

John Hewitt poems

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THE
LIFE OF
MRS. MARY
ANN
MARTIN
BY
HER DAUGHTER
MRS. MARY ANN
MARTIN



AND: M'KENZIE

*As some rude bird amid the trackless wild,
Its inharmonious notes pours on the breeze,
So, I have oft the tedious hours beguiled,
With scarce a hope, or even wish to please.*

POEMS AND SONGS,

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

BY

ANDREW M'KENZIE.

*Some gentle Spirit whispers in my ear,
"Produce the song"...."Suppress it," says Despair;
The gentle Spirit's whisper I obey,
And to his care commit my feeble lay.*

NOYER.

Belfast.

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER MACKAY,
NEWS-LETTER OFFICE,
1810.

TO AN
INDULGENT AND GENEROUS
PUBLIC,
BY WHOSE KIND PARTIALITY,
AND
LIBERAL PATRONAGE,
I AM ENCOURAGED AND ENABLED TO PUBLISH
THE FOLLOWING
SIMPLE POEMS,
THEY ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE
AND RESPECT,
BY
ANDREW M·KENZIE.

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PREFACE.

How many and how various are the prefaces which have been laid before the public! Expressed in very different words, formed in very contrary models; some in a whining strain appealing to the Reader's pity...others, breathing the bold language of impudence, or ludicrous insinuations of vanity. Yet, notwithstanding this difference in form and expression, they all centre in one particular point...no thinking mind will hesitate for a moment in deciding *that point* to be...*the Reader's favour*.

On my own inability to write a Preface, I am fully sensible: and were it not in the present instance absolutely necessary, I should never have attempted such an undertaking. I feel that the public will expect something like an apology, for my temerity in obtruding my productions upon them. I will apologise...and (what may perhaps be singular) I will do it in the language of *truth*.

LET those into whose hands this little volume may fall, first consider, that it was written by a man, who had not the advantage of a regular education....who never had much leisure to bestow upon literary pursuits....and whose feelings have been too frequently wrung by the hard hand of poverty.

IN the earlier part of my life, I often attempted to write in verse....but any of those juvenile productions which are at present in my possession, are so defective as not to be worthy of notice. The following pieces were chiefly composed while my hands were busily occupied at work. Possessing a mind which disdained to be fettered down to the dry study of a troublesome employment....I found poetry a sweet walk for the imagination.

MANY of the following, especially those of a serious nature, have served to blunt the arrow of affliction, and lead my thoughts aside from the path of despair....if they have the same effect on any of my readers, I will think myself amply rewarded.

MANY authors have given the *request of friends* as an excuse for publishing their works....and some would doubtless wish to insinuate, that their friends thought the world would be wronged, and disappointed, if they declined giving their literary labours publicity. My friends feigned no such qualms of conscience. They did not

seem to think the world would suffer any material injury, if my poems should be withheld from it. Notwithstanding their extreme delicacy, I could perceive, that they hoped the publication would be attended with some profits, which might ameliorate my situation in life, and encourage me to greater exertions.

FROM the Critical Reviewer I expect no mercy....I do not ask it. No judge can be readier to condemn me, than I am to condemn myself. *Fame*, the Poet's dearest meed, which leads him through life, and teaches him to despise the painful asperities of the way, is a rich reward....but one which I have not the confidence to expect.

IN the midst of my fears and apprehensions, I have, in one instance, experienced a sincere gratification. All ranks and denominations of people have evinced the warmest disposition to encourage me. Even some of the most respectable Ladies and Gentlemen in the North of Ireland, have condescended to solicit others in their own sphere to become subscribers! It is a difficult task for me to restrain myself from pointing out some of their names....and thus publicly acknowledging my gratitude. Their delicacy, however, shall not be wounded....but while this bosom is warm with life, I will remember their unmerited favours....and, I trust, will prove to the world

that they have not, in me, patronised a man whose heart was dead to the impulse of gratitude.

KIND and beneficent encouragers of obscure genius! may your lives never be embittered by misfortune!... may happiness be the inmate of your bosoms!...and may posterity entertain for your names, the same degree of esteem and admiration, which is felt by

Your very grateful and obliged

Humble Servant,

ANDREW M'KENZIE.

Dunover, October, 1810.

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T. Johnston, Esq. L.aghry Mr Wm. Houston, ditto

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BROKEN HEART.

INSCRIBED TO A GENTLEMAN OF THE FACULTY.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
"Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
"And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
"Which weighs upon the heart?" SHAKESPEARE.

O THOU! whose never-failing skill,
Can mend the human frame at will,
And drive the tyrant Death away,
Tho' ready to devour his prey—
Say, can your boasted skill impart
No balm to heal a broken heart?

Ah, no!...the Esculapian train
 Their med'cines may apply in vain,
 To cure the rankling wound of grief,
 And give the woe-fraught soul relief—
 In vain, alas!...no human art
 Can ever heal a broken heart.

The balmy Spring, diffusing joy,
 The Summer breeze's fragrant sigh,
 Each gaudy-colour'd flow'r that springs,
 And all the gifts which Autumn brings...
 Can only whet affliction's dart,
 And deeper wound the broken heart.

Sweet friendship's voice may close in sleep
 Those eyes, which "only wake to weep;"
 May, for a moment, banish care,
 And calm the tempest of despair—
 But from his dream the wretch will start,
 And, writhing, own a broken heart.

Love's baseless visions may a while
 The troubled soul from woe beguile—
 The dulcet song may soothe to rest
 The raging tumult of the breast—
 But soon such blissful dreams depart
 From him who feels a broken heart.

Alas! how many strive in vain,
 A respite from their pangs to gain;
 And quaff th' intoxicating bowl,
 Till frenzy lords it o'er the soul!
 But reason comes with ten-fold smart,
 And rends a-fresh the broken heart.

Then what shall still affliction's throes,
 And dissipate the gloom of woe?—
 Bid settled sorrow cease to sigh,
 And wipe the tear from mis'ry's eye?—
 Pluck out despair's im-poison'd dart,
 And hush to peace the broken heart.

Thou, heav'n's first-born favourite child,
 Hail beauteous form! divinely mild!
 Religion!...Man's best friend below,
 Thou only canst assuage his woe—
 Thou only dost possess the art
 That tends to heal a broken heart.

Thy daughters...Hope, with placid eye,
 And finger pointing to the sky,
 And Resignation, heavenly fair!
 Forbidding mortals to despair—
 Their sacred influence impart,
 From woe to snatch the broken heart.

THE STORM. (1)

" Poor naked wretches, whoso'er you are,
 " That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 " How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 " Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 " From seasons such as these." SHAKESPEARE.

"Tis night...loud howls the storm...the surges roar—
 With dreadful force they beat the rocky shore;
 Beneath the blast the lofty forest bends,
 And thick the torrent-swelling rains descends.
 The hardy tenant of the crazy cot,
 Rou'd from refreshing sleep, by labour bought,
 In silent horror hears the tempest rave—
 He fears...but still the hand of Heav'n can save;
 Then to that Pow'r whose nod the storm obeys
 His voice he raises, and with fervour prays—
 Himself, his wife, and babes, are first his care,
 His friends next claim an int'rest in the pray'r;

(1) For Notes see end of the volume.

But one above the rest demands a part,
 His early friend—the brother of his heart—
 Who, led away by Hope's alluring smile,
 Rides o'er the waves, far from his native isle.

When danger threatens, or when cares annoy,
 What soul but feels a momentary joy,
 In soaring to its God thro' boundless space,
 And craving mercy at the throne of grace?
 At length the gloom recedes...returning day
 Casts o'er the wasteful scene a dubious ray;
 Involv'd in clouds, the sun withholds his light,
 And long the morn'g contends with shades of night;
 The river swell'd above its former bounds,
 Spreads devastation o'er the level grounds;
 The careful swain beholds, in doleful mood,
 The gifts of Ceres borne along the flood:
 A thousand streams rush down from ev'ry hill,
 The rain yet pours, nor yet the wind is still.
 In haste the cottager ascends a height,
 And on the foamy sea-shore bends his sight;

He sees a vessel on the breakers tost,
 Then, in a doubtful maze his mind is lost:
 Again his brother to his thought returns,
 His beating heart with keenest anguish burns—
 Tho' soothing Hope persuades his fears are vain,
 He feels, by turns, the poignant thro' of pain—
 "And should no friend of mine a sufferer be,"
 He sighing cries—"yet some shall feel like me—"
 "Some aged sire a darling son deplore,
 "Who fills an early grave on Erin's shore:
 "Ah! hapless fate! some newly-wedded bride,
 "For ever sever'd from her husband's side,
 "In sad suspense, may his long absence mourn,
 "And wish (but wish in vain!) his safe return.
 "Some helpless widow, whose dependance lay
 "On one lov'd son, her sole support and stay,
 "May chide the adverse gales, which waft not home,
 "The long-expected youth who ne'er shall come!"
 Thus rapt in scenes of visionary woe,
 He sea-ward hies the mournful truth to know;

The happy news, his doubts and fears dispel,
 That all the mariners are safe and well!
 He thanks the Pow'r who stretch'd an arm to save,
 The storm-tost wretches from a wat'ry grave.
 Yet fancy points one rueful prospect left,
 Some ruin'd merchant of his all bereft...
 By this dire stroke, from opulence he falls,
 To pine within a prison's dreary walls.
 The shatter'd wreck appears now full in view,
 And, on the beach, a vile rapacious crew
 Expectant stand; no tear of pity flows,
 But every face a smile of triumph shews.
 Disgraceful selfishness! by heav'n accurst!
 In darkest hell thou hadst thy birth at first;
 The wily serpent knew thou couldst deceive,
 And, by thy aid, corrupted mother Eve:
 She gave thee to her children, and since then,
 How dost thou influence the sons of men!
 The shameful plunder is not yet begun,
 At last, one bolder than the rest falls on;

Then, as a noisy pack, relentless tear,
 With deadly rage, the poor defenceless hare,
 They jostling strive, all eager for their prey,
 And shameless bear another's goods away.
 Here God's express commandment seems forgot,
 The thing which is thy neighbour's covet not.
 Here men of years, who, in the world's esteem,
 Were strictly just, (O! vain fallacious dream!)
 For paltry gain, destroy their honest fame,
 And cloud their few remaining days with shame.
 Ev'n some who have espous'd religion's cause,
 Seem foremost here to counteract its laws;
 Base lust of pillage ev'ry breast pervades,
 And God-like man his dignity degrades.

The cottager, a while with wonder seiz'd,
 The strife beholds; and now with hands uprais'd,
 While indignation flashes from his eyes,
 Against their baseness loudly thus he cries:—
 "Ungen'rous offspring of my native soil!
 "Why seek you thus the hapless stranger's spoil?"

" O ! foul reproach !...O ! shame to Erin's coast !
 " Pride, honour, virtue, conscience, all are lost !
 " *Pretended Christians!* boast your faith no more,
 " Since charity is exil'd from your shore.
 " In savage climates, where the human mind
 " Receives no culture, men are found more kind.
 " The man who rests amidst his wealth secure,
 " Whose breast soft pity's thro' did ne'er endure,
 " Should any wretch purloin his treasur'd hoard,
 " Then Justice would unsheath her vengeful sword...
 " The caitiff every subterfuge might try,
 " But all in vain.../spitied would he die :
 " And some, no doubt, who meanly pilfer here,
 " Would brand his name with censure most severe.
 " Tho' none in such a man's defence can plead,
 " Compar'd with *his, your's* seems the blackest deed !
 " The seaman tossing on tumultuous waves,
 " Whose dauntless spirit every danger braves,
 " Inur'd to bitter hardship, toil, and pain
 " The sport of fortune on the boisterous main ;
 " When angry hurricanes his barque pursue,

" He finds the billows less unkind than you.
 " Wreck'd on your shore...his plaint you disregard,
 " And from him wrest what milder storms have spar'd.
 " Tho' for his wrongs each feeling bosom bleeds,
 " Yet *law* connives at such atrocious deeds.
 " Think how in time to come, some rev'rend sire
 " Shall tell his children, by their evening fire,
 " When cast away on the Hibernian strand,
 " He soon was plunder'd by a ruthless band.
 " Forbear my friends !...these deeds of shame forbear."
 But famish'd wolves would sooner stop to hear
 The voice of woe ; or when by hunger prest,
 The tyger lodge-companion in his breast,
 Or words might easier stop the lightning's course
 Than to their callous hearts impart remorse.
 He ends...a loud insulting laugh of scorn,
 Mix'd with abusive language, they return.
 Disgusted, sighing, from th' unfeeling crew
 He bends to where the cottage meets his view ;
 There rude integrity, and honest pride,
 In humble life with calm content, reside.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A BELOVED BROTHER'S DEATH,
MARCH 11, 1808.

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
"Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

GOLDENITE.

AGAIN I mark the length'ning day,

Again I hear the small birds sing—

Stern Winter now resigns his way

To gentle Spring.

The cheerful ploughman turns the soil,

In hope a future crop he views ;

Or, whistling to divert his toil,

His task pursues.

The grass reviving on each plain,

Assumes a fresher, gay'r green,

And budding flow'rs foretell the reign

Of Summer's queen.

No more by raging tempests torn,

Rejoicing nature smiles around ;

Each day some new-born sweets adorn

The verdant ground.

So smiles the convalescent maid,

From fell distemper's fangs rescued—

She feels, by health's restoring aid,

Her charms renew'd.

All living creatures seem to hail

Returning Spring with songs of praise—

The feather'd race make ev'ry vale

Resound their lays.

What heart but must dilate with joy

And in the song of gladness join !

But, ah ! I feel the rising sigh !

Grief preys on mine.

x

Two joyless years have pass'd away
 Since o'er a brother's bier I mourn'd;
 Now is the sad, the fatal day,
 Again return'd!

Just so rejoicing nature smil'd—
 So did the flow'rs new buds display—
 So sung the birds their "wood-notes wild"
 That woeful day!

From scenes once priz'd I turn my eyes,
 And seek the church-yard's lonely gloom,
 To pour my unavailing sighs
 O'er his dear tomb!

Her veil of darkness, dusky eve
 Has o'er the verdant landscape thrown,
 Yet, rooted on his peaceful grave,
 I muse alone;

While retrospective thought reviews
 Delightful days for ever fled,
 Till oft a trickling tear bedews
 His "narrow bed."

On all the charms that grac'd his youth
 Imagination fondly dwells,
 And of his innocence and truth
 Unwearied tells.

Yes, oh! my first, my dearest friend!
 Thy image from my aching heart,
 Till ruin shall this fabric rend,
 Will ne'er depart.

If e'er I join the social throng,
 Where all is harmless mirth and glee,
 I oft neglect the cheering song,
 And think on thee.

Sweet brook, when flow'r-dispensing May,
Bespread thy banks with lillies gay,

How happy have I stray'd!

Thy course, through daisied meads to trace,

Or, view the various finny race,

That on thy bosom play'd.

When scowling Autumn stript the wood,

And copious rains had swell'd thy flood

Here I would often rove;

Thy gurgling sound could soothe to rest

Whatever cares disturb'd my breast,

And raise my thoughts above.

Now, musing near thy limpid source,

My eye pursues thy winding course,

Thro' yonder fertile plain;

Romantic fancy bids me see

My life exemplified in thee—

My sorrow, joy, and pain:

Descending from this lofty hill,

At first, thou form'st a trickling rill,

Bright as the morning dew;

How like my childhood's weak estate!

Untaught to fear the frowns of fate—

Nor care nor guilt I knew.

Soon other infant streamlets join

Their tributary stores with thine,

Then fierce thou pour'st along:

So, man each day new vigour gains,

Till life's meridian he attains—

“With passions wild and strong.”

The stream which from yon bog descends,

Its dark, discolour'd water blends

With thy translucent waves:

So vice, with sly insidious art,

Her venom pours into the heart,

And all the mind depraves.

Now, rolling o'er thy pebbly bed,
 Thou paint'st the youth by folly led
 Wild pleasure's giddy round:
 Thy hollow murmurs represent
 The reeling drunkard's merriment,
 When reason's voice is drown'd.

Now, tumbling down the rocky steep,
 Headlong into the cavern deep,
 That boiling foams below:
 Like man, by adverse fortune cross'd,
 Each pleasing, hopeful, prospect lost,
 He sinks, o'erwhelm'd in woe.

But soon the strife is o'er...again
 Thou glid'st along the level plain,
 Where no rude rocks oppose:
 So, when the storm of grief is past,
 Calm resignation comes at last,
 And falls asleep our woe.

Where, in the marsh thou spread'st around,
 A pool, with reeds and sedges crown'd,
 Whence noisome vapours rise,
 Thou pictur'st life's dull vapid hour,
 When all enjoyments lose their pow'r,
 To charm our ears or eyes.

At last, thou meet'st old ocean's wave—
 So, man descends into the grave—
 Yet both shall rise again:
 For, from its earthly dregs set free,
 Thy purer part exhaled shall be,
 And yet refresh the plain.

So, man (or hope misleads my heart),
 Shall leave behind his mortal part
 And re-ascend the skies:
 Freed from the body's cumbrous load,
 On high the soul shall dwell with God,
 And taste celestial joys.

Then, let not man, tho' cares molest,
 Repine at heav'n's most high behest,
 Or heave the impious sigh:
 For as the sea doth ebb and flow,
 His life partakes of joy and woe—
 Yet hope still points on high.

ODE TO SLEEP.

"On this my pensive pillow, gentle sleep!
 "Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest;
 "Wipe with thy wing those eyes that wake to weep,
 "And place thy crown of poppies on my breast."

WARTON.

HAIL gentle power! refreshing sleep,
 The wounded spirit's healing balm;
 Misfortune's children, "born to weep,"
 In thee enjoy a transient calm.
 The tear-swoln eye—the woe-fraught breast—
 The brain convuls'd by fell despair,
 Hargall by thee been lull'd to rest—
 By thee reliev'd from grief and care.

Thou art the weary peasant's friend,
 His languid powers thou dost renew,
 'Tis thine o'er his hard couch to bend,
 Somnific gifts at eve to strew.

The care-worn pilgrim owns thy sway,
 Who has on earth no friend but thee—
 A homeless wand'rer doom'd to stray,
 Till death's long slumber sets him free.

Nor do the poor alone confess,
 The powerful magic of thy charms,
 The sons of wealth thou deign'st to bless
 And princes court thee to their arms.

The legislator seeks repose,
 On whom a nation's weal depends;
 The learn'd divine thy blessing knows;
 And at thy shrine the hero bends.

The seaman tost by waves and winds,
 Far from his friends and native home,
 From toil a grateful respite finds
 When thou to his relief dost come.

Extatic visions of delight
 Before his restless fancy rise
 The village seems to bliss his sight
 Where light first beam'd upon his eyes.

The soldier on the field of blood,
 Exhausted by fatigue and toil,
 Feels all the springs of life renew'd
 Beneath thy renovating smile.

While haply some delightful dream
 Transports him to the well-known plaid—
 The lowly cot beside the stream,
 Where first he open'd life's campaign.

The beautiful maid whose dazzling eyes
 Like sunbeams blind the fools that gaze;
 Unblest by thee, their lustre dies,
 And on her cheek the rose decays.

Beneath thy mild auspicious reign,
 The love-lorn damsel lies at rest—
 A dream restores her long-lost swain—
 O'erjoy'd she claps him...and is blest.

"And are we met?...shall I no more
 A bitter separation dread?"
 She cries...but soon the joy is o'er—
 She wakes...the dear illusion's fled.

And often I, thy humble bard,
 Have felt thy influence benign,
 And all the calm delights have shar'd,
 Which to bestow is only thine.

In early youth, when first my heart
 Was kindled with poetic flame,
 Sweet dreams of night would oft impart
 The hope of never-dying fame.

Or, when with love my bosom glow'd,
 Thy blissful dreams have to my arms
 The much-priz'd fair one oft bestow'd,
 In all her fascinating charms.

My darling child, whose artless tongue
 Could prattle all my cares away,
 Was seiz'd by death...how sad I hung
 Lamenting o'er his lifeless clay!

What keen affliction wrung my soul!
 How did my eyes with tears o'erflow!
 Yet, even then, thou couldst console—
 Thou didst beguile me from my woe.

And oft, when laid by thee at rest,
 My wand'ring spirit soars on high,
 And in the regions of the blest
 Holds converse with my lovely boy.

The friend my heart first learnt to prize,
 Who braves the stormy ocean's roar,
 When thou hast clos'd my weary eyes,
 A dream of rapture can restore.

Then, on the scenes of nirth we dwell,
 Which gilded life's unclouded morn;
 And oft, with painful pleasure tell,
 Of joys that never will return.

Soul-soothing sleep! thou dearest friend
 To man, the son of care, and strife;
 The charm is only thine, to blend
 With sweets, the bitter cup of life.

When dimly burns my vital flame,
 Thy gentle form may death assume,
 And lay this time-worn, shatter'd frame,
 At rest, in earth's spacious womb.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF THE 31ST DECEMBER,
 1807.

—————"We take no note of time
 "But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 "Is wise in man." YOUNG,

HARK! how the fear-inspiring storm
 Howls thro' the leafless wood;
 And heaves, in many a dreadful form,
 The wild infuriate flood,

The deaf'ning squall...the roaring surge,
 At once assail the ear;
 They seem to sing a doleful dirge
 To the departing year.

And shall to-morrow's cheering ray,
 Another year proclaim?—
 Yet...Time unheeded steals away—
 His speed is still the same.

Frail man, reflect in time, with dread,
 Another year is past—
 Another year for ever fled!—
 The next may be thy last!

How many, when this year began,
 The sweetest hopes enjoy'd;
 Who, to the silent grave are gone,
 And all those hopes destroy'd!

And numbers now the hour may spend,
 In revelry and mirth,
 Who ere the coming year shall end,
 Will mix with kindred earth.

And I, tho' yet in manhood's prime
 Beneath some grassy mound,
 May sleep in death, ere circling time
 Performs his annual round!

As o'er the deep, wave after wave,
 In rapid haste rolls on;—
 So fly the years...we don't perceive
 Their flight, until they're gone.

— — — — —
 THE PEASANT'S RETURN.

"The toil-worn Cotter free his labour goes."

BURNS.

"Dream of Paradise to-night."

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN overpow'rd by toil, fatigue, and pain,
 The weary PEASANT homeward bends his way,
 While on the hills the sun's last beams remain,
 And vales have lost the radiant blaze of day.

The birds wild warbling in the leafy bow'rs,
 The chrystal dew-drop glistening on each blade,
 The fields bedeck'd with variegated flow'rs,
 Are all in vain before his eyes display'd.

Unheard by him the sylvan warblers sing,
 Unseen the pearly dew-drop shines so bright,
 The aromatic flow'rs unnoticed spring—
 The thoughts of HOME can only bring delight!

For hope with fondness on the cottage dwells,
 Where he shall meet a wife's endearing smile;
 And many a soul-enlivening tale she tells,
 Of future blessings to reward his toil.

And now, the lowly mansion to his view
 Appears embosom'd in the peaceful vale;
 His rosy offspring lightly skim the dew,
 All eager who shall first their father hail.

How light of heart they bound his smile to gain!

To share the sweet caress, the welcome, kind:

But now the youngest of the little train,

Begins to weep because he's left behind.

What raptures fill the toil-worn parent's breast,

As round his knees the little prattlers cling!

Ye sordid souls, of golden hoards possess,

Ne'er can your wealth such sweet sensations bring.

His thrifty partner at the cottage door,

With smiles of welcome greets her sun-burnt lord;

And soon, each kindly salutation o'er,

The frugal supper crowns their humble board.

Nor let the proud, unfeeling sons of wealth,

His narrow lot, and humble fare deride;

If blest with "mental peace and rosy health,"

He scorns the gifts of luxury and pride.

The humble bed invites him to repose,

(The "sweet oblivion of his daily care,")

But ere in gentle sleep their eyelids close,

He hears his children lip their evening pray'r.

And he, tho' doom'd in poverty to pine,

And oft encounter want's unnumber'd woes,

Praises, with grateful heart, the Pow'r's DIVINE,

For all the precious blessings he bestows.

Refreshing sleep her powerful opiate brings,

And while at rest from toil and care he lies,

His soul, ascending on seraphic wings,

Explores a land of bliss beyond the skies.

There, shall the thirsty drink the cup of joy—

There, balm is pour'd into the wounded breast—

There, shall the tear be wip'd from sorrow's eye—

And there, the heavy laden shall have rest!

There, when life's weary pilgrimage is o'er,
 All those who walk in virtue's heavenly way,
 Shall bask in bliss, enjoying evermore
 The cloudless sunshine of eternal day.

Ecstatic vision! source of rich delight!
 Sweet antidote to ev'ry grief and pain!
 Hope bids thee beam thus on the wretch's sight,
 To cool the fever of his burning brain.

The shrill-toned cock dispels his pleasing dream—
 He 'wakes, his daily labour to renew;
 Yet hope, tenacious of her favourite theme,
 Oft bids his soul the blissful scene pursue.

Let storms of woe collect around his head,
 And all the ills of life his mind invest;
 Imagination still by hope is led
 To seek the mansions of eternal rest.

The seaman thus 'mid wild tornadoes tost,
 Forgets a-while the "elemental fray;"
 For hope enchants him to his native coast,
 And pictures many a future happy day.

Not such, I ween, the dreams of Mammon's train—
 To them the dark abodes of death appear:
 There gold is useless...earthly grandeur vain—
 Appal'd they start! and wake convuls'd with fear!

Yes, oft when rev'ling in the arms of joy,
 When gladness seems supreme in ev'ry heart,
 This sad reflection will their mirth destroy—
 "From these enjoyments we must soon depart!"

Thrice happy PRASANT! tho' on life's rough sea
 Thou'rt doom'd to strive with many a bitter blast;
 Yet virtue shall thy steady pilot be,
 And guide thee to thy peaceful home at last.

ELIZA, AN ELEGY.

" Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 " And send the heavens weeping to their beds."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE freezing north wind blew...and all the plain
 Was buried under heaps of drifted snow;
 Aloft in Heaven's blue arch the moon did reign—
 And ting'd with yellow beams the world below.

When fair ELIZA, from a neighb'ring town,
 Returning, sought the dear, paternal dome;
 But fate forbade, with a malignant frown,
 That she should ever taste the joys of home!

Poor hapless maid! what raptures fill'd her breast,
 When she had nearly reach'd her native hill;
 There, hope had promis'd she should safely rest,
 Screen'd from the wintry blast and ev'ry ill.

But hope deceiv'd!...alas! her gentle frame
 Could ill endure stern winter's piercing breath,
 Already half extinct her vital flame—
 Shivering, she felt the icy hand of death.

As poison steals, a deadly numbness crept,
 And spread debility thro' ev'ry limb;
 Her pulse no more its usual tenor kept,
 Her spirit-beaming eye grew dark and dim.

And now, entangled in a wreath of snow,
 A while she strives...but all her efforts fail,
 She sinks...and thus in accents sad and low,
 She pours her sorrows on the hollow gale:—

" 'Tis past...the fleeting dream of life is fled—
 Vain are my struggles...vain my plaintive cry;
 Soon, soon shall I be number'd with the dead—
 Yet, oh! it is a "a dreadful thing to die!"

Perhaps my parents blame my long delay—
 Perhaps, despairing, they my fate presage;
 To rankling grief they soon may fall a prey,
 Depriv'd of me, the comfort of their age.

My COLIN, too, on love's light pinions borne,
 Shall fly to press me to his ardent breast!—
 How will his heart with agony be torn,
 When he is told that in the grave I rest!

Adieu my earthly hopes!...my youthful joys!—
 The drowsy God asserts his laden reign;
 Ah! world, farewell! farewell!...She clos'd her eyes
 And slept...but never, never 'woke again!

The radiant morn arose...her corse was found—
 But words would fail to paint her parents woe!
 May he who gave the soul subduing wound
 In mercy temper sorrow's poignant throes!

THE SPIRIT OF THE GROVE.*

WRITTEN DURING MR. A——'S ABSENCE IN ENGLAND,
 WHERE HE RESIDED SEVERAL YEARS.

WHEN murky twilight o'er the landscape threw
 Her sable veil; when birds forgot their strain,
 When labour-wearied swains to rest withdrew,
 And Vesper marshal'd forth her starry train:

By meditation led, I sought the grove
 Which marmur'd tullen in the breeze of night;
 Where (as 'tis said) unnumber'd spirits rove,
 Till warn'd by purple dawns, they take their flight.

Enjoying all the luxury of thought,
 Uncaring, and unconscious, where I stray'd,
 I heard a dulcet harp's enchanting note,
 In dying whispers borne along the glade—

Like some rude savage in the Thracian wild,
 Won from his fierceness by th' Orphean lyre,
 In mute attention, from my thoughts beguil'd,
 I stood, a captive to the trembling wire.

Duxoven's genius trill'd the plaintive lay,
 She mourn'd her absent son, with ceaseless woe;
 Who in another land protracts his stay;
 She rais'd her voice, and thus her song did flow:

“ When time his circling course begun,
 When first these regions hail'd the sun,
 When infant man first breath'd the air,
 This favour'd spot was made my care:
 The op'ning mind of youth I form,
 With zeal the hero's breast I warm,
 I teach the heart with love to glow,
 And bid the tear of pity flow.

I joy to see my sun-burnt swains,
 Blithe toiling on the hills and plains,
 At eve to mark their sportive ring,
 Or hear the maids in concert sing;
 But oft deep sighs their grief betray,
 Their much-lov'd lord is far away,
 Who would have join'd the playful throng,
 And prais'd the maiden's artless song.

The hoary sire, with grief of heart,
 Cries, ‘ why, oh! why did he depart?
 Can he the natal dome despise,
 And fly the groves he bade to rise?
 Can he resign without one tear,
 The scenes to early mem'ry dear?
 Or, can he hope on earth to find,
 More faithful swains, or friends more kind?’

Dear son! obey my earnest call,
 Return to thy paternal hall;

Then shall my sorrow disappear—
 Then ev'ry face a smile shall wear :
 Then shall content, and gladness reign,
 Unrival'd, o'er each hill and plain ;
 The poor who now thy absence mourn,
 Shall gladly hail thy safe return."

STANZAS

ON THE RETURN OF MR. A— FROM ENGLAND.

"Now God bethankit that our Land's come home"
 RAMSAY.

ARRAY'D in new beauties the groves now appear,
 The birds mend their song, and enliven their strain,
 The face of each rustic a smile seems to wear,
 Because their lov'd Lord is return'd home again.

For long did he linger on far distant plains,
 And solitude reign'd in his ancestor's dome ;
 While deeply his absence was moan'd by the swains,
 But see with what rapture they welcome him home !

On tottering limbs an old peasant draws near,
 Whose thin scatter'd locks are by age silver'd o'er,
 His time-furrow'd cheek is bedew'd with a tear
 "As he sighs, "may we hope you will leave us no more."

The widow advances with tears in her eyes,
 (For since he departed her husband is dead)
 Her kind gratulations are mix'd with deep sighs—
 Poor soul ! she remembers the joys that are fled.

Food tenants press round him with looks of delight,
 The sunshine of gladness illumines each face,
 Each eye beams with rapture...t' enjoy such a sight,
 An angel might stop on a message of peace !

THE BED OF REST.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. M'N——E, BELFANT.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
 "A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 "They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 "Low in the ground."

MONTGOMERY.

EXTENDED ON the couch of pain,

While fair ROSANNA wasting lies ;

Shall I the cup of pleasure drain,

Or bid the song of gladness rise ?

Ah no ! beside that couch of pain

Oft let me watch her life's decay ;

And teach her timid soul to gain

The regions of eternal day :

Cheer her sad spirits when by fears depress,

And smooth her passage to the bed of rest.

Oh ! suffering angel ! could thy mind,

Which never knew a thought impure,

But feel the pangs to some assign'd,

How joyfully thou might'st endure !

The guilty wretch whom crimes pursue,

Forgets the pangs that rend his frame ;

For startled conscience keeps in view

Th' abyss of ever-burning flame !—

He raves in anguish...horror haunts his breast,

The grave to him presents no bed of rest.

Tho' painful is the mental strife,

To part with all the friends we prize ;

In youth to burst the bonds of life,

While yet we dream of earthly joys :—

Reflect, thou hast a friend on high,

Whose precious blood was shed for thee ;

Who views thee with a pitying eye,

And whispers "rest thy hopes on me"—

He feels thy pangs...he longs to see thee blest ;

And fondly woe thee to the bed of rest.

What fears distract the mother's mind,
 Who feels that life is near an end ;
 When she must leave her babes behind,
 Without a guide...without a friend !
 Perhaps from virtue's path to stray,
 Unguarded by a parent's care—
 Perhaps to fall misfortune's prey,
 And sink the victims of despair :
 But no such fears disturb thy gentle breast—
 Thy babes are slumbering in the bed of rest.

What mortal may presume to tell,
 The pure delights which shall be thine,
 When rais'd where happy spirits dwell,
 And radiant suns of glory shine ?
 How shall thy babes around thee cling,
 And hail thee to the realms above,
 To fields where flow'rs eternal spring,
 And all is rapture, joy, and love !
 There pain and sorrow never more molest ;
 For there the weary find a place of rest.

APRIL.

IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

" Loo'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
 " Again puts on her robe of cheerful green." BROCK.

SWEET APRIL ! wi' lenient smile,
 Proclaims gloomy winter's awa,
 Wha late did the lan'scape despoil,
 An' hid a' it's beauties wi' sna.
 The sun, now, wi' nourishen' ray,
 Bids verdure ance mair deck the plain ;
 The lammy skips blithe on the brae,
 An' cheerfully labours the swain.

I'll hie to the shadowy grove,
 Whar buds gently swellin' appear—
 Whar newly pair'd birds, fow' o' love,
 Their notes sing bewitchin'ly clear.

Whar the vi'let, an' primrose sae pale,
 Sprout bonilie under the thorn—
 Whar earliest May-flow'rs unveil
 Their sweets by the wimpiln' burn.

In ilka wee flow'ret that springt,
 The will o' my Maket I see ;
 And ilka wee birdie that sings,
 A sang o' due praise seems to gie.

Aneath the grey saugh's buddin' spray,
 I'll bask in the temperate beam ;
 An' mark the wee clocks as they play
 On the face o' the smooth-gladin' stream.

Or haply (if fancy should lead)
 The shady retreat I may leave,
 An' stray wi' the barn through ilk mead,
 Till it blends wi' the ocean's green ware.

Sweet month ! thy enlivenin' reign,
 To the years o' my youth I compare,
 When, brisk in the sports o' the plain,
 I kend neither sorrow nor care.

My simmer was clouded wi' strife,
 Now sour-looking autumn is near—
 Then winter, the e'enin' o' life,
 Shall finish my mortal career !

The spring yet will smilin' return,
 An' scatter fresh flow'rs owre the plain ;
 But pleasures that sweeten't life's morn,
 We ne'er can experience again !

M A Y.

INSCRIBED TO —————

"No birds sweetly singing,

"Nor flowers gaily springing,

"Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair." BURNS.

THE op'ning buds, and blossoms gay,
 Proclaim the birth of rosy May—
 The bounding lambs delighted play,
 And birds pour forth their melody.

How sweet at morn the sylvan glade,
 Where flow'rs expand beneath the shade ;
 And lovely spring walks forth array'd
 In all her fairest drapery !

The glorious sun ascends on high,
 O'er all diffusing light, and joy—
 With rapture ev'ry human eye
 Surveys great nature's scenery.

No tempests with resistless sweep,
 In dire commotion heave the deep ;
 The jarring winds are hush'd asleep,
 And all is peace and harmony.

But never can the joys of spring,
 Extract affliction's poison'd sting ;
 Nor all her sweets an opiate bring
 To soothe the child of misery.

No ! never can the child of woe
 Feel nature's joy-inspiring glow ;
 Nor smiling spring a charm bestow
 To blast the edge of poverty.

Ah no ! the heart by anguish torn,
 Recurs to life's delightful morn,
 The days that never will return,
 When all was mirth and gaiety.

The pining wretch by want oppress,
 Sees earth in all her glory drest,
 And sighs, "this season made me blest
 Ere first I knew adversity."

But thou whose heart is pity's throne,
 Who mak'st another's woes thy own,
 To still pale sorrow's secret groan
 Extend'st the hand of charity.

To heal the wounds of woe is thine,
 To cheer those hearts that inly pine,
 And bid the wretch his griefs resign,
 Fair daughter of humanity!

Poor genius feels thy fost'ring care,
 And offers up a fervent pray'r,
 That Heav'n's best blessings thou may'st share
 In time, and through eternity!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND MR. G—— D——, ON HIS
 NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

—————"May he live
 "Longer than I have time to tell his years!" SHARR.

WITH thee, my friend, sincerely I'll rejoice,
 And raise on high my ever-grateful voice,
 To that great BEING, who with tender care,
 In utmost danger, deign'd thy life to spare.
 What countless pangs that moment might have brought,
 Oh! how I shudder at the painful thought!
 While fancy paints the madd'ning scene of woe,
 With copious floods of tears my eyes o'erflow;
 Nor can I banish the tormenting train
 Of thoughts, that crowd upon my giddy brain;
 In spite of reason, sorrow still returns,
 And o'er thy corse imagination mourns.
 Just so the timid wand'rer of the night,
 Thinks on pale ghosts, and trembles with affright;

And while he strives to reason with his fears,
 A phantom still more terrible appears.
 I see (distracting sight!) thy widow'd mate,
 In frantic woe bewail thy hapless fate—
 While various images of happier days,
 Form in her mind a strange bewildering maze:
 The soft endearments of that blissful hour,
 When first she own'd love's all-subduing pow'r—
 That day of rapture, when around your head,
 Kind Hymen's torch its purest lustre shed—
 The time when from a mother's pains set free,
 O'erjoy'd she gave an infant son to thee—
 Such thoughts as these arise in sad array,
 Till frenzy quite usurps mild reason's sway.
 The storm of grief subsides—your child appears—
 His orphan'd state afresh her bosom tears;
 And now with deepest agony oppress,
 She strains th' unconscious prattler to her breast;
 Who, smiling cherub, knows not why she weeps,
 And wonders why so long his father sleeps! 4

Nor can your friends assuage her boundless grief,
 Themselves requiring comfort and relief;
 Alas! with aching hearts they turn aside,
 Their stifled groans, and starting tears to hide,
 And thou MARIA! 5 sweetest of the train,
 Who own luxurious fancy's blissful reign,
 Shalt bid thy smooth pathetic numbers flow
 And strike thy dulcet harp to sounds of woe.
 With thine my saddest song of grief shall blend—
 In concert we will mourn our common friend;
 That friend, in whom such virtues were combin'd
 "His like again" we may not hope to find.
 But as the dawn with joy-dispensing light,
 Dispels the sable shades of darkest night;
 So reason comes...the frightful dream is fled—
 Avaunt! ye images of doubt and dread!
 Indulgent mercy interpos'd to save
 My valued friend from an untimely grave:
 Oh! may his well-spent future years declare,
 That he deserv'd kind Heav'n's protecting care.

THE RED-BREAST.

"The lonely bird of autumn's reign."

MONTGOMERY.

THE cold nipping frost binds the wandering streams,
 And the landscape is buried in snow;
 A desolate desert the forest now seems,
 Where the songsters wild notes late did flow.

The poor little Red-breast comes into my door,
 And looks with a piteful eye;
 His looks seem to say, as he hops on the floor,
 "Of hunger poor Robin will die."

Sweet warbler of autumn! complain not of want,
 Thrice welcome thy visits to pay,
 And, tho' of provisions my cabin be scant,
 Thou shalt not fly hungry away.

Here I feed on these crumbs, and let me be thy guard,
 For pitiless Tybert is near—
 Should he seize thee, ah! never thy song would be heard
 The dull joyless evening to cheer.

Oft, oft when misfortune my spirits depress'd,
 Delighted I've listen'd thy strain;
 Thy soft, simple music, gave peace to my breast,
 And bade me forget to complain.

So soon art thou flown!... Yes, like too many friends,
 Who, much love and kindness have shew'd;
 Where'er they accomplish their own selfish ends,
 Their friendship no longer is known.

Yet art thou more grateful than most of mankind,
 Tho' now to the wilds thou art fled—
 For when the soft breeze shall the waters unbind,
 Again thou wilt sing near my shed.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MR BOBY. ANDERSON, ON READING SOME OF
HIS BEAUTIFUL POEMS IN THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

HAIL ANDERSON! nature's sweet bard,

(For nature gives birth to thy lay;)

What praise could thy merit reward?

What fame thy effusions repay?

Permit me, tho' wild is the strain,

My tribute of praise to bestow;

Nor treat my rude verse with disdain,

Since heartfelt esteem bids it flow.

Thy songs with delight I have read,

Which flow like a smooth-gliding stream,

And sympathy's tear I have shed,

As oft as distress was thy theme.

Nor would I those pleasures resign,

Which flow from thy sorrowful strain,

To call the whole universe mine,

And rank with the unfeeling train.

Thy *Outcast*, poor victim of woe,

I've heard on the desolate heath,

And seen the sad sufferer laid low,

Relcas'd from her sorrows by death.

Thy *Widow's* affecting complaint,

Might melt e'en a bosom of stone;

What mortal could hear her lament,

And not make her sorrows their own

Poor *Annie's* extravagant song

Beguilds me of many a sigh;

Such wild accents fall from her tongue,

As oft steal a tear from my eye.

Sweet Bard! what sensations divine

Thy exquisite ditties impart!

Simplicity dwells in each line,

Yet strongly they speak to the heart.

And still as I read with delight,

Hope tells me of some happy day,

When we shall in friendship unite,

And sing all our sorrows away.

Oh! come, thou dear moment of joy!

No anguish my bosom should rend,

Nor care my sweet visions destroy,

If blest with so gentle a friend.

Sweet poet of nature! adieu!

May fame be the meed of thy lays;

That fame which no change will subdue,

Till time shall have number'd his days!

A POETICAL LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO MR. B. ANDERSON, ON HIS LONG SILENCE.

O Robin are ye sleepin' yet?

Or are ye wakin' I would wit?

For shame! shake off this drowty fit,

An' sing again sae charmin'.

SWEET BARD! wha late so clear did sing,

What ails your Muse to droop her wing,

Now, when the early flow'rs o' spring

Are a' the fields adornin'?

O Robin are ye sleepin' yet, &c.

Aft in this season o' the year,

Your "wood-notes wild" my heart did cheer;

But something ails ye now, I fear—

Your silence is alarmin'.

O Robin are ye sleepin' yet, &c.

Has fell "misfortune's could nor-wast,"
 Spent on your head some dreadfu' blast?
 Or clouds o' woe your sky owrecast,
 An' chang'd your joy to mournin'?
O Robin are ye sleepin' yet, &c.

Has poverty's covenom'd dart
 Transpierc'd your independant heart?
 Or snarlin' critics made ye smart?
 Curse on sic spitefu' vermin!

Gay Flora's bairns, a lovely train,
 Begin to deck the verdant plain;
 An' birds, wi' mony a heartsome strain,
 Salute the rosy mornin'!

Now a' your cares and woes discard,
 And strike the harp, my fav'rite bard;
 An' oh! may fame your lays reward,
 'Till doomsday i' the mornin'.

SPRINGVALE. 7

"Here waving groves a chequer'd scene dis, lay." Forst.

Now June bids the hawthorn to bloom,
 And scatter its odours around—
 Gay blossoms bedeck the wild broom,
 And flow'rets enamel the ground:
 The Shamrock on each verdant lawn,
 Its fragrance imparts to the gale;
 I'll stray from the morn's rosy dawn
 'Till eve, 'midst the shades of Springvale.

I've mix'd in the mirth-loving throng,
 And felt no emotion of joy—
 I've listen'd the laugh-raising song,
 Yet answer'd the strain with a sigh:
 But here, where the crowd's grating noise
 No longer my ear shall assail,
 I'll taste the most exquisite joys,
 And bless the cool shades of Springvale.

The grove's feather'd inmates combine—

The beauties of nature they sing—

How sweetly the lark seems to join

Aloft, proudly rais'd on the wing :

At evening the meadows resound

The notes of the clamorous rail—

When dark are the groves that surround

The picturesque scenes of Springvale.

The hum of the village I hear,

Where toil with contentment is blest ;

The sea's drowsy roar strikes my ear,

Tho' soft breathes the gale on its breast ;

And oft from that spacious bay,

Where commerce displays her white sail,

Charm'd sailors, with rapture, survey

The sylvan retreats of Springvale.

The crystalline stream as it glides,

Here joins its first parent, the main—

Its pebbles the water scarce hides,

As noiseless it steals thro' the plain :

How sweet by its margin to stray !

The morn's healthful breeze to inhale,

Or, flying the sun's parching ray,

At noon, seek the shades of Springvale.

Oft fancy's delicious dream

Has pictur'd a region of bliss,

Some valley enrich'd by a stream

In murmurs meand'ring like this :

Oh ! hear me, ye pow'rs of the sky !

When life's brittle tenure shall fail,

On some other planet may I

Inhabit a spot like Springvale.

STANZAS

ON HEARING MISS ALLEN SING, AND ACCOMPANY HERSELF
ON THE PIANO FORTE.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt,
"Alas! how is that rugged heart lorn?" BEATTIE.

WHAT ravishing sounds do I hear,
Which float on the still breeze of night,
Which bid all my woes disappear,
And soothe me to dreams of delight.

Some angel descends from on high,
The spirit of rapture to wake;
To stifle pale misery's sigh,
And bid sorrow's heart cease to ache.

O, is it the Orphean lyre,
So fabled by poets of yore?
Which rocks could with motion inspire,
And lost animation restore.

Ah no! 'tis ELIZA's white hand,
Directing the sweet-sounding strings;
Each heart must with rapture expand—
But hark! with what magic she sings!

That voice might beguile from its pain,
The heart long abandon'd to care;
Might charm meagre want's joyless train,
And even speak peace to despair.

How oft with ineffable joy,
I've heard the wild choristers sing!
When perch'd on their branches so high,
They welcom'd the life-giving spring.

But now they delight me no more,
No pleasure their songs can impart:
For only ELIZA can pour
The music that thrills at my heart.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE BUILT BY MISS
MONTGOMERY, OF GREYABEEY. 8

How dull must be that bard, who could refuse
The eiling tribute of a grateful Muse ;
Where nature in her fairest form appears,
And art, with all her charms the landscape cheers.
Immortal Milton ! when thy glowing pen
Describ'd the place where dwelt the first of men,
Hadst thou beheld some favour'd spot like this,
Thou wouldst have nam'd it, as that land of bliss.
In all my wand'rings thro' life's thorny maze,
Whatever beauties met my ardent gaze,
Fell short of this, far as the moonless night
Is diff'rent from the sun's unclouded light.
Tho' dashing streams, and barren mountains rude,
May give an awful charm to solitude ;
Yet still the human mind with dread impress,
Sighs for a land with milder features blest ;

Where healthy labour tills the fruitful fields ;
Where all her fragrant blossoms Flora yields ;
Where smiling plenty fills her golden horn,
And thriving flocks the hills and vales adorn.

How sweet !—but cease my Muse, nor vainly try
To tell what beauties here attract the eye ;
Weak are thy pow'rs—as well thou might'st essay
To count the stars that form the milky-way.

Let all to this delightful cot repair,
And fancy's most delicious banquet share :
The fair MONTGOMERY with a gen'rous heart,
Bids all enjoy it, and in peace depart.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN ARTHUR LUSK, WHO CIRCUM-
NAVIGATED THE GLOBE WITH LORD ANSON. 9

FROM death's irresistible sway,

What virtues, frail mortals shall save ?

All, all must his fiat obey—

See LUSK is laid low in the grave !

That heart is now cold as a stone,
 Where honour had fix'd her abode,
 Where truth had establish'd her throne,
 And learning her gifts had bestow'd.

The arm now doth motionless lie,
 That wielded the death-dealing sword;
 And clos'd evermore is that eye,
 Which far distant regions explor'd.

Farewell! son of Neptune! farewell!
 Life's tempests thou long hast endur'd;
 Misfortune's rude waves now may swell,
 For thou art in harbour safe moor'd.

Light lie the green turf on thy breast—
 May thy sleep be unbroken and soft,
 Till the archangel calls thee from rest,
 By piping all sailors aloft.

Then joyfully may'st thou set sail,
 And gain that Elysian shore—
 Where the storm or the billows shall fail
 To disturb thy repose any more.

— — — — —
 L I N E S

ON SEEING SUMMERHILL, FROM THE ROAD BETWEEN
 PORTAFERRY AND KIRKCURBIN. 10

A LONELY pilgrim dragging on
 Life's weary chain, I pensive stray'd;
 Dreaming of days for ever gone,
 When joy her syren charms display'd:
 A modest mansion caught my eye,
 To know it baffled all my skill:
 When gratitude said with a sigh—
 "Canst thou forget sweet Summerhill?"

" Canst thou, whilst life retains her seat,
 " Forget that form divinely fair ;
 " Who spoke to thee in accents sweet,
 " The cheering words of friendship there ?
 " Canst thou forget those eyes so bright,
 " Which made thy soul with rapture thrill ?
 " They said... " poor merit still shall meet
 " A steady friend at Summerhill."

Ah no ! while in this heart of mine
 The vital tide shall ebb and flow—
 That sacred spot...that form divine,
 Fond mem'ry never can forego :
 And, when the awful voice of death
 Shall bid the pulse of life be still,
 The latest effort of my breath,
 Shall bless my friend at Summerhill.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

ON OPENING A PRIVATE THEATRE IN BANGOR, FOR A CHARITABLE PURPOSE.

SPOKEN BY MR. R. GRAY.

Who has not learnt from Shakespeare's famous page,
 That men are players, and this earth a stage ?
 And all who take of life a serious view,
 Will feel convinced that Avon's Bard said true.
 Now, I would ask all present, who have been
 From boyhood call'd to man's more serious scene,
 What are the fears which hang around the heart,
 When entering first on man's important part ?
 Such fears are ours...we start at every breath !
 In ev'ry whisper hear a burst of wrath !
 In ev'ry look our bitter doom presage—
 And wish we ne'er had ventur'd on the stage.
 Yet soothing hope would set our hearts at ease,
 With kind encouragement that we may please ;

She bids us leave our terrors all behind,
 And fear no blame from any candid mind;
 Then let your candour due allowance make
 For any casual fault, or slight mistake
 We may commit, in this our first essay,—
 Experience yet may blot those faults away.

Our motive is not praise...nor do we aim
 To grasp the wreath of never-dying fame—
 Our dearest object is the poor's relief,
 Who pine in want, and heave the sigh of grief—
 To still the hungry orphan's piercing cry,
 And make the widow's heart o'erflow with joy.
 If such, my friends, could e'er your pity move,
 This good design you doubtless will approve;
 And, while with charity your bosoms glow,
 Will to our failings kind compassion shew.
 Now for the play...I'll end my short appeal,
 With Heav'n's command...*"Let charity prevail!"*

SONNET TO A PRIMROSE.

"Sweet as the Primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET, modest flow'ret, that, beneath the thorn,
 Unfold'st thy beauties in the lonely dawn,
 I meet thy fragrance in the breeze of morn,
 In wilds where solitude and silence dwell.
 Tho' garden flow'rs a richer tint display,
 They oft demand the planter's nicest care;
 While thou appear'st beneath some sheltring spray,
 'Mid April's lingering frosts, and piercing air.
 How like the rustic poet's lot is thine!
 Whom nature taught the simple song to raise,
 Doom'd in oblivion's darkest shades to pine,
 He chaunts...but seldom gains the meed of praise.
 So, in some pathless desert thou art thrown,
 To shed thy sweet perfume, and fade unknown.

ANECDOTE OF A HIGHLANDER.

"What I have heard permit me to relate." DRYDEN.

WHERE Scotia's lofty mountains rise

Like pillars to support the skies;

Where, blasted by the piercing north,

Fair science puts few blossoms forth—

There men, by learning unrefin'd,

(Which oft corrupts the human mind)

Know little more than to be bold;

To sing what bards have sung of old,

And venerate as more than man

The patriarch that leads their clan.

Such DONALD was; unschool'd by art,

Yet none could boast a braver heart,

And he the great Argyle ador'd,

His house's head and sov'reign lord.

When bleak November's chilling breath

Blew surly o'er the wither'd heath,

DONALD an evening chanc'd to spend,

Some few miles distant with a friend.

The sneeshin' mill and whiskey stout,

With joyous hearts they toss'd about;

But pleasant moments always fly,

Their parting hour too soon drew nigh—

When he his friend's abode forsook,

And home, thro' wilds, his journey took.

The wind in sullen whispers blew;

Night's dusky veil no star broke thro';

And in his way a deep morass

Lay, which he was oblig'd to cross,

Where one false step might seal his doom,

And make some stagnant pool his tomb.

With prudent care the path he chose,

Till that delusive meteor rose,

Call'd *Ignis Fatuus*, whose light

Has oft betray'd the wand'ring wight.

As when the starling sons of France

Behold the Highland clans advance,

They stop with looks of wild dismay,
 And fain would shun the deadly fray:
 Ev'n so poor DONALD stood amaz'd,
 And on the faithless phantom gaz'd.
 "Oho," he cries, "the tiel has sent
 " Mischievous *Spunkie*, " wi' intent
 " This night to twin me o' my life,
 " An' helpless lea' my pairns and wife,
 " Pit, Cot be thankit, I can read, "u
 " I'se car the messin' see wi' speed."
 When thus resolv'd, half choak'd with fear,
 He bawls, " In Cot's name tisappear!"
 But saw, with grief, the unconscious light
 Still beam illusive on his sight.
 Another spell he quickly tries,
 And in a voice of terror cries—
 " In George the King's name tisappear!"
 But still it seem'd to shine more clear.
 Finding those conjurations vain,
 With solemn tone he cries again,

" I' th' name o' his clory and his cruce,
 " Arkyle's great Take, tepar't this place!"
 The vapour now exhausted quite,
 Sinks viewless, 'midst the shades of night;
 " Aha!" cries DONALD, " noo I see
 " The Take's the best ane o' the three!!!"

A POOR MAN'S PETITION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND HONOURABLE, THE
 GOVERNORS, AND DEPUTY GOVERNORS OF THE
 COUNTY OF DOWN.

Weariness
 " Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
 " Finds the down pillow hard." SHAKESPEARE.

MUCH HONOURED SIRS,

With due submission,
 I lay before you this petition—
 And when you have well weigh'd my case,
 I hope you will my name erase,
 Out of your list, before the ballot,
 Or draught, or what you please to call it.

The reason why I thus intrude,
 'Tis said poor fellows you exclude ;
 If so, then well may I be free,
 God knows I'm poor as poor can be.
 I durst not venture to appear,
 That day allow'd complaints to hear ;
 For, in my present ragged plight,
 I am a most unseemly sight,
 Unqualified to meet the view
 Of lords and gentlemen like you ;
 But, waving the excuse of dress,
 I cannot bear to see distress ;
 Nor hear the poor man's piteous groan,
 His woes remind me of my own.
 What pang to me it would have cost,
 Had I beheld the motley host,
 Where penury, disease, and pain,
 Were all assembled to complain ;
 Wretches like me, in tatter'd rags ;
 Spraint, rheumatism, broken legs ;

Ears inaccessible to sound,
 And eyes in utter darkness bound ;
 Scurvy, scrofula, epilepsy,
 Consumption pale, and bursting dropsy ;
 With all the life-embittering clan
 That persecute the race of man,
 Where such calamities appear,
 Who could refuse to drop a tear ?
 Even Satan, man's inveterate foe,
 Might melt at such a scene of woe.
 So choosing to avoid the sight,
 I borrow'd pen and ink to write,
 A faithful list of all that's mine—
 Which underneath I will subjoin :—
 First, then, I never learn'd a trade,
 But daily wield a flail or spade,
 Endeav'ring to preserve in life,
 Six naked children and a wife.
 My mansion is a clay-built cot,
 My whole domain a garden plot—

For these, each annual first of May
 Full thirty shillings I must pay :
 Ye who in stately domes reside,
 Th' abodes of luxury and pride,
 May deem it false when I assert,
 My house would scarcely load a cart ;
 So little straw defends its roof,
 Against the rain it is not proof—
 But all its failings to declare,
 Would waste more time than I can spare—
 So, with your leave, I will begin
 To tell what it contains within :—

A spade, by wearing much abus'd,
 A spinning-wheel, but little us'd ;
 Three stools, one larger than the rest
 Our table when we have a guest :
 A basket variously employ'd,
 Tho' nearly by old age destroy'd,
 It holds potatoes raw, or boil'd,
 And serves to rock our youngest child :

A leaky tub, a pot unsound,
 With iron hoop encircled round ;
 A jug, in which we daily bring,
 Our humble bev'rage from the spring.
 In order, on a shelf of stone,
 (For chest, or cupboard here is none)
 A dish, and three old plates are plac'd ;
 Three noggins, much by time defac'd ;
 A mug, from which the ear is parted ;
 An old knife, by its haft deserted ;
 Two tea-cups, one of which is crack'd ;
 Three saucers, each with some defect ;
 A tea-pot, but the lid is lost ;
 A beechen bowl, but so emboss'd
 With claps, it can't be understood,
 Whether of iron made or wood.
 And in a corner by the wall,
 We have a bed which cannot fall,
 But let not this create surprise—
 Securely on the ground it lies ;

To furnish it no flocks of geese,
 Were plunder'd of their downy fleece,
 Plain straw it is...and o'er this bed,
 The ruins of a quilt are spread.
 Now nothing else to me belongs,
 Except a broken pair of tongs;
 And for a shift until they're mended,
 We use a branch of willow bended.

One moment yet I beg you'll spare,
 And just look o'er my bill of fare,
 Which with my furniture accords,
 And small variety affords:
 The cruel butcher's murder'd knife,
 For me deprives no beast of life;
 No angler with ensnaring wiles,
 For me the fishy race beguiles;
 No sailor braves the dangerous sea
 To bring home luxuries for me—
 But words I will not multiply,
 Potatoes all our meals supply;

A little milk to them we add—
 And salt, when that can not be had.

That man to honour sure is lost,
 Who of his wretchedness can boast;
 Yet gain so rules the human breast,
 That men of competence possess,
 Could every quail of conscience hush,
 And swear without one single blush;
 But be assur'd none such am I,
 Tho' very poor, I scorn a lie;
 And all that's represented here,
 Indeed I can *too truly* swear.

Good Sirs, comply with this request,
 My humble name blot from your list,
 And, grateful for so high a favour,
 Your poor Petitioner shall ever,
 Such kind indulgence to repay,
 With unabating fervour pray.

PHILIP M-CLAVIER.

*Cabin—comfortless, near Ballywalter,
 December 18, 1807.*

THE CONTRAST.

A TALE.

MAN tosses on the sea of life
 Unsettled, till he gets a wife,
 And from her conduct then must flow
 His future happiness, or woe ;
 Of this, great numbers know the truth,
 Who have exchange'd the toys of youth
 For lasting blessings, more sincere,
 Domestic peace...a partner dear—
 Infants possessing ev'ry charm,
 Their mother's face, their father's form—
 In short, each happiness that can
 Make life desirable to man.
 But on the other hand, alas !
 How many pine in deep distress !
 And curse the luckless day they sold
 The joys of freedom for a toild,

Whose voice Jove's thunder doth resemble,
 By making all who hear it tremble.

But to my tale.... Two simple swains,
 True comrades, once had rang'd the plains,
 Feeding their flocks, devoid of guile,
 Till love with circumventive wile,
 (For few are proof against his arts)
 Enthral'd their unsuspecting hearts ;
 They parted...each his fortune tried,
 And each, in time, obtain'd a bride.
 Time glides away...five years were past
 Since these two friends had parted last,
 When on a market-day they met,
 And spent some time in friendly chat,
 On early pleasures fondly dwelling,
 And how they far'd in wedlock telling—
 Says Tom, " no bliss can equal mine,
 " My charming wife is so divine—
 " I think indulgent Heav'n was kind
 " In forming one just to my mind ;

" By her the town clock's imitated,
 " Her life is so well *regulated*;
 " The echo, which returns a sound,
 " To emulate she's always found;
 " Nay do not stare, for it is true,
 " She ne'er speaks but when spoken to,
 " And like the snail, that seldom creeps
 " Too far abroad, at home she keeps.
 " Such is my wife, dear Jack, pray tell
 " If your's behaves herself so well?"

He ceas'd...Jack answered with a sigh,

" That you are bless'd none can deny;
 " The man endow'd with such a mate
 " May smile at all the frowns of fate,
 " But surely mine, by angry Heav'n
 " To be my punishment was giv'n—
 " Yet she resembles all these things,
 " The source whence all my sorrow springs;
 " When on her forehead anger lours,
 " She has such great stentorial pow'rs,

" A town clock nothing can come nearer,
 " For then she lets *the whole town hear her!*
 " She's wrangling still, and if perchance
 " I speak but in my own defence,
 " Her tongue would ring a louder peal;
 " And echo-like she'll never fail,
 " Tho' I should scold the whole day long,
 " To have the *last word*, right or wrong:
 " Without a scruple you'll confess
 " Between her and a snail in this
 " A strong similitude appears,
 " *Her all upon her back she bears!*"

TO A MISER,

ON SEEING HIM AT DIVINE SERVICE.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." MAT. VI. 24.

WHAT brings you to this house of pray'r?
 Go home...the God you serve is there;
 We own a God beyond the skies,
 But all such notions you despise:
 Though some maligners call you Deist,
 I'll prove you are a Polytheist—
 A thousand Deities at home
 Are lock'd up in your sleeping room;
 To worship these afford great pleasure,
 Whene'er you find a minute's leisure.

Religious thoughts we often find
 Give peace and sunshine to the mind—
 Yet all a drop of gall contain,
 Which now and then awakens pain,
 And tho' your faith may have its joy,
 'Tis mixt with much of this alloy—
 For day or night, awake or sleeping,
 Your soul a painful watch is keeping,
 Lest thro' some cranny, hole, or chink,
 Your household deities should sink,
 And might, perhaps, (O thought distressing!)
 Grant others their "enriching blessing."
 How oft the whistling midnight breeze,
 With terror makes your heart's blood freeze,
 And should the night-owl chance to cry,
 You apprehend a thief is nigh.
 Old Hunks! remember death is near,
 Tho' you are spar'd from year to year,
 Th' unwelcome visitor at last
 Will come...then how you'll stare aghast!

And then reflect (I fear too late)
 The Gods you serv'd are of such weight,
 They'll sink you down from realms of day,
 Where no kind star's refulgent ray
 Shall penetrate the awful gloom,
 And few shall mourn your wretched doom.

S O N G S.

*"A Song oft drives dull Care away,
 "When the stormy nights are dark and long."*

ANDERSON.

ON THE
DEATH OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

TUNE—"Crazy Jane."

- "To the scourges of mankind, the oppressors of their country,
"Let Pride rear the columns, bust, and splendid works of art;
"Our great immortal NELSON, still, still in quest of glory,
"Has left a lasting monument in ev'ry British heart!"

ANDERSON.

HARK! what deep complaints are yonder!
Groans resound from shore to shore!
Britain mourns her lost commander—
God-like NELSON is no more:
He, who Albion's vengeful thunder
Bore tremendous o'er the main,
Gallia's scourge, and Egypt's wonder,
Never once he fought in vain!

Well may Britain's tears of sorrow,
 Round her swell the azure flood,
 While she views the breathless hero
 Who, to save her, spilt his blood :
 Yet his fall was render'd glorious
 By the en'my's overthrow—
 Still she sees her fleet victorious !
 Still she smiles, thro' tears of woe !
 Lo ! from clouds an host descending,
 Shades of those in war renown'd,
 O'er the hostile fleets impending—
 NELSON dies with laurels crown'd :
 His great soul this orb forsaking,
 They to happier climes convey,
 Now of endless joys partaking,
 Joys which never will decay.

THE RETURNING SAILOR.

TUNE—"Erin go Bra'h."

THE SAILOR from far distant climates returning,
 In thought claps the friend which he left on the shore ;
 He dreams of the scenes, where in life's cloudless morning
 He sported, and longs to behold them once more :
 His heart pressing homeward with constant devotion,
 Impatient, complains of the ship's tardy motion,
 Tho' swiftly she glides o'er the breeze-ruff'd ocean,
 Fond fancy, with eagerness, leads on before.
 Arriv'd in the bay whence at first he departed,
 His eyes beam with transport ! his toils are forgot !—
 He sees the green hills where he wander'd light-hearted,
 Ere first he abandon'd the dear native cot ;
 He bounds to the shore, ev'ry object awaking,
 The sorrows he felt when his country forsaking—
 His friend here he left, while his bosom was aching,
 And Sally he parted, with tears, on that spot.

So William return'd...seven years had he wander'd,
 And all the keen blasts of misfortune gone thro'—
 Nor ever yet once his affections had squander'd,
 His passion for Sally remain'd always true ;
 At parting they vow'd, and he gave her a token ;
 But women are faithless, her vows she had broken !
 Another she'd ta'en, to her shame be it spoken—
 While William, the phantom of wealth did pursue.

His heart wildly beat as he enter'd the valley,
 That spot ever sacred, the dear scene of joy ;
 There first he had whisper'd his love-tale to Sally,
 And gain'd from her sweet lips the kindest reply :
 Her dwelling appear'd, he beheld it delighted—
 But all his fond hopes in a moment were blighted—
 The false one was long to his rival united—
 He heard the sad news with a heart-rending sigh.

" Most faithless ! " he cried... " but the thorns of reflection
 When I am at rest, shall thy pillow bestrew ;
 A mother will greet me with smiles of affection—
 I fly to her bosom...haste female adieu ! "
 He flew to the cottage with fond expectation ;
 But roofless and void was the dear habitation—
 No parent was there...all was dark desolation—
 Where oft he had slumber'd the rank nettle grew.

A swain passing by, the sad story related,
 How Mary, the victim of sorrow had pin'd ;
 How oft the lov'd name of her son she repeated,
 When dotage arose on the wreck of her mind :
 How oft his return she would welcome with gladness—
 Then movingly pour forth the wailings of sadness ;
 But death brought a calm to the tempest of madness—
 Her William she blest, and her being resign'd.

"Then fond is the dream of delight I have cherish'd,"
 The sailor exclaim'd, while a tear dimm'd his eye,
 "Oh! why was I sav'd when my dear messmates perish'd?
 How happy their lot! peace and rest they enjoy:
 Yet, yet let me live, tho' forlorn, and a stranger,
 My country is injur'd, this arm shall avenge her;
 Alike, hallow'd spot! I will rush into danger—
 My heart's dearest wish is in battle to die!"

THE SAILOR'S MISTRESS.

TUNE—"Owen."

How sweet from yonder mountain the limpid streamlets flow,
 How pleasant in yon valley the pale primroses blow!
 How sweet the sylvan songsters hail each returning day!
 But nothing gives me pleasure, since William sail'd away.
 At eve, my young companions frisk gaily o'er the plain,
 While I, in some lone arbour, lament my absent swain;

It rends my heart asunder, to see them sport and play—
 I think on our sad parting, when William sail'd away.

If to the glen I wander, where oft I met my dear,
 Those scenes which once gave pleasure, now force the scald-
 ing tear;
 There first he spoke his passion, as in the shade we lay—
 That spot my tears have water'd, since William sail'd away.

When from yon heath-clad mountain, I view the distant
 main,

Each tender recollection renews my mental pain;
 While on its wavy bosom, my tearful eyes survey,
 The course his ship was steering, when William sail'd away.

My parents often tell me, he will return no more,
 They say he's fall'n a victim to India's deadly shore;
 If so, forlorn I'll wander, and mourn that woeful day,
 When on the trackless ocean young William sail'd away.

THE SOLDIER'S MISTRESS.

TUNE—"Wauking o' the fauld."

WHEN peace serenely smiling,
 Our fertile island blest,
 No grief I knew—my cares were few—
 No grief I knew—the moments flew—
 But peace no longer smiling,
 Reigns o'er the verdant plain,
 Rude war's alarms have from my arms
 Allur'd my youthful swain!
 The fragrant hawthorn blossom
 Perfumes the morning breeze,
 The small birds sing—the flow'rets spring—
 The small birds sing—the vallies ring—
 But summer's fairest blossoms
 Display their sweets in vain,
 Deep fraught with woe, no joy I know,
 Since I have lost my swain!

'Twas on yon hill we parted—
 Perhaps to meet no more,
 My heavy sighs—my streaming eyes—
 My heavy sighs—my sobs and cries,
 Too plain foretold we parted
 And ne'er should meet again,
 If Edwin's dead all joy is fled
 'Till death I'll mourn my swain.

But as the seaman sinking
 On some weak stay depends,
 Kind hope appears, to calm my fears—
 Kind hope appears, to wipe my tears—
 To save my heart from sinking,
 And soothe me from my pain;
 My prayers may move the pow'rs above
 To give me back my swain.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

TEXT—*"All in the Downs."*

Young William was the bravest youth
That e'er by winding Lagan stray'd,
And Mary, speechless child of truth,
Was long confess'd his favourite maid;
From early life their mutual passion grew,
No maid could be more kind...no swain more true.

Approving parents blest their love,
Nor distant seem'd the bridal day,
When William from the peaceful grove,
By glory's voice was lur'd away;
So, fate can blast the opening buds of joy,
And all our dreams of future bliss destroy.

Words could but ill express the pain
Which rent poor Mary's tender heart,
That day, when from their native plain,
She saw the much-lov'd youth depart:
But they, whose hearts can melt at pity's glow,
Will feel her pangs, and shed a tear of woe.

Then did poor William's bursting heart
Revolt at glory's ruthless charms,
Which bade him from his love depart,
And madly seek wild war's alarms:
But conquest wav'd her blood-stain'd flag afar—
The weeping maid he left...and sought the war.

Now landed on the Iberian shore,
By Erin's matchless hero * led;
He feels the vain illusion o'er—
The fairy dream of glory fled:
O'er mountains rude, by painful marches worn,
By hunger press'd, the warrior droops forlorn.

* Sir Arthur Wellesley, now Lord Wellington.

Long they pursued the flying foe ;
 At length, on Talavera's plain,
 They fought...where thousands were laid low,
 And there was hapless William slain !
 A musquet ball soon pierc'd his youthful breast !
 Lov'd Mary's name he sigh'd...and sunk to rest !

Poor Mary's eyes, that fatal night,
 A while were sealed in soft repose :
 When, in a dream, upon her sight
 Young William's mangled form arose :
 She, starting, raved...wild frenzy fir'd her brain—
 Mild reason fled, and never came again !

And, now, by Lagan's limpid stream,
 She loves to roam the live-long day ;
 Young William is her constant theme—
 To him she talks whole hours away :
 Poor maid ! may death soon calm thy troubled breast.
 " And lay thee down in peace with them that rest."

M A R Y.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

" Now, a poor maniac, she roams the wide common."

REBROTH.

WHEN westward sinks the orb of day,
 And on the hills his last beams tarry ;
 Along the river side I stray,
 And hear the wild complaint of Mary :
 There, when the shades of night prevail,
 She oft bewails her slaughter'd hero ;
 And thus, she tells her broken tale—
 Thus pours the melting song of sorrow.

" Fair was the morning of my life,
 When on these banks I rov'd light-hearted—
 My lover sought the deadly strife—
 And ah ! we are for ever parted ;
 Thy murmurs then, O ! Lagan stream,
 Like music sweet my soul delighted ;
 But now, the dirge of woe they seem—
 For hope's expanding flow'r is blighted.

My William's well-known voice I hear!

He comes a happy bride to make me—

The soothing accents greet mine ear,

"My love, I'll never more forsake thee"—

Rejoice, ye village maids! rejoice!

Dear mother, bid adieu to sorrow—

I hear my long-lost lover's voice,

And I will be his bride to-morrow!

My William's bride! alas! I rave—

I never can be his!...no...never!

He moulders in the silent grave—

His sparkling eyes are clos'd for ever!

Have I not seen his pallid ghost!

With clotted gore bearm'd all over—

That instant was reflection lost—

Sweet peace of mind I'll ne'er recover.

I see the rage of battle rise—

He bleeds...oh! save the tender blossom!

I hear his agonizing cries—

I see his lacerated bosom!

Hark! did you hear my William's call?

I see him on that vapour sailing!

He dwells in yonder cloud-built hall—

Perhaps he grieves to hear me wailing.

Come, gentle spirit of my love!

(If thou dost think on wretched Mary)

Oh! guide me to thy hall above!—

Of this distracted life I'm weary.

He comes!...his god-like form I see!

That heav'nly smile forbids my weeping—

My struggling soul will soon be free—

The maids may come...they'll find me sleeping!"

While summer linger'd on the plain,
 Thus Mary mourn'd her fallen hero;
 Thus during sober autumn's reign,
 She nightly pour'd the song of sorrow;
 But winter's angry tempest rose,
 While o'er the hills the snow came sweeping—
 At length poor Mary found repose—
 The maidens came, and found her sleeping!

Beneath yon abbey's awful gloom,
 Where rises many a peaceful dwelling,
 I visit hapless Mary's tomb,
 While in my eyes the tears are swelling.
 Soft be thy slumber, gentle maid!
 Thy earthly cares are hush'd for ever;
 Yet thou shalt rise, in smiles array'd,
 And join thy love, no more to sever.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

TUNE.—“*The Flowers of the Forest.*”

Fair bloom the wild flowers, amid these green bowers,
 Light-bound the young lambs, void of care, on the hill;
 The beams of the morning the heights are adorning,
 And clear thro' the valley meanders the rill:
 The small birds are chaunting, while deeply lamenting
 I brood o'er my sorrows...ye warblers be still!
 Your songs once could cheer me, but now seem to jeer me,
 Since I am denied by the maid of the mill.

How blest out of measure! transported with pleasure!
 Her words I believ'd, and fed hope on her smile;
 Her smiles were deceitful...for she, most ungrateful!
 With cold-blooded malice but strove to beguile;
 Now hope is departed, I stray broken-hearted,
 While echo returns my complaint from the hill,
 I tell the grey mountain, the grove, and the fountain,
 How I was betray'd by the maid of the mill.

Tho' bountiful nature, in stamping each feature,
 Of this witching female, exerted her skill;
 Her angelic face is the chief of her graces—
 I've found her as false as the demons of hell.
 Oh! falsehood detested!...she vow'd...she protested,
 Yet never intended those vows to fulfil;
 Ye swains learn to fly her, for if you come nigh her,
 Like me you may sigh for the maid of the mill.

—*—*—*—

THE EXILE.

TUNE—"Flowers of the Forest."

In youth's happy season, when first dawning reason
 Enlighten'd this bosom...what pleasures were mine!
 While Nan sweetly smiling, my cares all beguiling,
 How blest have I stray'd on the banks of the Boyne!
 But all earthly pleasures are "fast fading treasures,"
 We grasp them...when lo! they are fled like a dream—
 A stranger to gladness...the prey of deep sadness—
 Heart-broken, I roam far from Boyne's rapid stream.

Oh! why, recollection, dost thou each attraction
 Display, which my dear native vallies possess!
 Or why does sweet Nancy appear to my fancy,
 In all her allurements, and mild graces dress?
 Such thoughts whet the arrow of soul-piercing sorrow,
 Yet mem'ry unceasing pursues her sad theme,
 While exil'd for ever, I never, oh! never!
 Again shall return to the Boyne's rapid stream!

—*—*—*—

WINDING SUIR. 13

TUNE—"Twas past one o'Clock."

Why throbs my heart when I view the mountain?
 Why from my bosom escapes the sigh?
 Why am I sad by the bubbling fountain,
 The well known scenes of my early joy?
 There first young Phelim beheld, and lov'd me,
 Few swains e'er lov'd with a flame so pure—
 But oh! distraction...misled by faction—
 He left me weeping by winding Suir.

Ere proud rebellion first rear'd her standard,
 How smoothly glided our time away!
 How happy thro' the greenwood we wander'd,
 Or on the mountain's brown summit lay!
 But mad ambition, and thirst of glory,
 Did from my arms the dear youth allure—
 To the war he bounded, and deeply wounded,
 He found a grave, far from winding Suir.

The heath unfolding its purple blossom—
 The small birds hailing the dawn of morn,
 Can yield no joy to my troubled bosom—
 My lover's fate I shall ever mourn:
 In vain my comrades attempt to cheer me—
 My settled sadness admits no cure;
 In floods of sorrow, I'll mourn the hero
 Who silent lies far from winding Suir.

ELEGIAC SONG.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kain."

In life's thoughtless morn unacquainted with sorrow,
 How light danc'd my heart to the music of joy!
 No love-sighing bridegroom—no laurel-crown'd hero,
 Was ever so cheerful, so happy as I.
 But ah! these delicious moments are fled,
 Black clouds of affliction condense round my head,
 The friend I admir'd in boyhood expir'd,
 And Mary, my soul's dearest object, is dead.

I fly to the scenes where so often we sported,
 There all that I see only sharpens my pain;
 Beneath that old tree the dear maiden I courted,
 She's gone... I shall never behold her again!
 And here, with my friend, where the stream dashes o'er
 This rock's craggy side, with re-echoing roar,
 What joys have I tasted! now sadly contrasted,
 The sound seems to tell me my friend is no more!

But soul-raising hope, to dispel my deep anguish,
 Points happier prospects beyond yon blue sky,
 And whispering tells me, "forbear thus to languish,
 "Thy friends thou shalt meet in the regions on high."
 On hope then depending, I'll strive to resign,
 Nor blame with injustice the mandate divine;
 A few years may place me where they shall embrace me—
 Soon, soon may the joys of that moment be mine!

— — — — —
 E L I Z A.

TUNE—"Loch Erroch side."

"When sleep seals up my wearied e'e,
 "In dreams thy angel form I see;
 "And in fond raptures say to thee,
 "O! dinna leave me, Mary!" ANDERSON.

Oh! say Eliza, lovely sprite!
 Why dost thou like a meteor bright,
 Come gliding in the dreams of night,
 And say behold Eliza?

When freed from bitter strife and care,
 Sleep comes, my senses to repair,
 Thy winking smiles I often share
 In pleasing dreams, Eliza.

I wonder oft, nor can I tell,
 Why some mysterious magic spell
 Thus makes thee in my bosom dwell,
 By day and night, Eliza!
 Were not my youthful season fled,
 And age descending on my head,
 By envious tongues it might be said
 That I adore Eliza.

Nor could I well the charge deny,
 For at the source of light on high
 Devotion claims from ev'ry eye;
 So all must love Eliza.

When wayward fortune bids me roam,
 Far from the dear delights of home ;
 Then to my eyelids thou dost come—
 I wake, and bless Eliza.

If exil'd on some desert shore,
 Where human foot ne'er trod before,
 A gleam of joy it wou'd restore,
 To dream of thee, Eliza.
 Sweet peace be thine, enchanting fair!
 Long, long may time thy beauty spare!
 And oh! may rankling grief and care
 Be strangers to Eliza.

THE LAMENT.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's lamentation for Abercainey."

YE tuneful birds, why do you sing?
 Ye lambs, why do you play?
 Ye early flow'rs that deck the spring,
 Why do you bloom so gay?
 Sweet silver stream, thy murmurs seem
 To suit my song of woe,
 By thee I'll stray, both night and day,
 With thine my plaint shall flow.
 When Anna, empress of my heart,
 Preferr'd another swain ;
 Tho' keen I felt affliction's smart,
 How slight was then my pain!
 My dearest friend must now descend
 Into the narrow tomb ;
 He's gone ! he's gone !...I'm left alone
 To wail his hapless doom.

Along thy margin, glassy rill!
 How often would he stray,
 Or in yon grove that crowns the hill,
 Would sing the hours away:
 Now sadness reigns o'er all the plains,
 His loss the swains deplore,
 He's dead! he's dead!...for ever fled!
 His song shall rise no more.

High on the oak my harp I'll hang,
 The breeze that whistles by
 Shall breath upon the trembling strings—
 My Damon's name 'twill sigh;
 And should repose my eyelids close,
 In dreams he will return,
 Then melt away, as stars decay,
 Before the blaze of morn.

Then cease ye warbling birds to sing,
 Ye lambs forget to play;
 Ye early flow'rs that deck the spring
 Forbear to bloom so gay;
 Sweet silver stream! thy murmurs cease
 To suit my song of woe,
 Now, night and day, by thee I'll stray,
 With thine my plaint shall flow.

THE SOCIAL MEETING.

TUNE—"The Wick."

ON that night when the fairies dance light o'er the green,
 When November descends on the plain;
 When the innocent rustic in blithe groups convene,
 All their spells to try over again:
 With a few chosen friends let my cottage be grac'd,
 In whose bosoms no guile can be found;
 And the nectar of Erin we'll cheerfully taste,
 As the soul-raising song passes round.

Let the tale of time past wing the moments with speed,
 Let the jest on each brow place a smile,
 Let content's brightest glow o'er our faces be spread,
 And in posttime the night we'll beguile:
 Let not haggard envy among us appear,
 Nor lurk in our bosoms unseen;
 Nor sour-looking malice with back-biting sneer—
 Her presence would darken the scene.

The great may look down on our joys with disdain,
 And our simple amusements deride;
 But, if blest with contentment, the lowliest swain
 Can laugh at their folly and pride.
 Oh! grant me, ye pow'rs who makes mortals your care!
 Contentment, tho' poor be my lot;
 And friends, who my pleasures or sorrows can share,
 At evening to visit my cot.

GREEN-HILL.

WRITTEN ON BEING INITIATED A MEMBER OF THE
 GREEN HILL LODGE, NO. 985,
 FEB. 2, 1810. (14)

TUNE—"Lochaber no more."

ENVELOP'D in darkness, forlorn and astray,
 A poor lonely wand'rer enquiring my way;
 My spirits were lost in the horrors of night,
 And vainly I wish'd for the morning's fair light:
 But Providence dign'd for my wants to provide,
 When fairly bewilder'd, I met with a guide,
 Who gave me his hand with the purest good-will,
 And safely conducted me to the Green Hill.

Arriv'd in that temple of friendship and love,
 The words of instruction I heard from above;
 Three lights the most glorious threw splendour around,
 And shew'd me no falsehood was there to be found.

What bosom so cold but must glow with delight,
 To see all the breth' ren in friendship unite !
 All striving their Master's great plan to fulfil,
 They joyfully labour upon the Green Hill.

Let none to this temple of friendship repair,
 But those who in dealing with men will be square,
 May virtue's strict compass our actions confine
 In the bounds of true masonry's precepts divine ;
 The level shall teach us no rank to despise—
 The beggar's our brother, if upright and wise :
 And oh ! till the hour-glass of time shall stand still,
 May peace, love and harmony crown the Green Hill.

EPIGRAM,

ON DEPARTING A SECRET TO AN AVARICIOUS PERSON.

KEEP closely treasur'd in thy heart
 The secret which I now impart ;
 Should fraud, or force, or both combin'd,
 Attempt to wrest it from thy mind—
 Then, think it gold, or current money,
 And all the world won't force it from thee !



REPARTEE.

WILL boasts that sickness has not pow'r
 To make him keep his bed ;
 * That's true, because in half an hour
 It must be sold," says Ned.

EPITAPH,

ENGRAVEN ON THE TOMBSTONE OF TWO BROTHERS WHO
FELL IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Lo! Erin's genius hov'ring o'er their tomb,
With mournful eye surveys the hallow'd sod,
Where sleep her bravest sons in earth's dark womb:
She weeps...Hope whispers, "cease, they dwell with
God."

EPITAPH,

ENGRAVEN ON THE TOMBSTONE OF J— D—, OF
WHITECHURCH.

No splendid monument erected here
Demands the passing tribute of a tear;
This humble stone marks out her place of rest,
Who many shining virtues once possess.

NOTES.

NOTE 1—*The Storm.*

Of all the crimes that compose the catalogue of human guilt, none can be more base, or inhuman, than that of plundering the unfortunate seaman just escaped the horror of an overwhelming tempest. This species of robbery, however detestable it may appear, is too common on our coasts. Nor are these shameful scenes confined to the shores of Ireland: the sister country is alike involved in the crime, and the disgrace. No sight can be more disgusting to the man who has learned "to feel another's woe," than the behaviour of the crowd assembled round a shattered vessel—they sigh not for the sufferers—they extend not the hand of relief to the helpless strangers: no! humanity glows not in their bosoms—they are deaf to the wailings of distress—their only wish is gain—their only exertion pillage!

The pathetic Falconer has described a scene of this kind in glowing colours.

Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the shatter'd bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.

The "*Storm*" was written with a view to discourage this shameful propensity; and many living witnesses can testify, that the picture is not too highly coloured.

NOTE 2.

The dreamy God asserts his leaden reign.

It seems to be a generally received opinion, that persons perishing by cold feel a sensation like sleep.

To illustrate this, the following extract from the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith's *Geography*, lately published, may be gratifying.

The scene of action is the island of Terra del Fuego, at the southern extremity of America; and the time January, or the midsummer of that inhospitable region.

"Sir Joseph (then Mr) Banks and Dr. Solander were desirous of availing themselves of a fine day, which in that climate is very rare, even at that time of the year, to explore a country which had never been visited by any botanist. For this purpose they went ashore early in the morning, being twelve in company. They presently found great and unexpected impediments in their progress, by deep swamps, and thick underwoods; so that they were till three o'clock in the afternoon employed in ascending a mountain. When suddenly the air, which had been till then serene and mild, became cold and piercing, and snow began to fall; notwithstanding which, they proceeded in expectation of reaching the rocky part of the hill which lay before them at a small distance. This perseverance was rewarded by finding a great variety of plants entirely unknown to botanists. The day, however, was so far spent that it was impossible to return to the ship that night, and the cold had by this

time become very intense, and great quantities of snow had fallen, so that the most dreary prospect presented itself. Whilst they were proceeding in search of the nearest valley, Dr. Solander, who was well acquainted with the effects of intense cold, having passed over the mountains that divide Sweden and Norway, represented to the company the necessity they were under of continuing in motion, however they might feel themselves attacked by lassitude and sluggishness. He assured them whoever sat down would sleep, and whoever slept would wake no more.

"They had not proceeded far before the effects apprehended began to be felt; and he who had thus cautioned others, was the first to declare himself unable to observe his own precepts. At length overcome by a stupor, he threw himself on the ground, although it was covered with snow. A black servant of Mr Bank's, named Richmond, next yielded to the fatal propensity. In this distress five of the company were sent forward to make a fire at the first convenient place they could find, while the rest continued with the Doctor, making use of every means to keep him awake. The poor negro was so overcome with fatigue, that, being told he must keep in motion, or he would be frozen to death, he replied, that he desired only to lie down and die. At length all the endeavours of the company were ineffectual; their whole strength was not sufficient to carry their two exhausted companions, so that they were suffered to sit down, and in a short time fell into a sound sleep. In

a few minutes after news was brought that a fire was kindled at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Dr. Solander was then waked with great difficulty, but during his short sleep his muscles were become so contracted, that his shoes fell from his feet, and he had almost lost the use of his limbs; but all attempts to awake the servant were inefficual. Two men who seemed to have suffered the least by the cold were left to look after him; and in a short time two others were sent to their relief. One of the former regained the company, but the other was quite insensible. Their companions made them a bed of boughs, and spread the same covering over them to a considerable height, and in this situation left them.

.....

It was not till six o'clock in the morning that they could discover the place of the sun through the clouds, which then began somewhat to disperse. With foreboding apprehensions, they went in search of poor Richmond and the other man, whom they found quite dead.

NOTE 3—*The Spirit of the Grove.*

NOTHING can more deeply affect the spirits of country people, than to be separated from a landlord, whose virtues entitle him to esteem. This poem was intended to express the general feeling of the tenantry of Mr A—, during his absence; and, whatever may be its other defects, the unsophisticated rustics who dwell on his estate, will bear testi-

mony that it echoed the wishes of their hearts. He has since returned to reside among them; and, with the authority of a landlord, blends the affections of a friend, and a brother. *Dunover*, the residence of this gentleman, is no more than a country hamlet, about five miles from *Doughla-dee*. It is chiefly distinguished by a large Danish Rath, which overlooks Mr A—'s family mansion.

NOTE 4.

And wonders why so long his father sleeps!

THE idea conveyed in this line was suggested by the recollection of the following affecting little story, over which the author has often wept—it is briefly thus:—In the autumn of 1798, when our country exhibited a scene of horror and bloodshed, a clergyman of the Presbyterian church was hanged on a hill which overlooked the village where he had preached. He was the father of a large family, some of whom were infants; when taken down from the fatal tree, his corpse was conveyed to his own house, and laid on a sofa in one of the rooms. Two of the youngest of his children on seeing him, ran forward, no doubt expecting an embrace, but were astonished at his silence:—the eldest said, he feared his father was not well;—the youngest replied, I am sure it is not my father or he would speak to me.

NOTE 5.

And thou Maria! sweetest of the trains.

THE lady here alluded to, must be considered as an extraordinary genius. At the age of seventeen, she publish-

ed a romance in 4 vols. entitled "Cottage of the Apennines;" which might have done honour to an authoress in a more advanced period of life: yet so little is Irish genius encouraged, that she lost considerably by its publication. The unfavourable reception of her first production threw a cloud of despondency over that mind, which otherwise would have beamed forth in all the brightness of superior talent.— Not venturing to come again before the public, she wrote many beautiful pieces of poetry, which were confined to the circle of her particular friends, and a few were published in the Belfast newspapers. She has it now in contemplation to publish another work. May it be ushered into the world amid the approving smiles of a liberal public! And may the inhabitants of the North of Ireland yet feel the conviction, that in the unfortunate MARIA, they overlooked those abilities, the protection of which would have conferred honour upon themselves!

NOTE 6.

If blest with so gentle a Friend.

MR ROBT. ANDERSON, the gentleman to whom this poem is addressed, was an entire stranger to me at the time it was written. Many of his effusions appeared in the Belfast News-Letter; and the admirers of poetry were much at a loss to know something of the author. My admiration of his pieces was enthusiastic....From their first appearance, I longed to be honoured with his friendship....My wish was soon gratified....Mr Anderson is my friend; and I have derived pleasure and advantage from his correspondence.

I do not blush to acknowledge, that the foregoing poems are indebted to him for some improvements, which his more acute judgment enabled him to suggest.

Mr Anderson is a native of the North of England; and previous to his emigration to this country, he published several volumes, which reflect the highest honour on his poetical genius.

NOTE 7—*Springvale.*

SPRINGVALE the family seat of George Matthews, Esq. is a beautiful villa at the head of a large bay, southward of the village of Ballywalter.

NOTE 8.

Lines written on Miss Montgomery's Cottage.

IN the Demesne of Greyabbey, on an eminence immediately above the village, an elegant little cottage has been erected, which, from its peculiar construction, and advantages of situation, is an object truly pleasing and picturesque. The beauty of this little edifice is of itself sufficient to attract the attention of the curious; yet the admirer of nature must be more delighted with the enchanting prospect which it commands.

At the base of the hill stands the parish church, a neat little structure, finely contrasted by the ivy-covered ruins of Greyabbey, partly seen through the lofty trees, which seem coeval with the reliques they shelter. Only a part of the walls now remain; but these sufficiently shew what has once been the magnificence of the building.—

So 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

On the right is the village; and on a rising ground to the left, *Greggabbey House*, the residence of the ancient family of Montgomery, stands conspicuous. The eye then wanders over the brilliant expanse of the lake, diversified with numerous green isles; and the fertile hills of Dufferin and Lecale rise on the view. The sublime mountains of Mourne then raise their cloud enveloped summits, and terminate the prospect.

In the cottage a book is kept, and all the curious who visit there, are invited to write a few lines in it: in that book the poem referring to this note was first written.

NOTE 9.

On the death of Captain Arthur Lusk.

CAPT. ARTHUR LUSK was born at Holywood, near Belfast, 19th March, 1718. He went to sea at 11 years of age, and served a regular apprenticeship in the London trade. In the 1741, he entered on board the ship *Centurion*, commanded by Commodore Anson, and bore an active part in his memorable voyage. He was wounded in the arm at the taking of the town of *Poyta*. He was one of the crew under Lieut. Brett, appointed to look into the harbour of *Acapulco*, while the ship remained out of

view. When it was found necessary that the ship should remove to a greater distance to recruit their stock of wood and water, he again volunteered his services to remain in the boat off the harbour, under Lieut. Hughes; and for this received the thanks of the Commodore. Upon this occasion, he and six others were exposed to the mercy of the waves in an open boat, upon an inhospitable coast, for the space of six weeks, and with the utmost difficulty regained the ship. He was also appointed to command the guard-boat, while the ship was under repair, in the river of Canton; and during the remainder of the voyage acted in the capacity of Quarter-Master. Had he remained in the navy, it is highly probable he would have attained considerable rank in his profession: but upon his return to England, he was, through the influence of Lord Anson, appointed to a command in the revenue; and by his activity and zeal in that department, did much honour to himself, and credit to his patron. Upon being superannuated, he retired to Prospect, near Ballywalter, and died the 9th of April, 1808.

NOTE 10.

On seeing Summerhill.

SUMMERHILL is the residence of a highly respectable gentleman near Kirkubbin. To render this poem intelligible to my readers, it may be necessary simply to relate the circumstance which gave rise to it.

I called there an entire stranger; and finding the gentleman was from home, as a *dernier* resort, humbly requested the honour of his lady's name as a subscriber; she consented, with a readiness which bespoke her the patroness of genius; and, unsolicited, made offer of her interest in my favour; to her goodness I am indebted for many noble and dignified subscribers, whose patronage I could not otherwise have obtained.

Returning the next day from Portaferry, on a certain part of the road Summerhill became visible; but as I had never before observed it in that direction, for a few seconds I could not in it recognize the dwelling of my benefactress. The poem alluded to, was the production of the moment; it may be simple, perhaps insipid; yet it is the genuine language of unfeigned gratitude.

NOTE 11.

Mischievous Spunkie.

THE *Ignis Fatuus* is called spunkie by the Highlanders; and many of them believe it to be an evil spirit. This seems to have been the general opinion of the Ayrshire peasantry in the time of Burns—

An' aft' your moss-traversin' spunkies,
 Decoy the wight wha late, an' drunk is.
 The bleeczin, curst, mischievous monkies
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 No'er mair to rise.

Among my own neighbours it is commonly called *Will-wi'-the-wisp*; and some of the most ignorant religiously believe it to be an emissary of the devil.

NOTE 12.

Cot pe thankil, I can read.

DONALD felicitates himself that he can read, an accomplishment probably possessed by few of his neighbours. In proportion as any branch of science is rare, a greater degree of merit is attached to it. Where few enjoy the blessings of education, a man of very moderate erudition will be looked upon as a prodigy. This brings to my mind the following anecdote—Two young Hibernians having taken the military avenue to the temple of fortune, their mothers happening to meet, naturally made their absent sons the theme of conversation. One of them with all the partiality of a fond mother, declared, that as her son was the cleverest lad in all the parish, he would soon be made a captain. "Why he may," replied the other, "but one would think my Denis might have a much better chance, being a scholar; I kept him a whole half year at school, and if you believe me, the dear boy can read the primmer as patly as I can say my prayers!"

NOTE 13.

Winding Sair.

THE Sair is a large, and beautiful river, which rises at the foot of Banduff mountain, in the county of Tipperary, and flows in a serpentine course, passing through Clonmel,

Carrick-on-suir, &c. It discharges itself into the sea a few miles below Waterford. New Ross, which is situated on the river Barrow, was the scene of a bloody contest in the summer of 1798; and it may be fairly supposed that Phelim had there "found a grave."

NOTE 14.

GREEN-HILL is an appellation given to a farm in Drumahilly, in the vicinity of Newtownards, where a respectable body of free-masons hold their meetings. There no intemperance, disunion, or misbehaviour, casts an odium on the ancient and honourable order; but men of fair and unblemished characters associate themselves for the purpose of establishing the dominion of virtue.

ERRATA.

- Page 60—line 7—for *bliss*, read *bless*.
 Page 81—line 20—for *woes*, read *woons*.
 Page 126—line 12—for *afford*, read *affords*.
 Page 133—line 4—for *which*, read *whom*.
 Page 146—line 6—for *came*, read *came*.
 Page 155—line 5—for *these*, read *those*.

