SIMPLE POEMS,
ON A FEW SUBJECTS.

BY SAMUEL THOMSON.

"He loved the muse, for she was Virtue's friend."

Belfast:
PRINTED BY SMYTH AND LYONS.
High-street,
1806.
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT TEMPLETOWN,
this little volume is,
with much diffidence humbly inscribed,
as a small testimony of the sincerest gratitude,
and truest esteem,
of his LORDSHIP'S most devoted,
humble servant,
SAMUEL THOMSON.
PREFACE.

If the taste or morals of the rustic reader, (for rustic readers I only expect) be any way hurt or offended by the perusal of the following trifles, he may rest assured it is what I never intended. If the classical gentleman, accidentally honour me with a peep, and consequently be disgusted, all I have to say for myself is, 'Sir, I sincerely ask your pardon; I did not intend it.' To give offence to no one, and in the smallest degree to contribute to the innocent amusement of the cottage fire-side, in the hour of relaxation from toil, is the summit of my ambition; and if I succeed, I am perfectly satisfied—I ask no more.
POEMS, &c.

SONNET TO MY FLUTE.

Sure thou, my Flute, art of the doleful yew,
And by the border of some lover’s tomb,
Within the precincts of the church-yard’s gloom,
Apart from life, my dirgeful whistle grew.

The low-note murmuring of a broken heart,
The song of sorrow, in the evening grove,
And melancholious wail of hopeless love,
Are all the melody thou canst impart.

Although I take thee up as brisk and gay
As old Anacreon, merry bard of yore,
A two-part strain I scarcely can essay,
Till I’m as grave and solemn as fourscore.

Ye jocund bards, that laugh your way to fame,
Is this my whistle’s, or its owner’s blame?

17th February, 1800.
SONNET TO DAPHNIS;

On pulling a grey hair from my head, one day when he was cropping it.

Yes, Daphnis, 'tis a pile of snow,
Thou'rt summer fain would linger here;
Blown premature to let me know
That gloomy winter's reign is near.

Or has it been the hand of care,
Grappling for gladness to destroy,
That left the hoary trifle there
On grave of some departed joy?

Such silent monitors befriend,
And kindly anxious seem to say—
"Think, mortal, on thy latter end;
"Thy summer's fading fast away.

"But never on the grey locks frown,
"Be virtuous, they become thy crown."

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

Fair Queen I'm tipsy—let thy friendly ray
Conduct to Daphnis' door my wandering feet:
The Muse, all gratitude, shall thee repay
With rustic eulogy, in sonnet sweet.

Lo! in my pocket, I a bottle carry,
Which at Tom J—s—n's three shillings cost;
I bought it just to make my Daphnis merry,
But should I fall and break it—all is lost.

May honest Boreas every vapour sweep
From thy blue highway, to the west away,
And let thy yellow radiance sweetly sleep,
Along our vallies, till the break of day.

But lo' my Daphnis' bower appears in sight:—
Much thanks, fair Phoebe, and a kind good night.
A CONTRAST.

PHOEBE AND ROSIE.

HAD Phoebe Rosie's shape and features,
Added to her gentle mind,
She'd rise the first of lovely creatures,
Most accomplished of her kind.
Had Rosie Phoebe's mind and manner,
Added to her face alone;
Deformity might stare upon her,
And own itself in her outdone.

Rosie's handsome, but (oh! pity)
She's as stupid as a swine;
Phoebe's frightful, but she's witty,
Reads, thinks, and speaks like a divine.

Ye Bachelors that trip it snugly,
Say which of these you'd wish to win?
The one with outside dismal, ugly,
Or t'other all deformed within.

EPISTLE
TO MR. ÆNEAS LAMONT.

"Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound."

LAST night I was a little drunk,
And now I'm sitting by my spunk,
In thoughtful musing sort:
Here's neither wife nor wean—what then?
An inkstand, and a barren'd pen,
Which aft I use for sport.
With books at hand—a famous shift,
Ye ken, whan ane's no bisy,
Or whan the Muse is no in tift—
An' mine's a thoughtless hissey.
Aft lounging and whinging
At fortune's cauld neglect;
She frets me, and gets me
The million's disrespect.

'Twas lang ago, ere father Time,
Had left eternity's dread clime,
Where all things were projected.
The power that plann'd this mighty whole,
That gave unnumber'd worlds to roll
In space as he directed—
Gave Nature orders us to bring
Together on this stage,
And bade our souls congenial sing,
Thro' this our pilgrimage.
Attend now, my friend now,
For such I will you name,
Let's nourish, and cherish
The glowing, sacred flame.

Whate'er our lot, in place or name,
Let's ne'er accuse the mighty scheme,
By mortals understood not;
To criticise the ways of Heaven,
And rap at gates, where no key's given,
Ah! certainly we should not.
Enough for us that we are here,
And know the right from wrong;
With reason blest, our course to steer,
Life's blustering surge along;

Still watching, and catching
The fairest gale that blows;
We'll lurk at, and work at
To safety and repose.

And when we leave this house of clay,
With kindred dust and worms to stay,
Perhaps above the skies,
We'll meet again in happier spheres,
Far, far above terrestrial cares,
And warble forth our joys;
Where holy David sitteth sage,
Among the sainted quires;
And countless bards, of every age,
Enraptur'd strike their lyres:
Still hymning, and chyming,
In unison together;
Inspir'd all—just fir'd all,
In presence of their Father.

We often thought to Poets there,
The feeling few, a better share
Of happiness may fall,
Than to the goatish tribes of prose,
Whose sluggish blood half-stagnate flows,
If such get there at all;
Of this I'm sure, what would to some,—
To many thousands be,
The happy sphere—the heavenly home—
Would hell to you and me.
And woe, sir, to those, sir,
Who nought desire to know,
Save gathering, and tethering
Their hearts and souls below.

Ye worldlings who, like filthy frogs,
Toil, sprawl, and hop thro' Mammon's bogs,
I' the neighbourhood of Hell;—
Say, what would you wish Heaven to be—
What there desire to hear, feel, see?
Alas! ye cannot tell.

Great Heaven's a state of glorious bliss,
No love of gain goes there;
Your prostituted souls with this
Deform'd and jaundiced are.

In scheming, and dreaming,
Your fretting days are past;
And fuel for cruel
Remorse, you fall at last.

Behold, reverse of you indeed,
The simple poet tunes his reed,
Beneath his hawthorn shade,
Where thirst of wealth may never dare
His inoffensive pastime mar,
Or rural joys invade.

By meditation seated soft
On fancy's whirling car,
Elijah-like he mounts aloft,
And visits every star.

High towering, and scouring,
Through fields of waving bliss,
He grasps at, and clasps it
Evasive happiness.

Lamont, I'm often made to grieve,
And so are you, I'm led to b'lieve,
This world to behold,
How mankind vex, and spoil each other,
Even crucify their bosom brother,
And why all this?—for gold!
How few, alas! benevolent,
Have learned the art to please,
Or give a little to content,
The heart, that's ill at ease!
But bustling, and justling
Each other in a hurry;
Loud howling, and prowling,
The weaker ones to worry.

Oft musing, on a market-day
I sit me down upon the brae,
And watch the plodding train,
After the hood-wink'd goddess all,
With menial shift, and servile call,
Their weary sinews strain:
Hope, still before them, scuds apace,
Possession's far departed!
Oft disappointment mars the race,
And throws them where they started;

All vexing, perplexing,
From wave to wave they're tossed,
Till blasted, exhausted,
They sink, and all is lost!

The other day, a gaudy blade,
I did not ask, indeed, what trade,
Came here to see the bard;
A neighbour 'squir'd him to my door,
When out I sprung, unshav'd and poor,
"Simplicity's reward:"
He told me, he had read my rhymes,
They pleas'd him wondrous much;
And he had wish'd a thousand times,
To drink with me, or such:
He flattered me, and batter'd me,
With compliments so high,
So, to smock with him, and joke with him,
And drink, away went I.

Now set in Beattie's little room,
This buxom clerk and learned groom,
With rustic bard unshaved,
But soon I ween, I could remark,
All in the eye of ruddy Clerk.
   "How have we been deceiv'd."
Howe'er they soon remount their horse,
And off at Dublin trot;
Left me to ruminate and curse
My shabby, luckless lot;
But whiskey, so trisky,
That still a comfort brings,
I quaffed at, and laughed at,
The whole, from clowns to kings.

I asked you once, but you forgot,
To come and see me at my cot,
That stands by pastoral Lyle;
You were to bring Tom Kean along;
Perhaps you thought, and not far wrong,
It was not worth your while;
To sup on buttermilk and slugs,
And lie on chaffy hammock,

*B A kind of Potatoe.

Beneath our coarse-grain'd country rugs,
Would suit but ill your stomach.
In reek then, sic smeeek then,
O sir, 'twad be your dead!
Believe me, 'twad grieve me,
To ken ye got the weed.

My candle now draws near a close;
My rhyme is run to doggrel prose,
And sleep arrests my head:
Permit me now my pen to wipe,
And eke to fill my little pipe,
Then smoak, and go to bed.

While you the name Æneas wear,
May Trojan spirits warm ye;
And may your kind Lavinia's care,
Be ever how to charm ye;
Who smiling, beguiling
Your every care away,
Will clap you, and hap you
From every bitter fray.

*March 22d, 1801.
ADDRESS

TO THE SETTING SUN.

"While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

WHILE Nature from a thousand tuneful tongues
Exulting joyous, hymns the grateful lay,
To thee the inspirer of her wild-wood throngs,
For all the blessings of the by-gone day;
Accept, kind ruler of the day, from me,
A mite of gratitude among the rest,
For well I know we're all in debt to thee;
But what's our gratitude?—a mite at best!

Yet, Persian-like, to worship were a crime,
Of rank idolatry in face of light;
I only thank thee in a rustic rhyme,
And simply sing, O Sun! a kind good night.

The merry midges, in their thorny halls,
Attune their little pipes, and sport and play
Their sweet, amusing, fairy madrigals,
And still small dirges to departing day.

Behold the flowers of every scent and hue,
That gladly glow'd in thy meridian ray,
Resign'd, shut up, bow all their heads to you,
And sleep, expectant of another day.

O yes! another dawn will soon be here,
And thou'lt return with flaming glory bright,
To kiss from every flower the tender tear,
Wept for thy absence thro' the pensive night.

And yet how easy for that hand divine,
That plac'd thee there to quench thy living fire,
Make all thy twinkling subjects cease to shine,
And Nature from the universe retire.

Yet still we fondly hope another day,
To see thee rise, and watch thy going down:
'Tis thus we hope our heedless lives away,
Till death's dark evening on our prospects frown.

But now the hours thy crimson curtains close,
And silence swallows every warbler's lay;
The droning beetle warns us to repose,
And trust to Heaven for another day.
VERSES

Composed in the Hermitage of Greenmount, Sept. 3d, 1801.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. THOMSON.

"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees collected treasure sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet,
The still, small voice of gratitude."

GRAY.

Sweet Greenmount, hail! thy vernal name
Is music on my artless tongue;
This day from Crambo ave I came,
To greet thee with a simple song.

But chiefly to revisit thee,
My patroness, and generous friend,
And E——'s cherub face to see,
My course I here did hither bend.

Now in thy hermitage, apart,
I tune my rustic reed once more;
And, wondering, bless that head of art,
That plann'd the strange romantic bower.

Shenstonian fire thy bosom warm'd,
With all his Leasowes-sketching glow——
And to see this curious grotto form'd,
His genius hover'd down below.

Sure Heaven alone inspires the mind,
With every first-rate virtue fair;
To whom the Indian seas resign'd
Their coral beds, and beauties rare.

While other travellers but amuse
Us with a stale description cold;
Here we the Indies may peruse,
And half their curious things behold.*

Here art and nature kindly meet,
While elegance of taste refin'd,
Enjoys the mental banquet, sweet,
That dignifies the enlighten'd mind.

Here Innocence may sleep secure,
Poor exile, o'er the world driven;

* Alluding to the wonderful collection of Indian curiosities now at Greenmount.
And Piety, with fervour pure,
May waft her holy wish to heaven.

Delightful place! where I could long,
Did time allow me, lingering stay;
And musing, hum my artless song;
But something whispers, "come away."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Permit your bard, ere he depart,
To breathe one ardent, honest prayer,
Which flows spontaneous from the heart,
That Heaven can witness is sincere.

O Thou, from whom all bliss descends,
Smile on this thriving place, I pray,
Protect my patronizing friends,
And keep misfortune far away.

And, O! thou power omnipotent!
My namesake patron bless alway,
With health, and peace, and sweet content,
Till lengthened life's remotest day.

Now curious grot I'll take my leave
Of you, and home again repair,
To parent Lytle, and Crambo Cave,
And friends that wait my coming there.

There, ever as I'll stray in view
Of thee, kind Greenmount, I'll renew
My wishes for thy happiness,
And all thy generous inmates bless.

---

EPISTLE TO HAFIZ,

T. STOTT, ESQ. DROMORE.

While Health, heavenly goddess, smiles buxom and gay,
Shall we murmur that wealth comes not nigh?"  

MACNEILL.

Again cheerful Spring does our burnies unbind,
While Winter, grim tyrant, retreats with a roar,
In thousand delights now the poet may find,
All new, as he never had found them before.
Hark!—the woods utter forth a melodious voice,
And joy's yellow radiance plays over the plain;
The hills and the valleys do sing, and rejoice
In the sweet resurrection of nature again.

Long, long my dear Hafiz, I've wish'd as a friend,
To have your name put on the top of my list;
But diffident, lest I might chance to offend,
I still would the innocent impulse resist.

For a series of summers I've followed your muse,
From sonnet to sonnet, with kindred glee;
Would hum them, delighted, and re-reperuse:
Ah! Hafiz, thy harp is no stranger to me.

From the following fragment intended for you,
Sung a good while ago, it will plainly appear,
That I at the time, simple dreamer, scarce knew
But we had familiar been, many a year.

"I'm here yet, my friend, in the regions of day,
And a day of adversity 'tis to be sure;
To all my exertions stern Fortune says nay:
For fate has decreed that the bard must be poor.

Of sweet poesy, little, alas! I can boast,
As little I think I am fit to endure;
For certes, some guineas to me she has cost,
Yet I cannot lay on her the blame that I'm poor.

The tuneful propensity, reckless of care,
Regardless what weather to morrow may blow,
Thou goddess of nakedness, wretched and bare,
Are qualifications, sufficient, we know.

To Hafiz, however, this will not apply,
For I'm told he has plenty to eat, drink and wear,
A competence, long may he live to enjoy,
That pipes to Hibernia, so sweet and so clear.

Happiness follow, from shade unto shade,
But hitherto all my endeavours are vain;
Like a fairy, before me, disports the sweet maid,
Sometimes I lose sight, then I start her again.

Philosophy says, and we know it is true,
That enjoyments are frequently found in the chase,
Enough then, to keep the bright object in view,
That on earth still eludes us, and shuns our embrace.
So I daily keep chasing, as jocund and gay
As the blackbird, that whistles on April's bush,
And hopping misfortunes, that fall in my way,
I carrol content, as the light-hearted thrush.
Well pleased, if my Hafiz excuse me the while,
(Whose kind correspondence I long have desir'd)
And over this innocent rhapsody smile,
Which reading his beautiful poems inspired."
Thus, sir, you perceive, I have gotten it out,
Which this long time, till now, I did only intend;
You'll laugh, and imagine me crazy, no doubt,
No matter, I'm still your congenial friend.
March 22, 1802.

EPIGRAM.

Our mother Church, in days of old,
Had oaken caups and priests of gold;
But now, with sorrow be it spoken,
Her caups are gold, her priests are oaken.

WILLY's FAREWELL TO WHISKEY.

"Strong drink is raging, and doth make
The wisest man a fool,
And he that is deceit'd thereby,
Is just a senseless mule."
SOLOMON'S PROVERBS.

Whiskey, fare you well for ever,
Brandy, Rum, and Gin likewise;
Never more shall your sad fever,
Feed on my repenting sighs.

Never more, you may believe me,
Shall you turn my moon-struck brain,
Priests and Levites now forgive me,
I will ne'er be drunk again.

Too long, alas! I've prostituted
Parts, for other purpose given,
Than to babble, all imbruted,
Wickedly insulting Heaven.
Singin', rantin', roarin', swearin',
Frae gloaming's close, till breaking day;
Tholing vulgar blockheads' jeerin',
That kept sober, as they say.

A long farewell to Gib and Beattie,
M'Adam too, and kind Mc'Bride,
I'm now resolv'd henceforth to quit ye,
And for myself at home provide.

Ye hogs abhorring social riot,
Scandal-mongers he and she,
Now for goodness' sake lie quiet,
And let poor, fool drinkers be.

I own I oft, thro' human weakness,
Stept aside, and took my dram,
When, in spirit of Christian meekness,
You were ready still to damn.

I will neither curse nor ban ye,
Base, calumniating storks,
But as th' apostle said o' Sawney,
Lord reward ye for your works.

As for you, my hearty fellows,'
That adore the merry squeeze,
To all their filthy jargon callous,
Drink and sing as long's ye please.

Let Pharisees deride your reeling,
Poor, conceited, empty smash,
Yours is every generous feeling,
Truth, and every liberal wish.

If that I should chance to pass ye,
Gaily set — a jovial squad,
Never mind me, gladness bless ye,
Drinking puts me raving mad.

Howe'er, to make an affidavit,
Would be farther still astray,
My honest promise here you have it,
Keep or break it as I may.

Altho' I thus relinquish drinking,
Random splore, and social noise,
Don't let my old friends be thinking,
That I am without my joys.
Now when laverocks sing good-morrow,
To the sun, at early dawn,
Who, that health enjoys, can sorrow,
Wand’ring o’er the dewy lawn?

Catching every wild-wood rapture,
Floating on the balmy gale,
Reading his delightful chapter,
In the fragrant, daisied vale.

Joys are here, worth all their puncheons,
Joys, that blockheads cannot find;
So farewell whiskey, din and nonsense,—
Welcome health, and peace of mind.

April 30th, 1802.

A PERIPATIAE.

FORTUNE, I’ll nae mair ca’ thee bitch,
Base, hoodwink’d beldam, hag or witch,
Oude faith, thou’st lent me now a hitch,
To glad my heart,
And set me up amang the rich,
To play my part.

Nae mair I’ll mix wi’ duddy bykes,
O’ cotter snools ydelvin dykes;
But sing and rant as best belikes,
Wi’ fok’ in silk,
And scorn as dirt, the fool that fykes,
For meal and milk.

What tho’ to lear, I little claim,
I scarce can read or write my name,
Nor e’er was yet six miles frae hame,
Yet, what the matter;
He never drees a deal o’ blame,
That gold can clatter.
What signifies or worth or parts,
Their boasted sciences or arts!
If emmet-like, a fellow scarts,
Upon the earth,
He's just a gowk, 'tis gold my hearts,
Brings wit and worth.
'Tis gold keeps a' the world alive,
To war it mak's the sodger drive;
It gies auld maids, o' fifty-five,
The cheek o' youth;
And gars fause preachers aften rive,
And hide the truth.
The fact is plain to half-shut eyes,
However some their minds disguise;
The wealthy man all ranks do prize
As meritorious,
And equally the poor despise,
As base inglorious.
For instance, if ye chance to meet
A man o' genius on the street,
Book-learn'd, a scholar made complete,
Yet if he's duddy,
Wha deel will care ae head o' wheat
For sic a body.
While on the ither han', if chance
Bring up the veriest stupid dunce,
Clad a la mode, as he'll advance,
We crouchin' spirit,
The haflins blin', descry at ane
The man o' merit.
I hope my auld acquaintance see
The reverence that's now due to me;
To joke thegither, and mak' free,
As we were wont,
On equal terms—O sir, 'twad be
A sad affront.
Nae doubt they'll aim the spitefu' dart
O' rankling envy, at my heart;
And use malicious a' their art,
To scandalize me;
But this I don't regard a f—t, 
'Twill ne'er surprize me.

I taylor was, some blockhead says, 
Tho' now sae high my chin I raise; 
An' botched a charming suit' o' claes,
I made his dad,
Out on these lousy, early days, 
They put me mad.

O me, I never can endure, 
To see relations at my door, 
They're sic a ' sneakin' pack and poor,' 
They mak' me sconner; 
When now th' address is, to be sure, 
'An' please your honour.'

I'm sure my daddy does perplex me, 
My brither's visits sadly vex me, 
My mither too, wi' kindness racks me, 
Auld stinkin' smoaker; 
I often wish when she distracts me, 
The devil choak her.

O wad some tempest rise an' blaw, 
The halewar o' them clean awa, 
An' lare them deep, in Lapland snaw, 
Frac human sight;

Then I could caper, crousely craw, 
An' rant it right.

AN APRIL MORNING.

Now Winter sees that he must post away, 
And yield to Spring, the glory of the day; 
But rueful sighing, that he was so slack, 
He nightly sends his emissaries back; 
His shivering bullies who with icy chain, 
Bind infant beauty on her green domain; 
Her drooping flowers in coldrife bondage lay; 
But lo! great Sol again resumes his sway: 
Now all retreating on a gale of wind, 
They leave their plunder and their chains behind.
Cold manacles, which morning's rosy eye
Dissolves to pearly drops of glowing joy,
Unnumber'd, twinkling thro' the exulting vale,
That whispers gratitude on every gale;
The woodland warblers chant their sweetest lays,
And larks ascend to Heaven, with songs of praise.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Composed during a keen frost and driving snow, May 16, 1802.

"No genial warmth yet glads the grove,
And decks the lawn with vernal hues,
The birth of beauty, musick, love,
Cold's unpropitious power subdues."

STOTT.

O cease! sweet bird, the love-inspiring lay.
Thou seest the Heavens with wild disorder frown,
While raging Winter ruins old Queen May,
And rudely wraps her in December's gown.

That much amaz'd, kind voice of love, thou art,
Thy song confus'd, doth evidently show;

And half-resolving, from our land to part,
Thou wavering wand'rest thro' the falling snow.

Instead of May, her buds and blooming flowers,
That wont to garnish all our little vale,
We meet the rigour of December's showers,
Cold driving snow, keen frost, and pelting hail.

Do thou inform the swallow and the rial,
Ere they to other regions speed away,
That they must not divulge the rueful tale,
Of poor Hibernia having lost her May.

The tuneful mavis now sits sadly mute;
The frightened larks are driven to and fro;
Cold frost has silenced every warbler's flute,
And musick dies beneath the falling snow.

Who would not pity the industrious bee,
Compell'd to wander thro' the drift alone?
Numb'd and frost-bit on the frozen lee!
In search of flowers, alas! but findeth none.

Pursue, sweet bird, thy ever-pleasing strain,
But ah! the tempest ruffles thee full sore:
Say, didst thou ever, on our Northern plain,
Encounter such adversity before?

Yet oh! a little while prolong thy stay,
Behold, the smiling loves a flow'ry crown;
Prepare in secret, for their blooming May,
When she has cast away December's gown.

May 16, 1802.

GRATEFUL THANKS
FOR WINE AND MUSICK.

Humbly addressed to Miss E. T. Greenmount, a very amiable young Lady.

"Breathing rapture, musick charms,
Pure as angel virtues smiles,
She the rudest soul disarms,
And the melting heart beguiles."

TOWNSEND.

Let guilt no more on me attend,
Nor fear distract this breast of mine,
Sweet Innocence is now my friend,
And, smiling, gave me rosy wine.

Accompanied with such a strain,
As heavenly Handel had admir'd;
Made transport dance thro' every vein,
And all his tuneful bosom fir'd.

Henceforth thou art my Muse, sweet maid,
O beauteous seraph pardon me!—
My vows to thee shall all be paid,
And all my songs inspir'd by thee.

Fresh joys arise, a brighter glow,
Shall animate my every line;
While from my artless reed shall flow
Soul-soothing airs resembling thine.

And when with vicious, vulgar noise,
I'm tir'd, alas! as tir'd may be,
I'll steal me from their senseless joys,
T' indulge the pensive walk with thee.

The pensive walk, now doubly dear,
By hawthorn hedge, or purling stream,
Remov'd from bustling life's career,
T' enjoy apart, my golden dream.
To soothe my soul with cheerful lays,
Lone as I rove by brae and burn,
While dear rememb'red early days,
With all their scenes of bliss, return.

What though beneath the bitter blast
Of adverse fate, I sing and sigh,
And, shivering, eye the cold Nor-west,
Of fortune's scowling, angry sky.

What tho' I say, I'm left behind
Wealth's haughty minions, proud and vain,
With such a muse and friend conjoin'd,
'Twere impious, surely, to complain.

And should the cruel gale blow hard,
And strip my little sheltering tree;
Thy faithful friend, the rustic bard,
Will quit his hold and fly to thee.

O Heaven! my lovely cherub still,
Protect with your peculiar care;
And guard her from this world's ill,
But chiefly man's deluding snare.

And when to good old age she's come,
The mother of a happy race,
Let sister angels bear her home,
To mansions of eternal peace.

May 25, 1802.

TO ANNA.

My ANNA, why do I behold
That lovely form of thine decay?
Ah! why must I, so oft be told,
Thy auburn locks are wearing grey!

Thy Autumn hurries on apace,
And Winter comes; so bleak and bare;
Ah! must that once delightful face,
Be made the furrow'd field of care!

The cruel wrinkles now expel
The graces from thy brows divine,
While from thy mouth I'm griev'd to tell,
We hear of age, the dismal whine.
Not ev'n thy lips stern Time can spare,
Whence oft was snatch'd the balmy blessing;
But plants his hedge of whiskers there,
Which ruins all my Anna's kissing!
Yet what the matter—welcome twine
Thy old dry arms around my ribs;
By sweet affection thou art mine,
Thou know'st I never told thee fibs.
Improve thy heart with all thy care,
And daily pray to Heaven for grace;
Thou'llt find a fund of comforts there,
And never feel the wither'd face.

June 30, 1802.

TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O Thou! by parent Heaven ordain'd,
To watch him on the way,
Whose kindly care hath oft restrain'd
His steps, when far astray.
With grateful soul, to thee he sings,
Who dost him safely keep,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Awake and when asleep.
Throughout the maze of childhood, thou
His progress didst attend;
Arriv'd at age of manhood now,
Art still his truest friend.
Thro' adversity's cold gloom compell'd
His dreary road to grope;
Thy solace hath his murmurs quell'd,
And renovated hope.
When Satan's bait was near him popp'd,
And fond to take it he:
A tear of pity thou hast dropp'd,
And sigh'd to set him free.
How dost thou grieve with him to part,
And see him headstrong fly,
Falling a dupe to Belial's art,
In some deluding sty.
O would he henceforth wisdom woo!
And all his follies leave,
Giving thee nothing else to do,
But watch in Crambo Cave;
Much satisfaction then were thine,
While happiness sincere,
Would on his humble dwelling shine,
And crown his comforts here.
And lastly, when the hour does come,
In which he'll breathe his last,
Upon thy wings thou'lt waft him home,
To everlasting rest.

July 9, 1802.

SONNET.

Written on Monday, July the first, old stile, 1802,
being Templepatrick Fair-day, that year.

While half my neighbours now enjoy the fair,
And give their vacant hours to social mirth,
Here, left a prey to dark desponding care,
At home I muse me o'er the lonely hearth.

O how, just now, in Sam. M'Adam's room,
The gabble rises unconstrain'd and free;
Poor solitary soul, may I presume
That any there will waste a thought on me?

Perhaps some honest-hearted lad may say,
"Lothario likely, or ingenious Orr,*
What keeps the fellow from the fair to-day?
I know he dearly loves the random spore."

Thus some are kind, whilst others quite uncivil,
Could wish, alas! my Bardship at the devil.

*Mr. Orr, the Poet.
LINES

Scribbled on the blank leaf of a poem, entitled "THE FREQUENTED VILLAGE," written in professed contradiction to the justly celebrated DESERTED VILLAGE, of Goldsmith, by Anthony King, an Irish barrister.

I've seen the village, Anton dear,
That, Oliver lamented,
Had fallen a prey to ruin drear,
And also your's frequented.

For his, I solemnly declare,
Though on its street the grass grow,
I'd rather pause an hour there,
Than in your's, though bright as Glasgow.

Far, far from your's of empty show,
Sweet Poetry's departed:—
So his we'll call frequented now,
And your's the dull, deserted.

JOHN CRICKET.

JOHN CRICKET was a crafty clown,
An' monie a penny made
Amang the young folk, up and down,
By fortune-telling trade.

Upon a day, as chance wad haec't,
In nibour Hab's, the sinner
Would wide display the beuk o' fate,
Gin they'd gie him his dinner.

To gie his stots the mid-day hire,
Hab happen'd, hame to come,
He saw the prophet at the fire,
And stepping to the room;

A cricket on a table there,
Beneath a dish he whumell'd;
"Just now I'll trick this cunning spaer,"
Thus to himself he mumbled.
He cries on John, wi' angry look,
   An' syne the door secur'd,
An' drew frae out a cobweb neuk,
   A rusty Highland sword:

Now, quoth the farmer, 'at a word,
   "Tell what's beneath that dish,
Or with this guilt-avenging sword,
   "I'll gut you like a fish."

All round and round he ey'd the bowl,
   But naething could discover:
Then bawl'd out with despairing gowl,
   "Alas! poor Cricket's over."

Then Halbert belching out an oath,
   Upon the spaeman gazed,
Remov'd the dish at once, when both
   Were equally amazed.

LINES,

Composed on passing Greenmount.

At sight of thee, Greenmount, alas!
   My heart doth sigh and moan;
There whilom dwelt my patroness,
   But now she's dead and gone.

Thy shades how dull and dreary grown,
   Where gladness lov'd to stay:
And all the Loves and Graces flown,
   With Beauty far away.

Thy seats, thy walks, and blooming bowers,
   Where Taste, delighted, stray'd,
And smil'd amid a scene of flowers.
   Are now an empty shade.

The curious grot, where lately I,
   So happy tun'd my reed,
Doth now, alas! neglected lie,
   A hermitage indeed!
The cheery minstrel tribes of joy,  
That wak’d the smiling morn,  
From all thy green recesses fly  
To solitudes forlorn.

There sadly perch’d on brambles low,  
Unheard, and far unseen,  
Indulge in dirge of weary woe,  
For her that was their Queen.

Yet O, my fav’rite vernal mount,  
May Heaven thy gates defend,  
I’ll love thee long on her account,  
That was my Muse’s friend.

---

THE GLOAMING.  
A RAPSODY.

Again the gloaming’s balmy gloom  
Obscures the smiling face of things;  
The whispering Zephyr breathes perfume,  
And every grove with rapture rings.

Now maids and youth’s delighted rove,  
Thro’ calm retirement’s blissful scenes,  
O’erjoy’d exchanging vows of love,  
All happier far than kings and queens.

Ye golden great, on whirling wing,  
Borne high aloft beyond our view,  
Ye laugh to hear us say or sing,  
We here indeed look down on you.

Your gilded joys are all a cheat,  
Your happiness is not the thing;  
An empty, formal, rank deceit,  
That leaves behind a cruel sting.

Brown gloaming, thine are every sweet,  
The lowly cottage-roof-tree knows,  
Where Health, Content, Peace, Temperance meet  
To bless the inmates with repose.

Here far-remov’d beneath thy smile,  
In many a shade, grey-hooded even,  
The virtuous, simple sons of toil,  
A sweet communion hold with Heaven.
Unlike to our's, your gloaming falls,
Ye sons of cities, din and care;
Your's noise, confusion, plays and balls;
Our's the delight of praise and prayer.

How soft, from yonder lowly bower,
The solemn-sounding evening psalm,
Where pious saints confess the power
Of Gilead's soul-restoring balm.

Let proud St. Peter's raise her spires,
And Paul's her organs and her bells;
Devotion's far more sacred fires
Illume our cots and smoky cells.

Let others seek the blazing town,
Where fashion's giddy train appear,
Where happiness is oft run down,
And murder'd in the wild career.

Ah! still congenial to my heart,
The lowly cot, at closing day,
In lonely wilderness apart,
Where love and joy delighted stay.

Far distant from the broad highway,
And out of dissipation's view,
'Tis here, ye glittering great and gay,
The cottager looks down on you.

Yet there are such, O name it not
In Gath, nor spread the scandal far,
Who even in the tufted cot,
With Heaven wage the wicked war!

Yes there are such, and not a few,
Who even the Sabbath-day profane,
Whose guilty bosoms never knew
A thought, save wickedness and gain.

Propitious hour of heart-felt song,
Still grateful to the feeling few,
Ten thousand joys to thee belong,
Which living lumber never knew.

Congenial souls o'erjoy'd shall greet,
Thy ever friendly gloom with me,
While catching inspiration sweet,
And many a glowing thought from thee.
Reflection's sober-suited hour,
Still precious to the sons of song,
Whether kind Zephyrs cuff the bower,
Or wintry winds pipe loud and long.

Yes, even in the time of snow,
When wailing waters fight with frost,
When naked hedges hoary show,
And all their harmony is lost.

Yet still more pleasing in the Spring,
When beauty smiles on bank and bower,
To sit beneath thy silent wing,
And far beyond it waft my soul.

How tranquilizing too, thy gloom,
At close of Summer's busy day,
When clouds of fragrant rich perfume,
Roll o'er the dewy vales away.

And when grave Autumn's prospect yields,
A transport to th' exulting swain,
O'er woods embrowning, fading fields
Soul-soothing is thy pensive reign.

Thus every season, joys are thine,
Extatic transport, bosom bliss,
Surpassing far what verse of mine,
Or even language can express.

Now night from Eastern mountains comes;
Bright stars peep thro' the azure sky;
The drowsy beetle no more hums,
The bat is tir'd, and so am I.

THE THUMMING THUMIFIED FLUTE.

Assist me all ye opening throats,
From —— to ——,
As ignorant of tuneful notes,
In truth as my black horse.
Ye poultry join the general squeak,
Beaks smear'd with gutter gum,
And all your clamorous curses wreak
On curious, cunning Thumb.

For he it was that took in hand
The broken flute to cure,
But made it worse, we understand,
Than what it was before.
Far better had its owner took
And tied it with a thrum,
Than thus been pish'd on by a rook—
That selfish rook—Tom Thumb.

O had it in the fire been cast,
That woe-begotten day;
For Strephon's muse, at the first blast,
Took fright and fled away.
The woody minstrels as he'll stray
Along the hedges, come
And, perching round him, seem to say,
Our curse light on Tom Thumb.

How would it wring your heart to see
The fellow thus o'erthrown,

Sitting beneath the hawthorn tree,
In glen obscure, alone.
Thus every day he pines and seeks,
Of dinner scarce a crum,
Till pale and wan are grown his cheeks,
The blame is thine, Tom Thumb.

One day I with a nappy quart,
Did to his cave repair,
Quoth I, "Here's health for your sad heart;
Dismiss your grief and care."
Then lifting up his useless flute,
He wet it with the rum,
And puff'd, and puff'd but potstick mute!
At last, it growl'd, Tom Thumb.

No more, upon the evening breeze,
Its notes are borne away;
Still, murmuring, thro' the shadowy trees,
A soft farewell to-day:
Sweet echo in her airy grot,
May now sit silent glum,
Or if arous'd, in passion hot,
Perhaps she'll ban Tom Thumb.
The honey bees, in spiteful wrath,
    Sing hum along the lee;
All in contempt of him that hath
    Destroy'd our harmless glee;
The merry cuckoo, blithe and gay,
    Sits with amazement dumb,
To hear the ruin'd whistle play,
    And only play, Tom Thumb.
Delightless now, poor Bardie strays,
    Without a flute or song:
Indeed 'tis thought his tuneless days
    Cannot be very long;
And should he die of broken heart,
    As prophesy'd by some,
We'll blame this bastard son of art:
    Pretending, empty Thumb.

---

EPISTLE
TO MR. M'ILWAIN, OF THE GROVE;
The ingenious gentleman, who at last mended the Flute.

Accept this grateful, short epistle,
    Ingenious Mr. M'Ilwain;

---

You have repair'd the Poet's whistle,
    And set him all to rights again.
Again he tries his favourite airs,
    'Loch Erock side,' and 'Invermay,'
And breaks the heart of angry cares,
    With 'Owre the hills and far away.'
I am, sir, yours joyfully,
    'At wauking o' the fauld.'

STREPHON.

---

A SPARK OF PEACE TO EUGENIUS.
Occasioned by a strange difference, and the most insulting treat-
    ment, arising from the misrepresentation, envy, and
    malignity of others.

Not wild in wrath, but mild instead,
    Perhaps, indeed, thro' blindness,
I lay this live-coal on his head,
    To melt him down to kindness.

"Some sonnet 'tis you do suppose."
O yes, dear sir, it is a sonnet:
But wound your name in verse or prose,
    I never will, depend upon it.

The wrathful heart was never mine;
    I can forget, and all forgive;
Rather than scrawl the scornful line
    On you, may I first cease to live.

For if I have from friendship swerv'd,
    In word, or deed, or inmost thought,
I've got but what I well deserv'd,
    And you have us'd me as you ought.

While on the other hand, when ye
    Reflect on treatment rude and rash,
And know that truth exculpates me,
    Your conscience is the fittest lash.

Tho' friendship's band be cast away,
    Alas! already almost rotten,
The sweet remember'd, social day,
    By me shall never be forgotten.

Those happy days, when innocence
    And mutual glee inspir'd our songs;

While unsuspicious confidence
    Alike insur'd our hearts and tongues.

Such reverence we the memory show,
    Of dear-lov'd friends, now lowly laid;
Such sacred reverence still we owe
    Departed friendship's holy shade.

Yet there are such when friendship dies,
    Can all its silent shade bespatter,
With cruel venom-pointed lies;
    Which truth-insulting blockheads clatter.

But far be't from me to suppose
    That you will e'er such traitor be;
Tho' now enlisted with my foes,
    As damn yourself to murder me,

Compos'd of far, far other stuff,
    Your overflowing, generous breast;
The heart completely malice proof,
    And liberal soul you once possesst.

Farewell Eugenius, tho' to meet
    On earth again, be never given,
Our kindred souls in union sweet;
Will yet rejoice, I hope, in Heaven.

March 18, 1803.

POSTSCRIPT.

No more, dear sir, meet you and I,

"With grief, O be it spoken!"
Ah! must the once lov'd social tie,
Be thus for ever broken!

"O no,"—methinks, I hear you say,
"Tho' I have been so hot on't,
"We'll meet again, some happy day,
"And tie the ploughman's knot on't."

With all my heart, take up the ends,
And bind them fast together;
And let us be the best of friends.

This happily took place.

TO MR. T. B.

On my watch stopping in his hand, one day while he
was looking at it.

DEAR TOM,

Old father Time complains, I am told,
You must all your powers,
Of drouthy bullies, young and old,
To slay his harmless hours.

Therefore my watch denies to trace
A moment now for thee, Tom;
And plainly tells thee to thy face,
She won't informer be, Tom.

The dial, or the tell-tale clock,
That here an hour betray, man,
Must be proclaim'd—in pieces broke,
And cast abhorrid away, man.

So fairy minutes all in rows,
Skiff o'er your house unseen, Tom,
My watch, struck motionless, but shows
You where they once have been, Tom.
Behold each moment, day, week, year,
Return to him that sent them,
And those that have destroy'd them here,
Their ghosts will yet torment them.

Ah! far better would the thoughtless throng,
Make friends with all their minutes,
How sweetly then they'd dance along,
And sing to them like linnets.

April 20, 1803.

THE BEGGAR WIFE.

See how you weak, old woman drags
Along the way, her weary legs,
All bleeding, stung by cruel clogs:
Old, starving, poor,
Man's help-meet—yes, Eve's daughter begs
From door to door.

How doth it fill observing eyes
With tears, and feeling hearts with sighs!

To see her o'er her naked thighs,
The tatters throw!
Can she be happy?—ah! he lies,
Who answers—no.

What tho' she stray in misery's weeds,
A wandering thing, that no one heeds;
Her soul, perhaps, on manna feeds:
The still, small voice
May whisper peace—O meed of meeds!
And joy of joys!

Poor outcast, what about your name,
It matters not from whence you came;
So weary worn, half blind and lame!
O sad distress!
What bosom dare deny your claim!
What heart of brass!

Poor naked wretch, I pity thee,
And were I rich, as some I see,
Thy sheltered home on yonder lee,
I'd gladly raise,
Whose lowly roof should sacred be
To prayer and praise.
Proceed, lone wanderer on thy way,
The day is not a distant day,
That thy poor way-worn limbs will lay;
Their journey done;
To moulder in their parent clay,
"Forgot and gone."

July 15, 1803.

A COTTAGE FIRESIDE CANTO.

Humbly addressed to the Right Honourable John Henry Lord
Viscount Baron Templeton.

Come muse, and chant thy choicest lay,
The very best thou canst afford;
Now that the snakes are swept away,
To-morrow thou shalt see my Lord.*

Yes, once again that face we'll view,
In smiles of goodness ever drest:
The index of a heart as true,
As ever warm'd a human breast.

*Hearing that his Lordship was to be at Castle-Upton next day.

The steady aim that spurns controul,
Combin'd with every social grace:
Conspicuous dignity of soul,
We read when we behold his face.

Full long we pip'd and sung unheard,
Among these briery glens and braes,
But nought, save cold neglect appear'd,
Rude blockhead censure, blockhead praise.

At last his Lordship hereaway,
In lucky hour came riding round,
He smil'd to hear the roundelay,
And prais'd the wild-note whistle sound.

O Muse, you mind that gladsome day,
Soon as his Lordship did retire;
You trick'd your plumes, and flutter'd gay,
Light-brain'd, conceited, all on fire.

O'erjoy'd to find you on your feet,
That for some months lay dormant low,
I caught the infant whisper sweet,
"Come clothe in rhyme my grateful glow."
Sing out, tho' rude thy untaught strain,
His Lordship will forgive, as he,
Perhaps, o'er all his wide domain,
Possesses ne'er a bard but thee.

As from his ground at first you came,
And to it must in time return;
You certes, have the fairest claim,
A claim his Lordship will not spurn.

Erewhile thy woodbine 'mong the briers,
All helpless, low, unnotic'd lay;
But now a kind support appears,
Will bear it up to blossom gay.

So tend thy privilege with care,
Nor ever let thy wishes roam
Beyond thy humble rural sphere—
Supremely blest, content at home.

No restless impulse e'er can seize
Thy heart that is so happy here,
To leave thy long-lov'd native lees,
And parent Lyle, now doubly dear.

Above the cares that discompose,
And vex the terraefilial race,
Thy utmost wish be here to close
The evening of thy day in peace.

He promis'd thee a little cave,
He did indeed, and will bestow it,
Where thou may'st sweetly rhyme and rave,
And to some purpose play the poet.

Enraptur'd there I'll thee attend,
Beneath my Lord's protecting eye,
And all thy future days befriend,
With flowing songs of grateful joy."

No more—to creep, and beg the while,
Thank Heaven I'm not of soul so scant;
His Lordship's kind, approving smile,
Is all I wish—is all I want.

So now enough, my simple Muse;
Postpone thy silly sooth endeavours,
Till got within our cave, recluse,
And then I'll thank thee for thy favours.

November 15, 1803.
HOPE.

Sweet Hope, that from beneath the wave
So unexpected started,
And dance'd around my little cave,
Is now, alas! departed.

Fair Hope, at length so weary grown,
Pale sickening down doth lie,
While congregated glooms are thrown
Along her evening sky.

No star extends its friendly beam,
The way-worn feet to guide;
While th' raven's croak, and heron's scream,
Sound frightful thro' the void.

But late on Fancy's green-hill side,
She sprung to prospects gay,
And brisk, in Sol's meridian pride,
Enjoy'd the sunshine day.

Alas! how fleeting are the joys,
O world! in thee we find;

Delusions all that only rise
To vanish with the wind.

So farewell Hope, henceforth no more
Thy golden dreams I share;
Elysian pictures gilded o'er,
To feed the fiend Despair.

The curious cave you drew for me,
With such assiduous care,
Was all a dream, I plainly see,
A castle in the air.

December, 1803.

CARD—TO MY LORD.

While bitter hail and snow
Along our vallies drive,
This lets your Lordship know
Your Poet's still alive.

Alive to all the justling
The frosty fates allot him:
He fears, amid court bustling,
Your Lordship has forgot him.
But be that as it will,
The lowly simple bard,
Your Lordship thinks on still,
With soul-sincere regard.
Yes, while memory holds a seat,
His heart with grateful glow shall beat.

_February, 1804._

---

**WILLY SINGS GRIZZY’S AWA.**

_Tune—“Humours o’ Glen.”_

“For I maun own, now since ye’re free,
This too fond heart o’ mine,
Has long, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish’d to be pair’d with thine.”

_RAMSAY._

Now fare ye well Grizzy, my bonny wee lady,
My blessing be wi’ ye wherever ye dwell,
But send me back word, and as soon as ye’re ready,
I’ll come to ye gladly, and court ye mysel’

---

_Tak’ tent, bonny lassie, and dinna deceive me,
Lock up your wee bosom, and gie me the key,
And tell the fool hash o’ your heart wad bereave ye,
Ye hae n’it ava, for ye gied it to me.
Ye left it wi’ him who took care ay to breed it,
And guard it frae every thing wicked and vain,
Who gowf’d thy wee buttocks ay when they had need o’t,
Correcting thee kindly, as thou’d been his ain._

_How happy I sat by thy elbow when spinning,
Sae sober and douce, wi’ the cat on thy knee;
I thought I foresaw, in thy bonny beginning,
The sonsy wee auld wife just cut out for me._

_But now thou’s forsaken our valley sae cheery,
Where thou had thy time o’t, and laughin’ galore,
To dwell in a desolate wilderness dreary,
The heath-cover’d highlands o’ wild Dunagore._

_And lest my wee lass as she’s pensively roaming,
In that gloomy region should chance to think lang,
‘Wi’ some bonny lilt she maun cheer up the gloaming,
And let ay mysel’ be the theme o’ her sang._
While I, her fond Willy, stray thoughtful, recounting
The blessings that Hope from her habersack teems,
My wishes meet hers on the brow o' the mountain,
And laden with raptures, come back to my dreams.

But soon as the season wheels round to the short night,
When meadows are green, and the roddings are dry,
I'll come to my jewel ay ance in the fortnight,
And clasp in my bosom my heart's only joy.

Then sweetly delighted we'll feast on the blisses
That flow from a rational virtuous love;
When tir'd with talking, I'll tell thee in kisses
How truly sincere and how constant I'll prove.

Ance mair fare thee weil, my delightfu' wee Griz,
Gae hame to your mammy, and dina think lang
May thousands o' vern in till death keep him bisy,
That ever wad mint your sweet innocence wrang.

Feb. 1804.

A THOUGHT.

Who'er can sit him down and roose
His own dear heart, and call it good?
Believe me in a wise man's shoes
Such crazy mortal never stood.

SONNET—TO THE LARK.

Hail, grey-clad minstrel of the early dawn,
Again we mark thee in the morning's eye,
Light, floating o'er the dew bespangled lawn,
Ascending, skyward, on the wings of joy.

Half-way to Heaven methinks thou dost aspire,
Borne far above these winter-wasted lees;
And struggling upward, higher yet, and higher,
Thou pour'st thy song of exquisite degrees.

In this resembling well the Christian race,
That from this briery wilderness up spring,
And, joyful, pressing on from grace to grace,
   The good folk soar, and like thee soar and sing;
Like thee too, lark, the higher point they gain,
   They chant the holier and the sweeter strain.
Feb. 17, 1804.

SONNET—TO SPRING.

Sweet Spring returns again with all her flowers,
   Her yellow evenings, and her mornings gay;
The tuneful nations thro' the budding bowers,
Exulting, hymn to Heaven the grateful lay.
And shall vain man a living statue move
Among these glories every scene displays,
And dear to gratitude and lost to love,
   Deny the bountiful Creator praise!
Endued with rational immortal views,
The sole tax-gatherer of Nature's praise,
Shall man, erect, high-privileg'd refuse
   The common tribute creeping instinct pays!
Forbid it children, youths and hoary sires,
Forbid it all ye bright celestial quires.
Feb. 17, 1804.

FRAGMENT.

Long since I left of life the turnpike road,
To stray unnotic'd from the ways of men,
Well pleas'd to pause about the blest abode
Of sweet simplicity, in lonely glen.
Here laid with Happiness in flow'ry den,
   Where silence waits upon the wild bee's hum,
I exercise, unseen, my book and pen,
   Where feet unsanctified may never come
To fright felicity from my sequester'd home.

TO AMBROSE—IN HEAVEN.

Ambrose, thy soul-reforming page,
   So pious warm, surpass'd by few;
Shall give to Time's remotest age,
   Directions for a saving view.
Emmanuel's ever blessed name
   Was on thy holy heart engraven;
And though the world neglects thy fame,
    It echoes thro' the vales of Heaven.

Thrice happy Saint, now rais'd on high,
    In great Salvation's blissful clime,
Thou bathest in thy master's joy,
    Far, far remov'd from earth and time.

Isaac, excuse this earthly song,
    The speedy hour is on the wing,
Will join me to your glorious throng,
    In presence of our Saviour King.

Henceforth let every harp, tongue, pen,
    Exalt his praise—Amen—Amen.

STANZAS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ÆNEAS LAMONT,

Who died at Beer's-bridge, 16th Feb. 1803.

O world of bitterness and weary woe!
    When will thy lamentable sorrows cease?
Thy billows black, now sadly overflow,
    And drown our little landscape, scene of peace.

Remov'd afar from thy distracting noise,
    Thy bloodshed, broil, and cruel piercing strife,
To sweet Retirement's calm domestic joys,
    The soft simplicity of rural life.

Methought th' envenom'd stings that daily wound
    The fretting, terrefilial sons of care,
And scatter canker, gloom, and sadness round,
    Tho' flying thick, would seldom find me there.

How fondly vain the heart that pants to reach
    Sublunar bliss, unmix'd enjoyments, where
Retreating Time doth daily, hourly preach  
The frosty sermons of benumb'd despair.

Now fourteen passing moons are o'er us fled,  
So seasons speed on silent wing away,  
Since kind Lamont was number'd with the dead,  
And laid to moulder in his parent clay.

And, shame to feeling! not a single verse  
To soothe his amiable, gentle shade,  
Has yet been hung upon his mournful hearse;  
No tuneful tribute to his memory paid!

Ah! fool-befall th' infatuated muse,  
That birth-day ode, and funeral dirge can raise,  
And praises multiply the most profuse,  
Where Truth and Virtue ne'er intended praise.

While modest merit silent, tim'rous creeps  
Into the world, unnotice'd and unknown;  
There starv'd, perhaps—at last neglected sleeps,  
Refus'd, alas! a monumental stone.

But mark when golden dulness drops to clay,  
The labouring press with panegyric groans,

altho' his fameless memory fades away,  
And's rotten long before his worthless bones.

Reverse of thee my meritorious friend,  
Whose virtuous name and memory long shall last,  
And down, thro' coming future years descend,  
While worth and taste are cherish'd in Belfast.

Lamont, farewell!—thy genuine true desert,  
In sadly pleasing retrospect I see;  
The truest value for thy tender heart,  
Shall to my dying day remain with me.

Once more adieu! my long-lov'd brother bard,  
With throbbing breast the cypress wreath I twine,  
A testimony of sincere regard,  
Which now I hang upon thy gentle shrine.

THE EPITAPHE.

Here modest worth and genius weep,  
And o'er this turf sad vigils keep;  
The friend of all, no mortal's foe,  
Lamont, the poet, lies below.
O reader! dost thou own a mind,
By gentleness and taste refin'd!
Here, with a frater-feeling dear,
Bestow the tributary tear,
In memory of the virtuous dead,
That occupies this lowly bed.
April 17, 1804.

TO MY BOORTREE.

Written at the desire of the Rev. Mr. C.

Audl. Maro, wha sae weel could teach
Sublimity's mount tap to reach,
Was glad his lusty limbs to stretch
And coil his rod,*
Beneath the shelter o' a beech,
Upon the sod.

As Poets a' pretend to flee,
Which some hae done right merrily,
* Virgil made baskets.

Ilk ane sinsyne must have his tree
To speel and spring aff;
A Boortree's good enough for me
Howe'er, to sing of.

Flourish my Boortree fresh and fair,
Right monie a holy, well-meant prayer,
John Lowes' grannum put up there
Upon thy roots,
Whar thae twa suckers, lucky pair,
Erect their snouts.

What tho' thou'll ne'er be sic a tree
As Billy Shakespeare's mulberry,
Nor e'er ayont the parish be
A thing to brag on,
'Tis better, for the auld folk, slee,
Might ca' thee Dagon.

Here blithe beneath thy auld grey branches,
Where sparrows chirp, and spotted finches
Prepare for their companion wenches
The nest well feather'd;
I bind my wild flowers up in bunches,
That I hae gather'd.
Lang syne, in happy days o' yore,
Ere glaring guilt our system tore,
Auld Orthodoxy blest our shore
   Wi' light and grace,
And Boortrees every yard-dyke bore
   In every place.
But now, alas! the generality,
Sad figures of poor man's mortality,
And eke o' poor, decayed morality,
   Are gouk-nest lumber,
Where bats, and ither drowsy quality
   Repair to slumber.
Could we, as our forefathers, meek,
Afford them earth, and peace, and reek,
Nae ither nourishment they'd seek;
   But och, alas!
Our blasted Boortrees now bespeak
   Our want o' grace!
And then our modern gentry's taste
Up in the devil's whalebone lac'd,
Wad rather own a desert waste.
   O'ergrown wi' rushes,
As hae their puny plans disgrac'd
   Wi' Boortree bushes.
Flourish my Boortree fresh and fair,
Long may'st thou Summer's livery wear;
Tho' modern delicacy stare
   Wi' face awry.
Before my door I'll guard thee there,
   Until I die.

TO CAPTAIN M'DOUGALL,

CASTLE-UPTON;

With a copy of the Author's Poems.

Kind sir, accept the artless strains,
Of one who wishes well to you;
One who reveres old Scotia's plains,
   And all her lads and lasses too.
Oft wild-wood Fancy restless roams,
Among her well-sung, classic braes,
Where our forefathers had their homes,
The hardy sons of other days.
And still when inspiration comes
To my night thoughts, and mid-day dreams,
’Tis from her breezy, willowy holms,
Romantic groves and winding streams.

Indeed Fate seems to have mistook
The spot at first design’d for me;
Which should have been some flow’ry nook
In Ayr, or on the banks of Dee.

I love my native land, no doubt,
Attach’d to her thro’ thick and thin;
Yet tho’ I’m Irish all without,
I’m every item Scotch within.

As you may easily remark,
When looking thro’ these rustic lays,
In costume Scotch, o’er bog and park,
My hame-bred Muse delighted plays.

You’ll find too, sir, when to peruse
These artless rhymes you condescend,
Sufficient that demands excuse,
But little that you can commend.

Of this, however, still be sure,
That with a zeal heart-felt and fervent,
While life and health with me endure,
I’ll be your grateful, humble servant.

Jan. 31, 1806.

S. T.

TO AN ENEMY AT HEART.

Now murdering Cleek, its jaws may steek,
None credit what it says;
Poor spiteful fool, it’s ridicule
Of me, is ample praise.

A selfish rook, whose ill-fam’d look
Berays the rotten heart:
’Twou’d hurt me much, to think that such
A reptile took my part.

Detested Kae, then lie away,
And sputter scandal round thee,
But ne’er debase me with thy praise,
For that would surely wound me.

H 2
ITS EPITAPH.

Here lie the remains of an ill-natur'd brute,
A body compos'd of salt herring and soot;
Corruption at leisure may patiently waste it,
For devil a worm in the world will taste it.

ADDRESS TO THE RISING SUN.

Hail holy light! offspring of Heaven—
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Milton.

Once more thou glorious king of rising day!
My gladden'd eyes behold thy golden beams
Laughing the raven gloom of night away,
And smiling, joyful, on my place of dreams.

(Calm place of thought, and meditation sweet,
Where happiness delights to live alone,
And never hear the sound of other feet,
Or any human accent but my own.)

So may the sun of Righteousness arise,
With holy healing in his heavenly rays,
And shine on many a soul that abject lies
In this obscure, this tenebrific maze.

Thy smile, bright monarch, makes the nations gay;
Thy blazing aspect, every way sublime,
Riding in triumph o'er the world away,
Marking the progress of revolving time.

When thro' the portals of the crimson west
Ten thousand watery * eyes thy exit see,
The Queen of Heaven then gilds my place of rest
With yellow radiance that she gets from thee.

Yes, from my pillow, with delight I can
Read, in her face, the glory thou hast given;
As bright she rises o'er the works of man,
The lamp of wisdom in the way to Heaven.

She smiles upon me, but her smile is cold,
No kind invigorating heat hath she;
Dark, watery body, in herself—behold,
Prolific warmth can only come from thee.

* The Flowers.
VERSES,

On the assassination of a favourite Thorn.

O deed of sacrilege! in Tophet bred,
To violate the mansions of the dead!*

O Desolation! haggard thing,
Thou hang-beggar of fools,
Of harpy note and raven wing,
Curs'd even by thy tools.

Thy black assassins have been here,
O burn, them, blushing shame!
Remorse their guilty bosoms tear,
Till they confess the same.

Ah! woe betide the cruel heart
Wherein such thoughts could breed,
And from the hands may strength depart,
That did the murdering deed.

And never may their farms appear,
Till they to graves are borne,
The sacred, vernal blooms to wear,
Of either ash or thorn.

* It was the request of the present occupier's predecessor to
preserve this Thorn from violence.

Just so the splendour of the sons of grace,
Alas! inherent brightness they have none;
All, all the beauties of the Christian race,
Beam from the Sun of Righteousness alone.

Thou art his servant—and he plac'd thee there,
To bless this universe with life and light;
When he thinks fit, he'll pluck thee from thy sphere,
And all thy glory will extinguish quite.

Thy sister too, that shines so sweetly here,
With calm serenity around my cave,
Must sometime number her concluding year,
And sink in Creation's all-devouring grave.

Delightful 'tis, when day's wild clamour cease,
And still'd the hammers of terrestrial care,
To find her smiling on my spot of peace;
My bed of silence, solitude and prayer.

Almighty Father, grant thy sovereign grace
May be sufficient for me all my days;
Cause shine on me the brightness of thy face,
And feed my soul with songs of ardent praise.

May 27, 1806.
Farewell, gay bush! no more in green,
Shall Spring be proud to dress thee,
Nor Fairy folk on Halloween,
In merry mood caress thee.
No more thou'llt spread thy arms to face
Cold Winter's frost and snow;
Nor ever more in June's embrace,
Thy milk-white mantle show.
No more shall Autumn, sultry, hot,
Thy glowing beauty freckle;
But soon beneath some poor man's pot,
Thy mangled parts must crackle.
The harmless Dryads long since fled
From yonder ruined grove,
All in distress, found here a shed,
A fairy-form'd alcove;
But Ruin's persecuting hand,
Expert at doing ill,
Has left them all a weeping band,
To wander where they will.
O come away with the fair maids,
You shall protection have.

In yonder lowly, happy shades,
That shelter Crambo Cave.
There spreading planes and ashes tall,
Broom, larch, and thorns a store;
A boortree, chaplain-like to all,
Stands just before my door.
There you may sweetly take your ease,
Disturb you shall I never;
Your lease shall last, long as you please,
The Muse declares, for ever.

**EPIGRAM.**

HAD honest Jack the glee and whim,
That he possess'd in Davie's,
A fortnight I cou'd sit with him,
And sing too, like a Mavis:
But Jack has got a wife by chance,
With children half a dozen;
Where he was friend and brother once,
He's now scarce half a cousin.

_August, 1806._
ELEGIAC LINES,

On the early death of Eugenius, who left this world for a better, on the evening of August 27th—Aged 25.

But ah! what sounds invade my wounded ear,
Sounds fraught with woe, and lamentation sore!
My kind congenial friend, familiar dear,
Heart-rending thought! alas! is now no more!

Ah! too portentous was my dream I know;
Methought I had him in my lowly shed;
The morning herald brought the tale of woe,
The heavy news, my heart! Eugenius dead.

How passing strange my dream! now dear to me;
O Memory hold it to my dying day;
His soul departing, call’d his friend to see,
And bid kind farewell ere it went away.

Farewell, Eugenius! calm be thy repose,
Where sister graces hallowed vigils keep;
And oft, at sober evening’s tranquil close,
Meek sky-rob’d Pity, will retire to weep.

I knew thee well, Eugenius, lov’d thee too,
Thou had’st thy frailties like all human kind;
But thou had’st properties and not a few;
Superior virtues, which in few we find.

Once more adieu, my amiable friend;
An awful blank to me thy death has made;
My soul’s best wishes after thee I’ll send,
And sing soft requiems to thy gentle shade.

Yes, oft indulge my solitary moan,
As pensive wandering o’er the evening lee;
Or sit delightless in the shade alone,
Where oftentimes I have reclin’d with thee.

Thy early grave I’ll visit once a year,
And there this tributary truth I’ll pay,
"The man of worth and feeling moulder here;"
Eugenius, peace be to thy gentle clay.

Sept. 3, 1806.
LINES

Composed for a Stone, intended to be placed in the front of the Rev. John Paul's new Meeting house, now building in Carnmoney, 1806.

To show the world that God respects
His covenant, full dear,
The Reformation Church erects
This Ebenezer here.

"Hitherto hath the Lord help'd us."

And long may he continue to do so, is, and ought to be the fervent prayer of every good man.

FINIS.
CONTENTS.

A Spark of peace to Eugenius - 61
Postcript - 64
To Mr. T. B. - 65
The Beggar Wife - 66
A Cottage fireside Canto - 68
Hope - 74
Card—to my Lord - 79
Willy sings Grizzy's awa - 79
A Thought - 74
Sonnet to the Lark - 77
— to Spring - 78
Fragment - 79
To Ambrose—in Heaven - 81
Stanzas sacred to the memory of Mr. Æneas Lamont - 83
The Epitaph - 84
To my Boortree - 87
To Captain M'Dougall, Castle-Upton - 89
To an Enemy at heart - 90
Its Epitaph - 93
Address to the Rising Sun - 95
Verses on the assassination of a favourite Thorn - 96
Epigram - 98
Elegiac lines on the early death of Eugenius - 98
Lines intended for a Stone to be placed in Carnmoney New Meeting-house - 98

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A

Drummond Anderson, Belfast - Miss Burleigh, do.
Mic. Andrews, do. - Ballynure Book-club, 2 copies
Mary Anne Armstrong, Rose park - Andrew Black, Carmowey
Robert Armstrong, Malone - Elenor Black, do.
John Arot, Ballylesson - Thomas Breckenridge
Thomas Anderson, Rickarmon - Arthur Beatty, Court-hill
John Armstrong, Belfast - Timothy Burrows, Hydepark
John Adgey, Roughfort - John Barr, Templepatrick
Miss A Allen Lisnatur - Alex. Bill, Burside
James Adam Deagh - John Bryan, Broad-island
James Adjie, Killead - William Beggs, Ballyrobin
Mrs. Arthur, Carrickfergus - John Beatty, Ballynure
James Alexander, jun. Belfast - Wm. J. Bell, Killead
John Agnew, Loughermore - William Baird, White-house
Rev. T. Alexander, Carncastle - John Bell, Greencastle
John Armstrong, Ballytugue - John Finnie, Belfast
B

James Blow Esq, Dunadry - David Boyd, do.
James Blow, jun. do. - Miss Mary Bankhead, Greenfield
Alison Blow, do. - John Brown, Belfast
Claraite Blow, do. - John Bean, do.
D. M. Blow do. - Robert Beete, Malone
William Bruce, Belfast - Travor Britton, Purdy's-burn
David Barkie, Maluik - James Brittain, do.
Wm. Birkmuir, Craigaragon - Samuel Bell, Ballytugue
Thomas Barkie, Ballynashee - James Bell, Ballybought
William Beggs, do. - Robert Bailie, Hollywood
W. D. Burleigh, Esq. Carrickfergus - Joseph Bonth, Barenness
John F. Boyd, do.
SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

James Boyd, do.
Miss J. Boyd, do.
William Boyd, Belfast
David Boyd, Killead
William Brown, Roughfort,
John Brady, do.
Mrs Bradford, do.
William Bradford, do.
Thomas Beattie, do.
John Bailie, do.
John Bailie, jun. do.
Samuel Barber, British
Robert Bell, Pigeontown
James Bell, do.
Miss A. Burnside, Belfast
Miss Arians Stranfield
Miss E. Boal, Rathmoel
Margaret Boyd, Killead
Rev. H. Boyd, Rathirland
William Boyd, do.
William Bradford, do.
Henry Berry, Loughermore
Martha Bell
Samuel Beck
James Black, Crumlin
Mrs. Bryan's, Stranfield

C

James Close, Ballivcary
John Caldwell, Magheramorne
Matthew Crawford, Balloo
Hugh Clancy, Broadlands
Robert Calwell, Springfield
John Carson Drumbo
James Crozier, Belfast
Benjamin Cunne, Long-fauld
Mary Cavatt, Barenaess
James Cowan, do.
James Cowan, do.
James Cowan, do.
Hugh Cuthbert, Ballycarry
John Cusack, Drumlan
Geo. S. Campbell
Mary Colvin
Clothworthy Campbell, Crumlin

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Rev. Robert Campbell, A. M.
Templepatrick
William Cameron, Crumlin
John Charters, Antrim
James Cooper, Muckamore
J. Cunningham, Crooked-stone

D

Samuel Dalrymple, Roughfort
John Dunlop, Malene
Wm. Donaldson, Drumbridge
Richard Dickson, Do., house
Thomas Dollars, Ballymurdock
Hugh Donnelly, Whitehouse
J. Dickson, Muckamore
Alex. Dunlop, Boghead
James Dunlop, Belfast

E

Mr. Eaken, Milltown
William Erikson, Seacash
Robert Evins, Rock

F

Thomas Ferguson, Hyde park
Thomas Ferguson, Jun do.
Hugh Ferguson do.
Wm. Finlay, student, Carrickfergus
Hugh Finlay, student, Carrickfergus
Finlay, student, Carrickfergus
Finlay, Jun. Ballymartin
Hugh Fry, do.
John Ferguson, Malone
David Finlay, Hillsborough
William Farrel, Roughfort
George Forsythe, 2 copies
Wm. Finlay, Jun. Carrickfergus

G

Mr. Gordon, Loughermore
John Gordon, jun. do.
Ann Galt, Rickamore
M. Grey, Belfast
Sam. B. Giffin, Boghouse
Alex. Green, Barenness
James Givens, Largy
John George, Killead
John K. Gibson, Gibson's town
Jane Gillis, Kilcross
Alex. Garland, Carmevy
Chas. O. N. Goodie, odore
James Greenfield
C. M. Grimshaw, Whitehouse
Edmd. Grimshaw, do.
R. Grimshaw, do.
James Grimshaw, do.
Miss Gibson, Belfast
Mr. James Gibson, do.
Samuel Greer
Andw. Gihon, jun. Ballymena

H

Wm. Hunter, Esq. Dunmurry
John Hollywood, Hollymont
James Hope, Craigatogan
Robert Hanna, Cottmount
Thomas Horner, Roughfort
Robert Henderson, Killead
James Herbinson, Dunagoire
John Headon, Ballymacaret
Thomas Hughes, Belfast
William Harper, do.
John Hutchinson, Antrim
Hugh Heehins, do.
Skilgimaban
David Hill, Ballynahure
John Henning, student, Killead
SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Miss Henning, do.
Miss S. Hunter, Boultonconnel.
Mr. Hamilton, Malusk.
Mrs. Howe, Greencastle.
Sam. Hay, Ballyeaston.
John Huston, do.
Thomas Holmes, Islandmagee.
Miss Hull, Carrickfergus.
Hugh Horner, Whitehouse.
George Hartley, Belfast.
James Hannah, Crumlin.
Wm. Hannah, Ballynadrentah.
William Hunter, Crumlin.

Wm. Kelso, Windy-hill.
Ephm. Kelso, do.
Thomas Kil at ck, Corbilly.
G. Kirkter, Carnaghllis.
Hugh Kirkwood, Ballyeaston.
Mrs. Kirk, Carrickfergus.
Robert Kirkwood, White-house.
Killead Literary Society.
James Kirk, White-house.
Wm. Kent, Belfast.
James Kelly, Loughermore.
Dan. Kirkpatrick, Roughfort.
William Kelly.
Alex. Kulpatrick, Antrim.

Richard Love.
George Lanzaue, Belfast.
John Lyster, Dunmurry.
Miss J. Lowry, Malone.
M. E. Liddie, do.
John Lewis, Ballyrobin, 2 cop.
James Logan, Secash.
John Lawther, jun. Tobergill.
John Lyle.

M.
H. Montgomery, frudent, Killead, 2 copies.
H. W. Moorhead, Limataylor.
John Morrison Crooked-stone.
Jane Morrison, do.
Arthur Moore, do.
Miss S. J. Moore, British.
Margaret Molyneux, do.
William Moore, do.
Sam. Mott, Lyle.

John Moore, Dungallow.
John Miller, Belfast.
Arthur M'eer.
Geo. Magill, Malone.
Miss S. Maitain, do.
David Macomb, Carnmoney.
David M'Donald, Craigaroghan.
Mrs. M'Donald, Roughfort.
Isaiah Moat, do.
A. Montgomery, Belfast.
Henry Magee, Dundrood.
Robert Montgomery, Ballyeaston.
John Mawhinny, Lyle.
John M'Donald, Skilginaban.
Alex. Miller, Ballynure.
Miss Montgomery, Brookville.
Thos. Milliken, Ballyteedy.
John Magee, Dundrood.
Samuel Mossman, Kilcross.
Hugh Montgomery, Rock.
Samuel Murdoch, Malulk.
John Martin, Dunadry.
Joseph Montgomery.

John Maclaren.
Mrs. Montgomery, Boultonconnel.
Mrs. Mary Murdoch, Belfast.
Robert M'Niss, Woodville.
Mrs. Miniss, Islandban.
John Mayne.
Hugh Murray, Prudy's-burn.

Mc.
Colonel W. M'Dougall, Esq. of Gal lanach & Hayfield, Argyle-shire, 5 copies.
Wm. B. M'Dougall, Castle Upton, 5 copies.
Mr. John M'Dougall, 49th Regiment, Malta, 2 copies.
W. B. M'Dougall, Fq. do.
A. M'Douall, Esq. Logan, 5.
John M'Cillan, Ballymena, 25.
Alex. M'Bride, Shankesne, 2.
Surgeon M'Donald, Crumlin.
Edward M'Deartan, do.
John M'Brady.
Wm. M'Adam, Belfast.
James M'Carmick, do.
Arch M'Dowall, Dunmurry.
J. B. M'Cleughan, Barreness.
Nath. M'Bryde, Ballynagough.
Francis M'Bryde, Roughfort.
Andrew M'Keev, Roughfort.
James M'Ewen, do.
Miss. M'Keag, Linetaylor.
William M'Carrick, Belfast.
Mary M'Donald, 5.
George M'Clunken, do.
Alex. M'Curd, do.
John M'Adam, do.
M. M'Adam, do.
Robert M'Adam, do.
Andrew M'Cleaven, Esq.
John M'Avoy, Rathfylad.

Capt. Alex. M'Dougall, 72d Regiment, Dunolly, Castlehern.
John M'Key, Loughermore.
North Britain, 2 copies.
John M'Alpin, Belfast.
Regt. Edinburgh, 5 copies.
Robert M'Caghey, do.
SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Alex, M'Comb, Islandmagee
John M'Kinley, Ballcarry
James M'Keen, Carramee
Wm. M'Caw, Toberaughnew
Wm. M'Pede, Lunganore
James M'Tee, Dough
Miss M'Master, Killead
Thomas M'Comb, Carmevey
William M'Adam, Ligoniel
Henry M'Larnine, Lynamather
Eliza M'Paadine, Kilcross
John M'Clinton, Hyde-park
Thomas M'Pherison, Todmount
James M'Mullan, Malusk
Mrs. M'William, Banbridge
G. J. Intyre
A. Mclinton, Whitehouse
Thomas M'Dougall, do.
Robert M'Clean, do.
Mr. M'Auley, Cab
Wm. M'Mullan, Whitehouse
John M'Giveren, do.
Robert M'Clinton, do.
Jas. M'Stocher, Carnmoney
Charles M'Alister, Belfast
James M'Curg, Claghananduff
John M'llwain, do.

N

Robert Neill
John T. Halibut, Claghanenduff
David Nickle, Belfast

O

John C. Osborne, Belfast
Rev. Mr. Orr, Killead
James Orr, Ballcarry
Wm. Oliphant, Roughfort
John Orr, Carnmoney

Miss Mary Oakman, Belfast
Alex. Orr, Belfast
John O'Tarrel, White-house
Henry O'Hara, Dunadry
Robert Officer, Ballyhill

Rev. Mr. Paul, 6 copies
Thos. Pattison, Wilmount
Wm. Pinke toe, Roughfort
James Pinkerton, Greencastle
John Patterson, Roughfort
Wm. Philips, Ballanure
John Park, do.
James Park, do.
Wm. Patton, Ball'yeaston
Miss Patterson, Belfast
Wm. Penny, Carrickfergus

Wm. Quin, White-house

R

Daniel Rea, Ballynagloough
John Rice, Belfast
Wm. Rice, Malone
Hugh Rainey, Crossnacreevy
James Ray, Ballycary
Paul Reid, Roughfort
John Rainey, Falls
Alex. Robb, sen. Carmevey
John Robb, jun. do.
Alex Robb, jun. do.
Robert Ross, Belfast
James Reid, do.
Sam. Ross, Fareness, 2 copies
Joseph Russell, Rosepark
Alex Roney, Cantunky
John Riddle, Belfast
Randal Robinson
Daniel Robinson, Belfast

Wm. Richmond, Braid
J. Reid, jun. Waterside, 2 cop.
John Rogers

S

Rev. J. Sturgeon, A. M. Bal-inahinch
St. John Stewart, Dunmurry
Wm. Stewart, Oldforge
Thomas Stewart, do.
James Simpson, do.
Re. Stewart, Ballyskyagh
Robert Shean, New-bridge
John Simpson, Ballynure
Wm. Stewart, Killead
Miss Sanderson, do.
James Smith, Roughfort
James Stormont, Ligoniel
Wm. Simpson, Ballymather
Robert Service, Dunamoy
John Scott, Skilginaban
John Shaw, Dunadry
Wm. Swan, Rathfriland
Alex. Steele, Claughenduff
Samuel Scott, Hyde-park
Wm. Swan Rathfriland
Robert Stewart, Shankhill
James Scott, Belfast
James Simonot, do.
George Stevenson, Loughmore
Matt. Spence, Belfast
John Stewart, do.
John Service
Hugh Swan, Islandreagh
Miss Swan, do.
James Steen, Esq. Clady
John & Lyon, Printers, 2 cops.
James Storey, Bookseller

T

Samuel Thompson, Esq. Muck amore, 20 copies

George Taylor, Malone
John Thoburn, Malusk
John Thoburn, Roughfort
John Thoburn, Claughanduff
Andrew Thomson, do.
James Thoburn, Roughfort
Wm. Pennent, jun. Belfast
Robert Thomson, Loughmore
Arthur Thomson, Belfast
Henry Thomson, do.
John Trail, do.
Sam. Thomson, Ballysculty
Andw. Thompson, Muckamore
J. Thomson, jun. Ballymather
Andw. Thomson, Killecross
John Thomson, Rock
George Thomson
Robert Trail
Martha Thompson
Sarah Thompson

W

Sam. Walkinsaw, Crumlin
Wm. Waters Ligoniel
Robert Watters, Loughmore
John William, Lyle
Matthew White, Ballyeaston
Wm. Whiteford, Ballanbrough
John Whiteford, Ballaboyele
John Ward, Belfast
James Ward, do.
Alex. Wilson, do.
John Whiteford, do.
Samuel Wier, Malone
John Willy, Dunmurry
Wm. Walker, Roughfort
John Wood, do.
James Wilson, do.
Nath. White, Lisnetailor
John White, Crumlin
SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Joseph Young, Bareness
Robert Young, do.
Joseph Young, White-house

Thos. Young, Islandreagh
James Young
Robert Young, Antrim

The following Names came too late for alphabetical insertion.

Colonel Upton, Duke of York's Regiment, London
Mrs. M'Dougall, 6 copies
Wm. Edenlee, Esq. General Post Office, Dublin, 2 copies
Lieut. A. Douglas, Randoistown, 2 copies
Lieut. John M'Cleam, 91st Regiment, Dublin, 2 copies
Lieut. Arch. M'Clean, 28th British Militia, Musselborough, 2 copies
John M'Dougall, Esq. Admiral of the Blue, Plymouth, 4 copies
Lieut. Alex. M'Dougall, 53d Regiment, Madras, 5 copies
Major Alex. M'Dougall, Crescent, Castlebellingham, lately
Mr. Samuel Brown, Warringston, 2 copies
Mr. Joseph Brown, do; 2 copies
72d Regiment, county Louth, 2 copies
Mr. David White, student, Glena Vale
Miss Murphy, Islandmagee
Robert Telfair, jun. Belfast
William Pattison, Wilmount