Seven days allowed for reading this Book
THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS
OF
JAMES ORR,
OF BALLYCARRY:
WITH
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

"Farewell! my rhymo-composing brother."—BURNS.

BELFAST:
PRINTED BY FRANCIS D. FINLAY,
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1817.
TO THE PUBLIC.

This Volume will be found to contain nearly all the Poems that James Orr wrote after the publication of his former one. A few only, whose merit perhaps a critic might say, stands not so high, have been omitted.

To prepare the works of a deceased author for the press; when found necessary, to strike out passages, and to supply deficiencies, but still to preserve the spirit of the language, is a task most arduous—but it is one, before which my abilities bow with humility, and acknowledge their incompetency. I have not ventured my unskilled hand to prune, or to plant; whatever beauties may be found, are Orr's—whenever defects appear, they are his.

The motives which stimulated me to snatch from obscurity, and most probably from destruction, the works of the man I felt proud in calling friend, sprung alike from his request, and my own feelings: for the fate of a character is, as well as worldly effects, bequeathed to futurity. His wish was, that they might be published; and my aim is, in acceding to his desire, that whatever ability in them shall be found, may
not be lost in the progressive waste of time, but that the Press may save them to posterity, as evidence on which to form judgment.

To the Public, they are submitted; to those friends who have kindly assisted me in the publication, they are dedicated. Let not the censorious blame, nor the critic condemn—cowardly would be the hand, that could fling the dart of malice, when the bosom is bared, and inadequacy and inexperience are offered as intercessors.

A. M'DOWELL.

Ballycarry, Feb. 1817.

SKETCH OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

The biography of poets in the humbler walks of life, are generally barren of incident, and disappointing to the reader; who finds little more than the meagre information, "that they were born, and that they died." Yet if the work itself proves instructive or amusing, we find, as we go on, an increasing interest in the author's character and feelings; and ere we close the book, we turn back to reconsider the trivial particulars of his life, "with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him, in whose company, as it were, we have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to us with the openness of a friend."

We may venture to say, that the reader of this little volume will not find his morals impaired, or his delicacy offended, in the perusal; and the general truth of sentiment, and still more, the uniform integrity of heart, displayed therein, will perhaps induce him to wish for an acquaintance with the very few incidents of the author's life, though not marked by any extraordinary vicissitude.

James Orr was born in the parish of Broad-Island, county of Antrim, in the year 1770. His parents
were married many years before his birth, and he was their only child. His father, whose name was also James, held a few acres of land adjoining the village of Ballycarry, and pursued the humble avocation of a weaver. The son became heir to the employment of the father, as well as to the little patrimony of which he died possessed. In his Poems, we find him frequently brooding over his low situation, and laborious employment, which excluded him from the means of cultivating his genius, and improving his taste.

As was naturally to be expected, the early years of Orr were watched over, with all the fondness of parental anxiety; and this feeling was no doubt heightened by the circumstance of his being an only child. His father, who appears to have been a man possessing considerably more information than is usual in his rank of life, resolved personally to superintend the education of his son, afraid, lest at school the purity of morals should become contaminated. He was kept at home; and it is a fact, that Orr never received any education except the instructions which his father could communicate. It may be more justly said of him, than perhaps of any author, that he laboured under all the misfortunes of a narrow and defective education. This was also increased, by the excessive fondness of his parents preventing him from mingling in his earlier years with proper society, and thus acquiring that knowledge of the world which experience alone can bestow. For although children, from associating only with persons advanced in life, may be able to converse with a degree of knowledge much beyond their years, yet when the period arrives in which they become actors in society, they universally betray an ignorance in what is more important—they are children in their conduct.

Of the boyish days of the poet, little is known. We have no means of ascertaining how far he might have surpassed his companions in the usual course of education obtained at a country school; but certainly the humble means which he possessed of acquiring the first rudiments of learning, were not neglected. It is said, that his earliest essays in poetry were exhibited in attending singing-schools, where the young people of the country acquire the very imperfect knowledge of sacred music they possess. It is usual, upon these occasions, to sing lines of bad poetry to worse music; and these are often the spontaneous effusions of the moment. In this kind of doggerel verse, Orr first commenced his poetical career, and, it is said, far excelled his competitors.

His first appearance before the public was in the Northern Star, a newspaper at that time published in Belfast. The pieces which he wrote for this paper, obtained for him a considerable degree of notice. They appeared under a fictitious signature, and were mostly of a political nature, advocating what was then called the cause of liberty. Flattered by the attentions which he received, he continued to publish occasionally, down to the unhappy period of 1798. Whether he held any official situation in the associations of that period, the writer of this does not remember to have heard.

He was, however, one of those who marched to the neighbourhood of Antrim upon the 7th of June; and his conduct will long be remembered in having been actively employed in preventing his companions committing acts of cruelty.

He has given an account of the conduct of his associates upon that occasion, in a poem published in his former volume, entitled "Donegore-Hill." From his activity at this period, he did not imagine himself sufficiently safe in his native country. He emigrated to America, (as he has informed us himself) there

"To seek sad refuge in some kindred place."
It does not appear that he found America the kindred home he expected; for he continued in it but for the space of a few months.

During his stay in America, he continued to write as a poet, and his pieces attracted considerable notice; but never afforded him any emolument. He is noticed in the following terms, by an American newspaper: “We understand the present production is by James Orr, an humble weaver from the North of Ireland. We could wish that his writings were better known.”

After his return home, he continued to pursue the humble employment of his trade, and frequently amused himself in writing poetry. Some of his friends conceived that his interest would be promoted in publishing a volume of poems by subscription. In this undertaking he found considerable encouragement in his own neighbourhood; but the emolument arising from the publication, after deducting all expenses attendant upon the undertaking, must have been very inconsiderable; for if his name became more popular, and a few pounds were acquired, it is to be feared, that he fell into the snare which many others have been caught in; a snare spread by men falsely named friends, who, for pleasure’s sake, become covetous of a superior man’s company, while they steal from him his reason and his resolution. Industry and economy are no companions for men maddened with the bowl of intoxication.

Of these Poems, it may justly be said, that many of them rise far superior to what might have been expected from the humble opportunities possessed by their author. Without any of the advantages of a liberal education, his works discover a mind bright with strong natural talents—here was the ore, nothing wanting but the polishing hand of the artisan. His taste, if not the most elegant, is always chaste and correct. With a naturally good understanding, and good sense, he possessed a heart feelingly alive to all the beauties of nature; and what he strongly felt, he has as strongly expressed. Even the partiality of friendship, cannot claim for him the highest rank among successful poets; and yet there are passages in his works, which would not have disgraced almost any author to have written. In the pictures which he draws of country manners in the lower ranks of life, he is always accurate, and his descriptions are often not only just, but beautiful.

In the last years of Orr’s life, scarcely any thing occurred, which deserves particular notice. Reading and writing were his favourite amusements; and, besides his Poems, he has composed a few essays in prose: they are distinguished for that originality of thought, and acuteness of understanding, which appear in all his works. As he never was married, he wanted many of those motives to exertion, which the feelings of a parent and a husband can alone communicate. To this circumstance is also to be attributed many of the errors of his latter years. Possessing none of the sweets of domestic enjoyment, he often fled the cheerless habitation of the bachelor, and was obliged to seek the pleasures of society at an inn. That the man who never knew what it was to find his return home welcomed by any being who felt the smallest interest in his happiness; or his hours of retirement cheered by the friend to whom he could unbosom himself with confidence, should plunge into the first society that offered, can scarcely be thought strange. But whatever might be his defects, candour and openness of mind, a generous and feeling heart never once forsook him. His honesty and integrity were unquestioned; and he retained to the last a manly and independent spirit. He died on the 24th of April, 1816; esteemed and regretted by those who knew him, and who had long admired the sound-
ness of his understanding, the goodness of his heart, and the benevolence of his feelings.

Shortly before his death, he requested two of his friends to take the trouble of arranging the Poems which he left unpublished, and preparing them for the press. It was his wish, that after defraying the expenses of publication, the profits arising from the work should be distributed among the poor of the parish of Broad-Island, his native place. To carry into effect the last and benevolent wish of a departed friend, is the object of the Editor. Like all posthumous publications, the present volume must necessarily exhibit many defects, which the good sense of the author would have corrected. It is hoped, however, that a candid and generous public will overlook them. The purchaser of the present volume will at least have one gratification; if the poetry should not be able to afford him the entertainment he expected, he has the proud satisfaction of having contributed his mite to cheer the comfortless abode of poverty, and to alleviate the distresses of the widow and the orphan.

ELEGIAC STANZAS
ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR;

BY A. M'DOWELL, BALLYCARRY.

"When the life of the warrior is o'er,
   Every tongue shall his virtues rehearse;
And now a pale bard is no more,
Ah! would you deny him a verse?" — Ruston.

My pensive muse, late bath'd in tears,
   Essays the "Man of Worth" to sing;
With trembling eye surveys, and fears
   To soar aloft with unfledg'd wing.

'Tis friendship wakes my artless lyre,
   And bids the plaintive numbers roll,
To sing the Bard, whose wit and fire
   With love of verse first charm'd my soul.

His friendship true and ever kind,
   To kindred bosoms still was shown;
His gen'rous heart, which God refir'd,
   Made Love and Sympathy its own.

The venal lay his soul despis'd,
   For virtue fair the lyre he strung;
For truth and right he ever priz'd,
   And truth and right he nobly sung.

If genius and true taste, combin'd
   With candour fair, can honour claim,
Posterity his brows shall bind
   With bays of never-ending fame.

While truth and right bless Erin's plains,
   Or freedom's sons her standard rear,
Or while they spurn at slav'ry's chains,
   The name of Oar they shall revere.

Now Erin mourns her fav'rite child,
   Snatch'd off in manhood's sipen'd bloom.
And freedom, like a maniac wild,
Sits weeping o'er his early tomb.

But cease to mourn your fav'rite Bard,
Secure from pain he'll softly sleep,
Immortal fame his sure reward—
 Enough to comfort them who weep.

His name Broad-Island shall revere,
Nor fail to have him memoriz'd,
Who oft, in numbers strong and clear,
Her rural scenes immortaliz'd.

No more his brethren kind and bright,
Shall him invest with honours grand;
No more he'll teach the rules of right;
That guide to light the sacred band.

No more, at eve, he'll tune the lyre,
And bid dull care away depart,
Or wake the strains which mirth inspire,
And soothe to peace the troubled heart.

His maid, whose breast with love still glows,
In solitude's dark shade now grieves;
Her breast, which knew no ebbs and flows,
Is rack'd, and like the wild wave heaves.

Near Templecorran's ruin'd fane,
(That with the wild blast nod'd) he lies,
Where solitude and silence reign,
Till the loud trump shall bid him rise.

While here on earth we sing his lays,
Which ev'ry breast with truth inspire,
His spirit hymns the song of praise
On high, to its Immortal Sire.

To parted worth, his friendship pays
This tribute of heart-felt regard;
Had any bard attir'd his praise,
My feeble strains had ne'er been heard.

(1) Alluding to the rules of Masonry. He established a Lodge in Ballycarry, over which he presided with great propriety for many years.
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POEMS.

MAN WAS MADE TO SMILE.

"None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny."—Young.

"Stop!" cried a pilgrim to a swain,
Who suicide essay'd;
Repeating oft th' appalling strain,
That man to mourn was made:
"Stop, Error's dupe! till Fate be clear'd,
For though, in ev'ry isle,
Much mis'ry felt makes more be fear'd,
Still Man was made to smile.

"Thy God (and, lo! his works express
His love,) that wonders wrought,
No living thing, for pure distress,
From non-existence brought:
Life charms the beast, life charms the bird,
Life charms the reptile vile;
Then, sure, creation's earthly lord,
Lov'd Man, was made to smile!

"Lest human minds when tried might fail,
Heav'n gave the strong and wild
Firm fortitude; and to the frail
Resignment humbly mild:
With these, and heav'n-ascending Hope,
Whom sophists cannot wile
Far from her course, what men might cope!
For Man was made to smile.

"What strange content on ev'ry coast
The love of country yields!
It makes more lovely Lapland's frost,
Than Persia's fertile fields:
Th' oppress'd pure patriot in the tow'r,
Feels conscience all the while
Shed bosom peace, that shuns the pow'r
On which his scorn can smile.

"Have confidants, betraying trust,
Made ruin o'er thee nod?

Or is thy honour in the dust,
By smooth supplanters trod?
Yet still the constancy of love
May all thy griefs beguile;
Still friendship's faithfulness may prove
That Man on care can smile.

"If proud men scorn thy poverty,
And large their livings call,
Mark Nature, with poetic eye,
Appropriating all:
Though lingering on some lonely waste,
From Shannon to the Nile,
Imagination, wafting taste,
Can charm thee with a smile.

"Or read till wrapt, and o'er thy lamp
With Tully plead for Rome;
Comment on war in Cæsar's camp,
Or share all Eden's bloom
With Milton; talk to Trim with Sterne;
Or drink with Burns in Kyle;
From sympathy a sot might learn
That Man was made to smile.

"Nor censure Fate, who bless'd the globe,
And call'd it "good" of yore.
When Guilt defiles her flow'ry robe,
And wastes her fruitful store:
Oh! if Heav'n's will were done on earth,
All cruelty and guile
Would end for aye, and genuine worth
In full perfection smile.

"For me, misfortune's cheerful child!
As through life's maze I crept,
If but a daisy deck'd the wild,
On it my eye I kept:
I've lost my all by wind and wave,
I've wander'd in exile;
Yet still was call'd, among the grave,
The Man who made them smile.

"Mankind, amended in my time,
Th' accursed slave-trade disclaim,
And count it as no venial crime
An animal to maim:
A house for want, and one for lore,
See Pity's sons high pile;
And industry, encourag'd more,
In servitude can smile.

"And more and more shall earth be bless'd,
By charity unfeign'd,
And freed from famine, war, and pest,
Seem paradise regained;
For Wisdom Error's quill shall burn,
And blunt Oppression's file;
And Liberty and Truth return,
On Man through time to smile."

While thus he spoke, the foe of Fate,
Deep musing, all revolv'd,
And look'd on life, so sad of late,
Till ev'ry cloud dissolv'd;
Then, wond'ring, cried, "O, Love immense!
My soul I reconcile
To thy protecting providence,
In which all worlds may smile."

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

Near the wall whose strength defended
Bhurtapore's sons from woes untold,
Wounded, weak, and unattended,
Lay an Irish soldier bold.
At his side his gun was grounded,
On his pouch his head reclined;
O'er the grass, where gore abounded,
Rack'd with pain, he writh'd and twin'd.
"Death," he cried, "shall shortly sever
From my frame, my spirit high:
O, my country! never, never
Shall thy green vales charm my eye!
Never shall a bark arriving
Solve the doubt that pains my thought,
Whether peacefully thou'rt thriving,
Or, by strife, to ruin brought.

"Lives my mate? and does she mildly
By her toil our babes sustain,
Or, before them, wander wildly,
Begging bread from plain to plain?
Heav'n protect her! who will share in
Her affliction? faithful fair!—
But, why doubt? In honour'd Erin,
All are friends to mis'ry's heir.

"If you yet exist, fond father!
Hope not, as you plough your field,
I'll return its sheaves to gather,
Or the sickle strongly wield:
Never, in your cleanly cottage,
Brother, sister, sire, I'll see;
Ne'er shall mother, wild with dotage,
Weep with joy, and welcome me.

"If at home, just now, I smarted,
Thus I would not want a friend;
Many a villager, kind-hearted,
O'er my couch would sadly bend.
They this moment, little thinking
On my griefs and gory wounds,
May be sporting wild, or drinking
In some house where mirth abounds.

"None on earth can say, to shame me,
That I fled when others fought;
But, poor private! who will fame me,
Though I die as brave men ought?
Yet some comrade, home returning,
Guessing at my fate, may tell,
How the foe he saw me spurning,
In the front, where many fell."

Here the Irish soldier, ending
Life's last scene, did silence keep:
Drums and fifes, their bold notes blending,
Ne'er shall rouse him from his sleep!
Soon, soon may the flags, that fir'd
His keen eye, be closely furled!
And lov'd Peace, as he desir'd,
Bless all nations of the world!
JEFFERY'S LAMENTATION
ON THE ISLAND OF SOMBRERO.

WHEREFORE, Nature! dost thou fashion
Such a desert on the sphere?
Or deny divine compassion
To the wretch who left me here?
Not a rill, where'er I ramble,
To revive me winds its way;
Not a berry tops the bramble,
Famine's fury to allay!

Wretched JEFF'ry!—suffering soldiers
From a foe can kindness claim;
On the scaffold, how beholders
Mourn the culprit, whom they blame!
Human voice shall ne'er console me,
Human arm shall never save,
Sea weeds in the sand shall roll me,
Surges rude my dirge shall rave!

Had I sunk the crew, who lov'd me,
Had I sold the land I serv'd—

If the world its scourge had prov'd me,
No such doom I'd have deserv'd.
All my shelter, rocks surrounding;
All my solace, drops of rain,
Nought behind, but vultures sounding,
Nought before, but sky and main.

Worst of murd'rs! mild repentance
Soon his marble heart would melt,
Were the horrors of my sentence
Only seen—but were they felt,
He would give his whole possession
For an ounce of blessed bread;
And to end prolong'd oppression,
Call on Death, through Nature's dread.

Shudd'ring at my wrongs, the nations,
Prone injustice to resent,
Him, with damning execrations
Shall denounce, and me lament.
Far-sail'd seamen, while with wonder
They discern so wild a shore,
Shall exclaim, "Alas! 'twas yonder
Poor starv'd JEFF'ry pin'd of yore."

These shrunk limbs grow faint and fainter;
Giddier turns this tortur'd brain;
Able I'm no more to saunter,
Seeking sustenance in vain.
Yon dark speck, a sail appearing,
Seems, to my mistrustful eye—
Save me! white men shore-ward steering!
Haste, my friends, or here I die!

SOLILLOQUY OF BONAPARTE,
SPOKEN ON THE DAY OF HIS CORONATION.

What! is this all? Can Fortune grant no more,
Than vict'ry, honour, and a tottering throne?
Cease, slaves! ye deify the son of pow'r,
And execrate him when his glory's gone.

Can shouts like these allay the widow's pain,
Who tells her infant, of its sire bereav'd,
How many thousands bled, like him, in vain,
To free the land that Bonaparte enslav'd?

How does promotion change the patriot's mind!
He scorns the people whom before he freed:

Supreme command has seldom been resign'd
By prideful chiefs, who private stations dread.

How chang'd am I, since leading Gallia's ranks,
I fought for fame, where thousands bit the dust!
Her well-serv'd sections paid me grateful thanks,
And I aver'd I'd ne'er betray their trust.

O! had I fall'n when thrice ten cannons play'd
On Lodi bridge, which dauntlessly I cross'd;
Or when Germania's plains my troops o'erspread,
And to her chiefs my name was like a host!

But, falsely kind! Fate spar'd me till I heard
Gaul, Swiss, Italian, murmur in their chain:
To Ammon's son, and Cæsar I'm compar'd;
But what were they— their country's boast and bane!

Cæsar's grim ghost, by night, disturbs my rest,
Shows his rent robe, and says— "Thy fortune see!"
And Alexander's end, at ev'ry feast,
Warns me that guile may mix dire draughts for me.

Curs'd be ambition! why have I aspir'd?
Alas! I dream'd not, when my sphere was small,
That on the pinnacle I so admir'd,
I'd mark the dire descent, and thus forebode my fall!
A WINTER PIECE.

On the bank of a river that slowly meander'd
Thro' glens, groves, and meads, to the grave gloomy lake,
A mild, musing female, in solitude wander'd,
The pleasures of thought and its pains to partake:
While the gale of the eve, keen as cruelty, hurl'd
The thatch from the cots, to the waves that it curl'd,
She mourn'd for the woes and the wrongs of the world,
And thus her sweet voice did the wild echoes wake:

"The God of the seasons, that rules changeful nature,
To earth now sends winter, and stern in his sway;
The trees bend before him, though lofty their stature,
His hail spots the plain, and his rain blends with spray;
Eye and ear are uncharm'd—but not tear-drops I'll shower,
That the songster is silent, and faded the flower,
When such crowds of my race, sunk beneath the pale power
Of care, want, and cold, pass the sad, short-lived day.

"Sons and daughters of affluence! proud as this river,
And vain as the leaves on its dark surface roll'd,

Can ye look on poor families, and scorn to deliver
Their souls from distress, by dividing your gold?
Oh! were your hearts like mine, you'd kindly remember
The rude hut, the pale cheek, and faint dying ember;
And a May in your bosoms would bloom in December,
And in theirs ye relieve'd from their care, want, and cold.

"But, Erin! blest country! if thus your sad daughter
Laments your poor tribes, and your desolate plain,
How would her soul shudder, if fear, flight, and slaughter,
Should add tenfold horrors to rude winter's reign!
If her brethren were butcher'd, and raz'd their love'd village,
From the red reeking soil they improv'd by their tillage,
And herself, stript of all by the ruffians of pillage,
An outcast forlorn 'mong a poor homeless train!

"Oh! Prussia!—sev'n hundred wide engines of malice,
By man, there, this season, were thunder'd on man;
What guilt! and what havoc! the heir of the palace
And vast host that serv'd him, in cold death lay wan;
The matron and maiden seek husband and lover,
'Mong the dying and dead, that curs'd vultures scream over,
While brave bleeding captives, that ne'er will recover,
Lie lock'd in deep dungeons where no friend may scan.
Then wake, ye wild elements! keen tempests roaring,
With rage on their voice and bold pow'r on their wing;
The high-drifted snow-wreaths, the prone rain fast pouring.
And rigorous frost, that seals river and spring,
The green isle will bear with a spirit unbending;
For Plenty, once wanted! on Peace is attending;
Health blooms in her bleak fields, and cheerfully blending
Her notes with the nightgale, Contentment can singing.

ODE

TO THE REV. HENRY COOKE, DONEGORE;
On his sermon preached for the benefit of the House of Industry, Belfast.

If winter wild seem sad and drear;
To festive bands in mansions bright,
When nightly storms appal the ear,
And wrecks by day afflict the sight;
How hapless is their doom who roam
Without a hope, without a home!
Who, every rueful day, request
A dole from them whom bread hath bless'd,
And every weary night a place of rest!

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Who, every rueful day, request
A dole from them whom bread hath bless'd,
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DISTRESS'D they are; but blest their lot,
Compar'd with such as poorly own
The remnant of a wretched cot,
And scorn to beg, though work they've none;
Whose wants, conceal'd by noble pride,
Because unseen are unsupplied;
Though, as the grace inhaled from Heav'n
Supports the wise to warfare driv'n,
They'd deathe defy, were some assistance giv'n.

This well you knew, O Christian Cooke!
As kind in heart, as clear in head,
And when you ably undertook
The poor house-holder's cause to plead;
With deep discernment of mankind,
You mov'd the inmost springs of mind,
And made Belfast, for ever chief
In social worth, lend rich relief
To want-worn Industry, and end his grief.

Whence such supplies? Did Kirwan's shade
Then actuate thy persuasive tongue?
Or Sterne's soul-swaying pow'r pervade
The bosoms of the bounteous throng?
No; 'twas th' AFFLATUS pure, that fire'd
Isaiah's lips, thy speech inspir'd;
'Twas Mercy, best-belov'd of Heav'n!
Descending, made such sums be giv'n
To toiling Worth, that long with want had striv'n.

As He, who erst from glory came,
From death to ransom human-kind,
To health restor'd th' afflicted frame,
And freed from vice th' ignoble mind;
So, here, thy audience wisely aim
To mend the mind, and feed the frame;
And now, beneath a parent's eye,
The youth shall read, and labour ply,
And scape the snare of mean mendicity.

Hail, Charity! whose praise shall last
When Victory's no longer can:
What's he who conquers empires vast?
To him who saves one worthy man?
O! ever thus, in evil days,
Unnumber'd Cooke's to serve thee, raise!
And may the poor man's ardent prayers,
For bliss to bands who clos'd his cares,
From Heav'n descend, on them and on their heirs!

THE RUIN OF MOSCOW;

AN ELEGY.

"How can that which is morally wrong, be politically right?"

If small disparity, and soon to end,
Between a good man and an angel seem,
Betwixt a miscreant and a monstrous fiend,
Perhaps there's less, in wickedness extreme.

Was that Ephesian, who to gain a name,
Burn'd down the temple that mankind admir'd;
Or he who kindled Rome, and mock'd the flame,
So Barb'rous as the fiend who Moscow fir'd?

"The conqu'r's comes! preserve us from his pow'r!"
Her citizens exclaim'd, in wild amaze:
"My vengeful purpose I'll fulfil this hour,"
Rejoin'd the traitor, "all your streets shall blaze!"
Forth from their cells, as if from Hell they broke,
Th' incend'ries rushing, grasp their torches red,
And grimly raise columnar clouds of smoke,
From devastating flames, immensely spread.

Should red volcano, bursting in its fire,
O'er prostrate plains a boiling river roll;
Or op'ning earth disclose the lake of fire,
With half the horror would they awe the soul?

Far distant crowds see space with flames illum'd,
From earth to Heav'n, and deem the world on fire;
Nor till the universe shall be consum'd,
Shall shudd'ring mortals such a scene admire.

The magazines that dreadfully explode—
The stores, enrich'd with wares from ev'ry clime—
The temples bless'd, with melted shrines o'erflow'd,
Gates, tow'rs, and spires, burn balefully sublime.

Three days they burn'd.—O! had the mighty God
Whose miracle of mercy Jordan check'd,
Turn'd o'er her streets the formidable flood,
To quench the fire, whose fury all has wreck'd!

So Moscow fell. Now o'er her ruins weep,
Ye friends of man, with awe-struck anguish riv'n,
See Russia's boast a huge chaotic heap,
Her people cinders, or as outcasts driv'n!

Alas! two hundred thousand, begging bread,
No more to competence shall be return'd;
Nor thirty thousand fight again and bleed;
Who (Heav'n avenge them!) in her lazars burn'd.

No more her bell shall grand Te Deums ring;
Nor martial music rouse her haughty hosts;
Her vast magnificence no more shall bring
Admiring nobles, lur'd from distant coasts.

The traveller, as he strays, shall sadly scan
Her palace wrecks, now dens where wild beasts grin,
And cry, "These changes came by one curs'd man,
The wretch Rostopchin—imp of shame and sin!"

ODE TO DANGER.

Frown, terrific tyrant, frown!
Barb thy dart, and whet thy lance;
Danger! they who seek renown
To thy front, unaw'd, advance:
All thy terrors, were they double,
But inflame the mind that's noble.
While the peasants from the steep
Mark the shipwreck, you, in vain,
From the agitated deep,
Would the friends of life restrain;
Lo! their boat o'er wild wave fetches
Safe to shore the shivering wretches.

From the roof, while columns wild
Rage resistless in the wind,
To rescue his favorite child,
Slumbering soft, and left behind,
Wildly darts its frantic father,
Though the flames you round him gather.

Truth's firm friend you cannot awe
From his heart's belief to turn;
Though the rack should harshly draw
Joint from joint, or faggots burn;
Sure of bliss in full fruition,
He defies the Inquisition.

Though the dying round him mourn,
Though the dead the shore bestrew,
Smoke, fire, fury, cannot turn
From your path the patriot true;
Following close his faithful leader,
Low he lays the proud invader.

Ever honour'd be their graves,
Mighty men of valour tried,
Who, unaw'd in fields and waves,
In every form defied;
Who, like Wolfe, led on their legion
Or, like Cooke, explor'd each region.

Frown, terrific tyrant, frown!
Barb thy dart, and whet thy lance;
Danger! they who seek renown,
To thy front, unaw'd, advance;
All thy terrors, were they double,
But inflame the mind that's noble.

THE SINKING STREAM:
A SONNET.

"Man but dives in death,
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave his subterannean road to bliss."—Young.

When Nature's sire shall sentence me to stray
Thro' death's dark vale, and cross the world's dread verge.
Shall I, hereafter, from th' enclosing clay,
To new existence wond'rously emerge?
Yes, wherefore doubt? these renovated powers
To life, and light, shall spring from frigid sleep;
As (emblem meet) this streamlet, fring'd with flow'rs,
Slopes o'er the summit of the awful steep,
And ends her journey: for while birds that sit
On elm, and fir tree, sing her requiem grave,
She sinks in silence thro' the darksome pit;
But shortly her emancipated wave,
On lovelier landscapes bursting from the plain,
Glides on in glory to the PARENT MAIN.

ADDRESS

TO THE REV. WILLIAN GLENDY;

On his being ordained pastor of the parish of Broad-Island.

"I venerate the man, whose heart is warm
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause."—Cowper.

Tho' rash men from the scorner's chair have hurl'd
At all the priesthood satire's hissing dart,
Their wild experiments would shew the world
That, wanting temples, wisdom would depart.

To Wisdom's temple guide, then, good GLENDY!
Degenerate minds, whom error's toils ensnare;
Denounce the guilty, soothe the sufferer's sigh;
Respect the laws, and rev'rence freedom fair.

A sunday-school shall thee as founder hail,
A reading circle's ruler thou shalt be;
To parts a patron, to diseases pale
A rare physician, kind without a fee.

Like him thou serv'st, and by his spirit warm'd,
Who ne'er from doing good supinely ceas'd,
All sects shall share thy friendship; all were form'd
By one kind sire, and sav'd by one high Priest.

When curs'd "offences come," with prudence sage
Thou'll ably arbitrate, and soon restore
Content and kindness to the heart of rage,
Where prejudice and passion boil'd before.

In times when dearth will wretched want create,
Shall Charity, the best belov'd of Heav'n,
Descend, and choose thee for her advocate,
That foes may turn her friends, and much be giv'n.
And thy kind hand shall much to poor men give,
The heir of wealth thou'lt rouse to tend their cry:
Incautious youth thou'lt teach to wisely live;
Enfeebled age thou'lt teach to nobly die.

How much can eloquence, sublimely rais'd,
To truth and goodness all who hear provoke!
Longinus, tho' a Gentile, Moses prais'd,
And Felix quak'd when Paul of temp'rance spoke.

And thou, a stranger, by thy eloquence
Hast our free call unanimously gain'd;
"Broad-Island's hope!" cried multitudes immense,
"Herald of Heav'n"—Glendy we wish ordain'd.

Unmatch'd thy charge; the hero who defends
The rights of freemen in some injur'd clime,
And sage, who useful arts invents or mends,
Confer but bounties that must end with time.

But he, whose care converts th' immortal soul,
Confers a blessing that can know no end,
When yon vast firmament shall, like a scroll,
Be roll'd away, and Heav'n's huge pillars bend.

Then, who dare doctrines pure pervert or hide,
For lucre's sake, or fame's fallacious breath?

Did Ananias worse? He dross denied,
Yet him Heav'n sentenc'd to immediate death.

Proceed then, conscious of th' important trust,
'T'enforce our duties, thus fulfilling thine:
To life's best book—to principle, be just,
And by example let thy precepts shine.

When God's grand trump from Heav'n to Hell shall ring;
And worlds, all aw'd, attend its deep-ton'd voice,
May we, with thee, uprais'd on rapture's wing,
String harps of gold, and round the throne rejoice.

And may Broad-Island's fane, in which of old
The first Dissenter preach'd on Erin's plain,
For faithful teachers be through time extoll'd,
And congregations free from falsehood's stain

ELEGIAE VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HOOD, STUDENT;
Late of Ballycarry.

Never shall a mirthful measure
From my lyre resound again;
Ne'er, my heart! shall thoughtless pleasure
Bid remembrance cease to pain.

Hood's no more! his noble spirit
To some milder orb hath soared;
Say, will e'er superior merit
By a mourner be deplor'd?

Mildness, manliness, good-nature,
These his social soul inspir'd,
Animated ev'ry feature
Of his face, which all admir'd.

Never shall his flute awaking,
Soothe him on his wonted walk;
Never shall he, silence breaking,
Sweetly sing, or wisely talk.

Ne'er shall genius, in alliance
With true taste, compose his strain;
Ne'er another art or science
Shall he studiously attain.

To acquire ennobling knowledge,
And pure truth, was all his boast;
Hence, intensely task'd at college,
Prizes gaining health he lost.

Hood's no more! now kinsmen mourn him
In distress that mocks relief,
While ye to the dust return him,
Who of all his kin was chief.

Friends he lov'd! with tears fast flowing,
Mourn your comrade kind and just:
His was goodness, purely glowing,
His was truth that kept its trust.

Brethren! say, your love displaying,
"Bright was he we've lost, alas!"
Honour to his virtues paying,
Raise your hands and round him pass.

Mourn your fav'rite, faithful maiden!
He was fond, as you are fair:
Lovely as the pair in Eden,
In their innocence, ye were.

Erin kind! in wild affliction,
Wake your winds his dirge to sound;
Never dastard dereliction
Of his love to you was found.

Cease the plaint; he knows full rightly,
What on earth none need inquire,
Why, when train'd to shine so brightly,
Fate extinguish'd Nature's fire.

Hood's no more! In all the vernal
Bloom of life Death nipp'd his leaves;
Yet he basks in bliss eternal,
Mindful still of him who grieves!

---

**BALLYCARRY.**

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My native village! many a lay
Have scenes less lovely claim'd from me;
How could I ev'ry hour survey
Thy sweets, so priz'd, and silent be?
Happy thy tribes! while Fortune's tides
Fast-ebbing, strand the sons of glory;
Our humbler life, unting'd by strife,
Glides smoothly on in Ballycarry.

---

Sublimity stalks on the hill
That shields thee from th' inclement gale;
And beauty smiles beside the rill,
Which intersects thy fertile vale.
Thy swains embrace, and bless the place—
If on some morn they strangely vary,
The world's bright eye is clos'd in joy,
While friendship sports in Ballycarry.

At yon old ruin, 'midst a throng
Whose lives, tho' low, from truth ne'er swerv'd,
Lie men once great, whose sword and tongue,
In camp and senate, Erin serv'd:
There thy rever'd forefathers heard
The first Dissenter dar'd to tarry
On Erin's plains, where men felt pain
For conscience sake, in Ballycarry.

How sweet to see the sons of grace,
Thy temple throng on Sabbath morn!
How sweet to see the infant race,
That, cherub-like, thy school adorn!
Let not the great, who rule the state,
Despise thee; their poor tributary;
The loom and wheel, both plied with zeal,
Raise rent, tax, tithe, in Ballycarry.
Much thou'llt improve.—The poor man's child
The Sunday-school shall blestly train;
Thy reading-club, the rustics wild
Shall join, and knowledge cheaply gain:
Thy tradesman's fund, ne'er proudly shunn'd,
Shall serve the sick, with prudence wary;
And thy fair mart, shall yield desert,
The premium earn'd in Ballycarry.

Yes, Hope now openes before my eyes
A vista to futurity;
I see bright domes in thee arise,
Where great, good men, shall live and die—
Yon towns sublime, that gild our clime,
Were once, like thee, unnam'd in story;
But worth divine has made them shine,
And shine she'll make thee, Ballycarry.

Eye that fine scene before you range,
Wild wand'rer! eye that scene, and say,
Will e'er migration's spirit strange
Entice thy steps from home to stray?
Stay! if pure peace thou wouldst embrace,
Peace here has not one adversary;
Should strife abhor'd unsheath the sword,
Stay! and contend for Ballycarry.

TOUSSAINT'S FAREWELL to ST. DOMINGO.

Farewell, my poor country! the chief of your legions
Fall'n far, far from glory, by dreadful mischance;
Foul treachery drags from these beautiful regions
A captive, to pine in some dungeon of France.
The heart-soothing voice of a friend or relation,
Shall charm me no more with their kind conversation;
No more shall I breathe an impassion'd oration
In front of the line, nor to vict'ry advance.

A wretched inheritance—sorrow and slav'ry,
I leave ye, my comrades: for you who remain,
Let private affection promote public brav'ry,—
While friends fall around ye, strike home for the slain!
Can ye look, without grief, on your land's devastation?
Can ye think, without rage, on your foe's usurpation?
Are ye men? are ye soldiers? and shall the great nation
Enslave this, our small one?—No! curs'd be her chain!

My brethren, we're sunk by unjust degradation,
Beneath the base brute, in the yoke of the cart;
Proud Christians, who boast of their civilization,
Go far beyond Pagans in cruelty’s art!
A slave, in a cage, they hung days more than seven,¹
Till the poor man’s flesh from his cheek-bones was riven,
And his eyes were scoop’d out by the wild fowls of heaven,
While famine and thirst gnaw’d his sad sickly heart.

Heav’n help the poor negroes! in times that were peaceful,
’Twas death to run off, and starvation to stay;
The dames swoon’d through toil, on whose shoulders, so graceful,
Their babes wail’d and broil’d in the hot vertic ray:
When war rose, ’twas worse; then our rude huts they fired;
On the point of the bayonet what thousands expired,
Or in boatfuls were drown’d.—O! if life be desired,
To arms, men of colour!—’tis death to delay!

Yet, since wrongs rouse the feelings, once more let me urge you,
To give unto all men, the treatment you’d gain;
Though tyranny’s satellites stab, shoot, and scourge you,
Make that no excuse to retaliate the pain.
In war, be as fierce as the dragons of fable;
Mild as doves, when the white man submits to the sable;
Whate’er clime or colour, the minds of the rabble
Are savage and rude; and of heroes, humane.

¹) Vide “The American Farmer.”
Honour's erring sons, a duel
Fight not, till affronts they get;
More mistaken, thrice more cruel;
Life you stake, to gain a bet:

Happy for the land, that mother
Nature, did not make you great!
Clowns who coolly crush each other,
Were they kings, would crush the state.

Sons of strife! since blood delights you,
Why not beast to beast oppose?
On! wild war's loud trump invites you,
Face your country's vengeful foes!

With the valiant who can class you?
Peace ye hate, but pain ye dread;
Boastless men would far surpass you,
If assail'd by steel or lead.

Image how you'd smile, at seeing
Two vile wasps a combat wage;
So might some superior being
Smile, to see you both engage.

How displeas'd the kind Creator,
Looking from his throne on high,

Sees the proud, poor gladiator,
Lavish life, though loth to die!

Missionaries 'mong the heathen
Surely will not there report,
That, at home, the Christians bathe in
Brethren's blood, for vulgar sport.

Far-fam'd Fox won't tell in story,
To disgrace his isle and age,
How two champions, grim and gory,
Charm'd an audience on the stage.

Sons of strife! though recreated
Thousands with your rounds have been,
Not one truly cultivated
Came to view the horrid scene.

Idlers rude as hordes that ravage
Conquer'd countries, form'd your ring;
But the sage will prove you're savage,
And the bard your shame will sing.
ODE

TO A BUTTERFLY ON WING IN WINTER.

Fair guileless guest! what wond'rous spell
Hath woke thee in the silent cell,
As from enchantment's night?
Nor vernal ray thy wing will warm,
Nor rose in bloom thy beauteous form
With fragrancy delight.

The drift rolls on, the tempest roars,
Each bird its shatter'd plumes deplores,
Can thine their course then keep?
Deucalion's dove was scarce more bold,
To leave the ark, while round her roll'd
The earth-o'erwhelming deep.

But much thy mis'ry and mischance,
The worth of pleasure will enhance,
When May-flow'rs scent the breeze;
Thy torpid race, in reptile shape,
That now adversity escape,
Peace then will little olease.

Thus, Fortitude's determin'd child
Comes forth to brave disasters wild;
From which base brethren hide:
Tho' care o'ercasts, tho' hardship pines;
And outrage storms, he soars and shines,
Unawed, though unallied.

Thus, on Imagination's wing,
The Muse's son can sky-ward spring,
And leave on earth inert,
Insensibility's rude race;
And in th' aerial fields of space
Finds scenes to soothe his heart.

And thus, as seers and sages trust,
The good deceas'd shall leave the dust
And darkness of the tomb;
With cherub wings their limbs bedeck,
And soar to bliss, while in the wreck
Of Nature, worlds consume.

Still sacred shalt thou find my cot;
For since misfortune was my lot,
I mercy can't forget;
Thee from the taper I'll withdraw,
Protect thee from grimalkin's claw,
And lurking spider's net.
And in the sweetly smiling spring,
No imp shall pluck thy burnish'd wing,
Nor close thy rushy cage;
From grove to glen, from mead to hill,
In peace and freedom thou'lt fulfil
Thy transient pilgrimage.

THE DYING AFRICAN.

......" Simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-capt hill, an humbler Heaven,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."—Pope.

Farewell life! before to-morrow's
Orient beam shall gild the plain,
Freed from all my pains and sorrows,
I'll defy fell slavery's chain:
Yes, ere then, this longing spirit,
That misfortune's pressure bends,
Shall once more my home inherit,
In the village of my friends.

Father fond, and faithful brothers,
Soon I'll join you—free and blest;
Soon I'll soothe you, best of mothers!
Who with war-tales fir'd my breast:
Soon the maid who priz'd my brav'ry
I'll attend, and share her smiles!—
Hence, fond Hope! perhaps proud slav'ry
Tasks them now in other isles.

If their wrongs, like mine, are over,
Freed by death from earthly ills,
With their shadowy band I'll hover
In the clouds that top our hills:
Hence I'll mark the hunter, bringing
Home the spoil he joyed to chase,
And hereafter hear him singing
Of the friends who freed his race.

Afric's friends are Albion's glory,
Fox, their chief, in death I bless;
He'll proclaim the negro's story,
He'll the negro's wrongs redress:
How he'll paint his toils and dangers,
Gory wounds, and gushing eye!
Fiends who flogg'd th' offenceless strangers,
Blushing deep—even they will sigh!
"Favour'd Britons, free from troubles,
Mourn the wretched"—thus he'll plead—
"Should rude pirates task your nobles,
And condemn your damns to bleed;
Should they sell your babes, and sunder
Plighted lovers, how you'd sigh?"—
"Keep the thieves from human plunder!"
Every village will reply.

Sire of white men and of sable!
Friend of all on every plain!
Though our foes be formidable,
May our friends the victory gain!
Avarice grim! my heart forgives you,
Justice comes to end your sway!—
Farewell life! the slave who leaves you,
Homeward gladly wings his way!

ADDRESS

TO NOAH DALWAY, OF BELLA-HILL, ESQ.

A self-taught bard, who toils his bread to gain,
But toils with pleasure, on a neighbor plain;
High-minded Dalway, thanks you for the praise
(Ill-earned, alas!) you gave his woodland lays.
He'd much, much rather one well-judging son
Of genuine taste, would read, and cry—"well done;"
Than want that single smile, and hear the crowd
Salute him as he pass'd with plaudits loud.

Think not encomiums now requests precede;
Nothing I crave, and little do I need;
I've health, content, and labour—mutual friends;
Health breeds content, and labour health amends.
Lone solitude makes all expenses slight,
And how the muse makes solitude delight!
I've learn'd to prize the lot I once decried,
Ere to be poor I reconcil'd my pride.
If proud men scorn my station, what's my care?
I sank not by misdeeds, Fate flung me there;
And, till I shame my life by some base deed,
I'll meet 'em unabash'd, tho' in my humblest weed.

Nor fame, nor fortune, I from verse expect,
Alike undone by beauty and defect;
My rude Scotch rhymes the tasteful justly slight,
The Scotch-tongued rustics scorn each nobler flight;
My mirthful strain makes saints their dull heads shake;
My moral measures can't amuse the rake;

D 2
Yet, if a child smile sweet, a poor man smart,
A female charm my breast, a friend depart;
Or a fine landscape meet my raptur'd views,
I'll ne'er, by silence, sin against the muse;
Of independence proud, I'll work and sing,
Poor as a poet, happy as a king.
O might my muse, when she essays to sing,
Above the dogg'rel vale exalt her wing!
Unsland'ring, uncomplaining, unconfin'd,
Her page the transcript of her vot'ry's mind;
And might a fond few call me, at my end,
A poor, but honest man, who lov'd his friend,
And serv'd him too—I'd, self-approved in heart,
Thank Heav'n for life and death, and peacefully depart.

Hear my warm wish (nor deem me insincere,
The good, in cot or castle, share the pray'r),
May a long life be yours, and its employ
To bless whoe'er you can, and feel their joy!
May she ne'er know distress, whose form and mind,
Nature made beautiful, and Art refin'd!
May the blest babes whom now you guide and guard
With all the joy of care, your love reward!
Be mild to please, and resolute to dare;
Intrepid as their sire, and as their mother fair!

SPEECH OF COLONEL JENNINGS,

On the approach of Monsieur Thurot.

Irish soldiers! at your station,
Guard these gates from subjugation;
Lo! the foes of Erin's nation
Come to shake our tow'rs sublime:
Never o'er the ocean pathless
Let them wander! lay them breathless:
Firmly fight for honour deathless,
Firmly fight to save your clime.

Sires and sons they shall not sunder,
Streets and fields they shall not plunder,
Blast their purpose, sons of thunder!
With these guns, that soon shall bray.
Carrickfergus, rock of ages!
Long has shone in storied pages;
Long shall shine, by bards and sages
Honour'd, for our deeds to-day.

From yon hamlets, hills, and meadows,
Self-arm'd swains shall haste to aid us;
Slav'ry's chain shall not degrade us,
They, like us, detest her chain:
Can the Gauls, when crush'd corps slumber,
Levying troops, keep up their number?
What remains but floating lumber
In yon ships, they ne'er shall gain?

They've, like birds of prey, alighted
On our shore, by spoil invited;
We've, like patriots pure, united
For our all, to fall or stand;
They are slaves to curs'd oppression;
Freedom's our insur'd possession;
Vengeance lours on their aggression;
Justice arms to aid our band.

Now they pass the Scottish quarter,
Fire for fire, anon, we'll barter;
Rallying round the precious charter
Of our rights, preserv'd entire.
For Dame Nature's loveliest daughter,
Erin green, prepare them slaughter:
Gaul shall grieve that false gales brought her
Hirelings hither—soldiers—fire!

Where lately swarms the fragrant hay-sward turn'd,
Beside the hedge, now swept away and burn'd,
Ingenious architects the village found,
See their saws glance, and hark, their hammers sound!
To aid the work the quarry lends its store,
The cliff its limestone, and its sand the shore,
The grove to aid it, groaning, yields its oaks,
Here sinks the base, and there the mansion smokes;
Th' admiring traveller pauses in amaze,
Marks the chang'd scene, and wonders if he strays.

O for a prophet's spirit! haply here
I hail some city in her natal year;
For many a city, spacious in extent,
Was at its rise but for a hamlet meant;
Will ever Order give to earth again
A Philadelphia purchased by a Penn?
Where this pale hay-cock loads the pond'rous cart,
Hereafter may arise her copious mart;
Beside yon thorn where red-breast chants at even,
Her fane may shine, and saints sing hymns to Heaven;
And farther westward, by her council plann'd,

Her house of alms and court of law may stand;

Come then! Improvement! free and unconfin'd,

Exalt the village, meliorate mankind!

Art's pride, how perishable! she may shine,

And spread for ages, yet at last decline.

See Rome imperial, once by wisdom made

The world's metropolis, in ruins laid;

See holy Salem, with her temple fall;

And Tyre the rich, divested of her all.

So may this village, long ere Nature's close,

Sink by degrees, as by degrees she rose:

Upon her site some swain may bare once more

The fragrant mead his sires possess'd before;

And on her street, by ev'ry foot forsak'd,

Once more a hedge-row may o'er-shade the brook.

O never, never! Knowledge, source of worth,

Preserves a people, she'll but end with earth.

Two great good men shall, e'er I die, have hurl'd

Base Ignorance from Erin and the world:

In Time's last ages, when from yonder Heav'n,

To generosity and genius giv'n,

Illustrious LANCASTER! thy shade shall van

Her full free school, improv'd upon thy plan;

And SMITH with thee from some contiguous cloud,

Shall mark the seminary he endow'd:

How will you joy, that by your wealth and lore,

Truth, science, wisdom, spread from shore to shore.

A CALL TO ERIN.

WHY, vain mortals! why unheedful,

Persevere we in our crimes;

When distresses, strangely dreadful,

Humble earth's afflicted climes?

Health and bread, by others wanted,

Erin bless'd, are yet thy lot;

Bread and health by Heav'n are granted,

Can the Donor be forgot?

Ne'er forget th' assembling legions,

Who, to fall, must march afar;

Ne'er forget the wretched regions,

Ravag'd seats of dreadful war.—

Riot swarms not in thy city,

Pestilence taints not thy gale;
Erin! free from pain, in pity,
   Sympathize with states that wail.

Here, the sword of battle flaming,
   Thins the ranks that sternly meet;
Earthquake, there, its victims claiming,
   Swallows many a tottering street:
Fleets, by sea, are tempest-driven;
   Fires on shore, of wealth make dust:
Turn from vice then, see how Heaven
   Spares thee, Erin! O, be just!

O'er thee too, affliction's phial,
   The destroying angel pour'd;
Search thy annals, equal trial
   Other ages ne'er endur'd:
Strife, want, sickness, in alliance,
   Fell triumv'rate! tortur'd thee.
Erin, say, was Wisdom's science
   Taught thee by Adversity?

Say, my land, what brought the troubles
   On the states, that fade like grass?
Was't not lux'ry in the nobles,
   And dissention 'mong the mass?
Be instructed by their story;
   Sects' and parties' rage restrain;

PART OF THE TENTH CHAPTER OF THE
APOCALYPSE VERSIFIED.

A mighty angel to the earth came down,
   Divinely bright, though in a cloudy robe;
A wreath of glory did his temples crown,
   Bright as the bow that gilds our oval globe.

His face was placid as the orient ray,
   And more majestic than the noon-tide beam;
The force of fire seems weak before his sway,
   And firm-bas'd brazen pillars, stubble seem.
His graceful hand contain'd the deep decrees,
    Momentous mandates of eternal birth!
His right foot rested on the troubled seas,
    And with the left he press'd the prostrate earth.

His voice was awful, when its notes were rais'd,
    As when a lion's furious rage is spread;
And seven successive thunders, when he ceas'd,
    Prolong'd the story, and responsive Bray'd.

And now, when silence follow'd, I prepar'd
    To write the wond'rous words to human-kind;
But Heav'n's bless'd voice forbade, "What thou hast heard,
    Vast myst'ries! seal in thy astonish'd mind."

With hand uprais'd, I heard him truly swear,
    By Him, who form'd the Heav'ns, and heav'nly forms,
Who bade the earth's revolving ball appear,
    And into life shape all its vital swarms:

By Him, who form'd the desolate abode
    Of wond'rous tribes, th' illimitable sea;
By uncreated, all-creating God,
    Time, transitory time, shall cease to be!

What time the last loud trump shall sound through space,
    Sin, death, and substance, shall no more be spar'd;
Myst'ry and fate shall be fulfill'd, and cease,
    As just Jehovah by his Bards declar'd.

**ELEGY,**

Composed at the Interment of a Shipwrecked Stranger.

Reckless rage impels the gale of ev'n,
    That sunk the Stranger in the surges proud;
And warping wild, descend the snows of Heav'n,
    Which, on the shore, around him form'd a shroud.

While, sad and slow, a charitable train,
    To his long home their fellow mortal take;
But no kind bosom feels th' afflicting pain
    That friendship, or affinity can wake.

With him, no parent in distraction parts,
    No drooping kinsman gives him to the dust;
No love-orn maid in silent sorrow smarts,
    No faithful friend proclaims him kind and just.
Ah! never more his safe return to hail,
The neighbouring swains a jubilee shall keep;
No evening group shall, wond'ring, hear his tale
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, in strife, and on the deep.

Perhaps, this hour, rang'd round his hearth, they tell
His deeds of worth, that absence more endears;
Or, gazing on the waves that darkly swell,
Forebode his fate—though hope allays their fears.

Oh! were they here, how bitterly they'd weep!—
But many a female heaves the sigh of care;
For he, perhaps, fought bravely on the deep,
To serve his country, and to shield her fair.

And wealth, perhaps, in foreign climes he caught,
To bless some maid, who looks for him in vain;
Tremendous waves roll o'er the wealth he brought,
And cold clay hides him on a distant plain.

The youths, whose bark the desolating wind
Bereft of masts, and all the leaks increas'd,
Adore the Providence, "severely kind."
That led them into danger, and releas'd.

And while they mark the grave with fond regard,
Rapt in deep thought, they trace the scenes he pass'd;

For fondly they whom hardship tried and spared,
Commis'rate him whom hardship overcast.

Oh! could he break the silence of the urn,
And paint his closing scene of sufferings wild,
The cold contemptuous heart, unused to mourn,
Would melt, and bleed for poor mischance's child.

Would he not say, "Unfriended and forlorn,
By famine and fatigue exhausted quite,
My shudd'ring frame, by boundless breakers borne,
Destruction swallow'd on that doleful night?"

These are the times that, with peculiar force,
Call on compassion—them who 'scap'd the war
Of dreadfull elements, the clarion hoarse
Of strife, more dreadful, threatens from afar.

And Erin's friends, call'd out her rights to save,
May march from home, and some no more return;
And Erin's foes ignobly find a grave,
Prepar'd by strangers, like the man we mourn.

Advent'rous victim of misfortune stern!
No stone shall to remembrance give thy name;
Your tragic tale your kindred ne'er shall learn,
Nor shall we hear the clime from whence you came.
Yet friendless wand'rers, hopeless of their home,
Their archetype shall from oblivion save:
Here shall they pause, as o'er the world they roam,
And long to rest, and share the stranger's grave.

**THE IRISH MINSTREL.**

"Care-composing Harp! my glory,
And my joy in ev'ry scene,
Wake! and praise the landscapes flow'ry,
And the worth of Erin green.

"Hail! my healthful, happy nation!
Land of peace and pleasure, hail!
Merchandize, and cultivation,
Store thy mart, and grace thy vale.

"Nature's care thy plains protecting,
Rivers, cliffs, and forests, forms;
Art her stable tow'r's erecting,
Shields thy cities from alarms.

"But Art's strength, and Nature's beauty,
Constitute thy humblest boast;

Men, inform'd in ev'ry duty,
Every right, exalt thy coast.

"Friends of truth, who have elected
Lib'ral sages, good and wise:
Well are they to power affected,
Though the public weal they prize.

"Legal bands, to crush disorders,
Pass thy circuits, south and north,
And return, convinc'd recorders
Of thy natives' honest worth.

"From the Baltic to the Nilus,
True when tried, they gain or fall;
They have ting'd Trafalgar's billows,
They have seal'd Video's wall.

"Milder sons, thy scenes of grandeur
Image well, in works of taste,
That shall shine, when ev'ry slander
Is forgot, that envy rais'd.

"Of thy nymphs, while Justice crowns one
With the wreath that Genius won,
In life's vale, Neglect yet frowns on
Many a friendless Owenson."
"Afluenoe, when ennobling Knowledge
Claims his foster's patronage,
Opes his hand, and bids the college
Rise, to train each future age.

"Presbyter, and prelate, slighting
All their ancient zeal and strife,
To reclaim thy poor uniting,
Purchase them the Book of Life.

"When, detracting from thy merit,
Rumour'd tales in senate spread,
Hark! how soon thy guardian spirit
Prompts thy sons thy cause to plead!

"Patriots pure, on whom reliance
Is well plac'd, augustly rise,
Proud to prove thy sons seek science,
Truth, and peace—divine allies!

"Wealth, as a remuneration,
My poor land, thou canst not yield
To the worthies, who thy nation
Dignify, direct, and shield.

"But thy honour, more desired,
Crowns the sons of civic sires,

Newport, and his peers unhired,
Friends to all thy sects, and shires.

"Heirs of glory! when reposing
In the shamrock-scented cell,
Future bards their worth disclosing,
Shall Milesian anthems swell.

"And through time—for future ages
Rise before my mind's rapt eye—
Erin's soldiers, and her sages,
With their sires, shall nobly vie."—

Thus an Irish Minstrel boldly
Rais'd his notes to circling swains:
None were there who heard him coldly;
All, like him, adore'd their plains.

ELEGIAE VERSES
TO MARIA OF THE COTTAGE.

"Heav'n grant me genius," cries th' aspiring swain,
"To gain distinction, and its trophies share:"
But did he know how fortune seeks to pain
Kind Nature's fav'rite, would he breathe the pray'r?

In yon small cottage, round whose site is heard
The voice of Joy, as Plenty fills her horn,
Maria woos the Muse without reward;
The brightest maiden, and the most forlorn.

To her the landscape ripens not its wealth;    
A type of peace the rose is not to her;
Nor will the laurel, whose unfading health
She shares no more, on her its crown confer.

No! Admiration of her roseate blooms
Lur'd not Injustice from her pages fair;
Nor yet does Pity now, when care consumes
Her friendless frame, bid Kindness ease her care.

Her polish'd essay, Reason prompts in vain;
In vain the flow'rs of Fancy gild her song;
The multitude that excellence disdain,
Express'd so nobly by her looks and tongue.—

Why hop'd thy heart, fond maid! to have receiv'd
Thy country's kindness? Taste retires with Peace—
What disappointments by the few are brav'd,
Who least deserve 'em!—when are thine to cease?

Though when Neglect will read, the cold thick mire
That clogs his heart, thy pow'rs may turn lukewarm,
The first gazette that tells of carnage dire,
Shall his rude taste more exquisitely charm.

Ignoble Envy, in his heart too proud
To slight applause, though too remiss to gain,
Shall ridicule, to turn th' uncandid crowd,
The valued verse he emulates in vain.

And Prejudice shall come prepar'd to blame
Poor Erin's poetess, whom well he knows;
But shouldst thou publish in a Briton's name,
His proud, mean hand, would gild that Briton's brows.

Fools meet more friendship. While the red-breast sweet
On leafless thorn sings sad, at close of day;
Invited homeward to a snug retreat,
The gabbling turkey waddles up the way.

Yet, as thy angel wafts thy shade from earth,
Thou'lt pause in air, and hear th' inconstant throng,
E'en idolize the unprotected worth,
Which, while they could reward, they join'd to wrong.

Then, public prints thy story shall proclaim,
Their correspondents shall thy dirges wail;
While, fashionable to allow thee fame,
From thee shall sots quote proverbs o'er their ale,
And toast thy name; but e'en before they part,
Some kindred mind may sit and make 'em sport;
What could convince a hard and vulgar heart,
That in a cottage worth might hold her court?

Yet, mild complainant! thy soft breast, that heaves
With deep distress, in time may feel repose:
Desponding Wolstonecroft from whelming waves,
And Williams from a cell, to eminence arose.

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THE FOUNDERED FARMER;
or,
THE FATE OF INTEMPERANCE.

O! had not Laurence lov'd too well
Enchanting pleasure, false as fair,
Long on the landscape where he fell,
He might have flourish'd, free from care.

The night in snow had wrapt the earth,
And lock'd the streams in icy chain;

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When, reeling from the house of mirth,
He stole from an inebriate train.

But never on another friend
His kind eye glanc'd a placid ray;
Nor did his long-look'd entrance end
His parent's care, who mourn'd his stay.

Ne'er did he softly lift the latch,
As his fond fair the bar drew by:
Expectant maid! in vain you watch,
For his return, who soon shall die!

Ah! when they heard the north wind lift
Its dreadful notes, how deep they groan'd!
And when they marked the stifling drift,
Despair, too justly, Hope dethron'd.

Yet, had wrong'd reason been his guide,
He might have kept the dang'rous way;
But through the moss he turned aside,
And perish'd in a pit of clay.

When rain th' appaling place had bar'd,
The hinds bore home his corse so white,
Before they cautiously prepared
His kindred for the shocking sight.

His mother swoon'd upon his bier,
And sick'ning, soon resign'd her life;
In silent grief—the most severe—
The father mourn'd his son and wife.
The maid, whose thoughts his absence tir'd,
(For she had nam'd their nuptial day,)
By chance was there, and phrenzy fir'd
Her soul, that sense no more will sway.
And his companions, pa in'd in heart,
Praise his lost worth, and fondly show
That social friendship, loth to part,
The folly caus'd that laid him low.
Ye slaves of wine! that guardian bless,
Who from mischance yet keeps you free;
See, how one hour of wild excess
May cause an age of misery!
How many of my countrymen,
Like him whose fall these numbers tell,
In rude Intemperance' haunted den,
Hear want, scorn, ruin, round them yell!
O my kind country! wise, as warm,
Prudence with pleasure still connect;
And, firmly resolute, reform
Your only national defect.

LINES
ON SEEING THE FIRST GRAVE MADE IN A NEW CHURCH-YARD.

When Abram's hand from strife repos'd,
And rear'd an altar to his God,
From common use his care inclos'd
A place of rest, and turn'd its sod.

So, at this fane, which on the heath,
By pious hands was lately rais'd,
These swains prepare the house of death,
To hold the friend they lov'd and prais'd.

The mould that on his corse they fling.
Was ne'er the dust of mortal man;
Nor turn'd before, the turf they bring
To shield his cell, since time began.

The angel of the gloomy grave
Ne'er droop'd his awful wing, to tend
The deep distress of sorrow's slave,
Lamenting here a fallen friend.
Yet, child of dust, who sleep'st alone,
The grave-yard's solitary guest,
Ere many moons have o'er thee flown,
A multitude shall round thee rest.

Though on these heaths Ambition wild
The maw of Slaughter never cloy'd;
Nor Luxury, malignly mild,
To poison feast's her friends decoy'd:

Though here false honour ne'er combin'd
Rash duellists in strife's red tide;
Nor vast misfortunes forc'd refin'd
And haughty hearts to suicide.

Yet wretched want, brought on by dearth,
And hardship, borne with grief of mind,
Shall prematurely wrap in earth
These poor men, from a world unkind.

What toil rais'd rheums shall rack each limb!
What colds in pleurisy shall end!
What cares each anxious eye bedim,
Ere clos'd by death, their only friend!

Yes, time shall bring the pastor bright
To mould here, with all his flock;

And unborn ages sink in night,
Ere dissolution Nature shock.

But when the guilty globe shall burn,
Its chaos Heav'n shall mould again,
And "righteousness and peace" return,
With man immortally to reign.

So, when the longliv'd phoenix ends
Her mortal flight, and mounts the pyre,
Pure from her plastic dust ascends
Her bless'd successor, form'd in fire.

TO A BENEVOLENT FRIEND.

Though the worth-slighting world no applause e'er should give,
Though the Father of All had not promis'd reward;
Yet the true friend of man would poor merit relieve,
That his breast might partake in the blessings he shar'd.

A lone dame by you freed from hardships and fears,
Once more holds her head high, of late bent with woe;
Could you hear her; my friend, as she smiles through
her tears,
Exultingly praise you, how would your heart glow!

Though pitiless pow'r has laid prostrate our land,
And made her a province that once was a realm;
And the patriot unkind, who on want shuts his hand,
Would oppress like a Pittite, if plac'd at the helm:

Yet, if brotherhood kind, for each other we'd feel,
And the bless'd son of plenty befriended the poor slave,
Oppression would wound but for kindness to heal,
Compassion would triumph, though rapine should rave.

E'en the base child of vice, in affliction extreme,
Has some claim on humanity—kind to the rude;
But a thousand times stronger the suppliants claim,
Who suffers for truth's sake—and this, Sir, you've shew'd.

But to labour I'm call'd; man of worth! fare thee well;
At my task, 'mong the swains, I'll your goodness commend,
And rejoicing at night in the "strength of the shell,"
I'll toast kind "Belfast," and "the poor widow's friend."

STANZAS
WRITTEN ON THE ISLE OF COPELAND.

"This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard,
Of fauns, of dryads, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames.—
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but the quick poetic sight escape."—Denham.

Hail, Copeland, wild as earthquake's wreck!
With joy I climb thy shelving side,
That seem'd from far a hoary speck
Emerging from the circling tide:
With joy I hear the nymphs, that hide
In echo's caves, resound my speech;
And see, by Nature's skill supplied
Smooth pavements round thy ramparts reach.

What fragments huge, at random cast,
Grotesquely great, bestrew thee round!
What ruins bend, that ev'ry blast
Seems sent to tumble to the ground!
Yet fertile grain-fields here abound,
And fragrant meads, and pastures bland;
For Nature with success has crown'd
The labours of the lamp-man's hand.

With winding steps, I slowly climb
Thy beacon, boast of Art's strong hand,
And from its pinnacle sublime,
With wonder gaze on sea and land:
Angel of light! here take thy stand,
And blestly brighten ev'ry ray,
To guide some bark's benighted band,
That else would perish, long ere day.

While far remov'd from men and guile,
I enter thus thy grotto grave,
With Shakespeare in 'Th' Enchanted Isle,'
I seem to muse in Prospero's cave.—
From such a summit Selkirk brave
Look'd out for sails from year to year,
And sigh'd for friends beyond the wave,
In solitude more sad than here:

For saints of yore might hither fly,
From persecution's iron rod,
And in thy cells sad requiems sigh
For martyrs slaughter'd for their God:

And patriot bands, whose bosoms glow'd
With freedom's holy flame, erewhile,
Might have made this their safe abode,
Escap'd from tyrants proud and vile.

And here some hermit once might dwell,
And truth's recipes seek and find;
Though fame no more points out his cell
Nor where he sleeps, in sea-weeds shrin'd.
His faithful dog would lick his kind
Cold, stiff'ning hand, and look, and groan;
And he would say—'Thou'rt left behind
To howl my dirge, and die alone.'

Heav'n's! for the prophet's eye who view'd
Strange visions rise on Patmos' shore,
That here in semblant solitude,
I might futurity explore;
And tell wrong'd Europe, drench'd in gore,
When Pride shall perish, Peace prevail,
And Right, to reign for evermore!—
But vain the pray'r, and hence we sail.

Farewell thy tow'r! that long in might
Immutable shall brave the blast!
Farewell thy cliffs and columns white,
That ivy-crown'd, seem statues vast!
Time stole away, and day is past,
But night is mild, though home be far;—
Yon hill's dark shades our creek o'ercast,
And Copeland guides us like a star.

THE IRISH COTTIER'S

DEATH AND BURIAL.

"Nurs'd in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred;
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field."—Burns.

Erin! my country! preciously adorn'd:
With every beauty, and with every worth,
Thy grievances through time shall not be scorn'd,
For powerful friends to plead thy cause step forth:
But more unblest, oppression, want, and dearth,
Did during life, distressfully attend.
The poor neglected native of thy North,
Whose fall I sing. He found no powerful friend,
'Till Death was sent by Heaven to bid his soul ascend.

The blameless Cottier, wha his youth had pass'd
In temperance, an' felt few pains when auld,
The prey o' pleurisy, lies low at last,
And aft his thoughts are by delirium thrall'd:
Yet while he raves, he prays in words weel wal'd,
An' mutters through his sleep o' truth an' right;
An' after pondering deep, the weans are tald
The readiest way he thinks they justly might
Support themsels thro' life, when he shall sink in night.

Wi' patient watchfu'ness, lasses an' lads,
Carefu' an' 'kin', surroun' his clean caff bed,
Ane to his lips the coolin' cordial ha'ds,
An' ane behin' supports his achin' head;
Some bin' the arm that lately has been bled,
An' some burn bricks his feet mair warm to mak;
If e'er he doze, how noiselessly they tread!
An' stap the lights to mak the bield be black,
An' aft the bedside lea, an' aft slip saftly back.

Rang'd roun' the hearth, where he presides nae mair,
'Th' inquirin' nybers mourn their sufferin' frien';
An' now an' then divert awa their care,
By tellin' tales to please some glaiket wean,
Wha's e'e soon fills whan told about the pain
Its sire endures, an' what his loss wad be;
An' much they say, but a', alas! in vain,
To soothe the mither, wha haff pleas'd could see
Her partner eas'd by death, though for his life she'd die.

And while they're provin' that his end is sure
By strange ill omens—to assuage his smart
The minister comes in, wha' to the poor,
Without a fee performs the doctor's part :
An' while wi' hope he soothes the suff'er's heart,
An' gies a cheap, safe recipe, they try
To quat braid Scotch, a task that foils their art ;
For while they join his converse, vain though shy,
They monie a lang learn'd word misca' an' misapply.

An' lo ! the sick man's dyin' words to 'tend,
Th' alarm'd auld circle gather roun', an' weep ;
Deceiv'd by hope, they thought till now he'd mend,
But he thought lang in death's embrace to sleep.
"Let ither's will," he says, "a golden heap,
I can but lea my blessin' an' advice—
Shield your poor mither, an' her counsel keep ;
An' you, my senior sons, that ay were wise,
Do for my late born babes, an' train them for the skies.

"Be honest an' obligin'; if ye thrive
Be meek ; an' firm whan crosses come your road ;
Should rude men wrang ye, to forgie them strive ;
An' gratefu' be for benefits bestow'd :


Scorn nae poor man wha bears oppression's load,
Nor meanly cringe for favours frae the proud;
In ae short sentence—serve baith man an' God.
Sae, whan your clay lies mould'rin' in a shroud,
Your saul shall soar to Heaven, an' care nae mair becloud."

His strength here fail'd, but still affection's e'e
Spak on ; a moment motionless he lay ;
Bade "Peace be wi' them!" turn'd his head a'wee,
And pass'd through death's dark vale without dism'ay.
The speechless widow watch'd the stiff'ning clay,
And shed some "nat'ral tears"—rack'd, yet resign'd;
To loud laments the orphan groupe gied way,
An' mourn'd, unfelt, the wants an' wrangs they'd find,
Flung friendless on the warl, that's seldom unco kind.

Come hither, sons of Plenty! an' relieve
The bonny bairns, for labour yet owre wee,
An' that mild matron, left in life's late eve,
Without a stay the ills o' age to dree :
Had I your walth, I hame wad tak wi' me
The lamb that's lookin' in my tear-wat face ;
An' that dejected dame should sit rent free
In some snug cot, that I wad hae the grace
To visit frequently, and bid her hardships cease.
They a' may walk in wisdom's Heaven-ward way,
Like him, the man o' worth, that's now a clod o' clay.

An' now a striplin', wi' becomin grace,
Han's the wauk-supper, in a riddle, roun'.

Hard bread, an' cheese, might nicest palates please,
Bought frae a huxter in the nyb'rin' town;
An' gi'es them gills a piece o' rum sae brown,
By polished sots wi' feign'd reluctance pried;

Though here an' there may sit a senseless loun,
The thoughtful class consider poor folks need,
An' only "kiss the cup," an' hardly ance break bread.

While thus they sit, the widow lifts the sheet,
To kiss the corps that worms will shortly gnaw;
Some argue Scripture—some play tricks—some greet;
Here they're asleep—an' there they slip awa'.

Folk wha lay list'n'g till the cock wad craw,
Now rise frae rest, an' come to sit a while;
Salute their frien's, and speer for their folk a',
An' to the fire step ben, frae which a file
O' warmer rustics rise, polite in simplest stile.

Syne wi' anither glass they hail day-light,
An' crack mair cruse o' bargains, farms, an' beasts;
Or han' tradition down, an' ither fright,
Wi' dreadful tales o' witches, elves, an' ghaists.
The sower lad, wha on his pension rests,
Tells how he fought, an' proudly bares his scur;
While unfledg'd gulls, just looking owre their nests,
Brag how they lately did their rivals daur,
Before their first sweethearts, an' dashed them i' the glaur.

An' while some lass, though on their cracks intent,
Turns to the light and sleekly seems to read,
The village sires, wha kent him lang, iament
The dear deceas'd, an' praise his life an' creed;
For if they crav'd his help in time o' need,
Or gied him trust, they prov'd him true an' kin';
"But he," they cry, "wha blames his word or deed,
Might say the sun, that now begins to shine,
Is rising i' the wast, where he'll at e'en decline."

Warn'd to the Cottier's burial, rich an' poor
Cam' at the hour, tho' win' an' rain beat sair;
An' monie met it at the distant moor,
An' duly, time-about, bore up the bier,
That four men shonther'd through the church-yard drear.
Twa youths knelt down, and humbly in the grave
Laid their blest father. Numbers shed a tear,
Hop'd for an end like his, and saftly strave
To calm his female frien's, wha dolefully did rave.

An' while the sexton earth'd his poor remains,
The circling crowd contemplatively stood,
An' mark'd the empty sculls, an' jointless banes,
That, cast at random, lay like cloven wood:
Some stept outbye, an' read the gravestanes rude,
That only tald the inmates' years an' names;
An' ither's, kneeling, stream'd a saut, saut flood,
On the dear dust that held their kinsfolks' frames—
Then, through the gate they a' pass'd to their diff'rent hames.

Erin! my country! while thy green sward gilds
The good man's grave, whose fall I strove to sing,
Ten thousand Cottiers, toiling on thy wilds,
Prize truth and right 'bove ev'ry earthly thing:
Full many a just man makes thy work-shops ring;
Full many a bright man strips thy meads to mow;
Closer in thy distress to thee they cling;
And though their fields scarce daily bread bestow,
Feel thrice more peace of mind, than those who crush them low.
LINES
ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The storm subsides, and Spring, thrice bless'd,
Gives peace to Nature's troubled breast;
Grace gilds the lawn, and joy and love
Awake the warblers in the grove.

The glen late gloomy smiles once more;
The lake now smooth reflects the shore;
The flood that rag'd now softly glides,
And curling mist the mountain hides.

The seeds-man loads his sheeted arm,
And stalks along the furrow'd farm;
Where Hope with prescient eye explores
Rich Autumn's all-sustaining stores.

And at the hour that intervenes
'Tween bless'd repose and busy scenes,
The sons of labour sport away
The cares and hardships of the day.

Some at the village square combin'd,
Form gambols in contention kind;
And some resume their Summer seat,
And talk of love and friendship sweet.

But while at home, we blestly prove
The sweets of friendship and of love,
Can we forget the sons of care,
Who vernal pleasures may not share?

How many in the dreary mine,
Where blissful sun-beams never shine,
Descend to drudge, and far from day,
Can scarce distinguish March from May!

How many pine in durance pent,
From rapt'rous scenes, to rueful, sent;
Or toil in solitude like slaves
Amid the wilderness of waves!

How many by ambition drawn
Far from the fold and flow'ry lawn,
With shudd'ring soul, see death combin'd
With desolation, crush mankind!

When Spring returns, 'tis not to hearts
That care o'ercasts, or sorrow smart.
What vernal influence can control
The Winter of the wretched soul?

But bear a little, suffering bands!
Till love and kindness reach the lands;
Till culture bids the desert smile,
And science grace the savage isle.

World-wasting War's destructive lore,
From sov'reigns, slaves shall learn no more:
Millenium dawns, distress shall cease,
And ev'ry Spring be bless'd with peace.

THE WANDERER.

VERSIFIED FROM AN ACCOUNT OF A LATE DREADFUL THUNDER-STORM.

When a fair friendless Wanderer press'd her sweet child
To her bosom—a fond faithful shield;
And gaz'd, with wild looks, on the slumber that smil'd,
As for safety she fled from the storm-beaten wild
To her cottage, that cold hardship chill'd.

When her cottage appear'd, from its roof the smoke spread,
Of the merciless flash-kindled flame;
How she felt for her children, while over her head,
Roll'd Heav'n's loud artillery, awful and dread,
And its red arrows keen round her came!

"My babes—my sweet babes," she distractedly cried,
"The home where I rear'd you there falls;
Where, now, your poor desolate heads will you hide?
But, perhaps, strangely smitten, they're stretch'd side by side,
In its ruin'd and black roofless walls.

"Illustrious God! who now aw'st earth and Heav'n,
Though I perish, in Thee will I trust;
If the children are spar'd, whom to guide I have striv'n,
May they serve Thee, their Father, till life's latest ev'n,
And share the reward of the just!"
TO MISS OWENSON,
THE AUTHORESS OF THE WILD IRISH GIRL.

"In the Wild Irish Girl her spirit tries,
To bid our ancient fame and genius rise,
To guard with patriot zeal our sainted Isle,
Where Love and Beauty round the Graces smile."—Atkinson.

EIRN'S friend! and EIRN'S glory!
Manners-painting patriot fair,
Whilst thou tell'st th' affecting story,
Of thy country's worth and care;
I with fond and filial bosom
Hope, and surely not in vain,
That her shamrock yet may blossom,
And her harp resound again!

Firm thy brethren are in danger;
Friendly in the sportive throng;
Hospitable to the stranger,
Haughty to the son of wrong;
Fair thy sisters, yet, retiring
From the circles where they shin'd,
Wisely they're, like thee, acquiring
Excellence of heart and mind.

That some foreign men of letters
Have traduc'd them is not strange;
Few, whom prejudice once fetters,
Can their first opinion change;
But if sects, born in our nation,
On her natives slanders spread,
May the well-earn'd execution
Of their land light on their head!

Ne'er shall I, thro' bigot blindness,
My compatriot's virtues stain;
Far from home, I've proved their kindness
On my country's wildest plain:
To their language quite a stranger,
Looks of love their soul express'd,
While they shelter'd me from danger,
Trimm'd their fire, and shar'd their feast.

In the chapel of devotion,
Tho' they knew my diff'rent sect,
And in scenes of blythe commotion,
Me they met with kind respect;
Whether I with priest or peasant
Rang'd the banks of Foyle or Dee,
Social Love was omnipresent,
Friendship, and fraternity.
On our shores there may be wildness,
That mere force will ne'er remove:
Nothing but the voice of mildness,
Can engage the ear of love.
Clemency, in courteous greatness,
Soon might turbulence disarm;
As now Spring, with smiles of sweetness,
Stills the rage of Winter's storm.
Thou! whose mind-commanding pages
Serve thy state—in tragic strain,
Bid our chiefs of other ages,
For their country fall again;
And let some enamour'd earl,
In thy past'ral scenes complain,
That a sweet wild Irish girl,
Nobly true, prefers her swain.
Whether, Fancy's child! thou're straying
'Mong our poor, who scorn all crimes;
Or on grandeur, fast decaying,
Gaze, and think on ancient times;
May thy pure Milesian spirit,
Be sublim'd by ev'ry scene;
And thy genius, taste, and merit,
Find their meed in Erin green!!
THE READING SOCIETY.

The sun has set in smiles, and pensive eve
Sheds soft'ning dew-drops on the thirsty soil;
The slow-pac'd swains the cultur'd landscape leave,
And from their work-shop stalk the sons of toil.

My sweet associates, kind in thought and looks,
Who all my toils, and all my pastimes share;
Attend the reading circle with your books,
And sensibly converse away your care.

We'll briefly criticise the page that taught
Us worth or wit, and at the mental feast,
Transfusing copiously the stream of thought,
Revive its spirit, and improve its taste.

Howe'er in taste or understanding form'd,
We here are gratified in works of worth;
Whether with fiction or with truth we're charm'd,
Divinity or morals, sense or mirth.

Gibbon and Hume to history's friend record
The fall of ancient states, and rise of new;
Elab'rate Johnson gives the rustic bard
The Poets' Lives, whose works he here may view.

The vet'ran, Washington to vict'ry took,
May in his life renew each grand campaign;
The far-sail'd tar may lift thy Voyage, Cooke!
And circumnavigate the world again.—

But, hark! the question giv'n, we now commence
The kind debate, and he whose "lucky hit"
To silence awes some son of eloquence,
Is proud as Fox exulting over Pitt.

How fond of order, he who fills the chair!
How courteous and correct each humbler hind!
Not one will interrupt, insult, or swear—
True to the rules that all at entrance sign'd.

Ye sons of pow'r! how can ye say we err
By such pursuits, though us no gains they've brought:
Though toil supports us, why will ye infer,
That knowledge, therefore, can avail us nought?

Who are the men, that, summon'd to th' assize,
With cautious candour testify the truth?
They, who can noise and insolence despise,
To speak in crowds inur'd in early youth.

Who are the men who tempting bribes oppose,
When cringing candidates their suffrage court?
They who have nobly learn'd, from books like those,
To prize the rights you promise to support.

Fam'd Greece! whose valour yet in story shines,
And will through time, if worth can writing save,
Did not more feebley form th' intrepid lines,
That taste and love adorn'd her soldiers brave.

Nor was Helvetia, in whose cantons rude,
A wond'rous change by industry was wrought,
The easier by degen'rate Gaul subdu'd,
That her wrong'd peasants wisely read and thought.

Then, sons of pow'r! who've lately deign'd to make
The culture of the field your favour find;
Go on, in Heav'n's blest name, and undertake
A nobler task—the culture of your kind!

For us in humbler walks, we'll spend our time
In honest toil, or with a book and friend,
Still farther up the hill of knowledge climb,
And bless the hands that help us to ascend.

And should soul-trying strife command our sword,
Or sorrow crave our succour, soon you'll find,
Whether the slaves of ignorance abhor'd,
Or men of sense, have hearts more brave and kind.

ODÉ
FOR THE NEW YEAR.

While war and winter scourge the plains
That peace and spring were wont to cheer,
Uninjur'd Erin tunes her strains,
To hail another changeful year;
And hopes to end it free from fear,
The bloody flag for ever furl'd,
That grim oppression strives to rear;
Upon the ruins of the world!

Year after year, on ceaseless wing,
Approach us thus, and pass away;
A few, few more, will surely bring
Our generation to the clay:
My poor compeers, without dismay
Let's bear life's hardships, rest is near;
What matter, at the close of day,
Whether its noon was dark or clear!

Ye sons of pride, how can ye see
The ravages of chance and time.
Yet falsely place security
In wealth immense, and pow'r sublime?
Lo! at one stroke, an army's prime
In death lies prostrate! in one day
Proud Princes lose the invaded clime,
Where many an age their sires bore sway!

Whether dissension's hideous fiend
Shall greater plagues on man impose:
Or all the countries that contend
Th' eventful year in friendship close,
Man can't foresee; He only knows,
Who "Peace on earth" divinely will'd—
Father of mercy! end the woes
And wrongs with which the world is fill'd!

Whatever nations lose or gain,
How'er the scale of empire turn;
In private life, a suffering train,
On ev'ry shore, shall pine and mourn;
Many a firm friend shall fill the urn;
Many a false foe shall slander worth;
And storms may rage, and fires may burn,
As ev'ry year they've done on earth.

Should ills ensue, may friendship's tie
Be made more close by fortune's frown;

And sorrow-sharing sympathy
Make all the woes of man its own!
May justice hear the widow's moan,
Redress her wrongs, and prove her stay;
And goodness guide the orphan, thrown
On the wide world, in wisdom's way!

Ah! if the troublers of the times,
Who mischief perpetrate and plan,
Reclaim'd from follies, and from crimes,
Would live as man should live with man,
Want ne'er would make poor merit wan,
Nor wealth inflame proud insolence;
But angels' eyes would gladly scan
Messiah's reign indeed commence.

While war and winter scourge the plains,
That peace and spring were wont to cheer,
Uninjur'd Erin tunes her strains,
To hail another changeful year;
And hopes to end it free from fear,
The bloody flag for ever furl'd,
That grim oppression strives to rear,
Upon the ruins of the world!
FRIEND of Erin! when with strangers
You rejoice in pleasure's ring,
Think betimes what sudden dangers
From deceitfulness may spring:
When with foes, false peace pretending,
You partake the rich repast,
Think upon the bosom- rending
Massacre of Mullahmast.

In their breasts blest Mercy's angel
Then infus'd no dread of death;
From the friends, that ne'er shall meet them,
Onward moves the fatal file;
Fast their foes come forth to greet them,
With feign'd friendship in their smile.

In the bow'rs of dissipation
Night luxuriously past by;
Ev'ry pulse to the sensation
Of divine delight beat high;
When—O God!—the signal given,
Treach'ry's demons drew their darts,
That were mercilessly driven
Through four hundred noble hearts.

See the soldier, half omnific,
See the priest, his hallow'd guide,
See the student scientific;
Blend their life-blood, side by side:
See the great, whose Godlike honours
In remembrance still shall last,
Moores, and Denspises, and O'Connors,
Sacrific'd in Mullahmast.

Bloody Herod, barb'rous Pharaoh,
Infant blood who basely spilt,
Or Peruvia's scourge, Pizarro,
Would have shunn'd such savage guilt:
Surely, surely, if there's place in
Hell, more horrid than the rest,
Thou! false, fiend-like, loath'd assassin,
Over all deserv'st it best.

Mullahmast's accurs'd by Heaven,
Waste, and wither'd ev'ry pile;
Thence green shamrock's strangely driven;
There nought thrives but orange vile.
O'er wild worthless weeds, the cov'ring
Of the brave in one wide heap,
Vengeful sprites, through time, still hov'ring,
Their aerial vigils keep.

Erin brave! through all the ages
That compose thy book of fate,
Ne'er may hist'ry's tear-wet pages
Tale so horrible relate!
But from massacre and pillage,
May thy honour'd, injur'd clime,
Ev'ry field, and town, and village,
Be preserv'd by Heav'n sublime.

ELEGY,
WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

"There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot."—Goldsmith.

Yon bean-field, fragrant on the gale of eve,
Will now unpilfer'd all its treasure yield:
Nor from its fence will sportive spoiler heave
The honied mansion that the wild bees build.

For lo! there fragments o'er the alley nod,
Where erst the school-boys joy'd to bound their ball;
Fill'd are the nine-holes on the daisied sod,
And sunk the shed where females rang'd their stall.

In these waste walls, where echo's sportive sprite,
By clamour rous'd, ne'er mock'd a classic strain,
My rude coevals learn'd to read and write,
Concluded Gough, and went their bread to gain.
For ne'er to teach them elocution's grace,
Or grammar's art, their parents would agree:
"Our sires," they cried, "such trifles scorn'd to trace,
And in our race we'll ne'er their equals see,

"Our tasks were bounded by the Catechism,
The Youth's Companion, and the Holy Word,
Ere Manson's vain improvements rent a schism
In ancient systems, soon to be restor'd."

Yet shame not custom's dupes with prideful mirth,
Contemptuous pedagogue! th' insulted hind
May serve some single virtue, of more worth
Than all your knowledge, in th' Omniscient Mind.

Nor dare, rich dunce! to mock such tatter'd swarm,
As here are met; the starv'ling seen to stray
With slate in hand, and turf beneath his arm,
May shine the Franklin of a future day.

Alas! of groupes, whose hopes at life's fair dawn,
Foretold its noon no cloud would overcast,
How many scatter'd from this lonely lawn
Left numbers struggling with the cold rude blast!

On some, misconduct brought deserv'd distress;
Misfortune's evils others nobly spurn'd:

Here superstition gave them dreams to guess,
And their fierce zeal in ghostly warfare burn'd.

Light were their hearts, what time the rout rebell'd,
And fast the door against their despot clos'd;
Nor ended parley, while his pride withheld
One article by anarchy propos'd.

Then, sallying forth, as mendicants they sought
A pittance, on their annual banquet spent:
Some purchas'd groceries, some tea-cups brought,
And sparkling glasses quaff'd with merriment.

Oh! when the truants launch'd from yonder ford
Their pigmy vessel, proud to see her glide,
While others, near them, form'd the rushy sword,
And rushy cap, with gay green sedges tied;

Could then their guide, who Nature's bent observ'd,
Foresee, that those the winds would cast away,
These be ruin'd in the land they serv'd,
By dreadful strife, in Erin's evil day?

Now many a dame, whose son on distant coasts
Sails in some fleet, or roams a foreign land,
Brings each blurr'd scrawl he sent, and fondly boasts
That no night scholar wrote so fair a hand.
Nor can one sire these precious ruins pass
  Unmindful of the absent. "Here," he'll say,
  "My wand'rer wrestled, there outran the class,
  And yonder fought his friend—at home to-day."

Ye happier residents, whose home-felt joys
  Reach my rapt ear, resounding from yon cots,
If here you had not heard instruction's voice,
  How sadly different might have been your lots!

Scorn'd want, incur'd by competence abus'd,
  On low chicane might have relied for bread;
While barb'rous sports each tasteless mind amus'd,
  And boist'rous riots bruis'd each senseless head.

Then as you love your race, as you deride
  Disgrace and guilt, these lonely wrecks repair;
And there bid discipline young genius guide,
  To gain kind science, wisdom's daughter fair.

So Erin's poor, if friends for them "rebuild
  The old waste places," seats of lore and taste;
Reclaim'd and wise, shall dignify and shield
  Th' enfranchis'd fields their sloth and strife laid waste.

THE PATRIOT'S COMPLAINT;
A FREE VERSIFICATION OF THE 5TH CHAPTER OF
THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

Good God! for mercy's sake remove,
The scorn and sorrow that we prove;
Nor let curs'd aliens proudly share
Our fruitful fields, and cities fair.
The dame instructs her babes to mourn
Their sire, who ne'er shall home return,
And buys with gold, receiv'd with taunts,
The wood and water that she wants.

Stern persecution clasps her yoke,
If we the God of Truth invoke,
While slav'ry bids us labour hard,
Nor grants the rest that's toil's reward.
The Assyrian and Egyptian band
Have oft despoiled our drooping land;
Yet mid their ranks our youths are fain
To sell their service, bread to gain.

The son who no offence has done,
Must for his father's faults atone;
For none relieve the suff'ring band
From slaves in pow'r, who wrong the land;
The arm'd banditti to the wild
Bear off the bread for which we toil'd;
Hence ev'ry bosom fear pervades,
And ev'ry cheek through famine fades.

Th' abhorr'd invaders, proud and vile,
Did Judah's modest maids defile,
Beneath the tree, where, dragg'd to die,
The strangl'd noble wav'd on high!
The youth, whose valour aw'd his foes,
Grinds in a mill, and bears their blows;
The weeping infant on the road,
Sinks down beneath th' oppressive load.

No more the elders in the gate,
Give law and justice to the state;
No more their sons attune the lyre
To praise the virgins they admire:
In domes where pleasure danc'd at eve,
The sadden'd circles meet to grieve;
Our wreaths are wither'd—woe to all
The crimes that wrought our country's fall!

With trembling heart, and tear-dimm'd eye,
We see our realm in ruins lie;

E'en Zion mount, where beauty glow'd,
Is the wild fox's waste abode.
O God! who reign'dst ere time begun,
And will survive th' extinguish'd sun,
How long must our short span of life
Be plagued with servitude and strife?

When shall we rise? Will e'er thy pow'r
Our ancient eminence restore?
Oh! turn our hearts to truth and Thee
Thy practiced truths would set us free.
But vain the prayer; the sons retain
The crimes that were their fathers' bane;
Dost thou reject apostates vile,
And can we hope thy fav'ring smile?

THE MENDICANT'S FAR EWELL
TO HIS BENEFAC TORS.
Respectfully inscribed to the society for the employment and relief of the poor in the town of Belfast.

Warm-hearted friends, who never scorn'd to grant
Your kind attention to my tale of want,
Before my scrip and staff I cast away,
Ne'er to resume them on a future day,
Accept my fond farewell! and since your care
Concludes my sufferings, deign my joy to share.

Though, when misfortune, on my fated head
Descending, forc'd me from my peaceful shed,
No crest-fall'n convict, dragg'd to life's sad end,
Felt more from shame, still conscience was my friend;
But, tam'd by time, dependence easier grew,
And patience soothe'd my soul, when hope withdrew.
But when that tatter'd groupe gay striplings spurn'd,
Or when they err'd, how fast my fears return'd!
I saw them doom'd th' insulting world to roam,
But not ambitious to acquire a home,
Spring up, from school and chapel sever'd far,
Wild worthless weeds, the moral world to mar.
The life of sloth, my precept bade them slight,
(Though my example made that sloth delight)
I saw might lure them to the field of war,
And false desertion smuggle them from far.
To skulk round home—to swindle, steal, and rob,
Till their scorn'd deaths amus'd and aw'd the mob.
Such fell forebodings haunted e'en my sleep,
And overwhelm'd me when you've seen me weep.

But soon, with me, on life's applauded stage,
They'll act the parts that suit their strength and age.
Lo! like the grace of soul-supporting Heav'n,
In trial's hour compassionately giv'n,
To guide pure virtue, anxious not to stray,
But, wanting aid, too weak to keep the way;
Belfast's kind sons, who home to work recall
Th' obedient fugitives, o'erseeing all,
And all assisting, bid the humblest reach
The goal of competence, to which they stretch.
And ye, who proudly held the cot of care,
Resign'd compeers! your peace I well can share,
For well I knew your pains; the poor proud heart
To poor men only will its pains impart.
The kind old pair, who mourn'd their household's stay,
Forc'd to the tender's hold, through trade's decay,
If selfish were their woes, their tears might dry,
Their country's sons would well his place supply.
Oft have they told me, when I sought, and found
A spot beside them, on the cold hard ground,
While prone rain forc'd them from their bed's remains,
And their gray locks were shook through shatter'd panes.
Oft have they told me, they did not surmount
Such home-felt hardships on their own account;
But that they deem'd the loveliest of her line,
Their dutiful daughter, yet in pomp might shine;
And that some scorners might upbraiding say,
Her alms-fed parent in his out-house lay.
Nor shall the saint's bright cheek through famine fade,
Who dressed my girls' bruised feet, repair'd their plaid,
And taught them with her own to sing and read,
And wept, when prest to taste my scanty bread.
Ah! she'd have starved ere she one crumb had sought,
She was well born, high soul'd, and nobly taught;
Though fortune spurn'd her when she chose the swain,
Who mourns her mis'ries in the cells of Spain.

As some sweet dame, whose wayward child has long
Implor'd her beauteous breast, with lisping tongue,
Withholds th' alluring lymph, its fond desire,
And to her table bids its taste aspire:
So, parent-place! you wisely cease to grant
Direct relief, yet still supply our want.
Ne'er in thy suburbs, does the matron pale,
Like hen amid her brood, repine and wail;
No crutch-propt cripple, while his head he bares,
From fire and water shields thee with his pray'r's!
Nor apron'd idler, loth his wants to spread,
Inquires for work, and mutely waits for bread.
Th' admiring trav'ler, like the Hebrew bard,
Who just man begging never saw nor heard,
Shall boast, far hence, he pass'd thy streets, o'erjoy'd
To meet no pilgrim—all were well employ'd,

And well maintain'd, in an asylum fair,
Escap'd the woes of war that myriads share.

So, in the ark that Heav'n-taught Noah built,
Secur'd from suff'ring's, separate from guilt,
Kind mercy's favourites were lodg'd and fed,
While elemental strife the prostrate world o'erspread.

And now, may Heav'n—(alas! one tear must fall—
I'm ne'er returning!)—Heav'n preserve you all
The independence that was self-supplied
With alms, that sympathy does thus divide!
May freedom fire your sons! and O! should strife
Compel them for these plains to hazard life,
May mine, bold following, proud ambition blast!—
Heav'n! that this arm could shield thee, kind Belfast!

A LAMENT

FOR A BELOVED AND AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Eternal Sire! the gracious source
Of all the good I wont to know,
The solace that my soul implores,
From thee immediately must flow!
The saint who sooth'd my ev'ry care  
In seasons less severe than this,  
Of immortality the heir,  
Is basking in the bow'rs of bliss.

At yonder temple, wreck'd and waste,  
My sacred Mother rests in earth:  
Inert the heart that once was grac'd  
With every gem of female worth.

Divine good-nature, pleas'd though pin'd,  
Simplicity, that fear'd no guile,  
And charity, devoutly kind,  
Did in her breast serenely smile.

The poor man, weeping, marks the cot  
Where long her hand dispens'd his dole;  
The penitent points out the spot  
On which her voice reclaim'd his soul.

For while the virtues of her soul  
Increas'd through life, that ne'er knew crime,  
She reach'd as near perfection's goal  
As earth-born heart had pow'r to climb.

Yet, trusting all to love divine,  
She humbly said—"I surely see

Salvation shall to-day be mine,  
But not through merit found in me."

That hour you left me pain to prove,  
You best of parents, good and kind!  
Who felt as much maternal love  
As ever glow'd in human mind.

More than your own my weal you sought,  
More than your own you priz'd my frame;  
Your last faint grasp my fingers caught,  
Your last low breath pronounced my name.

Nor does one hour of any day  
Elapse without a sigh for thee;  
Time can't th' attachment wear away,  
Nor long and vast eternity.

And if (like thee, that awful ev'n,)  
O'er death I triumph at my end,  
How 'twill enhance the hope of Heav'n,  
That there I'll meet my first best friend!

There shine the great, the fam'd, the flow'r  
Of all who died since Adam's fall;  
Yet I will seek thine humble bow'r,  
And prize thy shade above them all!
Through life thy pattern I will mark,
Through death's dark vale thy steps I'll tread;
As Israel's host, o'er deserts dark,
By light from Heav'n were homeward led.

LINES
PRESENTED TO A GENTLEMAN BY THE AUTHOR,
WITH HIS OWN POEMS.

Wilt thou, A****, fair Freedom's friend!
Too wise to swerve, too firm to shake,
An Irish rustic's rhymes attend,
And spare their faults for Erin's sake!

Yes, good men's minds are lib'ral still;
My works thou wilt not disregard,
Though science did not guide the quill,
Nor ease and affluence bless the bard.

Blest knowledge early I admir'd,
But from her schools by fortune kept,
The little lore that I acquir'd
Was closely sought, while others slept.

Want was the inmate of my home,
And care beclouded Nature's fire;
The hand that daily plied the loom,
At ev'ning woke the woodland lyre.

Yet, was some precious volume nam'd,
I bought, or borrow'd, read, and thought;
Or was some swain for wisdom fam'd,
His hearth my frequent foot-steps sought.

So the geranium, small and dight,
Placed poorly in a shatter'd urn,
Does to the panes where shines the light,
Her pliant branches fondly turn.

THE ASSIZES.

"Where, where for safety shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?"—Young.

I sing the day important and renown'd,
When vice is sham'd, and worth with honour crown'd;
The sacred sage, in vestments grave and grand;
The heart-search'd evidence, the pleading band;
And wretch arraign'd, and tried, by twelve, his peers—
Vast theme! the muse surveys the task and fears.
O Thou! who soon shalt judge me, mighty Sire
Of law and justice, these my notes inspire!
Thou! whose kind hand inscrib’dst the rules of right
On man’s clear conscience, guide me in my flight!

See, from the cells, where long immur’d they lay,
Walk forth the felons, dazzled with the day;
The mingling hues of famine and of shame
Mark ev’ry cheek, and many a limb is lame;
The drooping dastards give their hopeless hearts
The artificial strength a glass imparts;
The unfledg’d felon trembles, prays, and kneels,
While callous culprits wonder that he feels.

Yet, while the firmest apathy would feign,
Their sad, wild looks, reflect their heart-felt pain.
Forbear, ye swains, to praise that frontless slave!
He’s only desp’rate, though ye think he’s brave:
Through magnanimity the brave appear
Compos’d and serious—and ye judge they fear.

But hark! the trumpet—if its notes dismay
The guilty now, how much on time’s last day!

Th’ approaching judge, and long attendant train,
Move on majestic, through an opening lane
Of silent peasants, pensive and sedate,
As if a seraph op’d the book of fate.
The pris’ner stands arraign’d, and quite forlorn,
Looks up for pity to his peers, now sworn.
Investigation through the long dark maze
Of circumstance, attempts his deeds to trace;
And equity, un warp’d, in wise suspense,
Attends the prosecution and defence.

Beware, deponents, let not base revenge,
Nor friendship’s zeal, your heart from candour change.
In common converse, all you say should flow
From sense and truth, but much, much more so now;
Now much, much more, when on your ev’ry breath
Hangs liberty or bondage, life or death.
Heav’n, how! I pity you! these limbs of law
Cross-question to ensnare, and scold to awe;
Then, if you err, how pridefully they grin!
Like fiends who mock the slave they prompt on to sin.

Now clowns must front the unabashed and proud,
Who scarce can muster breath to speak aloud;
Girls, who this morn blush’d bashfully to meet
The priest and squire, nor knew of men more great,
Stand in a presence wond'rously more high,
And needs must speak, though multitudes are by:
Each gesture's awkward, ev'ry word's to seek;
They must not hesitate, yet dare not speak;
The pris'ner's place they'd deem a blest relief;
So ill we estimate our gain and grief!

Yet some, self-taught in life's neglected vale,
With mild assurance tell their manly tale;
Firm is their mien, and pointed their replies,
Correct, yet artless; clear, and yet concise;
Alike in reason and in repartee—
But ill their language and their dress agree.
Th' admiring circles, whisp'ring, praise the clowns
Whom Nature favours so, while Fortune coldly frowns.

Not half so 'diff'rent in their form and face,
As dispositions, are th' examin'd race:
Sorely perplex'd, the sons of pity pause,
Though truth they prize, they dread the pain 'twill cause;
If they speak on, the slave must meet the stroke;
If they prevaricate, their oath is broke;
Greatly erroneous, though they scorn the knave,
They're perjur'd piously, his worthless life to save.

But mark that foe of life! With heart of steel,
He shames the cause of justice by his zeal;

Though truth he speak, 'tis malice prompts his tongue,
Which "right, too rigid, hardens into wrong."
Oft he to Heav'n appeals, and conscience both,
And swears in vain, though on his awful oath!
Precisely walks the self-same ground anew,
Nor quits the chase till death is full in view.
—So, bent on blood, the spider scorns to spare
The friendless fly his tempting toils ensnare;
From his dark cave he darts upon his prey,
Feasts on her gore, and grimy stalks away!

Meanwhile, around the table, quite besieg'd,
Rows lean on rows, obliging and oblig'd;
Th' o'er-loaded clown to keep his patience tries,
Taught patience by the clown on whom he lies;
But still the lowest, as in suff'ren'g states,
Think they bear all, and most lament their fates:
Th' unnumber'd shoals that for some whale make way,
Accuse not corpulence so much as they;
Nor are the birds of passage closer prest,
When each kind wing supports its followers breast,
As close-allied, o'er boundless seas they steer,
And the tir'd front exchanges with the rear.

When clos'd the evidence, uprising grand,
The friend of mercy lifts his graceful hand,
Backward he traces actions, and intents, 
Now recapitulates, and now comments; 
Where prosecution seem'd th' effect of spite, 
Or ill told truth was veil'd in mystery's night; 
Where contradiction its own purpose marr'd, 
Or rash conjecture was for fact declar'd, 
He shows; then ceases; proud as war's young son 
Who boasts of vict'ry long before 'tis won.

Now on the other side, with clouded brow, 
And "with'ring look," up starts the culprit's foe; 
When the same story is by him rehears'd, 
In judgment's eye the medal stands revers'd; 
He wept o'er, seems now so much Hell's heir, 
We chide ourselves because we wish'd to spare, 
And scarce from smiting him restrain our hands; 
Compassionate or stern, as eloquence commands.

And now the judge (high Heav'n's vicegerent bright) 
To weigh the whole, brings forth the beam of right. 
In this nice scale, whatever the witness said, 
That might exculpate, candidly is laid; 
While that contains whatever his guilt might shew; 
And lo! he lifts the balance up to view: 
On mercy's side his looks most fondly dwell; 
But which preponderates leaves the twelve to tell.

Now comes the crisis! glory of the shire, 
And of society—life's lords, retire! 
Shut out the world, and let not partial pride 
In some dark chamber of your bosoms hide: 
"Good men and true" you're call'd, as such then act, 
Whether determining of law or fact. 
A jury! by the light that gilds the ball, 
Beneath its sacred stroke I'd rather fall, 
Than be to trial brought, in thee, my land! 
And owe existence to a martial band: 
So rich a gift, or so maturely plan'n'd, 
Fair freedom ne'er receiv'd from wisdom's hand. 
Its name in Rome or Athens ne'er was heard; 
For ancient order knew not such a guard. 
Encroaching pow'r its office may abuse, 
And wild licentiousness let faction loose; 
But truth and virtue, by a jury's care, 
May, safe from danger, all their efforts dare.

See! through the spikes what famish'd faces stare! 
Will you suspect me frantic, or unfair, 
If a few pence to cheer them I bestow? 
I'm no accomplice, though I mourn their woe. 
Had I, or e'en had you, like them been rear'd, 
Perhaps like them both you and I had err'd. 
The pledge of lust, whom no fond father bless'd, 
Imbibes ill-nature from his mother's breast;
He lisps the lie he knows his mother made,
And in her hand learns beggary as a trade;
When grown too tall to beg, what pain he proves,
Denied debauchery by the sloth he loves!
He scarce can spell the ribaldry he sings,
And scarce has cant to censure priests or kings;
When, scorning toil, though not too proud to steal,
He earns the shame his rude heart scarce can feel.

Ev'n the dire cell, with all its wants and woes,
Confirms the habitudes it should oppose:
There he's quite idle; and, to pass the time,
His heart premeditates a future crime:
There, each wish'd morn, his nasty lesson leaves,
And joins promiscuously his kindred knaves,
In their clos'd college, where professors old
To junior ruffians, guilt's dark arts unfold.
Yet, there might labour task and feed his foes,
And work-tools fill the hands oft clenched for blows;
And solitude, where wolves now league with wolves,
Bid sad reflection prompt to wise resolves:
Yet, there, warmth, cleanliness, and "holy light,"
Might mend the mind, give health, and charm the sight;
And Howard's shade glide gladly through each cell,
And then in Heav'n the blest amendment tell.

O thou, bright pow'r who favour'st Erin wild,
For whom few care! let not the untaught child
Be the fell omen of a youth in chains;
But send forth knowledge o'er her wide domains!
May discipline the rugged breast refine,
Where ignorance and error now combine;
And reason and religion well-allied,
Expel the fiends of prejudice and pride!
May Sunday-schools in ev'ry hamlet train
The poor man's babes, whose rest is now their bane;
And the soft embryo of the future age,
To worth be moulded by a teacher sage!
May rude intemperance, as in seasons past,
No more spend all, and stagger home—to fast.
With idleness, his inmate in the moor,
Who robs the mansion where he begg'd before!
May neat frugality preserve the wealth,
Gain'd by activity, the friend of health;
And sympathy link the gay, grov'ling crowd,
Poor, yet improvident; though servile, proud!
May wisdom say, "be still!" to passion's tide,
And law and justice ne'er again divide,
Till injur'd Erin on the pillars grand,
Of elegance and order, honourably stand!

But, lo! while Erin's weal thus wraps my thought,
A lovely female is to trial brought:
On her small neck loose flows her jetty hair,  
Sad is her eye though honour still reigns there;  
How sweetly dignified her face and form!  
And a sweet infant bends her taper arm.  
Ah! ne'er would hate have dar'd to call her thief,  
If the gay servant of a neighb'ring chief,  
Had not entic'd her into wedlock's band,  
Against her parents' positive command,  
Who both disown'd her; hence began her woes,  
For wild and worthless was the mate she chose;  
He squander'd all her industry could yield,  
And left, for ever, her he vow'd to shield;  
And while she mourn'd his loss, by love still bound,  
Yon cloak for which she's tried was in his wardrobe found.

And now, while strangers wonder as they gaze,  
That such a form could lodge a mind so base,  
And her acquaintance strenuously defend  
Her injur'd fame, and fear she'll find no friend;  
An upright lawyer, friendly though unfeed,  
And shrewd, though honest, thus is heard to plead;—

"Friend of integrity! sagacious sire!  
And faithful band, trustees of this great shire!  
Shall falsehood's vulture, void of shame and ruth,  
Chase to yon swelling breast the dove of truth?  

And can ye yield her up, the guiltless prey,  
Whose charms, e'en guilty, might your justice sway?  
The false and faithless shrew, who now, with bold  
And rude effrontery, her tale has told,  
To my sweet client long a hatred bore,  
Because a swain, whom with her ill-earned ore,  
And ample fields, she strove in vain to buy,  
PREFERRED the envied fair whom now you try;  
And swore, in private, on the nuptial night,  
That on her rival infamy should light.  
E'en on the eve that worthless weed was lost,  
Her thoughtless child was overheard to boast,  
That now its mother had undone her foe—

These facts, on oath, the evidence will show."

The Pastor of a people now at rest,  
And of their sons, (by sons and fathers blest,)  
In sacerdotal vestments, simply sage,  
With primitive decorum, mounts the stage.—  
"I know her well; this hand, that would her guard,  
To her both sacraments devoutly shar'd.  
While bless'd with wealth, she was poor merit's friend;  
When want ensued, her spirit scorn'd to bend:  
Nor know I one of all the tribes I've taught,  
Who liv'd more strictly as a Christian ought.  
Her foe still hated her."—A painful pause  
Implies the rest, and humbly he withdraws.
The jury, who, with scrupulous regard,  
The evidence and testimonial heard,  
Pronounce'd her guiltless, while their box they kept—  
Her eye look'd up, and thanked them all, and wept.  
While her chang'd cheek fast fading colours dy'd,  
She kiss'd her sleeping child, half smil'd, and sadly sigh'd.

O! for some artist's imitative hand,  
That might pourtray the poor, aw'd, anxious band,  
Who stand aghast on Fate's immediate brink,  
And the next moment must escape or sink!  
Disorder'd doubt, glad hope, and gloomy dread,  
Pervade the bar, as ev'ry verdict's read:  
The guilty fear, nay feel, th' impending doom;  
Th' emancipated hearts that long for home,  
Embrace the suf'fers whom they leave behind,  
Then, in the street, whatever friend they find.  
So when a cage is broke, the red-breast springs  
To his own hedges, meets his mates, and sings.  
Much yet remains.—A poor fall'n man must now  
Pass sentence on his fellows, fall'n more low.  
While their rude hearts share exquisite distress,  
His, firm, but not unfeeling, shares no less;  
And the shock'd audience sees, with scorn and awe,  
The prosecutors, half asham'd, withdraw.—  
As when a sportsman from some thorny brake  
Fires at the fowl, on Larne's affrighted lake,
His death may ev’n endear him to the swarms,  
’Twas meant to terrify, but inly charms.  
Ev’n order’s friend oft frees offenders small,  
Afraid to prosecute, lest life should fall;  
And conscious law, that hangs a paltry sot,  
Gives mightier wrongs, thrice o’er, than those it got.  
Why then—(nor falsely think the poor, proud bard,  
Would deign to do you wrong, by trash ensnar’d,)  
Why then, profuse of life, drag forth to bleed  
The piltring sot, perhaps impell’d by need,  
With the fell fiend who joy’d when blood was spilt,  
’T’he harden’d, the habitual slave of guilt?  
Little these slaves, of late so hardy, knew  
Their hearts were “desp’rate and deceitful” too:  
Some on the bottom of their grated cage  
Fall down and howl, while others round it rage;  
Some, blindly zealous, blame their faults on fate,  
And doubt no more, but dread a future state;  
And some look up, revengeful, and desire  
Judge, jury, evidence, in endless fire.  
Yet here repentance (how unlike mankind!)  
Saves the fall’n foes who scorn’d her while they shin’d  
She wafts their pray’rs to Nature’s gracious King,  
And brings their pardon on her drooping wing.

If thus the mass their shame and suf’rings mourn,  
Who, born in misery, are brought up in scorn;

What mightier pangs must wring the man of taste,  
Who hop’d for fame, though endlessly disgrac’d?  
His delicacy, once the source of sweets,  
But aggravates each insult that he meets;  
And his refinement makes the savage cell,  
And such society an earthly hell.  
Firm, polish’d Dodd, who shar’d a gloomy pile  
With vulgar vagrants, resolutely vile,  
Though on his rankled brow the muses’ wreath  
O’erspread the brand of guilt that bled beneath,  
Self-sham’d, though rev’renct, fainted when he heard  
Th’ award of death, that fools around him dar’d.

But, lo! the concourse leave the hall and court,  
Priest, peer, and peasant, to their homes resort:  
Before, the trumpet sounds in noble pride;  
Round judge and sheriff, spread a circle wide,  
And, rearward, many a handsome halberdier,  
Augments the pomp his cold heart scarce can share.  
Long on the bench may rev’rend sires prevail,  
Wise as e’en Bacon, and as just as Hale!  
Long at the bar may multitudes admire  
An Erskine’s knowledge, and a Curran’s fire!

Solemn the scene!—my soul, stand thou in awe,  
And ne’er for gain or gold infringe on law;
Nor act like those whom fear alone can bind,
Th' unmanly meanness in no code defin'd;
So shalt thou journey to the verge of life,
Devoid of shame, and, likely, free from strife;
And pass with honour, on the day of doom,
When all the cast and clear'd, to be re-tried shall come.

SONGS.

THE SANCTIFIED ISLE;

A SONG FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

As winter concludes the outrageous commotion
That ravag'd rude Nature, now sooth'd and serene;
As beauty returns to the bosom of ocean,
And skies become azure, and landscapes grow green;
So, emblem of Erin, the spirit of party
Recedes from her borders, with bigotry vile,
While thousands of patriots, inpeans thus heartly,
Salute Patrick's day, in the sanctified isle.

While peer and plebeian, while ev'ry gradation
Of rank, pow'r, and property, welcome the day,
In serving our land we're of one occupation,
Our badge is the shamrock, more blest than the bay.
The presbyter's hand to the priest here is giv'n,
Here all sects alike share the Protestant's smile;
Of all faiths, but one principle, Patrick, from heav'n,
Rejoic'd, sees his sons, in the sanctified isle.

The seaman who triumph'd on Baltic's ting'd billows,
The soldier who freed the relaps'd slaves of Spain,
See hundred rapt bard snatch their harps from the willows,
And welcome them home, with a national strain:
While here sits the vet'ran, with proud pleasure telling
His wond'rous exploits, we exult all the while;
And deeply we sigh, while, with rich goblets swelling,
We toast friends who fell for the sanctified isle.

See commerce, engag'd in auspicious alliance
With wealth-causing culture, our wants to defeat;
See genius gain glory by soul-raising science,
And care earn by industry competence sweet.
E'en foes fame thy valour, brave Erin! victorious
In breach, in forlorn-hope, and dreadful defile;
The world, for thy virtues, proclaims thee more glorious
Than states thrice more mighty—thou sanctified isle!

Then hail, honour'd isle! as at reason's beginning,
We vow'd thee the love that with life will not end;
What sot dare pronounce it political sinning,
To hope reformation thy rights will extend?
Till time his last round of duration shall measure,
May concord cement thy fair, firm social pile;
And thine own apostle, with plenty and pleasure,
Through life bless each friend of the sanctified islet.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Tune—"Langolee."

Our brethren approach, we'll move forward to meet them,
The banner unfurl and let mild music play;
Their ranks open wide, now with honour we'll greet them,
Whose emblems of office their orders array:
Beneath the high arch of the firmament spacious,
Let deacons distribute the love-feast so gracious;
And "health to the king, peace to Erin thrice precious,
And heav'n to the craft," let the brotherhood say.

At high twelve to the temple we walk in procession,
To hear virtue taught from the book of the law;
Here charity's sweets make a wond'rous impression
On kind cordial hearts, that grand wisdom must awe;
But hark! how our guide ends the best of orations!—
"Love the lodge, but much more, love all sects in all nations!
And may masonry's morals, in glorious gradations,
Refine isles as rude as the sun ever saw!"

'Tis done, and the visitors homeward now filing,
Salute each blythe band as it passes them by;
Each, decently mute, looks a fond farewell smiling,
While friendship in heart brightens joy in his eye:
Where a maid deigns to smile, how her lover's heart's glowing!
Where a danse meets her mate, what applause she's bestowing!
Each boy cries, "such vestments shall round me be flowing
If ripe years of manhood I reach ere I die."

Want's children, this day, by collections quite ample,
Gain'd sums that may serve them till dearth is no more;
What crowds curiosity lured to the temple,
Who seldom there hail'd Heav'n's builder before!
This day to the poor man's bruised bosom imparted
An hour's proud importance; on it the warm-hearted,
Fond genius of friendship her influence exerted,
And forc'd party spirit from blest Erin's shore.

How right are our rules! cast on earth's rudest region,
A mason finds friends though they know not this speech;
The pris'ner of war escapes the woes of his legion,
If fellowship's right hand he fitly can reach.
From Heav'n, men of Ulster! (who bounteously yielding
To sympathy's summons, are poor orphans shielding,) Shall mercy descend to the mansion you're building,
Where want she'll alleviate, and ignorance teach.

Then, prejudice cease! O, if o'er the wide world
Our pure rules were practised, what justice would be!
The flags of all tyrants for aye would be furled,
They'd call their slaves brethren and soon set them free;
"Peace on earth and good-will," would end war, man-
destroying,

The humblest alive, his whole heart's wish enjoying,
Would see the tam'd wolf with the playful lamb toying,
From under his rich vine, or fruitful fig-tree!

THE PRIEST'S ANTHEM.

Tune—"Plato's Advice."

Since rev'rend brothers just and good,
Who've, with a faith that will not fade,
The solemn covenant renew'd,
You oft before us Christians made:
Should not a vigil now be given
To serious song, and converse rare?
Shall souls sustain'd with food from Heav'n
Like worldly minds be crush'd with care?

'Tis not the red cross that we wear,
'Tis not the crosier that we wield,
Nor vestments white, nor mitres clear,
On which our bands distinction build.
But that with ev'ry fiend we war,
With God's support, and overcome;
Conducted by the cloudless star,
Of Hope divine to Heavenly home.

While Levites false, who tithe the earth,
And starve the flocks they vow'd to feed,
Are scorn'd, as people not in worth
Peculiar, but in pride and greed:
We hold the volume in our hands
Whose word was sent the heart to purge;
And practising its pure commands,
Adorn the doctrines that we urge.

The slaves of guilt, if wisdom's lamp
Their desp'rate state would let them see,
Might rise as from a dungeon damp,
To life; and peace, and liberty:
They'd soon withdraw, in holy haste,
From worthless brethren, sons of strife;
And at our altars richly feast,
And fondly quaff the streams of life.

Now part in peace; and may the band
Its glorified High Priest adore
In New Jerus'lem, that shall stand
When time's whole works shall be no more.
And O! with us, may all the lodge
Whom we're ordain'd to guide and guard,
Be blest by Heav'n's impartial judge,
With vict'ry's palm, a rich reward.

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THE CRAFTSMEN OF BALLYCARRY.
Tune—"Free and Accepted Mason."

Kind visiting stranger, who roams without danger
Through Erin, the land we love dearly;

Since you've passed the best judge that belongs to our lodge,
You're a worthy, and welcome sincerely.
Your health and your number, shall wake echo's slumber,
Nor shall you sleep long while you tarry,
For the rafters shall ring, with a song that we'll sing,
On the craftsman of sweet Ballycarry.

The coin that our labour brings in from our neighbour,
(Kind offices duly fulfilling.)
In moments of leisure, though temp'rate, with pleasure,
We socially sport off a shilling.

If some pilgrim old should his hardships unfold,
With a glass and a guinea we'll cheer him;
And the child unprotected, if to us directed,
We'll bless brother's orphan, and rear him.

Though blund'rs from Babel, an ignorant rabble,
Oppose us with raging and violence,
Removing their blindness, to brotherly kindness,
Our conduct shall shame them to silence.

Mayn't our maxims be good, though some false brethren rude
Break through laws they profess to put faith in?
For the multitude found by the Christian creed bound,
Live far worse than Jew, Turk, or Heathen.
Were our myst'ry declar'd, the most proud would knock hard
At our door, and implore to be aided,
For Fox's great heart, kneeling down, kiss'd our art,
And our arch mighty Nelson o'ershaded.

Since the brave and the wise would our order despise,
If it stood on a sandy foundation;
The warrant and shield make encampments well fill'd,
With fidelity, peace, and compassion.

We'll join in a ring, the craft and the King
We'll honour with bumpers o'erflowing,
May the Grand Lodge of worth, the Pole-star of the North,
From its pure light never cease glowing!

While our Templars range through lands native and strange,
Adversity's storms may they weather;
May Masonry's dove o'er the universe move,
And ne'er of her wing lose a feather.

---

THE IRISHMAN.

Tune—"Vive la."

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;

Well then may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which Nature formed so fair!
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide—
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared;—
Fitter to practise than to plan,
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee:
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he should your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Tempt him with bribes, he will not fail;
Try him in fire, you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety; let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
  'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Erin, loved land! from age to age,
  Be thou more great, more fam'd and free!
May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
  Defensive war, cheap victory!
May plenty flow in every field;
  With gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild,
  The breast of every Irishman!