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ARDGLASS,

OR

THE RUINED CASTLES;

ALSO

THE TRANSFORMATION,

WITH SOME OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL BURDY,

AUTHOR OF SKELTON'S LIFE, VINDICATION, &c.

Dublin :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL, 30, BACK-LANE,

1802.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author offers to the MINORITY of his Subscribers (as the MAJORITY have already given their consent) three reasons for raising the price of this volume from 3s. 3d. to 4s. 4d.

1. *At the request of a great majority of these, particularly in the County of Down, he has ventured to insert in this collection the poem entitled "THE TRANSFORMATION," which he did not promise in his original Proposals, published in 1799, but intended, as would have been more prudent, to publish separately without a name.*

2. *When he promised in his Conditions, "that an elegant Print of the Ruined Castles, accurately engraved, should be prefixed," he understood, that he could get it executed in this country, in the style proposed, at a very small ex-*

pense. But at the express desire of the artist, who had kindly volunteered to take the drawing required, he was obliged to send it to London to be engraved in aqua tinta, which made the expense very considerably more than he expected.

3. In his Conditions he promised, that the Volume "should be delivered to the Subscribers neatly stitched in marble paper," but in order to preserve the print and the paper, which is the best he could obtain in Dublin, he delivers it to them in boards. The above reasons will, he hopes, be satisfactory.

As the little encouragement given (possibly for good reasons) by the booksellers here to Irish literature obliged him to publish his Poems by subscription, he finds some satisfaction in reflecting, that the generality of the Subscribers were so kind as to offer themselves, without any solicitation, at least on his part, which made their favours still more acceptable. To those few friends, who exerted themselves to obtain him Subscribers, he owes himself truly grateful.

For a character of his "Life of Skelton" he refers to the following authorities,

1st. To a Letter from the classical Dr. Stock, late Fellow of Trinity College, now Lord Bishop of Killalla, to a certain clergyman, conveyed in these words, "I have read Mr. Burdy's book with pleasure, as it speaks him a man of a very good heart, and also a writer who has a talent for biography. Though I have his book already, you will please to call on me for a half guinea subscription."

2dly. To the Monthly Review for Dec. 1792, in which the Reviewers, who assign six pages to that work, say, "that they have felt much interest in several relations of actions of humanity performed by Mr. Skelton, and have been much amused by several uncommon traits in his character;—and that they may do their part towards obtaining a favourable attention to a work, calculated to serve the cause of virtue, they shall extract a few of the more interesting passages, &c. &c."

3dly. To the New Annual Register, for 1792, which says, "That the account is amusing and interesting, that the actions related reflect great honour on the memory of Mr. Skelton; and

" that to hold up such useful examples to public
 " notice, is conferring a benefit on society: as
 " the history of their beneficence, even when
 " carried to a height at which few have courage
 " to arrive, by extorting applause and admira-
 " tion, may stimulate the reader to virtuous and
 " worthy actions."

For a high eulogy on his "*Vindication of
 the Life of Skelton*," see the *Monthly Review* for
 September 1793, and the *New Annual Register*
 for that year, the latter of which says, that the
 " author applies the united force of learning,
 " argument, and keen sarcasm, in exposing the
 " ignorance and insufficiency of his opponent."

For a character of a pamphlet of his publish-
 ed in London in 1792, entitled "*A short Account
 of the Affairs of Ireland during the years 1783,
 1784, and part of 1785*," see the *Monthly Re-
 view* for June 1792, which concludes with saying,
 " The author of this account appears capable of
 " continuing an agreeable sketch of Irish af-
 " fairs to the present time."

He is sorry, that the little regard paid in this
 country to the productions of any of its natives,

unless they be violent party squibs, obliged him
 to point out the above-mentioned authorities, in
 order to show the opinion of celebrated critics
 on his former works.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Preface,</i>	xvii
<i>Ardglass,</i>	1
<i>Notes on Ardglass,</i>	39
<i>The Transformation,</i>	63
<i>Notes on the Transformation,</i>	95
<i>Verses to Belinda,</i>	99
<i>On reading the Poems of Thomas Dawson</i>	
<i>Lawrence Esq.</i>	101
<i>On being refused both Milk and Cream in</i>	
<i>the Village of Ballyhornin,</i>	103
<i>To Molshy Dougherty,</i>	105
<i>On leaving Dublin in the Summer of</i>	
1792,	107
<i>On being refused the loan of an Umbrella</i>	
<i>by a certain Lady,</i>	111

	<i>Page</i>
<i>To Delia,</i> - - -	112
<i>The disappointed Lover's Lamentation,</i>	114
<i>On the sudden Death of Mr. Hamilton</i>	
<i>Lowry,</i> - - -	115
<i>A Monody on the Death of Mr. James</i>	
<i>Agnew,</i> - - -	116
<i>The Tears of Killard,</i> - - -	120
<i>On my coming to Dramore, &c.</i> - -	123

ARDGLASS,

OR

THE RUINED CASTLES.

Laudabunt aliclaram Rhodan, aut Myrinan.

P R E F A C E.

ARDGLASS is a small town in the barony of Lecale, county of Down, and kingdom of Ireland, situate six miles south east of Downpatrick. It stands on a high promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea; on the north by its own bay, on the east by the Irish channel, and on the south by the bay of Killough. Its name was given to it on account of its verdant pasture and eminent situation. * In the reign of Henry VI. it was a town superior in trade to any other in Ulster, except Carrickfergus, and was also a corporation governed by a mayor, as appears by a charter conveyed by William Hart, then mayor, to one Russel. † In the reign of Elizabeth it was one of the three principal towns in the county, being only inferior to Newry and Downpatrick; but soon after falling into decay, it lost its right of returning members to parliament.

* *Ardglass* signifies in the Irish language green hills; *ard* signifies high, and *glass* green.

† *History of the County of Down*, p. 257.

Though it is now in a very wretched state, consisting mostly of a few paltry cabins, it still retains, as monuments of its ancient grandeur, five old decayed castles, and the ruins of a long range of building curiously constructed. The castles are called by the inhabitants of the place *King's*, *Jordan's*, *Margaret's*, the *Cowed*, and *Horned*. *King's* being placed westward, in the highest situation, and over the principal gate towards the land, commands an extensive view both of the sea and the country. Beside the rooms below, it has a large room on the story above with an arched floor. Its roof is made of broad flags, so contrived and lodged in the walls that they support each other without any timber. The walls are as yet breast-high above the roof, on which turrets were placed both for defence and observation. One still remains on the eastern side, to which we ascend from the roof by one or two steps of flags. Stony stairs lead also from the bottom to the top. A tower, of which only the ruins now remain, was connected to the castle by a covered way. The castle has of late been very much improved; its walls being rough-cast and white-washed exhibit a useful landmark to the mariner. The gloomy rooms below are now converted into a parlour with a handsome prospect; the one above is also much improved, so that, though they were inhabited before, they are now rendered comfortable and convenient. A neat little house, two stories high, is annexed to the castle, the whole

affording an airy pleasant lodging to those who frequent the town in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing: of late, however, it has been converted into a temporary barrack.

Jordan's castle is situate on the shore, south-east of *King's*, distant from it 510 feet. It stands in the centre, is higher, and larger than the other, and appears to have been the citadel. The materials with which it is built are so durable, that though it has stood near two hundred years, without a roof, hardly a stone of the outward wall has failed. It has one arched floor (the timber ones being long since destroyed) and four turrets placed on the top of the walls. At the entrance to it there is an excellent spring well.

Margaret's castle is situate south-west of *Jordan's*, distant from it 255 feet. The *Cowed* east of *Margaret's*, distant 126 feet, and the *Horned* east of it, distant 156 feet. These three are in no wise remarkable. The latter, which is a square castle, 40 feet by 30, consisting of two stories, stands within 10 feet of the long range of building already mentioned.

This range of building is called by the inhabitants the *New-Work*, but there is no tradition for what use it was erected. It is situate close to the harbour, on a rocky shore, and is washed on its north end and rear, by the sea. Its front

is towards the west; its length 250 feet, and breadth only 24; the thickness of its walls 3 feet. Three towers are joined to it in front, one at each end, and one in the middle. It appears by the corbel-stones, and places in the wall, where the timber was lodged, to have been divided into 18 different apartments below, and as many above, having a staircase in the centre. Each of the towers had three rooms 10 feet square, with floors made of broad flags lodged in the walls in such a manner that they support each other without any timber. Each apartment of the long building had a small arched door, and a large square window; which gives reason to imagine, that they were shops or ware-rooms occupied at some early period by merchants who came there by sea. The castles and towers, it is supposed, were built for the purpose of protecting the property of the merchants from plunder. In the rear of this building there is no light admitted but by spike-holes, and in the whole of it there is no appearance of any fire-places except two, one in each gable. Hence it is supposed that it was frequented by the merchants only in summer. The rooms below were seven feet high, those above six and a half. In each of the latter there is a small water-closet, the flue of which runs down through the wall, and was washed at the bottom by the sea. Of these some of the flagged seats still remain perfect.

The square castle nearly adjoining this edifice is supposed, from the fire-places and other marks in it, to have been the kitchen, and dining-hall belonging to the merchants. Instead of *Horned castle*, it should be called, it is thought, *Horn-castle*, a name given to it from the quantities of ox, deer, and goats' horns found about it. Also *Cow-castle* should be called *Cow-castle*, as cows were kept in it or driven through it, which formerly made the greatest part of our bartered commodities.* This indeed is merely conjecture, but in attempting to resolve difficulties of this kind, every one may indulge his own imagination.

This long edifice is, however, supposed by almost every one in the village to have been a monastery, though they do not assign a reason entirely sufficient to justify that opinion. Yet from the water-closets being in every room on the upper story, one should imagine that these were inhabited rather by nuns than merchants. Possibly, as they had no fire-places that we can perceive, they were designed for the cells of a prison.

Two hundred and forty feet south of King's castle there are the ruins of a church † built,

* See Vallancey's Collectanea, Vol. 3, p. 681.

† Ardhall church, the ruins of which still remain, situate about a quarter of a mile north of the other, being larger and

it is said, by St. Patrick, and 630 feet west of it a cave that extends 144 feet, the mouth of which is now closed.

There is no account, nor even tradition, either with respect to the persons or the time that the *new work*, or the castles were built. With respect to the castles built on the sea-shore of Ireland, it is asserted by some antiquarians, that many of these were erected by the Danes to defend them from the assaults of the Irish, and to protect the landing of fresh supplies of their countrymen. We are also informed by others, that Henry II. ordered castles to be raised in different parts of Ireland, for the preservation of his authority there, the want of which greatly facilitated his grand-father's conquest of England. But all this affords no positive testimony with respect to the castles at Ardglass.

A writer in Vallancey's Collectanea from observing there a red freestone, two feet long and one foot broad, of an elliptic form (the third part of the ellipsis being deficient) with a cross engraved on it, draws the following curious conjecture. "This stone," he says, "may repre-

more splendid, was supposed to be the parish church, but it was defiled, as reported by tradition, on account of the congregation being murdered in it, at Christmas midnight mass, by the clan of the Macartanans. The service was discontinued ever after.

"sent the coat armorial of the city of London prior to the year 1381, being the 4th of Richard II. when the dagger was added (in the dexter chief canton) in commemoration of the rebel Watt Tyler's being slain with that weapon by Sir William Wallworth Lord Mayor. Hence it is natural to conjecture, that a London trading company was established at a very early period in the port of Ardglass, and that the *new-work* was the hall to which they resorted in summer *."

It is, however, well known, that the castles there have been made use of as forts by the English government, who put garrisons in them to annoy the Irish rebels. In the reign of Henry VIII. one of these being garrisoned by the crown afforded such uneasiness to Con. O'Neill, the pious defender of the Apostolic faith, that he sent some troops to Lecale under his son, in the year 1537, to besiege it. But Lord Leonard Grey, the Deputy, who was afterwards poorly rewarded by his ungrateful Master, preparing to march against him, he submitted, and disbanded his army, without making any further attempt.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Jordan's castle held out for three years in the Tyrone rebellion;

* Vallancey's Collectanea, Vol. 2. p. 682.

being defended so long against the rebel forces by its brave owner Simon Jordan, who suffered much distress during the siege. But he was at last relieved, on the 17th of June 1601, by Lord Deputy Mountjoy, who liberally rewarded him both by his own private bounty, and by having a concordatum conferred on him by the Queen. Two other castles, that were garrisoned by the rebels, submitted at the same time. There is a tradition at the place, that when Jordan, during the siege, was in great distress for want of provisions, he caused some empty barrels, with a little meal sprinkled over them, to be placed at the top of the castle, in the view of the rebels, in order to deceive them with respect to his real situation.

The town and the land around it is almost entirely the property of Lord Lecale, brother to the Duke of Leinster, who, in the year 1790, converted the southern part of the *new-work* into a neat house of an antique form, having, like other naval officers, a natural partiality for a residence near the sea. In digging up the floor to examine the foundation, heaps of human bone were found there, and the pieces of timber of the old floor sticking in the wall had the appearance of being burned. This old edifice, and *King's castle* belong to him, *Jordan's* and the *Horned** to Ld. Bangor,

* The Bangor family allowed Lord Lecale this castle on his making restitution to the person who had possession of it. His Lordship then converted it into a kitchen and rooms for servants.

Margaret's and the *Cowed* to Mr. Smyth of Lisburn, both of whom have a few tenements, and about nine acres of land there. But Lord Lecale is the principal proprietor, whose noble family have had estates in Lecale for some hundred years past. There is a tradition there, that, when the Savages, who, it seems, were intruders in those parts, had raised a large body of men to oppress the Maginisses and other Irish families in Lecale, these were obliged to apply to the Earl of Kildare for aid, each of them promising him one or two townlands, according to the extent of their property, and that thus that noble family obtained possession of Ardglass and other lands in that quarter. When the Earl had marched as far as Ballykinler, the Savages then thought it prudent to submit.

Henry VIII. by letters patent granted in fee-farm to Girald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, all the grand and petty customs of the ports of Strangford and Ardglass, with power of appointing officers to collect that revenue. These customs continued in that family (except during the time of its attainder, when the bloody Henry almost made it extinct) until the Earl of

Kildare sold them, in 1637, to Charles I. when this kingdom was governed by the unhappy Earl Strafford *. They were said to produce the King at that time £5000 a year, and were confirmed to Charles II. his heirs and successors by a clause in the act of explanation †.

The noble family of Cromwell formerly derived the title of Earl from this place, and, on the failure of male issue, that of Barrington the title of Viscount from it. John Shute Barrington was created Viscount Barrington of Ardglass on the 11th of June 1720. The present Lord, Francis Barrington, nephew to the Lord Bishop of Durham, and to Admiral Barrington, lives constantly in England.

The great antiquity of the place, the heroic deeds there performed, its former splendid dignity, its present dismal appearance, the old and ruined castles, the bold and rocky shore, and the extensive prospect both of sea and land, naturally excite poetic ideas and language. All these, it may be supposed, had a sensible effect on me, who, during the sixteen years that I was curate of the parish, frequently

Strafford's Letters, Vol. 2. p. 91. Dub. Edit.

† 17th, and 18th, Car. II.

spent the summers in that romantic situation. Yet in delineating the plan of my little poem, I touched as slightly as possible on local topics, but dwelt more particularly on those general subjects, that usually interest every reader in every country. Whether or no I have handled them in such a manner as to produce this happy effect, must be left to the discernment of the public.

Dows, May 1, 1802.

ARDGLASS,

OR

THE RUINED CASTLES.

LET others praise fam'd Windsor's lofty seats,
Its waving forests, and its calm retreats;
Or English Blenheim celebrate in lays,
That hand its beauties down to future days.
Such splendid themes my muse content to pass,
Dwells on a far more humble scene—ARDGLASS;
A town once noted, of an ancient name,
And well deserving of poetic fame.
In Down's fair county, on its eastern shore,
Where o'er the rocks the foaming surges roar,
On a high hill it stands, and thence surveys
Th' expanded regions of the circling seas.
Mona's bleak isle at distance we perceive,
That lifts its head above the briny wave.

Or if on land again we turn our eyes,
MOUNTAIN'S lofty mountains seem to strike the skies,
And nearer home we view the rich LECAL, Whose yellow harvests yield to every gale.

Five castles here with ancient moss adorn'd,
Jordan's, King's, Margaret's, the Cow'd and Horn'd,
Th' abodes of heroes sleeping in the tomb,
Show their old heads in venerable gloom.
The rugged battlements, that us'd to pour
From every side a dark and dreadful shower
Of stones and darts down on th' assailing foe,
Whose arms destructive threaten'd from below;
The narrow openings in each lofty wall,
Whence the wing'd arrow us'd the foe to gall,
Admitting just a scanty, sullen ray,
That scatters thro' the dome a doubtful day;
The vaulted roofs, the stony stairs and floors,
The massy rocks design'd for lasting doors,
Accustom'd long the hostile force to tire,
And stand the fury of consuming fire;
All prove these castles rais'd in ancient times,
When savage manners reign'd in Northern climes,
When furious hate in mortal bosoms rag'd,
And man 'gainst man in constant wars engag'd.

These antique piles their gloomy tops display,
Broke and deform'd by time's imperious sway.

Jordan's high dome, and also *King's* retains
Of their old splendor still a few remains.
The former's lofty tops four turrets grace,
That us'd to guard and decorate the place,
Bold must be he who climbs the dangerous steep,
And from the turrets views the stormy deep;
For *Jordan's* castle lifts its head most high
Of all these domes that strike the wond'ring eye;
With edges sharp its solid corners stand,
That like a knife would cut the vent'rous hand.
Such lasting piles by human art to raise,
Exceeds the powers of these degen'rate days.
Jordan's strong fort lies nearest to the main,
King's from the hill o'erlooks the verdant plain.
Its lofty sides we easily ascend,
As stony stairs their useful guidance lend.
These and the roof e'en now remain entire,
Oppos'd so long to elemental ire.
One lonely turret stands aloft in air,
That partial tempests design as yet to spare.

If boldly here the steep ascent we climb,
O'er earth and sea suspended and sublime,
We view below the wide extended scene,
The naked mountain, and the valley green,
The rugged precipice, and open plain,
The flowery pasture, and the golden grain,

The cattle browsing on the verdant hill,
 The rural village, and "the busy mill,"
 The groves obedient to the gentle breeze,
 And lofty steeples towering o'er the trees,
 The rivers rolling to the briny deep,
 Thro' woody vale, or down the craggy steep,
 The vessels passing o'er the watery way,
 Bright with the radiance of the western ray,
 The boatmen plying the laborious oar,
 And anglers standing on the rocky shore.

When gentle breezes chase the fogs away,
 And cloudless skies produce the clearest day,
 Afar we see bleak SCOTIA'S barren coast,
 The rugged nurse of many a warlike host,
 Whose hardy sons you still perceive to rise,
 Where'er they move to temperate climes and skies.
 Thus when a colt in barren mountains bred,
 To fruitful fields, and flowery pasture's led,
 He soon grows sleek, displays his flowing mane,
 Kicks up his heels, and scuds along the plain.

Where KILCO'S high walls with sullen aspect lower,
 Remain the ruins of an ancient tower,
 That join'd the castle by a cover'd way,
 And prov'd in dangerous times a useful stay.
 In this old castle's cold and gloomy shell,
 Long I perceiv'd an humble farmer dwell,

Pleas'd to possess perhaps the drear abode
 Of many a hero honour'd as a god;
 A barrack now; alas! our public crimes
 Pointed the use in these distracted times.
 The rest are houses of the feather'd train,
 That fearless pass o'er earth and o'er the main.
 Hence where the hissing weapons us'd to fly,
 And warlike clamour rend the vaulted sky,
 There the fleet pigeons' flapping wings we hear,
 And screaming screechows stun our frightened ear;
 There the hoarse ravens build their lofty nest,
 And vengeful weasels too the walls infest.
 So chang'd are all these forts since days of yore,
 Doom'd to regain their ancient form no more.

No written record, or in prose or rhyme,
 Nor e'en tradition handed to our time,
 Has told the people, or the distant age,
 When these were rais'd to guard from hostile rage.
 Nor do the names on these old domes bestow'd,
 To knowledge lead us by a certain road,
 Save JORDAN'S only, where, in former days,
 Its patriot owner gain'd immortal praise,
 Illustrious JORDAN, who, in war's alarms,
 Boldly withstood Tyrone's rebellious arms,
 When he, by mad ambition led astray,
 Vainly oppos'd ELIZA'S gentle way.

Renown'd ELIZA! ever honour'd shade!
 Eternal glories crown the royal maid.
 The true religion, in thy happy reign,
 Banish'd so long with all her heav'nly train,
 By insult vex'd, and persecution gor'd,
 To royal favour was again restor'd,
 And still protected by thy powerful hand,
 Shed her kind influence o'er the British land;
 While Superstition, with her horrid crew,
 Hid in disgrace her odious head from view.
 The fam'd Armada too, the boast of Spain,
 By thee was buried in the angry main.
 Statesmen and warriors then illustrious stood,
 Yet all deriv'd their splendor from the throne;
 Their various merits, and the public voice,
 Show'd the discernment of thy prudent choice;
 The public weal was still thy only pride,
 And still on this were all thy thoughts employ'd.

Yet all the virtues that adorn'd her throne,
 Ne'er mov'd the rebel bosom of TYRONE,
 Imperious chief! inconstant as the wind!
 No kindness sooth'd him, and no oath confin'd,
 With hostile army marching o'er LECALF,
 He spread confusion o'er the fruitful vale,
 And JORDAN'S castle with his horrid band
 Closely encompass'd both by sea and land.
 For when its valiant owner saw from far
 Th' increasing tumult of destructive war,

His few but steady friends unfit t' oppose,
 In open fields, superior force of foes,
 Within its lofty walls he now retires,
 And there sustains the rage of hostile fires.
 In his firm fortress on the rocky shore,
 For three long years the rebel host he bore,
 At length pale Famine with a sullen pace,
 Stalk'd thro' the dome, and star'd him in the face;
 Then brave MOUNTJOY advanc'd with timely aid,
 And freed the hero from the close blockade.
 His bold defence was blazon'd wide around,
 And he with presents and with honours crown'd.

Some ages hence these noble deeds were done,
 Where the high castle met the noonday sun.
 At all these forts, in far more ancient days,
 Heroic acts, that merit lasting praise,
 Perhaps have gain'd to some a transient fame,
 But now their glory's perish'd, and their name.

No verse harmonious, or historic page,
 Their deeds transmitted to this latter age.
 Of fate and death these oft the power defy,
 And raise the lifeless hero to the sky,
 His great exploits make future times admire,
 And future heroes burn with martial fire.
 Tho' coxcombs strive, elate with silly pride,
 The useful works of genius to deride,

Look on themselves, their wealth, with wood'ring eyes,
 And think no mortals on the earth so wise,
 Damn books and scholars all as useless lumber,
 That serve their *marshalls* only to encumber ;
 Yet those by wisdom taught, by virtue mov'd,
 Acknowledge still how much the world's improv'd,
 By the learn'd labours, and instructive pen,
 Of those design'd to teach their fellow-men ;
 How these conspire to fan the hero's flame
 In martial fields to seek a deathless name,
 Are wont the patriot senator t' excite
 In crowded domes t' assert his country's right ;
 New incense lay at freedom's sacred fane,
 Extend the limits of her happy reign ;
 From bigotry its baneful power remove,
 And adverse sects unite in mutual love ;
 Man's rugged nature polish and refine,
 By tuneful numbers, and the sacred nine ;
 To industry and useful arts engage,
 By reason's force, and mild persuasive page ;
 Make vice detested and deform'd appear,
 Virtue belov'd, and amiably fair,
 And social life exempt from angry pain,
 Like that above so tranquil and serene.

The castles now I leave, and next survey
 A curious fabrick on the sounding sea,

Whose length extends two hundred feet, and more,
 From the rough confines of the craggy shore.
New-Work 'tis call'd, but no one under heaven
 Knows why this name's to the old mansion given.
 For ages past it stood time's wasteful power,
 The howling tempest, and the rattling shower,
 The earthquake's shock, the lightning's horrid blaze,
 And the fierce billows of the raging seas.
 But when at first these solid piles were laid,
 Is buried now in time's oblivious shade.

Three lofty towers these antique walls defend,
 One in the midst, and one at every end.
 These rugged forts were rais'd to face the land.
 And oft repell'd th' assailing hostile band.
 Next to the land are doors and windows wide,
 But gloomy spike-holes next the flowing tide.
 The doors and windows all alternate plac'd,
 The windows square, the doors with arches grac'd.
 Of solid stones are form'd their hardy frames,
 That long defied the tempests and the flames.
 Here, it is thought, some merchants us'd to show
 Their costly ware, and range them in a row.
 In the wide windows place the samples gay,
 Whose splendid colours caught the sunny day.
 The towers were rais'd, and castles too, 'tis said,
 From lawless troops to serve as useful aid,
 That then were wont across the land to stray,
 And urg'd along by mad desire of prey,

Seize from the merchants oft their precious store,
And rich with plunder quit the sandy shore.

Others assert, it was a sacred seat,
A gloomy cloister's dull and sad retreat,
In whose dark cells the nuns and friars holy,
Indulging once their pleasing melancholy,
Refin'd from *ecstasy*, in *ecstasy* sublime,
And pious meditation pass'd their time.
Yet in these walls some horrid deeds were done,
Some murders hidden from the splendid sun,
For heaps of human bone were lately found
In the old dome, deep buried under ground.
When superstition spread her gloomy power,
Females, 'tis said, have met the fatal hour
In the dull cloister, to conceal the shame,
Sad, woful victims of a lawless flame.

Ah Superstition! cause of many a woe
To wretched mortals in this world below;
Man dost thou change from his kind Maker's form,
As ocean's alter'd by the furious storm.
By nature civil, and of gentle air,
By thee he's made most savage and severe.
Impell'd by thee to tear his fellow-men,
As the fierce lion rushes from his den,
Proceeds to slaughter, eager to destroy,
And views the carnage with a horrid joy.

Hence desolation spread o'er every clime,
And thousand victims died before their time,
Hence many a widow hid her woful head,
And many a parent mourn'd his offspring dead.

Sure true religion, fav'rite child of heaven,
To raise our hopes, and sooth our sorrows given,
Of pleasing aspect, and angelic grace,
Ne'er bade us thus distress the human race.
Oh! no; it bade us seek each other's woe,
To smooth our passage thro' life's rugged vale,
Obedience here to its great author prove,
By the mild fruits of universal love.
It ne'er design'd severely to restrain,
Or vex its vot'ries with a useless pain,
By penance purge their various sins away,
And ope an entrance to the realms of day;
Nor in a convent's sullen gloom confine
Those lonely maidens that so oft repine,
And long for pleasures mutual love bestows,
While youthful passion in the bosom glows.

Tho' of this edifice now part is chang'd
To a fine house with genuine taste arrang'd,
Yet e'en diffus'd around the splendid dome
We still perceive a solitary gloom.
Here the pale spectres, in the dead of night,
The tim'rous wives, and tender maids affright.

The bells fell ringing at that dismal hour,
 No blast disturb'd them, or no mortal power.
 Strange noise was heard, a woman dress'd in white
 Op'd the hall-door at the dead hour of night.
 Once while I there repos'd my weary head,
 I saw a ghost approach my lonely bed,
 Stare in my face,—I started in surprise,
 The airy phantom vanish'd from my eyes.

But should its lord his usual visits pay,
 Then ghosts and goblins hasten all away.
 Leinster's brave son, hur'd to scenes of war, "
 A valiant soldier, and a hardy tar.
 His country call'd; he scorn'd the lap of ease,
 And boldly ventur'd on the stormy seas;
 Unmov'd he heard the hostile cannon roar,
 And saw the billows stain'd with human gore;
 Resolv'd BRITANNIA firmly to maintain,
 In the vast empire of the boundless main.
 When ceas'd at last the horrid din of arms, "
 And smiling peace display'd her grateful charms,
 This dome he rais'd, and thence on sunny days
 Enjoys the prospect of the open seas,
 Revolves on deeds that gain immortal fame,
 And cause great ALBION's navy ride supreme.

High favour'd isle, for arts and arms renown'd!
 Whose floating thunders fright the world around;

Long may the regions far and near obey,
 And haughty tyrants tremble at thy sway.
 At thy command let hostile armies cease,
 Joyful embrace, and reap the fruits of peace.
 Or if provok'd, rouse all the world to war,
 And ride triumphant in thy lofty car.
 Let GALLIA's sons, and sons of haughty SPAIN,
 Own thee great sovereign of the stormy main;
 BATAVIA too, its ancient spirit broke,
 And now submissive to a foreign yoke.
 E'en let the North, at thy loud cannon's roar,
 Dread thy fierce vengeance on its icy shore.
 Long may true freedom's equal laws prevail,
 To bless thy labours, and secure thy weal.
 Oh happy isle! that every wealth contains,
 Of useful commerce and of fruitful plains,
 Extend, oh! still thy kind protecting hand
 To poor HIBERNIA's fair and faithful land.
 Let her from thee receive a sister's care,
 And all thy joys and all thy sorrows share,
 No selfish schemes restrain thy gen'rous mind,
 For mutual aid by Providence design'd.
 But equal freedom, equal trade bestow,
 And then defy the armies of the foe.

HIBERNIA plac'd in the surrounding seas,
 Scoop'd on all sides with various creeks and bays.

To shelter vessels safe from every wind,
 For boundless trade by nature was design'd.
 Yet while the sister isle's oppressive sway,
 Whose tyrant laws compell'd us to obey,
 Our useful trade continued to restrain,
 Kind nature's gifts were then bestow'd in vain.
 When the firm efforts of our patriot band
 Partly restor'd fair freedom to the land,
 Of partial laws obtain'd the just repeal,
 And op'd our harbours to each fav'ring gale,
 Then might we hope to see each port improv'd,
 The channel deepen'd, and the rocks remov'd,
 The solid pier, the well-compacted quay,
 To guard the vessels from the stormy sea.
 Such zealous hopes are apt to lead astray,
 And airy prospects vanish soon away.
 How oft we find, as shap'd by nature's hand,
 Too many ports in fair HIBERNIA's land.

Such is ARDGLASS, whose long forgotten name
 The muse selected for her grateful theme.
 On her has nature liberally bestow'd
 A bay capacious, and an open road.
 E'en when the sea receives the rolling tide,
 Safe in her bay a seventy-four could ride,
 Should kindly art erect the useful quay,
 Secure in harbour from the raging sea

Would the fleet vessels lie, and then in vain
 Dash the loud billows of the stormy main.
 Here would the sea-beat mariner receive,
 Toss'd by the fury of the wind and wave,
 A safe retreat, to sooth his anxious care,
 To ease his labours, and his snails repair.
 Thus might it tend some useful lives to save
 From the deep bosom of a watery grave,
 Whose bold exertions might our rights defend,
 Support our navy, and our trade extend.

But now the wherry hardly safe could moor,
 Or the light smack could hardly lie secure;
 Oft while the tempests rage and billows roar,
 They're dash'd in pieces on the rocky shore.
 Then the poor fisher's little bark destroy'd,
 His all the sport of the devouring tide,
 To his dull cot in sullen step repairs,
 Laments his loss, and sheds the useless tears;
 The father's grief his tender offspring share,
 Their looks increase, not mitigate his care.
 Now sorrow stalks along the verdant hills,
 Pervades each cot, and every bosom fills;
 For nought appears but fisher's humble sheds,
 Save where the castles raise their lofty heads;
 These gloomy monuments now lonely stay,
 As time's swift current bore the rest away.

Lost is the splendor of this ancient town,
Its glory faded, and its fair renown.

Thus *Tuat* for commerce fam'd in ancient time,
The mart of wealth from many a distant clime,
Whose vessels, wafted by the fav'ring wind,
E'en left Herculean pillars far behind,
The haughty mistress of the boundless main,
That seem'd t' usurp great Neptune's wide domain,
Stript of her grandeur, now alas! displays
A hideous desert in the stormy seas.
Some lonely fishers in their gloomy cell
As yet remain the dismal tale to tell;
Along the rocks their humid nets they spread,
And careless trample o'er the heaps of dead.
Thus spoke the seer in old prophetic strain,
And mark his words, for ne'er he spoke in vain.

Ardglass, like her, involv'd in deep decay,
Her splendor's gone, her commerce fled away.
Cadgers and smugglers here, 'tis true, repair,
And those that look for health and wholesome air,
And those that seek the isle, a motley crew,
Mona's bleak isle, expos'd to distant view.

The petty traders, with their bags of meal,
Their fruit, and flax, and whiskey too for sale,

Their flour, potatoes, and their fine bobes,
Pass o'er in boats along the watery way,
And thence return, almost in time to dine,
With sugar, coffee, and the cherry wine.
But should the cruiser, on a luckless day,
Observe their vessel in his search for prey,
He then pursues, it quickly flies before,
And strives to gain *Hibernia's* friendly shore.
Too oft in vain, and then with streaming eyes
They see the cruiser snatch the lawful prize.
In hopes the little smack at least to save,
Sometimes they cast into the briny wave
Wine, sugar, coffee, rum, the precious goods,
And far and wide they're scatter'd o'er the floods.

The tinkers too, for *Mona's Isle* design'd,
Frequent the town, and wait the fav'ring wind;
There have I seen them with their wives and lasses,
Their smiling babies, and their little asses;
Each ass then carried on its useful back
Two pretty babies sticking in a sack.
When whiskey's flames had kindled every pate,
The sorry tinker and his gentle mate
Began to spar, and deal their mutual blows,
One black'd the eye, the other bled the nose.
But should a stranger meddle in the strife,
And step between to part the man and wife,

Since he, forsooth, presumes to interfere,
 They both fall on, and cuff him for his care.
 At last with whiskry and fatigue oppress'd,
 The *honour'd troop* betook themselves to rest.
 No downy beds to court repose had they,
 Nor splendid rooms to pass their nights away;
 Some old waste house, perhaps without a door,
 Straw, fern, or rushes, scatter'd o'er the floor,
 Or empty barn, that nimble rats infest,
 Serv'd to supply a comfortable nest.
 There the whole troop in wild confusion lay,
 And in soft slumbers sought the jovial day.

Next in the number of the motley crew
 That seek the Isle, and *useful* trades pursue,
 The fortunetellers come, a curious band,
 Who deal their favours with a liberal hand.
 A serving-maid they give a Lord in marriage,
 And show my Lady ridlog in her carriage;
 A serving-man they give a Prince's daughter,
 Though many a suitor rich and noble sought her;
 They make a colonel of the young recruit,
 And dress the hero in a silver suit.
 With various tricks this wily tribe beguile
 The sons and daughters of old Mona's Isle.
 By cutting cards and tossing cups they show
 Kind Fortune's favours in this world below.

Oft they are dumb, and then by signs discover
 The happy marriage of the maid or lover;
 Hence the fond youths and maidens of the Isle
 With numerous gifts reward their *useful* toil.
 The more they get, kind Fortune still grows kinder,
 As they, her guides, are able still to wind her.
 Their grave response, convey'd by word or sign,
 The mob receive as oracle divine.
 Witchcraft they cure, and cure the women barren,
 Elf-shotten cows, and those plagued with the murrain.
 Loaded at last with wealth and various spoil,
 The old deceivers quit the happy Isle.

Here all have faith in elves' and witches' sway,
 And pallid ghosts that cause such dire dismay;
 The fairies too in various parts abound,
 And turn at night the busy wheels around;
 But should not bread be left, and tongs set right,
 They'd rattle chairs and tables all the night.
 Near Castletown, close by a purling rill,
 You'd see a place they call the *Fairy Hill*;
 And in some caverns, not a mile from Peele,
 These tiny spirits dance their little reel.
 When twelve o'clock the midnight hour has rung,
 And Philomel her plaintive ditty sung,
 They hear a ghost ascend the stairs sublime
 Of Peele's old castle, at that dismal time.

Long has it wander'd thro' the sullen gloom,
 Since Elenor possess'd the silent tomb,¹
 Poor Elenor! the wretched Gloster's wife,
 That here consum'd her miserable life.
 Thus various spectres both they hear and see,
 Replete with wonderful sagacity;
 From lights, or empty funerals, they portend =
 The sudden death of neighbour or of friend.
 Here then the wizards at free quarters roam,
 And fortunetellers find themselves at home.

Others for passage come, a numerous tribe,
 Whose diff'rent trades 'tis tedious to describe;
 Pipers and runaways, quacks and o'erreachers,
 Pickpockets, coiners, and travelling preachers.

Young students too, devoid of education,²
 Go to the Isle to look for * * *, *or something*
 And there are deck'd with holy stole and rigging.
 By the *poor* hands of noted * *Bishop Brigg*
 Who thinks no shame to cram the Irish * *church*
 With petty urchins smarting from the birch.
 The youth, 'tis true, a woful tale declares,
 His rosy cheeks bedew'd with briny tears,
 Tells the good * * of a vacant living
 In fair Ierne, at his patron's giving.
 His * * says, "Oh! 'tis a piteous case
 "So fine a youth should lose so good a place;"

And then, by virtue of his holy * *, *hand*
 Fits him for any living of the land.
 The lad returns of learning with his pate-fall,
 And to his * * sure he's not *ungrateful*,

The curious few, that pass the channel o'er,
 And seek for pleasure Mona's rocky shore,
 With whom once roll'd my pleasing hours along,³
 Demand the tribute of my grateful song.
 As near the coast we steer'd our watery way,
 A fleet of boats was spread all o'er the sea,
 That sought for herring in the briny deep,
 At night while mortals clos'd their eyes in sleep.

Herring's the food of Mona's greedy sons,
 Who eat them up as fast as butter'd buns,⁴
 As lions eat up kids, the bones and marrow,
 Or hungry hawks devour the little sparrow.
 Coarse is their food, their manners unrefin'd,
 Their knowledge to their boats and nets confin'd.⁵
 They're more polite, 'tis true, in Castletown,
 And Douglas too, a city of renown,
 Fam'd for its pier, its scandal, pride and show,
 For many a handsome belle, and airy beau.
 There foreign sharpers, that have run away,⁶
 And paid their debts by passing o'er the sea,
 Residing still, the people grow polite,
 As iron grows by rubbing still the brighter.

Yet here no murderer, as in *polish'd* lands,
 Destroys his neighbour with his bloody hands;
 No robber here attacks the house at night,
 Or on high road deprives you of your right.
 Secure from these, they pass their happy hours
 On naked rocks, or in their shady bowers.
 No democratic notions here prevail,
 Nor senseless clamour for the public weal.
 No noisy politicians stun our ear,
 Bawling reform, and belching out their beer;
 No clubs seditious plan with direful hate,
 To wrack the church, and overturn the state.
 Oh no! firm Loyalty her form displays,
 And baneful Faction's banish'd o'er the seas.

The petty Lords and Commons of the land
 Enforce obedience to their dread command.
 In Castletown they sit in awful state,
 And strike their audience with their *learn'd* debate.
 The serjeant at arms, who seem'd very willing,
 Op'd the door, and show'd us the room for a shilling.
 The commons-house (and was not that a pity?)
 Seem'd like a proctor's office in the city.
 The House of Lords we did not ask to see,
 As now we had pleas'd our curiosity.
 Nor edifice, nor talents are sublime,
 Nor knowledge worthy of poetic rhyme.

No authors here (I give you now to know it),
 Save one in Peele, a solitary poet.
 No deep divine t' explain the sacred page,
 Since pious Wilson quit this earthly stage.
 Learning far hence remov'd her useful seat,
 And fix'd on Albion's shore her calm retreat.
 Rewards were few to sooth her studious toil,
 The Duke and Bishop gather all the spoil.

At last the eastern breezes fill our sail,
 We quit the Isle, and catch the rising gale;
 Ardglass receives her weary bard again,
 Toss'd "by the wind, and batter'd by the rain."

Hence, oft in summer, while the tempests sleep,
 We sail for pleasure o'er the briny deep;
 As late we skimmed along the watery way,
 To see the light-house rise above the sea,
 Plac'd on the summit of the southern rock,
 To bear the fury and the mighty shock
 Of hideous waves, that mount its lofty side,
 While stormy winds excite the angry tide.
 Here oft, while wintry nights conceal'd the sky,
 And howling tempests rais'd the billows high,
 The hapless seaman cried aloud in vain,
 And dash'd on rocks, was swallow'd by the main.
 For ages here they met their final doom,
 In the deep bosom of a watery tomb.

Their wives were widows, children orphans made,
Their parents mourn'd them mingled with the dead.

Downshire at last, with gentle pity mov'd,
Friend to our Isle, "by Majesty approv'd,"
Erects this beacon, by the nation's power,
To guide the seaman at the midnight hour.
When toss'd by tempests in the dreary night,
He high in air observes th' auspicious light,
Warn'd by the splendid signal from the skies,
He shuns the rocks, and from the danger flies;
His life preserv'd by kind Hibernia's aid,
To guard her freedom, and support her trade,
With dauntless force repel the hostile blows,
And pour Britannia's thunder on our foes.

The craggy rock display'd its awful head,
That hurried thousands to the silent dead,
With mangled corps that oft was cover'd o'er,
And oft, alas! was stain'd with human gore.
The mournful scene presented to our eye,
Rais'd in our breast a sympathetic sigh,
A sigh for all by storms and billows tost
On the dire quicksand, or the rocky coast.
Of such distress, alas! I've felt my share,
My dear relations lost, my friends sincere.
But grief forbids me on the theme to dwell,
Or in sad numbers woful tale to tell.

From kind Ardglash, along the rocky shore,
Thus oft we sail, while tempests cease to roar,
And Sol's bright beams entice us to the sea,
To cool the fervour of his torrid ray.

Here on our shore you'd see the prim old maid,
Come to repair the charms by time decay'd,
Plunge in the current of our briny wave,
And, strange to tell, her youthful bloom receive.

The worn-out rake too seeks our healthful strand,
A useful staff supports his trembling hand;
Yet soon our saline bath, and wholesome air,
His broken frame contribute to repair;
He quits his staff, forgets his former pain,
And seeks his bottle and his lass again.
E'en Struele's fam'd well, by old St. Patrick bless'd,
For healing virtue's hardly more caress'd;
The blind their sight, the lame their limbs regain,
Throw by their crutch, and trip along the plain.

The ladies too, that long desir'd an heir,
Haste to our town to try their fortune there,
And scarce they dip in our prolific wave,
When the fond creatures in a trice conceive;
Then the glad tidings to their spouse declare,
"That now, at last, he'd get the wish'd-for heir."

"Who'd show, in every feature of the face,
 "A near resemblance to his honour'd race,"
 Not MARGATE'S waves can boast of more renown,
 Than the fam'd waters of our little town.

Off in her waves I've quench'd the noontide ray,
 Or caught the cooling breezes from the sea,
 Or pensive stray'd along the rocky shore,
 Heard the wild tempests rage and billows roar,
 Or climb'd the summit of the craggy steep,
 And view'd the various visage of the deep,
 Now smooth as glass, or by a breath of air,
 Strip'd like fine muslin for the gentle fair;
 The waters sparkling with the splendid ray,
 And numerous boats expanded o'er the sea;
 Or now distorted in its beauteous form,
 By the fierce whirlwind, and the furious storm,
 The raging billows, and the angry tide,
 The horrid gloom diffus'd on every side,
 The vessels mounting the tremendous wave,
 And now descending to the watery cave,
 Sunk in the vast abyss to rise no more,
 Or dash'd in pieces on the fatal shore.
 Then I'd lament for mortals' grief and pain,
 And sad disasters on the stormy main,
 Revolve on Him who rules with sovereign sway,
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless sea,
 Compels the winds to obey his dread command,
 And holds the waters in his hollow hand.

The sun, the stars, the high celestial frame,
 Point out th' existence of a God supreme;
 The regions too of the extended sea,
 In every clime, his wondrous power display;
 Tho' vex'd by Eurus, and his surly band,
 Its raging waves he curbs with gentle sand,
 Directs th' alternate motions of the tide,
 Advancing now in grave majestic pride,
 O'er the high rocks with wilks and limpets bound,
 And now receding to the vast profound.
 Such wondrous works display'd to human sight,
 Strike with surprise, or fill us with delight.

When the huge body, and enormous shoal
 Of numerous herring quit the frozen pole;
 Desert their northern hive for temperate climes,
 Like Goths and Vandals in the barb'rous times,
 To British seas, long wish'd, at length resort,
 And yield our anxious poor a kind support,
 Then various birds with wonder we survey
 Attend the pilgrims on their watery way;
 Of these the gull and gannet are the chief,
 Who eat them up as glutton would roast beef.
 The gull, like diver, rides the wave secure,
 As huntsman rides the courser o'er the moor,
 Yet ne'er descends within the briny flood,
 But on the surface takes the finny brood.

With vent'rous wing the gannet mounts on high,
 And darts straight downward from the vaulted sky,
 Pierces to wondrous depth the liquid plain,
 Seizes his prey, and then ascends again. *
 But should the hog with open mouth assail,
 Adown his throat they run as thick as hail:
 Now here and there, from side to side he'd pass,
 And thus collect them to a solid mass.
 Then downward dive, and in the middle rise,
 Devour, disperse, and raise them to the skies.
 Yet boats and nets he'd shun with cautious care,
 And flimsy texture ne'er disturb nor tear.

Our happy seas no baneful shark annoys,
 That human life alas! too oft destroys;
 But on our shore the useful fish abound,
 Both those that swim, and those that skim the ground,
 The speckled mackerel, and the gornet red,
 The haddock firm, and cod with wondrous head,
 The gentle whiting, and delicious sole,
 Ta'en by a net extended on a pole,
 The flouk, the ray, the plaice, the brett so nice,
 And charming turbot of enormous price,
 With lobsters, crabs, and others small and great,
 In verse or prose too tedious to relate.
 The prime of these are sent to distant tow'rs,
 Convey'd by smacks, by cadgers, or by clowns:
 There the plump alderman, at city feast,
 Devours them greedily, and extols their taste.

Praises our fishers for their skill and care,
 In thus providing such delicious fare.

Far different skill from that in former times,
 When their sole study was to practise crimes,
 Rush from their forts, by barb'rous chieftain led,
 Despoil the fields, and desolation spread.
 Hence when I rais'd my wond'ring eyes on high,
 And view'd the castles towering to the sky,
 Whose rugged sides, and broken tops sublime,
 Display'd the force of all-destroying time.
 In pensive thought I us'd to ponder o'er
 The various deeds in hapless days of yore,
 Th' oppressor's fury, and th' insulted laws,
 The battles fought in freedom's sacred cause,
 The dubious contest, and the castle storm'd,
 The tyrant vanquish'd, and the state reform'd.

Perhaps immur'd within this sullen dome,
 Some woful maiden carried far from home,
 From tender parents and relations dear,
 Has shed alas! the unavailing tear;
 Doom'd by some tyrant to his lewd embrace,
 Some beastly monster of the human race.
 Forc'd by rude violence to his odious arms,
 The wretch detested revell'd in her charms:
 Or some brate lover, with a vent'rous band,
 Rescued the maiden from the tyrant's hand.
 In busy thought the varied scenes appear,
 The dire events of many a hundred year.

Oft when I view'd, with philosophic eye,
 These rugged piles in awful ruin lie,
 Of human power and skill the proud display,
 Mould'ring at last, and verging to decay,
 " Thus," I'd exclaim, " in sure destruction fall,
 " Vain mortals' labours on this earthly ball ;
 " Empires by blood extended far and wide,
 " To serve th' ambition, and to please the pride
 " Of some dread tyrant in this world below,
 " Whose heart ne'er felt for fellow-mortal's wo ;
 " Great wealth, of happiness too oft the bane,
 " Scrap'd by extortion and by low chicane ;
 " Great cities fam'd for commerce and for power,
 " All wait the doom of yon dismantled tower."
 Then I'd revolve on all the busy strife,
 And strange vicissitudes of human life,
 The changeful scene of mortals' vain affairs,
 Their short continuance in this world of cares,
 Chiefly these thoughts my pensive mind impress,
 If on the church I'd chance my eyes to cast,
 The old ruin'd church with antique ivy clad,
 So long the mansion of the silent dead.
 Thus surely doom'd this earthly scene to leave,
 And lie neglected in the gloomy grave,
 Kind fortune's gifts, the source of anxious pain,
 Transient appear'd, and frivolous, and vain.
 From worldly cares I rais'd my thoughts on high
 To happy regions plac'd above the sky,

Resolv'd thro' life to bear a steady mind,
 Firm in success, in poverty resign'd.

Thus would I ponder, in a serious strain,
 On the ruin'd castles, and the stormy main ;
 Oft too peruse along the rocky shore,
 The tuneful numbers of the classic lore ;
 The verse of HOMER, ancient bard divine,
 Nurs'd and instructed by the sacred nine.

ACHILLES view impetuous, harsh, severe,
 Ne'er mov'd by gentle pity, nor by prayer,
 Charm'd with his country's woes, his rage to please,
 No tears can sooth him, and no gifts appease ;
 In love and hatred violent to an extreme,
 He fights for vengeance, and for empty fame.

Then HECTOR view, his powerful arms extend,
 From hostile force his country to defend ;
 His labours, council, and his prayers employ,
 All to preserve the dear devoted TROY ;
 Firm, active, virtuous, patriotic, brave,
 In vain he strives the hapless state to save.
 Who but laments to see the hero fall,
 His mangled corpse dragg'd round the Trojan wall ?
 Sad, woful sight to his distracted wife,
 His parent old, who curse their tedious life,

To all *TROY* towns, whose chief defence and stay
He prov'd in battle thro' the toilsome day.

Or view *ÆNEAS*, in sweet *MARCO*'s page,
The pious captain of the heroic age,
On his broad shoulders bear his aged sire,
Thro' hostile weapons, and thro' flames of fire,
Place him far distant in a safe retreat,
With young *IULUS*, fav'rite child of fate,
Thro' stormy seas, and various perils tost,
Attain at length *AUSONIA*'s happy coast,
Subdue bold *TURNUS* in a single fray,
And gain *LAVINIA*, and the Latin sway.

When all these feats in verse sublime I read,
Of kings and heroes mingled with the dead,
Then busy thought recall'd the studious hours,
In *Alma*'s splendid dome and shady bowers,
At classic page I spent, instructive, pore,
Or science deep, laborious and obscure,
Guided by him, who *NEWTON*'s depth could sound,
Trace *LOCKE* abstruse thro' all his mazy round,
Illustrious *YOUNG*, true science' choicest care,
And brightest star of her resplendent sphere,
But e'er he reach'd his full meridian height,
He sunk, alas! and vanish'd from our sight,
Spread dismal gloom o'er all this scene below,
And wrapt fair science in a garb of woe.

His works, 'tis true, *Newtonian* powers display,
And soon will shine with a distinguish'd ray;
But who will paint his manners gentle, free,
Devoid of pride, and pompous pedantry,
His liberal spirit, unaffected air,
His modest worth, and charity sincere,
His love of merit, and his zeal for truth,
His anxious labours in the care of youth,
His mind unmov'd at sudden high success,
His steady patience under deep distress,
In lingering pain his temper ever even,
Resign'd, submissive to the will of heaven,
And all the virtues qualified to grace,
His sacred office, and exalted place?
Too soon he left his earthly station high,
And sought the splendid regions of the sky;
Whence works divine he views with clearer ken,
And praises all that God has done for men.

Oft when th' Almighty's wonders I survey,
In the bright heavens, and the boundless sea,
His sacred book I take, with awe o'erspread,
And pious reverence, and silent dread;
There read how *ABRAHAM*, by divine command,
Forsook his father's house, and native land,
Wander'd a pilgrim o'er th' extended plain,
His numerous offspring destin'd to contain;

How JACOB old, when famine widely spread,
 Sought in distress th' Egyptian soil for bread,
 By kindly JOSEPH ask'd, with all his race,
 JOSEPH now honour'd with the royal grace ;
 How this one house, of origin sublime,
 Became a people in the lapse of time,
 Who, by base PHAROA and his wicked host,
 Were cruelly treated on their hostile coast ;
 How MOSES, arm'd with power of high degree,
 By signs and wonders set the people free,
 Turn'd streams to blood, to serpent turn'd his rod,
 The first-born slew by angel sent from God ;
 How EGYPT's king, at heavenly ire afraid,
 In various judgments o'er the land display'd,
 Yielded at length to MOSES' powerful word,
 And bade them hence depart to serve the Lord ;
 How soon he chang'd, and then pursu'd amain,
 Himself, his chariots, and his warlike train ;
 The people fled in terror and dismay,
 And reach'd the sandy border of the sea ;
 How God compell'd the waters to divide,
 And op'd a passage fair from side to side,
 The waves impending like a mountain's brow,
 Yet ne'er descending on the path below ;
 How safely pass'd the favour'd race along,
 And PHAROA follow'd with his numerous throng,
 When, at divine command, the watery mound
 Return'd, and swept them thro' the vast profound ;

3 fagaz awaiting here,

seemed well pleased to receive a shilling for his trouble. We went off amused at his pomposity.

Linquimus, incani ridentes premia scribor.

Note * Page 23.

Save one in Peele, a solitary post.

Mr. John Stowel, since deceased, who kept an endowed Latin school in that town. He published a poem, price one shilling, entitled "The Retrospect; or a Review of the Memorable Events of Mona, in the year 1790," in which he ridicules the Manks parliament, and censures Douglas for its pride and detraction. On reading a few lines of his poem, which we purchased, we had a desire to see the author, whom we found in his school-room at eight o'clock in the morning, a little ordinary man, with a face not very poetical. We introduced ourselves to him by informing him, that we had read his poem entitled "The Retrospect," and had a curiosity to see its author. He seemed flattered by the honour we paid him, but remarked with great gravity, that *we saw him* rather to disadvantage that morning, as he had been drinking late the night before, and had got but little sleep, which was sufficiently evident from his bleared eyes, and his breath smelling strong of spirits.

The following lines taken from three separate parts of the poem, may serve as a fair specimen of its merit.

"Why does distraction thro' the country roam?
 "Why do you still forget you're all at home?
 "How poor, how wretched is the heart that sighs,
 "And hates the man whom merit taught to rise!

" When such I hear, with pious wrath I pray,
 " That rising worth may wound them every day.
 " But when a coxcomb mounts beyond his sphere,
 " With brain unable such a height to bear;
 " When giddy, useless, ignorant and vain,
 " He treats unthriving merit with disdain,—
 " Then candour gives the signal to despise,
 " And owns 'tis pity Fortune wants her eyes!"

* * *

" Hark! *Jacky Latin* gives the signal call,
 " Enter ye bucks, half bucks, no bucks at all;
 " Enter ye belles, half belles, no belles divine;
 " Enter ye squires, half squires, no squires in fine,
 " Dapper dandies, half dandies, no dandies fly;
 " Then enter last my little muse and I."

* * *

In ridicule of the Manks parliament he uses the following lines,

" For Senators are senators—tho' Manks,
 " As well as Pitt and Fox with all their pranks."

Note * Page 23.

Since pious Wilson quit this earthly stage,

In the year 1671, Dr. Isaac Barrow, uncle to the famous Dr. Barrow, was translated from the see of Sodor and Man to that of St. Asaph, and some years after Dr. Thomas Wilson was consecrated Bishop, who died in the 58th year of his consecration, and was

buried in the church-yard of Kirk Michael. This worthy prelate, whose memory is still revered in the Isle of Man, published many useful works on religious subjects, of which the late Dr. Johnson speaks thus, " to think on Bishop Wilson with veneration, is only to agree with the whole christian world. I hope to look into his works for other purposes than those of criticism, and after their perusal, not only to write, but to live better."

His character is thus drawn by the descriptive pencil of Mr. Robertson. " Venerable in his aspect, meek in his deportment, his face illumined with benignity, and his heart glowing with piety, like his divine Master, *he went about doing good*. With the pride and avarice of prelacy he was totally unacquainted. Hospitality stood at his gate, and invited the stranger and beggar to a plenteous repast. The day he devoted to benevolence, and the night to piety. His revenue was dedicated to the poor and needy, and not contented with relieving the wants or mitigating the woes of mankind, he was solicitous, by his precept and example, to conduct his little flock to the kingdom of heaven. He died in the 92^d year of his age, justly revered and lamented by the whole island; while his grave was watered by the tears of those, whom his bounty had supported, his benignity had gladdened, or his eloquent piety *had turned to righteousness*. Even to this day, many of the inhabitants of the island never hear his name mentioned, but the tear of gratitude insensibly swells their eye, and their faltering tongue blesses the memory of their pious and venerable benefactor." (Robertson's Tour, Page 107, 108.) Such was their veneration

for him, that every one who met him, as he passed along the roads in his carriage, used to kneel down to ask his blessing, when he would say, "God Almighty bless you all!"

Note * Page 23.

Learning far hence remov'd her useful seat.

The Manks clergy are not at all distinguished for their learning; their education, which is very scanty, is picked up at an academy in Castletown, founded by Bishop Barrow. The master of this academy is the Rev. Mr. Castley of Oxford, a gentleman no doubt of sense and learning, but, I suspect, not remarkably strict on his pupils. In July 1794, there were in the academy only three pupils designed for the church, the highest of whom was reading Ovid, and was *usher* of a grammar school annexed to the other institution. I saw here a parcel of old musty books, and some old-fashioned mathematical instruments covered over with dust.

Note * Page 23.

The Duke and Bishop gather all the spoil.

In the Isle of Man there are seventeen parishes, of which the best is Kirk-Andrews, the archdeaconry, producing the incumbent, who has all the tithes, 200*l.* British a year. There are two rectories, in which the incumbent has two parts, and the Bishop one third, of the tithe; the best of these, viz. Ballough, affords the for-

mer above 100 guineas a year. There are eight parishes, in which the vicar has one third, the Duke and Bishop having the other two thirds divided between them: of the remaining six parishes the Duke and Bishop have the entire tithe. It appears, however, on the whole, that the Bishop has the larger proportion. In these parishes the officiating clergymen have no tithe, and are called *vicars of pension*. The annual sum allowed them for their support is 42*l.* Manks, or 36*l.* British; the different funds whence this stipend is derived it may be necessary to explain.

1. In the 27th of Charles II. a royal grant of 100*l.* a year was allowed to the Manks clergy.

2. About the year 1670, Bishop Barrow raised in England, by charitable donations, 1000*l.* with which he purchased from Earl Derby his share of the Isle of Man tithes, who gave two estates in England as security for the bargain. His successor, however, would not confirm it, and a lawsuit being commenced, it was decreed by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, that the then valuation of the tithes should be paid yearly to the Manks clergy out of the abovementioned estates. This amounts to 219*l.* Manks, and is termed *impropriation*. The Chancellor decreed too, that the Manks clergy should have the benefit of the tithes' increase in value, which by some neglect they have never yet obtained.

3. 4*l.* Manks is allowed by one Catherine Hahell's bounty to some of the poorer clergy.

4. The tithes of some few quarterlands are laid out for the same purpose.

5. Small glebes, sometimes two for the same parish, were purchased by means of Bishop Wilson, and other

good Bishops. It must be observed, however, that some of these additional glebes are assigned also to some vicars that have the third of the tithes.

The officiating clergyman, in each of the six parishes above mentioned, receives from the Duke or Bishop a small stipend, and the remainder from royal grant, impropriation, Halsell's bounty, tithes of quarterlands, and small glebes. For tithes of quarterlands, glebes, and glebe-houses (as they all have a residence in their parish) are given to each at a valuation.

They complain that the Duke and Bishop do not allow an equitable salary, that the royal bounty is irregularly paid, and that they have not the benefit of the rise in value of the impropriate tithes. They get a shilling for a burial and five for a marriage, which affords a small addition. The generality of them, however, are obliged to teach school, in order to make out a sufficient subsistence. One of these, whom we visited, had a handsome income from his school, though he could not accuse himself of extravagant charges; for, as he told us, he allowed his pupils diet, washing, and lodging, and taught them himself the English, French, Greek and Latin languages, also Euclid, algebra, navigation, geography, the use of the globes, arithmetic, book-keeping, reading, writing, and spelling, all for 12*l.* British a year. He was particularly skilful, we understood, at English grammar, and gave us a dissertation on it, pointing out a short method of teaching it of his own invention. His fame, it seems, extended very far, for he had many pupils from Liverpool and the North of England, and a few even from the West Indies.

He was at first sufficiently communicative in answering several questions we asked him with respect to the church, &c.; but when, in order to assist our memory, I desired a friend, who was a kind of secretary for us, to take down notes of what he said, he stooped short, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what do you mean by taking down my conversation?" This produced an inquiry of who we were, whence we came, and our business in the island? I told him we came from Ireland, merely on a journey of curiosity, and that I was a clergyman of the established church there, just from the other side of the channel. This answer, however, did not seem to satisfy him, for he replied dryly to us, "Oh! I suppose so; I'm mistaken, I find, for I thought you were revolutionists." We soon parted, for we could not prevail on him any more to enter freely into conversation with us.

They are wonderfully apprehensive of French emissaries in the island. A person who attended us, as we walked from Peele to Port-Lerne, to direct us the way over the mountains, and to carry our turbot, observing some of the party taking down notes, as we passed along the shore, took it into his head that we were French spies, and had he not been dissuaded by others, would have immediately gone to Castletown to inform on us. Of this we were assured by a gentleman who came to Ireland from Peele a few days after. We were of course on the point of being put into the castle for our curiosity.

Note * Page 23.

Plac'd on the summit of the southern rock,

There are two large rocks in the sea opposite to the eastern coast of the barony of Ardes in the county of Down; the one is called the North, and the other the South-Rock. The first, being about two miles from the shore, is situate opposite to the north side of Cloughy Bay; the second being a mile to the southward of the other, and three miles from the shore, is situate opposite to the south side of the bay. Between the two there is a channel nearly a mile broad. The first is seldom or never covered by the tide; the second is entirely covered at every full sea, and has dangerous shelves extended from it above two miles farther out. Hence the sea is foul for five miles from the shore. For ages past vessels have been wrecked on these terrible rocks, and seamen and passengers swallowed by the deep.

At length, by means of the late Marquis of Downshire's benevolent interference with government, a lighthouse has been erected on the South-Rock. This edifice, which is called *Kilwarlin Lighthouse*, is of a conic form, having a base 30 feet diameter, on which is raised 20 feet of solid stone-work. It is then built hollow, so as to afford a residence within for a family. The entire height is 66 feet of stone-work, and 6 feet of a lantern. The stones, which are very solid and durable, have a cavity in each to fit a prominence in the adjoining one; and all are firmly compacted by a strong cement, and by cross and upright bars of iron, so firmly, that though the lighthouse was only 20 feet high in the stormy winter of 1795, and the sea often ran over it, not a stone was driven off.

"It was lit for the first time on the 25th of March 1797. The light is from oil lamps and

"reflectors, and elevated above the level of the sea, at half tide, about 65 feet. To distinguish this light from the Copeland, which bears from it nearly north and south, distant 6½ leagues, it revolves on a perpendicular axis, and is seen in full force from every point of the visible horizon once in every minute. It is observed to increase from darkness until totally eclipsed. A large bell, fixed on the lighthouse, is tolled day and night during the continuance of thick or foggy weather, to point out the direction of the rock."

This is extracted from the advertisement published by order of the commissioners of the revenue of Ireland.

Note ^b Page 24.

Downshire at last, with gentle pity mov'd.

Since this verse was written, the poor Marquis has died universally lamented.

Note ^c Page 25.

E'en Struel's fam'd well, by old Saint Patrick bless'd,

The Saint having, in the 5th century, blessed these wells, which are situate a mile south-east of Downpatrick, conferred on them the power of curing the lame and the blind, which they retain even to this day. The miracles are generally wrought on the eve of Saint John the Baptist's, at 12 o'clock at night, at which time the well, that is to perform the cure, overflows of itself, without any natural cause. Should it, however, at any time not effect the cure desired, which sometimes

happens, it is supposed to be owing rather to want of faith in the person that applies, than to want of healing efficacy in the waters. The cures therefore are usually wrought on those who come from afar, whose faith is stronger than theirs who live near the place. It is indeed insinuated by unbelievers, that there is some pious fraud in the business; that the cures being wrought on persons who come from afar, whose infirmities might be feigned, looks suspicious; that the overflowing of the well is caused by stopping up the passage of the water, which might be done at midnight without being discovered. But these are considered as the cavils of sceptics, and should therefore be little regarded. The pilgrims or stationers complete the penance, they go through at this place, by bathing in one of the wells, which, among its other surprising qualities, has also, it seems, the power of cleansing them from their sins. At this season they drink plenty of spirits, and are apt to quarrel; once, during a great quarrel there, I saw the titular Bishop, while the ricks were flying about his head, dart into a tent.

Note * Page 26.

And holds the waters in his hollow hand.

Isaiah 40. 12.

Note * Page 28.

Seizes his prey, and then ascends again.

Some Manks fishermen, about twenty years ago, caught a gannet on the water unable to fly, it was so full of herring, and saw it vomit out twenty-nine, when

brought into the boat. Of this I was informed by a creditable person, to whom one of the boatmen present related it.

Note † Page 32.

Illustrious Young, true Science's choicest care.

The Right Rev. Manthew Young, D. D. Bishop of Clonfert, lately deceased, to whom, as my tutor in Trinity College, Dublin, I was under particular obligations for various acts of kindness during the seven years I continued in the University. Exclusive, however, of any private consideration his name must stand conspicuous in the annals of Irish literature. He was born, about the year 1751, in Castlereagh, a market-town in the county of Roscommon. His father was a private gentleman of a small independent fortune, and his mother was sister to the late Sir Thomas Bell, well known in Dublin for his eminent skill in surgery. In the year 1775, he acquired by his talents a fellowship in the University of Dublin, and his eminent reputation brought to him more pupils for instruction than were ever before committed to the care of one man. To these he conscientiously devoted a large portion of his time. Yet his pursuit of literature on various subjects was incessant. His attention in particular was applied to mathematics and natural philosophy, and at length, in 1784, he published his "Essay on Sounds and Musical Strings," in which he overturned the rectilinear motion of sound, which had been derived from the phenomena of echoes, and showed that these phenomena were perfectly consistent with the Newtonian Theory.

This valuable production obtained for him (in 1786) the professorship of Natural Philosophy, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wilson. He now began his illustrious course of public lectures on that science, of which his admirable Analysis has been composed and published under the most trying circumstances.

Though attached to the cultivation of his favourite science, yet he did not remain indifferent to the scenes which passed before him in the world, and especially in the University, to whose interests he contributed by a work entitled "an Enquiry," which tended to reduce the provost's power, on the election of fellows, within its due limits.

For our holy religion he had a most profound veneration, and was early zealous in the acquirement of sacred knowledge, being active in forming a society for the study of the ancient fathers of the church. In their writings he sought to discover the opinions that prevailed in the pure ages of the gospel, and to trace the origin of those fatal heresies by which its genuine simplicity had been corrupted. Yet his boundless activity did not rest here. He was a principal promoter of the Royal Irish academy, and contributed to its support by various and useful papers, published in its transactions. He also attained a knowledge of the present most celebrated European languages, and made a considerable proficiency in that of his native country, so difficult of acquirement.

In disposition too he alike claimed our admiration. Notwithstanding his various attainments, he was plain, simple, unaffected in his manners, possessing knowledge without ostentation, talents without pride, and philosophy without austerity. His cheerful, equable, and well-

regulated temper, unmoved by gusts of passion, rendered him truly amiable in social life. He was respected for his learning, admired for his talents, and beloved for his virtues. Of course his elevation to the episcopal dignity (in January 1799,) by the discernment of the Marquis of Cornwallis, gave universal satisfaction. His conduct, on attaining that high office, did not disappoint the public expectation; he displayed a just sense of its importance, yet pure and untainted by the least alloy of pride. Had he been allowed to enjoy it long, he would have left an example behind him well worthy of imitation. But all wise Providence thought fit to determine otherwise.

A decayed tooth produced a small ulcer in his tongue, which was increased by the unskilfulness of a country surgeon, and by his delivering a charge to his clergy on his first visitation. At length it turned into a confirmed cancer, which no surgical aid could remove. He then submitted to his fate with resignation, and during his tedious and excruciating illness, never once breathed a murmur. His utterance, becoming now painful, and gradually inarticulate, obliged him to communicate his thoughts to his friends and family by the pen, which was but ill suited to keep pace with the rapid course of his ideas, for which the quickest articulation had been too slow. The disorder spread to his throat, and to the dreadful pain attendant on a cancer was added the torture arising from the application of the violent remedies which were thought necessary. Hopeless of relief from regular practitioners, he went to seek it, alas! in vain, at Whitworth in Lancashire, and expired there, after five months of extreme suffering, on the 28th of November 1800, leaving behind him a wife and

ten children. On his lady, by the recommendation of the Marquis of Cornwallis, a pension has been conferred of 500*l.* a year, which, after her decease, will be extended, it is to be hoped, to her daughters.

During the rapid progress of his malady, (strange as it may seem) he drew up from his lectures, the labour of ten years' public instruction, his Analysis of the principles of Natural Philosophy, and superintended the publication with surprising accuracy; improved his Comment on the first book of Newton's Principia; wrote an Essay on Sophisms, collecting examples of the various species from the deistical writers, thus exposing logically the futility of their arguments; learned the Syriac language in order to prepare him to complete a translation of the Psalms, of which he had only sketched out the plan before his illness, and drew up a demonstration *a priori* of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity. These last two works occupied his attention as long as he could hold a pen, and were the subjects of his frequent correspondence. In a letter to the Provost, dated October 10, 1800, he discussed the axioms he had assumed to found his proof of the Existence of a God, and then bade his respected correspondent a lasting adieu.*

Hence he displayed the greatness of his mind, unmoved by those trying incidents of life, which affect common mortals, high prosperity and deep adversity. Had he lived I would have dedicated my little volume of poems to him, not in hopes of future favours, but through gratitude for favours received.

* In the above Sketch I have made a very liberal use of Dr. Elrington's Sermon.

Since he is gone, I will submit them to the public, to take their chance, without a single patron to recommend them.

Note ^a Page 36.

Oft here a task employs my useful time, &c.

These verses, and those in the querulous strain immediately preceding, were written when I had the cure of that parish.

Note ^b Page 36.

With human gore cobble Rhine's deep banks are dyed.

These concluding lines were written during the late bloody battles on the Rhine, and may possibly exhibit to the classic reader a faint resemblance of the beautiful conclusion of the fourth Georgick.

Hæc super arborum cultu pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alicbat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis æol.

THE

TRANSFORMATION.



*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.*

THE
TRANSFORMATION.

BY thy power, imperious gold !
What strange wonders, as we're told,
Have in every age been done,
Every clime beneath the sun ?
Splendid towns in deserts rise,
Lofty steeples strike the skies.
Where cold EVAS' sultry breath
Us'd to sweep the barren heath,
There you'd see the flowery plain,
Or the fields of golden grain,
And the cedar's waving pride
Deck the rugged mountain's side.

In bleak Russia's frigid soil,
See with native beauty smile
Tropic fruits, and fragrant flowers,
Orange trees, and spicy bowers.

He, whose forces swallow'd fountains,
 Cut a passage thro' the mountains;
 For his numerous fleet to tail,
 Wafted by the fav'ring gale;
 When with hostile fury burning,
 Every peaceful offer spurning,
 He proceeded with parade,
 And with mighty cavalcade,
 Like a thunder storm or hail,
 Happy Grecia's land t' assail.

Russia's constant boast and glory,
 PETER great, so fam'd in story,
 Rais'd by NEVA's winding flood,
 Where the petty cottage stood,
 On a bleak and desert isle,
 With a damp and marshy soil,
 His fair town, or splendid city,
 Source of many a tuneful ditty,
 Streets with numerous crowds abounding,
 Coaches, drums, and trumpets sounding,
 Mighty lords and ladies gay,
 Rattling thro' the town away.

Such th' effects in every land
 From the monarch's stern command,
 Join'd to gold's imperious sway,
 Gold that all the world obey.

Thus (presumptuous should we dare
 Great with little things compare)
 The fam'd squires of county Down,
 And the nobles of renown,
 By their kind and useful bounty,
 Deck'd the chief town of the county.

Th' abbey old, with ivy bound,
 That contain'd, in hallow'd ground,
 Holy PATRICK's sacred pile,
 Guardian angel of our isle,
 See its pristine form resigning,
 And with novel beauty shining;
 While the peaceful dead are borne,
 From their silent mansion torn,
 And in sullen heaps are stow'd,
 Banish'd from their drear abode;
 While the lofty tower's pull'd down,
 And laid level with the ground,
 Wont for centuries to tire
 Th' elements' contending ire.

See the prison, splendid, new,
 Next presented to your view,
 With its circling wall sublime,
 That no felon e'er could climb;
 E'en a bird, 'tis rais'd so high,
 O'er its summit scarce could fly.

Then the court-house you'd espy,
Where stern Justice strikes your eye,
Holding high her even scales,
Rudely toss'd by southern gales,
Mansion far extended, neat,
Often rent with loud debate.

Next with wonder you'd behold,
(Such the strange effects of gold)
Th' Old Jail burnish'd bright and gay,
Shining like the orb of day.
Once this dome, tho' wide and roomy,
Still was dismal, dark and gloomy,
(Yet offences were so great,
That it seem'd too small of late)
Went thro' grated windows narrow,
That would scarce admit a sparrow,
(Void of sash or scanty pane,
Usual fence from wind and rain)
To receive a sullen ray,
That diffus'd a doubtful day.

Now the hideous dome's improv'd,
And the sullen gloom's remov'd,
Now each rugged breach is mended,
And each window's wide extended;

Sashes polish'd, neat and gay,
Panels t' admit the splendid day.

Now the cells are knock'd asunder,
And the rooms you'd view with wonder,
Nicely finish'd, large and splendid,
Piers and windows neatly blended,
Painted walls of various hue,
Grates and chimney-pieces new,
(Polish'd marble, smooth as glass,
Or the face of pretty lass)
Flags no more, but Norway floors,
And no longer iron doors,
Nor brok'n bedstead, blanket bare,
Footless stool, or crazy chair.

Different objects strike your eye,
Carpets rich of deepest dye,
Window-curtains, flaming scarlet,
Fit for stage, or gown for harlot,
Tables splendid, polish'd, fair,
Chairs so neat, and stuff'd with hair,
Tongs and poker burnish'd bright,
That would dazzle e'en your sight,
Sideboard too of precious ware,
Cups of silver, goblets rare,
Knives and forks with silver handles,
Lustres bright to hold the candles,

Tumblers, glasses, table-spoons,
 Snatch'd too off by tricky loons,
 And such goods to suit the quality,
 Not the herd of commonality.

Dungeons dark, where us'd to lie
 Many a wretch condemn'd to die,
 Void of hope's delusive power,
 Waiting for the fatal hour,
 Pristine gloom have cast away,
 And are cheer'd with light of day.
 There, where beds they us'd to pitch in,
 Now you'd see a spacious kitchen,
 Bolts converted into pans,
 Boilers, kettles, metal cans,
 Ovens Dutch, and spits and racks,
 Pokers, skewers, grates and jacks,
 To prepare the meat for dining,
 Better use than rogues confining.

Here no more you'd hear the sigh,
 Sad complaint and piteous cry
 Of the wretch condemn'd to swing,
 Pendent on the fatal string.
 No such dismal noise you hear,
 No such accents strike our ear;
 No, the voice of mirth and glee,
 Playful game and jollity,

Cook-maid's joke, and scullion's song,
 Time with these rolls quick along,
 Servants laughing, dancing, singing,
 And with sport the kitchen ringing.

Antique prison, lately chang'd!
 Splendid mansion, duly rang'd!
 Different forms did you survey,
 In your long extended day.

Here you've seen in days of yore,
 The murderer all stain'd with gore;
 Horrid wretch, with bloody knife,
 Took his neighbour's useful life;
 Robber, that in dead of night,
 Forc'd the house with furious might,
 Tore the precious goods away,
 Fruits of many a toilsome day;
 Highwayman, that us'd t' assail
 The traveller in lonely vale,
 Clap a pistol to his head,
 Take his purse, or shoot him dead;
 Coiners, cheats, and petty stealers,
 Swindlers, ruffians, roguish dealers,
 Steel-men, oak-men, great offenders,
 Peep-of-day-boys, and Defenders.
 Such the crew did you behold
 In your gloomy days of old.

Since you've cast your gloom aside,
 Deck'd, like *beau*, with youthful pride,
 Guests now offer'd to your view,
 In your dome of painted hue,
 Exceed th' odious crew as far
 As the sun the twinkling star,
 Lofty castle petty cabin,
 Ostrich tall the little robin.

In place of robbers, coiners, cheats,
 Quarrellers fierce with broken pates,
 Now you'd see our great Grand Jury,
 Men who scorn such petty fury,
 Rule with ease our county large,
 As the cockswain little barge.
 Squires are they, and nobles grand,
 Glory of our happy land;
 Firm to prop the constitution,
 Guard us from a revolution.
 At their council Justice rules,
 There you'd see no knaves or fools;
 Bills they find, or cast them out,
 Just as *she* directs, no doubt;
 Party, prejudice, or favour,
 Ne'er would make their honours leave her,
 For they know the oath they 've taken,
 And that God is still awaken.

Nor would they, by a false excuse,
 Pass a road for private use,
 Their house to serve, *demeine* surround,
 Or to reach the hunting ground,
 Thus make farmers pay th' expense,
 To suit their own convenience.
 No such schemes would they pursue,
 Public good is still in view.

Of this a noted proof's display'd,
 By the *churning* road they 've made,
 With such labour and turmoil,
 To the chief town from the Quail,
 Where you'd ne'er, in rain or sleet,
dash with mire your horse's feet,
Nor be spatter'd in the saddle,
 E'er you'd reach the wish'd for stable,
In heaps of dirt nor tumble down,
 As you approach the county town.
 Hence the travellers own their care,
 And emit a *grateful* prayer,
 As do many a congregation,
 Who hold 'em in *deep veneration*,
 Since they've made, in pious mood,
Roads to all the churches good.
 For *true piety* they are famous,
 And each virtue you could name us.

Affable, obliging, mild,
 Each as gentle as a child,
 Takes no air of proud superior,
 Nor *insults* a poor inferior,
 As he knows that wealth and sway
 Are but trappings of a day.
 Fam'd are they for their humility,
 For their learning and ability,
 Their *improving* conversation,
 Suited to their lofty station,
 Their politeness and urbanity,
 Acts of kindness and humanity,
 And their liberal, generous spirit,
 In *rewarding* men of merit.

Of! they're apt t' invite them home,
 To their spacious, splendid dome,
 Take them to their costly table,
 Hungry horse into their stable,
 Bid them "live now at their ease,
 " Eat and drink whate'er they please,
 " Still for them the house is open,
 " There to read, or write, or mope in,
 " Conversation is so pleasing,
 " That they like them without leasing."
 They'd prefer them to a parasite,
 (Base time-server has but narrow sight,)

Jockey, pimp, or low buffoon,
 Gambler sharp, a tricky loon.
 Thus their eminent taste's display'd
 By th' excellent choice they've made.
 To their tenants kied, indulgent,
 Every virtue shines refulgent;
 But for this should I commend them,
 I'm afraid I'd much offend them.

Liveried lacqueys, plump, well-fed,
 Rosy cheeks, and powder'd head,
 (How unlike the turnkey fell,
 That would lock the gloomy cell!)
 At their backs in order stand,
 Waiting for their Lord's command;
 Hand the knife, and fork, and plate,
 Generous wine, delicious meat,
 Wild-fowl nice, and precious melops,
 Different far from fare of felons,
 Bread and water, or small beer,
 And salt herring for good cheer.

Down Hunt too, so fam'd for sport,
 To the splendid dome resort.
 Our Grand Jury join the club,
 Furious chase, and loud hubbub;
 Thus relax in sport and play,
 From the *tail* of rule and sway.

No mean fellows of the throng
 To this noble tribe belong.
 Members all are rich and great,
 Some exalted in the state.
*(Others here, in former time,
 'Gainst their will were rais'd sublime.)*
 Now they flock from far and wide,
 East and west, and every side,
 From each quarter of the wind,
 Nor to county are confin'd.
 Some grave clergy in the throng,
 Haste with eager pace along;
 Lofty Deans, and rich Archdeacons,
 Useful guides, like splendid beacons:
 Curates too, of noble strain,
 Seek to join the jovial train.

Here at breakfast still they meet,
 Talk of hounds and horses fleet,
 Of the sport they all expect,
 Spirits high, and hope erect.
 Bread and butter, eggs and tea,
 Fit them for the toilsome day.
 Then to hunting-ground they ride,
 At their leisure, side by side;
 With black-caps of narrow brim,
 And light jackets neat and trim.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON the prisoners being removed into the New Jail of Down, in the year 1796, the gentlemen of the county raised a subscription for having the Old Jail converted into an elegant Hotel for their accommodation, which was in a short time effected. Here the members of the Grand Jury and of the Down Hunt, persons of eminent distinction, are always entertained at their stated times of public meeting. Also there are frequent assemblies here for the amusement of the ladies and gentlemen of station and quality. The Transformation both of the house and guests struck me as a fit subject for poetry. Should, however, any improper levity have escaped from me in the course of the poem, it is to be hoped, that those illustrious persons, with their usual liberality, will ascribe it to inadvertence, not to a desire of giving offence.

Soon they start the timorous hare,
 Then pursue her here and there,
 O'er both ditch, and hedge, and hill,
 River deep, and petty rill,
 Valley close, and open plain,
 And rude margin of the main,
 E'en o'er top of mountain high,
 Hounds or beagles at full cry.
 In pursuit of sport and play,
 Oft the clergy lead the way,
 Stuck as close to hound and hare,
 As to text in sermon rare.

Sport concluded, daub'd with mire,
 Horses smoking like a fire,
 After different hares run down,
 They return to county-town;
 Take off dirty boots and spurs,
 Lay by whips that lash the curs,
 Buck-skin breeches, tight and neat,
 Hunting-caps to save the pate.
 Clergy also, fam'd for leaps,
 Take off jackets, and black-caps,
 Fam'd too for *reforming* sinner,
 Now prepare themselves for dinner,
 As do noble lords and squires,
 Youthful sons, and aged sires.

Hunting dress now laid aside,
 In the mansion, splendid, wide,
 All assemble, deck'd as gay,
 As great courtiers on birth day.
 After waiting past their power,
 While each minute seems an hour,
 Lacquey sleek, or negro sable,
 Tells them, dinner's on the table.
 Up they start at joyful news,
 Haste like people from their pews,
 When they seek for better fare
 Than dry preaching and dull prayer.
 To dinner now they all sit down,
 As hungry each as country clown,
 Appetites as keen as razor,
 Cans'd by running close to Caesar.

Here I'd MARO's Muse require,
 And old HOMER's brilliant fire,
 To describe in verse sublime,
 And in smooth and polish'd rhyme,
 Every dish at that great dinner,
 Fit to please both saint and sinner.
 Void of aid, in humble lay,
 I but make a faint essay.

Brown and white soup handed round,
 First took in the distant ground ;

These remov'd from head and foot,
 Turbot at the head was put,
 Dainty fish of costly price,
 Lobster sauce to make it nice.
 At the foot was smoking sirloin,
 That would glutton tempt to purloin,
 As I've seen at borough feast,
 When each voter prov'd a beast.
 Sides were deck'd with ham and chickens,
 Where you'd find some pleasant pickings;
 Corners too with tongue and turkey,
 Fit to please them, e'en if murky,
 Turkey boil'd, with sauce of celery,
 That would dine a judge at Hilary ;
 T' other corners chickens roasted,
 Potatoes bak'd, and also toasted.
 Turbot taken from the head,
 Turkey roast was plac'd instead.
 From head to foot in order stood,
 Of their kind both rare and good,
 Jelly, minc'd pies, and plumb-pudding,
 Each to stuff like gun with wadding.
 In the middle too was sallad,
 Health to serve, and please the palate.
 On side-table round of beef
 Was of dishes there the chief ;

Also there was leg of mutton,
 Both prepar'd for solid cutting.
 First with cabbage well was garnish'd,
 T' other too with turnips furnish'd.
 Sugar, pepper, salt and mustard,
 Butter melted, capers, custard,
 And such articles at table,
 String of rhymes would take like cable.

Long they eat, and without ceasing,
 As the dinner was so pleasing;
 Greatest hunters eat the most
 Both of viands boil'd and roast.
 Thus they seem like ancient warriors,
 Those who follow hounds or carriers,
 AJAX, oft in battle winner,
 Us'd to eat a chine for dinner.
 Hunters bold, with less propriety,
 Eat of dishes more variety.

Now they hob-nob with champaign,
 Red and white, brought o'er the main,
 With good port, madeira, sherry,
 That, if dull, would make you merry,
 Wines salubrious, rich and neat,
 To digest delicious meat.
 Drink at dinner, ale and beer,
 Cider, porter, perry dear.

When the first course was completed,
 And keen appetites were sated;
 It remov'd, now comes the second,
 Dishes nice, but eas'ly reckon'd.
 At the head was good roast hare,
 Foot was deck'd with lobsters rare,
 Ta'en in *creels* at Strangford tide,
 Where my kindly friends reside,
 Social, hospitable, gay,—
 Gently stole my hours away.
 Corners too were deck'd with shrimps,
 Caught in nets, as wily crimps
 Catch recruits within their meshes,
 By fine promises and sashes.
 At sides, and near to head and foot,
 Tarts of different sorts were put.
 Th' almonds, sweetmeats too and celery,
 Merit praise, and without railery,
 Stretch'd far out, just like a cable,
 All along th' extended table.

It remov'd, were I expert,
 Soon would I describe dessert.
 Apples, cakes, at head and foot,
 Walnuts at the sides were put.
 Raisins, cheese, and charming chestnuts,
 By nice judges deem'd the best nuts,

In the middle had their station,
And of dinner made completion.

Now the bright decanters shine
With good claret, generous wine;
Handed all the table round,
Make loud mirth and joke rebound.
Conversation too keeps moving,
Edifying, soft, improving,
As becomes such noble guests,
When they meet at public feasts.

They talk with rapture and delight,
In their jovial hours at night,
Of the sport they had all day;
" Silly stole old puss away,
" Ringwood at the scent gave tongue,
" Rover join'd, and valley rung.
" Then came *Tinker, Towner, Towler,*
" *Ranter, Wonder, Thunder, Jewler,*
" *Tapster, Songster too, and Teper,*
" *Tukler, Merry-lass, and Roper;*
" All pursu'd her at full cry,
" Sent their music to the sky;
" Heav'nly music! none so clear,
" And so pleasing to the ear;
" Not e'en fiddle, organ, flute,
" Spinnet, harpsichord, or lute.

" Quick she scamper'd o'er the plain,
" Oft she doubled, but in vain;
" Still they found her turns and pauses,
" By keen virtue of their noses.
" Tir'd at last, and out of breath,
" Then they worried her to death."

While the bottle circles round,
Thus they travel o'er the ground,
And discourse in talk profound,
Each extols his noble deeds,
Beagles keen, or potent needs,
And exalts himself aloud,
O'er all hunters in the crowd;
Tells how swift he pass'd the glade,
Of the desperate leaps he made,
O'er wide ditches, and high hedges,
While the rest stuck fast as wedges;
Nought restrain'd him, bogs or brakes,
Trenches deep, or lofty stakes,
O'er them all he swiftly bounded,
While the hills and vales resounded;
Follow'd close the furious hounds,
In their various turns and rounds.

Others contradict, and say,
They still bore the bell away.

Hence are fierce disputes, and brangles,
 Squabbles, altercations, wrangles,
 Back'd by violent oaths and curses,
 Frequent bets, extended purses,
 Each exclaiming, he's superior,
 And that others are inferior.

Guests once here, in former times,
 Not of this would boast, but crimes;
 Breaking open doors at night,
 Robbing neighbours of their right,
 And producing dread affright,
 With fierce blunderbuss and gun;
 That was their delight and fun;
 How for traveller on high way,
 In close ambuscade they lay,
 Darted forth from bush or brake,
 Like a hungry wolf or snake,
 And with pistol, or long knife,
 Made him give up purse or life;
 If oppos'd, in combat glorious,
 How they fought, and prov'd victorious.
 Thus in valorous deeds they'd boast,
 That they always rul'd the roast.

Others too, in wily arts,
 Vaunted how they play'd their parts,

Of their skill in picking pockets,
 Stealing watches, trinkets, lockets,
 Slipping unperceiv'd away
 Silken purse, and golden prey,
 Also cotton, cambrick, lace,
 E'en before the owner's face,
 Forging bank-notes, swindling, coining,
 And such slippery tricks subjoining.
 Boast of these would inmates here,
 Drench'd with whiskey, or strong beer.

Now the guests, that drink good claret,
 Boast and talk as glib as parrot,
 Not of crimes, but feats and leaps,
 How they scorn'd to take the gaps,
 Leaps o'er ditches, hedges, drains,
 Scamper'd o'er the open plains,
 In pursuit of puss, or reynard,
 Darting horse with spurs like poniard,
 Pleas'd with harmony of hounds,
 And diversity of sounds.

Next you'd hear the rattling dice,
 Harsher sound than beagle's voice;
 These employ them at their leisure,
 And by turns give pain and pleasure.
Seven's the mean, and four's the chance,
 Box they shake, and make them dance,

Then they knock them down in hurry,
 Expectation is a flurry.
 Thus in gambling, handy-capping,
 Drinking, boasting of their leaping,
 Join'd with bawdy toast and song,
 Roll'd their jovial hours along,
 Till the dawn, in crimson clad,
 Sent them reeling to their bed.

Tho' strangers hence are driven far,
 Yet, when door was at a jar,
 Little Muse, in mantle green,
 Would slip softly by unseen,
 At the table take her seat,
 And for nightly revels wait;
 Hence reduce to rhyme so terse
 Their *refus'd* and sweet converse.

Here still some are wont to meet,
 Sober, rational, discreet,
 Friends to poor, to tenants dear,
 Kind, obliging, and sincere.
 Healthful chace in open fields,
 Strings the nerves, and vigour yields;
 This they choose, but ne'er engage
 In wild freaks of drunken rage.

Thus I've shown in simple rhyme,
 Not in verse of true sublime,
 The late change or transformation,
 And most wondrous reformation,
 Wrought in honour of the nation.
 Yet, in winding up the clew,
 I'll the contrast still pursue.

Instead of bolt's terrific sound,
 That spread horror all around,
 And in harsh, discordant chimes,
 Loudly told the felon's crimes;
 Now you'd hear a gentle air,
 So congenial to the fair,
 Dulcimer and fiddle sweet,
 That make ladies lift their feet,
 Love and harmony exciting,
 And to gentle talk inviting.

Once staid here the shameless punk,
 Odious hussy, often drunk,
 Cover'd o'er with rags and lice,
 And deform'd with every vice,
 Smelling strong, the strumpet frisky,
 Of tobacco, dirt, and whiskey.
 Such the females once were here,
 And confin'd for many a year.

In same mansion now you'd see
 Ladies of high quality,
 Polish'd manners, gentle mind,
 Modest, elegant, refin'd,
 (While their breath as sweet as roses,
 And perfumes, regale our noses)
 With fine dress and diamonds shining,
 Their sad slaves in sorrow pining.
 As they move in polish'd dance,
 Oft they aim the am'rous glance,
 That, like point of venom'd dart,
 Pierces lover thro' the heart.
 Happy partners press their hands,
 Talk of bless'd consubial bands,
 Of proud ladies still denying,
 Wretched lovers sobbing, sighing,
 And of grief and passion dying.

Where, with iron fetters bound,
 Felons hobbled o'er the ground,
 There the nobles freely rove,
 Still confin'd—with chains of love.

Could we thus our age renew,
 And regain our youthful hue,
 As the jail, now made so gay,
 Antique form has cast away,

Could we cast our antique air,
 Shrivell'd look, and snowy hair,
 And resume again our prime,
 Spite of all the power of time,
 Then would life be constant bloom,
 And defy the sullen tomb.
 Since, oh! since this ne'er can be,
 Such alas! stern fate's decree,
 Since our youth and beauty gay,
 Once consum'd by slow decay,
 Ne'er oh ne'er revive again,
 In this scene of grief and pain,
 Let us, sons of toil and care,
 Deck our minds with virtue fair,
 With religion's simple dress,
 Surest comfort in distress;
 That will raise us, when we fail,
 And desert this gloomy vale,
 To the happy realms above,
 Of eternal youth and love.

NOTES

ON

THE TRANSFORMATION.

NOTE • Page 67.

In Meak Russia's frigid soil, &c.

"The Winter Garden at Petersburg, that belonged to Prince Potemkin, of which the Empress, after his death, took possession for herself, is entirely roofed, and surrounded with glass frames, being in reality a high and spacious hot-house, laid out in gravel-walks, ornamented with parterres of flowers, orange trees, and other shrubs. The warmth is kept up by numerous flues in the walls and columns, and by means of leaden pipes with hot water that run in different directions under ground beneath the parterres and grass plots.

Here a great number of birds of various species flit from tree to tree." Cox's Travels, vol. 2. p. 320. Life of Cath. Vol. 3. p. 48.

Note ^b Page 68.

He whose forces swallow'd fountains.

Xerxes.

Note ^c Page 68.

Where the petty cottage stood.

"Till the year 1703, the only buildings on which the city of Petersburg stands were two fishermen's huts; the soil was so low and marshy that it was requisite to raise it with trunks of trees, earth and stone." Paine's Geo. Vol. 2. p. 80.

Note ^d Page 69.

Holy Patrick's sacred pile.

It is the generally received opinion that St. Patrick was buried in the old Abbey of Down. On clearing out its foundations for the late repairs, a freestone, twenty-two inches long, and thirteen broad, was found there, on which was carved the figure of the Saint with his pastoral crook in his hand. It is thought that both St. Bridget and St. Columba were buried there, along with our patron Saint, in the same tomb, as appears by the following rhyming distich inscribed on the tomb,

Hi tres in Duno tumulo conduntur in uno,
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius.

This tomb, it is said, was demolished by Leonard Grey, Lord Deputy under Henry the Eighth. Camden's Britannia, Vol. 3. page 617.

Note ^e Page 69.

See its pristine form resigning.

About the year 1790, the nobility and gentry of the county of Down, at the instigation of the late Marquis of Downshire's father, made a very large subscription for repairing the old Abbey, the Cathedral of the diocese of Down, and rendering it fit for public worship. An act of parliament was also passed, obliging the Dean to pay 300*l.* a year out of his income for the necessary expense of cathedral service. After 6000*l.* spent on repairing this old edifice (of which one was allowed by government) without completing it for the purpose designed, it was at last found requisite to desist for want of money; and of course it was left in an unfinished state, in which it continued for some years. The first preparatory step taken for the repairs was to clear out from the inside of the Abbey the dead of every description, and place them in confused heaps without the walls. The old round Tower was pulled down, which (though necessary in order to leave room for a steeple) deprived the burying-place of a venerable monument of antiquity.

Note ^f Page 82.

U'd to eat a chine for' dinner.

Ajax returning from his duel with Hector, over whom he is represented by Homer to have had the advantage, was invited to an entertainment by Agamemnon, who, in honour of his victory, helped him, as we are informed by the Poet, with a whole chine of beef.

Ναῦται δ' Ἀχιλῆα δειπνίζοντες γέλαον
Ἡγεῖσθ' Ἀχιλλεύς, ἐξέπρωτος Ἀγαμέμνων.

This shows, that the King, grounding his opinion no doubt on experience, thought as highly of his ability for rating as fighting.

Note * Page 63.

Where my kind's friends reside.

Since these lines were written I have been deprived of my principal friend there, Mr. Auchinleck, whose death has produced a surprising alteration in the society of the place. He was a gentleman of plain unaffected manners, agreeable conversation, true friendship, sound sense, extensive knowledge of the world, and unbounded hospitality. His family, his friends, and his tenants will long lament the loss they have sustained.

Note * Page 88.

Friends to poor, to tenants dear.

Were I inclined to court the favour of individuals, I could mention by name certain members of the Grand Jury and Down Hunt, who would exactly suit that description. Particularly some, who live among their tenants as a father among his children, charging them very moderate rents, and using every endeavour to make

them contented and happy; others who in the melancholy summers of 1800 and 1801, laid out large sums of money in bringing cargoes of oats from Youghall to their place of residence. These they made into meal and distributed either gratis or at a cheap rate in different parts of their estates. Besides, they gave premiums for every sack of oatmeal brought to market, and purchased yarn from the poor people above the usual price. They also established soup-kitchens at their own expense, and purchased potatoes for seed, applying almost the entire of their time in providing food for their fellow-creatures. Such actions require no commendation from me; but I could wish that the recital of them would produce a more general imitation.

Come now ye proud, ambitious, rich and gay,
Who waste in trifles precious time away,
And ye who've long in dissipation spent
The temp'ral goods for other uses lent,
For sake your folly, and your petty strife,
And learn the chief design of mortal life;
Apply the wealth kind Providence bestows,
T' assist the poor, and soften human woes,
Such deeds as these your conscience will approve,
A happy earnest of your Maker's love,
And when life fails, your spirits will convey
To the bright regions of eternal day.

TO BELINDA.

Written on May 26.

NOW brighter skies adorn the sunny day,
 Now milder breezes gently move the spray.
 Summer returns again to bless our isle,
 To deck the fields, and make all nature smile.
 Happy are they to whom revolving years
 Glide smoothly on untried by anxious cares;
 Not so am I, an exile doom'd to stray
 By the rough shore of the resounding sea;
 Banish'd from thee, whose smiles alone impart
 A soothing med'cine to an aching heart.
 Should my weak verse attempt your worth to raise,
 Its feeble frame would sink beneath your praise.
 Such pleasing sweetness, such a graceful air,
 Such sense as seldom happens to the fair,
 All these to me did source of sorrow prove,
 And closely bound me with the chains of love.

Now year on year has slowly crept along,
 Since last I heard the music of your tongue.

My tedious hours in sorrow pass'd away,
 Like pris'ner hid from cheerful light of day.
 With cautious steps you shun a lover's eyes,
 As harmless dove the cruel eagle flies.
 Oh gentle maid! vouchsafe to ease his pain,
 Nor let his sorrows and his tears be vain.

MR. LAWRENCE

HAVING PUBLISHED, IN 1789,

A SPLENDID EDITION OF HIS POEMS,

Was so kind as to Present me with a copy, in return for
 which I sent him, by way of compliment, the following

POETIC PANEGYRIC.

ON READING THE POEMS OF
 THOMAS DAWSON LAWRENCE, ESQ.

FROM MINDEN's plains*, the scene of lasting
 fame,

To BANNA's banks heroic Lawrence came;
 And there forgot, beside its winding flood,
 The noise of battles, and the fields of blood.
 To milder arts he then applied his time,
 And softly sooth'd us with his gentle rhyme.
 Apollo fav'ring took his vot'ry's quill,
 New form'd his verses with poetic skill;
 The Muses too, where'er he ask'd their aid,
 Attentive follow'd to the silent shade.

* Captain Lawrence, who distinguished himself in the battle of Minden, has in his possession two swords which he took from the enemy.

Hence Lawrence pleases, does he tell a tale
Of hoary *Hermis* * in a lonely vale,
Who quits the world, and all its busy strife,
To mourn his daughter and his hapless wife.
Or o'er the boundless ocean does he lead
To desert isle the fair *Hibernian* maid,
And thence conduct her, with her faithful swain,
And aged sire, to *Auvurn's* lovely plain.
Or does our *Horace* and his *Lydia* fair
In verse alternate tell their mutual care. †

T' engage the heart in virtue's noble cause,
Excite obedience to religion's laws,
For this kind Lawrence took his tuneful pen,
And strove to sooth the sullen race of men.
Such useful works to *PRACY* recommend, ‡
The Poet's patron, and the Muse's friend;
On Lawrence's labours does he deign to smile,
That shed their virtues o'er this happy isle.

* *Hermis* of Lansdown.

† Mr. Lawrence's translation of the famous poetic dialogue between *Horace* and *Lydia* is probably the best extant in our language.

‡ His Poems were published for the benefit of the Sunday School at *Lawrencetown*, and are dedicated to the Lord Bishop of *Dromore*.

ON MY BEING REFUSED, IN SEPTEMBER 1791,

BOTH MILK AND CREAM,

In the Village of *Ballyhornin*, either for Love
or Money.

I.

IN the splendid month *September*,
Not in gloomy, cold *December*,
On the margin of the sea,
Without cream I drink my tea.
No sweet milk in *Ballyhornin*,
In the night or in the morning,
For the Curate, harmless, civil,
No, they'd send him to the Devil.

Odious bigots, sullen crew!
Here I bid you all adieu.

II.

How unlike the kind *ARDOLASS*!
Where us'd my hours quickly pass;
There they freely give a part,
With an open gen'rous heart.

Not so, stingy Ballyhornin,
 Now good people all take warning,
 If, like me, you try the same,
 There you'll get nor milk nor cream.

Odious bigots, sullen crew!
 Here I bid you all adieu.

ONE MOLSHY DOUGHERTY

OF BALLYHORNIN,

A poor Woman with a large Family, having been
 so kind as to allow me some milk from her

*STRIPPER COW**,

MR. STOTT OF DROMORE,

At my request, wrote the following Verses
 in her praise.

MOLSHY, may your cruise ne'er fail,
 Like the Widow's that we read of!
 Never may you milk or meal
 Lack, or ought that you have need of!

May your *Stripper* ne'er go dry,
 All the circling season over!
 Blessings on you both pray I—
 May you both still live in clover!

* A *stripper-cow* is one about a year calved.

Kindly Molsmy, but for thee
 I'd have been compell'd each morning,
 Without cream to sip my tea,
 While I staid at Ballyhoornin.

Still your praises I'll recite,
 Long as bigots stern and sturdy
 I can rail against, or write,
 Long as I am

PARSON BURDY.

ON MY LEAVING DUBLIN,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1792.

FROM sultry suns, and cloudy skies,
 From smoaky streets, and city cries,
 From gaudy belles, and airy beaux,
 From odious mists, and splendid shows,
 From crowds, and noise, and noxious air,
 To rural scenes I now repair;
 The shady grove, the verdant plain,
 The silent glen, the tuneful train,
 The cloudless sky, the cooling breeze,
 The rugged shore, the circling seas,
 And all kind nature amply yields,
 When summer decks the flowery fields.

Yet dear ERLANA! * splendid, free,
 Bold advocate for liberty,
 Of proud oppression steady foe,
 And friend to all the sons of woe!

* Dublin.

My grateful bosom still shall bear
 A sense of all thy friendly care,
 Thy gen'rous welcome, plentiful board,
 Thy feasts e'en fitted for a lord.

Who show'd me this civility?
 None of your great nobility,
 Nor of your high-bred quality,
 So fam'd for hospitality,
 Nor those renown'd for learning,
 Of merit so discerning.

Oh! no! elate with empty pride,
 They pass'd me by with haughty stride,
 Nor deign'd to hear a tuneful swain,
 Or only heard him with disdain.

Not so wert they whom commerce leads,
 Remote from flowery fields and shades,
 To busy 'Change's lofty walls,
 To noisy quays and crowded halls,
 Whose toils advance the public weal,
 Whose wealth's convey'd by every gale.

These would their costly viands share,
 And treat a bard with city fare,
 A rural bard so pleas'd to stray
 On the rude margin of the sea,

And hear the stormy billows roar,
 And loud assail the sounding shore,
 The shore that guards the fruitful vale,
 And golden harvests of LEECALE.

While'er my wond'ring eyes survey
 The boundless regions of the sea,
 The splendid sun's refulgent beam,
 The starry sky's celestial frame,
 In toil or ease, in joy or pain,
 EBLANA's kindness shall remain,
 So long indelible impress
 On the firm tablet of my breast.*

May she, inflam'd with patriot fire,
 In trade excel Phœnician TYRE,
 Or ALEXANDRIA's splendid pile,
 Near the rich borders of the Nile,
 Plac'd in old EGYPT's fertile land
 By the great Monarch's conqu'ring hand:
 Or mighty LONDON fam'd so far
 For every art of peace or war.
 And may the kindly breezes bear
 To every clime her precious ware,

* In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
 Lustrabunt convexa; polus dum sidera pascet,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudemque manebunt.

To where ST. LAWRENCE loudly roars,
 And GANGES pours his watery stores,
 And then the various wealth convey,
 O'er the wide surface of the sea,
 The produce of each distant land,
 To ANNA LIFFKY's peaceful strand.

Thus widely spread her useful trade,
 Her fleets in every clime display'd,
 May old ERLANA rise in fame,
 And far extend her boundless name,
 For arts and arms be still renown'd,
 Thro' all the wond'ring world around.
 Let genius, in immortal lays,
 Transmit her deeds to future days,
 And, borne on eagle pinions high,
 Extol her merits to the sky.

ON MY BEING REFUSED
 THE LOAN OF AN UMBRELLA
 BY A CERTAIN LADY.

WHEN rain smartly fell,
 I ask'd an umbrel,
 From kind Mrs. Doe,
 Who cried out "no no,
 " I'll not let you take it,
 " As no doubt you'd break it,
 " Go child lay it by,
 " The wind is so high,
 " It surely would tear it,
 " And who would repair it?
 " I don't care a pin,
 " You're wet to the skin;
 " I'll not lose a penny,
 " By you or by any."
 Thus void of all shame,
 Spoke out the fine dame;
 Then home I must pace,
 The rain in my face;
 And thanks to Pinella,
 That deny'd th' umbrella.

TO DELIA.

MY lowly Muse, in plaintive strain,
 Thus tells my Delia of my pain ;
 In gloomy care I pass the day,
 Pensive I sit, or lonely stray,
 View the rude beauties of the shore,
 Think of those joys I feel no more.
 In silent dale each shrub I see,
 Calls to my mind the loss of thee.
 "I kiss the flowery plain you prest,
 And think how highly it was blest.
 How long must I thy absence moan,
 To the loud waves my passion own ?
 Whene'er I lay my weary head,
 To lull my anxious cares in bed,
 Sleep oft forsakes my longing eyes,
 I call in vain, it quickly flies ;
 But if long thinking of your charms,
 At last I sink in Morpheus' * arms,
 Your form and drets in dreams appear,
 I wake and shed a useless tear.
 Why came my fair so short to stay,
 To take my heart and run away ?

* The poetic God of dreams.

Gentle Delia, charming fair,
 Soft exciter of my care,
 Read, oh read this mournful ditty,
 While you revel in the city.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S

LAMENTATION.

A FRAGMENT.

AH wo is me! I'm in a piteous plight,
 All day I wander, and I wake all night,
 In restless care I toss upon my bed,
 Or with my fists I strike my woful head.
 Ah cruel fair (in plaintive tone I cry,
 While the salt tear flows trickling from my eye)
 How could you thus your faithful swain betray,
 And from his heart take fancied bliss away.
 Sare you must own by every art you strove
 To warm my bosom with a mutual love;
 Your looks, your sighs, your tears, your words confess
 The tender passion in your gentle breast.
 Had then I strength to *play an active part*,
 I now would rule the sovereign of your heart.
 But when alas! you left the county Downs,
 And went to dazzle in the busy town,
 You then resolv'd, you money-loving maid,
 To jilt your lover in the rural shade.
 "My charms," you said, "I'll offer now to sale,
 "And who's the highest bidder shall prevail."

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF

MR. HAMILTON LOWRY,

INN-KEEPER OF DOWNS,

WHO DIED ON THE 27th OF OCTOBER, 1797:

AGED THIRTY-NINE.

IN woful strains come plaintive Muse attend
 The sad remains of a departed friend.
 Poor Lowry's gone, cut off in prime of life
 From his dear children and his tender wife,
 For whom in case he pass'd the toilsome day,
 Bore nightly cold, and cross'd the stormy sea;
 Industrious, active in extended trade,*
 Yet fair and honest without vain parade;
 From selfish schemes and sordid motives free,
 Bounteous and liberal in a high degree,
 Void of low cunning, open, unconfined,
 His gen'rous soul embrac'd the human kind.
 With his dear friend his heart and purse he'd share,
 Extend relief to every child of care.†
 Martyr to friendship, (friends too oft deceive)
 His spirits droop'd—he sunk into the grave.

* Beside an inn, he was engaged in various other business.

† It is supposed he lent to several persons, in real or pretended distress, above 200 guineas, in sums of guineas of two guineas, of which his family had no account.

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF
MR. JAMES AGNEW,

LINEN-DRAPER OF MOSS-VALE, NEAR LEBURN;

WHO DIED ON THE 19th OF MARCH, 1798;

AGED FIFTY-ONE.

Misere ille bene fidei occidit.

AGNEW sincere, obliging, candid, true,
Belov'd by all, has bade the world adieu.
My early friend, and kind relation dear,
Take the sad tribute of a grateful tear.
Too soon alas! you've quit this scene below,
And left your numerous friends oppress'd with wo;
For various friends your social manners gain'd,
And still these friends were by your worth retain'd.
These oft with you in sprightly converse gay,
And festive humour pass'd their hours away.
Quick roll'd the time with hurried pace along,
In playful sallies, and in sportive song.
Thus while the cheerful bottle mov'd around,
Did pleasing mirth and jollity abound.

For tho' the costly fare his table stor'd,
His presence deck'd his hospitable board.
Wide stood the leaf of his expanded door.
For friend, or stranger, or the neighb'ring poor;
Long would he press his numerous guests to stay,
And stretch the varied feast from day to day.

Yet, tho' the social mirth he oft enjoy'd,
Far other thoughts his useful time employ'd;
To business still he strict attention paid,
Improv'd the fabrick of our staple trade,
The trade that makes our northern villas smile,
And spreads rich plenty o'er our favour'd isle.

His aid th' industrious poor ne'er sought in vain,
He'd sooth their sorrows, and assuage their pain,
Discern their merits with judicious eye,
Reward their labours, and their wants supply.
His bill and purse he'd cheerfully extend,
To serve his dear relation or his friend,
And kind relief was ready to bestow
On all oppress'd with poverty and wo.

With grief sincere our family still deplore
Their friend and near relation now no more.
My father lov'd him equal to his son,
And when his glass, his vital glass was run,
He told my mother, "ne'er she'd want a friend,
"Till death convey'd him to his journey's end."

Such did he prove, but now alas! in vain
His worth we own, and for his loss complain.

Our common grandsire left fair GALLIA's land,
Forc'd from her plains by LEWIS' stern command,
Join'd great Prince WILLIAM on BATAVIA's shore,
At BOYNE's fam'd waters heard the cannon roar,
Bled to support true freedom's equal laws,
And pure religion's venerable cause.

From him deriv'd we different lines pursued,
Learning I chose, and oft the choice I rued.
Commerce to you her pleasing form display'd,
With silken robes, and golden wings array'd;
Her you preferr'd, urg'd by a secret voice,
And smiling fortune did approve your choice.
Now firm success your useful toil attends,
Riches increase, and children too, and friends;
Many a long year seem'd yet reserv'd in store,
And each more happy than the one before.
But ah! our hopes of joy, in life's short day,
Like morning clouds, are scatter'd soon away.
Death snatch'd you hastily o'er that awful "bourn"
Whence ne'er we found a traveller return."

Yet long your memory shall remain secure,
Your friends, your neighbours, and the grateful poor,

Long shall retain it, long your family moan
Their guardian dead, their kind protector gone.

Oft in my thoughts I've seen that woful day,
When your long funeral mark'd th' extended way.
Slowly it mov'd o'er hill and crowded plain,
A gloomy, silent, melancholy train;
No voice was heard, no noise was spread around,
Save noise of needs, and hearse's doleful sound.
Thus ANYTIM's sons, and thus the sons of DOWNS,
Your sad remains to your old native town,*
With mournful looks convey'd, and plac'd your grave
On the rich banks of LEGAN's winding wave.
There pierc'd with grief they laid your lowly head,
And with their tears bedew'd your silent bed.

Dreamer.

THE

TEARS OF KILLARD.

I.

KILLARD's high banks their loss deplore,
 Since CELIA * left the sandy shore,
 No more they look so blithe and gay,
 Since kindly CELIA's gone away.
 Their verdant tops she'd oft adorn
 On dusky eve, or dewy morn,
 And view the harmless peasants play,
 In simple sport, on sunny day.

II.

The tempest roars, the lightning flits,
 Loud peals of thunder shake the skies,
 With dismal clouds the walkin lowers,
 And thick descend the rattling showers;

* Mrs. H. of Down.

The storms excite the angry main,
 The jarring elements complain,
 That CELIA went so soon away,
 And left the borders of the sea.

III.

If she'd return, the rain would cease,
 The stormy wind be lull'd to peace,
 The dismal clouds would disappear,
 The sea be calm, the sky be clear,
 The sun display the silvern shade,
 The mountain bleak, and flowery mead,
 If CELIA sought the sandy bay,
 And cheer'd the borders of the sea.

IV.

SOL's splendid beams adorn'd the scene,
 And Virtue mov'd with gentle mien,
 When CELIA cross'd the verdant plain,
 Or rocky margin of the main;
 CELIA, the fric'd to the distress'd,
 Who sooth'd their griefs and cares to rest,
 Whene'er she chose to come and stay
 On the rude borders of the sea.

Ah, since she's gone, sad woe prevails,
 With dismal strains our ear assails,
 In every face too plain appears,
 Bedew'd alas! with briny tears.
 " Killard's high banks their loes deplore,
 " Since CELIA left the sandy shore,
 " No more they look so blithe and gay,
 " Since kindly CELIA's gone away."

ON MY COMING TO DROMORE,

AND FINDING THE TREES IN THE FAVOURITE
 WALK OF MY YOUTH, CUT DOWN,
 AND THE WALL ITSELF SHUT UP, WHICH, UNTIL OF LATE,
 WAS ALWAYS OPEN FOR THE RECREATION OF
 THE TOWN.

IN early days, when flush'd with youthful pride,
 Oft would I stray by Logan's silver tide,
 Where thro' deep vales he pours his watery store,
 And laves the gloomy walls of old DROMORE.
 Here first I drew the vital breath of air,
 And first beheld the bright celestial sphere,
 Enjoy'd the balmy breeze, the vernal bowers,
 Saw the fair fields bespangled o'er with flowers,
 The verdant mead, the mountain bleak and bold,
 Felt summer's heat, and sullen winter's cold,
 Heard the wild music of the shady grove,
 The hymns of praise, or plaintive strains of love.

My fav'rite walk was where the floods divide,
 And wash the flowery path on every side.
 Here the mill-race pursued its usual course,
 And there old Legan roll'd with rapid force.
 The lofty fir, and ash of lively green,
 With sloping hills, adorn'd the rural scene.
 High o'er the rest, expos'd to many a storm,
 The conic mount display'd its antique form,
 Survey'd the river in its winding way,
 Its verdant banks with splendid lineas gay.

Here while along the limpid flood I stray'd,
 And pensive loiter'd in the silent shade,
 First I essay'd, when youth was in its prime,
 The Muse to court, and con the simple rhyme.
 The purling streams, the blackbird's plaintive lay,
 Th' harmonious robin perch'd on lofty spray,
 The sprightly thrush, with all the tuneful throng,
 Diffus'd sweet concord thro' my gentle song.
 If e'er my verse should harmony attain,
 This vocal scene conferr'd the heavenly strain.

My master old would daily here repair,
 His God to praise, and pour his fervent prayer;
 Tho' pious he, yet in his surly mood,
 He spread just terror thro' the tiny brood.

The buxom lasses, free from anxious care,
 Along this path would milky burdens bear;
 Here oft would stray the grade lovers true,
 Tell all their griefs, and mutual vows renew.
 The schoolboys too, when scorch'd with splendid beam,
 Would pass this way to seek the cooling stream.

Here PAN might stray, the god of look so queer,
 And with his pipe the silvan alley cheer;
 Here chaste DIANA, with her nymphs, might lave
 Their snowy limbs in Legan's limpid wave;
 Here oft would walk the Graces hand in hand,
 And tuneful Muses too, a sacred band,
 Leave for a while old PINDAR's top sublime,
 And o'er our conic mount vouchsafe to climb.

When after absence long at classic lore,
 I came to see my native spot once more,
 Curious I went t' enjoy my old retreat,
 But at the entrance stood a surly gate,
 With locks fast bound, and to a wall well moor'd,
 Lofty, compact, and with sharp glass secur'd.
 These look'd as fierce, as erst the dragon bold,
 That watch'd the gardens in the days of old.
 Thro' gate I peep'd, the sullen bars between,
 But ah! how grier'd to view the dismal scene,

With verdant trees alas ! adorn'd no more,
 But bare and naked as the barren shore.
 Of all the grove that wav'd aloft in air,
 Some stumps alone were scatter'd here and there ;
 These call'd to mind, in antique moss array'd,
 The pristine beauty of the silvan shade.
 Thus old PALMYRA's ruin still displays
 A faint resemblance of its happy days.

Who dare, I said, despoil the Muse's seat,
 And leafy honours of their calm retreat,
 With wicked hand cut down the sacred grove,
 Where once the tuneful sisters us'd to rove,
 Where first I sought their aid in youthful days,
 And strove to form my rude poetic lays ?
 Alas ! said they, the wight that did this crime,
 Ne'er felt the soothing force of gentle rhyme,
 Was ne'er amus'd with fancy's visions gay,
 Nor e'er illum'd with genius' splendid ray.

Ah wight, said I, then little did you care
 With ruthless hand the Muse's seat to tear,
 Shut up the walks, expel the sacred nine,
 And thus deprive the world of verse divine ;
 " How heroes conquer on the purple plain,
 And mighty chiefs lie number'd with the slain ;
 How STRATTON falls, and in a transport dies,
 Pierc'd with a glance from CILON's brilliant eyes ;

How simple swains frequent the rural shade,
 The crystal fountain, and the flowery mead,
 Dance o'er the green with nymphs in happy pairs,
 Nor think of courtly arts, or city airs."
 Such verse you stopp'd, ah wight of surly mind,
 And thus curtail'd the pleasures of mankind.

Not Goths and Vandals from the northern clime,
 The barb'rous foes of science and of rhyme,
 Not OMAR fierce, that with a savage ire,
 Consum'd the countless volumes in the fire,
 Prov'd so destructive to the tuneful lays,
 As you, you wight, in these unhappy days.

Oh ! may the sylphs, that perch'd among the trees,
 And skim'd o'er Legan on the gentle breeze,
 Vex you at night with many a frightful dream,
 And make you start from bed, and loudly scream.
 May fairies fleet, that still our mount surround,
 And oft in troops dance o'er the mystic ground,
 Rattle all night your pokers, tables, chairs,
 And pinch your corns, and pluck your sooty hairs.
 If e'er in dark nocturnal shades you stray,
 May the sly Elf his dangerous light display,
 And thus conduct you by fictitious fire,
 O'er drains and brakes, to marshes, bogs and mire.
 There may you flounder in the mud and slime,
 Thou rude destroyer of the tuneful rhyme.

The Muse, who listen'd to my angry strain,
Convey'd my wish to all the fairy train,
And then the wight, at my express desire,
Felt the fierce fury of their vengeful ire,
And warns all others by his pitcous fate,
Ne'er to disturb the Muse's calm retreat.



Thomas Garner.
Belfast