THE SECOND PART
OF THE
MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

Original Poems and Songs.

BY
THOMAS BEGGS,
AUTHOR OF "RATHLIN," "THE MEMENTO,"
ETC. ETC.

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Song soothes pain, and we have pains to soothe.—Young.

Be plaudits warm to worth decreed,
Nor stinted be the Minstrel's meed.

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PREFACE.

The favourable manner in which the first number of the present little work was received, emboldens the Author to come forward with the second—nearly twice the size of the former; not presuming on its superior merits, but with fear and trembling for the result; yet with the philanthropic hope, that,

If Minstrel's song should fail to keep
The clouds of life away,
At least, twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.

Should the reader of the following effusions suppose, that in some parts the Author has imitated the Scottish dialect,—he would wish to correct the idea, by alledging that he has written in his own style—in the language of his native glen—not constrained, but spontaneous as the lisplings of our first speech.

Ye men of doom! be just—and be merciful.

A modest, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me—and no other can.—Cowper.

Belfast, October, 1836.
Recommendations of the First Number.

"In despite of all the disadvantages of his situation (we will cheerfully stake our literary credit on the assertion), THOMAS BEGGS has produced more real, sterling poetry within the compass of thirty-six pages, than is to be found in whole volumes which we could point out, and the authors of which have had all the benefits of collegiate training and learned leisure."

Belfast News-Letter.

"It is no wonder, then, that THOMAS BEGGS, who had early displayed a taste for poetry, and who snatched every spare moment from the hours of labour, for the purpose of obtaining additional knowledge, should now begin to manifest signs of his poetic skill, although he had to work early and late."

Northern Whig.

"That men have risen up among us, from the humbler grades of life to high rank in the world of knowledge, Ebenezer Elliott, and Thomas Ragg, whose works we have had the pleasing task of reviewing, are living examples; and poor, misguided, and misgoverned Erin furnishes another instance, in the person of THOMAS BEGGS, of Belfast. This individual, we understand, is in very humble circumstances; but he has not been checked by the scoff of pride, nor fortune's frown, neither has he found 'poverty' to be an 'unconquerable bar;' for he has endeavoured by labour and industry to surmount the latter, and from the hours of solitude and repose he has snatched sufficient leisure to defy the former, by producing some of the prettiest little poems we have seen for some time. Though he may not possess the penetrating philosophy of a Newton, or the learned logic of a Locke, yet can he most assuredly pen a lyric as light as the lyre may wish, and turn a sentiment as prettily as many bards who enjoy undisputed reputation, 'gained by collegiate training and learned leisure."

Salisbury and Wiltshire Herald.
Where Terra feels the burning zone,
Or Winter sits on icy throne;
When yelling fiends and sweeping storm
The bosom of the deep deform,
By doubt and danger little scared,
When rudely rock'd upon the yard,
Or cradled on the bending mast,
When dark the sead, and flying fast;
Far poised above the blazing brine,
Like raven on the mountain pine.
And on that day, when storm and rain
Hung dark upon the Western main,
And shepherds from the island lea
In terror look'd along the sea;
Far on the dim horizon's gloom
A lonely barque was seen to loom,
Whose tatter'd sails and towering mast
Had borne the buffets of the blast,
In many a stormy sea and elime,
Scarce letter'd in the lapse of time—
Where tempest darts on fiery wing,
And earthquake hears her thunders ring;
Or, cold intense, and darkness, bear
The sceptre of the polar sphere;
But late Columbia's woody land
Beheld her netted wings expand.

And now in jeopardy she rides
On stormy Rathlin's rocking tides,
Where boiling eddies shoreward drew
The labouring vessel and her crew.

With sides of bronze, and pennons high,
Disporting in the clear blue sky;
They saw from deck, in frantic grief,
The breakers on the roaring reef,
And heard the long and heavy howl,
Beneath a raging sky of scowl;—
The wild turmoil of heaven and earth,
That bluster'd o'er some demon's birth,
As if th' infernal king had power
To wing the blast and Barb the shower.
In vain they hoped their barque would hold,
When on the waste the fire-flash roll'd;
In vain the starboard bower let go,
And lighten'd every tier below—
Then slack'd away the twisted coil,
The fury of the storm to foil;
In vain the anchor strove to keep
The floating fabric on the deep;—
For, hark! with dire, destructive dash,
On ruthless rocks her timbers crash!
"Man, man the boat, to stem the wave,
For pity pleads the tar to save!"
Was echoed on the island shore,
Amid the elemental roar—
When rushed, with hearts and hopes elate,
The kernes, to brave the frown of fate,—
Far brooding o'er the watery swell,
Horrible as the hues of hell,
When the arch-fiend and rebel host
Were cast upon the Stygian coast.
Confronting the infuriate surge;
Their way the willing boatmen urge,
With purpose generous and humane,
Untainted by the lust of gain,
To seek and save, their joy and care—
Not plunder what the storm might spare.
The watching seamen saw her come,
Through tempest wild and flying foam;
THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

Then pour'd to Heaven a silent prayer,
To still the ravings of despair.
When oars and arms were toil'd and strain'd,
The foundering barque was nearly gain'd;
But still the storm more fearful grew,
And fiercer far the spindrift flew;
Ah me! it comes on sombre wing,
And mole, and creek, and cavern ring;
Down rushing from the wrathful skies,
A hideous sea of mountain size
Burst o'er the boat with fiery glare,
And death was darkly hovering there;
The next, with unrelenting sweep,
Engulfed her in the yawning deep;
With buoyant spring she rose no more,
And distant the relieving shore,
On which the boatmen's kindred stood,
Pale, gazing on the madd'ning flood,
In all the agonizing strife
That saps the circling springs of life;
And felt its currents waxing cold,
For those they might no more behold—
That now beneath the billows lie,
On mercy's errand doomed to die—
Who ne'er at sea, nor yet on coast,
A nobler sacrifice could boast.

The wreck still on the rock remained,
And death no triumph then obtained;
Anon it calm'd—and all her band,
Uninjured, found the friendly strand.
But one among the daring corps
Who left that night the island shore,
Was Linder—of a heart as warm
As ever felt affection's charm—

Of tenor mild—and such its mood,
That Nature blest, and called it good;
And swain more blithe and brave than he
Ne'er graced a gambol on the sea,
Nor stemm'd in storm the surging tide,
When darken'd skies the waters dyed;
And, sooth to say, 'twas his to bear
The arm to act—the heart to dare;
And in the cause he deem'd was right,
How firm his purpose and his might!
He thought the lawless libertine
Opposed to Nature's fair design,
And deep in heart and soul abhor'd
The paltry deed—the shameful word:
(Albeit, from boyhood doom'd to be
A wand'rer on the roaring sea;)
And scorn'd to form deceitful tale,
O'er heart of maiden to prevail.
Now Linder lies among the rest,
In Mary's love divinely blest,
When life was his—but life is lost—
Beloved, and now lamented most.

And Mary was a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and raven hair;
Whose teeth were white as ivory bone—
Whose eye was bright as diamond stone—
Whose breath was sweet as honey-cup,
From which the evening bee might sup;
With symmetry in every part,
That well might shame the sculptor's art:—
Whose heart might shame the sculptor's art:—
Whose heart was pure, and soft as pure—
Untainted or by lust or lure;—
Whose heart to Linder well was known,
Whose love was his, and his alone;
And only that one feeling told
Her bosom form'd of earthy mould:
E'en what she seemed, she might have been—
A being more than mortal queen—

Of sunny days and evenings calm;
A subject meet for poet's pen—
The pride, the prize of living men;—
As fresh a flower, as sweet a maid,
As ever bloom'd in glen or glade—
As ever breathed the Norlan' gale
In Rathlin or in Inisfail.*

But who shall now thy plight impart,
Poor Mary of the broken heart!
Where memory's twilight sadly strays,
To show the darkness of thy days;
Whose bloodless lip and sunken eye
Bespeak the spirit's agony—
An agony that will not sleep,
That wildly wakes, yet cannot weep,
Forbids the rising tears to roll,
That ease the torture of the soul;
And settled grief, and thoughtful care,
And fitful start, and wan despair,
Have rifled all thy lovely face,
And bound thy hopes in death's embrace.
But often to thy tale of woes
The tear from Pity's fountain flows,
In Rathlin told by nymph and swain,
With weeping eye and heart of pain.

* Inisfail, "the Island of Destiny"—so named on account of the supposed fatal stone reported to have been taken from hence to Scotland by King Fergus, and transported thence to England by Edward I. Among the Scotch and Irish there existed a popular superstition, that wherever that stone was found, the Scots should reign.
I have been patient—for hope was warm,
That took no tint from the sorrowful past,
And life had many a fanciful charm;
But the charm, the spell, is broken at last.

Say, wandering bird, of the climes thou wert in,
Where light is the breeze on the tepid wave,
Do the wealthy worldlings shine and sin,
Abusing the bliss that Providence gave?

Yes—there be hearts of gloom and of guile,
Of lust, of rapine, and cruelty fell;
And there be men of villainous smile,
With bosoms nursing the rancour of hell.

And there lives many a loving dame—
(For love can live in a Saracen’s blood)—
And there be hearts of passion and flame,
Yet fondly true, and would fain be woo’d.

And many a heart all cruel and cold,
We meet in our walks and our windings here;
And many a face of beautiful mould,
With nought the sombre of sorrow to cheer.

And thou hast seen the Iberian maids,
Of the raven hair and the deep, dark eye;
And thou hast fed in the flow’ry glades,
Beneath Italy’s lenient sky.

And thou hast been by the harem’s wells,
Where fair Sultanas their limbs would lave—

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* Thomas-a-Becket’s mother was a Saracen, and most exemplary in her conjugal and maternal affection.
WHERE the daisy lurks in the lonely dell,
Where brown is the heather, and bloomy the bell,
Where the bay of the fox comes deep from his den,
And the dog and the shepherd are seen by the pen—
And the bearded grey goats browse on the wold,
By the dark-green furze, with its blossom of gold—
I have listen'd the spirit that yell'd in the storm,
When the Winter was wild on the brow of Ben-Gorm !
Where the wanderer weary is fain to stop—
I have worshipp'd alone on the mountain top,—

Where the snow lies deep, and heavy, and long,
And seen when the cuckoo has sung her song ;
Where the isles of the sea are descried afar,
In the ring and the roar of the watery war—
Where Nature comes forth in turmoil and wrath,
And the pilgrim prays on his perilous path—
Where the falcon floats on the keen, cold air,
And the storm in its glory and gloom is there—
To the world and its weariful ways unknown,
I have paused, and prayed, and lingered alone !

When Summer came balmy and green to the vale,
And the forest re-echoed the ring-dove's war ;
When Summer had sent to the breezy hill
The heifer to feed, and the lark to trill ;
Away from the city and scenes of woe,
And away from the weak and the wicked below,

To the mountain top in my joy I have sped—
In the heath and the fern I have made my bed,
When the flowery land and the sunny sky
Speak home to the heart, and attract the eye.

At the break of the morn I have hasten'd away—
On the morn of the Lord, and the poor man's day ;
And listen'd His word in the breeze that pass'd,
And hearken'd His voice in the howl of the blast,
Or the thunder that bray'd by the crag and the scaur,
When the elements woke in their mountain war:
(As the traveller once, in the desert unknown),
Oh ! there have I wander'd and worshipp'd alone ;
For the mountain's an altar uprear'd by His nod,
And the universe wide is the temple of God.

And Himself I have seen in the work of His hand—
In the sea and the sky—in the lake and the land—
Where the living Creator unfolds His plan
(That giveth the lie to tho dogmas of man ;)—
Then the mantle of joy on my heart would fall,
When I felt that my Father had made them all ;—
And the glad soul sipp'd the ambrosial feast,
And the deep devotion of heart was priest ;
And the spirit would pray the unworded prayer—
Will the false ones wander and worship there?

And I would be far on the boundless heath,
Where the flash and the cloud are careering beneath—
My bosom of terror and trouble as free
As the halcyon bird on a summer sea ;
Though hurricanes wild the deep desert deform,
For the breath of the Lord is the wing of the storm—
Whose smile, when bestowed, is the rich reward,
For the light of the world is the smile of the Lord:
So Nature may sicken, and sink to a grave—
Our Father is mighty—almighty to save !
THE MISSIONARY.

The ship she sails in her beauty and pride,
And merry the hearts of her crew;
Like a painted palace we see her glide
Away on the waters blue.

But where is the white-winged rover gone—
The swan of the deep, dark main—
Away on the watery waste alone,
In the paths of peril and pain?

The ship she goes where the land lies far—
The land of the golden lime;
But she bears not with her the brand of war,
To blacken the sunny clime,—

Where the flower is rich, and mellow the fruit,
And the plumage of birds is gay—
But the sand has the print of the lion's foot,
And man is a beast of prey:

For this is the land of the midnight mind;
But the man of the Gospel goes,
And the scales soon fall from the eyes of the blind,
Till the spirit of gladness glows,

When the white man tells, from his wond'rous book,
Of a world beyond the grave,
And bids the black man heaven-ward look,
To Him who was sent to save.
His angry conscience there the miscreant braves,
And Madness, cherished by the beverage, raves.
Imagination, shuddering; stoops to trace
The dreadful actions of that horrid place:

There Grub, the host, will cards and dice produce,
To play for poison, and let cheating loose—
Who dupes the sensualist of peace and purse,
And deems fair dealing an impending curse;
Whose blushing honours are of deepest hue—
A cheek of purple, and a nose of blue;
Holds with his partner an eternal strife,
And plies seduction with his neighbour's wife.

There village wretches pass away the night,
In vile obscenity and brawling fight;
Where broken chairs obstruct the shatter'd door,
And drunkards vomiting pollute the floor;
Jugs, cards, and glasses, fiends in venom fling,
And oaths infernal through the mansion ring:
A little Sodom—but its fate will come,
With flaming flaggot, and with sable plume!

There starving weavers oft in groups repair,
To banish reason, and to bring despair;
And Sledge, the blacksmith, reckless of the sin,
Swears, drinks, and dozes, with a shirtless skin—
Whose brats are hungry, and by him forgot—
Whose wife sits moping in her squalid cot.
Or comes on Sledge her presence to obstruct,
And brawls a fury of the wildest mood.

There Grub, the landlord, may himself be found,
Intent to see the baneful cup go round;
And some pert haridan, but seldom prest,
Swills off the potion—and forgets the rest!
THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

When Homer sang, when Solon shone,
And Socrates sublimely taught,
When Phidias hewed the temple stone,
And great Epaminondas fought;
And when our mighty Milton came,
With lips of fire, and soul of flame,
Its offerings then it brought;
It filled for Byron to the brim—
Its last libation flowed for him.

On Nature's charms it fondly gazed;
Of wealth it never knew the lust;
This moment, high and bright it blazed—
The next, it grovel'd in the dust:
The victim of mysterious spell,
Whose life was here a heaven or hell—
That few disliked, yet few would trust:
The world allow'd its worth was vast,
And—suffer'd it to stove at last!

THE WIN' THAT WHISTLED IN THE W'A'.

The win' that whistled in the wa', whar' cam' it frae yestreen,
That did sae loudly pipe an' blaw, sae clearly an' sae keen?
A spirit's voice it seem'd or was, among the midnight storm,
That kept me lang in listening pause, wi' fancy waxing warm.

An' sweetly mournful 'twas to hear the wild notes rise an' fa',
For then the joy o' grief was near, the pensive mind to draw;
What time we dream o' ither days, an' frien's without a flaw,
Till memory seeks the sunny braes whar' joy was wi' us a'.

I thought upon my father gane, my mither in the yirth;
I thought upon their years o' pain, their sufferings and their worth,
And ween'd it was their warning voice, and come to bid me shun
The crooked ways o' wicked men, nor do as I had dune.

Then sairly, sairly did I rue my bygane deeds, an' wrang
That I had dune when ower fu' o' liquor that was strang,—
And vow'd nae langer to abide in my besettin' sin,
And fa'it was I my face to hide the coverlet within,—

For fear some cauld han' might come on my cheek, an' quench my sight—
The han' o' some unyirthly thing that horrifies the night:
The wanton boy has trembled for what he could not espy—
The silly wean has felt the same—and wiser men than I.

The blast aye whistled in the chink mair solemnly and sad,
Till thought became (if I could think) wi' teemin' terror mad,
That wandered to the years o' yore, when Morven's bard could hear
The yelling ghost upon the blast, far up the heathland drear;

An' saw Fingal, wi' bossy shield and gleamy steel in arms,
An' heard the wretched Colma's wail upon the hill of storms;
Or view'd the pigmy fairy folk adown the moonlight glen,
That danced away in wassail-play to eyes of earthly men.

All in their gabardines of green, by rath or haunted stream,
They couched the lance and drove the spear, beneath the lunar beam;
And minstrel wights had they, I weet,
Their harpings high to swell,
And fairy songs are smooth and sweet, as ancient crones can tell.

Then wander'd to the wintry night, when by the cottage fire
I listened to the goblin tale, an' trusted to my sire,
That he would keep the foul fiend back, nor let the bogle ben,
And had at bay the evil sprite that haunted aye the glen.

I slept at last—an' then I dream'd that I was on the sea,
An' heard the boatswain's whistle-call that piped the crew an'
When lang I struggled wi' the storm o' winds an' waters fell,
An' heard within the yawning gulf the howling din o' hell!

For I was on the sea when young—an' would be there again—
An' ocean's Muse an' I hae sung a wild, a simple strain;
An' I hae listen'd to the blast that whistled in the wa',
That woke the soul to solemn thought, while feeble, yet an' sma'.

I woke anon—it was a dream—yet deem'd I felt the shock,
That seem'd to shiver every beam, when crew the morning cock;
An' when the morning cock had crown, the win' gat laigh an' lown,
Then up gat I, a weary man, for sleep awa' had flown.

The robin-redbreast, Autumn's bird, how sad his lonely trill!
An' plaintive is the plover's note at evening on the hill;
An' sad an' wild October's wail, when withering leaflets fa',
But sadder was the weary win' that whistled in the wa'.

THE IRISH RAPPAREE.

The foe is on the mountain top,
And we are in the glen;
They think our bold career to stop,
But we are fearless men!
THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

Now, comrades, come!—be stayed and stout!
While shines yon beaming star,
We'll seek the ruthless vultures out,
And wake the mountain war!

Or think upon the lady fair
Whose love as life you prize—
How little for the knight she'll care
Whose valour tamely dies!

But he who bravely plays his part,
In peril's irksome hour—
The smile how sweet, how kind the heart,
That wait him in her bow'r!

The God who first existence gave,
Bade He our foes transcend?
In battle are we not as brave—
As faithful to a friend?

In spirit are we not as free—
As famed for wit and worth,
Though their broad banners canopy
The green, the goodly earth?

They deem we quail, and dare not come!
The war-wolf, in his lair,
With belt, and steel, and shady plume,
Anon shall feel us there!

So sweep like torrent on the foe!
With blood the mountain dye!
Yet wary be to ward the blow,
When swells the battle-cry!

Like chieftain of the olden time—
Leonidas his name—
A worthy wight, of soul sublime,
And dear to deathless fame;

So drink we off one bumper cup,
Then strike the Spartan blow:—
Next evening, we in safety sup,
Or from the world we go!

MY NATIVE GLEN.

In cities of pomp and pride I have been,
And their painted pageanties I have seen—
Their palaces fine, and their ornaments rare,
And the smile that was forced, on the brow of care—
And artful women, and cunning men:
How unlike the things of my native glen?

And of music sweet I have heard the sound,
And seen the light feet of the dancers bound;
And I have listen'd the siren's voice,
And my heart for a moment was fain to rejoice;
But a cloud came over my bosom then,
When I felt I was far from my native glen!

For there I could sing my mountain glee,
Where Nature was merry, unfettered, and free;
And there I would run, and leap, and laugh,
For my heart at the fountain of joy might quaff;
And the star of eve, how I loved it when
I mused alone in my native glen!

There the water was clear, and the flow'ret was fair,
And the strawberry bloom'd spontaneous there;
And the linnet sang sweet on the alder bough,—
Where the balm of the herb could health bestow:
And the eye profane, concealed from its ken
Were the haunts of love in my native glen.
Oh! there I have tented the sheep on the green,
And the April flower in my joy I have seen;
Or loiter'd alone by the purling spring,
And watch'd the wild heron away on the wing,
And sought the nests of the linnet and wren,
For simple and sweet was my native glen!

And there how blest, in my boyhood's day,
When they patted my head, and my heart was gay!
And there I have angled the trout in the brook,
And there I first learn'd and loved my book;
And my first love-lay was poured from my pen—
No wonder I cling to my native glen!

My native glen—to be there I am fain,
For the boon of the heart, and the meed of its pain,
I have found in the friends that were social and dear—
What Hope never promised to lend me here;
But the smiles of fair women, and words of good men,
Gave the honey of life to my native glen!

THE FIRST-BORN.

I love thee well, my fair first-born,
As thou sistest on my knee;
I love thee well, my fair first-born—
What wilt thou do for me?
Wilt thou be kind when I wax old,
And when my locks are grey?
Now thine are like the sunny gold
That gilds the risen day.
The language of the tongue is weak,
And looks but ill define
Those feelings sweet that mortals make
A moment half divine.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZA BARRON,

A sister sighs, and a mother weeps,
For green is the grave where Eliza sleeps—
The light and the hope of her parents' path,
When the storm of life was up in its wrath;
For lovely was she in the day of her pride,
But the spoiler came, and Eliza died.

The maids of the village may speak of her long,
And her name be heard in the poet's song—
Of virtue the gem, and the fair young flower,
And hers were beauty, and bliss, and power;
Whose life was the page without sully or blot,
And whose heart was the one where a taint was not;
And happy she that has passed away,
On her flow'ry walk, in her early day;
But long shall we bitterly bear in our mind
The blank she has left in the hearts behind.
THE UNFORTUNATE.

Methought I would be wise and good,
But that, alas! I could not be;
Though virtue I have often woo'd,
Yet virtue would not bide with me.
Methought I would be rich and wise—
But that was e'en a foolish thought;
For evil joys did me entice,
Yet every joy was dearly bought;

For I have wander'd with the blast,
The passion-fiend, within my brain,
Till sickening pleasure grew at last
The mother-nurse of deadly pain:
And when I fled my wicked ways,
My spirit sick, my bosom sore,
The men that mark'd my other days,
Forgave not when I "sinned no more."

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE EARTH.

A HYMN.

There's beauty in the earth,
And there's beauty in the sky,
And there's beauty in the mountain bird,
When sun-ward soaring high;
There's beauty in the lightning-flash
Careering through the cloud;

And there's music in the stormy winds,
When they are piping loud.
But the glory of the earth,
And the beauty of the sky,
Is the bright immortal part of man,
That was not made to die—
Is the noble and the upright soul,
That was not born to die.

There's beauty in the verdant vale,
When flow'r's invite the bees;
There's beauty in the blooming bower,
When blossoms bend the trees;
There's beauty in the waters blue,
When breezes brush the main;
And there's music in the dashing shower,
That patters on the pane.

But the music of the earth,
And the chorus of the sky,
Is the song of praise that's pour'd to Him
Who made us—not to die;
Is the anthem-hymn that's breathed to Him,
Our Father in the sky.

IN MY FATHER'S FAIR COT.

In my father's fair cot
Was a seat for the stranger—
His son's wayward lot
Lies in darkness and danger.
THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

In my own mountain glen
   Were the brook and the bower,
The leveret's den,
   And the golden-eyed flower.

And the maidens were bright,
   And buxom, and bonnie,
Where often at night
   I have hunted the cony.

But now far away
   From my own belov'd dwelling,
Where cold is the spray,
   And the ocean-bird yelling;

Far up the dark billow
   Our barque is ascending,
And, lo! like the willow
   Her pines they are bending!

Now long, deep, and loud,
   Is the boatswain's pipe pealing,
And far on the cloud
   Is the storm-spirit sailing.

How dark is the carry—
   How rapidly flying!
The sea-boy, once merry,
   How sullen and sighing!

The elements seem
   To be tortured and riven,
As if Loda of Lochlin
   Were warring with Heaven.

The wind whistles dreary,
   The deep sea is boiling—
The mariner weary
   With watching and toiling:

The hurricane scatters
   The foam flying o'er us,
And wild are the waters
   And fearful, before us!

And this is the life
   Of the sons of the ocean—
For ever in strife
   And eternal commotion!

But virtue can be,
   When the black storm is roaring,
The star of the sea—
   The heart's anchor and mooring.

THE HUMBLE SHED.

Happy are they who sleep in humble life,
   Beneath the storm ambition blows.—YOUNG.

Fain would I sing in cheerful strain,
   Though youth and all its joys are fled,
And prize the blessings that remain
   Within my own, my humble shed!

I need not wail, I need not fret,
   That foes, who seem'd my friends, are fled;
Their worthless ways let me forget,
   And smile within my humble shed.
With innocence, though e'er so poor,
Whilst I her flow'ry pathway tread,
How blest, though lonely and obscure,
I'll rest within my humble shed!

And when I hear how tyrants great,
And curb ambition, fell and bled,
With grateful heart I thank kind Fate,
That placed me in an humble shed.

My heart can rest, though wealth I've none,
And labour smooths my russet bed;
And, though to all the world unknown,
Contented in an humble shed.

And when by awful death beset,
In hopes superior joys to wed,
I'll meet the stroke, nor then regret
My life was humble as my shed.

MY HOME WAS ON THE MOORLAND.

My home was on the moorland,
The heather blooming round;
And, though it was but poor land,
Content could there be found.

There Independence stay'd me up,
And made my heart her own,
Ere doom'd to sip from sorrow's cup,
That circles in the town.

There lads are honest wooers,
The maids are simple too;

And, though some evil-doers
Come forth, they are but few.
There love and liberty reside,
Upon the heathland brown,
Where Nature is the mother-guide,
Not fashion'd in the town.

The younkers there are sporting,
Like ducklings on the pool,
The feather'd pairs are courting,
Where "Nature keeps a school,"
To teach her simple sons herself,
On upland dale and down;
Nor bids them blush for want of pelf—
No school has she in town.

There dewy bells are bobbing
Their welcome to the morn,
And there the wee red-robin
Sits piping on the thorn—
The thorn that, every Summer fair,
Puts on a gay white gown,
To screen the rosebuds blooming there,
That will not bloom in town.

At morn I've listen'd to the tune
Of laverock, sweet and shrill,
And loiter'd long at sunny noon,
Beside the rippling rill;
At eve, beneath my own green tree,
When garish day had flown,
Where Independence lived with me,
But left me in the town.
EPPIE M'NABB.

Ir happen'd, a' e day, that Eppie M'Nabb
Gaed awa' to the toun wi' her butter an' eggs;
An' Eppie M'Nabb had a lickerish gab,
An' the toun that she gaed to was auld Killybegs.

There wha did she meet wi' Nanny M'Ra,
An' Nannie an' she had been cronies when young;
An' they baith gat a deal about little to say,
For Eppie had aye a devil o' a tongue.

An' Nannie M'Ra would gossip an' clash,
An' Eppie had sauld her butter an' eggs,
When baith had a trifle o' guid ready cash—
A thing very needfu' in auld Killybegs.

Now Nannie had bought a measure o' yill,
Then Eppie a drappie o' something was strang;
An' there did they hide till they guzzled their fill,
For the liquor was guid, an' the day it was lang.

An' now the red sun was far in the West,
When the landlady said it was time to gang hame,
An' that it was sae, they baith confess'd—
But dreigh was the drink they had got in their wame.

Yet syne they gat up, an' they took to the road,
But Nannie an' Eppie were baith owre fou,
An' Eppie crept into a hole like a toad,
An' there she begun to bowk an' to spue.

THE MINSTREL'S OFFER.ING.

Now gloamin' her veil o'er the valley had thrown,
When the man o' the kirk was passing that way,
An' deep in the sheugh he espied the auld crone,
When thus the man o' the kirk did say:

"Good woman, 'tis late, and why here delay?"
An' he raxed her his han' to help her out;
When Eppie look'd up, an' her nose was blae,
An' her lips an' her cheeks were white as a clout.

"O woman! I wot thou wert drinking deep,
An' where dost thou think will drinkers go?
The day it will come for this thou wilt weep—
Remember that I have told thee so.

"But where dost thou think the drinkers go—
The slave to the bottle—the tippling sot?"
"Deed, Sir, that's no very ill to know—
They just gang whar the best drap drink's to be got!"

The minister leught, an' he left her then,
An' Eppie she stachet'd awa' her lane;
An' she reached her wee house at the head o' the glen,
When the liquor had died in her belly an' brain.

NORAH'S LAMENT.

The sea waves are sleeping, the uplands are green,
And the azure of heaven looks over the scene;
The shamrock is dewy, and sweetly it blows,
And how rich on the wild is the scent of the rose!
But Nature and beauty no solace impart,
To calm the wild tumult in poor Norah's heart.
For Cormac, her lover, lies low by the wood,
And the spring-flower and blue-bell are tinged with his blood.

My Cormac was manly in shoulder and limb,
And the milk of humanity circled in him;
Like the strong sword of Gideon, in danger's dark path,
When the warrior strode like a lion in wrath:
Then the warrior's mail was his virtue and worth—
The pride of Ierne, the dread of the North—
A friend full of faith, and a patriot pure—
A shelter and shield to the weak and the poor.

How often all sad bad he wander'd forlorn,
From the falling of night till the rising of morn!
No couch to recline on then could he procure,
But the lone savage dell on the wilds of a moor;
And the blush of the morn, to all Nature so dear,
Open'd nothing to him but a wilderness drear,
Where cruelty darken'd the eye of the dawn,
And her death-dealing minion was merciless man!

Howl, howl, ye dark billows, that beat on the shore!
Congenial to me is your sorrowful roar—
Congenial to me is the gloom of the sky,
When in solitude deep, to deep silence I sigh.
Then the throbbing of nature with fervency dare
Solicit the Spirit of Life with a prayer,
That Erin may spurn at the chains of the slave,
When the blast whistles wild o'er the moss on my grave.


ELEGIA C STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ROBERT THOMPSON,

A man who kept the Eleventh Commandment.

It was in the dappled days of Spring
When our good brother pass'd away,
And I am left his dirge to sing,
Whose heart is now a clod of clay.

The liberal and exalted mind,
The neighbour and the honest friend,
The father and the husband kind,
He was, unflinching to the end.

In humble life his lot was laid,
And Fortune's frown 'twas his to bear;
But lowly state can ne'er degrade
The man, the mind, to Virtue dear.

Let puny worldlings scoff and scorn
What they can never realize—
The gem that doth the soul adorn—
The riches Heaven will not despise.

And wander wide as pilgrim's feet
Have wander'd in the olden time,
And every passing pilgrim greet,
Of any creed or any clime:

Then pause and think what THOMPSON was,
And wait his principle to scan;
We long may look, and long may pause,
Yet meet not oft with such a man.
How tender of another's fame
His very foe he would have served;
And his had been a splendid name,
Had Fortune given what he deserved.

Now, Thompson, fare thee well a while!
My faithful comrade, tried and true;
And He who bids the lily smile,
And feeds the raven and the mew

With watchful eye—may He preside;
To shield thy little ones from harm,
If in an evil era tried,
With might and mercy in His arm!

While in this world of painful breath,
Be mine the path which thou hast trod;
Then, give me life, or give me death,
As meet may seem to thee, my God!

TO NANNIE.

WHEN I was a laddie, I hied to the sea,
For my mither was dead, an' my daddie was poor;
An' I thought it was bonnie a sailor to be,
When my kinsfolk rich they were saucy and sour.
But to lea' my auld daddie my bosom was wae—
To wander awa' on the watery main;
An' there was a bit lassie as bloomin' as May,
That lo'd me as name never lo'd me again.

Her name it was Nannie—I'1l no name the rest—
But Nannie was bonnie and braw to be seen,

An' I thought in my heart I would surely be blest,
Wi' her an' a cozie wee cot on the green.
But now I boost hie me awa'to the sea,
Though to tarry wi' her for a while I was fain;
An' I mind, when I lost the sweet blink o' her e'e,
I was fear'd I might never see Nannie again.

An' many a wearifu' night an' day
I thought upon her I left pining at home,
An' dream'd o' the auld fairy bush on the brae,
That bore the twa letters, the first o' her name;—
An' when I had sped to a far, far land,
I bought her a toy o' the ivory-bane,
An' the beads that were bonnie, to put in her hand—
But I never could meet wi' my Nannie again!

For the pirate cam', an' our ship she was lost,
Though bloody an' fell was the combat scene;
Then shackled was I, on the Barbary coast,
An' carried awa' by the Algerine.
An' when I was free o' the pirate's thrall,
I sought my auld daddie's wee house on the plain;
But his head it was hid, and his heart was cauld,
An' I never heard tell o' my Nannie again.

VERSES.

Nae crony comes near me to crack wi' at e'en,
Nae frien' ever comes to my cottage aye;
For the foe an' the fool to mysel' I ha'e been—
It has left me forsaken by ane, an' by a'.
Ah me! when I think on the days that are by,
It brings to my bosom the gallings o' pain;
Yet I wot it were silly to whine an' to sigh—
But wi' folly I never maun revel again.

An' yet I can feel I ha'e meikle at stake:
I maun buffet the billow, an' bear wi' the blast;
My heart maunna sink, nor my courage be weak,
For awa' my wee bairnies they maunna be cast.

THE OLD TOPER'S SOLOQUY.

I needna rin aye to my neibour's ha',
To spier how he bides, an' his bairns to see;
Nor be glad in my heart when I see them sae braw,
When de'il a ane cares a whistle for me.

Wi' ither's what need I be spendin' my store,
An' drinkin' my siller, an' makin' it flee;
An' settin' the table an' house in a roar,
When de'il a ane cares a whistle for me?

Fu' aft I ha'e wandert awa' at the mirk,
An' tippled till daylight open'd his e'e;
An' on Sunday, when saints were snug at the kirk,
Though de'il a ane cares a whistle for me.

An' aft I ha'e laid my last plack on the board,
As bleer'd an' as blin' as a bat could be;
Then, "lan'lady, bring us a gill!" I ha'e roared—
Now, de'il a ane cares a whistle for me!

THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

Now, frien', if ye a' er ha'e gane this gate,
The saith an' the scorn ye ha'e baith to dree;
An' they laugh at the fool in your poor silly pate,
An' I'll swear that they carena a whistle for thee:

For late at the e'enin', an' early at morn,
Wi' mony fause frien's I ha'e gane on the speec;
An' drank till the deevil got into the horn—
Now, de'il a ane cares a whistle for me!

How mony fell words I ha'e tholed frae my wife,
Wi' a' the black ills a poor drinker maun dree!
Yet wi' a that I bore in the storm an' the strife,
Now, de'il a ane cares a whistle for me.

Let the canker be by, an' the folly be past,
Though crippled an' crazed, an' no worth a bawbee;
Could I warstle awa' an' be wise till the last,
It boots na how little some care about me.

THE SAILOR AND CHARON AT THE RIVER STYX.

Ahoy, Master Charon!—thys visage how grim!
Thy wherry old, crazy, and quite out of trim;
Thy ropes and thy rigging by age so impair'd,
That this hawser would scarce hang a dog at the yard;
Weather-beaten thy hull, and for lack of being smear'd,
E'en as grey as my old crooked grandfather's beard;
And that jack like the goose of a tailor would fly,
Beneath the pale gloom of this cold nether sky.
You may snooze long enough in this land-lock'd bay,
As could any old junk on the coast of Cathay:*  
But when out at sea, should it come on to blow,  
Then, then, my old skipper, to Davy go!  
What I say, do you mind me, I know it right well,  
For I'm not just a gosling, green out of the shell.

For these, Master Charon, pray, what can atone?  
Your kindness, old sailor—yes, that I must own;  
But, if I should feel you inclined to use me  
Like a fiend I sailed with on the blue upper sea,  
I'll be swampt'd in the Styx ere I tarry with thee:  
For, rather than sail with his like any more,  
I would skulk a land-lubber red-coated on shore.  
Yet, though thou be dreadfully dark in the phiz,  
Thy heart may be soft, and more gentle, than his;  
And I ne'er blamed a man for the hue of his face,  
If I found him well-coloured in that other place:  
But, ah! his foul heart was as black as charcoal,  
And the storm of ill-nature deformed all his soul;  
And whilst like a viper he glisten'd outside,  
Fell venom flow'd through all his veins in a tide:  
The poor little tyrant some power he shared,  
And, like all other tyrants, was hated and feared;—  
His hand it could flog, and his tongue it could curse,  
And his avarice had loaded a spacious purse;  
His junk it was salt, and so painfully small,  
That the bone was half gnaw'd ere my fist let it fall;  
And, if of this usage I'd dare to complain,  
All the furies of hell went to work in his brain,  
It was but the last hour, in the gust of his wrath,  
He swore he'd give me as a present to Death—  
Then pitiless wielded his merciless sword,  
And without saying more, made a truth of his word.

The ancient name of China.
WHEN ROSY YOUTH SAT ON MY CHEEK.

When rosy youth sat on my cheek,
And love was all my care,
How lightly sped the cheerful week,
And every scene how fair!
But Nature seems to lose the smile
That lit my youthful home,
And weak to me is woman’s wile,
For gloomy days are come.

And few are they who sympathize
When happy days depart;
With joy and fortune, friendship flies,
And censure points a dart;
For what the world once deign’d to praise,
Grows faulty in its eye;
And he who long has trod the maze,
What needs he grudge to die?

YES, LONG AND LONELY WAS THE DAY.

Yes, long and lonely was the day
When memory wander’d back to Jean,
And wild and weary was the way
That measured many a mile between.
Oh! fool was I to be so sae fain!
Another’s gift thy hand has been—
I know it, and it gives me pain—
Yet I am loth to leave thee, Jean!

I needna speak what I could say;
It boots but little to impart.
The bitter thoughts that used to prey—
The vultures of the living heart:
The bleeding wound without may close—
Within, the ulcer may remain;
The cheek be rifted of the rose—
The rose that will not bloom again.

I will not now upbraid thee, lass,
Though fickle thou hast been;
There was a time—but let it pass—
That Willie was the joy o’ Jean;
And Jean was Willie’s dawning light—
The light o’ bliss on him bestow’d:
Now, what remains?—a mildew blight,
Where love, and life, and rapture glow’d.

Our favourite flower of azure dye—
The mountain spring—the fairy thorn—
Say, speak they nought of seasons by,
Of one forsaken and forlorn?
Yes! many a bitter pang and sigh
His bosom it has nursed, I ween;
And, though the pang begins to die,
It perils me to meet thee, Jean!

THE SERE LEAF LAY ON THE WITHERING PLAIN.

The sere leaf lay on the withering plain,
In the Isle of Oronsay, far away,
As I stray’d by the verge of the restless main,
When the winds were wild, and the waves at play:
The fisherman open'd his door to me,
And bade me abide till the night had sped;
For I was a wanderer o'er the sea,
And here was a supper, and there was a bed.

And Amy, the pride of his cot, and the light,
Was lightsome and blithe as the fairy or fae:
Her eye as the Norlan' star was bright,
And her cheek was the rose of the garden gay.
We parted next morn at the ebb of the tide,
But her beauty lives deep in my memory yet;
And, though I should wend to the world's far side,
Her looks were the language love cannot forget.

MARY.

I wadna' grudge to wander far,
Though skies had neither sun nor star,
To see a lass—I'll no say whar—
But, oh! that lass is Mary!
The pouting lip, the bonny face,
The heart o' virtue, love, an' grace,
Methinks a cannie e'e could trace,
An' trace them a' in Mary.

Oh, aye! the cheek o' rosy hue,
The bosom bland, that needna' rue,
An' e'en like bells when wat wi' dew,
Are thine, my bonnie Mary!
An' aften on the wintry night,
When a' the rest are out o' sight,
I feel my heart but hardly right,
When I'm awa' frae Mary.

SEPTEMBER.

The Spring came forth like virgin fair,
With buds, and flowers, and birds in tune;
Then Summer with her sunny hair,—
The rich, the rosy queen of June!
But sweeter far September mild,
When days of brighter hues depart—
The season of the Muse's child—
The soother of the pensive heart!

Thou matron month, of sober mood,
To gentle feelings ever dear,—
Dispenser of the promised good,—
The Sabbath of the circling year!
September! I have loved to be
In some sequester'd nook, alone.
To dwell with Nature and with thee,
Unfeeling mirth and folly flown.

Then to the mountain I have hied
When young, the yellow vale to view;
And listen'd on its tufted side
The wailing of the wild curlew;
Or, with my faithful dog and kind,
The moorland waste I loved to roam—
A mother's welcome sure to find,
At evening when I wended home.

The woodland lays no longer cheer
The herd-boy on the listening lea,
And few are they who deign to hear
The little robin and me;
And sad the tinklings of the bell
As wandering on to seek the sea;
Yet, sweet September! thou art still
The Salutation of the year to me!

BENMORE; OR, A LEGEND OF FAIRHEAD.

What wondrous stories have been told
Of thee, Benmore, in days of old!
When good Reboam reigned the lord
Of Rathlin's rocks, and seas, and sward,
One child he had, born to bestow
An amulet sweet to soul of woe.
To see her blest was all his aim—
And soft Selena was her name.

From Heaven with every charm supplied,
Her parent islet's peerless pride;
Like virgin rose in morning's sheen,
Or love-star of the mountain scene;
With shining locks of auburn dye,
And argent breast, and ebon eye:
And in that eye of truth were seen
The buoyant heart, and soul serene—
And in that soul, so calm and blest,
Firm faith, and filial love the best—
And in that faith and filial love,
The semblant joy of joys above:
Whose smiles, endearing, flowed as free

As scent from flower on Lora's leaf,
For goodness famed, and fairer far of dower than
Than Helen, source of Trojan war—
But fame, alas! full oft destroys;
Mild peace, and all her precious joys;
Makes merit food for envious men;
Drews lurking malice from her den;
Brings lawless force from foreign climes;
Makes murder glory in her crimes;
On worthless fools bestows a name,
And glory, when it should be shame—
And shame, when glory should be given,
All reckless of the will of Heaven:
For fame on slander often lives,
And gives too much, or nothing gives.

These truths, Selena, thou mightst own,
For thou the bale of fame hast known.
What, though she gave no falsehood air,
To blot thy reputation fair,
Yet from thy spotless fame arose
Thy death, and all thy father's woes!
When Brian wild, of wolfish mood,
And Bracken, with a barbarous brood,
For thee involved thy father's land
In warfare fell, with fire and brand,
Then horror darkened every face,
The peasant found no resting-place;
With spearmen's blood the streamlet swell'd—
For thrice three days the conflict held:
And while the fires of battle blazed,
The maid insidious Conal seized,
And bore her, trembling, to the beach,
Alert her fear, and lost her speech.
Then ran the signal word, "Unmoor!
And launch to sea with sail and oar."
O'er curling waves his coroughs dance,
As fleet as flies the hunter's lance;
With long huzzas they pass the sound,
And now they reach Benmore profound,—
As near its summit, high and hoar,
They haste along the 'wild'ring shore,
One ruffian serf, of Conal's clan,
Of demon soul, in form of man,
In hellish plight, with envy stung,
Sheer o'er the steep the maid he flung;
Like heavenly angel from the sky,
Selena fell—and fell, to die!
From azure veins red rillets flow,
And stain the rock-bound base below;
On pointed crag the nymph lay dead—
(And hence Benmore has been Fairhead.)

There sad Selena's spirit strays,
Beneath the pale moon's midnight rays;
There superstition mopes and dreams,
Her light, the glimmering meteor's gleams,
And sees such forms as ne'er were seen,
Save where Ulysses' son has been:
The gloomy gorgon, dark as death,
And dragon blue, with brimstone breath,
And hears, from the infernal coast,
The horrid chant of harpy host.
There grisly Terror loves to dwell,
When storms the ocean billows swell,
And Shakspeare's genius hovers near,
Delighted with a scene so drear.

THE MATRON OF JURA.

And Mother Erin fair and kind,
Of gentle words and generous mind—
The hospitality that hails
The pilgrim in the green-wood vales,
In Jura finds a simple home,
Beneath the cott're's rustic dome;—
Whose rugged Paps tremendous rise,
And whiten in the wintry skies;—
There dwells, with sorrow-soothing eye,
The priestess of Humanity;
Where one poor poet felt and knew
What others but in fancy drew.
Yes—I have known, and thus may tell,
When twilight's murky mantle fell,
Where lonely wandering I have been,
"To see whatever might be seen;"—
Exposed beneath an angry sky,
When sea and storm beat loud and high;
From friends remote—a homeless wight,
With heavy heart and purse but light,—
Till kindly welcome raised the latch,
Then, housed beneath the netted thatch,
I've listened to the matron's tale,
And shared unbought her homely meal;
Who told her sapience to display
Some legend of the olden day,—
Of mermaid on the quivering sheen
Of ocean's face, when smooth and green;—
* * * * * * *
Of wild turmoil, and beauty won,
And deeds that Robert Bruce had done:
Then trimm’d her lamp in merry vein,
And chaunted o'er some Gaelic strain;
Or, if perchance, some vagrant thought
Ran pensive o'er my wayward lot,
That spoke, though not in word or wail,
The outline of a touching tale—
Of hope foregone, and purpose cross’d,
And loss of all that might be lost;
Then, skill’d to scan the spirit’s mood,
And fain to feel as woman should,
Bestowed her courtesy right glad,
And called her guest an honest lad.
And when our parting moment came,
The privilege she joy’d to claim
Was simply this—with me to share
Her cake, her counsel, and her prayer.

BATTLE OF THE PONGAS.

Far on Borneo’s deep-wooded shores,
With trees uprooted, and terrific roars,
The shaggy wild-men to the charge advance,—
Their eyes like levin on the dim clouds dance;
With tiger cunning, and with lion pride,
Their brow-hairs bristled, and their nostrils wide;—
Not theirs the warfare of the sapling light,
Meet things for pigmies in a land polite;
But bastinadoes of ten cubits' length,

With fury wielded, and Samsonic strength:
How light the weapon, and how like a wand,
That hung all fearful in the giant’s hand—
The lusty weapon that Goliath bore,
To fence the Philistines in years of yore—
Compared with this my Muse would fain pourtray,
The wild-man’s bludgeon, on the battle day!
The sleepy silence on the woods that hangs,
Is scared and banished by their yells and bangs;
As o'er their heads the ponderous trunks they swing,
The wild woods echo, and the rent rocks ring;
When darkly dealing on each deadly foe,
The frown horrific and the dicing blow;
The ground is quaking—the blue stars arise,
That float and hover on their blood-shot eyes;
Rank weeds are blushing with the gouts of gore,
And monkeys mutter, and hyenas roar,—
Till, weak and weary of the maddening strife,
And faint the principle of panting life,
Crawl, sore and stiffening, to the deepest wood,
All drenched and smoking with the sweat and blood!

ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

On Saturday night, when the week is away,
And its trouble and toils are gone by,
Sometimes to the ale-house a visit I pay,
My friends and my glass to enjoy;—
There many a moment of pleasure I’ve had,
And I never could think them ill spent,
That lighten’d the gloom of the bosom when sad,
And awoke the warm glow of content.
To clasp the kind hand, and the goblet to kiss,
And to speak of our pleasure and pain,
With one whom we love, at a season like this,
Brings the sun of life's Summer again.

Though the dull ones may blame, and the proud ones despise,
And count it a folly or crime,
Yet the friend that can make the heart glad is a prize,
And the best in the gift of "old Time."

And he who has sorrow and care to allay,
He may taste the wine-cup and be sage;
For it has been aver'd by a sage, in his day,
That wine is the milk of old age.

And he who would be my companion or friend,
He must not be sordid nor vile;
And, should there be need, he must borrow or lend,
And his brow be array'd with a smile.

But woe to the fool that would tarnish the joy,
That plays o'er the sweet social scene,
When the choice and kind spirit would 'scape from alloy,
To taste raptures so distant between!

Though the proud ones may blame, and the dull ones deride,
And say, thus to be blest is a crime;
Yet this is a gem on life's fast-ebb'ing tide,
And the best in the casquet of Time.
THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

Sure these the heart to love beguile,
An', lassie, these belong to thee;—
An', aften I ha'e listen'd lang
The wily words you spak' to me,
An' sung them in a wee bit sang,
When lanely on the mountain lea.

I never sought for golden wealth,
For that my heart could never move;
I sought for cheerfu'ness an' health,—
For sweet simplicity an' love:
An' since nae wealth can mak' me blest,
I'll leave the toy to folks mair vain,
If I can but obtain the rest—
An' a' the rest is Annie's ain.

LAND OF MY LOVED PATERNAL COT.

LAND of my loved paternal cot!—
Nurse of my childhood!—hallowed spot!
Of daughters bright, and sons as brave
As Heaven could lend, or land receive;
Europa's garden in the West,
Of balmy breeze and flow'ry vest:
By party feud and faction torn—
Of other States the jest and scorn;
Thy glory fled, and fled thy peace,
Sad sister of dejected Greece!
From social concord long debarr'd,
Where Genius pines without reward.

THE MINSTREL'S OFFERING.

With penury thy heart is wrung—
Thy harp is on the willows hung:—
The land of battle and of song,
And famous for thy suffering long.
But there shall be another day,
And other men shall hold the sway,
When Justice shall with Truth preside,
And shame the silken sons of pride;
The belted war-wolf never more
Be seen on green Juverna's shore.
Oh! heed it well, ye living lords—
A poet's and a prophet's words!

THE ISLE OF THE WEST.

From Norgó's* bleak wilds Hospitality came,
The green vales of Erin intending to view,
With eyes beaming love, like a seraph's of flame,
As over the storm-beaten billow she flew.
It was evening's soft hour, and the scene was sublime,
When she reach'd the dear spot of the emerald vest;
She saw that kind Nature had hallow'd the clime,
And she called it her own little Isle of the West.

Indeed, 'twas a place such as angels might choose,
Would Heaven ordain they should visit this earth—
The fittest abode for the Bard and the Muse,
So witching its beauty, so sterling its worth.

* The ancient name of Norway.
There blest Hospitality rear'd her lone shed,
And welcomed the woful and weary to rest;
Before her the sorrows of Poverty fled,
And she swore 'twas her own little Isle of the West.

So sweetly it sat on the ocean of blue,
For friendship and love the delightful retreat;
Where friendship and love were so warm and so true,
None knew what was meant by deception and hate.
Green shamrocks the Goddess then cull'd from the wold,
And, smiling, she placed the sweet wreath in her crest;
So, wherever she wander'd, the world might behold
That her own sainted spot was the Isle of the West.

THE THREE STAGES OF DRINKING.

Or ale or beer, heed how you drink—
And whiskey, it is bad;
For they will cast you down to sink,
And make you very sad.
First cometh gladness—this I trow,
And madness cometh next;
But soon will you
In sadness rue—
And there the sting is fixed.