to catalogue his deeds;—
His native village, bending o'er his grave,
Proclaims aloud the worth that lies below.

Ye cherish'd offspring of the generous dead,
Your tears are just, and may congenial fall,
Your loss demands a grief ye never knew:
But do not weep that death came unawares,
Because his God, who signed the awful summons
That called his spirit, found him still prepared.
And thou, his partner for so many years,
I know no balm to mitigate thy sorrow,
Life's dearest tie that made existence sweet
Is torn asunder by the tyrant death:
A little while and ye shall meet again,
Beyond the precincts of this troubl'd world,
To bask in rays of bliss for evermore.
Ev'n now, the muse aloft on fancy's wing
Beholds his spirit soaring thro' the clouds,
And angels hov'ring on the verge of Heaven,
To point the way to everlasting rest.

EPISTLE
TO MR. JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I'm nae poet in a sense,
But just a rhymer like by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet what the matter;
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Burn

Inspir'd bard o' Ettrick braes,
Crown'd wi' Appollo's weel won bays—
Taught by the mountain fawns an' fayes;
Your matchless lore,
Accept a minor poet's lays,
Frae Erin's shore.
I'm but a rustic rhymin' chiel,
Perch'd low on Fortune's dubious wheel,
Yet friendship's sacred touch can feel,
In home obscure,
An' care, in sorrow's cadger's creel,
Bang frae the door. All other is.

Here lanely pent in Lochanglen,
Far frae the haunts o' social men,
O' Nature's scenes my farthest ken
Is Varra braes,—
I wield my harmless hamely pen,
In rustic lays.

Down by this burnie whimplin' clear,
When evening's dusky veil drew near,
(Where wrapt in meditation dear
I've often stray'd,)
I found the musie, 't'other year,
Down in the glade.

The lovely maid at once I knew
As soon as e'er she came in view,
For I had seen her image true
In Robie's rhyme,
Beyond what Reynold's ever drew,
In tints sublime.

I've courted her lang time in vain,
To guide an' guard my erring strain,
When conning o'er my rhymes in plain
Auld Scottish jingle,
And yet for a' my care and pains,
They grate and tingle.

Sair grieved am I, my dainty James,
To see sae mony darlin' themes,
That some inspir'd bardie claims,
At home unsung,
While Scottish scenes an' Scottish names an' W
Are loudly rung.

I lang hae looked wi' anxious e'e
Some heaven-taught rustic bard to see,
Wi' thy sweet fancy, fire, and glee,
Bright beamin' strong,
My native scenes an' maids, like thee, oor child,
To paint in song.

'Twould please the heart o' Nature's child
To see our glens and mountains wild,
(Where sun-brown'd rustic never toil'd an' so
To mar their rudeness,)
An' bloomin' cottage maidens mild,
Wi' grace an' goodness.

Here many a whimplin' burnie rows,
Where "a' the sweets o' summer grows,"
An' gowans glint upon the knowes,
Where lasses bonny,
Trip light alang to milk the ewes,
Wi' Jock an' Johnny.

Here Bann an' Lagan rin alang,
Whiles saft an' slow, whiles burstin' strang,
An' Cushier steals the woods amang,
O'erhung wi' sprays,
Where many a warbling minstrel thrang,
Tune their sweet lays.
Here by the mountain glen an’ rill,
By fairy knowe and heathy hill,
Is heard the shepherd’s whistle shrill,
An’ weather’s bell,
When trottin’ hame at e’enin’ still
Fvae moor an’ fell.

Yet a’ these rural beauties lie
Unnoticed by a bardie’s eye,
Unsung in heart-felt melody
It’s Enchanting sound,
While every Scottish mountain high,
Is classic ground.

’Tis no’ but we hae bards enou’,
That patriotic are an’ true;
Our hamely rural scenes they view,
Wi’ heart-felt pleasure,
But hae na’ sung, except a few,
In rustic measure.

We’ve Tommy Moore, an’ Philips grand,
That wi’ the Nine walk hand in hand—
Baith can the inspiring springs command,
To drink at will,—
An’ Romney, wi’ his pencil bland,
And modest quill.

See Tom’s aspiring music soar
The heights that Milton’s gaed before
An’ every glorious nook explore,
O’ Heaven above,
Then down to earth comes chantin’ o’er
The “Angel’s Love.”

But when she spreads her ample wing,
An’ strikes the sadly pensive string
Her melodies, how sweet they sing
O’ Erin’s wrongs,
An’ mark oppression fiercely fling
Law’s pelting thongs:

An’ Philip’s muse, wi’ pitying smile,
Portrays her native “Emerald Isle,”
Which frae the sons o’ hardy toil,
True freemen born,
By usurpation, fraud, and guile,
Was basely torn.

(O Independence ever lost!—
By woes, and wants, and shackles cross’d,
Poor Erin’s sons, sae widely toss’d
Fvae shore to shore,
On many a wild and barren coast
Thy loss deplore.)

See Romney’s modest muse define,
Fair painting’s heavenly source divine,
Love breathing warm in every line,
Pure frae the heart,
In numbers strong that far outshine
His painting art.

’Tis thus our poets choose their themes,
Still soaring in sublime extremes—
Fired wi’ Appollo’s bright’ning beams—
(Pure rays divine,)
Enlighten’d by the inspiring dames,
The tuneful Nine.
But ne'er a ane amang them deigns
To sing in sweet an' hamely strains
The beauties o' the rural plains,
And cottage joys,
Where harmless mirth an' pleasure reigns,
An' care destroys.

But ah! would Heaven 'on me bestow
One spark o' thy wild rapturous flow,
How I would Erin's beauties show,
In rustic measure:—
I'd count it, James, a bliss below,
And boundless treasure.

The beauties wild o' Ettrick braes,
Where bleatin' lammas sportive plays,
An' Yarrow's stream thro' many a maze
That steals along,
All shine in thy wild warbled lays,
"Pathetic—strong."

But, James, thy heaven-inspired flame,
Will send thy country an' thy name,
Wi' honest everlasting fame,
To future ages;
An' Scotia's latest sons will claim
With pride thy pages.

But here I'll quit my babbling strain,
Lest I should tease your fertile brain;
Some future day I'll cross the main,
To gang an' see ye,
An' drink a cogue o' stout champaigne,
Or toddy wi' ye.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF MR. ———, BANBRIDGE.
ADDRESSED TO HIS ONLY SON.

The tear-drops that gush from thine eye,
Ah! well may they sparkle and fall—
The spirit that fled in that sigh,
Was beloved and endear'd to us all.

But a moment that spirit was here—
But where is that spirit gone now?
I trust to a far brighter sphere—
And now, my dear youth, what art thou?

A bark on the ocean of life,
Bereft of its pilot and helm—
The sport of commotion and strife,
Where billows adverse overwhelm;—
Or wafted down pleasure's gay tide,
The breeze of enjoyment before—
No rudder—no steersman to guide
Thy bark from destruction's fell shore.

But in Him, the Great Pilot, confide,
Whose wisdom no mortal can trace;—
His love thy frail vessel will guide
To a haven of pleasure and peace,
MY AULD MITHER'S ADDRESS
TO MR. HUGH B——E, AGENT TO THE EAST INDIA
TEA COMPANY.

CONFOUND your Indian trash, B——e,
'Tas neither taste nor smell o' tea;
Some weed imported over sea,
That's d——d unwholesome;
May a' the powers aboon keep me
Frac sic a balsam.

My poor auld man the ither night,
Was no just weel—his head was light—
I wet a grain to set him right,
Sae weel I wist thin,
But your curst stuff deranged quite
His nervous system.

His head, that had been something sore,
Grew ten times worse than 'twas before,
An' every now and then a roar,
Burst frae his b——m ;—
I thought my poor auld man was o'er,
An' death was come.

When tearin' up the leaden cover,
A tremor spread my body over;
I dreaded some disease might hover
The box within,
An' flee out like a started plover,
An' strike me blin'.

See how the fever* rages roun'
The precents o' our halesome town—
For this ye awkward lang-faced loon
We weel may blame ye
Diel blaw ye back in some monsoon
To whar ye came frae.

Sometimes it enters in my head,
'Tis some confounded Irish weed—
Ye sipplers o' Banbridge tak' heed,
An' dinna try it,
Nor even the coaxing cover read,
For fear ye buy it.

May Heaven preserve the auld Chinese,
An' may no bitter ruffian breeze,
To blast their infant budding trees,
E'er intervene—
They send us o'er the best o' Teas,
Baith black an' green.

Sweet beverage, mixed wi' yellow cream,
My morning draught—at night the same—
My waking thoughts—my sleeping dream—
Weren't no for thee,
Lang syne this poor auld wrinkled frame
Had ceased to be.

It makes my poor auld heart loup lighter,
It makes my very e'en glance brighter,
It braces up my sinews tighter,
An' mak's me frisky—
Shame fa' th'auld wife 'twad no' delight her,
Far mair than whiskey.

* The fever was at this time very prevalent in Banbridge and its vicinity.
Oh thou! the best o’ our defenders,
Exterminate these vile pretenders,
But guide and guard our honest venders,
F—y and W—ds;
May agents hawk, like kettle menders,
Their spurious goods.

EPISTLE

TO ABRAM CLARK, A BROTHER POET.

Awa’ ye wily flæching fellow.—
The rose shall grow like gowan yellow,
Before I turn sae keen and shallow,
And void of fusion,
As a’ your butter’d words to swallow,
In vain delusion.  FEWSON.

Dear Abra’m Clark, auld brither bardie,
I maun confess I’ve been ower tardie
In answering your weel-pen’d epistle,
Wherein ye’ve blawn the penny whistle,
That savours much of panegyric,
In your auld-farrant flæching lyric.

Lord, man, I’m just a rhymin’ chiel,
A ragged rantin’ ne’er-do-weel,
At least so says the country clatter,
Which false or true mak’s little matter.
Aye clinkin’ couplets late and air’,
To please mysel and banish care;
It mak’s the moments lighter roll,
And sheds contentment o’er my soul;

It mak’s the wheels o’ life rin free,
To jocund mirth and revelry.
To please the folk I never sing:—
The world’s a vain capricious thing,
Excited still by some new passion,
Revolving on the wheels o’ fashion—
To-day, conferring walth o’ praise,
On some poor rhymer’s doggerel lays;
To-morrow ushers something new,
Loud bawling blame where praise is due.
Gude faith, my lad, in these our days,
Rich poets purchase a’ the praise:—
They’ve gowd and siller sae profuse,
They bribe the papers and reviews,
To gie their Muse—some silly strumpet—
A short-liv’d tout on Fame’s auld trumpet,
And look with disrespectful eye,
On minor bards like you and I.

But, lad, ne’er mind the feckless bodies,
Wi’ a’ their cash and tinsel’ duddies;
The thought aye nestles in their brain,
That wit and learning’s a’ their ain—
That Phoebus, dad o’ a’ the Muses,
His tuneful aid to us refuses,
Because our rent and tatter’d breeches,
Are no’ ower weel aquaint wi’ riches,
As if the god his aid bestows
To addle pates wi’ gandy clothes;—
A fig for a’ their trappings braw,
We’ll clink our songs and rhyme awa’.
The rich, Lord, man, I don’t envy them
Their pleasures, I could ne’er enjoy them;
Their rantin, races, routs, and revels,
They’re just a set o’ rakish devils;
They're dozen'd sae wi' drinkin' wine,
The real joys o' life they tine;
The creatures canna' get a wean,
At four-year-auld can walk its lane;
But ghastly guid-for-naething gawpies,
That spindle up to silly tawpies;—
Troth Abra'm, lad, wi' a' their gear,
The're no sae weel content as we are.
'Tis true, we're sair o'er-toil'd and poor,
And hae our share o' ills t'endure;
But then we've joys to mak' amends,
'Bout which the rich folk naething kens,
True social friends our heart that rouses,
And healthy weans and loving spouses.
But hearken, Abra'm, for a wee,
An' I a hasty sketch shall gie,
How Bess and I, and four wee lasses,
The day in love and pleasure passes:—
As soon's the morning meal is over,
The young anes rin like craiks in clover,
Or grouse amang the heather moors,
To join their sports about the doors;
My Bess the house trims up fu' tidy,
And wi' her wheel sits down beside me,
While I maun mak' the shuttle play,
To crack an' wile the time away.
But when she sings some auld Scotch measure,
My very saul it thrills wi' pleasure,
Till visions float on Fancy's eye,
An' thoughts recur o' days gone by—
(Bright visions wrapt in mem'ry's urn,
Of childish joys ne'er to return,)
For Bessie's notes sae sweet they flow,
Nae music half sae dear to Joe—
'Tis thus enjoying love and rhyme,
We glide alang the stream o' Time;
Sae fare thee we'll, auld brither bardie,
May Heaven its choicest gifts award ye.

THE FOLLOWING LINES
WERE WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO VERSES FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO WAS FAVOURABLE TO THE BRUNSWICKERS, THOUGH NOT INCORPORATED WITH THEIR MUSHROOM CLUBS.

The days that our forefathers bled to be righted,
I think on them always with sorrow and pain,
When the blood-hounds of Britain their forces united,
And crimson'd the soil with the gore of the slain.

Our ancestors' laws have been vilely abolish'd,
And replaced with infernal-hatch'd penal decrees,
Their estates confiscated—their dwellings demolish'd—
Now the nest of the wasps—once the home of the bees.

That nation where piety, valour, and learning,
In earliest ages had ta'en their abode,
Where science was taught by her sages discerning,
Is now but a cypher on Fame's ample road.

The Pope, and the Lion, (old Henry the Second,) First set on their tigers, (our blood-thirsty foes,) From whence all our slavery and woes may be reckon'd— Before we were free as the wild mountain roes.

John Bull may beware, for the time's fast approaching, And on "coming events" I have founded my trust; See Freedom with strides so gigantic encroaching, When our chains we'll shake off and our manacles burst.
ODE

TO THE PEOPLE OF PRESTON, COMPOSED AFTER READING COBBETT'S SPEECH TO THEM AS A CANDIDATE FOR REPRESENTING THEM IN PARLIAMENT.

Ye proud inhabitants of Preston town,
Return to Parliament the roasted knight,
To keep the opponents of Reform down;
Let Stanley, Wood, and Barry, all go s—.

Fear not that WILL will be the least afraid
His plans of Reformation to propose,
Nor yet by dread prerogative dismay'd,
To take some impious G—b—n by the nose.

If Cobbett wins the work of Reformation,
And long-sought Catholic Emancipation,
  Will not go backward for the want of votes:
With Brownlow, Brougham, and Burdett, at his back,
  He'll make St. Stephen's benches crack,
And cram their lying jargon down the throats
Of all the Members who his plan opposes,
  And lay his lion's paw upon their noses.

'Twas not from venal mercenary views,
Will's candidate aspiring spirit sprung:
Return him, and not all the wiles in use
Can place a golden keeper on his tongue.

(The tongue's a noble gift of mother nature's
Bestow'd on us poor human creatures,
  To be the tell-tale of our mental part;
But yet the oily rogue so cunning,
  Full many a time it's proper functions shunning,
Belies the heart.)

* This town is nicknamed "Proud Preston."

But William Cobbett's tongue will not do so;
'Twill strike corruption's root a blow—
Unchain'd by Pension's golden tether
His heart and it will wag together,
And voice stentorian—loud as thunder,
To aid Reform's honest cause,
And to erase some penal laws,
And keep some rotten borough-mongers under.

EPISTLE

TO F. W. H——S, ESQ.—1823.

No venal bard, with sugar'd lays,
Has tuned his harp your ear to please,
Or say there harbours in your breast,
Such virtues as you ne'er possess'd.

I never court the Muse for that,
I leave such fulsome stuff for Stott,
(To scribble with his honied quill,
And carry it up to Bishop's hill,)
Who lately chang'd his crippling song,
To crush the weak and back the strong;
For me, I've other "tow to tease,"
Than strive the great folk's ear to please.

Some of these greedy black-coat squad,
That point their different roads to God,
And tell us weekly when they preach,
(Yet counteract the laws they teach)
To mind the great injunctions given,
And lay up all our store in Heaven;—
Still battling for the loaves and fishes,
They sanction Satan's vilest wishes;
Their coffers full of earthly riches—
Their flesh just like to burst their breeches;
They swill their toddy, game, and whore,
And heedless pass the needy poor,
Yet bid us live as virgins chaste,
And not a drop of whiskey taste;
And when they mount the holy rostrum,
They pour forth many a Scripture nostrum,
With vigour touching every part
That praises charity of heart—
These lads, when I'm in tiff 't'abuse,
Are ample subjects for the Muse.

With my satiric whip, my pen,
I lay some stripes on other men—
Men, tho' exalted more in station,
Yet riper far for flagellation:
These borough-mong'ring knaves and Peers,
That tug the nation by the ears;
They run, d'el driven, to Parliament,
And to oppress new modes invent;
With rents and tithes they heap on taxes,
To keep us poor, to crush and vex us,
To cram the craw of bluff John Bull,
And fill some foreign coffers full;
To deck the minions of the court,
And keep up jilts for G——'s sport,
To pay police to keep us humble,
And blow our brains out if we grumble.

But point the man, or rich, or poor,
Who opens to distress his door,
Who feels for other's woes and pain,
Whose heart's a link of friendship's chain;

For him the willing Muse would raise,
In loudest notes, the song of praise.

But, Sir, the purport of my lay,—
The Muse has mourn'd this many a day;
For Father Keating's famous pages,
That paint the deeds of former ages;
(When Erin's kings their sceptre sway'd,
And freedom flourished undismay'd,)
To know if any dauntless wight,
Like Wallace, foremost march'd in fight,
And led, 'midst carnage-heaping guns,
Hibernia's freeborn valiant sons,
Till overpowered by mur'dring hosts,
That spread destruction round our coasts,
Sunk nobly down in bloody graves,
Rather than live poor shackled slaves.

If deeds like these, in days of old,
Were done by Erin's heroes bold,
To set their native country free,
'Tis all a mystic page to me.

O Poverty! the chiefest bane,
Inflicted on the rhyming train,
By thee how stinted is my store
Of knowledge of the days of yore;—
Full sore (untaught in school or college,
I feel the want of useful knowledge ;)
Were I deep read in ancient lore,
My simple Muse might higher soar,
And sing the deeds of former days,
And give the dead their meed of praise,
Till every patriotic soul
Would sound our wrongs from pole to pole,
And loudly rap for retribution,
The portals of the constitution.
ODE

TO COUNSELLOR B———w.

"Another leech to suck th' ensanguin'd State.",
PINDAR.

DEGRADED, pensioned, renegade B———w,
I'm long indebted unto thee an Ode;
And now the Muse will pay thee off thy due,
And prick thee sore with satire's smarting goad.

Had my great master, Pinder, liv'd till now,
(But all to Death's destroying scythe must bow,) Thou would'st, ere this, have felt his ridicule,
Keen as Britain's royal fool,
(Who ran, with staring horror in his looks,
To wreak his vengeance on the lousy cooks.)

Now as Appollo wills that I inherit
Some little portion of Pindaric spirit,
The task undoubtedly devolves on me,
To picture to the world such knaves as thee:—
Have at thee, then—thou wert a Papist bred,
But that will never save thee from d——n,—n,
Because thy own religion thou hast fled,
And turned thy back on dear Emancipation;
And for thy loyalty and good intentions,
Thou hast received three lasting pensions.

Let's see how thou hast earn'd these pensions three,
Our all-wise government bestowed on thee;

Some mighty service thou hast done the State,
Conquered, perhaps, some foreign foe,
Or warded some assassin's blow
Off George's pate,
But no,
Dan's patriot trump proclaims it was not so:
To thee no honourable deeds belong,
To grace the Muse's song,
Where truth, unsullied, shines in her sweet lays,
And gladly strikes, where merit claims, the note of praise.

Come, then,
Sweet truth divine,
And guide my pen
Through every line,
While I rehearse,
In numbers terse,
Of sweet Pindaric verse,
The vile degenerate ways and means,
By which a knave a pension gains.

The first, B———w,
Thou didst receive in Ninety-two,
When Catholics by legal means
Thought to shake off their penal chains,
For turning renegade,
And raising up a clan
Of wealthy Papists, to invade
The rights of man.

The second pension you obtain'd,
When Britain base the Union gain'd,
And turn-coats like thyself,
Bought o'er with pelf,
Acceded to that vilest measure,
To gain and to secure their treasure,
For which they promised thee a County Chair;
But some folk thinking it unfair
A Papist in so high a place to trust,
Therefore, to keep thy evil spirit at rest,
St. Stephen's members thought it best,
To add a second pension to the first.

The third was gain'd, the worst of all,
In Stationers' Hall,
Where members of the Catholic Board were met;
'Twas given thee for heading on a gang,
(A sacrilegious set,)
To listen thee harangue,
Against the Lord's Anointed;
But thou wert sadly disappointed:
Our holy Prelates soar'd above thy aim,
But still thou didst not play the losing game—
Our honest guardians of the Nation's treasure,
(The purchaser of many a filthy deed,)
To recompense thee for so vile a measure,
A third annuity to thee decreed.

For this thy soul when Satan clutches,
He'll plunge thee headlong in his brimstone sea,
To bray compounds for Scotland's witches,
And crack with thy old friend, Lord Castlereagh.

EPISTLE

TO W. C———N, ESQ., LISBURN.

Thou kind instructor of my early youth,
Thy precepts pure, with wisdom fraught, and truth,
When life was young, from thee have often flow'd,
To train my heart to virtue's heavenly road,
Accept this simple tribute from a bard,
Who feels for thee a grateful fond regard.
With sorrowing heart and retrospective eye,
I ponder o'er the days and years gone by,
When thou didst toil my intellect to store
With morals, truth divine, and useful lore:—
Had I imbibed thy kind instructions given,
To aid the little spark bestow'd by Heaven,
I might have shone in life's maturer day;
But boyish follies led my mind astray,
Till fleeting time stole by me unawares—
Each passing year producing greater cares,
Each morn erecting castles in the air,
That long ere night were vanish'd, God knows where;
Hope cheers me on, but resolution fails,
Of life's unrudder'd bark to fill the sails.
Thus have I pass'd to manhood's riper prime,
Books all my pleasure—all my study—rhyme.
Force'd on life's stage in penury obscure,
My part, severe privations to endure;
Still jostling on thro' wayward fortune's strife,
But all unfit to choose an aim for life;
By nature gifted with a heart to moan
For other's wants, yet heedless of my own.
Tho' fraught with filial cares I ne'er repine,—
By Phoebus favoured and the tuneful Nine,
Sometimes sweet Erato my pen inspires,
To paint love's rural sports and genuine fires;
And sometimes Satire comes with her lampoons,
Exposing vice and chastening learn'd buffoons;
Or sad Melpomene her aid bestows,
My pensive lays that sing my country's woes,
The weeping Muse that taught my heart to mourn,
And pour these stanzas o'er thy brother's urn:

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF REV. H. C——, OF L——N.

Wealth, pomp, and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas! how poor the pleasure they impart:
Virtue was the source of all the joys
That claim'd a lasting mansion in his heart.

FERGUSON.

Alas! how oft the venal poet's lay,
In plaintive tones of elegy express'd,
Adorns the tombs where Mammon's sons decay,
Extolling virtues which they ne'er possess'd.

If honest worth, and truth, a name secure,
How vain to thee are monumental stones—
Thy virtues long remember'd by the poor,
Are heard to mingle with their dying groans.

How often hast thou shunn'd the splendid domes,
Where pride and pamper'd luxury revel'd high,
To search, of misery, the wretched homes,
And wipe the scalding tear from sorrow's eye.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. W. C——, OF LISBURN.

Bright be the place of thy soul,
No lovelier spirit than thine,
Ere burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou went all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be,
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Byron.

Death rules with undiminish'd sway,
And severs many a cherish'd tie—
See youth's bright blossoms soon decay,
And hope's young flow'rets fade and die.

Life's summer day, how fair it seems:
Our little infants sprouting fair—
Hope o'er them sheds its brightest beams,
And gilds the gloom of furrowing care.
With feelings none but parents know,
   We view them down life's troubled stream,
The few and fleeting tides that flow,
   Till waked from childhood's happy dream.

What fondly cherish'd visions play,
   On fancy's wings of future years,
Around the soul a genial ray
   They shed, ere sorrow's shade appears.

When sweet affection brightest glows,
   And ev'ry pulse impassion'd plays,
Death o'er the sunny prospect throws
   His pall, and clouds the genial rays.

Young William blossom'd like the flower,
   That opes its bosom to the sun—
He bloom'd in life's meridian hour,
   But droop'd and died when day was done.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? A fleeting dream,—
   A bubble on a running stream,
That peaceful may a moment glide,
   Till it meets the sedgy side,
Then its tiny fabric fair,
   Shatter'd flies to empty air.

Life's a sparkle on the ocean,
   When it booms in wild commotion,
Ere the Porpoise rears his crest
   'Bove the billows foaming breast,
That one moment twinkles bright,
   And the next is vanish'd quite.

Life is like the meteor's glare,
   Shooting thro' the midnight air,
When its wild mysterious beam,
   Glimmers o'er some ruffled stream—
Scarcely gleams upon the river,
   Till its blaze is gone for ever.

Reader, life's all these to thee,
   Compared to vast eternity.
   Since life is then so fleet a thing,
Death still hov'ring on the wing,
   Waiting God's command to strike
Youth and wrinkl'd age alike;
   Let us live so that we may,
(With hope in Christ) the call obey,
To bask in Heaven's eternal ray.
ADDRESS

TO THE COMMITTEE* OF THE BANBRIDGE READING SOCIETY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Ye chosen members of this fane of knowledge,—
Enlighten'd guardians of the classic train,
To you a bard untaught in school or college,
With due respect presents this simple strain.

How whimsical a dame is madam Nature,
Her pericranium full of wild vagaries—
We see in cobbling up a human creature,
How oft her hair-brain'd freakish fancy varies.

In me she amply verified her humour—
She shap'd me out a being dark and dull,
But casting on her work one kindly view more,
She slipp'd some sparks of genius in my skull.

There in the mental storehouse of my brain,
The genial sparks the poet that inspire,
These six-and-twenty summers back have lain,
Unblown by book-learn'd knowledge to a fire.

Ye chosen members of this fane of knowledge,—
Enlighten'd guardians of the classic train,
To you a bard untaught in school or college,
With due respect presents this simple strain.

How whimsical a dame is madam Nature,
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These six-and-twenty summers back have lain,
Unblown by book-learn'd knowledge to a fire.

* The gentlemen to whom the above lines are addressed, generously, and without a dissenting voice, voted the author an honorary member of their society.

And peradventure there may lie unknown,
The lone uncultur'd tenant of my brain,
Till death, exulting, hears my latest groan,
And Nature mourns she placed it there in vain.

I've often wander'd by your sacred dome,
Where numerous volumes range of verse and prose,
Anxious to see for books some member come,
That I might gaze upon the gilded rows.

And when the hoary sage would close the door,
What sad reflections crowded to my brain,—
Cursing my stars that sent me here so poor,—
Reviling fate and all her luckless train.

Unwelcome poverty, the lank-jaw'd guest,
Has long an inmate been of my poor dwelling;
The sad unhappy poet's daily pest,
Her numerous wants in every corner telling.

Long have I wrestled with the jade in vain,
To disengage her meagre gripe of steel,
But much I fear 'tis doom'd I must remain
Chain'd to the lowest spoke of Fortune's wheel.

I've often coax'd her like a stupid ninny,
So sore I feel the want of classic lore,
To spare me from her scanty purse one guinea,
To buy admittance to your sacred store.

But Madam Poverty has such a share
Of power, o'er us poor ragged rhyming fellows,
She would not twenty-two-and-nine-pence spare,
To save us from starvation or the gallows.
Then farewell hope of sweet poetic fame,
No more you'll cheer me thro' life's weary scene,—
In dark oblivion's pool will sink my name,
And friends and foes forget that I have been.

AN EPISTLE

OF THANKS TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE BANBRIDGE READING SOCIETY FOR THEIR GENEROUS INDULGENCE TO THE AUTHOR, IN VOTING HIM THE PRIVILEGE OF USING THE BOOKS OF THE SOCIETY GRATIS.

DEAR SIRS,

"The best of words are only wind,"* 
Else I might choose some sweet and kind, 
To thank ye for this precious favour, 
Conferr'd on me, a rhyming weaver. 
Such fulsome stuff I leave for those, 
Who pall the ear with venal prose, 
And begging bards in "rhyming ware," 
This path of thanks they've trodden bare. 
Such selfish souls whene'er they find 
Their patrons generous, rich, and kind, 
In mercenary mean petition, 
Will tell their needy poor condition; 
And when their patrons kind have granted, 
The little cash the creatures wanted, 

* Burns.

Instead of modest thankful lays, 
They mock them with a rant of praise. 
Ere such a mode of thanks be mine, 
This darling treasure I'd resign,— 
'Twere nobler to renounce the Muse, 
Than rhyme in aid of sordid views. 
Lives there a bard so void of feeling, 
Who under fortune's buffets reeling, 
Privations numerous has to bear, 
Beneath a load of Proteus care, 
Who'd not for such a gift impart, 
The tribute of a grateful heart? 
If such a wretch on earth there be, 
Thank Heaven, that wretch is none of me. 
No, Sirs, my heart deeply imbued, 
In all the warmth of gratitude, 
Shall still (as now its rising swell, 
Feels grateful more than words can tell) 
Remember this sweet gift bestow'd, 
To cheer me on life's toilsome road. 
Perhaps when years have pass'd away, 
And my brown pow has turn'd to grey,— 
When seated snugly by the fire, 
While winter nights blow wild and dire, 
Relating tales of lore profound, 
To please the youths assembled round, 
I yet may tell their names with pleasure, 
That granted me this darling treasure.

JOSEPH CARSON.

Kilpique, Feb 12th, 1827.
AGITATION.
ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF PETER PINDAR—1822.

An overbearing race,
That like the multitude made faction mad,
Disturb good order and disgrace true worth.
COWPER.

IMMORTAL bard, whose witty lyric lays,
Kept kings and royal painters long in awe,
Lampoon'd Sir Joseph and his lobster-fleas,*
And hush'd the clamour of Tom Warton's jaw.

We miss thee much, great bard, in these our days,
To quell the scribbling bull-dogs, who delight
To trumpet to the world their own dull praise,
And spur the rustic throng to kick and bite.

There's Dan, the father of th' Association,
In Merrion-square, 'mong codes and quartos pent,
Sometimes loud bawling for Emancipation,
And sometimes bawling for the darling Rente.

Jack Lawless, too, to spread abroad his fame,
But more to spread his patriotic papers,
Has lighted up his torch at faction's flame,
To illume the Radicals—to cut their capers.

And that unholy chaplain, Harcourt Lees,
The peace-disturber of this fractur'd nation,
The brand of discord's kindling by degrees,
And crams his Antidote with exultation.

* See the Works of Peter Pindar,—"Sir Joseph Banks, and the Fleas."

And eke that turn-coat renegade, Bellew,
(His hated name the Muse with horror mentions)
Has dipp'd his pen to aid the scribbling crew,
In hopes that Government will raise his pensions.

Thus, are these paper-warring gentlemen,
Disseminating discord every road,
While I employ my modest, peaceful pen,
To treat each peace-disturber to an Ode.

ODE
TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

Daniel, thou art a very cunning scribe,
The terror of the scribbling tribe,
Whose secret schemes by thee are all made known,—
Like Hogarth, painting them in colours true,
And holding up the picture to our view,
But devil a one thou shewest of thine own.

But who can blame thee, Dan,—
It is the chief propensity of man,
To skreen their secret workings, if they can.

But still some tongues have whisper'd it about,
That all thy patriotic effusions
Are nothing but delusions,
To set agog the rabble-rout,
That you, some day, the purple gown may grapple,
And fill a corner in St. Stephen's chapel.
Fain would my Muse support the notion,
That thine is true devotion,
   And love sincere,
For thy native Erin dear,
But still false tricks have been so often played her,
That thine are so 'twere easy to persuade her.

Consider, man, how many Janus knaves
   Have preach'd 'bout rotten boroughs and reform,
Stunning our ears with "Irishmen are slaves;"
   Till fairly rosted 'mong the infernal swarm—
And then the puppies quickly turn'd their tails,
And claw'd our eyes out with their teeth and nails.

Some meddling tattlers insinuate,
   That with the Rente thou'rt making rather free—
Gormandizing in voluptuous state,
   (But let them prate, what's that to thee)
Because that thou art sometimes seen,
Colleaguing with my Lord Killeen.

   But this, I hope, is all a fabrication
Of foes to dear Emancipation—
   For surely such a noble-minded man,
As government-defying Dan,
Would sup on poor and homely fare content,
Before he'd touch one penny of the Rente.

But thou wouldn't need to steer right warily—
   Thou'rt sailing on a very dangerous sea,
Where rocks and quicksands, shoals, and storms, are rife,
   And many a tempting bait thrown in thy way,
To lead thee from thy patriot path astray,—
But, Dan, remember Castlereagh's sharp knife!

Let nothing tempt thee to forsake the cause—
"Redress of wrongs"—"Repeal of Penal Laws;"
Touch not their ready lure, the guilty pelf;
Lest Judas-like thou might'st go hang thyself.

---

EPISTLE

TO MR. HUGH M'CALL, A BROTHER POET.

Some lucky find a flowery spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat,
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain,
And haply eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

LORD, man, I think it dev'lish queer,
We've bardies been this mony a year,
Baith bustling on in life's career,
   Unknown to ither,
An' neither wrote ae line to cheer
   His rhymin' brither.

Had I but known, my cantie blade,
Ye plied sae well the "rhymin' trade;"
I would hae some bit sang convey'd
   To thee lang syne,
Ere friendship's lamp was quite decay'd—
   Dear light divine!
My dearest meed, thro' life's dull scene,
Is just a social trusty frien',
Of d—d deceit and canker clean,
That winna' fail me;
Then neither carping care nor spleen
Daur e'er assail me.

Wi' such a frien', the Muse an' wife,
I'd battle a' the ills o' life,
Nor dread misfortune's twa-edg'd knife,
Nor frowns uncivil,
But brow-distorting care an' strife,
Kick to the devil.

Twa towmonds roun' auld time has carried,
Since my sweet Bess an' I were married,
An' faith my lad we've often parried
Misfortune's sword,—
But still our love has never varied
To fell discord.

Indulgent Heaven has deign'd to bless us,
An' crown our love wi' three wee lasses;
For health an' beauty nane surpasses
The lovely dears,—
They're sweeter than the primrose glasses
O' twilight's tears.

To hau' them weel in brose an' claes,
I cheerfu' ply the toiling slays,
Frae morn till night the shuttle plays,
For that's the doom
Blind Fate ordain'd me a' my days—
The damask loom.

If fortune, while life's current runs,
Just keeps me free frae debts and duns,
I winna fash, because she shuns
An' keeps me poor,—
Nor will I grudge wealth's sordid sons
Their golden store.

The dearest blessings o' mankind,
Are no' to rank an' wealth confin'd,—
The cottage wight an' labouring hind,
Fu' aft enjoy them,
While lords to rank an' riches join'd,
As aft destroy them.

Poor, cauld, unfeeling lumps o' clay,
They'll tak the lee-side o' the brae,
To watch the wight wi' haffets grey,
An' banes a' crazy,
That toils the lieve-lang winter day,
To keep them easy.

I envy not their drunken dozes,
Their muckle paunch an' big blae noses;
When death the carlin ower them closes
Their kindred clay,
The wretched cotter there reposes
As sound as they.

When life's lang toilsome day is o'er,
The question, were ye rich or poor?
Will no be asked, on death's far shore,
To us poor mortals,
Ere Mercy opes the narrow door,—
Heaven's shining portals.
But I maun quat my rhymin'caper—
Tis a' but loss o' sleep an' paper;
Lord, how auld Reekie's lads would vapour,
If this they seen,
Besides, my flickering rosin taper
Has bleared my een.

When neist ye gang to mount Parnassus,
To call your ain frae 'mang the lasses,
As soon as e'er the nag Pegasus
Ye set your a— on,
Just write (that time may gaily pass us,)
To Joseph Carson.

This life's all a scene of her frowns and her favours,—
There's few but have witness'd the change, high or low,
But when with a buffet she spurns our endeavours,
I own it's not easy to smile at the blow.

For me, with the Muse, I keep hearty and merry,
Tho' born and matured in adversity's vale,
No mortal more happy from Dublin to Derry,
Beguiling the time with a song or a tale.
Should care for a moment unwittingly tease me,
While toiling, in reverie wrapt, at the loom,
I steal down to your happy cottage to ease me,
Where the smile of my Bessy disperses the gloom.

How pleasant on us is the smile of all faces,
While blown o'er the waves by prosperity's gale;
But mark how they alter, whenever it ceases
To urge on our bark with a full swelling sail.
But cheer up your spirits, my dear brother weaver,
Let nothing deter you the shuttle to ply;
Call Hope to assist you and do your endeavour,
And soon you may Dan and B—t defy.

Beware of the Justice—may justice look o'er him,
And teach him to balance with caution each scale;
If Lavery compels you to venture before him,
Poor Daniel may chance to sing dirges in jail.
Farewell, my dear friend, and may Fortune in anger,
No longer your once happy cottage infest,—
If she dares, out of doors may Prosperity hang her,
And I hope Mr. Carlin will grant your request.
LINES
TO MR. GEORGE WIER, ON HIS EMIGRATING TO AMERICA.

Farewell, farewell, my youthful friend,
You're entering now life's thorny way,
Where luring scenes and follies tend
To lead unwary youth astray.

Of smiling Pleasure’s sweeten'd cup,
How swiftly fleeting are the joys,
Soon as we sip the potion up,
Remorse into the bosom flies.

Of this sweet cup, dear youth, beware;
Thro' freedom's clime, where'er you roam,
Drink not too deep the pleasing snare,
But keep the path you've trod at home.

And this you'll find—when life's grim foe
Comes, by th' Almighty's mandate driven,
To lay your earthly fabric low,—
That virtue points the path to Heaven.

EPISTLE
TO MR. JAMES C——, OF K——K.

Dear Sir, I return you my very best thanks,
For placing my lines in grammatical ranks,
And now you shall hear from your rhyming friend Joe,
Whether he will accept your amendments or no.

I confess, my dear friend, that throughout the whole letter,
I don't see a word but you've chang'd for the better,
Excepting this nice little epithet, evil,
Which you think should be thrown to its author, the devil;
But folk not so squeamish may think no such thing,—
'Tis an epithet meet for Peer, Prelate, or King,
Who honour, trust, faith, and religion abuse,
Engulph'd in the sink of political views.

'Tis the clergy you wish to support I suppose;
But, believe me, dear James, there are numbers of those
Who revel in folly and vice near a throne,
On the riches extorted from penury's moan,—
Their principal aim is the tithe commutation,
Horse-races, cock-fights,* and a jaunt thro' the nation.

But why for examples abroad need we roam,
We've Jocelyn, and ———, and Harcourt at home,—
Three sanctified sons of Queen Bess's new church,
Who've oft left their hearers, poor souls, in the lurch,

* I saw the other day, in a Northern newspaper, an account of two Rev. Gentlemen of the Established Church, who fought a Main of Cocks, in England! Enlightened England!!
To hunt after politics, women, and wine,
Leaving preaching and praying to men more divine.
They have no more concern for the souls of their flocks,
Than a wig-maker's dog has for razors and blocks;
And some likeness the barbers' and preachers' trade have—
'Tis a fact undisputed they both know to shave;
But this trifling difference exists in the job—
The one shaves the face and the other the fob.

Percy Jocelyn, of Clogher, (whose brutish embrace,
Might engender a blush on a fishmonger's face,)
I shall pitch him, soul, body, and sleeves to the devil,
Lest the ladies should think that my verse was uncivil;—
His name, by the Muse that inspired tuneful Peter,
Would d—n Barney Short's wretched doggerel metre;
Could aught be more mean, from Kilpik* to Killarney,
Than the "prose run mad" verses of Short rhyming Barney.

Poor ——; but here I would fain make an end—
No man more delights in a bottle and friend,
An honest, unprejudiced, kind-hearted creature,
And blest with a store of the sweetest good-nature,
But somehow or other his passions, so strong,
Compel him to leave the right road for the wrong.

Enough about ——, now turn we to Lees,
And thus o'er the trio we'll shift by degrees;
This soul-saving *Antidote*—knight of the bun,
The green-jacket pointer, the shot-bag, and gun,
Whom Government pension'd on Black-Rock to dwell,
Is mad as March hares, or the devils in h—ll.

But here let me pause, and a while moralize,
On some creatures—disrob'd of their seeming disguise,—
You'll find them within a corrupt compilation
Of falsehood, deceit, lust, and dissimulation;—
If the mighty Creator, by whom they were made,
Gave them any thing good it is kept in the shade.
But yet I have known many men, my dear C——,
Thyself, honest Moore, and a number of others,
As free of the crimes above-mention'd and strife,
As Adam, the moment he sprung into life,
Breathing warm from the earth at his Maker's command
God's image, and fashion'd by his mighty hand.

Just think what a wonderful structure is man,
And how futile his dark machinations to scan,—
His Maker, foreseeing all would not go right,
In his wisdom divine kept the heart out of sight;—
Could we get but a peep at its workings within,
We would find it a mass of corruption and sin.

But let us proceed with our knight of the bun,
And finish with facts as in facts we begun:—
Some prelate ordain'd him a parson in orders,
To preach peace and good will around Erin's green borders,
His passions, like Paul, the good saint, to control,
And to sow virtue's seeds in the uncultured soul,
To measure his life like a Christian divine,
And to fight, like Don Quixote, for Bet's Thirty-nine.

How has he fulfilled these injunctions, thro' life?
By sowing the seeds of dissension and strife,—
Not content in the pulpit his spleen to express,
Like the demon of discord he flew to the Press,
And there in the sheets of his d—d Antidote,
He cram'd pages of lies down each Protestant throat,
Till the North, in defiance of all he could urge,
Found out it was poison instead of a purge;
So, justly incens'd at his lunatic capers,
His readers forsook his political papers,—
When Lees in despair soon disposed of his stock,
And fled like a fiend to his den on Black-Rock.

But how could Sir Harcourt* inactive remain?
Like the knight of La Mancha, he sallied again,
To be shown like a puppet in tinsel eclat,
By the ragged adherents of Bill of Nassau,
Who, yok'd to his carriage, their Juggernaut drew,
Midst the shouts, oaths, and yells of each savage Hindoo.

But here I must bid him good-bye—it is time
To finish my satire, epistle, or rhyme.
Or whatever title my readers may choose
To give this uncircumcised child of the Muse.

As for swearing, good Lord, that's a thing I detest,—
I hate imprecations, tho' practised in jest;

* This Reverend Divine was either Editor or Proprietor of the "Antidote, or Protestant Guardian," printed in Dublin.
EPISTLE
TO WM. J. H—K, ESQ., OF L.—N.

DEAR SIR,—Rejoic'd am I to hear,
You've left Black Phil, to claw his ear,
With disappointment's cud to chew,
And all his spleen at home to spew.

It galls th' old viper to the bone,
His deeds of other days made known,
By thee portray'd in colours true,
And pointed out to public view,
Lest some enlighten'd bard, in rhyme,
Might send them down to future time;
Such scenes disgraced the wicked rogue,
When perjury was all in vogue.

Fain would this wretch perpetuate
The Penal Laws of NINETY-EIGHT,
When burn and pillage was their motto,
And Erin's sons had not a spot to
Repose their tortur'd, famish'd frames—
Their friends dispers'd—their homes in flames—
That he might hang and pillage thee.
And boast it with impunity.

Just like a wasp has lost its sting,
If chance ye tread upon its wing,
It turns to use its vicious tail,
But finds its former weapon fail.

So, Philip, tho' in mischief grey,
Is grieved his former sting's away,
And d— the statutes o'er and o'er,
That are not as they were before,
When magistrates, in party fury,
Could hang thee without judge or jury.

But, thanks to Heaven, the times are altered,
Since wives were shot and husbands halter'd;
When bloody Brown,* and bacon V.—n.—r,
Explored each secret nook and corner,
To shoot or hang each son and daughter,
That had escaped the direful slaughter.

It makes my heart with madness blaze,
To ruminate on former days,
When Britain framed her penal code,
The curse of many a fair abode;
Which gave to caitiff wretches power,
To plunder in the midnight hour,
Midst widows' tears and orphans' cries,
And flames ascending to the skies.

I pass by some that yet remain
Of this night-wrecking, burning train,
Poor, mean, degraded, ragged wretches,
That yet have 'scaped their due—Jack-Ketches;
"Who has not heard of Brown's shooting parties, when the unfortunate Irish were his GAME"?—New York Shamrock.
Three-legg'd horse, and noose, that oft
Hois'd many an Irishman aloft,
Whose patriot deeds shall live in story,
Their country's boast—her pride and glory.

Shame on the Pope, and curse king Harry,
That sent their fell blood-hounds to worry
Ierne's sons, in days of yore,
And stain their soil with native gore;—
Since then what Irish blood's been shed,
What heroes died, what numbers fled,
For aiding in an honest cause,
By Britain's foul inhuman laws?

Farewell! and may such wretches vile,
Ne'er o'er your fallen fortunes smile;
May slavery, with galling yoke,
Evans like the cottage smoke,
Borne on the howling mountain wind,
Till not a trace is left behind;—
This is my wish and prayer most fervent,
While I remain your humble servant,
J—C—.

ADDRESS
TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, FOR THE REPEAL OF THE INSURRECTION ACT IN IRELAND.

"Alas! there are few for this country to care,
Save only to torture, to sever, and tear."
M'ILLIAN.

Great monarch of this mighty nation,
Whose nod can sway administration,—
Whose wink can hush the Peer's oration,
Be't foul or fair,
Oh! hear an humble bard's petition,
And fervent prayer.

My native land inspires my strain,
Close link'd to slavery's galling chain;
And if her hardy sons complain,
Or strive to right her,
Your penal law enacting train,
Just chains them tighter.

Of all the laws on yon black section,*
For shackled Erin's peace-protection,
(But most to keep her in subjection,
And bitter thrall,)
This dire one of the insurrection
Is worst of all.

* The Penal Code.
Old bacon backs, in mischief grey,
And pithless yea, on perm’nt pay,—
Sanction’d by it, like beasts of prey
Prowl thro’ the night,
Hibernia’s patriot sons to slay,
Or banish quite.

Look well, my liege, to what you’re doing,
So quiet Pat’s oppression, viewing,
Perhaps, some foreign wars are brewing,
Of cunning model,
To sink your kingdoms three in ruin,
And strip your noodle.

Should that day come, where will ye explore
For lads to make your cannon rear,
Or chase from Britain’s peaceful shore
Th’ invaders vile,
And leave them wallering in their gore,
To save the isle.

The graves will not disgorge their prey,
Arm’d cap-a-pie in war’s array,
Prepared to join the dreadful fray,
On hill or plain,
Like noble souls, to hack and slay
Your foes again.

Nor would your pension’d peers have time
To traverse each uncultur’d clime,
And gather home the very prime
Of Erin’s sons,
(That banish’d were without a crime)
To man your guns.

Employ, my liege, your regal sway,
To do this penal act away;
But lest some vicious popinjay
Should dare resist ye,
Just grease the loof of Castlereagh,
And he’ll assist ye.

You know right well what he can do;
For many a scheme he laid with you,
To pinch the Members black and blue,
That would disturb you,
Or, when you held a lass in view,
That dared to curb you.

Besides, my noble sire, you’ve seen
How soon he sent your virtuous queen
To wear a crown of glorious sheen,
Among the blest,
And all to satisfy your spleen,
And ease your breast.

(Poor, hapless, injured Caroline!
Thy fair unsullied soul divine,
In bright ethereal rays will shine,
When all thy foes
In dark abyss will growl and whine,
Absorb’d in woes.)

When two such noddles go to work,
Where witty wiles unnumbered lurk,
Ye need no Curran, Fox, nor Burke,
To help or hand ye,
The devil, Boney, Jew, or Turk,
Could not withstand ye.
I know the tithe-consuming crew,  
Will send their wailing Bills to you;  
But tell them plain you sorely rue  
That e'er you sign'd it,*  
And tho' their falsehoods brought you to,—  
Ye ne'er design'd it.

Oh! for the tongue of patriot Grattan,  
Or his,*+ the judgment seat that sat on,  
These bloated rogues on tithe that fatten,  
I'd send in legions,  
With borough-men and members rotten,  
To Satan's regions.

Disband them with their lying Bills,  
To herd their flocks about the rills,  
Or seize the plough and till the hills,  
Like Cincinnatus,  
And feed upon their hearty fills  
Of good potatoes.

Where would they fly should foes appear?—  
To mountain caves, and dens, for fear,  
Or with their hard-wrung riches steer  
To London town,  
Assured of kind protection near  
Your royal crown.

While the poor hardy peasant train,  
Would soon forget the penal chain,  
And rush like lions to the plain,  
Where cannons roar,  
And their sweet native shamrock stain  
With foe-man's gore.

Oft at your senators' command,  
Like heroes brave with sword in hand,  
They left their homes and native land,  
And crossed the ocean,  
To conquer hapless Boney's band,  
And quell commotion.

Their wounds received at Waterloo,  
Where balls and bay'nets pierc'd them thro',  
(And yet they never flinch'd nor flew,  
But stood them steady,)—  
Are mouths enough to speak them true,  
And always ready.

And now for all their toils and pains,  
Their scatter'd limbs on hostile plains,—  
Where dark dishonour never stains  
An Irish name,—  
Your peers have bound them fast in chains,  
To Britain's shame.

They've settled the long doubtful riot,  
And set you down in case and quiet,  
With madam Conyngham to diet,  
And drain the glasses,  
And your old merry vein to try it,  
Among the lasses.

* The Insurrection Act.  
† Philips, who, I believe, is a Barrister.
ADDRESS
TO SOME OF THE DOCTORS OF B—B—GE.
(Written in April, 1823.)

Even those they canna get attended,
Although your face they never had seen it,
Just see in a knife-blade and send it,
As soon's they smell it,
Baffle your disease and what'll mend it,
At once they tell it.

AVANT, ye quacks of B—b—ge town,
And lay your apparatus down,
Your diacodium pills, and lances,
That lull the people into trances,
And take up some more just employments,
And reap from labour life's enjoyments.

You brawny ploughman, Doctor B—s,
The god of physic at you spurns;
Go home to your old native hovel,
And grasp again the spade and shovel;
They'll better fit your brawny paws,
Than lancets, probes, and silver saws.

Go home to Scotland, Surgeon Shanks,*
We want no more of Sawney's pranks,
Since Captain Gordon play'd the nation,
His scurvy trick of Reformation;
Go home and ogle Glasgow lasses,
Thro' your black-ribbon'd quizzing glasses,—

You'll doubtless find employment there,
Among the maids of George's-square,
Whose dear nocturnal promenade,
Is from Sir John,* to the Arcade.

But, Sir, should this not suit your taste,
Which ablins may be unco chaste,
Go off and join your Scotch compeers,
Physicians kind, and volunteers,
Who've gone to heal (like humane souls,) The wounded, noble, patriot, Poles;
There shall your undistinguish'd name
Be blazoned on the list of fame,
And future Poles will bless the ranks,
That fought and bled with Surgeon Shanks.

You, Doctor T—r—l,† alias T—r—y,
You've shown yourself too proud and surly
To fill your present situation,—
I'll point some other occupation,
Which will, no doubt, with little pains,
Far better suit your addle brains—
As you're so dapper, neat, and nimble,
Take up the lap-board, goose, and thimble,
And seated on the tailor's boss,
Your limber bearers lapp'd across,
You may be taught, without delay,
To "stitch the louse and jag the flea."

How harmless you may pass your time,
To murder then will be no crime;

* This professional gentleman came over to Ireland, some time ago, and settled in Banbridge. He expected, no doubt, to realize some bowhees, by cauterizing the Irish; but the poor Irish had been suffering under the irons of the State Surgeon of England, Castlereagh, for years before this adventurer's arrival.
† This pill-manufacturer very wisely discarded his parental name, which savoured of Popery, before his induction to a certain situation in B—b—ge.
For who to keep his flesh at ease,
Would not destroy the lice and fleas?
And when you tread death's dreary shore,
Where you sent many a soul before,
Perhaps, when perch'd on Charon's mast,
Some friendly gale may blow thee past.
The darksome, inner caves of h-ll,
Where Colleged cheats in horrors dwell.
I know you'll stare and d---n this news,
Vociferated from the Muse.
And swear she's but a crambo rhymer,
That Hafiz' Muse could chant sublimier;
But stop, your friend Pandora's dead,
And all your physic with her fled,
But just before her glass was run,
She called on Doctor S----n,
And gave to him the fatal box,
Secured with triple keys and locks,
From which fled all the ills combin'd,
That sadly torture frail mankind;
Besides a cask with nostrums fill'd,
By Æsculapius' hands distill'd,
With orders from the goddess train,
To take in all the ills again.

ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M'CAW, OF GREENHILL.

Expiring Autumn’s growling blast
Mourn'd sullen thro' the fading trees,
The twilight shade of eve was cast,
And all was silent but the breeze;
The moon was rising by degrees,
As forth I stray'd beneath her reign.
When careless man's absorb'd in ease,
I heard a pensive spouse complain.

He sat beneath a sombre shade,
Regardless of the chilling gale,
Where nodding branches round him play'd,
Now silver'd by the moon-beams pale,—
Down his lorn checks the tear-drops steal,
As wild he view'd the orbs above,
Then in a sore heart-rending tale,
Thus, thus, he wail'd his buried love.

"Blow on, ye winds, your bitter course,
And bear abroad my tale of wo,
I feel no more your biting force,
No more I care how harsh ye blow;
Alone I wander to and fro,
And with the breeze still doom'd to mourn,
Since death has laid Eliza low,
And crown'd, in blooming youth, her urn."
"O man! thy views on earth are vain,—
Real happiness is not below—
Soon death has changed my joy to pain,
And sorrowing days of drooping woe;—
Her love for me was pure as snow,
Descending from the limpid air,
'Tis that, and death's dire sudden blow,
Which makes the parting so severe.

"In her each virtue was combin'd,
Sweet darling truth was still her guide,
An innocent and conscious mind,
And modesty, a woman's pride;—
But ah! the grave these virtues hide,
Grim death has blasted all her charms,—
He tore her early from my side,
And left an empty void my arms.

"And you, the offspring of my fair,
May the Omnipotent above,
Still guide you thro' this vale of care,
By his Almighty guiding love;
Still from your path may he remove
Each wicked inauspicious snare,
And may your actions always prove,
He's your director every where.

"Ye happy scenes of rural life,
Your harmless sports I joyless view,
No more I meet the tender wife,
To join me with the jocund few;
Since she has bid this world adieu,
All earthly joys I now resign,
And wait in sorrow, Death, for you,
Till in thy arms once more we join."

He ceased, and Luna, sinking low,
Had just withdrawn her waning ray,
I left the spouse deep sunk in woe,
And measured back my weary way;
Musing on death's despotic sway,
And heedless man's submissive lot,
Beguil'd the near approach of day,
When I regain'd my homely cot.

ODE

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P.

"Yet shalt thou flourish in immortal song,
To me if immortality belong."

"* * * *"

"Postcrity thy history shall devour." - Pindar.

HAIL, Daniel, member for the County Clare—
I think I see the reverend bishops stare,
With gaping mouths and looks of wonder,
Clawing their holy wigs in consternation,—
Collecting volumes of vituperation,
On thee to thunder.

But, Daniel, if thou art not over nice,
To take a simple, honest bard's advice,
(You know bards often hit upon wise sayings,)
It is beneath thy patriot spirit far,

To war
With such a set of long-ear'd creatures,
Who cannot fight against their restive natures;
The world will laugh to hear their noisy brayings;
Besides, my honest friend, you may believe me,
Or else my thoughts prophetic far deceive me,
Their tithes and sinecures will soon be o'er,
Which kept the lazy drones so long in clover.

I long to see thee, Dan, trip o'er the water,
And set the great metropolis in a clatter;
L—d, how the windows will be paved with skulls,
And necks out-stretching, long as gulls,
Each jostling with his neighbour for a stare
At patriot Daniel, member now for Clare.

I spae some dire mishap to plotting Peel,
That limb of ancient Babylon's king, Balshazzer;
I trust he'll run hand-gallop to the de'il,
Assisted by that useful thing—a razor,
A razor is a very useful thing,
When evil Prelate, Peer, or King,
O'erburden'd with the affairs of Church and State,
Desires to make his exit out of life,
And leave all court-corruption, wiles, and strife;—
It helps him to a sure retreat;
It opens in the pipe of life a hole—
A passage for the soul.

The warlike Premier, too, will scratch his lug,
And fidge his shoulders with an Irish shrug;—

Zounds! after all his conquests and parading,
Thus by an Irish lawyer to be drubb'd,
Who never fired a musket Britain's aid in,
Nor crook'd a knee, Sir Daniel, to be dubb'd,—
'Tis enough to turn our great Achilles crazy,
And make his Premier chair a seat uneasy.

L—d, how the mighty Wellington will rage,
And stretch, so grim, his yellow lantern jaws,
To see thee, Burke and Grattan-like, engage
Against that Hell engender'd page,
The Penal Laws.

With fancy's secret eye, imagination,
I see each gesture, peering look, and action
Of yonder crew that represent the nation,
When thou shalt rise t' oppose the rotten faction,
That Britain's under senate-house infest,
By whom my country long has been opprest.

His lordship, with the sack beneath his b—,
His eyes wide-staring at the opposition,
Will cry out, "Zounds! is King O'Connell come
To teaze us with his papish vile petition?"
We'll keep them under law's oppressive rod;—
Emancipate them—we will not, by G—d."

But this will all be spoken in a tone,
Resembling disaffection's growling groan,
Or surly mastiffs grumbling o'er a bone.
How will the juggling borough-mongers look,
And those poor devils who have purchas’d places,—
By shame and honesty long since forsook,
Despair will take possession of their faces:
Thy manly front will turn the hornet host,
Pale as the regicides at Hamlet’s ghost,
And in the frenzy of their consternation,
Bearing along the evils of the nation,
They’ll gallop, like the swine with devils cram’d,
Head-foremost to old ocean and be d—d.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, SONGS, AND FRAGMENTS.

“A thing of shreds and patches.”

SHAKESPEARE.

SONG,
TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.

AIR—“Donald M’Donald.”

My cantie auld cock o’ the sceptre,
A word frae a friend in your ear,
I’d hae ye beware o’ wild Paddy,
For faith ye hae reason to fear;
He’s rovin’ stark mad wi’ his cudgel,
An’ swearin’ he’ll no’ be a slave,
But fight like his sturdy auld neighbour,
The head o' oppression to stave,
Wi’s oak shillela an’ a’,
Shillela of oak an’ a’,
He’ll fight for his right independence,
Wi’s oak shillela an’ a’.

‘Tis no’ at yoursel’, my auld cookie,
That Paddy is ginnin’ wi’ spite,
‘Tis the peers o’ the nation an’ clergy,
That bullies him out o’ his right;

2 g
But soon the fat sons o' the pulpit,
If I'm not mistaken, will fin'
He'll singe all the tails o' their cassocks,
An' scatter their wigs wi' the win';
O! his oak shillela an' a',
Shillela of oak an' a',
He'll pay them their tithes an' their taxes
Wi' oak shillela an' a'.

An' faith, Geordie lad, it's nae wonder
That Paddy would kick up a dust,
For a' his lang service an' valour;
He's treated baith harsh an' unjust;
Ye ken how he fought like a hero,
Advanc'd on their bay'nets an' bled,
I've heard him huzza when expirin',
To keep the auld crown on your head,
When Boney was bangin' them a',
The Russians, the Prussians, an' a',
He tore up the laurel for Britain,
When Boney was bangin' them a'.

Sae dinna forget poor auld Paddy,
Nor let him be used wi' disdain,
Ye know not, in times o' sic danger,
How soon ye may need him again;
Should e'er the vile sons o' ambition,
Wi' tyranny grasp at your crown,
He'd come at a call frae his mountains,
And gallantly cudgel them down,
Wi' oak shillela an' a',
Shillela of oak an' a',
He'll crack the proud pate o' ambition,
Wi' oak shillela an' a'.

SONG.—SALLY LAW.

Air—"Lovely Jean."

'Tis now the spring, and birdies sing
On every budding spray,
The daises spread their pearly heads,
To greet the morning ray,
All nature blooms, and sweet perfumes
Breathe from the flowery shaw,
How sweet to stray, at evening grey,
Wi' charming Sally Law.

Amang the braes the burnie strays,
Wi' gentle tinkling sound,
The vi'let blue and primrose too,
Adorn the dells around;
The heart that warms to nature's charms,
'When vernal breezes blaw,
Will find the rose on virgin snows,
Compris'd in Sally Law.

How blest the swain whom fate ordains
To win this blooming maid,
His happy lot in humble cot,
Far, far, from rich parade;
No courtly dame of rank and fame,
In all her fine eclat,
Could sweeten life frae care an' strife,
Wi' handsome Sally Law.
SONG.

Air—Burns' "Farewell to Ayrshire."

'Tis sweet to rove by summer gloamin',
Breathing balmy breezes kind,
Fancy painting joys that no man
Born to toil and care shall find.

Love and friendship—sweet ingredients,
In the cotter's cup of life,—
I cherish as the best expedients,
'Gainst all galling ills and strife.

SONG.

Air—"Wandering Willie."

Saw ye Miss Martin, sae modest and charming,
Bright is the glance o' her love-rolling e'e,
Her cheeks like the sweet blushing dye of roses,
Her breath like the zypher that sports round the pea.
Her looks are sae winnin', sae graceful her person,
Smiles o' sweet innocence play round her chin,
In cot or in palace you'll no' find a lassie
Compared wi' Miss Martin the flower o' Ardbrin.

Wae was the day that I saw thee Miss Martin,
Light was my heart as the bird on the tree,—
I gazed on thy beauty and thought thee an angel,
And syne it is bound in love's fetters by thee.
Life would be bliss in this vale of existence,
Bliss in a cottage, Miss Martin, wi' thee,
Free frae the bustle o' pride and ambition,
An' blithe as the lammies that frisk on the lee,
FAREWELL TO MY BESSY.

THE FOLLOWING SONG WAS WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR SCOTLAND;

FAREWELL, farewell, my Bessy dear!
No longer I can stay with thee,
The ship, impatient, lingers near,
To bear me o'er the raging sea;
Tho' Fate has doom'd that I must go,
And trust my life to sea and wind,
Where billows heave and tempests blow,
My heart will stay with thee behind.

At parting now I love thee more,
Because I've found thee firm and true;
And when I tread yon distant shore,
My heart will beat a throb for you;
Then fare-thee-well, my Bessy dear,
My heart (how sore with parting pain,) Will waver still 'tween hope and fear,
Till I enjoy thy arms again.

SONG—HAZEL BANKS.

AIR—"Burns's Farewell."

COME busk thee, love, this morning fair
Invites us out the Spring to see,
The flowers with fragrance fill the air,
And birds chirp o'er their numbers free;
The lambkins, too, in mirth and glee,
Frisk, wanton, o'er their jocund pranks,—
So busk thee, lass, and come with me,
To yon fir groves of Hazel Banks.

The dew hangs yet upon the blade,
Expecting Sol's refulgent ray,
Whose scorching beams from every shade,
Doth chase the sparkling pearls away;
Down winding Banna let us stray,
And list the birds hum o'er their thanks,
And hear its murmuring waters play
Down thro' the groves of Hazel Banks.
SONG—TO BESSIE.

AIR—"Jockey's Grey Breeks."

The fleet revolving wheels o' time
Hae usher'd in the Spring again,
The flowrets peep in virgin prime,
To beautify the verdant plain;
Fu' gladsome springs the lark on high,
The dawning rosy morn to cheer,
All nature charms the ear and eye,
But sweeter far's my Bessie dear.

Sweet are the flowers that deck the plain,
Bending beneath the morning dew,
And sweet the joyful feather'd train,
The shady birks that warble through;
The Spring is dearer to the e'e,
Than a' the seasons o' the year,
Yet a' these joys were nought to me,
If wanting thee, my Bessie dear.

EPIGRAM,
ADDRESSED TO THE SHADE OF ULYSSES.

LAMENT in tears, Ulysses' shade,
Your ancient friend, the blue-eyed maid,
Divinest of the goddess kind,
Thro' heaven stalks, as Cupid, blind;
An earth-born maid, Miss Mary Kent,
In rural cot obscurely pent,
Has slipt to heaven, in angel guise,
And stole away Minerva's eyes.

EPITAPH,
ON A NOTED WRECKER OF 1798.

Here lies the body of G—n G—e,
Whose soul is floating down Styx's river,
To take its abode in the Stygian pool,
With fiends infernal to dwell for ever.
SKETCH.

TO THREE GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN OF BANBRIDGE, WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR, AND TWO OTHERS IN THE COUNTRY, WERE JOINED IN A NEWSPAPER.

'Pon my word, my dear sirs, I am really astonish'd—
'Tis yourselves, I'm convic't, that require to be admonish'd
I expected no less, from your joint consultations,
Than elegant, just, and exact regulations,
But now, I'm afraid, we'll be doom'd to the curse,
Of having relinquish'd the better for worse. *

You sit, looking over the News, at your ease,
And just send the Paper whenever you please,
With orders, imperious, to handle it clean,
To read it in haste and return it again,
As if we were outcasts of blind Fortunatus,
And you, like good fellows, were sending it gratis.

Such lingo from Va—nt—e C—p—r, and ——,
Who each, in his way, for a model might pass,—
That this is acknowledg'd in every direction,
I'll very soon prove to your joint satisfaction.

Tho' Nature to C—p—r has been but unkind,
In moulding him barren and nearly purblind,
She's gave him as copious a gift of the gab
As any old fishwife or Billingsgate drab,
Yet, as a mechanic, with plane, saw, and plank,
He stands, if not first, in the very first rank.

* We were joined with others, before these gentlemen, whom, from irregular treatment in sending the Papers, we had to cast off; however, they were not so bad as those who succeeded them.

And Va—nt—e, too, who of logic and lore,
In his peregrinations has gain'd such a store;
He can quote and explain Scripture texts as profusely
As Pope, or Maguire, or old Gideon Ouseley;
He can warn wicked mortals of sin's retribution,
And the groans of the damn'd in sublime elocution;—
Human follies and frailties so well he can paint,
You'd take him at once for a sanctified saint,—
In short, such a wonderful fellow is J—s—h,
His equal I'm sure you would never suppose of.
But J—s—h has one little failing or two,—
He veers like a vane to each creed that is new;
I know not of one, but the Popish, has miss'd him;
But now he's expell'd from the Wesleyan system,
Because, when at home, he engenders such strife,
And kicks o'er the table, the tea-things, and wife;—
So now, my friend J—e, with his yea and indeed,
Is on the look-out for another new creed.

My good-natured master, and friend, ———,
'Twere the wish of my heart, sir, to let your name pass,
But my Muse, (the unbridled satirical devil,
To her very best friends she can barely be civil,) Has popp'd out her prickles in spite of my nose,
And you know, sir, her dictates I dare not oppose.

* * * * * *

[While beating my brains for matter congenial to this subject, the Muse took wing and left me, and the poem unfinished.]
SONG.

ON THE CHANGE OF THE SEASON.

Air—“Ere around the huge oak.”

How altered the scenes since my Bessy and I,
From the sun would retire to the shade,
When the breeze from the hawthorn pass’d gratefully by,
And to please my dear Bessy delay’d;
How pleasant we wandered along the wild dell,
Where the primroses peep’d on the braes,
When the songsters their pinions would dip in the well,
Then joyfully chant on the sprays.

But now the sweet pleasing delights of the year,
Are all shrouded in Winter’s dull gloom,—
The chill, nipping hoar-frost, and snow-flakes appear,
Where the primroses shed their perfume;
The sweet little songsters that joyfully play’d
Their numbers the branches among,
Sit pensive and mute in the brown leafless shade—
Not a warble is heard from their tongue.

A FRAGMENT OF A DIRGE.

Keen blew the blast across the moor,
The drifting snow in heaps was piled,
The trembling cotter barr’d his door;
Against the direful tempest wild;
The dreary night was closed around,
No star shot down its twinkling beam—
Between the blasts was heard the sound
Of Lagan’s distant roaring stream.

Amid the storm a cottage bard,
That long had been inured to roam,
Was plodding on with fond regard,
To view his long-left native home;
Prone in his face the blinding sleet
Was driven by the howling wind,
And oft he turned his weary feet,
Some sheltering cottage roof to find.

At length he spied, with anxious eye,
Dim piercing thro’ the thick’ning haze,
(Prone from a little cot hard by,)
A taper shoot its cheering rays,—
With hasty steps the weary wight,
Was fain to lift the humble latch,
And shelter from the stormy night
To seek, beneath its ragged thatch.
But ah! the scene that met his eye,
    Was far more chilling than the storm,—
Pale misery’s wretched look and cry,
    Was seen and heard in every form:—
There, crushed by cruel fortune’s strife,
    Was seen the wo-worn, sickly sire,—
And there the ragged weans and wife
    Sat weeping by the dying fire.

Thro’ feeling’s sympathetic tears,
    The pensive bard around survey’d,
Deep musing on the passing years,
    And all the mournful marks they made;
Not many fleeting seasons gone,
    Mirth in this little cot was found,
For health in every visage shone,
    And plenty spread her store around.

But now the tempest louder blew,
    In heavy, wild, uneven squalls,
The children near their mother drew,
    And trembled at the chinky walls.

* * * * * * *

SKETCH.

TO A POETICAL METHODIST.

EXCUSE me, my learn’d and poetical friend,
’Twas not my intention my lines should offend;
It was only in jest I made use of the name
Of that soul-seeking serpent, envelop’d in flame,
Nor need it offend the most delicate ear,
For ’tis not the Devil but God we should fear.

But your system of serving your Maker, and mine,
Are as distant as forty-five thousand from mine;
When the spirit of truth in my heart pours its ray,
I steal, unobserv’d, to my closet to pray,
Not statue-like standing at the back of a chair,
Thinking Heaven to storm with a long-winded pray’r,
Looking up to the roof with a shout and a groan,
As if God was far off, or as deaf as a stone,—
It will ne’er bring the olive of hope, like the pigeon,
This mock pharisical mode of religion.
STANZAS,
ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD CASTLERAGH.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY.

"I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death, or of his life, to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave."—BYRON'S PREFACE TO CANTOS 6, 7, 8, OF DON JUAN.

Ye seeming holy black-coat boys,
Who dive in deep devotion,
Tho', faith, I fear your outward noise
Springs not from heavenly motion,
Down to your benders, every skin,
And seek the Lord's assistance,
For fear the infernal Prince of Sin
Should pour a strong resistance
From hell, some day.

Our country's shame, vile Castlereagh,
Late pilot of the nation,
(That steer'd us into many a sea
Of hardship and taxation,)
Has hurried home to hell at last,
Where Satan and he are brewing
Some wicked, dire tartarian blast,
To blow our souls to ruin,
Some future day.

Then buckle on the sword and shield,
Of righteousness and glory,
And take, with holy zeal, the field
With faith and truth to shore ye;
Ye know the wiles of both your foes
Bred many a direful rupture,
Then fence them off with guards and blows,
Well cull'd from holy scripture
Each Sabbath day.

This long time you have careless been,
At your divine employments,
Your godliness was but a screen,
To pamper life's enjoyments;
But now you'll have to stir yourselves,
And thunder out devotion,
For faith Old Satan's wicked elves
Will raise some dire commotion
In your flocks some day.
LINES

IN THE DEATH OF MR. J. M——S, OF M——T NEAR B——E,

Who died at the age of seventeen, while in course of preparation for the Church.

"Oft, then, o' mortal! oft this dreadful truth
Should be proclaimed—for fate is in the sound,
That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,
May, in one day, in Death's cold chains be bound."

TAW, ON THE DEATH OF FERGUSON.

"Sweet promise of extatic years,"
Too soon the unerring shaft has sped;
Thy page of life a blank appears,
And all that once was hope, is dead.

Grim tyrant o'er creation's lord,
Ah! why so soon exert thy power;
Thy canker-worm stole o'er the stem,
And nipt the bright expanding flower.

When Learning's sage, to his young eye,
Had spread abroad her ample roll,
And Science fair, with graphic hand,
Had traced its precepts o'er his soul.

Not all the power that riches give,
Can stay, of life, the parting breath,
Nor stop the Spirit's destin'd flight,
Nor yet avert the bolt of Death.

SONG.

The evening sun's declining rays
Beam o'er the westlin mountains high,
And round yon rural cottage plays,
Where murmuring Bann meanders by;

There dwells a lovely modest maid,
The flower o' a' the rural train,
In nature's sweetest charms array'd,
When Spring bedecks the vernal plain.

She's modest as the primrose gay,
That peeps, down in the rippling rill,
Sae lovely at the close o' day,
When dusky eve is calm an' still;—

She's chaster than the dew-drops pure
That sparkle in the violet's cup,
When Phoebus beams across the moor,
An' drinks the pearly moisture up.

Her breath is sweet as zephyr's mild,
That breathe along the blushing vale,
Fraught wi' the scent o' flowrets wild,
That load wi' fragrance evenin's gale;

Her e'en are o' the violet's blue,
An' bright as mornin's rosy beam,
The golden cloud that glances thro',
An' shed on Banna's curling stream.
Along wi' nature's beauties bright,
Surpassing a' the virgin train,
Good sense, wi' truth an' love, unite
To bless some true an' gentle swain;
Siberia's wild and barren zone,
(Where Winter reigns throughout the year,
An' vernal nature never shone,)
Were sweet wi' thee, my Bessie dear.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

Town o' B—n, town o' B—n, a' your foibles to scan,
Would puzzle a pate more discerning;
Tho' I rail at ye now, I maun fairly allow
That there's some o' your preachers have learning.

Little town, little town, your name's running down
The gauntlet o' scorn an' derision,
'Tis aver'd by the schools ye've forsook a' your rules,
But Satan's auld rule o' division.

J—n J—n, J—n J—n, your head's like a whinstane,
Impervious to learning or sense,
Off to Scotland again wi' your fanatic strain,
An' return wi' a pouch full o' pence.

Vaaa—nt—e, Vaaa—nt—e, wi' your hypocrite whine,
Ye delight in contention an' strife;
When ye canna' find foes to batter wi' blows,
Ye go home and belabour the wife.

J—n L—y, J—n L—y, 'twas an act of great knavery,
When Dick was a-dying up stairs,
To run off wi' the breeches contain'd all his riches,
An' left him wi' nought but his prayers.

Saintly S—m, Saintly S—m, ye're as meek as a lam',
When the "New-light" dim tapers ye snuff,
If a heart hard as steel sends a soul to the di'el,
Ye'll be hame to auld cloots time enough.

Sleeket J—s, Sleeket J—s, call the Papists bad names,
Then down to your knees wi' a groan,
An' howl forth a prayer that our lugs canna' bear,
And abuse every creed but your own.

Poet C—n, poet C—n, ye ne'er set your a— on
The back o' the winged Pegassus,
Go home to your loom, 'tis your ultimate doom,
An' work for your four little lasses.
SKETCH.

ON RELIGION.

RELIGION, boon of heavenly birth,
Best gift of God to man on earth,
To Adam promised when he fell,
To save his race from sin and hell.

Thou poor man's source of sterling joy,
When life's corroding cares annoy,
Sweet gift of God to mortals given,
To wing the soul from earth to Heaven.

Since Constantine the Great, of yore,
The Cross upon his banner bore,
When blind imperial Pagan Rome,
(Elate beneath proud victory's plume,) To gods deformed, of stone and wood,
(By Christian legions hack'd and hew'd) In worship bow'd the supple knee With zealous dark idolatry.

Since then, what seas of blood have run—
What crowns and empires lost and won—
What midnight daggers crimson'd o'er
With Pagan blood, and Christian gore—

What bigots blazed dire flaming fires,
When victims groan'd on funeral pyres—
What torturing engines, stripes and thrall—
And Thou, the pretext urged for all.

When from the Almighty's throne above,
This pledge of his Redeeming Love,
Was first bestow'd to us frail mortals,
To guide our souls to Heaven's portals
A spotless robe it seem'd, descended,
To earth's remotest verge extended,
Along the edge of every fold,
Salvation shone in print of gold.
SONG.

Air—"Duncan Davison."

In yonder cot below the brae,
My lassie bums her spinning wheel;
O "Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray"
She sings, an' legs can sing it weel;
Wi' her life's cares I wad na' feel,
But cheerfu' tread life's rugged way;
My waes frae her I'd ne'er conceal,
In yonder cot below the brae.

When Spring unfaulds her tender buds,
Just perkings up the leaves amang,
An' soaring to the silver clouds,
The laverock mends his mellow sang;
Wi' Bess the dells I range alang,
An' pu' for her the flow'rets gay,
Far frae the busy, rural thrang,
In yonder cot below the brae.

When tempests rave alang the hills,
An' bower an' bosky brake deforms,
When splashy snaws rive down the rills,
An' woodlands roar wi' brumal storms,
True love for her my bosom warms,
Thro' winter's cauld an' cheerless day,
Her smiles for a' my ills hae charms,
In yonder cot below the brae.

LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF W—— H—— S, ESQ., OF M—— T, NEAR BANBRIDGE.

AROUND yonder mansion embosom'd in trees,
What sorrowful silence appears,—
The sighs of its inmates sad, swell on the breeze,
And their cheeks are all moisten'd with tears.

But mark the new grave in the church-yard below,
By the side of yon rude ruined tomb,
And ask not the cause why their eyes overflow,
And their looks wear a sorrowful gloom.

There sleeps the dear husband, kind father, and friend,
No more on life's journey to wake,
Till the last awful trumpet the sepulchres rend,
And the morning of judgment shall break.

To his grave-stone at eve will the weary wight stray,
When his task of hard labour is o'er,
And musing on death's irresistible sway,
The sad loss of his master deplore.

Ye poor toiling peasants that mourn o'er his grave,
And who long have with penury striven—
Forsake not the counsel in life that he gave,
And you'll meet your kind master in Heaven.
LINES.

ON HEARING THE REV. MR. M—S PREACH.

Blest is the flock the Lord has sent
So amiable a pastor,
Who treads so steady in the steps,
Where trod his heavenly Master.

No rousing rant of grating words,
Nor comic gestures rude,
But soft and mild his cadence flows,
And easy understood.

Ye harpies in lambs clothing clad—
Ye wolves attired like sheep,
Your preaching's good for nothing else,
But lulling folk asleep.

Anon, your starting stamp and look,
And roaring eloquence,
Are not to save the souls of men,
But just to win their pence.

Ye do but irritate the Lord,
The more ye preach and pray,
For much I fear, it only serves
To guide the left hand way.*

* "His soul has ta'en some other way,
I fear the left-hand road."—Burns.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. H—S, OF M—T.

How frail a fabric is the soul's abode!
The morning wakens us to life and joy,
But ere the sun has kissed the western wave,
We're stretch'd a corpse upon the bed of death.

Lo! yonder comes a sad, slow-moving crowd,
Bearing along the cold remains of her,
Who, but on yester morn awoke to life
And all its pleasures, malloyed with care.

Heaven gave her wealth, and she, with liberal hand,
Joyful, obey'd the high behest of heaven,
Dispensing good to all the poor around.
Ye sons and daughters, foster'd in the lap
Of plenty, and on dainties daily fed,
Purchase to yourselves, as she has done,
A resting place, eternal in the skies,—
For what are all the transient joys of life
Compared to bliss, immortal, for the soul.

Ye wretched victims of distress and want,
Well may those conscious tears bedim your eyes;
Her store of wealth she held in trust from God
To smooth your rugged pilgrimage thro' life:
But now she's gone to everlasting bliss,
To be a dweller with the God she served,
And reap the great and glorious reward
Of th' orphan's parent and the widow's friend.

'Twas on a sunny Summer's day,
Twa little dogs jogg'd on their way,
Wi' merry hearts an' tails in motion,
Behind their master, to devotion.

'Twas not, I ween, for sake o' pray'r:
Our little truants travell'd there,
But just to doze among the pews,
Or gaze about an' gather news,
Like ither dogs o' wealth an' power,
To see, be seen, or sleep their hour.

The first ane was a modest messin,
That ne'er saw frien' or foe distress in,
But he would lend them tooth an' nail,
Till crabbed curs would give leg-bail;
His bushy tail turn'd o'er his rump,
His weel-shap'd buttocks fat an' plump;
A glossie, pie-bald, coat he wore,
And Captain was the name he bore.

The tither was a high-bred cur,
Proud o' his wavy, snaw-white fur,
Which dangled roun' him lang an' curly---
His manner gruff, austere, and surly,
Wi' strangers, wha would stop to view him,
But complaisant to those that knew him,—
'Twas Bon, his master chose to name him,
A foreign one that ill became him,
For Bon, like Europe's vagrant kings,
Instead of good, was no great things.

But now our dogs had reach'd the stile,
That leads to guid an' d Paddy's pile,
When down the gravel walk they canter'd,
An' at their master's heels they enter'd,
But when the little lurcher's found,
Their paws pit pat on holy ground,
They made a wondrous imitation
O' that vile sin o'—

Sae little thought had they o' shame,
They raised a blush on Rev. G——.

Frae these, an' ither shameless pranks,
The little rogues wi' supple shanks,
Ran races up an' down the aisle,
Till mony an' arch grimace an' smile
Had pucker'd up on ilka face,
In ev'ry pew throughout the place,
Till Rev. G——e began to pray
Unconscious o' the dogs at play;—
His heart was struck wi' consternation,
To see his smirking congregation.
He cried aloud, "O, shame! shame! shame!
Pay reverence due to God an' G——e,"
Then a' was hush'd the Kirk about,
When L——y bang'd the lurchers out.

Not much concern'd at what had pass
The frisky pair resolv'd at last
To join in sober conversation,
An' wait upon the congregation;
So each sat down on his backside,
Upon the tomb of Tom M'Bride.

CAPTAIN.

What think ye, Bon, o' these sad times,
Replete wi' murder blood an' crimes,
You'd think this biped creature—man
Had sworn to exterminate our clan,
Because some vagrant carnal curs,
That snuff an' p——s on ev'ry furze,
Run gadding roun' the streets an' lanes,
In search o' carrion-flesh an' banes;
An' when molested seem sae crabbed,
That men an' boys believe them rabid,
An', raise a dreadfu' mad-dog cry,
Still join'd by ev'ry passer by—
Tho' tame as lambs before they meet them,
They drive them rabid ere they quit them.

BON.

Troth, Captain, this I aft deplore,
An' mony a time my heart's been sore,
To see sae mony braw wee dogs,
Sair gyved wi' these infernal clogs,
Till on their very necks an' knees,
There's no' a hair to shelter fleas.
For us, we've nae great cause to fret—
We've never worn their shackles yet,—
Because we own a money'd master,
We're still exempt frae this disaster.

CAPTAIN.

Now haud you there, my trusty croney,
D'ye think that titles, rank, an' money,
Can wield our well digested laws,
An' muffle up police-men's paws;—
Ye canna say 'twas want o' siller,
That caused our trusty comrade, Miller,
'Mang foes, wi' dire inhuman wrath,
To suffer such a barbarous death;
An' as my word ye seldom doubt it,
I'll tell ye a' I've heard about it.

BON.

My worthy frien', ye ken ye're sel',
I never doubt the tales ye tell,
Because, let them be auld or new,
I've always found your stories true;—
The ane ye tauld me lang ago,
About the tomb* o' Col. Munro,
Bore such a shade o' truth about it,
I never yet hae dared to doubt it,
Sae tell me a' ye've heard or seen,
About the death o' our auld frien'.

* This tomb, or rather vault, has been a receptacle, these many years,
for all kinds of nastiness; even the sexton's horse has taken shelter in it
from the inclemency of the weather. So much to the honour of those
whose duty it is to preserve inviolate the bones of the dead.

The 'tither morn, young Greer, the clown,
Enveigled Miller up to town—
Poor dog, he trotted on behind him,
Ne'er thinking the police would mind him;
But when he reach'd the auld brig wall,
He met dog-murdering Sergeant H—l,
(Arm'd cap-a-pie wi' gun an' bay'net,
If ball would miss with blood to stain it,
In search o' some poor unclogg'd messin',
To fire his dog-destroying piece in,—
That H—m—l—t--n, the limb o' clootie,
Might see the caitiff on his duty,)—
Poor Miller, when the sergeant seen him,
He dar'd one friendly soul to screen him,
Then raised his gun to's aiming eye,
An', shatter'd all the creature's thigh,
Whose life-blood from the fracture flow,
An' crimson dyed the miry road,
So down he lay beside the river,
An' bid this world adieu for ever.

But now, young G—c's lang spun oration
Was ended, an' the congregation,
Fatigued, Ise warrant ye', saint an' sinner' Gaed aff wi' baith our dogs to dinner.

END.