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DESCRIPTIVE OF
The Giants' Causeway.
AND THE
Surrounding Scenery :
WITH
SOME DETACHED PIECES.

BY JOHN M'KINLEY, DUNSEVERIC.

—Kind Nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. —YOUNG.



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 Scott Major, Willshere
 Scott C. esq., do
 Swan Mr W. Coleraine
 Swan Miss Gilgorn
 Swain Lieut. 50th Regt.
 Scott T. esq., Dromore
 Smith Mrs Rockfort Cottage
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 Stoney Mr. J., Tanderagee
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 Trail Rev. R., Mountdruid
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 Trail W. esq. M.D. Ballylough
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 Telfair R. sen. esq., do
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 Townley Mr E., Dundalk
 Thomson Rev. S., Clough
 Trew Mr T., Mountnorris
 Trew Capt. do
 Turtan J. M.D., do
 Tyler H. H. M.D., N.L.vady
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 Thomson Mr H., Danganen
 Tomb Mr J., Kilma
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 Todd Miss, Lisconan
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 Todd Mrs, Cappy
 Taylor Mr J., Balinamoney
 Taylor A. esq., Ballymena
 Tate Miss Manelough
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 Tyrrel G. esq., Banbridge
 Turner J. esq. Dungannon
 Twigg Rev. T. Roan
 Twigg S. esq., do
 Turkington Mr. J., Lurgan
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 Vaughan Miss A., Villa
 Vaughan Mr T., Belfast
 Vance Mr W., do
 Vance Mr R., Dungannon
 Vance T. esq., Beechmount
 Villars Mr M., Belfast
 Villars Mr W., Saul
 Vint Mr W., Belfast
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 Wray G. A. esq. Crimore 10
 Wray J. esq., Bestfield
 Wray Mrs. Rostrevor
 White J. esq., Whitehall
 White Miss, Benvardin
 Watson Mr J., Ballymena
 Wilson Miss, Ballycastle
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 Williams Mr J., Grange
 Wilson Rev. J., Lacompher
 Weir Miss, Tannaghmore

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Watts Mr S., Lurgan	Wright Mrs., do.
Waring Rev. H., Warringtondown	Whyte Rev. D., Ballee
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Wilson Mr A., do.	Young Dr., Ballymoney
Wilson W. esq., Belfast	Young Dr. Ballymena

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Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the publication of this volume has been retarded longer than the author expected; yet still a number of signatures were obtained too late to be inserted in their proper places. In the arrangement of the names alphabetically, a few inaccuracies unavoidably occurred: the names thus omitted, are also inserted below.

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Allen Miss, Dunover	Concoran Mr W., C. Fergus
Allen Mr J. Ballyvaughan	D
Armour Mr S., Belfast	Dunkin Rev. D. Ballyvaughan
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Moore Dr., Ballymoney	

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Jane, Countess Macartney,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

Her Ladyship's devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

THE subsequent sketches were in part written before the appearance of Dr. Drummond's poem on the same subject. I have read that work; and I am impressed with the conviction, that the sublimity of his conceptions—the grandeur of poetic expression in which they are clothed—will put to silence all competitors, and chill their hopes of arriving at his celebrity. I am sensible, that in treading his footsteps, I have chosen dangerous ground; and I would earnestly deprecate a comparison, in which I must appear to so great disadvantage.

However this may be, the candid critic will admit, that a similarity will occur in the sentiments and expressions of many of the ancient and modern poets, when happily the latter have never had an opportunity of perusing the productions of their antecedents. Such a resemblance may exist without imitation or plagiarism; for congeniality of thought will often produce similarity of expression. There are ideas that enter into almost every mind; and as many as speak in the same language, will express their admiration of great natural objects, in some degree alike.

To such of my readers as have not seen Dr. Drum-

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world's poem, these sketches may be novel, at least in their subject-matter; to those who have, I am silent; for, in extenuation of the errors that may occur in the following pages, I have only this short apology to offer — that I was only six months at school; and I am fully aware of the temerity of thus coming before my numerous and respectable patrons, and an enlightened public, with scarce a claim to their indulgence.

I have declined attempting to detail the various philosophical theories respecting the wonderful phenomena of the Giant's Causeway; and have confined myself, in the description, to the precincts of its immediate neighbourhood.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation of the Genius of Erin—of the Muses—Giant's Causeway—Question whence it originated—Vicissitude and annihilation general through nature, according to the Newtonian hypothesis—View of the distant landscape from Aura mountains—Lisnane castle—Address to Eustace—Knocklaid, Bengore, Plessis—Morning—Legend of Ben-an-daman—Odin—The giants changed to stone—Traditions, general and hereditary—Druids—Effects of superstition more potent, among the vulgar, than the power of revealed religion—Igou fatuus—Wizard—Fairies—Bandhees—Shanncastle—Temple-antragh—Fata Morgana—Effect of the mermaids' music on the enchanted island—Instincts of fish and sea-fowl—Margy—Danluce—Bannore—Carrick-a-rede—Discoverie—Hospitality of the inhabitants of the county of Antrim—Progress of their civilization and improvement—Renovation essential to preserve the existence of the universe—Renovation eternal—Conclusion.

POETIC SKETCHES, &c.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES M'DONNELL, ESQ., M.D. BELFANT.

GENIUS of Erin! in my natal clime,
Where DRUMMOND'S harp awoke to strains sublime,
Awake once more! the magic note prolong,
And guide the mazes of descriptive song.
O lead, enchantress! where the muse pervades,
By caves and cliffs, by moles and colonnades;
Or borne where ocean's billows darkly roll,
When whirlwinds roar, and tempests rend the pole—
Pent in wild glen, or on the hill of storm,
Still let me hail thy bland celestial form!

Hail, Dalriada, to my soul most dear,
Thou grand romantic region of the sphere!

While here, amid thy scenes grotesque and wild,
 He wends, the Muses' lonely artless child,
 (Where rocky labyrinths, stupendous steep,
 Embattled capes, dark frowning o'er the deep—
 Basaltic battlements, and proud arcades,
 Impending cliffs, and storied colonnades—
 Where surge-scoop'd antres, thunder-splinter'd spires,
 "With all the wonders of volcanic fires,"
 Framed in the great omnigenous design,
 Rise at that fiat, O Omnipotent! of thine—)
 Descend, seraphic daughters, from on high!
 O leave your bright pavilion in the sky!
 This wonderful fane of nature ye have trod—
 Now bring again afflatus back from God;
 O let that energy to him be given,
 That flash electric from the fire of heaven!

O thou, whose deep researches can explore
 Each various stratum of the mineral ore!
 Has fiery earthquake, bursting from its spasm,
 Conflicting upwards, oped the dreadful chasm?
 In fierce volcano from the centre thrown
 The lava that produced the pillared stone?
 Did plastic nature, in the flood of flame,
 Each hexagon, concave, and convex, frame?
 Then, did refrigeration's gelid power
 Freeze the dense column, pyramid and tower?

Now, while thy philosophic eyes expand
 Through air, through ocean, and the solid land,
 Let superstition hold its error still—
 Behold the wonders of creative skill!
 Where worlds unnumbered in their orbits wheel,
 That each attraction or repulsion feel,
 Their emanations shouldst thou not perceive,
 Instinctive reason teaches to believe:
 Then go, like Newton roam the viewless spheres,
 And span the starry-girdled hemispheres;
 See what immensities of magnitude
 Plunge in the vortex of vicissitude!
 The grand progression shall be thine to rate,
 That hastens nature to her final fate;
 Until nonentity expand her womb,
 And vast creation in the void entomb.

Ye, who have felt that glow of living flame
 Whose wing transports through nature's boundless
 frame,
 Shoot from above, like hale of the levin,
 To waft the stayless mind through earth and heaven—
 Say what creative beauties then arise,
 Ye favoured few who paint their energies!

Imagination, spread thy airy wing!
 Bid glowing Fancy mount, and sky-ward spring!

While the rapt Muse, from Aura's purpled height,
Beholds the landscape robed in living light.
Here, Lissimore, she hails thy lordly towers,
Thy winding vistas and thy rosy-bowers;
Thy gardens gemmed with flowers of every die,
Where wandering zephyrs breathe their softest sigh;
Thy woodlands, mantled in unfading green;
Blue in the vale thy lake of silver sheen;
Where teems young Spring primeval Eden round,
And wakes to life and rapture sight and sound;
Where Summer comes, in fairer blooms arrayed,
And brighter beauties, to thine honoured shade;
Where fruitful autumn, wreathed with golden grain,
Spreads rich luxuriance o'er thy wide domain;
Even stormy Winter, brightening through his glooms,
Averts his frown from thy perennial blooms.

All hail, MACARTNEY! deign to hear the strains,
Thou fair ascendant of these woods and plains;
Within thy halls of hospitable state,
O emulate thy predecessor great!
And may thy virtues ray those beams divine,
That lit his soul, from wisdom's holy shrine,
Whose deeds illustrious, and immortal fame,
Devolve on thee, and dignify thy name.

Far from thy "hill of caves," through liquid air,
Say, EUSTACE, have thy visions wandered there?

Or has thy muse to Danan's cliffs been borne,
When burst the gates of summer's golden morn,—
When, on the concave of pellucid blue,
The god of day his chariot rolls in view?
O'er earth and air, and o'er the watry way,
Beam shoots on beam interminable day,
As if the cloudless glories of the sky,
Now all unveiled before each mortal eye,
Had to the circlet of the welkin given
The dazzling regions of expanded Heaven:
Where dark Knocklaid rears high his cloudy crest,
Where Bengore bares his diamond-studded breast,
Or where, embossed with many a burnished gem,
Plushin wears his flaming diadem?
There has the king of smiles looked down from noon,
To light thy muse through Neptune's grand saloon,
Where sea-nymphs wait to waft the fairy hours,
To guide the wanderer through their coral bowers;
Where thousand gems, from each translucent cave,
Ray the cerulean mirror of the wave.
Shall her erratick wing emerge again,
And bring thy wond'rous day-dream of the main?

Look from these capes, when o'er dark ocean's bed,
The sable queen has all her horrors spread:
What beams break forth, what lambent lights illumine,
When bursts the winter storm on midnight's gloom!

When scarce a gleam the billows' path has told,
 Or round the storm-tost bark is faintly rolled,
 Save when the lightning shoots its fitful glare,
 To brush the dreadful visage of Despair—
 Where, far at sea, o'er liquid mountains driven,
 That swell infuriate in the scowl of Heaven,
 The hapless seaman climbs the straining shroud,
 Above the bolt that volleys in the cloud.
 Amid the shock of elemental strife,
 He breathes farewell to all he loved in life:
 To bless his widowed wife and orphans dear,
 He wings a prayer beyond the storm's career:—
 "O were I cast upon some friendly strand,
 Near to the precincts of my native land!
 I sleep in death, beneath the yawning wave,—
 Have mercy, Heaven, and e'er I perish, save!"
 Hard on his bosom beats the frost-barb'd sleet,
 The foamy spray is dashing round his feet;
 —When lo! in mercy's garb, along the deep,
 The angel, Hope, comes from the breeze-swept steep,
 Illumes his soul with all her radiant forms,
 To brave the might of congregated storms.
 As veers his bark, he views the cliffs from far,
 And owns the guidance of each beacon star;
 Turns to the friendly gleam his shattered prow,
 And hails the rock-bound monarchs of the shore.

Thus, Danan! still prevailing legends say,
 When Scandinavians forced resistless way,
 Launched from the stormy billows of their coast,
 And scaled thy steep, a dark-browed warlike host,
 Then Finnian squadrons on thy mount stood forth,
 Against those giant-sorcerers of the north;
 Then hosts with hosts in dreadful combat close,
 And Fion's steel bursts on his mail-clad foes;
 Rushed the red torrents in impetuous flood,
 And died thy hoary cliffs in hostile blood.
 Triumphant still the sun-burst banners fly—
 Each shock of Erin's steel was charged with victory!
 —Till Odin rose:—the God's tremendous form
 Shook heaven and earth with dire terrific storm;
 On roaring whirlwinds, red-winged lightnings hiss;
 His thunders volley through the vast abyss:
 Then magic's loudest tempest rocked the world,
 Broke on thy mount, and hell's enchantments hurled;
 Then whirled each spell-bound blast with whelming
 sweep,—
 Bore kings and hosts and heroes to the deep;
 And swept whole cohorts, in their serried might,
 Far, far below thy altitude of height.

Transformed to stone, behold each warrior brave,
 The guardian champion of his cliff and cave,
 Bound in the rocky fabric doomed to dwell,
 Till Heaven shall break the adamantine spell.

Idols of hell, in superstitions muffled,
 How have your rites o'er every land prevailed !
 What faithless legends, beldames, have ye told,
 To wake the lemures on the midnight wold !
 What formless phantoms yet beset the path,
 By dreary desert, or by mountain rath,
 Where sleeps the mighty dead beneath his cairn,
 Curtained with blooming heath, and waving fern !
 The mazy windings of the dark defile,
 The frowning aspect of the mouldering pile,
 The cromlech circling round its moss-clad stone—
 Each bodies forth a genus of its own,
 To stalk abroad, and wheel the dismal round,
 On earth by sight, or in the air by sound.
 Thus ignis fatuus flits across the moor,
 To mock the brain-sick sense of wandering hoar ;
 Swift, as he marks its fleeting beams relume,
 The fugitive delusion shuts in gloom.
 Thus, from her crystal palace, wrapt in woe,
 The shadowy spectre glides of Nenie Roe,
 And from her white thorn tree that skirts the wood,
 Sbricks o'er the ruin where Shancycastle stood.
 Thus flies Dismay from the infernal whoop
 Of wizard orgie, or of fairy troop ;
 Each dwarf his moon-struck vision magnifies,
 To moulded phantom of gigantic size :
 Or, bowed beneath the agonies of dread,
 Hears demons hideous howl around his head ;

And even when he his native cot describes,
 Still Doubt retains her faithless scrutinies.
 But what had the delirious rustic feared ?
 A sullen sound, that through the desert veered ;
 'Twas but some tangled brake by lonely till,
 The blast had swept, that sought the haunted hill.
 —And thus the wildered pilgrim turns to gaze,
 Where bursts yon ruined fane in living blaze,
 With such amaze as smote the prophet's sight,
 When the Lord's angel, robed in holy light,
 Whose uncreated beam the mount illumed,
 Burned in the bush, yet left it unconsumed.
 Will the enthusiast wait the symbol given,
 To hold mysterious intercourse with Heaven ?—

But now the darkness from the landscape rolls ;
 The fleecy clouds are slumbering round the poles ;
 Her chambers in the sky the moon unveils,
 And through her azure noon the wanderer sails.

Mark where yon willow bends to brush the stream—
 'Tis Ellen's ghost glides on the lunar beam !
 Poor helpless wretch ! 'twas there she went to rove,
 When frenzy fired her dream of hopeless love ;
 There would she to the lonely wild complain,
 Till moony madness burst her burning brain.
 How could the maniac then her footsteps guide ?
 Plunged in the flood, the desperate suicide

Sought rest in death,—but ah! she sought in vain;
 Heaven gave her spectre back to earth again;
 And when the midnight winds around conspire,
 She passes on the blast, a form of fire;
 When the moon climbs yon zenith in the sky,
 Her shade sails on the silver vapour by,
 Or flits along the glade its wayward road,
 Till mercy's mandate issues forth from God.

What time the setting sun his level sheen
 Rolls on the sleeping wave and deep serene,
 Each wandering swain hath heard, from rocky dell,
 The dulcet notes of mermaid's magic shell;
 'Twixt sea and sky, poised on the cloudy verge,
 Hath seen the fairy isle from ocean's depths emerge.
 Its streamy lawns, its fields of greenest shade,
 In waving woods and spreading bowers arrayed,
 The new Morgana to his raptured eyes
 Floats on the calm, where thousand-tinted dice
 Streak lofty towers, extended embrasures,
 Stupendous arches, grand entablatures:
 Then shuts in shadows of the silent even,
 Evaniſhed like a mimic glimpse of Heaven.

'Tis now the opening blush of orient day;
 Along the rippling wave the zephyrs play:
 The renovating touch of morning's spring
 The early lark hath hailed on dewy wing.

Breaks forth the warbling of the vernal wood,
 The playful gambols of the silver flood,—
 As now, from winter's dreary bondage free,
 All nature's children join the jubilee.

The fisher now has wended down the steep,
 Launches his boat, and "trolls the funny deep;"
 Else from the altitude of beetling cliff,
 Propels the salmon to the netsman's skiff.
 While showering pebbles in the wave are hurled,
 On every side the capturing net is furled;
 In vain the captive beats the flaxen maze;
 His piercing eye is fixed in fear-struck gaze:
 No more he threads smooth Lubar's sable sounds,
 No more up Banna's roaring cascade bounds,
 No more along the watery verge he'll glance,
 Nor curve his springy tail in liquid dance.
 Ah! now they drag him from the fatal lock,—
 Unpitying, hurl him on the diſty rock:
 Stretched on the pointed crags he gasping lies,—
 He pants—the struggling victim throbs, and dies!

Now from his eyrie Dhugall downward skims,
 And o'er the swelling surge elated swims:
 He marks the course the leader salmon steer,
 And warns the boatman when the shoal is near.
 The grateful fisher, conscious of his aid,
 The severed entrails on the rock has laid:

With flap and croak he vindicates his prey,
And bears the gory spoil on wing away.

Now rous'd from grey Benmore's stupendous height,
The soaring eagle wings his rapid flight:
Through the expanse of Heaven behold him fly—
The sullen pirate of the rock and sky.
Around his beak what radiant glories gleam!—
His piercing eye-balls brave the solar beam:
Till near the heath-clad ridges of Knocklaid,
Swift as a shaft of light from Heaven displayed,
Prone down he darts to rob the harmless dam,
And from her bosom rends her tender lamb;
Or, fiercely pouncing on the timid hare,
He mounts again the boundless realms of air,
Wheels to his eyrie's cloudy altitude,
And tears the prey to feed his callow brood.

Gigantic precipice! at his command
Who first from chaos formed the sea and land,
At his omniscient mandate thou didst rise,
Lifting thy rugged columns to the skies:
From age to age has man beheld thee stand,
The proud memorial of th' Almighty hand.
The arrowy flash hath smote thy flinty brow,
The pealing bolt hath rocked thy base below,—
Nor have prevailed; thy adamantine piers
Still brave the tempest's shock, the waste of years:

But though so long they mock the ocean-gust,
Grey time will scoop the fabric down to dust:
Thou 'midst the world's strong bulwarks shall be riven,
And crushed beneath the harbinger of Heaven!

Where Dubh ni Valone, with prophetic eye,
Glimpsed on thy visions, dark futurity!
At Bona Margy's roofless mouldering pile
The pensive muse shall sadly pause a while:
'Mid gloomy vaults and monumental stones,
The frail memento of their heroes' bones,
She stoops, the changeful retrospect to trace
That shrouds the mighty Dalriadan race,
While fancy's eye, from many a heaving mound,
Sees deathless warriors from oblivion bound—
Sees Sourlebuoy, on Aura's blood-drenched height,
Recoil, and rally with resistless might,
Lift high the brand his foes had feared to feel,
And hurl, omnipotent, the storm of steel!

Ah, woe, Dunluce! for since that fatal day,
Thy feudal pride has faded fast away:
Yet time has been, when o'er thy proudest tower,
High stream'd in air the banners of thy power;
And when redoubled ranks advanced to shock
Each martial fortress round thy sea-girt rock,
Thy mail-clad warriors rose, in serried might,
And flamed the signal of the coming fight:

Then pealed thy cannon o'er the crimsoned wave,
 And in thy fosse whole cohorts found a grave.
 Yet mercy reigned with thy victorious lord—
 The vanquished shared the banquet at his board:
 While kindness, prompt to every stranger's call,
 Gave welcome in thy hospitable hall.
 Then high-strung harps awoke the soul of sound,
 With dance, and song, and festive music round.

Ah! what avail the joys of wealth and power?
 The foot of time has crushed thy firmest tower;
 Now on thy ruins slender sea-pinks bloom;
 And there, when night hangs down her veil of gloom,
 The lonely bird of ocean finds its rest,
 Hushed by the stormy billows of the west,
 That moan beneath thy dark basaltic walls,
 While rushing whirlwinds sweep thy roofless halls;
 What piercing sounds are borne upon the gales?—
 'Tis the Banshee, whose cauldron wildly wails
 Thy valiant sons, englobed by rival hate,
 Who "set unclouded in the gulfs of fate."
 —Thy towers, that seemed a vista to the sky,
 Have bowed to earth, and in broad ruins lie;
 Like that stupendous pile on Shinar's plain,
 Great was thy fall—never to rise again!

Embodied thought, thou mute soliloquy!
 In sad succession, let my spirit fly

To where Dunkerry, girt with crimson zone,
 Through thousand chambers mines to worlds un-
 known;

Where darkness hears the booming echoes roar,
 And caverned surges rock the pillared shore.
 Or where, extended o'er yon dreadful deep,
 Hangs Boda's aerial bridge from steep to steep,
 There oft the evening fisher, from his skiff,
 Beholds the genius of the lonely cliff
 Bound on the breeze, to swell the sea and wind—
 And flies the coming storm, a port to find.

And thou, Dunseveric! round thy time-struck
 walls,

The muse, when life was new, each bliss recalls;
 Through memory's twilight each loved scene I find
 Reflected on the mirror of the mind:
 When Winter had assumed his surly reign,
 And bound all nature in a frozen chain,
 Then have I sat and watched the hoary sire
 Heap up the fragments of the evening fire;
 And, listening to his legendary tale
 Of moory mountain, or sequestered vale,
 Have felt my swelling heart for vengeance bound,
 When treacherous fury hemmed thy chieftains round;
 And retrospection through the darksome years
 E'en now beholds him, as, with reverend tears

Recurring oft to the forgotten brave,
He told the spot to find each nameless grave.

Long had thy fortress every foe defied,—
When Con-a-Goll to high Benbraden's side
Summoned thy lord, (he was his kinsman near,)
To feast three days, and chase the mountain deer.
With hunt, with jocund harp, in wild delight
Sped the first two; but at the dead of night,
From where Ben'vanagh frowns o'er Aughanloo,
The warning elfin to Benbraden flew;
Awoke the slumbering prince with plaintive wail,—
'Tis fairy Echlin, from Evanagh's vale!
Decoyed, in ancient time, while yet a child,
With aerial spell, by wizard of the wild,
Among the elves he tends their tiny queen;
And when impending woe, by him foreseen,
Threatens his kindred, sadly comes, to show
With boding shrieks, the dark approach of woe.
What danger waits O'Caghan and his powers,
When fairy Echlin haunts Benbraden's towers?

Roll'd on the drowsy ear of lingering morn
The swelling blast of shrill-voiced bugle horn;
And many a chieftain now bestrides his steed,
That ere yon sun goes down, in death shall bleed.
But who thy depths, futurity, may scan!
Mysterious mazes, still unknown to man.

Roused from his rye-grass lair in Aughanloo,
On high the stag his branchy frontlet threw;
Away, away, with foot of air he bounds!
Breaks forth the opening yell of hundred hounds;
Through moss and moor, in one promiscuous race,
Rakes o'er his devious track the dizzy chace;
Loud on the breeze the din is eastward borne,
Of hark and whoop, of clamorous hound and horn;
From cavern and ravine, from hill and dale,
Deep-mingling echoes load the buoyant gale.
First o'er the ridgy rampart, crag and knoll,
He leads the scouring chace, brave Con-a-goll:
His fleetest dog, dark, hairy-footed Bran,
Pursues the panting stag across the Bann:—
Now, desperate of escape, he stands at bay,
Till gnawing bloodhounds tug his life away.

From Bosca's tower the wily herald hies,
Masking a traitor's heart in friendly guise,
To bid Benbraden's prince and all his men
To Dunlagh's feast, in Cruch-can-acho's glen.
"The rise of former feud he did not know,
That caused their ancient sires' best blood to flow;
Then why should they an aimless strife prolong,
Which rose at first, perhaps, from petty wrong?
But, might Benbraden's prince this day accord
To share the joy-crowned shell with Bosca's lord,

No longer front to front, but side by side,
 Their clans should stem the death-red battle's tide;
 O'Caghan and Mac Keon, whose line of yore
 Met never bloodless—meet in blood no more."

While yet the seannach waited for reply,
 The grateful heart of Con-a-goll beat high:
 He bade his henchman bring the slaughtered deer,
 Slight tribute to exchange for festive cheer,
 And bear the antlered prize to Dunlagh's lord,
 The trophy of the chase, and not the sword;—
 "And tell him I, with these my kinsmen, haste
 To hail his friendship, and to share his feast."

That fatal noon, Dunlagh, in vengeful pride,
 Mustered his sept by Bosa's sable side:
 Beneath the mantle broad, of saffron sheen,
 Each dastard self conceals the sharpened skean;
 Waiting the hour when confidence has smiled,
 When peace on every brow sits reconciled,
 Upon the fated guests at once to start,
 And plunge them in each unsuspecting heart.

Thus, sultry sunshine clothes the placid air
 With cheerful smiles—but death is lurking there:
 Then meteors, bursting through their shadowy shroud,
 Break forth in terrors from the flashing cloud.

Dark, deep and long was Cruch-can-acho's glen,
 But far too short to hold five hundred men:
 On every verge they form a convex row,—
 On this the clan Dunlagh, on that the foe.
 The feast is spread on the enamelled green,
 And now the cup of peace is circling seen:—
 But wherefore doth Dunlagh's pale visage lower,
 Dark as the cloud that holds the gathering shower?
 Why doth each kerne his mantle's fold cast by,
 And eye the guests with deadly scrutiny?—
 Fierce as the herald of the thunder's peal,
 Their ambushed skeans that dastard host reveal;
 And swifter than the crashing bolt has sped,
 Brave Con-a-Goll and all his kin lay dead!
 The festal bowl, that half' unemptied stood,
 The reckless guests have mingled with their blood;
 And loud exulting shout, and dying groan,
 Triumphant told the work of death was done.

Benbraden, mourn! around thy stately king,
 His chiefs no more shall cress the jovial ring!
 No more, on gladsome plain or mountain free,
 They wake the greenwood echoes joyously!
 —Ah, fairy Echlin, from Evanagh's side,
 Thy bodings all too well are verified!
 And there, Dunseveric, lies thy mangled lord!
 And did no pen the damning deed record?—

Shame to the brave! on Erin's hallowed ground,
 No righteous sword to wreak the wrong was found;
 Shame to the wise—that no indignant page
 Lays bare in native guilt th' assassin's rage!
 The whitening bones bleached ghastly in the blast,
 Till earth her leafy mantle o'er them cast:
 Green is the turf that shrouds their gory bed,
 And clowns, unconscious, o'er their relics tread.
 Oblivion, Dalriada! veils that crime,
 The "bloodiest picture in the book of time!"

Heroes of Erin! o'er your silent urns
 In vain the sorrowing Muse recumbent mourns;
 Long, long our hapless country may deplore
 Her fields made fertile with her children's gore!
 Since first the savage Druid left his cell,
 While nature quaked beneath his guilty spell;
 Muttering the impious charm, he darkly stood,
 To reek his murderous knife in human blood:
 The death-cry, echoing from the altar stone,
 Soothed the grim idol on his cloudy throne.
 But aught the horrors of that darker time,
 Compared with later years of Christian crime,
 When tyrants, with repentance late and vain,
 Piled the grey cairn, or reared the Gothic fane;
 Mocking high Heaven with false contrition there,
 They filled the fretted aisle with formal prayer:—

Yet, righteous Power! forgive their foulest deed,
 Let vengeance slumber, and let mercy plead;
 Reserve thy thunders for this age of light,
 Which wars with open eyes 'gainst truth and right.
 The first assassin, o'er his sacrifice,
 Disturbed the air with deep repentant sighs;
 But, when our brethren swell the crimson flood,—
 Our callous hearts, well pleased, pronounce it good;
 The only sorrowing tears our eyes afford,
 Fall when the victim 'scapes the lifted sword.
 With fast and prayer we preface causeless war,
 With grateful hymns surround the conquering car,
 As if insulting justice were a spell,
 Almighty grace to purchase, or to quell.—
 When martyred Freedom dies, our slaughters cease:
 —We "make a solitude, and call it peace!"

Then, though thy roofless halls dismantled stand,
 Where erst ambitious chiefs held rude command—
 Yet why, Dunseverick! should thy sons repine,
 While humble peace and spotless hearts are thine?
 Through thy rude soil the smile of peace serene
 Benignant glows, and beautifies the scene;
 No dark marauders, lurking for their prey,
 Molest the stranger on his nightly way;
 No grim assassin lifts the coward knife,
 From guiltless sleep to drain the stream of life.

Secure of safety, there the simple sage
 Recounts each crime that brands the former age.
 Far from the ills that cruel war await,
 From sickening tumults, and intrigues of state,
 The maddening wheels of faction's blind career
 Shake not the precincts of his peaceful sphere.
 A want, or wish, his breast may stimulate
 To seek redress, or rise o'er humbler fate;
 But, what is most to wealth and power denied,
 With these he is abundantly supplied—
 Sweet peace of conscience,—undisturbed repose,—
 And virtue triumphs o'er his fleeting woes.
 Patient of labour, and insured to toil,
 With perseverance stubborn as thy soil,
 Content he cultivates, for scanty bread,
 The heath where haply his brave sires have bled.
 Blithe as the warbler hails the dappled east,
 He wakes, and rises from his kindly rest;
 Pursues the honest labours of the day,
 And trusts that Heaven his efforts will repay.
 And when the darker shade of eve descends,
 With plodding steps his course he homeward bends,
 And finds enjoyment in his humble cot,
 Calmly resigned to all his little lot.

O Dalrinda! still thy dales can charm
 The breast which love and social kindness warm;

There every trait of honest nature reigns,
 Which links each heart in friendship's mystic chains,
 And wakes thy sons, by sympathy of mind,
 To share in all the sufferings of mankind.
 There, lenient pity whispers to bestow;
 Each shed finds shelter for some child of woe;
 Circling the cheerful hearth at falling even,
 The guests of chance, by Heaven's direction given,
 'Twere strange the various mingling groups to trace,
 From where the beggar holds inherent place.
 No lone wayfaring stranger passes by
 Th' inviting latch, when night is on the sky;
 The song, the humming wheel, attract his ear;
 Nor bolts nor bars forbid his entrance here.
 The shattered veteran, and the shipwrecked tar,
 Enlarge, full garrulous, their feats in war;
 The tuneless minstrel, and the rhymeless bard,
 Meet rude unjudging praise, (their best reward!)
 And, slighted in the rounds of polished ease,
 Astonished find, at last, their power to please.
 The love-lorn maniac, soothed to reason there,
 Forgets a while her visions of despair.
 Each human woe beneath the spacious sky
 Is solaced by condoling sympathy;
 And all impelled by adverse fate to roam,
 Bless, through thy clime, each hospitable home.

And chief, Dunseverie, still to memory dear !
 On misery's cheek 'tis thine to dry the tear :
 The hapless wretch whom wayward fancies chase,
 Delights to dwell among thy simple race.
 In crowded towns, the hooting rabble's jest,
 Deep-rankling fury goads his tortured breast ;
 But, in thy kindly huts or blithesome plain,
 The racking fiend sits lighter on his brain.

Yet let the Muse retrace thy cultured scene,
 Where villas, cots, and hamlets intervene :—
 Yet, yet, the roof paternal I review,
 Where first my lips the vital current drew ;
 And lingering there, each wonted haunt survey,
 That strewed with flowers my happier infant way,
 Ere yet maturer years of toil began,
 Or growing cares had told me I was man.
 There first I felt the raptured thrill of joy,
 Enchanting Bloomfield ! o'er thy " Farmer's Boy ;"
 Young fancy wooed the Muse to emulate
 Thy song of rural toils, so simply great.
 Immortal Burns, the Muse's sweetest child !
 I met thee first in yonder lonely wild :
 Next Goldsmith came, with Edwin's artless strain—
 And who so softly touched the lyre again ?

—By Erin's genius raised on deathless wing,
 Moore wakes the hymn of Heaven on every string ;

But later on my ear that music came,
 When to our dales had spread his rising fame.

Dull-wandering through the thorny ways of care,
 I ceaseless turn to bless those fields so fair ;
 And when sad woes my nightly visions fill,
 Remembrance wakes me on my native hill.
 Oft, where the shallow streamlet glides between
 The sloping primrose bank and daisied green,
 Bent o'er the glassy margin have I stood,
 And watched in sportive chase the finny brood.
 By tufted woodland, or by vocal glade,
 By blossomed hedge, or spreading hawthorn shade,
 I brushed with heedless steps, at misty dawn,
 The liquid diamonds from the glistening lawn ;
 And evening, crowned with incense-breathing flowers,
 Oft wooed my devious walk through twilight bowers,
 Till, peering o'er the eastward mountain's head,
 The moon her melancholy splendor shed.

At such an hour might sightless Ossian hear
 The spirits of his kindred hovering near ;
 In such a landscape, sure, did Spenser dream,
 By branchy grove, deep glen, and haunted stream
 And in these dewy dells, so sweet and lone,
 His " Faery Queen" might fix her leafy throne :
 —But no ! the regions of the elfin reign
 Must seldom hear the human foot profane

While frequent fence, and cottage-skirted glen,
 Mark these the cultivated haunts of men.
 Far from the busy field, where rustic Toil
 With patient ploughshare tills the stubborn soil,
 Remote in solitude the urchins play,
 Where heath untrodden clothes the mountain grey.
 And though the Muse, herself soft Fancy's child,
 May rove unquestioned o'er their kingdom wild,
 Yet more she loves to sing the barren hill
 Enriched by labour's persevering skill;
 Where agriculture, with progressive stride,
 Stalks round the valley, climbs the mountain side,
 Reclaims the wastes of desolation's reign,
 And crowns the lichened crags with yellow grain.

Misanthropy! thy cloudy visage clear,
 And own thy calumnies refuted here.
 A milder mood let these blest scenes impart;
 Let softer feelings humanize thy heart;
 Behold the teeming earth give promise bland,
 And bless the labours of the human hand!

Yet not too far exult in mortal might;
 Nor let the deeper cause elude thy sight.
 Refreshing moisture, and expanding heat,
 With pregnant power thy stunted efforts meet:
 A thousand springs, beyond our power to trace,
 Spread life throughout the vast extent of space, —

Where atoms, through mysterious nature's range,
 Roll in the wondrous harmony of change.

Hail, Renovation! thou whose plastic care
 Can worlds on worlds from age to age repair;
 In vain the sage thy mystic laws would scan,
 Or seek to fathom the creative plan.
 The fool of knowledge casts his eyes abroad, —
 Soon lost in the immensity of God.
 With impious pride, his dark desponding soul
 Would bound the boundless omnipresent whole:
 Earth, air, and ocean, and th' ethereal plain,
 His dream of doubt would bring to nought again. —
 What spark, O sceptic! smote from darkling chance,
 Could kindle sun and moon in heaven's expanse?
 Could seeds of life, which every form assume,
 Spring forth at hazard from chaotic gloom?
 No! lit by him who fired yon starry train,
 And framed each link in being's endless chain,
 Gave matter motion, and attraction force,
 Made countless spheres to wheel their mazy course,
 — Lit by that one profound almighty Cause,
 These fulgent orbs obey his secret laws;
 And these organic seeds perform his will,
 The frame of nature renovating still.

Know, dupe of error, denizen of earth,
 That thou, e'en thou, receiv'st a second birth.

Think not, inclosed within the silent urn,
Thy vital spirit shall to nought return:—
To life or death immortal thou shalt rise,
And haply find existence in the skies;
Where life eternal to the just is given,
—A heaven of joys, whose every joy is heaven.

Fly, fly, ye shades that haunt his sombre night!
Let revelation's day-star glad his sight:
O sweet religion, let thy power controul
These doubts Cimmerian that beset his soul!
Pour in upon his heart thy mental day!
Light his bewildered spirit on its way!

O thou who reign'st through ocean, earth and sky!
Thou, who inhabitest eternity!
Thou know'st the frailty of our mortal frame,—
Graft in our hearts thy ever-during name;
And when from perishable dust set free,
Give us to share eternal rest in thee!
Bright faith, arise! the gathering clouds dispel,—
Thy piercing beams shall burst the gates of hell,
Rise on the regions of unfathomed gloom,
And break the dismal barriers of the tomb!
Then to thy first almighty Source return,
When hope and fear are past,—and there eternal burn!

NOTES.

Page 9.—*Let superstition hold its error still.*

THE hypothesis current among the vulgar, is, that the Giants' Causeway, and Fingal's cave in the island of Staffa, are the extremities of an immense bridge, which formerly extended between these two points, and was constructed by Fion Mac Cumhal and his gigantic associates, (called by the Scandinavians the sons of frost,) to facilitate his progress in a war undertaken against the natives of the opposite coast, in revenge of their frequent plundering expeditions into the Dalriadan territories. The bridge being completed, the enemy saw themselves completely at the mercy of these powerful invaders, and their country, in its turn, about to become the theatre of a predatory warfare; and having no hopes of safety from their own efforts against an enemy of such extraordinary prowess, they had recourse to the gods, who were invoked by the Druidical priesthood, with the most powerful spells and incantations, to save them from the impending calamity.

The Irish bards, who lose no opportunity of magnifying Fion, the hero of their fictions, represent his warlike achievements as having even raised a degree of jealousy in the breasts of the Scandinavian deities. From their poetry and traditions it appears that these august personages were not without some apprehensions for their own dominion; and had their doubts that the ambition of Fion might in time aspire to the conquest of the celestial

abodes. For their own preservation, then, as well as for the welfare of their worshippers, they interfered against the earth-born intruders, and, by a timely exertion of their power, destroyed the bridge which was to have afforded to Fion a communication with the hostile coast. Not satisfied with this, they determined, in their wrath, to extinguish at once the power and existence of the Irish giants, and transformed the chief and his whole army to stone.

Those of the peasantry who formerly officiated as guides to the Giants' Causeway, could have authenticated and illustrated every part of this wonderful relation, by proofs drawn from the surrounding scenery; pointing out among the rocks, by name, at every turn, some of our petrified ancestors, whose dimensions are generally such as to justify in the eyes of their degenerate posterity the apprehensions of the hostile deities; and though the hand of time has removed most of these terrific evidences, and though the guides of the latter time are somewhat less circumstantial in their details, yet the curious may have ocular demonstration, even at this day, of the veracity of our traditional historians. The four brothers, near Bangore, and other personages on different parts of the coast, still maintain their stations. The Causeway itself is a sufficient monument of Fion's abilities as an engineer; and his chair is placed in a situation from which he might have a prospect of the work as it went on. His loom, theatre and organ are yet extant, shewing that he understood the arts of peace, as well as those of war. On the top of the hill above the Causeway is another testimonial, to which we must allow a due weight on the question. It is a pebble of a fathom or two in circumference, which bears the mark of a gigantic thumb and four fingers; and the beholders must ac-

knowledge it fortunate for the enemies of Fion, that his transformation took place, (as is plain from the situation of the stone,) before he could launch from his tremendous grasp such a formidable weapon.

The Irish, in their ancient poetry, treat the deities of the north with very little respect. They use them merely as instruments by which to raise the importance and exalt the character of their own mortal heroes, who are ennobled by the notice and enmity of celestial beings. From the frequent allusions to this enmity, we may gather abundant refutation of the opinion, that the Irish, at some period, professed the same religion with their northern neighbours. My reading has been extremely limited, on this, as indeed on most subjects; but I believe the most ingenious and acute inquirers into the manners and religion of the ancient Irish, are of opinion that the sun was the object of their worship. The round towers, or repositories of the sacred fire, so numerous in Ireland, we may therefore suppose to be the reliques of genuine Irish idolatry. One of these may be seen on Ram's Island, Lough Neagh, another at Antrim, a third in the burial-place of Drumbo, county of Down, and (though last, not least,) a fourth at Arnoy, near Lissanore Castle, in the vicinity of the Causeway. The *crunlecha*, with their surrounding circles of earth, we may regard, on the other hand, as remains of the Danish superstition, erected by them during their domination in Ireland. There is a very perfect specimen at Ballylisen, county of Down. It is a circular earthen ridge, enclosing perhaps four acres of ground, with the remains of a crunlech in the centre. Standing by this rude altar, we are strongly impressed with a sense of solitude and exclusion from the world; for the height of the mound excludes the surrounding country from the view, except where it has been cut, to afford

an entrance to cattle, and where, in one or two places, the hand of time has partially lowered it. At the first sight of the inclined plain, with its huge round stones, and circular bank, the beholder is forcibly reminded of "the circle of Loda, and the large stones of many virtues;"* which are uniformly spoken of by the ancient Irish poets, rather as objects of enquiry than adoration.

One of the gradients of these cromlechs gives name to Mount Druid, the seat of the Rev. Robert Trail, near Ballinacoy.

Page 9.—*Plunge in the vortex of vicissitude.*

That the sea-coast of the county of Antrim has been thrown into its present shape by some wonderful convulsion of nature, is apparent to every person of common observation. Geologists are unanimous in the opinion, that our shores owe their extraordinary conformation to the action of volcanic fire. The slow, but continual and certain transmutation of the elements that compose our terraqueous globe, is eloquently described by Dr. Drummond, in the notes to his poem of the Giant's Causeway. This constant vicissitude of form is indeed particularly observable on the north-western coast of Ireland. It is evident

* In Macpherson's translation of this passage, its peculiar application is lost. The original is as follows:

"Alr mullach bha crann chruth Lodain,
Is clacha mór nan luanadh bunadh."

"On a top (or small height) was the circle of the form (or image) of Loda, and the large stones of many virtues."

Report of the Highland Society, p. 134.

Macpherson's translation is too concise to embrace the whole picture:—

"On the top was the circle of Loda, the many stone of power."

This is extremely obscure; while the literal translation cannot fail to strike the reader as exactly descriptive of the cromlechs of Ireland.

that some previous formation of the matter must have been disarranged, in order to give the shore its present appearance; and the occasional depression or entire removal of the strata, from the unremitting action of the air and water on the cliffs, render it equally obvious, that the particles which are combined to produce the existing phenomena, will, in the gradation of time, be resolved into other combinations. The arrangement of the different strata, and the minutest features of the mineralogy, afford ample confirmation of this theory; but it is rather out of my province to enlarge on this part of the subject. In adhering to the Newtonian hypothesis, I have used a common poetic license; and it is evident, that the decay and annihilation of matter must be followed by a proportionate renewal and renovation, in order to preserve the existence of the universe.

"The law of decay," says Playfair, "suffers no exception. The elements of all bodies were once loose and unconnected; and to the same state nature has appointed that they should all return. It affords no presumption against the reality of this process, that in respect of man it is too slow to be immediately perceived. The utmost portion of it to which our experience can extend, is evanescent in comparison with the whole, and must be regarded as the momentary increment of a vast progression, circumscribed by no other limits than the duration of the world. Time performs the office of integrating the infinitesimal parts of which this progression is made up: it collects them into one sum, and produces from them an amount greater than any that can be assigned."

"With respect to the general disintegration of the coast, there cannot be any question; though in some places, where it is guarded by dykes and basaltic mounds, the detritus is not so apparent. The steps of decay may be distinctly traced in Cavehill and

the Knockagh, and on the shores of Carrickfergus and Larne. Some of the gigantic columns of Ballygelly already totter to their fall, and the shores to the W. of Garra point exhibit awful proofs of the ravages made by the destroyer. The fall of columns at Fairhead, within the memory of persons now living, has carried away nearly an acre of surface; and the spectator has only to behold that grand promontory to be convinced that the whole base of it is a mass of ruins. The base of the cliffs at Port Noddy are strewn with a loose debris, and the ground beneath is sometimes deeply furrowed by the fall of rocky fragments from above. The isolated rocks on which the castles of Dunseverie and Dunluce stand, have mouldered from beneath the walls, and in many places have left their foundations exposed and bare. Dr. Davy has observed, in his geological lectures, that at Ben-eranagh, a high basaltic hill in the county of Derry, and at Fairhead, a rapid destruction is going on, by the decomposition of the alkaline portion of their basalt. The same eminent philosopher, in opposition to the doctrine of general disintegration, has remarked that "the highest mountains, capped with eternal snow, are hermetically preserved from the effects of the weather." But there is more beauty than truth in the remark. The Skida of Iceland, and the Avalanche of the Alps, show that even those giant sons of earth will one day bow their heads, and descend from their elevation. The torrents that sweep down their sides, the storms that roar around their brow, and the internal heat of the earth, instruments more effectual than the vinegar and fire of Hamdhal, are the agents with which nature is mining their foundations, and working their fall. The hermetical sealing itself, the vast masses of ice and snow which seem to shield them from the attacks of the weather, are often their principal destroyers: for when they become unable to sup-

port the accumulating matter, they fall by their own gravity, carrying with them the rocks on which they had reposed, and sometimes burying whole villages beneath their ruin."—*Drummond.*

Page 10—*While the rapt Muse, from Aura's purpled height—*

Aura mountains command a most beautiful view of the distant landscape. It was there that the last battle was fought between the rival clans of M^cQuillan and M^cDonnell, in which the latter obtained the victory.

Page 10—*All hail, Macartney! deign to hear the strain—*
George Macartney, Esq. of Lissanore Castle.

Page 10—*That lit his soul, from wisdom's holy shrine—*
The late Earl Macartney.

Page 10—*Far from thy hill of caves, through liquid air,*
Ery, Eastace,—

William Rodd, Esq. author of the *Hill of Caves*, the *Druids of the Ocean*, and many other pieces of deserved celebrity.

Page 11—*Danan—Knockoid—Rengere—Plandia—*

Ben-an-danan, (the mountain of Danish sorcery,) is assumed as the place from whence the celestials let loose their anger upon Finn and his army. The encounter is called the battle of Ben-an-danan, and the tempest that overthrew the bridge has been denominated the magic storm.

Knockoid, the most easterly of the Aura mountains, is about a mile from Ballycastle, and is remarked for its strong blue tint, when viewed from a distance, owing to the colour of its vegetation, and its great height; its top being generally shrouded in mist. It commands a more picturesque and extensive view than any hill on the coast. The peaks of Jura, and the other isles; Rathlin, almost under our feet; the mountains of Argyllshire; Skye,

mid, Slievegalien, and Beshenden mountains; Lough Foyle and Enniskillen, are a few of the most prominent objects.

"Bengore is about seven miles west of Ballycastle, and, though generally denominated a headland, it is in reality made up of a number of small capes and bays, each with its own proper name. These capes form an univalued pile of natural architecture, in which all the neat regularity and elegance of art is united to the wild magnificence of nature."—*Hamilton*.

Of these capes the most beautiful and perfect is called Piesakia. In the sixteen different strata of which it is composed, beauty and sublimity are wonderfully blended and harmonized. Its altitude is nearly 400 feet from the sea. It presents a variety of colours, the first 200 feet being adorned with different shades of green, vermilion rock, grey lichens, red ochre, &c. &c. above which there is a range of basaltic pillars, surmounted at some distance by another gallery still more magnificent than the former. Near this is Port na Spania, so called from a vessel of the "Invincible armada," lost here.—See Drummond, from whom this account is abridged.

Page 11.—*What beams break forth—*

A brilliancy is frequently emitted from the capes of Bengore, which the fishers attribute to an enormous diamond, or diamonds, supposed to be bedded in the cliffs.

Page 13.—*Till Odin roar—*

It is unnecessary to give a detail of the Scandinavian mythology, which is now rendered familiar to the reader by some of our best modern poets.

Page 14.—*To wait the Lemures—*

The restless ghosts of departed persons, supposed by the ancients to return to terrify and torment the living.

Page 14.—*The shadowy specter glides of Nenle Roe.*

Shanescastle, or Edinoharrick, the romantic and beautiful seat of Earl O'Neill, now in ruins, is the subject of many traditions; among which the most remarkable is, that a lady of that ancient family was carried away by the Banshee; that she was, by the power of this visionary personage, endowed with immortality, and became the superintending spirit of her race. Many similar traditions are current in the north of Ireland. What rank the Banshee holds in the list of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the family over which she presides, by the most plaintive cries and lamentations. She appears to have been of a most vindictive temper, revenging every insult, particularly depredations on the white thorn, which was sacred to her, and immediately under her protection.

To be under the guardianship of one of these imaginary beings, was considered as the surest mark of a true Milesian descent; as they never condescended to extend their protection to foreign or less ancient families. The Banshee of Dunluce castle, the most superb ruin perhaps in Ireland, is distinguished by the name of *Mae Roe*, that of Shanescastle is called *Nenle Roe*; the individual appellations all terminate in the word *Ruagha* or *Roe*, *red*, and they are collectively denominated "the red sisters," from their supposed complexion. Thus has superstition distinguished each imaginary tribe or species by an appellation peculiar to itself.—See Miss Balfour's "Kathleen O'Neill."

Page 15.—*Where bursts yon ruined fane in living blaze.*

About two miles west of the village of Ballintoy, stand the ruins of Templestragh, (Temple-Lahad, the flaming church.)

perhaps the oldest monastic edifice in Ireland. Its erection is ascribed to a Danish prince. According to the tradition of the neighbourhood, it was first founded on a projecting rock near where its ruins now stand; but the purpose of the builders was frustrated by some supernatural agent, who always demolished at night what they raised during the day. At length a light was observed to arise in the night at a small distance from the lacinated foundations. This was considered as a celestial sign, to mark the spot destined for the erection; and the structure being commenced on the favoured ground, the abbey was raised without further interruption. The inhabitants of the village of Templetragh are remarkable for their hospitality, the sociability of their manners, and that simple credulity which gives an implicit belief to the fictions of tradition. They assert that the fane is still seen flaming by night; and this their oldest legends say is symbolical, and betokens the error of all churches save those of the same creed of Templetragh. This, according to their belief, was the only pure church of its age, indeed the first in Ireland where the gospel was preached, and the light of Christianity displayed. Many such legends are still held true among the peasantry, in the lower part of the county of Antrim.

Page 16—*Hast seen the fairy Isle from ocean's depths emerge.*

An appearance similar to that extraordinary phenomenon, the *Fine Morpna*, (in the straits of Haggins between the island of Sicily and the coast of Calabria) has been seen at different periods of time, between Bonifoot strand and Inishowen. It is called by some of the natives the enchanted island: from others it has obtained the name of the new Brazil. The time of its appearance is about sunset, when the level rays are reflected on the water. The observer beholds, on a sudden, as if rising out of

the ocean, an island overspread with a multiplicity of objects, such as those mentioned in the poem; with companies of men on foot and horseback, in their natural colours and proper action, and other strange figures, which pass away a little after sunset.—This phenomenon is accounted for by referring it to the reflective and refractive powers of effluvia suspended in the air.—*See Drummond's Notes.*

Page 17—*Propels the salmon to the netmen's stigg.*

I have attempted, though in a manner infinitely inferior to Dr. Drummond's original, to describe the manner in which the salmon are taken. At the mouth of almost every river or brook on the coast, there is a salmon fishery. One of the fishers is stationed at a convenient distance from the shore, his net spread, and his eye steadily fixed on the water, to announce the approach of the salmon to another, whose duty is to fling a shower of stones into the water, which is repeated from rock to rock, to deter the shoal from making their way back through the aperture of the net.

Page 17—*Now from his eye Dhu-gall downward slides.*

The fishers distinguish almost every species of sea-fowl by some Gaelic appellation. There is one known by the name of Dhu-gall, (black and white,) from his glossy black feathers and white feet. He is a constant attendant upon the salmon; and of course his appearance in the morning is a favourable omen for the day's fishing. When the shoal leads near the shore, in order to imitate the fresh water, he attends their course to the net, swimming or hovering on the wing; and, crouching round the fisher's head, continues his importunities until he obtains the entrails, which are left on the shore as his share of the spoil.

Page 18—*Now routed from grey Benmore's stupendous height—*

"Benmore, the most majestic promontory on the coast of Antrim, is situated about three miles east of Ballycastle; it has been known by the name of Falshead, and is the *Robogdium* of Ptolemy. Hamilton justly describes it as characterised by a wild and savage sublimity. None of the precipices on the coast, indeed, can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, 285 feet high, and resting on a base which makes the whole altitude 831 feet. One of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and about 200 feet perpendicular. Compared to this, what is Pompey's pillar, or the celebrated column which stood before the temple of Venus Genetrix at Rome, or the pedestal of Peter the great at Petersburg? The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God. He who does not feel impressions of the sublime on Benmore, must be incapable of feeling them in any situation.

"The grey man's path is a fissure in the face of the precipice, by which a path winds down to the shore. A huge pillar has fallen across the top of the fissure; but it is immovably fixed, and may be passed under without any apprehension."—*Drummond*.

Page 19—*At Bona Margy's restless mouldering pile—*

"This abbey was founded in 1509, by Charles McDonnell, and may be ranked among the latest monastic edifices raised in Ireland. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the village of Ballycastle, commanding to the west a view of the ocean,

with the bold outlines of the rocks that rise in many a fantastic shape along the coast; to the south, the undulating line of the mountains of Knocklaid; to the east, the extensive glen of Carey. The chapel is 100 feet in length, and 24 in breadth. To the east of the great entrance to the chapel, is a small edifice with narrow pointed gables, which seems to have been the lodge of a porter or lay brother. The venerable stillness of this sacred spot, the numerous reliques of mortality that surround it, and the remembrance it produces of days that have been, give it, even in its present desolated state, an appearance more interesting, more impressive, than it possessed when rising in all its plenitude of monkish pride."—*Belfast Magazine for April 1809*.

An extraordinary woman is said to have formerly dwelt in this abbey, known by the names of *Shelah dubh ni Valona*, and the black nun of Bona Margy, who lived in the most austere manner, and in the constant exercise of devotion. Tradition has assigned to her a wonderful knowledge of future events. Many wonderful stories are related of her, and the completion of some of her prophecies are even yet expected with some degree of apprehension. The mountain of Knocklaid, according to her assertion, contains in its centre an immense body of water, which at some future period is to burst forth, and deluge the surrounding country to the extent of seven miles round. Other predictions of the recluse, as remarkable as this, have, it seems, been fulfilled, to the entire conviction of the credulous and simple inhabitants.

Page 20—*At, near, Dunluce!*

Dunluce castle, not 4 miles west of the Causeway, formerly belonging to the McQuillans, is perhaps the most interesting ruin in Ireland.

Page 21—*Dunkerry—Rede—Dunacree—*

Dunkerry cave is situated something less than a mile west of

the Causeway, accessible only by water. Its extent is unknown, as no boat has ever explored its recesses; but it must be of extraordinary length; for the dashing of the sea in its subterranean caverns is so forcible, at a house about a mile inland, as to give occasional annoyance to the proprietor.

The hanging bridge at Carrick-a-rode, which extends over a chasm 60 feet wide, and 84 deep, is an object of great curiosity to travellers.

Dunseveric, (Shamrock castle,) is a ruin, on an isolated rock, about 5 miles east of the Causeway, formerly possessed by a branch of the family of O'Caghan, or O'Kean, whose superior chief resided at Benbraden, near Dungiven, in the county of Derry; and the destruction of these two kinmen, with their dependents, happened, according to tradition, exactly in the place and manner related in the poem. Con-a-goll, (translated Cornelius, or Connor of strangers—probably from his distinguished hospitality,) was the name of the chief of Benbraden; Gilbe-dubb, (black Gilbert) was that of his kinsman from Dunseveric; and their adversary was chief of the sept of M'Keon. Vestiges of his castle may yet be seen at Ballylagh, on the Bush river, close by the seat of Archbishop Trail. It is called in the poem Dunlagh, and the Bush river, after Drummond, is called Booca. The scene of the massacre is Egrie glen, near Bushmills. Its name was formerly Cruich-een-acho, which will signify the glen of the cry, or of the wrong. In the ruins of Dungiven abbey, the burial-place of the sept of O'Kean is still shown, with Con-a-goll's monument in good preservation, showing, in bas-relief, the chieftain at full length and in full costume, lying in state, surrounded by his guards; with an antique inscription.

The story of Echlin O'Kean being carried off in his childhood, and gifted with prophecy, is also traditional.

Ejaculatory Stanzas

TO ALMIGHTY GOD,

ON THE GLOOMY PROSPECT OF THE HARVEST SEASON.

Written in October 1817.

*O Heaven! O burst thy sunny gates again!
HARDY OR CAMPBELL.*

INFINITE Goodness! boundless Love!
Who reign'st supreme in Heaven above!
O thou, the sinner's friend!
While prostrate worlds before thee bow,
O let thy tender mercies now
To all mankind extend.

And cease the unrelenting shower,
Dispel the clouds that darker lower,
And chase away the gloom;
And bid the glorious orb of day
Break forth in one unclouded ray
And nature re-illumine.

We sow the seed in certain hope;
O grant us (we to thee look up)
The produce of the ground!
Ere spectred famine's meagre form
Hurts desolation's blackest storm,
A wasting tempest, round!

Vouchsafe to hear in mercy, Lord !
 And with a suppliant's hope accord,
 Nor blast the guilty worm—
 Who offers at thy shrine a prayer,
 Imploping thee our land to spare
 From fate's impending storm !

THE INVITATION.

TO JAMES M'DONNELL, M.D. BELFAST.

Written in March.

Now spring unfolds the genial year,
 And birds sing sue sweet to hear ;
 Will you along our shore appear ?
 I wish for thee ;
 'Twill mak ilk scene to me mair dear,
 Thy face to see.

Come to our shore, and dianna hail ;
 He waits thy coming, Rev. Tr**l :
 Ye'll get frae him a kindly hail,
 And welcome dear ;
 *He has in store what I'll detail—
 They follow here.

* This Rev. gentleman is an antiquary of great note. With Dr. M'Donnell's abilities in that department, the public are acquainted already.

When Grose* first felt the sting o' death,
 What he had gathered, free frae skaith,
 He did to Rev. Tr**l bequeath,
 He had nae mair ;
 And then to heaven resign'd his breath,
 And left him heir.

Forbye, he has, what's odd to tell,
 A splinter o' the bolt that fell,
 That caused the loud infernal yell
 O' Michael's focs—
 That oped the jaws o' burnin hell,
 Wi' a' its throes.

He has a box o' chips and shavins—
 Frae mither Eve they were the leavins,
 When she was made to ease the grievins
 O' father man ;
 And coins o' Tubal Cain's—engravins
 O' the first plan.

O' Aaron's rod he has a bud ;
 O' Adam's apron-bib a dud ;
 O' Sol'mon's crown the brightest stud,
 You may be guessin :

* See Mr. Burns, on captain F. Grose, collector of military antiquities.

O' Jacob's venison, the fud
That won the blessin.

He keeps the ring, by God's comman's,
Which wed the first on Eden's lan's;
Wi' it I hope to join my han's
And wedded be;
Soon may he publish the blest bans
'Tween her and me.

And, tent ye what I now remark—
He has the tools built Noah's ark;
He'll bring thee ilk ane frae the dark,
O' Adam's bones!
And show thee a' the curious wark
Wraps his remains.

O' what he has this is a sample;
Sae owre the lave I now maun trample:
I'll end wi' the most glorious temple,
Baith out an' in;
He'll show ilk type, wi' its example,
And cure for sin.

Will ye na own to this yoursel,
(Though few's like you I ken fu' well,)
That owre ye a' he bears the bell
Beneath the moon—

That a' frae him, since Adam fell,
Maun crave a boon?

LAMENT FOR ROBERT STUART, ESQ.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR'S COMPANION FROM CHILDHOOD.

Occasioned by his being pressed for the British fleet at Greenwich.

O SERAPH Hope, of whisper sweet!
Say, will I yet my Robin meet?
He haply reefs the shiv'ring sheet
When tempests blaw,
Or mans some gun among the fleet—
He's press'd awa!

When rolling on the stormy wave,
Ye powers aboon, my Robin save
Frae danger, and a watery grave,
And cannon ba'
'Till fame him crowns a hero brave,
That's press'd awa!

But if, ye powers, ye did decree
A watery tomb to close his e'e,
Or if, when roarin' cannons flee,
He's doom'd to fa',
I'll mourn my Robin till I dee,
That's press'd awa.

Ye bards wha sing in dolefu' sang,
Come mourn wi' me, for I think lang;
Mourn, wi' the ills o' the press-gang,
Their cruel law
That forced my Robin dear along,
That's press'd awa.

Wha gangs wi' me at morn a roamin,
When simmer's beauties a' are bloomin?
Wha strays wi' me at hour o' gloamin?
O! nane ava;—
Roun' Robin ocean's waves are boomin,
That's press'd awa.

O scrapp Hope! I cense to mourn;
Thy whispera bid me sorrow spurn;
For we may meet at Camstron burn,*
Or Craigie shaw,†
And Robin wi' the spring return
That's pressed awa.

* A small stream, a favourite haunt of the author's.

† A woody covert known by the name of Craigie shaw, near the birth-place of the author.

WINTER.

INSCRIBED TO MR. L.

*The sequent morn shall wake the yfsoon quire,
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire.*

CHENYON.

Why dost thou mourn the leafless shade,
The lonely desolated glade,
Wrapt in a wintry gloom?
What's winter but a cheerless day?
Spring drooping nature shall array,
In renovating bloom.

Though whirlwinds rise and tempests rave,
Yet earth each embryo stem will save,
That lies within her womb:
So blooms for thee unfading spring,
When thou hast felt death's frost-barbed sting,
And winter of the tomb.

What though thy woodlands, groves and bowers,
Bedecked with spotless infant flowers,
When spring's young charms are gay,
Are fair to see by early dawn,
When silver dew-drops goss the lawn,
Or at the close of day?

And when mild zephyr's softest breeze,
Pants on thy flowers, awakes thy trees,
Breathing fresh fragrance round—
'Tis sweet to hear the birds in song,
From bough to bough, thy groves among,
Wake spring's harmonious sound.

But ah! such prospects as they flow,
Are but a momentary glow
Of nature's fleeting scene;
Then let thine eye of faith expand—
Behold an everlasting land
Above yon blue serene.

So may thy soul from earth arise
To brighter worlds beyond the skies,
That are by Jesus given;
There thou shalt take a seraph's wing,
And bask in an immortal spring
Eternally in Heaven.

STANZAS

TO MISS ****.

*As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain,
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the merest where agonies are born.*

TO THE,

Yrs! each noble trait was imparted to grace thee,
That heaven has vouchsafed to bestow from above;
My bliss would be peerless could I but embrace thee,
Or press on thy lips the fond kisses of love!

Oh! how can the muse now be mute from expression?
How sweet are the numbers when thou art the name!
Or how can thy lover refrain from confession,
Or cease to implore thee to share in his flame?

'Tis for thee, the deep sigh that escapes from my bosom;
Thy smile is my transport, thy frown would be fate;
No floweret of bliss in my soul e'er will blossom,
If thou dost return my affection with hate.

Sure thou art congenial to purest sensation,—
Then wilt thou in kindness my passion return?

And now as I languish in deepest vexation,
Ah! leave not thy lover thus hopeless to mourn!

SONG.

Air, "Robin Castle."

On! must I bid a last farewell?
Soft sighs in my sad bosom swell;
Can I dispel my growing fears?
Can I suppress my falling tears?
No lenient balm can hope impart,
To heal my wounded bleeding heart;
And every woe, alas! is mine,
When parted from my Caroline.

Farewell, ye little birds and flowers!
Farewell, ye variegated bowers!
And thou, my native sylvan vale,
That witnessed oft my love-sick tale!
Farewell thou stream I strayed along,
Responsive to my plaintive song!
A thousand ties I must untwine,
Ere I can leave my Caroline!

Each varied scene that nature brings,
My breast with anguish deeper stings:

Though spring young flowers again bestow,
Though summer's countless blossoms blow,
The russet plains, the fruitful fields,
Nor all the bounteous Autumn yields—
Dark, as when winter glooms combine,
My sorrows for my Caroline!

Oh! ruthless fate has spoke the word,—
Sure all the powers above accord:
For ever happy be the fair,
While I, her hapless swain, despair!
Fate! let me seek some dismal cave,
Then let thy storms around me rave—
But still my soul shall be the shrine
Where lives thy image, Caroline!

THE COURTSHIP.

TO JENNY.

THEY raise a din, baith out an' in,
That I'm in love wi' thee, Jenny;
But let them jeer, an' at us sneer—
I wish na' to be free, Jenny.
What gars them touch at us sae much,
Is ignorance, I ween, Jenny;

The vulgar thrang are prone to wrang,
Since Adam's fall has been, Jenny.

We'll no them heed, but try love's mead,
Since we hae got the name Jenny ;
My breast does burn, till thine return
A kind responsive flame, Jenny.
Let's join our han's in wedlock ban's,
And be mair truly blest, Jenny ;
We'll hope for joys, for girls and boys—
Let God mak' out the rest, Jenny.

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BLUSHING queen, of rosy smile,
Hail, all hail, to Erin's isle !
Chaplets of the brightest gem
Variegate thy diadem :
Nymphs and graces, in thy train,
Wanton o'er the green domain.
Now the ruddy tints of dawn
Tremble on the dewy lawn :
All that charm by sight and sound,
Wake to life and rapture round—
Playful in the silver flood,
Warbling in the vernal wood.
Fancy now is upwards borne
Through yon radiant gates of morn :

On the bright domain below,
See what peerless beauties glow !
Mountain robed in purple hue,
Lake of smooth celestial blue,
Landscape opening fair and wide,
Wandering stream from upland side.

Lo! creative beauty teems,—
All around an Eden seems.
Rapt in ecstasy I gaze,
While I thread the fairy maze.
Brighter bloom the golden flowers,
Greener verdures tinge the bowers ;
Softer, from the glade, the grove,
Music melts the soul to love.
Hills with russet radiance glow,
Brooks with sweetest murmur flow :
Zephyrs blend their balmy sigh,
In hymns of holiest harmony.

Fair enchantress of the grove,
Wake, Erato! sing of love :
Breathe thy sighs upon my lyre,
Throw soft magic o'er the wire.
See ! for thee, in greenest bowers,
Sylphs and graces dance the hours ;

Marshall'd thus in meet array,
By the flowery-footed May.
—Yes! while rolling seasons move,
May is still the month of love.

Blushing May, with rosy smile,
Hail to Erin's favoured isle!
Now thine own immortal flower
Spreads its bosom to the shower:
Now the eye of morn is brightest:
Now the shades of eve are lightest:
Now the leveret's foot is fleetest:
Now the milkmaid's song is sweetest:
Now the redbreast whistles clearest:
Now the tale of love is dearest:
Now the poet's fire is strongest:
Now the grey lark's flight is longest:
Fluttering in the dappled sky,
He sings his matin minstrelsy.
Countless beauties glad thy reign:
O'er each hill, and dale, and plain,
Nature feels thy presence dear,
Goddess of the blooming year!

Epitaph

FOR MR. A. G.

Thought / reach the last, last silence of a friend.

TO MR.

This stone is sacred to a bard,
On whom the gales of life blew hard;
But virtue was his stay, his guard,
And now in heaven
Sure her eternal free reward
To him is given.

Adversity! thy bitterest blast
Could not his radiant soul o'ercast;
She shone refulgent to the last,
Then flew away,
To find, where every pain is past,
A brighter day.

Come near, ye pensive feeling few,
And with your tears this urn bedew;
The soul that once these relics knew
Now rests above;
His eye of faith had heaven in view,
With steadfast love.

Is there a man of warmest heart,
 Who could kind sympathy impart?
 Who could from little take a part,
 And it bestow,
 To heal the wound of misery's dart,
 While tears would flow?

Is there, of firm unchanging mind,
 Who bears the ills of life resigned—
 And even to enemies is kind?
 Let him draw nigh,
 And heave, where virtue lies enshrined,
 The heart-felt sigh.

Misfortune! thy afflicting rod,
 He felt full sore, yet heavenwards trod;
 To drop a tear o'er this green sod
 His virtues crave;
 His part immortal lives with God,
 And here his grave.



WRITTEN IN

A SOLITUDE, NEAR BANBRIDGE,

Built by J. Clibborn, esq.

O! Solitude in thy sequestered cell,
 The boon of bliss is granted fancy's child;
 Here Inspiration wakes her wizard shell,
 And touches every wire with magic wild.

And here, in sweet devotion's raptured dream,
 The soul, by sense of sacred presence fired,
 Shall pour her orisons to him supreme,
 To grant that peace the faithful have acquired.

And thou, of heart benevolent and good,
 Whose steps the solitary path have trod;
 Full oft this lone recess of solitude,
 Has winged thy meditations to thy God.

Stanzas,

TO

**** *

That goodness, inspired by an angelic feeling,
Is pure as its source, and imparted most free;
'Tis kindness that still on the bosom is stealing,
'Tis sympathy's throb, sorrow's poignant sting healing,
And such are the feelings awakened in thee,

As that, when adversity's glooms are impending,
The child of misfortune's distress to relieve,
To come as the angel of mercy descending,
Thy sigh and thy tear with their miseries blending,
The soul healing balm of benevolence to give.

And orphans shall pray, while the boon, recollection,
By goodness divine to their senses are given,
Each heart still indulging the pleasing reflection,
That thou may'st be found in that happy selection
Of those high exalted on earth and in heaven.

Lines,

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE SITE OF BANOREEN CASTLE,

In the Barony of Lecale.

How cold is the warrior in death's gloomy dwelling,
O rash of the valley! that dwell in thy halls,
His arm once so mighty, the foe man repelling,
Who dared to besiege thy proud fortified walls.

In vain did the hosts in their fury assail thee,
Led gloriously on by the valiant Mountjoy;
To submission his forces could never compel thee,
For no human power could thy fortress destroy.

Now haply, where heroes in anguish lay bleeding,
The feet of the warlike steeds wantonly tread;
On the turf that encloses the mighty they're feeding,
Depressing the breast of the desolate dead.

Thus time, over boundless creation wide wasting,
The loftiest kingdoms of earth has destroyed;
The fiat's eternal, that empires are hasting
To sink, and be lost in nonentity's void.

ON HEARING

SOME OF MY FAVOURITE AIRS

Performed on the Piano Forte.

Ye minstrels angelic, your musical powers,
To ecstasy waken my sad pensive soul;
Refreshing as dew-drops to summer's parch'd flowers,
As on my struck ear the sweet melodies stole.

In life's vapid moments, O were I but near you,
For O, I have oft felt their sense-dulling sting;
From despondency's gloom it would free me to hear
you
Harmoniously touching each magical string.

Awaken my muse from her lethargic slumbers,
Entranced by the strain which such soft notes in-
spire;
While graces celestial attune the sweet numbers,
And holiest sounds shall awaken each wire.

THE

TRAVELLER BENIGHTED IN MOURNE.

A FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.

*Beneath the formless wild he wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;—
While round him night resistless closes fast;
And every trumpet, howling round his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then two, they say, through all the burdened air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sigh,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.*

THOMSON.

• • • • •
• • • • •
Day left the stranger on the wintry wold,
Where Eve her clouds round Mourne's blue ridges
rolled;
And ere the destined hamlet he came near,
Night shrouds the wanderer in those mountains drear.

Hung round the hemisphere her darkest form,
And broke around his head the lurid storm:

Before his eyes the herald lightnings flash;
 Loud o'er his head contending thunders crash;
 As if almighty mandate had been given,
 To crush creation with the bolt of Heaven.
 So breaks the peal, deep-volleying through the gloom,
 Tremendous harbinger of final doom!

By cavern and ravine, so dark and deep,
 He totters on, nor dares to brave the steep;
 For, swept along the beetling summits hoar,
 Rocking the cliffs, the savage whirlwinds roar.
 In gushing torrents, sheets of sleety rain
 Burst through the blast, and swell the hurricane.
 With awe-struck wildness thro' the waste he wends,
 And all his soul to sad reflection bends.

" Ah, hapless fate, devoted thus to roam,
 Far from my natal cot, my native home!
 Poor wildered pilgrim, stranger of the wild—
 What wayward fortune has my steps beguiled?
 Vindictive Fate! thy victim why pursue?
 To resignation happiness is due;
 Then let thy thunders burst upon my head,
 Thy flaming lightnings all their horrors spread;
 Be the red bolt of holy vengeance hurled,
 And let the thro' annihilate a world:—

Omnipotent! though to thy fiat blind,
 Yet in thy mercy I may mercy find."

Still the benighted found no shelter near,
 But chained in resignation every fear:—
 When lo! the tempest from the mountain rolls;
 The fleecy clouds are slumbering round the poles;
 The winds are hushed, and in her noon on high
 The moon is sailing on the liquid sky,
 Her silvery radiance bright reflected shone
 On where a clay-built cottage stood alone:
 To this he shivering bends his lonely way,—
 He finds admittance, and is bid to stay.
 With modest guise the infant groupe retire,
 To let the bashful stranger share the fire;
 The cheerful matron hastes, without appeal,
 To spread her guest the fragments of a meal;
 No churlish kindness taxed the offered fare—
 Heaven claimed the thanks, that led his footsteps there;
 Then wanted tale, and song of artless glee
 Awoke around the festive jubilee.

* * * * *

Oh, Hospitality! thy beauties charm
 The peasant's breast, with kindness ever warm;

And make his cottage feast more nobly great
Than all the revels of the princely fete.

* * * * *

Now learn, ye proud, nor more your bosoms steel,
How Afric's children for the stranger feel;
Ah, hapless Park! thy fate was once to know
What sympathies in savage bosoms glow!
Shame, Europe, shame! the soul-debasing chain,
The driver's lash, the desolated plain,
She owes to thee,—yet still does she extend
The swarthy hand, her spoilers to befriend.
Untutored feeling there seems more sublime—
The generous heart beats true in every clime.

But why so far in search of virtue roam?
Her brightest, holiest beam is shed at home:
The pilgrim old, his eve of life o'ercast,
His white beard floating on a foreign blast,
Prays but to reach the shamrock-sprinkled shore,
That all his wanderings may at last be o'er;
And makes, amongst Ierne's bounteous race,
His last retreat, his final resting-place.
And should he track the circling islet round,
No kinder spot to shield his age is found,
Than that which greets the Muse's roving eye,
Where Donard's snow-clad summit seeks the sky.

* * * * *

All hail, ye patrons of the hapless bard,
From whom e'en weakest merit meets reward!
Where lonely Hilltown looks o'er silver Ban,
That laves Rathfriland, winds through Moneyslan,
See classic Boyd, and philanthropic Tighe,
Disclaim the pride of scornful scrutiny—
Protect and patronize the rustic lay,
And usher drooping genius into day!

Where blest Moyallen's lovely mansions rise,
A peaceful race appear in simple guise;
Foes to no sect, their lives serenely glide,
Unscathed by fell Ambition's maddening pride;
O may his minions ne'er their homes annoy,
But virtue's sunshine beam a cloudless joy!
May Peace sit smiling on their temple fair,
And Penn's meek spirit still be cherished there!

And you, ye friendly sons of fair Killeel,
Whose generous bosoms for the stranger feel;
Should adverse fate impel him to explore
Your hamlet rising on bleak Mourne's shore,
To your kind mansions should he chance to come,
Each wears the spect of his native home.

Though stern oppression's adamantine brand
 Has oft, my Erin! smote thy sainted land,
 Yet, oh my country! still thy sons are brave,
 On the embattled plain, and blood stained wave.
 Thy daughters, blooming as the blush of morn,
 Thy hills, thy dales and cottages adorn:
 They meet the stranger with benignant smile,
 And greet him welcome to the holy isle.

* * * * *



NOTES.

THIS unfinished poem, (the completion of which would have retarded the publication of the work, already too long delayed,) was intended as a slight tribute of gratitude to the inhabitants of Mourne, among whom the author experienced the hospitality he has attempted to describe.

Page 67—*At, hapless Park!*—

The enterprising and unfortunate Mungo Park, whose researches in the interior of Africa occupied so much attention, relates, that his passage across the Niger being interdicted by the king of Bambarra, he was obliged to retrace his steps, and seek shelter in an obscure village at a considerable distance, until he should undergo an examination. Arriving there, he found, to his great mortification, that the fears and prejudices of the inhabitants had effectually closed the doors against him.

Disheartened at this reception, he passed the remainder of the day under the shade of a tree, without any refreshment whatever. The wind rose, and the atmosphere threatened a heavy rain: the wild beasts, too, were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that, about sunset, he was preparing to pass the night in the top of the tree, and had turned his horse loose, to graze at liberty, when a poor woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe him. Perceiving that he was weary

and dejected, she inquired into his situation. As soon as he had explained it to her, she took up his saddle and bridle, and desired him to follow her. Conducting him into her hut, she lighted a lamp, and spread a mat on the floor. She then went out, and in a short time returned with a very fine fish, which she dressed for his supper; and pointing to the mat, assured him he might rest there without apprehension. "She then directed the female part of her family," says he, "who stood gazing on me in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they spent great part of the night.

"They lightened their labour with songs; one of which was evidently composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:

'The winds roared, and the rains fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.

CHORUS.
Let us pity the white man;
No mother has he
To bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.'

"Trifling as these circumstances may appear to the reader," continues our traveller, "so me they were affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented to my compassionate hosts two of the four brass buttons which re-

mained on my waistcoat; the only recompense which I had it in my power to bestow."

The following paraphrase on this African song is attributed to the Duchess of Devonshire.

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast:
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad and faint was he;
And ah! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is hushed, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice hath hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Go, white man, go,—but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,—
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Page 73.—*All hail, ye patrons of the hapless herd!*—

In many parts of Ulster it has been the author's fortune to receive the most gratifying attentions, and liberal encouragement, where he was a total stranger; and very rarely has he been treated with any thing approaching to coolness. In some places, his reception was truly flattering; and it will be his pride to hold in warm and grateful remembrance, the kindness of a number of friends, whose delicacy forbids him to name.

Epigram,

WRITTEN ON PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF
EDEN, BELOW CARRICKFERGUS,

*Where there is a clumsy representation of our first parents on the
showboard of a public house.*

It has been matter of conjecture,
And cause of many a learned lecture,
Whether 'twas orange, pine, or pear,
Our father Man got from his fair,
Which robbed them both of present peace,
And plunged in woe their fallen race.—
But why in darkness should we rove,
And seek the fruit from grove to grove?
Yonder in Eden, as you pass,
Behold it in the luscious glass!
'Twas neither orange, pear, nor pine,—
It was a cluster from the vine.

TO

A REDBREAST,

*Who flew in at the author's window one morning,
during a heavy fall of snow.*

O, Robin, but you're sair forlorn!
Your plumes wi' winter war are torn;
The warld's white wi' snaw this morn,
And yet drift's thick;—
I hae a pickle groats o' corn,
For you to pick.

Let na mishap your spirits daunt;—
I've been mysel aft times in want;
But yet my cot the needy haunt,
Tho' unco bare;
And let my meal be o'er sae scant,
I gie a share.

And Robin, I'll provide for thee,
Till spring wi' blossoms dress the tree,
And ope the floweret on the lee;—
Then let you gang
Back to the grove, whare bonnie
Ye'll sing your sang.

THE STORM.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF SUNDAY, NOV. 13, 1813.

O monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!

SHAKESPEARE.

*This is the storm the whirlwind and the shower,
The blazing lightning, and the thunder's power;
When fate in darkness stalks her diabolical round—
When oceans whirl, and earthquakes rock the ground.*

DRUMMOND.

Clouds and thick darkness load the air—
Save when the lurid light
Illumes, with short and fitful glare,
The labouring womb of night.

And following fast athwart the blast,
Deep muttering thunders roar;
Then, closing round, the dun profound
Seems darker than before.

The wind, in its relentless course,
Flings down the scattering hail
The mountain floods collect their force,
And deluge all the vale.

THE STORM.

81

Saw ye that flash which lit the poles?—
Yon redder sheeted levin?
List to the peal!—now, now it rolls,
The angry voice of Heaven!

But why should fear my soul deform,
Though gloom the night o'ercast?
Lord, need I dread the raging storm,
When thou hast winged the blast?

Nor am I now by thee forgot;
I feel thy mercies move;
For e'er the storm assails my cot,
Its force thou dost reprove.

O what am I, that thou should'st free
My drooping soul from fear!
While thousands cry aloud to thee,
And various deaths appear:

Where swelling waves of ocean's flood
The hapless bark assail;
And tempests blow, in angry mood,
A horror-breathing gale.

Before their eyes, from pole to pole,
 Thy flaming lightnings flash—
 Loud o'er their heads thy thunders roll,
 With fierce contending crash.

Amid this elemental strife,
 Though thy red bolts be hurl'd;
 By land and sea save every life—
 From tempest's wreck, a world.

Thy guidance be their pilot's skill,
 Round faithless shores that steer;
 Nor yet thy wrath on them fulfil,
 That far at ocean veer.

On lashing surge, and rifted steep,
 Cast down a look of peace;
 Lull every stormy blast asleep,
 And bid the tempest cease.

ON

THE PROTRACTED RAINS,

IN MAY AND JUNE, 1811.

While, all around, the swelling rains
 Deluge the fields and verdant plains,
 O mankind, cease to mourn!
 For Sol's all cheering glorious beams,
 Shall dry again the muddy streams,
 And in bright glory burn.

Though sheets of drenching rain descend,
 And thickening clouds above impend,
 To wrap our fields in gloom,
 The great first Cause of every thing,
 In his good time, shall wake the spring
 With fresh reviving bloom.

Then, doubting mankind, cease to fear,
 Although the earth seems cold and drear,
 Nor dread a grievous dearth;

For he who is the seasons' head
 Shall bless again with store of bread,—
 With plenty crown the earth.

Nature must change in various forms—
 To day be calm—to morrow storms,—
 And shall in future be:
 There's nought within this earthly frame,
 That can for aye remain the same,
 Save Heaven's unchanged decree.

But that shall firm unshaken stand,
 When vivid lightnings burn the land,
 And nature melts away;
 When the loud trumpet's startling blast
 Shall summon all the good, at last,
 To an eternal day.

SONG,

TO **** *

AIR—"When silent Time."

Could dreary winter's gane awa;
 Nae mair his surly tempests blaw;
 And melted are the wreaths of snaw:—
 Then wilt thou gang wi me,
 To see the spreading woodbine bowers,
 To see the bonnie opening flowers,
 Sae fresh, when wat wi' vernal showers,
 An' a' in bloom, like thee?

'Tis fair to see the moon o' spring;
 'Tis sweet to hear the birdies sing,
 And lightly flit on wanton wing,
 To court us to the grove:
 And now the gowden flower o' May,
 The primrose, and the daisy gay,
 Bloom like place we chance to stray,
 Inviting us to love.

Nor lambkins sporting on the lee,
 Nor birdies singing bonnilie,
 Nor nature's sel, compares wi' thee,

When drest in a' her pride:
 O' a' the beauties on the green,
 Thou art the fairest to be seen,
 O' Nature and o' women queen;—
 O gin thou wert my bride!

Then wilt thou to my vow give ear?
 By a' aboon, I loe thee dear!
 For thee I drap the silent tear,
 And feel the heaving throo:
 O gie nae mair my bosom pain,
 Nor brand thy victim wi' disdain,
 Nor let me tell thee aye in vain,
 My hopeless, cherished woe.

O let thy heart responsive beat!
 Gie me thy hand!—sic rapture sweet
 Will mak' my saul wi' bliss replete!
 And grant me but thy love,
 And by the brightness o' thine e'e,
 And by the power that reigns on hie,
 I'll loe thee dearly till I die,
 And never learn to rove!

ON MR. J. H.

LEAVING THE ISLAND OF RATHLIN,

Where he had been on a shooting party.

O, a' ye various muirslan' brood!
 O, a' ye skimmers o' the flood!
 O, a' ye warblers o' the wood,
 Come, join my strain;
 Nae mair he'll come to spill your blood—
 Awa he's gane.

Ye maukins, ye nae mair need peep
 About your holes, or secret keep:
 Nae mair wi' noiseless foot he'll creep
 About your den;
 Ye a' may now in safety sleep—
 Awa he's gane.

Nae mair ye need his pathway shun;
 Nae mair ye'll thole his wanton fun;

Nae mair ye'll hear his roarin' gun
 Along the plain;
 Nae mair before his hounds ye'll run—
 Awa he's gane.

O, ye may wish, baith ane and a',
 Him and his gun to keep awa!
 For if ae blink o' you he saw,
 On bush or vane,
 Or in the air, ye're sure to fa'—
 He ne'er missed ane.

How the Kenramer kernes wad jump,*
 To hear the cliffs' wild echoes thump,
 As on ilk blue basaltic lump,
 Smote his wee bullets,
 That in the wave, wi' noisy plump,
 Brought showers o' pullets!

But they may wanton at their will,
 And rest secure, and fear nae ill;

* The inhabitants of Rathlin are not less noted for simplicity, than hospitality; but the people of Kenramer are observed to be of a more independent spirit, and to have less intercourse with strangers, than those who live upon the other end of the island.

A lasting sleep has laid him still,
 And stapt his breath;
 He felt it waur than poacher's bill—
 The shaft o' death.

Now, pussie, ye may scud, at morn,
 Across the rigs o' braided corn;
 Ye'll hear nae mair his swelling horn,
 Or growling strife,
 That aft your trembling kind has torn,
 And robbed o' life.

Yet, when the storm begoud to blaw,
 Muffin the plains wi' wreaths o' snaw,
 Lest Luath's fang or lusty paw
 Your lives sud wrang,
 He tied him up ayont the wa,
 Wi' leathern whang.

When winter frosts bound nature's frame,
 And farmers fed the nowte at hame,
 Though he was licensed for the game,
 Ye ate his kail;—
 At you he ne'er took deadly aim,
 Wi' pouthen an' hail.

And you that haunt the cliff and cave—
 Ye divers o' the swellin wave!
 Ye may your glossy pinions lave,—
 I'll list your cry,
 When wintry tempests wildly rave
 'Twixt rock and sky.



TO MR. J. B.

On the author's return from a nightly excursion.

YESTREEN, ye ken, the scene was mild :—
 The Muse, sweet Fancy's darling child,
 My steps out owre the knowes beguiled,
 Whar heather bells
 Purpted the various rural wild,
 And dewy dells.

Calm fell the night o'er Inisfail ;
 The lift was drest in azure veil ;
 The streamers danced on Lochindaal,*
 Wi' gleamin' glance ;
 And stars begemmed, with lustre pale,
 The blue expanse.

The moon her silver horns did fill ;
 The grey mist slept on Crough hill ;

* A bay in the Highlands of Scotland, visible from the neighbourhood of the Causeway

No breath disturbed the solemn still,
 Sae fair and clear ;
 Sweetly the sound of fountain rill
 Rolled on my ear.

It was about the time o' night,
 When deils and ghaists, and mony a spright
 Haunt sightless round, dull sauls to fright
 Wi' deadly fear—
 O' sic I got an unco sight,
 —Ye'll quake to hear.

Fu' loud I heard an eldritch mourn !
 Fear whispered through my saul to turn ;
 Wi' that a voice cried, " bring his urn,
 He comes wi' speed ;
 Before he ferries owre this burn,
 We'll knock him dead !"

And what was't but a fairy train,
 That there had held their midnight reign !
 They stapt their coursing o'er the plain,
 'Neath the moonlight,—
 Quo' ane, " to end his life wi' pain
 Wad shaw our spite."

Guess ye the fright I now was in ;
 'Twas needless for me back to rin ;
 So I begun to pray, my sin,
 God to forgie' :
 My guilt—a' cares, I left behin'—
 But how to die !

Then lika sprite my ears did fill
 Wi' cries,— " we'll bring him to the hill,
 And when we amber dews distil
 At mornin' grey,
 While gentle zephyrs fragrance spill,
 We'll catch his lay."

While ithers cried, " awa to hell
 Tak him, to see the deil himsel,
 And teach him there Agrippa's spell,
 Wi' a' its harms,
 And bring him back— he'll fortunes tell,
 And practise charms."

But ane, mair friendly than the rest,
 Said " God is God frae east to west :
 The bard has prayed within his breast—
 His prayer sincere

Has reached to heaven, and you had best,
Deils, lea' him here."

But now the moon her beams did shroud;
The fairy elves rose in a crowd;
They filled the air wi' yells an' loud,
The deils wi' flame,
That ere I could the sight becloud,
I was at hame.

About these dreams o' superstition,
I wish and wait for your decision;
Whether these fragile shades o' vision
Hae here existence,
Cut aff frae Heaven, an' bliss Elysian,
At sic a distance.

TO MISS J. L.

To thee, with breast of warmest glow,
Heaven did a precious gem bestow,
Bright as thy radiant eyes,
To be esteemed by thee most dear,
With purest love, and soul sincere,—
'Tis wisdom—sacred prize!

O do not at the blessing spurn!
That monitor which bids thee turn
From every idle toy;
For vanity's fantastic train,
Would taint thy heart, thy soul would stain,
And every charm destroy.

"Each fancy of the vulgar throng
Maddens to lead thy footsteps wrong,"
Cries Wisdom's warning voice:
O hear the call which makes thee blest!
Let her inspire thy gentle breast,
And be thy happy choice.

'Tis she will every vice controul,
 And form the bias of thy soul
 To virtue and to love;
 O seek her, while in early prime!
 No distant date sums up the time
 When thou must hence remove.

Then humbly for her guidance look,
 Peruse each lesson of her book,
 And kneel before her shrine;
 Nor seek her walks in solitude—
 For wisdom teaches to be good,
 Her ways are all divine.

Thus, through the circling hours of day,
 Thy conscience shall be always gay;—
 When locked in sleep by night,
 Celestial joys, in blissful dreams,
 Shall glad thy soul, till morning beams
 Return with glorious light.

Seest thou how fast May's golden flower
 Drops and decays, in mead and bower,
 By time's malignant frown?

Behold the fall blown rose of June!
 Its beauty shall be faded soon,
 A likeness of thine own.

Now beauty's rosebud paints thy cheek;
 O let this teach thee to be meek:—
 How fleeting is its bloom!
 Thus dims the brightness of thine eye,
 Thus fades thy cheek of rosy die,
 And withers in the tomb.



HYMN,

Composed in a melancholy state of mind.

Whence this lingering melancholy,
These fond longings of the mind?
Whence these sighs, that show my folly,
Seeking comfort from the wind?

What is fame, that some have courted?
'Tis a bubble on the stream;
'Tis a fabric unsupported—
'Tis a pleasing, passing dream.

Nature's bounteous God hath given
Sober intellectual sense:—
Thank, my soul, indulgent Heaven,
For this blessed competence:

Yet, O yet, it often clammers,
(Lord! with sighs I now confess)
Imagination's airy chambers,
Seeking tastes of happiness.

HYMN.

29

Where, O where's its only centre?
Where, O Jesus, but in thee?
On thy merits now I venture,
Point of bliss and gravity.

Joined by faith, my radius vector,
Lit by thee from pole to pole,
Love, that's sweeter far than nectar,
Now propels my circling soul.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Written on seeing the poem of "Woman and the Moon," in the Belfast News-Letter.

One night as I strayed on the verge of the ocean,
The pale beams of Cynthia played on the flood;
The man in the moon seemed in dreadful emotion!
All nature was hushed, and I motionless stood.

He lift up his hand, to my great consternation,
And swore by the stars that were blinking on high,

To wreak out his ire on this cold blooded nation,
Which nought that is lovely in woman can spy.

"The moon is my parent," he cried out like thunder,
"The clown, even, knows that my sire is the sun :
Go visit the muses, and tell them I wonder
And shrink at the sight of the deed they have done.

"They've slighted the woman, yet none to defend her !
I'll rescue the blooming and generous fair ;
Command them to bring forth to light the offender,
Confessing his crime,—for my arm is made bare.

"For ages fair Luna has claimed the attention
And gilded the path of the dark sons of earth ;
And so lovely woman, I glory to mention,
Has caught the affections of noblest worth.

"'Tis true, the moon changes—but 'tis for the better :
She faithfully sends down her new borrowed ray ;
And so would the woman, if man would not fret her,
While gladly she shines in her own milky way.

"How dreary and gloomy when Luna's not shining,
To lead on the way, and to lighten the path !

And oft have I witness'd distress and repining,
When woman's fair charms were beclouded by death."

With that the night-bell woke my senses allured ;
The dark fleeting clouds hid the orb from my sight ;
To see her again I could not be assured,
And so bade the man in the moon a good night.

Enigma.

There is a thing, with dangling head,
Whose wit and brains took wing and fled,
And left a changeling's in their stead :
Pray tell its name.

There is a thing which oft you pass,
With spish look, as dumb 's an ass,
At which you peep through optic glass,
Pray guess its name.

There is a thing, for aught I know,
Dropt from the moon some time ago :

'Twas there a puppet in a show ;

Pray guess its name.

There is a thing, with magpie hop,
Would make a scarecrow for the crop,
Would make a sign for barber's shop ;

Pray guess its name.

There is a thing, half man, half maid,—
Half man ! 'tis nothing but a shade,
By taylor and staymakers made ;

Pray tell its name.

There is a thing, with neck and waist
Like grey-hound, or some other beast,
Which by these marks is easy traced :—

Pray guess its name.

THE REV. ARCHDEACON *****.

If man has got a power to chuse,
To do or good, or ill refuse,
Would any turn aside to evil,
Lured by temptations of the devil ?
Then why ? what need of Heaven's mandate,
When none is doomed to hell by fate ?
'Tis vain ; no hell for man hath burned,
He of himself to virtue turned.
'Tis said, in Adam all have fell,
And all for sin deserve but hell.
Of these extremes, which is the middle,
Perhaps you'll find, and solve the riddle.
But be it rightly understood,
Man of himself doth nought that's good.
When man doth evil, wouldst thou blame
Him, or the Power that should reclaim ?
Should man take either of the roads,
Know, each impelling power is God's.

TO DEATH.

"Many are the ways that lead to thy grim cave."

"One bustling and one dancing into death."

Thou king of terrors! mortal foe,
That day and night goes to and fro,
Fell cause of every pain and woe!
Saint, sinner, sage,
Have got from thee a deadly throe
In every age.

At first, the serpent's subtle wile
Did mother Eve with fruit beguile,
While abe, with an assenting smile,
Began to sin,
And thou, O Death! approved the while,
And so came in.

Now, since the righteous Abel's blood,
Thou hast the race of man withstood,
And dealt thy blows in furious mood,
With noisome clamour;
And but Elijah, since the flood,
Escaped thy tremor.

Since that first righteous blood was shed,
The joy of earth's for ever fled;
Thy storm has roared round every head;
Thy ruthless dart,
With fateful certainty, has sped
To every heart.

When Sampson sought thy chambers drear,
His boasted strength thou didst not fear;
Thou sat'st on fell Goliath's spear,
That giant foe,
Till valor's son to him drew near,
And cast him low.

At Gibeath thou didst thrice advance;
In Ephraim's wood thy steed did prance;
For thee was lighted heaven's expanse,
With lengthened day,

Till Joshua's sword and pointed lance
His foes should slay.

Before the walls of far-famed Troy,
Thou didst thy murderous hands employ;
When Hector did whole ranks destroy,
Thou then wert near:
His reeking blade thou saw'st with joy,
And crusted spear.

Now fare ye weel—I'm in your power,
Which costs me money a weary glower;
I dread that soon ye'll knock me owre,
Wi' coward blow,
And grim distorted o'er me lower,
My direst foe.

Through rolling time, each circling year,
Thou art the cause of many a tear;
The ties of love and friendship dear
Thou rend'st in twain;
I have no other things to fear,
But thy grim train.

A sacrifice was made by thee,
Of God the Son, on Calvary;

Yes! by the eye of faith I see
His blood was shed,
But, by that blood, captivity
Is captive led.

All that have been, or e'er shall be,
Must fall at last a prey to thee;
But our High Priest, to set us free,
Bore all thy pain:
Now where's thy sting, thy victory?
He broke thy chain.

A WINTER NIGHT

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

WHEN surly winter 'gins to blaw,
An robe himsel wi' frost and snaw;
See roun' the ingle, in a row,
The rural folks
Sit down and pass the time awa,
In cracks and jokes.

The grey haired couple cozey sit,
Weel plesed to hear the youngsters' wit;
The guidman maks and coals the split,
And mends the fire,
And snuffs and smokes as he thinks fit,
Like ony squire.

The bleazin fire o' sod and peat,
Gars some sit back, and ithers sweat,
And thaws the amaist frozen feet
O' rustic Will,
Wha' scoured the muirs, through snaw and sleet,
His e'e to fill.

A WINTER NIGHT.

109

The winsome matron at the wheel,
Wi' canny e'e keeks at the chiel
She thinks wad fit her Jenny weel;
An sighs to see
Her careless smile, her heart o' steel,
And scornfu' e'e.

The wastfu' cause she needna spier,
Why Will, wi' a' his weel got gear,
Meets nae return but aye a sneer,
Frae foolish Jean,
For she remembers wi' a tear,
Wha comes between.

Their cotter's son, a canny blade,
Right skilfu' in the woolen trade,
Set a' his gins, and gript the maid
Fair by the heart;
Nor frae him could they keep the jade,
Wi' a' their art.

The rustic smokes, and talks o' lear,
Or how folk may mak' muckle mair,
By risin early, takin care,
An spendin nane;
10...2

Nor fails to please the runkled pair,
 Into the bane.

They talk o' houses, lan' and kye,
 When this ane calves, an that ane's dry,
 And how folk's hurried, that maun buy
 Baith milk an' butter;
 For plash o' tea, it's waur than whye,—
 It's but het water.

Hibernia has her frien's and foes;
 They sing her joys—grieve owre her woes;
 Nor bring the matter to a close,
 Till they declare
 They'd ring the villain by the nose,
 Wad rug her hair.

The kirk disputes 'bout points o' faith,
 Melchizedeck, or Jephtha's aith;
 The witch o' Endor, or the claieth
 That Israel wore,
 When journeying through the vale beneath,
 To Canaan's shore.—

These mystic points, hid in the dark,
 Set a' their noddles quick to wark;

And in a wheef, they do a darg,
 Waur blacker coats,
 Wha lie asleep, and winna bark
 Without the groats.

Neist tales o' ghaists an magic spell—
 O' witches lowin out o' hell,
 And tricks o' Nickie-ben himsel',
 Gae roun and roun,
 Till ilka youngster thinks, pell mell
 He's comin down.

But time, that flies though we sit still,
 Brings roun' the hour, that sorry Will
 Maun cross the eerie glen, or rill
 O' murmurin lay:
 The auld son puts him owre the hill,
 And points the way.

Now Will's awa, the lassie's glad,
 The supper's past, they haste to bed:
 But balmy sleep awa is fled,
 A' Jean can dae:
 An thoughts o' Will rin in her head,
 That mak her pray.

"Ye powers aboon, instruct me now,
Whether I should to Tam stan' troe,
Or tak the man that's het an' fou,
Baith butt an ben;
I lea', I lea' it a' to you,—
I dinna ken:

Perhaps 'tis right in thy decree,
That Will should woo, nor let me be,
Wi' gear an cracks catch heart an' e'e,
And then my han';
A's dark, a's dark—I canna see—
I'm at a stan'."

Wi' that a rap is haffins gien
Upon the pane,—weel kend by Jean;
She quats her prayers, and opes her een,
Scaur'd wi' the knock—
And tremblin lets in Tam, his lane,
At twal' o'clock.

Blue wi' the cauld,—nipt wi' the frost,
Poor shiverin Tam is nearly lost;
But wait,—the greeshagh out is tossed
Between his legs,
Which thaws his bluid, and sairs to roast
The beef an' eggs.

The night slips owre—nae time to lose;
He enters quickly on his views;
An smilin Jenny bears o' news
Unheard before;
Ye'll tak your Tam,—or now refuse
For evermore."

He spurns at fear, and cares, and toil;
He's young, he's strong—has heaven's smile;
A cog o' meal, a cruise o' oil,
He hopes to hae,
Though this should burn, and parritch boil,
Baith night and day.

The lassie, now put to her pinch,
Maun steady stan', or quickly flinch:
Her time is short,—'tis but an inch;
Quick as a shot,
The nail she'll either draw or clinch,
Just on the spot.

"Since it is sae, I now resign;
I will be yours, and you'll be mine;
Sure as my arms I now entwine
Aroun' my love,
My steady heart will ne'er decline,
Nor faithless prove."

Thrice happy mutual loving pair,
 Unconscious of mad carking care!
 Ye view the side that's bright and fair,
 And taste the sweet;
 Nor think the world's entanglin' snare
 May mak ye greet.

Now Luna, shapet like a crown,
 Behint a hill was slidin' down;
 Nor maun she rin anither roun',
 Or cock her horn,
 Till by her light, frae Hymen's town
 They baith return.

A distant sound strikes on the ear,
 The clarion voice o' Chanticleer;
 Wakes wi' the dawn the lassie's fear,
 An Tam maun stride;
 And, limpet-like, he's waco sweer,
 To lea' her side.

The kye now routin i' the byre,
 Call forth the carefu' waukrife sire,
 While Jenny rakes the scattered fire,—
 Lies down her lane;
 An Tam glides hame, wi' strong desire
 For night again.

PARAPHRASE

ON REVELATION, i. 7.

To call the nations to his bar,
 In flames of fire the Lord doth come;
 The trumpet sounds "prepare, prepare!"
 Awake ye nations! time is done;
 The conqueror of the grave draws nigh,
 And death itself begins to die."

Lowly upon an ass he rode,
 And wept o'er blind Jerusalem;
 But lo! he comes in yonder cloud,
 To judge the numerous sons of men;
 And those who pierced his hands and feet
 Shall see him throned in awful state.

Yea! every eye shall then behold
 Th' incarnate God, enthroned in fire;
 Though like a slave he once was sold,
 And crucified at man's desire.
 Though like the lamb he suffered here,
 As Judah's lion he'll appear.

Before him lambent lightnings glare,
 While twice ten thousand thunders rear;
 And all hearts fall through guilty fear,
 That never feared his name before.
 Their knees wax feeble—lift the head—
 Seek after death, but death is fled.

From every circle to its pole,
 Tremendous earthquakes shake the sphere;
 And nature groans and writhes her soul,
 To view her dissolution near.
 And then resounds the dreadful cry
 "The judge! the judge is drawing nigh!"

The wicked, seized with guilty dread,
 Now wail because of him, and mourn:
 For them his precious blood was shed,
 And they rejected it with scorn.
 All kindreds wail, who lived in mirth,
 And hid their talents in the earth.

Ah! see, in that dread awful hour,
 The wicked starting from the grave,
 Immortalized, to die no more,
 And black as hell's dark yawning cave!
 At their reward they now arrive,
 Where life is dead, and death's alive.

The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 The mighty and ignoble, cry—
 "O rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his piercing eye!
 The day of wrath, the day of doom,
 Alas! alas! is come, is come."

His flaming eyes now dart a look,
 And boundless worlds are set on flame;
 Yea, heaven and earth expire in smoke,
 And place is found no more for them.
 They melt, dissolve,—his look obey—
 Groan their last groan, and pass away.

The righteous—those who loved him here,
 And for his sake would life forego,
 Then bid farewell to every fear,
 To sin, and everlasting woe.
 With songs to Zion they return,
 No more to weep, or wail, or mourn.

Their bodies, raised by power divine,
 Blooming as youth with Eden's bloom,—
 Brilliant as yonder sun they shine,
 And to the new Jerusalem come.

Lovely as angels they appear,
And Jesus feeds and leads them there.

But O! the glories of that place
What tongue can tell, or heart can know?
Where rivers of redeeming grace,
Like Jordan, swell and overflow!
Where all, in whitest robes arrayed,
Drink at salvation's fountain head.

O may we wash our robes below,
By faith, in Jesus' precious blood,
Not only clean, but white as snow,
Like those before the throne of God.
That when he comes in clouds again,
Our souls may cry—even so, Amen!

TO MR. H**** M*****.

There is in my bosom a festering sorrow,
That chills every scion of hope in its bloom;
But e'er I from mankind one sympathy borrow,
Death shroud me eternally up in the tomb!
But yet not in vain has my bosom confided
In one, with whose friendship no falsehoods en-
twine;
And one I have found, in whose heart, undivided,
Some feelings awaken, responsive to mine.

Ye souls, with the tenderest sympathies fashioned,
Where softness and firmness have blended their seed,
For the crimes and the sorrows of others impassioned,
Ah, ye are the victims that live but to bleed!

What anguish is theirs, who, by nature exalted,
Are stamped with the nobler endowments of mind!
By cold-hearted malice and envy assaulted,
While scorpion-stung calumny stabs them behind.

But be it my lot, from all mankind estranged,
To live and to die still unknowing, unknown—
They seek bliss in vain, who the nations have ranged,
Destroying that peace which would else be their
own.

In my heart rude Adversity's rank weeds have stifled
Each rosebud of joy, and defaced its young form;
The gusts of affliction life's summer have rifled—
No bloom to survive from the wreck of the storm.

But what though the night-cloud should scowl for a
season,
And seem to envelope the bard in its gloom?
Through the tempest his soul shall be guided by
reason,

And for him the flowerets of Eden shall bloom.

Though oft almost driven by misfortune to madness,
 I'll patiently bear, and no longer repine:
 For often the mild-beaming eve-star of gladness
 Hath glanced on a bosom as woful as mine.

The seaman, long tost on the storm-ruffled billow,
 When moored in the haven, how happy and blest!
 So I, when my wand'rings are past, on my pillow,
 Shall feel more delight in the sweetness of rest.

By day, when the sun-beam shall gild the greymountain,
 Remembrance shall wake on my own native wild,
 And at night, when the moon will have silvered the
 fountain—

Thy friendship, bestowed on the Muse's lone child.
 O friend of my heart! my rapt fancy enfolds thee,
 When darkness and woe on her vision are driven;
 Despairing, forsaken,—with joy she beholds thee,
 The last beam of bliss which she borrows from heaven.

TO GEO. A. WRAY, Esq.

Let Adulation tune the vocal reed,
 And prostitute, with sly insidious art,
 The flame that lights to every nobler deed,
 And nerves the generous purpose of the heart:

Small is the triumph numbers can impart,
 When song would raise a tyrant's guilty fame;
 But when the tear of gratitude will start,
 Shall envious scorn the heart-felt rapture blame,
 Which gives its dearest meed, a tribute to thy name

The jarring numbers of my rustic song
 Were early rolled discordant on thine ear;
 Uncouthly came the measure from my tongue,—
 Yet kindly still didst thou vouchsafe to hear;
 And if one spark of genuine nature there
 Smote in collision on the waking wires,
 Thine was the tone, to feeling ever dear,
 Which lights the soul with warmest, purest fires,—
 That intellectual thrill which Heaven itself inspires.

Though fate forbade that thy excursive eye
 Should scan the errors of my latter page,
 Still let me hope to find protection high,
 And trust the clement virtue of the age.
 Yet if perchance the angry critic's rage,
 All harshly just, should scorn my feeble lay,
 O let this truth his zealous wrath assuage—
 No line is found, to weaken virtue's sway,
 Or lead the youthful mind from her bright path astray.

ON HEARING A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY
WILLIAM NEILSON, D.D. M.R.I.A.

IN THE IRISH, FROM THEIR WORDS.

"But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth,—I will have mercy, and not sacrifice; for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."—MATTHEW.

Sweet as that glorious anthem of the sky,
Which poured from heaven seraphic harmony,
And woke the shepherds, on that hallowed morn,
When the meek man of sacrifice was born—
Thy voice, which doth the gracious tidings bring,
That mercy yet expands her healing wing!

His love unsearchable, O who may trace,
Who found on spacious earth no resting-place!
The Son, contracted to incarnate span,
Though very God, became a perfect man;
Laid down for us his starry diadem,
And came—the blessed babe of Bethlehem!

The virgin mother watched; the holy child
Slept in the manger, lonely, dark and wild;

The wandering world, in error's guilty maze,
Heard not the cherub legion's song of praise,
Nor knew what high and gracious ransom lay
In loved Judea on that glorious day,
When rose salvation's day-star, beaming bright,
Whose radiance pointed to the infant Light.

Behold the sufferer, from his mother's womb
Beset with troubles, travelling to the tomb!
His houseless head found no kind shelter here,
For in his tribe he was a wanderer.
Bowed in Gethsemane, he wept and prayed,—
Was by perfidious traitor's kiss betrayed,
Accused, found guilty, buffeted, reviled,—
Nor yet was wrath infinite reconciled:
The shameful tree was by the victim borne,
Galled with derisive wreath of pointed thorn;
The great, the humble mighty man of woe,
Bore the embodied sins of all below;
By him he had preserved was thrice denied,—
With meanest malefactors crucified.
His nerves with sharpest nails were rudely torn,
—For us, for us, these agonies were borne!
With his last groan our sins were all forgiven,—
His fallen seed were raised to life in heaven.

O ever glorious light of gospel day,
Which sheds o'er earth a clear and fadeless ray!
Well might the holy prophet lift his voice,
To bid the howling wilderness rejoice!
The season ripens in the womb of time,
That frees mankind from misery and crime;
The lowly vales rise level to the plain:
The steepy mountains bow their heads again:
Each crooked path, a straight extending way,
Prepares the boundless triumphs of that day,
When once again the Son of God appears,
With his millennium of unclouded years:
Or when with power descending from above,
He lifts from earth the chosen of his love.

Not as when from the splendors of the sky
The mighty victor came, for man to die;
Descended from his Father's starry throne,
And trod the wine-press of his wrath alone!
No—when his might o'er shadows earth again,
The trump shall sound from yon ethereal plain;
Louder than Heaven's red bolt the blast shall roll,
And rock the prostrate world from pole to pole.

All hail to thee, in whose sweet accents bland
Flows the primeval language of our land!

And thine be that afflatus given to him
Whose lips were touched with fire of seraphim—
Or as that holier Spirit, which was given
In flaming tongues, borne on the breath of Heaven,
—To hasten that bright period of his word,
When earth's remotest tribe shall know the Lord!

And hark! the gospel trumpet sounds abroad,
To bring the weary wanderers back to God!
O will ye now obey the gracious call,
And turn, and live, in him who died for all?
So, when ye cease to draw your vital breath,
And slumber in the cold embrace of death,
Eternal day-spring shall more bright illumine
Your dreary night,—the grave's unfathomed gloom.
When the last thunder shakes creation's frame—
The glance of God sets countless worlds on flame—
When death and hell, with one tremendous groan,
Cast forth their dead before the judgment throne,—
When all, in "terror-mingled trust," await
The fiat of inexorable fate—
O may his mercy, boundless as his love,
Make you his ransomed denizens above!

THE END.

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ERRATA.

In the argument to the Sketches of the Causeway, line 8 from the bottom, for *Morgy—Dundace—Bennet*, read *Bennet—Morgy—Dundace*.

Page 19, line 4 from the bottom, for *redoubled*, read *redoubled*.

Page 22, line 16, for *war*, read *fall*.

Page 27, line 7 from the bottom, for *peace* read *joy*.

Page 42, line 4 from the bottom, in a few copies, for *ur* read *our*.

Page 64, line 4 from the bottom, in some of the copies; for *to heave a sigh*, read *to drop a tear*.

The author has to apologise to the public for the imperfect state in which these latter pieces appear, owing to some unlucky circumstances, which, however, would be uninteresting to the reader.—But for the number of pages promised in the prospectus, they would, with the exception of one or two, have been entirely suppressed.