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*Use Manual
Issue*

SAME DAY LOAN

FOR USE IN LIBRARY ONLY

THE
POEMS & SONGS

JAMES CAMPBELL

of Ballynure,

with additional songs not before published.



Where Nature's sweetest fair's bloom,
Poor Campbell lived in quietude;
Yet genius found him on the loe,
Upon the wild and barren shore,
His was no muse that yielded the great,
Or tuned his lyre for selfish ends;
He sang to soothe his destined fate,
He sang to please his true friends.

Byrnes

BALLYCLARE

Printed and published by A. Corry.

1870

PREFACE

On presenting to the public the Poems and Songs of James Campbell, the publisher considers it necessary to state, that it is done at the suggestion of individuals who would wish to see them preserved (as few copies are now to be seen,) and they considered that subscribers could be obtained, sufficient to remunerate for the time, trouble, and outlay, connected with the issue.

Although, it must be admitted, that there is a roughness and want of polish in the compositions, the consequence of his limited education, and circumstances, and the want of the opportunity of perusing the poetry which proceeded from the press previous to his time, yet, there are many traits of both wit and talent developed in the Poems and Songs, and they are favourites with the rural population particularly in the vicinity of the place where Campbell resided.

To those individuals who have taken an active part in procuring subscribers the publisher returns his most sincere thanks.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES CAMPBELL

Written for this Edition

BY JOHN FULLARTON

Author of "Fondal Scenes" "Wanderings in the
British Islands" &c.

JAMES CAMPBELL was born in the parish of Carncastle, in the neighbourhood of Larne Co. Antrim; where some collateral branches of his family still reside. His first years passed in the obscurity of cottage life, in a remote rural district in that part of the North of Ireland. His education was not altogether neglected. Like Burns, of whom he was a cotemporary he wrote a firm easy hand and had also acquired a fair acquaintance with figures which is looked upon by many parents even in the present day, as all the

learning necessary to prepare their offspring for the battle of life.

While progressing to manhood Campbell learned the trade of a linen weaver, a position in society but little removed from that of a day labourer but from which it was never his good fortune to emerge.

While yet a young man he left the paternal roof, and moved into the parish of Ballynure some eight miles distant, where he obtained work as a journeyman weaver, at the house of a farmer of his own name, employing men at that line of business. After a short residence here he removed, and was subsequently employed at several places in the parish; following the same monotonous, labourious, underpaid trade: for such it has been always, even in Campbell's lifetime when the hand loom weaver was in more request in the Northern Counties of Ireland than in this age of Iron: in which that description of labour is mostly performed by steam power. Although in his time this branch of business was deemed prosperous, the earnings of a good workman seldom averaged ten shillings weekly; occupying his entire time from thirteen to sixteen hours a day. And yet, even with this low remuneration of their labour, the hand-loom weavers of Ulster are or were a light-hearted intelligent class of men, industrious, unshackled in mind, and possessing many manly char-

acteristics as the writer of this notice, who knew them well, can testify.

Campbell, at the close of a few years of journeyman life, married a young woman named Stewart, originally from Carrickfergus; with whom he settled down into housekeeping in the town of Ballynure. After a residence here of several years, he removed to the adjoining townland of Ballybrecken about a mile distant; wherein he continued to reside during the remainder of his life: toiling on for the support of himself and family, till within a few weeks of his death; which took place in the spring of 1818. He was interred in the burying ground at Ballynure Church-yard with Masonic honours, he having been long a member of that ancient Order, an immense number of brethren attending on the occasion.

Campbell was the father of a family of seven children, three sons and four daughters: the youngest of whom was verging on years of discretion at the time his death took place. His wife survived him several years and is laid by his side. Campbell was of middle stature, of firm build: very active in youth, and personally brave. He was dark complexioned; his look grave and impressive rather than prepossessing; his whole exterior giving little indication of the talent within. His written correspondence must have been very limited as none of his letters are to be

found: and at the present time, fifty-two years after his death, all who either shared in his friendship, or with whom he came in contact, may be said to have passed away. His poetical pieces alone form his record, but furnish little of his personal history beyond his thoughts.

Having been implicated in the Rebellion of 1798, he was arrested by the military authorities, and all his papers seized at the same time; comprising the whole poetical productions of his life up to that date, when he had passed his fortieth year. He was soon after liberated, for want of evidence to connect him with any overt act during the popular commotion of the period: but his papers were not restored: consequently the most of his writings up to that time were lost:—except such as may have been committed to the keeping of friends or boon companions: his own memory being very defective.

The principal part, if not all, he wrote was composed on the loom. It was his custom to keep an inkhorn and paper always within reach, and jot down his verses on the instant they were formed in his mind. He had a ready command of rhymes, but his language was not always the most select, and his thoughts were in general more energetic than skilfully produced. His aim appears in his writings to have been solely to please the

class in society to which he belonged: and his personal friends set up this as the standard apology for the production of some pieces utterly unpardonable, and judiciously suppressed by Mr M. Dowd, while editing his posthumous volume which appeared in 1820. Copies of his songs were sent as soon as written off to friends who stood first in Campbell's estimation; and thus passed into a local popularity: while his society was every where welcomed; especially at drinking parties, where he was sure to hear those songs chaunted in full chorus. This species of local fame seemed to gratify his every wish for distinction as a poet; since he never attempted to prepare a volume for the Press, if he at any time in his life entertained such an idea. To be the author of a song in praise of his favourite beverage—to share in the excitement of the convivial hour, and contribute thereto by flashes of wit and humour, seemed to him the very essence of human happiness, the end and aim of his existence compared with which the higher objects of an ambitious mind, the thirst for literary distinction, and leaving an honourable name to posterity, weighed in his estimation as nothing in the balance.

He lived under the impression that poverty was his only crime, and the sole impediment to his literary success. He felt that the wealthy overlooked his talents; and hence a

species of hostility to the upper ranks is at times manifested in his pieces, the effect of disappointed expectations in finding thence a more general approval of his lucubrations. Thus it is in the world of letters: where we frequently meet the writings of men who, having indulged in similar views, and been guided in early life by the same fallacious reasoning, directing the stings of their satire not only against the titled and wealthy but levelled at society in general, which they represent as a vast arena wherein the strong trample down the weak. Campbell considered that he owed no gratitude to the wealthy men of the world, and felt no inclination to consult their tastes or predilections in his productions: but naturally turned to express his thoughts to the class ever ready to catch up his slightest remark either in conversation or song, and of whose criticism on his writings he felt no apprehensions. Burns at one time of his life entertained precisely similar views respecting the upper classes; which we find expressed frequently in his early poems, and very clearly in his correspondence: but after mingling freely with the "upper ten thousand," he seemed to have divested himself in a great measure of this opinion, which Campbell carried with him to the grave. Neither to the rulers of his native country, nor to its wealthy or learned

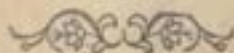
citizens was Campbell indebted for even the slightest favour, not one of whom ever once cast a single look on his lowly condition in life, or held out to him the hand of patronage, during his long unceasing struggle to obtain a bare subsistence by his manual labour, alone, for himself and his numerous family. Under all depressing circumstances still Campbell felt he was a man; and possessing independence of mind, was thus empowered to tread the earth beneath his foot as firmly, and look up to the skies overhead as freely as if born to the inheritance of a lord.

His name is still remembered in the towns and villages surrounding the localities where he resided.

It is hoped the re-publication of his writings will in some measure tend to preserve much that is really valuable in the man, and praiseworthy in the poet.

Belfast July 1870.

J. F.



THE

LANDLADIES ADDRESS TO BACCHUS

Together with their reflect us on the times; also, their determination to quit the evil of their former ways, by a sincere lover of the miscreant.

And behold it came to pass that the famine raged sore in the land, and greatly distressed the poor of the country; but the monopolizers and forestallers of grain waxed strong, and engrossed all the hard cash in their unhallowed hands, which reduced the landladies to extreme calamity; and they convened themselves together, saying, "What shall we do seeing this evil is fallen upon us?" And behold, an old sophisticated tun of iniquity, who had fattened herself at the expense of her honour, opened her mouth and said, "We will throw off our gorgeous robes purchased with the wages of infamy, and dress ourselves in sack-cloth and ashes, and repair to the house of Bacchus our God, and address him thus, saying,

Then God who raised us from the grovelling dust,
Pity our case, for yet in thee we trust;
Thy sovereign power, O Bacchus! we adore,
We deprecate thy wrath, thy aid implore:
O be propitious, and thine ear incline
To wretches base now prostrate at thy shrine.
We are the dregs of the whole creation,
And void of either knowledge or discretion.

We own our prayers unworthy thy attention,
 Our deeds have damned us all beyond redemption
 Our only aim was always to be winners—
 Have mercy on us miserable sinners!
 Our acts so vile, so mean, and so uncivil,
 As would be a disgrace unto the Devil:
 When men like these our savage hearts did pierce,
 We still kept maids were always void of grace;
 No crime at all but they could perpetrate—
 It shocks my soul their deeds for to relate.
 So passed my youth, in this damned servitude,
 In love's great how could I then be good?
 Not only me, but handladies of course,
 Oft take their rise from this infernal source;
 For which just vengeance has us overtaken,
 And Fortune's smiles our presence have forsaken.
 My house neglected lies, a dreary waste,
 And scarcely ever entertains a guest;
 The toasters pay, that used with me to call,
 Now pass me by, and nothing drink at all.
 Where once the bowl in quick succession flowed
 Now all is shrouded in a sable cloud.
 Ye heavy hours, how tardily ye go;
 Where grief resides, your pace is always slow.
 Ye silent rooms and solitary walls,
 What solemn sadness reigns where no man calls,
 Ye gods of mirth and wine, your reign is done,
 You may unstring your harp, and break your tune;
 No mirth, no music's voice now cheers each room,
 But all is silent as the peaceful tomb.
 Where are all joys, where is all comfort fled?
 Tell me ye powers, am I alive or dead?
 Thou god of fortune, wherefore dost thou frown?
 Thou raisedst me up only to dash me down.

Tell me the cause of this such quick transition?
 Or why to promised joy succeeds perdition?
 When fortune smiled, then, it must be allowed
 That I was supercilious, vain, and proud;
 This saying now I to my memory call,
 "A haughty spirit goes before a fall."
 I lately flew upon the wings of pride,
 From room to room with elegance did glide;
 My head was light, my gestures and my motion
 Did plainly indicate what was my notion;
 My face like brass, how sternly would I hawl,
 What do you want ye brutes? — or did you call?
 With affectation of majestic mien,
 I seemed to listen with a proud disdain,
 How pleased was I to hear each drunken sot
 Cry out "My hell we'll have another pot!"
 To see each drowsy swab upraise his head,
 His face distorted, and his eyes so red,
 His hair dishevelled, nose projected far,
 His tongue half out, his mouth standing ajar;
 Tobacco slavers falling from his beard,
 His vest unbuttoned, and quite off his guard;
 His greasy hands applying to his purse,
 Crying "Here is we cannot be the worse—"
 Go quick and bring another of the same,—
 Zounds, bear a hand, my throat is in a flame."
 I careless took the cash, my pouches crammed,
 And for the same, their impudence I damned
 Saying "Begone, for I will fill no more,
 There's nothing heard but an eternal roar
 Of cracking, laughing, caroling and loud singing,
 Of chairs breaking, jugs and brimmers clanging."
 Begone, I say, you'll knock my house to wreck
 Or I'll bring the soldiers on you in a crack.

This music word soon panic struck the asses,
 Who paid me for old broken jugs and glasses
 And crying, "We will give you no more trouble,
 Just let us stay and we will pay you double
 When thus I heard, directly I did bring
 A flowing can, just from the crystal spring,
 And sold it dear, that's obvious to see—
 Thus I maintained my idle family.
 When e'er I knew that cash they had in store,
 If they did call I quickly brought them more:
 Allured them on, while liquor they could hold
 Then was the time I wished to change their gold;
 But when their cash I found was wearing low,
 I sent them off, through wind, hail, rain, or snow.
 If they were sick, or drunk or indisposed,
 When they went out, the door I quickly closed;
 Their plaintive voice I never did regard,
 But cried "Begone you insolent blackguard,"
 This was the language that they got from me,
 When they had spent their cash, jovial and free;
 For which I mourn beneath a load of woe,
 And bear the scorn of all who do me know.
 Spurned and rejected, I sequestered crawl,
 Feed on the ferment of my poisonous gall;
 For now, alas! the days of pay are past,
 And what I feared is on me come at last;
 For very few are pleased to call with me,
 And numbers mock at my calamity:
 As by they pass, a look at me they steal,
 And cry "the sassy jade is at her wheel."
 My quart, my pint, my naggins, and my bowls,
 My glasses bright now dust and cobwebs hold;
 The thirsty fly, who moisture used to prize,
 For want of which, dead in the bottom lies.

O! what a change has now befallen me,
 For scarce a shilling do I ever see;
 You lazy-going, drowsy, humming wheel,
 Confined to thee, the sad reverse I feel.
 Ye hellish farmers, whose lack meagre jaws,
 Into your ravenous maws all treasure draws,
 Ye cursed scoundrels of the starving poor,
 I ascribe to you this year what I endure.
 May all the plagues that Egypt e'er befel,
 Light upon you, ye cruel imps of hell;
 May your damned souls, hell's glowing caverns fill,
 From the greatest knave to U—y* of the mill
 'Twas you that raised, the bread stored up the grain,
 And caused a famine o'er the land to reign;
 Which makes me pocket light, my limbs to stoop,
 My hands are weary being at this rock,
 But I'll endure in hope to be forgiven,
 I'll sin no more, and force my way to heaven:
 My mind's resolved, quite steady and unshaken,
 The scripture says, "by force it must be taken:"
 It also says, the which I'll not dispute,
 "In peace there dwelleth many a prostitute."
 Encouraged thus, for the straight gate I'll steer;
 If I'm assailed, there's none at all need fear.

INSCRIPTION

For the Tombstone of THOMAS PAINE Author
 of the "RIGHTS OF MAN"

Here rest the bones of Thomas Paine,
 Whose works immortal honour gain,
 For since his morals ne'er did stain:

* A well known grocer and meatmonger, who lived near
 the mill in Larnet.

When the greedy tomb can hold no more,
 The troubled oceans cease to roar,
 The wings of fame forget to fly,
 Till then his memory cannot die.
 As the Father of eternal light
 Illumined men with reason bright,
 Paine call on them still to be wise.
 This glorious gift not to despise.
 He said "Use it with circumspection.
 It points out fraud and sure detection;
 Draws into view the latent cause
 Of cruel and oppressive laws,
 Religious as well as civil,
 Shows who's to blame, man or the devil."
 When his country called him to a place,
 He filled his station with a grace;
 The public good was his intention,
 His soul was ne'er absorbed in pension
 In energetic, manly style,
 He wrote, and did his works compile
 Tore off the veil that vice did screen,
 Made frauds of church and state plain seen,
 The superstructure at the base
 He narrowed so to their disgrace,
 It's tittering about the ears
 Of deformed monsters, quacks, and pears
 He labored still to let us know
 The source from whence our evils flow.
 Though asters fronted were with brass,
 They grew saluted I must confess;
 To palliate the bold attack,
 They jointly swore that white was black.—
 Some men were shocked, some in surprise,
 And damned his glowing truths for lies.

A chief whom venal tools assist,
 Might swear the moon was in his fist—
 The moon would in his pocket stay,
 With stars, like jackstones he could play.
 It could be proved, complete indented,
 If but their pensions were augmented.
 With eyes impartial, Paine did scan,
 Set in clear light, the "Rights of Man"
 He bade "the ruled, and those that rule,
 Politics learn at reason's school;
 Each in his sphere with caution move,
 Then all might live in peace and love;
 For whilst the church so loved ambition,
 The state enforced imposition,
 Nor king nor priest, bishop, or lord,
 Could make mankind live in accord."
 His course through life and death agreed,
 From priestcraft wished he to be freed:
 He said "beware of the contagion
 Takes leave of virtue for religion;
 Its fabulous, it can't be true,
 When virtue is not kept in view."
 He said "In every state and clime,
 Records kept unimpaired by time,
 For in these words they all agree,
 Priests first devised idolatry."
 The cruel wars for vice or folly,
 Priests oft declared "they were most holy."
 Each cried "his church in danger stood,
 And desecrated earth with human blood;
 And really made them lose the view
 Of the theology that's true.
 They turned away their eyes from heaven,
 From whence true light to all is given.

This Paine beheld with detestation,
 And raised his eyes up to creation,
 And from the view of Nature's laws,
 A transcript saw of the First Cause.
 Each fowl that wings the ambient air,
 Each fish the liquid oceans bear;
 Each beast that breathes, and every man,
 Say "infinite wisdom laid the plan."
 In every herb, and tree, and flower,
 That clothes the field or shady bower,
 In grass and plant, and shrub, and tree,
 The great Designer he could see.
 In Spring's protruding tender gems,
 In Summer's ardent, scorching beams,
 In Autumn's ripening, golden grain,
 In Winter's torrent raising rain;
 In every path, where'er he trod,
 He saw a ray of Nature's God.
 Paine said, "vain man puffed up with pride,
 Almighty power would circumscribe
 To this small globe here in this place,
 Regardless of unbounded space."
 On wings of light could man ascend,
 In a line direct or quick descend,
 For millions of revolving years,
 Fatigued might cry, "No end appears!"
 The yielding ether would envail,
 The view distend still far and wide;
 From system into system run,
 Leave each fixed star, or central sun;
 As on this course he did pursue,
 New suns and systems rose to view;
 New comets flaming, blaze and burn
 New planets round their centre turn.

Obeying God's direction all,
 They from their station's never fall,
 Inherent power of gravitation,
 Impressed upon them at Creation,
 The quintessence of nature's soul,
 Gives power and motion to the whole
 By attraction and projectile force,
 Invariably they keep their course.
 The marvellous vast, sublime idea,
 The human mind leads far astray;
 Familiar'd, we would incline
 Infinite power to define,
 From superficial to profound,
 Our reasoning faculty is drowned;
 From thought to thought the mind is tost,
 Then in a boundless ocean lost.
 Almighty power could make and plan
 Millions of worlds, as well as one;
 In space infinite have no void,
 Connect each orb, have all employed;
 Adjust each balance, make them feel
 His powerful regulating wheel,
 No jarring at its mass the rule—
 Of course, this must be the school.
 The arrangements then, most plainly show
 What all mankind may see and know,
 All tongues confess, and all eyes gaze
 Behold his glory, and give praise
 His attributes, by close inspection,
 Are, through his works seen to perfection
 Look with contempt upon the trade,
 Has intermediate beings made,
 This glorious light's through into shade.

Would we his power but ascertain,
 Look through the boundless vast domain;
 As through a glass his glory view,
 What mortal creature more could do.
 Do we want his wisdom to admire?
 Let the mind into itself retire,
 Then join the Psalmist, who has said,
 "O Lord! how wonderful I'm made!"
 If on his love we ruminate,
 His kindness should us stimulate
 To love each other, thus practise,
 Observe his counsels, and be wise.
 If his munificence we scan,
 The abundance he bestows on man!
 Though thankless, arrogant, and bold,
 No good from him be doth withhold!
 His bounty he bestows on all.
 Though some remind upon him call,
 His tender mercies all forgive.
 Bid the prodigal return and live.
 His love and goodness life sustain,
 Lights up the sun, pours down the rain,
 That fertilize and warm the earth,
 And bring its fruit mature to birth;
 With liberal hand, he wisely gives
 Abundant store to all that lives;
 Thus ties all creatures in one mind,
 To adore a Being good and kind;
 Their souls all join in gratitude,
 Till knavish priests on them intrude,
 With artful schemes their hearts divide,
 And discord spread, both far and wide.
 For man's sake, as it appears,
 Sets them together by the ears.

Through which the laws are disobeyed,
 The universal parent made,
 Which strictly bids us to agree,
 As children of one family.
 In spite of priests, in peace remain:
 "Let discord cease" cried Thomas Paine.

FLEGIAC STANZAS

To the memory of Mr. WILLIAM MC BRIDE,
 relict of Misses wife of Hallyeaston.

"With all its imperfections on its head,"
 Not one word I say, or one word transposed;
 For time too soon will lay you with the dead,
 And realize what now I but propose.

Nature, be silent as the grave!
 Cease, winds to roll, and winds to blow;
 Echo, return back to your cave,
 Till I repeat my tale of woe.
 Death has another friend assailed,
 And dragged him where he'll ne'er return;
 Fate has at length my lot revealed,
 And to me says, "I'm made to mourn."

Yea, dead alas! is brave M BRIDE,
 Who in Hallyeaston long taught science;
 His fame extended far and wide,
 And to calumny bade defiance.
 No learned parcel, no pedant's airs,
 No distinguished epithet's he sought,
 Nor vexed his mind with worldly cares,
 But all the soul of science taught.

His mind was genuine, pure and good,

His heart,—no better made of clay

High in his friends' esteem he stood.

But death has torn him far away.

Whilst here in peace his ashes rest,

His soul is wafted to the skies;

O little ones, why so distrust?

Such genius never' never dies.

He soared upon celestial wings

Aloft, beyond the reach of thought:

It to his pupils comfort brings,

To think by him they have been taught.

Yet, when to mind they will recall

The problem's that he did explain,

They'll heave a sigh as tears fall,

And for him sadly will complain.

While here, on this terrestrial spot,

His active genius could no more,

He's gone — let it not be forgot,

New worlds and wonders to explore.

In spite of time's corroding jaws,

Or what censorious critics say,

From posterity he'll gain applause,

And bards will hail his natal day.

His capacious, exalted mind,

Learning and virtue did employ,

A centre's circle it will find,

Will realize his hope and joy.

Here the learned and good that went before,

M.B. & Co. that followed fast behind,

The Master Builder will adore,

His image in his works to find.

HIS EPITAPH

Here lies interred William M. B. & Co.

He is not dead,—but only sleeping:

His spirit, quick as thought, did glide

Where there's no care, no toil, no weeping

ELGIIAC STANZAS

To the memory of the late Mr. JOHN WHITEFORD,
who died on the 7th June, 1798

Low lies my friend and comrade dear;

Whose memory I will revere,

While vital fluids through each vein

Can animate this earthly frame.

How fleeting is all earthly treasure!

No permanent nor solid pleasure;

When the cup of joy seems to overflow,

Ere it finds the lip, 'tis dashed with wo.

In every walk, through moor and mountain

Near the cool shade, or crystal fountain,

Where conversation we did share,

Seem tacit, for he is not there.

He was all that mankind ought to be,

Benevolent, generous, kind, and free;

An affectionate and loving brother,—

Far might I search for such another.

A melancholy, glaring truth,

His equal scarce in age or youth.

His deeds all evidently prove,

His country's cause none more could love.

Though famed antiquity may boast

Of virtuous men, whose lives were lost.

From fraud to set their country free,—
 What did they more, than just did he?
 His active spirit glowed with fire,
 Whene'er a victim did expire,
 Though for their fall he often sighed,
 He pitied yet their fate envied.
 Desponding friends he wished to cheer,
 Said virtuous men had nought to fear.
 He copied patriots of old,
 His genius ne'er eclipsed with gold;
 But strove, like them, to extirpate
 Those poisonous vermin from the state.
 Who wished themselves to aggrandize,
 And o'er their country tyrannize:
 The sons of rapine, sword, and fire,
 He wished to make them soon retire:
 No bribes, no threats, no racks, no chains,
 His steadfast mind could ever change;
 He persevered in rules of right
 Until his soul just took its flight.
 No hero ever could do more,
 The rights of man for to restore;
 To propagate fair virtue's cause,
 And pull down all corrupted laws:
 To emulate the great and good.
 Corruption's torrent he withstood;
 In this he placed his chiefest pride,
 For which he fought, bled, fell, and died.
 When Erin's sons shall columns raise,
 To perpetuate her hero's praise,
 Insculptured marble will record,
 This worthy's name was John Whiteford.

HIS EPITAPH

Here lies a patriot indeed,
 Was not afraid to die
 Ten thousand deaths, could he have freed
 This land from tyranny.
 He's now at liberty and rest.
 Death broke his galling chain;
 Sets no oppressor, or oppressed,
 To give his bosom pain.
 Let every friend these lines peruse,
 Or those who may them hear,
 Unto his memory not refuse
 A sympathetic tear.

STANZAS

To the Memory of WILLIAM WHITEFORD son to the
 Late Patriotic JOHN WHITEFORD.

Death icy hand, that can command
 The greatest potentate,
 From me did rend my darling friend,—
 I'll still deplore his fate.

That happy name I once did claim,
 Of being his sweet wife;
 Now that is lost, since which I'm tossed
 Upon the sea of life.

The only hope my heart kept up,
 Is also from me torn;
 Words of the wise it verifies,
 "One grief ne'er comes alone."

My lovely child, who oft beguiled
The tedious hours away,
To my great wo, not long ago
Was laid in the cold clay

My dearest son I'm left to mourn,
He lately from me fled;
Life's bitter cup he would not sup
But turned away his head.

My William sweet my sense did meet,
Like a dew dropping thorn;
But Nature's foe soon laid him low,
When life was in the morn.

I'm sure no more than just years four,
He in my bosom lay;
My lovely dear to a mild sphere
Then winged his mystic way.

I did regret his early fate,
But now I must resign
What Providence to me dispense,
I'll bear, and not repine.

Happy are they who get away
In the dawn of their years,
Ere passions strong their course drive wrong,
In this low vale of tears.

Oh! may my soul firmly lay hold
On the eternal prize,
And follow there, where every care
Is wiped from sorrow's eyes.

Therefore I'll pray, while here I stay,
Or on this earth remain,
That we once more meet on that shore
Where joys eternal reign.

For here alas! no resting place
In this abode of sorrow,
Though promised joys each night comply,
Sure grief succeeds each morrow.

HIS EPITAPH

Here lies a child, who lately smiled,
Like a sweet rose in June;
But Death displeased, upon him seized,
And dragged him to the tomb.

Let none at all lament his fall,
Or call it premature;
The Father of Light, robes of white
Have promised to him sure.

Above to reign, relieved from pain,
Christ has assurance given:
"Children said he," let come to me,
For such replenish heaven."

EPITAPH

For Mrs. MARGARET HUNTER, late wife to Mr. JOSEPH
HUNTER of BALLYMORE.

Oh Death! thou great reliever of the poor,
From trouble, toil, and care!
Thy work is done capriciously, I'm sure,
The useful you don't spare.

For, cruel tyrant-like, you mostly strike
The useful and the young
And leaves the feeble, old, infirm and weak,
The stock, from whence they sprung

Though to the poor man's wants you put an
And lay his body low, [and,
You take the living poor man's choicest
Sometimes, before you go friend

These woeful truths conspicuously appear,
To my sad we and grief;
In your late attack upon a village near,
Of women, you took the chief.

It is true, your aid was there required,
Nature had prisoners left,
The liberal hand with giving was grown
Of comforts them bereft. tured,

You came, and saw, and burst the prison-
And bore him hence away; oratics,
You wiped all tears clean from the weeping
Brought them to kindred clay. eyes,

But O my soul! my heart recoils to tell;
Whom you bereft of life,
By your cruel dart, Margaret Hunter fell,
A worthy maid and wife.

A female worthy, I can say no less,
Her acts did plainly show;
For every virtue did her soul possess,
All knew her, this must know.

Ye females fair, who are in life's gay bloom
Ah! turn your eyes and see
A sister, good and kind, dragged to the tomb
Which one day you must be.

When her good conduct presents to your
Thus to yourselves reply view,
Her course through life, henceforth we will
That like her we may die. pursue,

Why should the gilded trifles of a day,
To decorate your frame,
Your mortal part will be consigned to clay,
Death triumph's o'er such fame.

Life's transient glances like to visions fly,
And quickly are forgot;
Without virtuous deeds the memory
Immediately will rot,

Devouring time, with power to destroy
Earth's produce here below,
Cannot deface her worthy memory,
All seasons green 'twill grow.

O, cruel Death! for taking such a friend—
But you can do no more,
Till back you come, just as away to send
The same path to explore.

Her face was the true index of her heart,
Fair, open, and serene;
No false, malicious, or alluring art,
In her was ever seen.

No setting sun but saw her bounty flow
 To the afflicted poor,
 Though the act of giving she ne'er wished
 She opened wide her door, to show

That the homeless wanderer might enter in
 His hunger to allay,
 With a complaisant smile she would begin,
 And some soft word would say.

She stumble might, but ne'er was known to
 She was a foe to pride; fall,
 If ever she was known to err at all,
 It was on mercy's side.

Her liberal hand, and humane tender heart,
 Are wanted much I fear;
 The friendless poor for her will feel the smart,
 And drop the silent tear.

Her tender husband for her will lament,
 Her children also mourn;
 Grief for the silent dead is idly spent,
 Alas! she'll ne'er return.

The number of her days to them appears
 Too small for the poor's need;
 But if virtuous actions count for years,
 She has lived long indeed.

Thus one great consolation now they have,
 Which will them peace afford,—
 What to the starving poor she wisely gave,
 "Was lent unto the Lord."

She now is furnished with an ample store,
 Her debts paid in tenfold;
 Her memory lives, when death can sting no
 She has no use for gold. more,

EPITAPH

ON ANDREW BOYD, THE HERMIT

Here lies a man, who through his life,
 Ne'er knew a concubine or wife;
 His progeny ne'er gave him joy,
 Nor yet their peace did he destroy;
 What woful scenes would some avoid
 Had Adam lived like Andrew Boyd.
 Death and the Devil would been idle,
 No Deist could denied the Bible;
 No thief in quest of gold would roam,
 No tyrant stride from tomb to tomb;
 No cunning priest, for lucre's sake,
 Would rob the credulous and weak;
 No lawyer, for his cursed fee,
 Condemn the just—the guilty free,
 No doctors, with their looks demure,
 Ten thousand kill, for one they cure.
 This ponderous globe had ne'er been damned,
 The Devil down he would been crammed;
 But now to tempt the saints he's trying,
 And raging like a roaring lion.
 This woful slip was made by Adam,
 Our learned divines can scarcely fathom.

They call't the source from whence just flows
 Our evils, cares, our griefs and woes.
 It quite deformed all nature fair,
 Made man's great foe the prince of air;
 It changed the motion of our sphere,
 Devouring floods, and flames brought here.
 Internal poised, the earth did run,
 In upright form, east round the sun;
 Then equal day, and equal night,
 Or equal shade, or equal light.
 But Adam, by his woful fall,
 Left nothing equal here at all.
 The elements in discord jar,
 And kings keep up eternal war.
 The savage tribes devour each other,
 And brother starves and robs his brother;
 Adam has given us cause to mourn,
 By thistles, briars, and thorns we're torn;
 Last, to the dust we are conveyed,
 Because his wife he once obeyed.
 This often Andrew did astonish,
 And silently would him admonish:
 His course through life with caution steer,
 Of women's evils to keep clear;
 He said that Adam was an ass,
 Who brought those woful things to pass;
 It evidenced that he was b'ind,
 To make Eve mother of mankind
 He saw she was created pure,
 Yet no temptation could endure;
 When first the Devil her seduced,
 And wicked Cain, no doubt produced,
 Posterity he used uncivil.
 When she connected with the Devil

This he should done, without dispute,
 Just laid the axe unto the root,
 And sent her back unto her maker,
 Or just have made the Devil take her.
 If it be true that has been said,
 He could have got a new wife made;
 Or Satan's scheme could have destroyed,
 By living still like Andrew Boyd.
 For that great power who first made man,
 Could millions make on the same plan,
 And the whole earth an Eden made,
 That needed neither plough nor spade;
 But flourished still in endless beauty,
 Unsullied by a Devil sooty.
 Who takes strange forms, still to deceive,
 Each blooming daughter of old Eve,
 To Adam's shame, it may be said,
 He has, in that, great progress made.
 Who saw the mother vice practise,
 And thought the daughters could be wise,
 Thus often Andrew did lament,
 And tried this way it to prevent;
 From Adam's guilt his seed to save,
 He has it with him to the grave.

EPITAPH

ON EDWARD MULLAN late of LARNE.

Here Edward Mullan lies at rest,
 No more with anxious cares distressed;
 From want, from wo, from grief has fled
 And lately numbered with the dead.

How many changes here has been
 Since he commenced life's checkered scene:
 With him they're terminated all,
 On this opaque terraqueous ball.
 The squalid hut, the gilded room,
 Time changes to the peaceful tomb.
 The hope of rest beyond the grave,
 Consols and cheers the oppressed slave:
 There the'll view scenes that comes to pass,
 Not through a dim, dark, dusky glass,
 No shade nor cloud will intervene,
 But they will see as they are seen:
 New visions will to them display
 A great eternal flood of day.
 Ned is arrived upon that shore,
 On this rude stage he'll act no more:
 No more his voice will charm the ear,
 Round Hunter's Lodge each heart up cheer
 The landlord old, looked brisk and young,
 Forgot his cares while Mullau sung.
 No more he'll wield the flaming sword,
 To guard secure the secret word,
 Nor challenge sages to devise
 Masonry's plans to equalize.
 No more, enraptured, he'll impart
 The humanizing, mystic art,
 The merit of the craft extol,
 Which clothed, and fed, and cheered the
 No more he'll to his bretheren say: [whole
 "Do not fall out now by the way,
 Nor strive and jostle none at all,
 But firmly stand while others fall."
 No more advise men to agree,
 Their feuds forget in masonry.

To the institution turn your eyes,
 Saying "Mind its precepts and be wise."
 No more the stranger he'll direct,
 Where they'll be treated with respect:
 Or them his counsel still bestowing—
 "Friends always mind where you are going,"
 No more invite men to attend,
 On the last rites of a true friend,
 Observing with a sigh profound,
 "What numbers I have seen laid down."
 No more display, from motives pure,
 Larne's* munificence to the poor;
 Her humane feelings, in times hard,
 Will surely meet a great reward.
 No more life's course he will pursue;
 What next may open to his view,
 From his judicious conduct here
 We've all to hope, and nought to fear.
 He was a Mason free and kind,
 Of feeling heart and generous mind.
 To serve his friend still gave him pleasure,
 Though fortune did deny him treasure,
 Which shewed her a blind judge of merit
 To clip the wings of such a spirit;
 For which his bretheren compensated—
 Her froons they mostly obviated;
 In consequence, Ned lived contented,
 And when he died, he was lamented
 By numbers who presume to say,
 Now he has winged his mystic way

*The inhabitants of Larne have been very chari-
 table to their poor, in seasons of distress.

To where it's said in ancient story,
 Old Peter keeps the gate of glory.
 If Ned's empowered it to unlock,
 There will none in Larne have long to knock

LINES IMPROMPTU

One reason why those roll in pride and state,
 Neglect the cot where worth resides obscure,
 The sordid pen, unbribed, will not relate
 The latent virtues of the labouring poor
 Where expectation can be realized,
 The'll strip the shrines of ancient worthy fame,
 To have a worthless ruffian aggrandized,
 Or dignify some grovelling villain's name.

Although the love of paltry gold,
 The pensioned pen from truth withhold,
 Yet the independent mind in rage,
 Will record his fame who nobly begs *

For the TOMBSTONE of a NOTED RECTOR

Here lies interred a noble rector,
 Who was of gold a real respecter;
 But acted far beyond character.
 Though thousands have disgraced the church,
 That now are lying in the lurch,

*That is, rather than fill some mean lucrative place, at the expense of his own honour, or his neighbour's peace and interest.

In all the villains that abound,
 Within the church of God around,
 His equal can't at all be found.
 If children, by their parents' vice,
 Could be deterred from Paradise,
 There's few of his posterity
 A glimpse of glory o'er wou'd see.
 To fill his belly, purse, and bowl,
 Tis thought he risked his very soul;
 He every nerve did rack and strain,
 And even sleeping dreamed of gain;
 He various ways and plans did take
 To rob the poor for lucre's sake.
 His mean reviewers swore and schemed,
 Till the very Devil grew ashamed
 Then the progress of the plough and scythes
 Was stopped by villain's swearing tythes,
 He cried — "The trade I now disown,
 The rector is arch Devil grown;
 No more in chains I will be bound,
 For he to fill that station's crowned;
 And begged of death to send him o'er.
 In Charron's boat to the other shore."
 But Charron sternly did declare,
 The wretch would cheat him of his fare;
 And said, his boat should never hold
 A priest so much attached to gold.
 It is a melancholy truth,
 He did adore it from his youth;
 And, to his shame, 'tis often said,
 He served the god that Aaron made;
 And always bowed the head and knee,
 Where George's image he could see.

He ne'er excelled, in any measure,
Till he amassed unbounded treasure;
Though gold he did possess great store,
He neither lent nor gave the poor;
But in a blink—a number know it,
His yellow gods he did deposit;
Which gods, he said, were not fictitious,
Their power to him had been propitious.
Without compunction, or contrition,
He went on with each deposition;
But when he heard this repetition,—
"That banks could issue nought but paper,"
His soul descended like a vapour;
And the last words was heard to say,
"O blast them sent the gold away!
Where'er it's gone, I will pursue,
Ducalful paper! now adieu."
He long had formed the great design
To go in quest of Pluto's mine:
'Tis the opinion of collegians,
He's gone down to the lower regions,
Each crevice there for to explore,
In hope to find the golden ore,
That in the bosom of the earth
Has ripened into perfect birth:
If that he miss, his next design is,
To stay and be a priest of Minos.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY

OF WILLIAM H. TAYLOR M. D. late of LARNE

Ye sages that henceforth do come
To meditate upon this tomb,

In friendly pity drop a tear,
For Doctor Taylor's bones lie here
He was a man of sense refined,
And felt a love for all mankind;
When want distressed his friend or foe,
What he possessed, part did bestow.
That promise he wished to secure,
"He shall be blest relieves the poor."
His bed, his clothing, and his board,
To the child of want he did afford
He never could contented be
To see his friend in misery,
But every way and means would try,
Their various wants for to supply
His wish extended still to save
Those whom disease bowed to the grave
Regardless of either time or distance,
He flew direct to their assistance.
His active hand, and liberal mind,
To serve the needy was inclined;
This glaring truth he wished to tell,
"When they are happy all is well."
Indulgence, no matter where,
To help was his peculiar care.
He said "He knew no other plan
Of serving God, but loving man:
He grieved the state of things was so,
The poor immersed in want and woe
Yet Heaven's justice he ne'er tared,
Though oftentimes his heart was vexed
To think what millions feel distress,
While others riot in excess;
While bounteous Heaven wisely gives
Abundant store to all that live,

He called them tyrants, who so bold
 The gifts of plenty doth withhold.
 "Exclusive property," he said,
 "By the design of man was made:"
 And oftentimes was heard to say,
 "Money was made to give away."
 He pitied those, with all his heart,
 Who could not with their treasure part:
 And called them slaves to their desire,
 Who gathered more than they require.
 To Plutus he ne'er bowed his knee,
 Nor worshipped Mammon e'er did he;
 Nor gold adored in any shape,
 Of man, or beast, bull, calf, or ape;
 But mourned for money making slaves,
 Returning naked to their graves;
 Saying "Their grand pursuit is o'er,
 Their gilded trash life can't restore."
 Thus, day by day, 'tis understood,
 He went about still doing good;
 Loved to disseminate the knowledge
 That he had gleaned in school and college.
 He was still cheerful o'er a bowl,
 To social love it raised his soul;
 And never passed a day in sorrow,
 For fear of want upon the morrow.
 Thus with the greatest confidence,
 He trusted to God's providence:
 "Why should the brings of a day
 Fear want?" he to his friend would say:
 "I'll on that power depend indeed,
 That the lily clothes, the ravens feed.
 The present time is only mine,
 I'll be content, and not repine."

If quacks he met, or chanced to see,
 In physic, or divinity,
 He compared them to a whitened wall,
 Had no intrinsic worth at all.
 He ne'er thought knowledge more profound
 In a fine hat, or wig, or gown
 Or dressed himself in gaudy pride,
 The feelings of the mind to hide.
 Gorgeous robes," he always said,
 Were still to ignorance a shade.
 Deterred the poor, advice to ask
 From those dressed up in such a mask."
 He said, "the vain, the rich, the gay,
 Were nought but animated clay;"
 And often boasted of defection, tion;
 Though cash still screened them from detec-
 With this he never could agree,
 His mind was open kind, and free
 This caused him often to expose.—
 All bucks, and apes, and clowns, and beaux;
 Still honest men did him respect,
 Though knaves and fools from worth detract.
 The worst that men could of him say,
 He loved to moisten well his clay,
 And that he never did deny,
 But mostly drunk when he was dry.
 In Larns he loved well to reside,
 Though various other parts he tried;
 But there with ease he soon could find
 A circle friendly, good, and kind.
 Among the sons of ancient light,
 His orb displayed a lustre bright.
 All bodies moving in his sphere,
 His lucid rays their minds did clear,

Till Death his sable curtain drew,
 And closed his scene quite from our view;
 Though from what cause does not appear,
 His half-run course was finished here.
 'Twas in an evil, ominous hour,
 The dreadful angel, armed with power,
 He prematurely did him seize,
 And thought to extinguish quite his blaze,
 But only could retract his rays,
 That in realms to us unknown,
 Now shine, and ever will shine on.
 He was of good men a respecter,
 Sometimes on great men he would lecture;
 Though here his dust lies dead as Hector,
 His soul's in heaven drinking nectar.

INSCRIPTION ON A MUSICIAN

Here a musician lately did descend [end;
 Down to the grave, who was my faithful fri-
 On his perfections now I will not loiter
 But just from reason hazard a conjecture:
 I hope to heaven he is gone to dwell,
 For no musician ever went to hell; [vades
 There dreadful mourning still that state per-
 No music glads their dismal gloomy shades.

EPITAPH ON JANE MORROW

A woman lately from life fled,
 Rests here among the silent dead,

Her neighbours she has left in sorrow,
 Crying "Alas for old Jane Morrow!"
 Born of vain pride, on a sea common,
 In all things else, she was the woman
 Ne'er squamishly at distance stood,
 But reached her help to all she could,
 She wisely did her treasure lay
 Where thieves could never take away,
 Nor moth, nor rust could e'er prevail
 To break or spoil the sacred seal.
 She many virtues did possess,
 And was kind even to excess;
 She gave, to ease hunger and cold,
 For which she'd get an hundred fold;
 She knew time here would her exclude
 From every means of doing good,
 But future glory she might see
 Through medium of a golden key.
 The unrelenting of the world,
 She knew in darkness would be hurled.
 Nature had formed her feelings kind,
 Which education much refined.
 To airs in dress she ne'er was prone,
 Nor valued much how she was shown;
 Whether her gown was large or tight,
 Her heart she wished adjusted right.
 Not one of all the vagrant train
 Did ever call with her in vain;
 She chid their sloth, yet let them stay,
 And served them ere they went away.
 The curtain's dropt, the scene is closed,
 And in the mould she is enclosed;
 The counsel set, the case fair take,
 Who acted best must joys partake.

Her sex's wants oft grieved her heart,
 Her clothing with them she would part
 Also to see them proud and vain,
 Oft made her heart to heave with pain
 The wanderers, as they low pass by,
 Complain, and at her absence sigh;
 And for the favours she has given,
 They wish her soul at rest in heaven.

STANZAS

To the memory of DAVID DRUMMOND Esq of
 BALLOO.

What solemn stillness reigns through space,
 Ere Phœbus bless the lawn,
 When scurrows from my eyes sleep chase,
 I rise before the dawn.

These woods, these wilds, these rocks and hills
 A dreary aspect show,
 By oozing drops that night distils,
 They seem immersed in woe.

The dying gales no sound convey
 Into my listening ear,
 The waters murmuring on their way,
 To silence break they fear.

Their motions show, they onward go
 To kiss the peaceful wave;
 Morph us here keep mankind asleep,
 All silent as the grave.

Child horror through my bosom rolls,
 And nature seems to say,
 The savage now at midnight prowls
 Just looking for his prey.

Yet why, Dependence break my rest?
 Or fear affliction bring,
 While freely welcome bid to rest,
 Under God's protecting wing.

Trough night's dark shade me envelope,
 This promise shall me cheer,
 The Father of Light bids mortals hope,
 "Virtue has naught to fear."

The brightening clouds break in the east,
 And will dispel the gloom
 But grief and sorrow fill my breast,—
 My friend is in the tomb.

O Nature! now you claim your part,
 My resolution's fled;
 I thought my heart could never smart
 Much for the silent dead.

Unstable is the mind of man,
 In pain, in joy, and sorrow,
 To-day we change and form a plan,
 And change, and shift to-morrow.

Thus we resolve, and re-resolve,
 From thought to thought we fly;
 Last, like a bubble on the wave,
 We quickly break and die.

The mind is like a watery cloud,
Tinged by a golden ray;
Then sanguine beauties it enshroud,
In sable die away.

Though up my tears I cannot dry,
They give my heart relief;
Yet reason loudly to me cries,
It is a useless grief.

Why grieve for those God pleased to call
Home, to his own shore?
To ease them of their troubles all,
And nature's heavy load.

Yea, rather grieve for those alive,
That's walking in misrule;
Though nigh the age of fifty-five,
Yet always play the fool.

Now music's charms are fled away,
My fiddle's lost her tone;
For flat, or sharp, the notes I play,
Can rouse to action none.

As through the moors and bogs I stray,
The flocks they bleat and low;
Returning, after joyless play,
I think upon Ilaloo.

There David Drummond's ashes lie,
A stone his grave will show;
It craves the tribute of a sigh,
From all his worth did know.

Like a blossom opening to the view,
With grief I must confess,
The sun his bosom scarcely knew,
Till cut down like the grass.

Ere the infant violet, or the rose,
Forth lucid fragrance pours,
A killing frost oft interpose,
Of beauty robs the flowers.

So some bold youth, with grief oppressed,
His country's wrong to see,
Advances first,— allures the rest,
To hail sweet Liberty.

A coward tyrant's poinard keen
To murder long was prone,
Stabbed him behind the back unseen,
Ere half his worth was known.

Drummond was comely to behold,
His equal scarce could find;
Just formed in nature's finest mould,
Fair index of his mind.

There all the manly feelings dwelt
That ever graced a youth;
His breast the flame of friendship felt,
Integrity and truth.

Such genuine worth he did display,
As would have graced this age;
Death, premature, made him his prey,
And dragged him off the stage.

To ask or say what was the cause,
 Why death took him so soon,
 To scrutinise on nature's laws,
 Why blight the flowers in June!

The cause strange to us appear,
 Perhaps we ne'er shall know
 The reason why this genius here,
 In Drummond's town can't grow.

Suppose him like a wandering star,
 His course soon finished here;
 To shine with radiance brighter far,
 In some far distant sphere.

Now, ye that live, and yet are spared,
 Be cautious and wise;
 Your lamps get trimmed, your oil prepared,
 Lest death should you surprise.

And when ye hear that he has broke
 Life's chain, and now set free,
 Then ruminate, say, the next stroke
 Perhaps may fall on me.

Commiserate each others woes,
 No suffering brother spurn;
 Death round the universe still goes,
 And gives all cause to mourn.

The great, the small, the strong, the weak,
 The aged, and the young,
 If they with death a wrestle take,
 Depend they will be flung

Calmly submit to what appears,
 Wise Providence ordains;
 You'll in a few revolving years
 Bid adieu to grief's and pains.

EPITAPH ON A MISER

Here lies a man who had a narrow soul,
 Though its length measured on from pole to pole
 Authors, indeed, were delicate to mention
 The primary causes of its vast extension.
 Whether its origin sprung from flesh or spirit,
 Or verged on virtue, or profound demerit;
 But its cylindric womb had room to store
 Ten thousand worlds and always wish for more.
 His lucrative grasp to extension was so prone,
 From globe to globe it went, and into space unknown.
 He, to engross this world's much wished for treasure,
 Was never known to give fair weight or measure;
 Though the Christian system he in word stuck by,
 His practice always gave his faith the lie.
 At his wished for end the poor thus for him mourned,
 "He rose from dust, and back to dust returned;
 Oh, may his like henceforth, now and for ever,
 Lie wrapt in shades of night, and to the light come
 never."

DIRGE

Written at the grave of JAMES ORR

Here view the grave where late James Orr
 Went down death's shades right to explore:

In person he is gone to view,
 If from the tomb report's are true;
 Whate'er accounts he back may send,
 You may on them as facts depend;
 His soul possessed that quality,
 He loved the truth that made him free;
 And was what mankind much adorn,
 Of good report, also free-born.
 You on inspection this may find,
 He had a clear capacious mind;
 A comprehensive, feeling poet,
 His genuine works completely show it.
 Tell censors, who may enquire,
 His mind might set his frame on fire;
 Which to prevent' made him apply
 To drink for fear of growing dry;
 But drink did not his mind enrage.
 He walked with prudence on life's stage.
 In the whirlwind of agitation,
 He played his part with great discretion;
 And through life's mazy, complex farce
 His skill was tried in prose and verse;
 He ne'er relaxed in his endeavours
 To serve his friend, or worthy neighbours;
 And those who chanced to be his foes
 He hoped that time might interpose,
 To let them clear their error see,
 That as brethren kind they might agree.
 Consigned none to a dark dominion,
 Who differed with him in opinion;
 But kindly wished them light to find,
 Though prejudice made them stone-blind.
 "The power who organized the spirit,"
 He said "could judge of its desert."

He wished the people, one and all,
 To judge or censure none at all
 To their master let them stand or fall.
 He adored the great Eternal Cause
 Of Nature's never erring laws:
 To that dread power he did impart
 The grateful tribute of his heart.
 Earth's devious paths he cautious trod,
 And hoped in peace to meet his God.
 He laid down rules that polished bright,
 The worthy sons of ancient light,
 "Bid 'em mind old Simon, and be wise,
 The widow's son not to despise."
 And from these rules he ne'er did vary,
 Still his scene closed in Ballycarry.

EPITAPH

ON ROBERT DOLLARS.

Ye passengers who pass this way,
 Whether poor, or rich, or scholars,
 Here pause a while, this grave survey;
 In it lies Robert Dollars.

If you his merits wish to scan,
 This will you trouble save,—
 He was a friendly honest man
 As ever filled a grave.

The poet's thoughts range every where,
 And far fetched fictions strain,
 The griefs that now my heart-strings tear,
 Are no phantoms of the brain.

The want of titles and lawn sleeves,
Ambition tease and rack,—
But to lose a friend who wished to please,
Is a melancholy fact.

Though he was pierced with sorrow keen,
He did his God adore;
His mind composed and still serene,
With resignation bore.

His children dear, and faithful wife,
To Providence consigned,
Hoped that his friends, through all his life,
To help them were inclined.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
Make softening pity flow,
To assuage the grief, the tear up dry,
Behind he left no foe.

Whether fame or fortune they pursue,
Through life's uncertain way,
These Robert Dollars ever knew,
Went lead his child astray.

In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
The third day of August,
His loving friends and brethren kind,
His body laid in dust.

In silent peace there to repose
Beneath the grass-green sod,
Till that blessed morn to him disclose
The pleasure of his God.

Hope's balmy breath still cheers my soul,
Though fate the blow has given,—
Through various changes, as they roll,
We yet may meet in heaven.

LINES

Occasioned by a visit to the Romantic village of
GLENOC.

Under the shade of a green spreading tree,
A poet pensive, well acquaint with woe,
Heel'd a while, after coming to see
The far-famed water-falls of gay Glenoe.

Here his descriptive pencil forth he drew,
In order that posterity might know
His portrait, when presented to their view
Also the striking landscape of Glenoe.

Time's razor keen his hoary head had shaved,
His beard from black changed to a silver hue,
His visage pale,—who saw him well perceived,
To earthly pleasures he'd soon bid adieu.

His eyes that once were sprightly, quick and clear,
Their lustre and vivacity had lost;
His manner and deportment made appear,
That on time's ocean he had sore been tossed.

Though life's meridian he far by had past,
His sun was hastening to the western wave,
Yet on his rustic pipe he gave one blast, [cave.
His numbers echoed through each rock and

The pensive hills soon caught the flying sound,
Which back re-echoed to the valley low,
The woods, the groves, and waters, all resound,
"Thou lovely, charming village, called Glenoe

The poet here, with pleasure, did behold
Buildings, constructed for utility,
Which rise to view and with a grandeur bold,
Please the charmed eye with nicest symmetry.
See Nature's lap conspicuously displayed. [grow,
Flowers, fruit, and herbage here in beauty
The charms of music fill each grove and shade,
Eden's a wild, compared to sweet Glenoe.

Here cooling shades their waving branches twine,
Close interwoven is the leafy spray;
Here sportive lovers on the grass recline,
Completely hid from the meridian ray.
Here balmy breezes wave the verdant field,
Sweet scented flowers the hills and vales adorn,
Here bounteous clouds their fertile moisture yield
And here the lovely vales abound with corn.

Here grassy meads invite the young to play,
Here springing flowerets spread their crimson
folds,
Cheered by the glorious, burning lamp of day,
No chilling frost to curb, no piercing cold.
Here his bright rays ameliorate the land,
The mellow fruit the bearded boughs can't bear,
The pearly dew-drops on the flow'rets stand,
And snowy flocks upon the hills appear.

Here sweet the murmur of the babbling rills,
Through rocky channels winding as they run;
Here chalky limestone crystal floods distill,
And dash o'er cascades, sparkling in the sun.

Here was designed by Nature's liberal hand,
The seat of pleasure, plenty, peace, and ease;
Till stern oppressors gave the dread command,
"Ye villagers ye shall have none of these.

Here Lethe's streams once crowned the peasant's
Banished his care, made him forget his woe; [toll
Forbidden to run, it will stagnate and spoil.
None dare it vend who lives within Glenoe.

Now, sullen sadness draws her sable veil
O'er all the beauties nature could bestow;
Alas, all whiskey, brandy, rum, or ale,
Are banished from the village of Glenoe.

The weary stranger that would wish to rest,
Soon as the matter right he comes to know,
Grips fast his staff, his course resumes in haste,
These words repeating, as he leaves Glenoe:

Sure some cursed tyrant o'er this place presides,
Who from the starving poor his wealth has wrung
May he be damned, like Dives, and denied [ung
One drop of water for to cool his tongue.

May he Cain-like be banished from the land,
Be cursed, expelled, a vagabond made go:
May children scream, old women staring stand,
Crying, "see the viper that lives near Glenoe."

Ye vain assuming tyrant's of the earth,
 Look back, and view the source from whence
 ye sprung;
 The drops of some cursed stew-hole gave you birth,
 You're like a maggot crawling from the dung.

Your grovelling names from filth and dirt to raise,
 Pensions and titles for yourselves procure;
 These are the methods that you all practise,
 Of joy and comfort rob the labouring poor.

These glaring truth's the muse declined to hear,
 In the recital there was nothing now;
 The road to Larne her course she on did steer,
 And to Glencoe she sadly bade adieu.

LINES EXTEMPORE

An honest preacher to me said,
 The wits attempt to spoil my trade;
 But their exertions ne'er dismay me,
 Whilst government a pension pays me.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROAD

Ye sons of care, I pray draw near,
 Unto my verse incline;
 On life's rough seas I stood a breeze,
 Tossed by the tide of time

My silver locks dashed on the rocks,
 Wherever I did go;
 Now tranquil seas, and a light breeze,
 Dispel the cloud of wo.

Desponding care made me despair,
 My bark was tossed and torn;
 I placed my hope upon that rock
 Which ne'er left me forlorn.

The storm is past, and I'm at last
 Moored in a safe abode
 I will proclaim aloud my name,
 The Hermit of the Road.

Hermits of old, as I am told,
 For love, and also crimes,
 From social life have fled away
 Alone to pass their times,

In rocks and caves, they made their graves,
 From human face to hide;
 That I don't commend,—I can withstand
 Vice here on the road side.

My hermitage, I will engage
 It open still shall be,
 To those in wo, who are forced to go
 In want and poverty.

My frugal meal, I will not fail
 With them for to divide,
 In rain or snow, out they shan't go,
 From my small fire-side.

My feeble light, shall them invite
 To come within my door;
 My heart-strings bleed, to see the need
 Of the cold, starving poor.

When they exclaim,—“ I strive in vain,
 To let them see the cause;
 Not from fate woes originate,
 But from infernal laws.

My heart delights, on winter nights,
 When some abroad do roam;
 My coals to clear, and guests to cheer,
 Who have no house, or home.

From history's page, I will engage
 To let them plainly see,
 Content's a store rewards the poor,—
 Riches bring misery.

When the lark does spring forth on the wing,
 To hail the coming morn,
 From Morpheus' lap, fresh I awake,
 As the dew drops from the thorn.

The sun's bright ray, the fields make gay,
 Sweet scents smell to my brain;
 The rich and great, on beds of state,
 They court the god in vain.

They toss and turn, they grieve and mourn,
 No comfort can they find;
 The lights out close, to get repose,—
 Darkness can't cure the mind.

The gout and stone, renew their moan,
 From their debauchery,
 On a rush bed under a shed,
 I sleep most pleasantly.

What though I'm poor, I can endure;
 My peace, that don't destroy,
 I have great store. I ask no more,
 While I do peace enjoy.

He's very weak, says God did make
 Us all to grief and pain;
 Tyrannic man first laid the plan,
 That we should wear a chain.

No cause at all, for great or small,
 To murmur at their fate;
 Since Providence does still dispense
 To man a happy state.

The eternal laws of the First Cause,
 Proclaimed us lords of all;
 It's the base mind of men, I find,
 Has made some portions small.

This life declares, a vale of tears,
 A wilderness of woe,
 And that does cry, as sparks up fly,
 Man grief must undergo.

This I deny; the reason why,
 Experience teaches me:
 Though I'm as low as I can go,
 I'm happy still and free.

The cheerful light, that shines so bright,
 A blessing to me given;
 Why should I mourn, though fortune turn,
 While life's the gift of heaven.

I'll calmly bear, and always fear
 His goodness to offend,
 Who makes me blest, and at the last
 On whom I may depend.

The hills, the dales, the plains the vales,
 The crystal streams and springs,
 The beast that strays, the fish that plays,
 The bird that sweetly sings.

All these I see, pleasure give me,
 Nature my food supplies;
 I do maintain that man's to blame,
 Is not content and wise.

By content I mean not to complain,
 Or vainly tax the Powers
 Who on man frail, do never fail
 Blessings to bend in showers.

If we have grief, look to the thief
 Who robs us to our face;
 The knave in power who does devour
 Our food and dwelling place.

In this wild moor I am secure,
 My days in peace I spend,
 These's none minds me, except it be
 Just a well chosen friend.

My little fears, my griefs, and cares,
 I freely tell to them;
 Then I may say, they pass away,
 Just like a morning dream.

The vain and proud, I well allowed
 Them by my cell to pass,
 They do me scorn,—my coat is torn—
 They call me an old ass.

My dwelling's mean, clergy disdain
 For to approach my door;
 They me reject, and disrespect,
 For no crime,—but I'm poor.

'Tis true I own, gold I have none
 Their bellies for to fill:
 Had I great store, they'd ask no more,
 But come with right good will.

To drain my bowl, and "Wish my soul
 All pleasure's good to have,
 When time's no more upon that shore
 That lies beyond the grave.

This they practise, but the real wise
 Will hear none of their trash;
 They know their aim is all for gain,
 They blessings give for cash.

When their arts fail, they rage and rail
 And then they do begin
 To drop the veil that did conceal
 The wolf in the sheep's skin.

I ne'er a wife had in my life,
 To give me joy or care;
 To womankind I'm not inclined,
 Let them be e'er so fair

For well I know they caused our wo:
 When they came on the stage,
 To complete the curse, they're worse and
 In each succeeding age. [worse

The reason's plain, they all disdain
 To cultivate the mind,
 By shew and dress, they do profess
 To captivate mankind,

When they succeed, some hearts may bleed
 When the reverse they view;
 And brought alas! to sad disgrace,
 Men still their wo pursue.

Young men I pray, hear what I say,
 Be virtuous and wise,
 By cunning art, ne'er break the heart,
 Nor silly maids entice.

He is no man could lay a plan
 Innocence to betray;
 He may repent, but can't prevent,
 Upon his dying day.

Ye Hibernian fair, I pray beware
 To imitate the great,
 For pride and dress will bring distress
 Upon the British state

A head-dress there, I do declare,
 Costs fifty thousand pounds;
 Whilst numbers here, I greatly fear,
 Have neither caps nor gowns.

I would advise, pride to despise,
 That you may plainly see;
 I know his aim who did proclaim
 'Gainst prodigality.

To virtue turn, lest the land mourn;
 Quit vanity and pride,
 And I'll engage, you'll please the sage
 That dwells on the roadside,

EPITAPH ON ROBERT HILL

Here lies interred old Robert Hill,
 Whose merit claims attention still;
 Though death consigns the frame to rot,
 The just shall never be forgot.

Nigh to the village of Ballynure,
 From youth he grew, to age mature;
 He long did live at the Bridge-end,
 And was the poor man's constant friend.

When men of birth shall pass away,
 And to oblivion fall a prey,
 Time will enrol his worthy name
 With men of never dying fame.

To passers by, view here the ground
Where earth encircles Robert round ;
And when this matter right you view,
Know, time will do as much for you

No grave o'erlaid by stone or sod,
Contains more noble work of God ;
His course through life, mind if you can,
He lived and died an honest man.

CAMPBELL'S REFLECTION

O Death ! my friends thou then hast made ;
Leave some to hear my moan,
Or like Eolus in the shade
I'll tune my harp alone.

I'm like an oak of foliage stript,
The trunk in ivy bound ;
Time from the root the soil hath swept—
I'm bending to the ground.

My native mother earth again,
In silence seems to say,—
O Campbell ! leave your grief and pain,
And quickly come away.

My nerves contracted, and grown weak,
My present state they show ;
My bones both night and morning ache,
Tell me I soon must go.

The afflicted poor are seldom mourned,
Some men forget them so ;
Till death displeased to see them spurned,
Steps in and oures their woe.

In nature's vineyard, I am sure,
Fruits in abundance grow ;
Though labourers the wine make pure,
To drink they dare not go.

Yet far be't from me to infer,
That Providence designed ;
(A beast's weak judgment prone to err.)
To support it some combined.

Time's overbearing, sweeping tide,
Drives me near Lethe's stream.
While unperceived my friends down glide,
I stand as in a dream.

On Lethe's wharf methinks I hear
Crowds murmur as they pass
"See Campbell idly standing here,
That speculative ass.

"Here he has no abiding place,
Nor refuge that we know,
Included in the act of grace,
Nor yet prepared to go.

"Though here he's tossed round to and fro,
He's not to life estranged ;
His friends they fall like melting snow,
And what remain,—how changed."

O woeful state, alone to stand
On the brink of such a tide:
See friends embark at fate's command,
My passage yet denied.

The storms o'er my devoted head,
Are gathering thick and fast;
My friends, my health, my hopes are fled,
I drive before the blast.

No matter whether east or west,
Or north, or south they blow,
My mind at present is distressed,
My friends are lying low.

CAMPBELL'S REPULSE

One night, of late, I roved about,
My cash and credit both were out. —
I had wrought none for a day or two,
But drank and sung till all was blue.
Let none infer from this relation,
I was grown tired of my station;
Tho' ll be nearer truth, if they should say,
I meant to drink but knew no way.
When the poor slave to work gives o'er,
Then he must eat and drink no more;
The idle knaves are lazy lurking, [king
Cry, "Hang the slaves, see they're not wor-
From their existence, to their graves
They harass, oppress, and punish slaves:

It is a melancholy fact,
This they practise behind their back,
Bind heavy burdens, grievous load,
Then lay them on, and our sides goad.
We cultivate the useful arts
But they are called the men of parts:
Who— a, horses, bounds and state parade,
Are just the sum of all their trade.
Their pageantry and dissipation,
Bring wealth and honour to the nation.
Who make the rich? — The answer's sure—
It must be the industrious poor:
The purging, paking, puny elves,
They could not help to make themselves.
But to return from this digression,—
I laboured hard to get admission;
But doors were shut, no entrance given
To any delegate of heaven,
Who had no coat, no bag, nor purse,
They thought he came from hell, or worse.
But those whose gots and purse were large,
Had ne'er wayfared at their own charge;
They knowledge sought, and therefore had it
And gold to them was superadded.
They are the lilies of the soil,
They neither labour, spin, or toil
Yet nicely fed and clothed each day,
At night they booze and drink away.
With guests like these each house was stored
They gamed, they drank, they sang, and
And to relate what I did hear, [wh—d;
Would but offend the modest ear

At last a waiter bellowing spoke,—
 "O, heavenly powers! my thigh is broke"
 "Then damn your eyes, these bowls quick
 Your broken bones put in the bill" [fill
 The landlord spoke in a mild tone.—
 "Dear friends, pray make this house your
 But pray my waiters don't abuse, [own
 You shall have hogsheads if you choose,"
 At which I got exceeding dry,
 Tried to get in, but was shoved by;
 The landlord laughed loud at the fun,
 And cried, "Go home, your cash is done."
 I every nerve did rack and strain
 For to get in,—but all in vain;
 Then, like the fox and grapes, 'tis true,
 I damned them all, and homeward flew
 The night was dark, and driving sleet
 Directed in my face complete;
 I strove to sing, to doff the pain,—
 I often fell, but rose again.
 By this, my cot I had drawn nigh,
 Jumped in, and to the fire to dry:
 My clothes were like as in a river,
 With wet and cold my limbs did shiver;
 My teeth did chatter, which to hide
 My mouth I oft extended wide;
 And damned misfortune, and her rout,
 'Twas only her that brought me out.
 Had Pluto smiled the old blind wight,
 I could have been secure all night,
 At morn denied, and cocked my crest,
 And looked as solemn as a priest

Steals from a harlot in disguise,
 Between daylight and the sunrise.
 Each pore had so imbibed the rain,
 Weakened the fumes and cleared the brain,
 You scarce would thought I had been drink-
 I was composed in mood for thinking; [ing,
 But just to make me more complete,
 I thought of something for to eat;
 My wife who lay still as a stone,
 Observing me, began to moan;
 Saying "Your train of thoughts pursue,
 There's nothing of that sort I do"
 A cricket, that long time ago
 Had been spectator of my woe,
 With music made the hearth rebound,
 And thought to fill my heart with sound;
 The cricket had this consolation,
 Though sound did verge upon starvation,
 It was left void of all taxation.
 Thus to divert some hungry slave,
 Who neither drink nor victuals have,
 See some great commoner prepare
 A bill to feed the poor with air:
 I had no alternative, I grant,
 But take the music, or else want:
 And to myself I softly said,
 To fill this station was I made?
 I know the great descending chain,
 Connects the boundless vast domain:
 From infinitude, low as can be,
 Was the last link designed for me?

What did I say—stay, let me think,
 Though I can neither eat nor drink,
 I should be cautious still, I own,
 T' asperse a power with crimes my own;
 The naturalist in this agrees,
 That man was made in no degrees,
 But just upon a level mean,
 Comes in and so goes out again,
 In the original great plan,
 There was one link bestowed on man;
 Indeed 'tis true, he did preside
 O'er all the vegetative tribe,
 It matters not what name he bore,
 He was but man and nothing more;
 But this great truth I must confess,
 It was a crime for to be less,
 When Nature on him stamped the form,
 The spirit should the parts adorn;
 But such as me, our birthright sold
 And not at all for shining gold,
 Nor any thing that I can see,
 But dirt and rage and misery;
 Nor ever can we it regain,
 Unless 'tis by a coup-d'-main.
 The hired teachers have procured,
 To make us lie in dust immured,
 To tell us what diversity
 God meant in this great family;
 How those ordained to wait and wait
 After this life to heaven go;
 And those in gilded coaches ride,
 That God abominates their pride.

How a camel through a needle's eye,
 With as much agility could fly,
 As one of those great men be saved,
 Who the poor have grinded and enslaved,
 Our love of pleasure to outdo,
 They Lazarus bring to our view,
 And the rich glutton they deride,
 For his vain pomp also his pride,
 If this be true, my consolation
 Is that I yet may get salvation,
 If poverty can it secure,
 For Campbell was, and still is poor.

THE

EPICURE'S ADDRESS TO BACON



O Fortune! thou hast been propitious
 As I on bacon am voracious—

To worship't would be superstitious,
Or I would try it;
For Lord it is the most delicious
Soul of diet,

Thy praise, O bacon I shall be sung,
Unto new life thou hast me brung,
To see my brace wi' stitches strung,
Just in my sight;
My auld pan shall be neatly hung
This very night.

Nae painful gripes, nor gut contraction,
I need nae doctor's sly inspection,
Or trouble them for an injection,
To purge or thin me;
'Tis easy seen by my complexion,
The juice is in me.

My tripe they are completely swampit,
Nae aches nor pains my joints since trampit,
Wi' fervour I cry, Lord be thankit,
Each day I dine;
I revere the power who on matter stampit
The form of swine.

By the blind impulse of my nature;
I ne'er behold that useful creature,
If fat, though small or large in stature,
But crystal showers
From mouth, and each distorted feature,
Like torrents pours

To tell my state I'll now propose,
That pearly drops run down my nose,
I yawn, and grinders wide disclose
A pig could tear;
I yawn again then up them close,
And say nae mair.

Nae animal in all creation
Deserves so much my approbation,
It keeps my tripe in a right station,
Without crack or chasm;
'Tis of mair use to my salvation
Than holy chrism.

Though Dives, that renowned glutton
Was damned for eating beef and mutton,
Wi' ither trash he put his gut in,
And drinking wine;
There's nane yet damned, I'll lay a button,
For eating swine.

Moses and Aaron the auld priest,
Forbade the folk to eat this beast,
They might as well hae held their whisht—
I'd think nae evil,
Could I but get my guts weel creacht,
To eat the Devil.

I lang hae strove, some thought in vain,
To get a pig just of my ain,
That blissful summit I did gain,
And am begun.

To germandise, my guts I'll strain
Out like a tun.

To eat by instinct on I'm goaded,
When I want pork I'm discommoded;
And since great guts were ne'er exploded,
Nor thought a sin,
Mine like a dung-cart shall be loaded,
Till my lying in.

I like swine's grease, some think it odd,
I scarce prefer the grace of God;
They sell their pigs to chiefs abroad,
For yellow coin;
The Devil o'er them ride rough-shod,
Ere they get mine.

I'll eat my pig if I should rue,
I carena whether boar or sow,
Though it should make me purge or spew—
O damn the wars!
I hate to feed a hellish crew
Of useless tars.

Though poet Burns did oft declare,
A haggis he would still prefer
To ought within his bill of fare,
For inside oile;
When I do light on't like a bear,
My stomach spoils

A thing that I see seldom see,
I eat it up see greedily
My belly's filled before my e'e.
This gars me think,
Makes mony beasts as weel as me,
At meat and drink.

Then if a friend on me should call,
We might be nonplused one and all,
Nae haggis could we get at all,
To quickly treat him;
But a pig and gully, by my soul,
Could soon complete him.

Some like their spirits up to cheer,
With good strong whiskey, or brown beer,
Some like their brains for to keep clear,
By wine applying;
Nae music ever charmed my ear,
Like pork a frying.

Just set me down the pan beside,
Devoid of either pomp or pride;
Nae knife or fork ye need provide,—
But just a cutty;
Lord I could neatly oil my hide,
Complete and pretty.

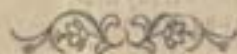
Auld Ramsay liked a leg o' gimmer,
Or sic and sic good belly timmer;
He also liked flowing brimmer,
Of good red Port

But fill me up winter or summer,
Wi' juice o' pork.

Where a ham of bacon shows its face,
It dignifies the feast wi' grace.
Then fish and fowl they soon give place,
I pick no more,
But like a wolf of prey in chase,
Tear and devour.

Ye powers who o'er my fate preside,
This station for me still provide,
Grant each day round the pan to stride,
And get such feeds,
That gravy down my beard may slide,
Like amber beads.

Grant this henceforth, I'll not repine,
Whether in future bliss I shine,
Or to dig deep in Plutus' mine
I down am sent—
Transmogrify me to a swine
And I'm content



MADGE'S GRACE

The eternal parent of each age,
We deprecate thy wrath or rage,
Whilst to eat and drink again with Madge
We're met once more;
Let our prayers thy Providence engage
To bless her store.

Thy bounties like the widows oil,
Banish our care, our grief, and toil,
But let them not our manners spoil
Or breed discord;
Or, though our stomach's should recoil
Cry, "Who's the Lord."

Those greedy gluttons of the earth,
Who tear their guts out from their birth,
They ever love to see a dearth,—
It them enrages
To hear that we have meat and mirth
When met at Madge's.

RETURNING THANKS

We thank thee lord! for all we've got
May never worse O be our lot!
While we inhabit this clay cot
Grant means and ways,
That Madge's treat be not forgot,
Take thou the praise.

SONGS

MOLLY HUME

Come each gay sporter or maiden courtier,
Hear Alex. Porter his love declare,
Of a farmer's daughter near six-mile-water,
Whose bober did flatter his love sincere;
But now she's left me, of joy bereft me,
She has distressed me and sealed my doom;
My heart is wounded with grief unbounded
My senses drowned by Molly Hume.

My mind's dejected that I'm neglected,
And disrespected by this fair maid;
As her form was fair, I hoped her sincere,
And I did adhere unto what she said;
The words of the wise she did verifie
Unto young men's cries, rise and resume;
I'll let circumspection find the defection,
Of all such maidens as Molly Hume.

I will ne'er propose nor vex to disclose,
Though well she knows I can scarce endure
Through the moon's faint beams, silver meads and
streams,
And the wild fowls screams through moss and
moor
There I would meet her, with love far greater,
I would count her sweeter than the rose in June;
Under green bowers 'mongst banks of flowers,
I have spent sweet hours with Molly Hume.

Poets relate how proud maidens hate,
And have fixed some state-made bold heroes
slaves—
Men of great parts have oft broke their hearts,
And blamed Cupid's darts for premature graves;
But posterity shall ne'er point to me,
Though maiden's cruelty has sealed my doom;
I am resigned, to forget inclined,
All distress of mind for you Molly Hume.

Though she was deceiving for her I am grieving,
And when I am weaving I oft times say,
Though my time I wasted some love I tasted,
When locked within her sweet arms I lay
But now she is wedded and also bedded,
Another young man enjoys my room;
This female enchanter though I must want her
My love shall still haunt her—fy, Molly Hume.

Though I am a rover that's near done over,
 I can live in clover for all that's past;
 The cold winter's storm does nature deform,
 But I will conform unto the rude blast;
 For the smiling spring new joys will bring,
 And I'll blithely sing and expel each gloom;
 No female coy shall e'er my peace destroy,
 Farewell, and joy to you, Molly Hume.

Now to some social friend my mind I will bend,
 And I'll ne'er depend on fickle maiden more;
 With good masons free I'll keep company,
 Join unity and make the tavern roar;
 As the full glass goes round pleasure will abound
 There is no deception found in our Lodge room;
 No female coy shall e'er my sport destroy,
 Farewell and joy to you, Molly Hume.

TO THE GODDESS MISFORTUNE

Tune.—Care killed the Cat

One evening when Sol had gone down,
 To drink of the western main,
 And Morpheus had mortals close bound
 Quite secure under his leaden chain.
 My mind it to thinking was prone,
 Being denied the enjoyment of rest,
 I stole from my cot quite alone,
 And the Goddess misfortune address'd,
 And the Goddess An-

Night's mantle had spread o'er the lawn,
 The birds silent perched on the spray,
 To wait the approach of the dawn,
 And to welcome the new infant day;
 I dew on the fleet wings of thought,
 From the flowers I brushed the bright dew
 Though retirement I ardently sought,
 Yet misfortune still kept me in view.
 Yet misfortune still

On an ivy-bound rock I reclined,
 And the goddess I thus did implore,
 I complained she had long me confined,
 Now I wished some new scenes to explore:
 For here, on this wild heathy moor,
 No pleasure or comfort I see,
 Your presence has still kept me poor,
 And has proved a curs'd evil to me.
 And has proved

"Now tell me, ye insolent queen,
 The reason ye peester me so,
 Wherever to be I incline
 There foremost you wish still to go:
 I requested your father of old,
 Some comfort to me he would show;
 But merit he scorns to behold,—
 He was both deaf and blind to my woe,
 He was both,

"He's blind to indigence indeed,
 To distress he no pity will show,

Meagre faced want he'll upbraid,
 And from the afflicted he'll go.
 Where luxury and vice still abound,
 He's sure an abettor to be:
 But where want, grief, and woe they are
 found,
 There his presence ye never can see.
 There his presence,

"Your reflections on fortune are straight,
 For to merit he's blind as a mole.
 He enters no paths that are straight,
 On the broad way he always does stroll;
 There men without virtue or parts,
 His clients they always pursue;
 'Tis to those most his gifts he imparts,
 Who have nothing of fortune in view.
 Who have nothing

"On my clients what need you complain,
 Nor tax me with keeping you poor,
 Since life is no more than a dream,
 Unlasting, uncertain, unsure;
 Since gold it's possessors bewitch,
 Life's pressure with fortitude bear,
 For he who cried "we to the rich,"
 Knows well how the poor to reverse,
 Knows well.

I Edward Mullan, being a man who has devoted the whole course of my life from seventeen till upwards of eighty-seven, to the service of Freemasonry, and were I to live seven thousand years more, I would invariably follow the same plan therefore as a lasting testimony of my gratitude to them all, particularly the Brethren of Larne, for the many and various favours they have been pleased, by sundry ways and means, to confer on me, I leave them the underwritten song, called, by way of title,

MULLAN'S ADIEU

To the BRETHRENN of LARNE

Larne town's nice situation
 Deserves my approbation,
 No town in all creation
 With it I will compare;
 There men have sense and breeding,
 From honour ne'er receding,
 Their ladies are exceeding
 Kind, feeling, chaste, and fair.

There groves, glens, and falls of water,
 Oft my ravished fancy flatter,
 Though bloody wars and slaughter
 Tinged them in days of yore;
 Now their fertile hills and plains,
 Gay nymphs, and sportive swains,
 Are blessed with peaceful strains,
 There discord reigns no more.

While the mild spring zephyr plays,
 And Sol his power displays,
 The enraptured strangers gaze,
 As delighted round they go,
 To view Larn's banks projected:
 By nature's hand erected,
 And her harbours well protected
 From storms that rudely blow.

Her banks confront the ocean,
 Whose undulating motion
 Inspires with a notion
 Of the Elysian shore;
 Small birds their notes repeating
 The groves reverberating,
 This station I'm regretting
 To part for evermore.

When morn's golden gate opens,
 And gives light to Irish tars,
 There each worthy son of Mars
 Who guards his bark from harm
 Declares that though a stranger
 Through foreign parts a ranger,
 He was ne'er so void of danger,
 As nigh the banks of Larn.

I did long in Larn's music
 Tis of Ireland the pride,
 Their friendship I have tried
 And have found them, to a man,

The stranger's kind protector's,
 And poor men's benefactor's
 Also the real respectors
 Of the old masonic plan.

No lurking snake there lying,
 The gilded bait applying,
 Seduction's wiles none trying,
 Few prostitutes there made,
 No pride, no ostentation,
 Parade, nor dissipation,
 But each supports his station
 By industry and trade.

Ye inhabitants of Larn,
 Could I your worth discern,
 Or write like Pope or Sterne,
 My pen I would employ;
 Transmit to future ages,
 Such sweet harmonious pages,
 Time's teeth to endless ages
 Your fame could not destroy.

Larn's masons an adieu
 I must shortly bid to you,
 And nature's avenging pursue,
 That to me's approaching near,
 While the powers of life here spare,
 It shall be my fervent prayer,
 That in passing Peter's chair,
 You may nothing have to fear.

CAMPBELL'S

with for MORAL PLEASURE

Tune—Follow Pleasure

Let me pass my days in pleasure,
 As succeeding seasons roll,
 Let no thirst for worldly pleasure
 E'er distress or grieve my soul.

Let a trusty friend be nigh me,
 On whom, with safety, I'll depend;
 That if in want he can supply me,
 Who will either give or lend

To powers, I ask no great abundance,
 Nor yet want's pressure wish to feel,
 Lest I forget in this redundancy,
 Or put forth my hand to steal.

O! bless my mind with sweet contentment,
 Be my station what it may;
 As life's a dream, let the enchantment
 Each hour with pleasure roll away.

Retired from life's noisy bustle,
 Only with a chosen few,
 To where the ploughman blithely whistle,
 And the milkmaid, wet with dew;

Sometimes ease, alternate labour,
 A double purpose it will serve,
 To drink a bottle with a neighbour,
 And to brace tight each feeble nerve.

Nigh to the margin of a mountain,
 From which sweet waters gliding fast,
 Convenient to a pleasant mountain,
 Will temporise the northern blast.

There let my cot be formed discreetly,
 For contentment, peace, and ease,
 Encircled round with wood completely,
 From the storm and noontide rays.

Then let the feathered throng come hither
 From every quarter in the spring,
 In concert join their notes together,
 And make the hills and valleys ring.

Let them arouse me in the morning,
 By the force of music's charms,
 And still at night the same performing,
 Enfold me close in Morpheus' arms;

O! let the landscape be inviting
 To every eye with it survey,
 With flowery green and groves delighting,
 Golden grain, sweet smelling hay;

Snowy flocks on mountains feeding,
 Milky droves upon the lea;
 Meandering rivers gently leading
 To a prospect of the sea,

Here let my friend and me together,
 Void of sickness, grief, and care;
 The storms of life completely weather,
 And for a scene more bright prepare.
 With books at pleasure to improve us,
 Till life's drawing near the eve—
 With pleasing hope let death remove us,
 And, like ripe fruit drop to the grave.

CAMPBELL'S ADIEU TO TITHES

Attend, ye good people, I mean you that's concerned
 Give ear to old Campbell by experience learned;
 He says, 'tis advanced by worthy old wages,
 You cut off the right arm, when you give forehead
 wages.
 Derry down, down Derry down &c

As no good to the giver results when alive,
 From the old superstitious payment of tithes;
 From the fruits of your fields ne'er replenish their
 bowls,
 Till you see how their labour has nourished your souls.
 Derry down

That can't be in this world, but sure is the next.
 When you have crossed the ferry, and see how you're
 fixed,
 If by your exertions, they made you no worse,
 But bettered your station, there them reimburse.
 Derry down,

I am now freed from tithes, and I hope 'tis no sin,
 For which I do thank the brave Reverend Gwynn;
 That worthy kind rector of old Hallymore,
 Struck me off the list, I was so cursed poor.
 Derry Down,

I am poor as old Job, in the course of his life,
 Though indeed I'm not plagued with a termagant wife,
 May the gentleman never do worse, that I pray,
 Than to freely forgive those not able to pay.
 Derry Down

I must own Job was low when he sat on his breech,
 And tore with a potsherd the spot that did itch;
 I have no biles, or ulcers, or any such trash,
 And the Devil himself could not rob me of cash.
 Derry Down

But low, poor, and needy, 'tis no shame to me,
 The complaint is inherent in my pedigree;
 They with truth may say, when I go to the grave,
 I never grew wealthy by acting the knave.
 Derry Down

The rich and the poor, I have often heard said,
 The great Architect has the whole of them made;
 But the reason of this I can't fathom, I'm sure—
 That nine-tenths of the people are always made poor.
 Derry Down

As the nine tenths are rich I believe when alive,
 But they are the people should only pay tithes;

And the able unwilling, to jail should be crammed
To learn this good lesson,—pay tithes or be damned
Derry Down

The reason I heard, which appeared to me went
'Tis said that the rich men were worse for to make,
A tedious process they had to go through,
But the poor out of clay up spontaneously grew
Derry down,

If I had the learning to know what I read,
To pay for the gospel rich men have most need;
And those they employ 'tis not clever to cheat,
But the poor would do better with something to eat.
Derry down,

On the rough seas of life I have tossed long about,
But this pending storm it will soon do me out;
Then why need I grieve, though my wreck I plain see,
The world it can want me, and thousands like me.
Derry down

My poetical notions I always do blame,
Though backed by the muse, they bring me no fame;
If want can equip me none better than I
'm as poor as be damned and eternally dry.
Derry down,

I'm a poet designed, just from my origin,
I love drink and merriment, that's thought my religion;
Just fill me a bumper, I'll make the house roar,
May the church ever flourish, when tithes are no more
Derry down

THE DISCHARGE OF CARE

Or the admission of BACCHUS as a MASON to BIR

Without a grudge, at Hunter's Lodge,
I did discharge old Care;
I will repeat how her I beat,
My cause I did refer
To the powers of music, mirth, and wine,
That friendly treated me;
They did declare, old gloomy Care
Expelled the lodge should be.

Here Hunter good, my friend he stood
And backed my cause with reason;
He said—Old Care should not come there,
For Mirth was yet no treason.
Bacchus replied "While you preside,
Your Lodge should this decree,
That each old bard, who me revered,
From Care should there be free—

They did agree, old Care should be
Sent to the shades below;
She then addressed, and strongly pressed:
I down with her must go.
"Send her away, Hunter did say,
And dissipate his fears
With one consent the members went
And kicked her down the stairs.

They Care expelled, and council held,
 Themselves to fortify
 Gainst her attack, if she came back,
 Or for admission try.
 "Be not afraid, Apollo said,
 If music can you cure,
 All misers free, from care shall be,
 In the lodge of Ballynure.

He did retire to string his lyre,
 And music to prepare;
 Then Bacchus kind, ordered more wine
 And thus addressed the choir:
 "Hunter said he, 'pray admit me,
 Your cause I'll ne'er decline,
 While I'm a god, and at my nod
 The wine flows from the vine.

The brethren all aloud did call,
 His name should be enrolled —
 This being done, he thus began
 A secret to unfold,
 Of utility to masonry,
 Which none but them can know,
 "Care to destroy, and life enjoy,
 Is Paradise below.

Through the true-blue, he did infuse
 His influence so pure,
 In Hunter's lodge, they made him judge
 Of right in Ballynure;

They ne'er neglect worth to respect,
 They treat none with derision;
 For causes all, both great and small,
 Are left to his decision.

Woe, grief, and care, with black despair,
 Admission are denied;
 Envy, and scorn, malice, hell-born,
 With all the cursed tribe;
 None enter here, but those that's clear
 Of pride, deceit, or spleen;
 Where'er they meet, their joy's complete
 Of Nine Hundred and Fifteen.

Ye masons' kind, where'er you find
 Bacchus or apollo,
 Ne'er hesitate to take a seat,
 There Care dare never follow;
 As the breezeless sea, from passion free,
 Your secret keep secure,
 By ancient light, find the rule of right,
 Like the Bins of Ballynure.

DANIEL O'CAR

Come, all you gay guardians of this fertile isle,
 Salute our hero, who acted in style;
 He preserved his arms, and did fifty men scar,
 What a hell of a fellow was Daniel O'Car

As in his entrenchment he lately we hear,
An armed force attacked his wings front and rear
Which roused from his slumbers this bold man of war,
"I regard not their numbers," cries Daniel O'Car.

Now Fame sound your trumpet through all Craigan,
This will rouse into action the child yet unborn; [a
If real worth and merit you wish to prefer
You must turn your attention to Daniel O'Car.

Ye Hibernian heroes who fought, fell and bled,
Some yet are alive, and some long since are dead,
So each rushed like a tiger, through tempests of war,
They were not half so eager as Daniel O'Car.

You have heard of the champions of old Greece and
Rome
And some worthy fellows from Carthage o'ercome,
But these pagan heroes can't stand on a par
With the Christian courage of Daniel O'Car.

Blood, carnage, and rapine, mark the heroes of old
But peace and humanity's cure, I am told;
Though his roars like a lion extended afar,
Yet none were killed flying by Daniel O'Car.

His tactics acquire, for they are very good,
He can face, fight, and fire, yet never draw blood;
Ye French keep your distance I'd have you beware,
Lest ye meet the resistance of Daniel O'CAR

Ye men who aspire to future renown,
Be pleased to enquire near to Ballygowan —
There you may admire this bold son of Mara,
And get your desire at Daniel O'Car's.

Ye sordid old misers, that fear night and day
Lest the French should come o'er, on your properties
prey,
While our coasts they are guarded by each British tar
And their progress retarded by Daniel O' Car.

His manly deportment when on the parade,
Engrossed the attention of widow and maid,
Their eyes they do twinkle like the morning star,
At the musket and motion of Daniel O'Car.

Though coach, chair, and chariot, should fly to the
shades,
And cart, car, and wagon hide their humble heads,
Neither Death, nor the Devil, nor hell yet can scar
This magnanimous soldier, called Daniel O'Car.

ADDRESS

To the Masonic Brethren of BALLYEASTON Lodge 725

Ye Masons, once more I require,
Your aid I sincerely implore;

Illume with poetical fire
 My brain, and expression restore;
 Assist me with power to exhibit
 Their praises, who used me so kind;
 When Nature thought me to prohibit
 They brought me to light though near blind.

Seven hundred and just twenty five
 That number I'll always revere;
 Order to observe there the'll strive,
 And pay due respect to the chair.
 The hand of kind friendship extended,
 To them who our station display,
 If honest and well recommended,
 All griefs from their hearts drove away

Their kind condescension to me,
 Shall never through life be forgot,
 I hope by my conduct the'll see
 I'll ne'er get them censure nor blot;
 They never reproached me with scolding,
 Though they saw the dim curtain close
 drawn,

Now I halt the approach of the morning,
 New light is beginning to dawn.

The masonic sons of Ballyeaston,
 May their actions for ever shine bright.
 Them chiefly I laid my request on,
 To bring me from darkness to light;
 They taught me to work in their temple,
 The highest cupola to crown;
 They knew I could not sit the example,
 I ne'er staggered my beam to look down

They taught me the use of dividers,
 The sector, the square and the gauge,
 The level, the plumb, rule, and mallet,
 The lever, the screw, and the wedge;
 The use of large butments and bevels,
 To rise, step by step, with a grace,
 They shewed me the square and the ladder
 Was equal to upright and base.

Ballyeaston, your sense and discretion
 Have masonry matured by age
 Attention, order, and lucubration,
 Embellish the saint and the sage;
 No matter what is their persuasion,
 If they with your maxims agree;
 The Truth you unveil with precision,
 And that in the end makes us free.

CAMPBELL'S REVERIE

Tune—"Drunk at night and dry in the Morning"

Come, all you gay fellows that ramble for sport
 And likewise ye young men, that fair maidens court,
 And also the toppers that never would fear
 To drink rum, and brandy, strong whiskey, and beer.

My name it is Campbell, that I won't deny,
And various stations of life I did try;
But of all the cursed stations that are under the sun,
To be sick, drunk and dry, and your money all done.

On evening of late when bright Sol's flaming blaze,
Was lost to my view in the western seas
My company find me, my money all done,
I took a walk to console me, by the light of the moon.

As on I did ramble through a spreading green grove,
From scene to scene changing, my mind it did rove,
Till I was admonished just by the night owl,
Which I thought said, "Return, and go home you old fool."

The accent was solemn, it filled me with fear,
I resolved to retire, and homewards to steer,
But being immersed in the midst of a wood,
And that instant old Pluto before me he stood.

His aspect forbidding his beard bleached by time,
Enwrapped in a mantle, he also was blind;
I had seen him depicted, and knew him to be
The old God of Riches, who was no friend to me.

I onwards proceeded, and thought him to shun
But he advanced saying "Why thus do you mourn,
Though your pockets are empty, if you worship me?
I can soon separate you from such cursed poverty."

As I was well acquainted, it was of no use,
Such unthinking fellows like me to reduce—
"You sordid old rascal," I to him did call,
"Sure the powers formed you blind to be kind unto all."

"Then why would you induce me, or on me intrude
To leave off the path that leads to rectitude;
For it would be your duty, when you find my cash low,
To give me some cash, lest stray I might go."

"You poor silly fellow," he replied then to me,
"Now look round the world and unto this you may see,
That, with all their pretensions to great sanctity,
Yet their worship is chiefly directed to me."

"I'm worshipped in synods and assemblies,
I'm worshipped in the cabinet and all great levies;
I direct their decisions who govern the state,
And I'm worshipped by all who affect to be great."

"All altars with incense they flame unto me,
My temple's capstones on earth, air, and sea;
At church, market, and meeting, my presence they prize,
And in all convocations they me idolize."

There's neither law, physic, nor divinity,
 Would have one professor, were it not for me
 You may judge from their actions, but this I uphold
 No power they admire, but the power of gold.

"All hand-favoured ladies, that are frightful to see,
 When Nature rejects them, they fly unto me;
 I provide them young husbands, and I never fail
 O'er all their defections to draw a close veil.

Poor silly old misers, 'twould be a disgrace
 To class them in balance with the human race;
 Yet their imperfections by me are supplied,
 For my money like fig leaves their nakedness hide.

Thus you see how my votaries by me they are served,
 While clients to Bacchus and Venus are starved;
 While you follow the Muses, and still despise me
 From Fortune's old daughter you ne'er will get free

In a passion he left me but old Bacchus drew nigh,
 Saying, "Rouse up my gay fellow you ne'er shall be
 dry;
 I'll inspire my votaries wherever they be,
 To treat you with whiskey, when they chance you to see,

"Ne'er mind that old rascal, though he's in a rage,
 You surely have heard of the famous golden age;
 Though now he's permitted with mankind to dwell,
 He then was banished to the regions of hell.

"Then sweet peace and plenty blessed this happy land,
 No tyrant usurper had then the command
 No rapine, no murder, you then could behold
 No king, priest, or miser, was thirsting for gold.

CAMPBELL'S CORDIAL

Be wise to-day, of want beware,
 You'll find it madness to defer,
 Should my counsel come from vice restrain,
 Then I hope I have not lived in vain.

Forty six years I'm sure, and more,
 I drank and made the taverns roar—
 That space once rose a temple fine,
 Though it brings me to a great decline.

It was quite plain that I was dry,
 I drank so long excessively;
 My defects I always scorn to hide,
 But drink and thirst seem to subside.

My bowl's now ceased to overflow
 The genius dance I'll let you know
 The sardonic all are on this agreed,
 For they see I'm wearing past my speed.

Whoever does my course pursue,
Will lose his friends, and credit too;
In the end has cause to grieve and fret,
When void of every thing but debt.

Had I took the tide when at the flood,
I would have found a harbour good.
But alas! the voyage of my life
Was bound in quicksands, rocks, and strife.

I did neglect that golden rule,
Like the lame man lay at the pool;
I had ne'er a friend in all my kin,
When the tide was full, to shove me in.

He that acts wisely walks secure,
While the unwise treads with poor;
He's still alone, and should be still,
Has none to lift him up at all.

Ye teeters old where'er ye be,
When spent your cash jovial and free,
Your station makes my heart to bleed,
You'll find few friends in time of need.

But he that would himself befriend,
Will neither time nor treasure spend;
Then unsought gifts his friends will grant
When their humble servants nothing want.

Dear youths, pray let me you advise,
For long experience makes me wise;
When to sport or spend you are incline
Then Campbell's Cordial call to mind.

VERSES ON JAMES GRAHAM

Ye Scotchmen true, that wears the blue,
As social masons free,
Brave Graham you'll find, a brother kind,
Of tried integrity:
We recommend our worthy friend
To your peculiar care,
While patriot swains grace Scotia's plains,
That name they will revere.

May happiness eternal flow
To your exalted mind,
In grace and truth your offspring grow,
Your husband good and kind
Quite void of sickness, grief, and woe,
May still your dwelling be,
Till time your head bleach white as snow, —
Is Campbell's wish to thee.

When nightly at our lodge we meet,
Our hearts as one agree,
To brush off dust and decorate
Our ancient mystery;

Old worthies to commemorate,
That honour still we claim,
With three times three we will repeat
"Our steady friend James Graham."

Where bounding billows rage and roar,
And dash the foamy spray,
Though even on a lee rough shore,
Brave Graham could ne'er dismay.
The tempest squalls, the rude rain falls,
While lightening flashes blue,
With a mind alert, active, and smart,
He'll land, steer, reef, or clue.

To passengers he does repair,
Who with him wish to go,
'Tis his only pride, when the storms subside
To mitigate their woe;
His bottle free, right heartily
He makes them quaff it round;
As each thirsty soul drains off the bowl,
With his health the deeps resound.

THE

DEVIL HUMBUGGED BY THE CLERGY

Our voluptuous sloth and our scandalous lives,
The profuse dissipation of children and wives,

Have oppressed each nation, and how can it be,—
Through our flimsy cobweb they're beginning to see.
Derry down down Derry down.

The church and the state have been long linked secure,
We kept the croud dark, and the state kept them poor;
But the blindest among them's beginning to fret,
And cry "nine hundred millions of national debt!"
Derry down &c.

The idea is vast, also shocking to hear,
But ten thousand times worse for the people to bear,
They are pointing their fingers, and clenching their fists
And crying "Be damned to their long pension lists."
Derry down &c.

Egyptian bondage they cry, was but game,—
Our feelings are harrowed up in the extreme;
The burdens we bear are 'yond our power or might,
And we doth feel and see though kept quite void of
light.

Derry down.

The war with the Devil, the people all cry,
Has ruined the nation recruits to supply;
In millions of debt it has helped us to drown;
You must come to a peace, or fight on your own ground
Derry down.

Our duplicity, pride, and hypocrisy,
 We long have kept veiled with profound sophistry,
 We've netted their feelings quite into the quick,
 Our alternative now is to humbug old Nick.

Derry down:

This long we have seen, and now down is sent.
 Some Agents well fitted discord to foment,
 To spite and informers they pay due respect,
 And are joined by whole legions who here wore the
 black

To divide and to conquer, they still keep in view,
 Their plan of attack they've constructed anew,
 The gold from these nations that's all fled away,
 Is collected in millions, to bribe and betray,

Derry down.

Amongst all our brave agents, there was none thought
 more fit
 For intrigue and deception, than old Burke and Pitt;
 And the last news a passage from them did explore,
 Said, the whole lower regions they had in uproar.

Derry down.

Our exchequer-bills in that clime's of no use,
 but our gold from allegiencoe can numbers seduce,

Which will make the old general lower his tone,
 When his kingdom's divided, then Derry's our own.
 Derry down.

Some heroes already have just left the stage,
 Who in new adventures still wished to engage;
 They here still delighted in carnage and blood,
 And are now on their course through the Stygian flood.
 Derry down.

The learned will rejoice, and the ignorant stare,
 Some priests from the pulpit cry, 'people beware!
 To their vague report let no credit be given,
 We say 'tis as true as that war was in heaven.
 Derry down.

If in this wise scheme we should chance to succeed,
 No doubt, but the great men may take it in head,
 With their chiefs in the front and their priests in the
 rear.
 To troop down together, and leave the coast clear.
 Derry down.

And if their adherents should here for them grieve,
 They must follow after their minds to relieve;
 With their neighbours' consent, they'll part with them
 civil
 And wish them safe down just to humbug the Devil.
 Derry down.

HENDERSON'S ADDRESS

To his MASONIC Brethren.

To muse me inspire ! come grant my heart's desire !
 Apollo tune thy lyre— in concord we'll agree ;
 Ye Cyprian nymphs and graces, that haunt peculiar
 places,
 The light from your fair faces I hope you'll shed on me

For as yet I am but young, to man's estate scarce come,
 In this country bred and born, and educated war:
 My days I've spent and sported; and fair maidens I've
 courted,
 And oftentimes resorted from Straid to Ballynure

With the sons of Masonry I always did agree,
 In love and unity to elevate my soul;
 Nor drowned my days in pleasure, beyond the social
 measure,
 By which that heaven-sent treasure would save us from
 the bowl.

It was nigh the town of Straid I beheld a comely maid
 My peace she did invade, but could not my mind destroy
 Since from earnest application she met my supplication
 And with no less resignation completed all my joy.

I'd been happy with my jewel had her parents not been
 cruel
 But they quench'd alas ! love's fuel that in her breast
 did glow:
 By darkest machination, they wrought our separation,
 And half wild in desperation I from my love did go.

Compelled, since hope is over, to turn a hapless rover,
 I'll range this nation over, its beauty to explore;
 And while Henderson's my name, let me never blush
 for shame
 Nor disgrace my honest name, as I stray from shore to
 shore.

When returned my voice I'll tune, while working at my
 loom,
 As morning, night, and noon, I give my hours employ,
 And with each returning Spring when I join your mystic
 ring
 Often to my heart 'twill bring all the bliss of social joy.

And though now it deeply grieves me till my firmness,
 almost leaves me,
 All this bitter parting gives me, is your goodness to
 forego.

But your generous commendation, to our brethren of
 each nation,
 I'll bear in every station, your love for me to show.

WILLIE WARK'S SONG

Ye loyal lads o' Bal'ynure
 Frae Mackaystown to black Bruslee,
 I'm sure ye'll hardly tak it ill
 A verse or twa frae aye like me.

For seventy Summers I hae seen
 The heather clad wi' bells o' blue;
 An' mony an up an' doon hae been,
 Since this auld coat o' mine was new.

My coat though auld keeps out the cauld,
 It sairs me baith for coat an' sark;
 But I would hurn't afore I turn't
 While'er my name is Willie Wark.

In Seventy we had hearts o' steel,
 In Eighty we had Volunteers;
 An' Bal'ynure had aople chiefs,
 As by the county books appears.

In Ninety-eight we arm'd again,
 To right some things that we thought
 wrang.

We gat a little for our pains,
 It's no worth mindin' in a sang.

An' now we've got a Yeoman core,
 Selected frae amang a tribe;
 The number reaches to a score—
 Fifteen for peats an' five for pride.

In scarlet they hae clad their wames,
 An' at their side a dirk is hung;
 An' sic a band o' bold yeomen,
 In posts sang was never sung.

Yon Jamie Park, should silent be,
 For ance ye war' a crappy loon;
 Ye bought a pike at seven thirteens,
 When ither folks was half a crown.

But nane o' it would you gie up
 Although by you war' ither ta'en;
 Ye row't it in a crishy clook,
 An' Skilton yet can shew the stane.

But here's a health to auld Square Dobbs
 For he is a right honest man;
 An' if he wad but dight his spear,
 He'd then see matters as they stan.

1814

CAMPBELL'S NIGHT CAP

When Campbell was tossed on the billows of life,
 His old hat in a storm overhlew;
 He conformed to a nightcap, without noise or strife,
 When a spray washed his hat out of view.

Saying "Why should I frown, or on fortune lockdown,
 Though as bare as a bird in a tree;
 To this world of care I came naked and bare,
 I'm returning the same, do you see."

I'm completely equipped to enlist in the train
 That's well noted for their uniform;
 They wear belta bags, and nightcaps to keep off the
 rain
 An old blanket that's thick, patched, and warm.

"After all their hard labour, their watching, and toil
 In an hospital they're fixed indeed,
 Where Doctors and governors destroy and spoil
 What should comfort the poor invalid."

"We are all much to blame as messmates on life's cruise,
 For we take our allowance too small,
 We're dragged into measures we ought to refuse,
 There was plenty laid in for us all."

We've got sense and perception, with reason, to guide
 Our course through life's turbulent waves,
 But our poor passive spirits let villains preside,
 And we then become slaves to the knaves.

"These forty long seasons I'm sure, and far more,
 Misfortune has dragged me in tow;
 To lighten my bottom on a rough, rocky shore,
 My goods all to leeward did go."

As the storm veered, I drifted, and oft-times broached to,
 Lay at a career and a heel,
 My bare poles to the weather, through which the storm
 blew,
 Till my upper deck now is my keel.

Through the rough voyage of life I ne'er knew how to
 steer,
 My knowledge was not worth a pin;
 I stood out to sea still of rocks to keep clear,
 While some for a cargo shored in.

Had I minded the example of pirates before,
 Who now have completely changed fig;
 They robbed friend and foe, and the prize away bore,
 My nightcap had been a white wig.

But hope still supports me, though storms beat and blow,
 And have tossed me severe on life's tide;
 If I do my duty above and below,
 My wages will not be denied.

Though thousands now bustle by land and by sea,
 The nightcap to change to a crown,
 When down with old Davy fast locked they shall be,
 Pray where is their fame or renown?"

CAMPBELL'S

EXPOSTULATION TO WHISKEY

O Whiskey you are a most treacherous friend,
 Whoever but trusts you on this may depend,

Your motive's to make all your clients to spend,
 Till their cash and their credit's out fairly.

Your friendship has oftentimes led me astray;
 You lately allured me and kept me all day,
 At night coming home threw me down by the way,
 And deserted me next morning early.

My coat you've abused, and my breeches you've torn,
 The heels of my shoes by the gravel you've worn,
 And slept on the moor till the dawning of morn,—
 O Whiskey, you've used me severely.

You did me inveigle till in I did go,
 Then sent me to wander, like Nick, to and fro;
 Next day on my bed when my head was laid low,
 You treated me poorly and sparsely.

Your sparkling allurements they did me entice,
 From tasting to drinking you got me black eyes;
 My friends and my neighbours they did me advise
 To quit your connexions entirely.

You did me expose oftentimes, to my shame,
 But I will you oppose, and I'll show that I'm game!

I'll ne'er quit the ground till I'm both blind and lame
O Whiskey I'll try you out fairly.

If in this great conflict I should bite the dust,
I have this consolation, I am not the first;
Adieu to my cares, on good fortune I trust,
O Whiskey I'll handle you queerly.

I want no evasion, ne'er come forth incoo,
Meet me in pure spirit, for I don't love your grog,
And if in the end you should chance me to flog,
O let it be fairly and squarely.

My mind I'll speak free, till I go to the clay,
And I don't care a fig what opponents may say;
Whether whiskey's influences lead aright or astray,
Believe me I ne'er saw ~~it~~ clearly.

The truth Captain Whiskey, I'll always declare,
You keep my purse light and my coat threadbare,—
If a christian his enemy should always revere,
My duty's to love you sincerely.

WILLIAM WALLACE

THE IRISH PATRIOTS' SONG OF WO

From my youth, I declare, I was taught to revere
My religion, my country, and laws;
No punishment severe, could e'en me deter
From backing my country's cause.
I early embarked as a bold volunteer,
From old Bourbon's friends our coasts to keep clear,
Regardless of danger, possessions, or fear,
I prepared for Uibernia's foe.

When reform was debated, I ne'er hesitated
To stand firm old Ireland's friend,
I insinuated to have laws renovated,
Not our constitution to rend;
Thus was I determined, and lent her my aid,
In an unguarded hour they a leader me made;
Though it ne'er was my choice I have well for it paid
It adds links to my chains of wo

Ire'er did neglect to pay two laws due respect,
 Not one of five hundred, or more,
 We suffered to attack' house or town to ransom,—
 Their wants I supplied from my store:
 I'm grieved to hear and see those who plundered pro-
 perty,
 Acquitted and enjoying perfect liberty,
 While I was transported across the wide sea,
 To deplore my dear country's sad woe.

Five hundred and more, I supplied from my store,
 Independent of any other man;
 The laws I respected, that property protected,
 This was my original plan:
 'Twas all to no purpose, as plain you may see,
 'I was sentenced, transported across the wide sea
 While wretches and robbers enjoy sweet liberty,
 Which rivets my chains of woe.

Back I was allured, and in prison immured;
 This with pain I do always relate;
 Sometimes my cure, when I help the poor,
 Under their iron chain of fate:
 They cry "Wallace, cheer up, and no longer thus
 mourn,
 Your namesake of old was so served in his turn—
 Yet his puny oppressors he always did spurn,
 Till death struck off his chains of woe.

When the radiance of morn the dark clouds adorn,
 And nightable shades disappear,
 From my prison I gaze on the sun's golden rays,
 That through the iron bars my heart cheer.
 The fatigues of confinement to Morpheus consigned,
 To my fellows in bondage—my unprisoned mind,
 Oft roves into space, in hopes still to find
 A respite from this load of woe.

THE GAY TOPERS

Tune—Gales of Glasgow

Come, ye gay toppers all, now attend to my call,
 There is no time at all like the present for me,
 We'll leave off dull care, and directly repair,
 Some pleasure to share, where the glasses go free,

Misfortune, that whore, in old Ballynure,
 Like Job keeps us poor, our cup mingled with gall
 She ne'er can dismay any toper that's gay,
 In despite of her, I say we will drink dregs and —

Let no toper repine, that old Plutus is blind,
 His abode we cannot find, nor to him we'll go,
 His old rusty ware does but laden him with care,
 For it thousands prepares for the regions below.

Look down with disdain, on the wretch robs for gain
 Who racks each nerve and vein up treasure to lay;
 When you meet a real friend, your mind then unbend
 Either borrow or lend, the score off to pay.

When life's cheering sun's to meridian up run,
 The whiskey's begun our thoughts to enflame;
 While round the glass goes, it to care gives repose,
 Then our past griefs and woes appear like a dream.

Contentment I find, it is all in the mind,—
 When the health is declined, and the body laid low,
 It's no odds to the clay, what posterity may say,
 He in a coach or chaise, or a begging did go.

Each grave hoary sage, of almost every age,
 Calls this world a stage, where we stop but cannot
 stay;
 In high life or in low, with disgrace down they go,
 Who do at try to know and their parts well to play

His words call to mind, when record you'll find,
 He was always inclined some pleasure to have
 Who brings us to see, if we fool or wise be,
 Gets our property, when laid in the grave.

The Scriptures advise all men to be wise,
 And sometimes practice to drink a good store;
 Let the poor contracted heart from the table not start,
 But finish his quart, and his griefs mind no more.

These real golden rules, were formed by no fools,
 Though some discordant mules reject them, yet say
 They are pleased to the soul to see a full bowl'
 But they fret' frown, and growl if they have it to pay.

Gold of evil's the root, without any doubt
 Its produce is the fruit to the reaper gives pain,
 But while we are here, of that rock we'll keep clear,
 For the course we will steer where our treasures
 remain.

Though in life's stormy gale we make little sail,
 Our bark being frail and the shore rough and lee,
 When our reckoning's out-run and our course nearly
 done,
 We may richer return than those far at sea.

When on Lethe profound, our cares all are drowned
 Lest back you rebound, this plan still pursue,
 Drink you short or long, give no insult or wrong,
 Take a verse of a song and keep virtue in view.

If an old friend pass by, and no drink he can buy,
 Perhaps he is dry — O moisten his clay:
 He that gives to the poor, shows a heart that is pure,
 His reward shall be sure upon some future day.

HUMOURS OF GLEN

On a fine dewy morning, the larks new notes forming
 Pteobus was adorn'g each bower and glen;
 My mind being uneasy, I walked forth to please me,
 In hopes it would ease me, to meet with a friend,
 My ear was alarmed, whilst my bosom was charmed,
 But soon I discerned—what enchanted me then,
 For a maid, like a linnet, had tuned up her spinnet,
 And straight did begin to the Humours of Glen.

When the spinnet and lyre with the season conspire,
 They awake the soul, a fire to fancy give wing.
 From tree, shrub, and flower, grove, garden and
 bower,
 And wild notes pour forth in the blooming spring.
 O music! thy charms call the hero to arms.
 Ye doff war's alarms beyond human ken.

By thee Orpheus descended, with the Devil contended,
 His knotty mind bended to the Humours of Glen.

My genius being fertile, I peeped through the myrtle
 That did her encircle, to depict her mien.
 Her golden locks flowing by the breeze gently blowing,
 Her rosy cheeks glowing, her garments were green.
 O! the sweet lovely features of this charming creature,
 They must exceed Nature, or else be no men
 The commandment could keep—hush their passions
 asleep.
 While the strings she did sweep to the Humours of
 Glen.

Like a saint of devotion, chaste chaste was my notion,
 Though my blood in emotion thrilled quick through
 each vein,
 Enraptured I gazed, her with ecstasy praised,
 While the charmer she raised the harmonious strain;
 O the nine virgin Muses some poet refasts,
 Believe me who chooses, I'm favoured by ten,
 The bard who'd refute it, with him I'll dispute it,
 He'll sure be confuted by the Humours of Glen.

O the siren so neatly had charmed me completely
 To thank her discreetly, I thought was my due;

Sweet daughter of Erin, I have been admiring
 Your music inspiring, though unseen by you;
 She blushed when she said it, "Our nation's degraded,
 Our rights are invaded, but I tell you, when
 These things you restore, I will charm you once more
 With Erin go Bragh and the Humours of Glen."

SONG

Called S—S'S soliloquy entitled the Bull of Bulls

The freemen of Carrick they call me a gull,
 For exchanging my vote for old calls for my Bull*
 Though my present exertions some stomachs, have
 leathed,
 I hope by these means to get my B— clothed
 Derry down, down derry down.

Like the oaks of this isle I stood each rule blast,
 Time makes brass and marble give out at the last;
 Ye freemen consider and leave off your fun,
 I have done no more than my betters have done.
 Derry down,

*The name of his boat

My steady adherence to principles pure,
 Kept me gravelling below and eternally poor;
 But I will soar aloft upon fancy's bright wings,
 I mean to be great, though about little things.
 Derry down,

They also assert, that I have now in view
 Some post place, or pension in the revenue,
 Which if I could find it would better suit me,
 Than precarious subsistence just dragged from the sea.
 Derry down,

In voluptuous sloth my guts may be crammed,
 My boats, lines, and dredges, they all may be damned,
 Since, rather than hamper their bellies at all,
 Would sell vote and conscience, soul, body, and all
 Derry down,

I my vote mean to sell just a place for to buy,
 The market was stopp'd with such jobbers as I
 But the gay temporizer ne'er stood for to prig,
 He came up to my price—my old B— was to rig
 Derry down,

The bulls of old Egypt, old Rome and old Greece,
 And the bulls that well guarded the old golden flocks,

In antiquity famed, though their power was so large,
Were but brutes to my B—, with the sails of the barge.
Derry down

If the lord whom I serve, would for me procure
The pension or pay of an old synscure,
I don't care a pin what the bucks they may say,
"O dam-me ! behold the new Vicar of Bray
Derry down,

But if I can manage for to get a place,
I have not a doubt but I'll fill it with grace;
Of my predecessors real conduct pursue,
I'm damned if I change without better in view.
Derry down,

Though my present conduct some men will deride,
Pray what human being could withstand a bribe,
There are some, to be sure, that prove somewhat nice,
But the blocks they don't know to come up to their
price.
Derry down,

I am not the first can prove to the full,
Who bowed their knee to the get of a bull;

As the last election I completely came off,—
For my B— has begotten a real golden calf
Derry down,

Ye most rigid censurers, were you but inclined,
To weigh the influence gold has o'er the mind,
Ye wouldn't cast your eyes inward, and cease for to rail,
Just call me a man, and of consequence frail.
Derry down,

BOYLE'S EXIT

To the Banks of LOUGHMORNE

Tune—Green-wood Laddie

Feeling men, hear with pity Ned Boyle's moving ditty,
And ye maids, fair and pretty as the blown dewy thorn;
My mind 'tis relieving, though your bosoms are heaving,
While I repeat my grieving at leaving Loughmorne.

Now I'm hereby declaring, that land I'm revering,
It gave me birth and rearing, but I'm from it torn;
Though mountainous the station no place in all the nation,
Can meet my approbation, like the banks of Loughmorne

Here the larks notes reciting, the landscape inviting,
The sun's rays delighting, while the lands they adorn;
The bleating flocks straying, and the fish gently playing,
But I can't get staying on the banks of Loughmorne.

Sure each human creature, in the garden of nature,
 Though of black or white feature, the tyrant must
 scorn,
 Whose malice reduced them, to leave that produced them,
 I felt what induced them, at leaving Loughmorne.

This fact there appears, though my juvenile years,
 Void of all cares and fears, I have rambl'd each morn,
 Ne'er thinking or dreaming of their plotting and scheming
 Or what knave was framing my leaving Loughmorne

There virtue's declining and the poor they are grinding,
 Rich men are combining to make their hearts mourn,
 And the lucrative villain appears to be willing
 For the tenant's last shilling on the banks of Lough-
 morne.

Yet there are men kind-hearted from their word ne'er de-
 parted,

Whom others upstart'd, truth, agonies sworn,
 Though vengeance is suspended on evils intended,
 Time will on them send it, put me from Loughmorne.

Though I abhor them, I'll not execrate them,
 The powers repent to them before they're outworn;
 But when they are ended, to the grave low decended,
 Their seed unbefriended may range round Loughmorne.

Now, I'll have off complaining, toast friends there remain-
 ing.

While the bowl I'm out draining unto the last horn,

May no agent nor 'squire ever force them to retire,
 If it be their desire to live tigh to Loughmorne.

CAMPBELL'S LAST LAY OF THE POETS

Ye Poets who wish to ramble,
 Now attention give to Campbell,
 I long through life did scramble,
 And seldom miss'd my aim;
 I ne'er assumed perfection,
 Nor did I fear detection —
 The critic's sly inspection
 I regardlessly disclaim.

Old Pius I ne'er courted,
 Nor to his plans resorted,
 Though with me Fortune sported,
 I always found her coy;
 And ne'er would grant a favour
 But through means of honest labour, —
 In despite of her endeavour,
 I pass'd some time in joy.

I've oft laid down my shuttle
 To meet my friends and bottle,
 And like great Aristotle

I have made my brains to reel;
 If on this side of the grave
 There is respite for the slave,
 Oft that pleasure let me have,
 That with real friends I feel

To my fate I am resigned,
 For wealth I ne'er repined,
 As the Powers have combined,
 This state for me to choose;
 It exempts my mind from trouble,
 That I'm ne'er in a hobble,
 My pleasures ne'er come double,
 With more than I can use.

I'm always brisk and willing
 To sport a British shilling,
 And while the quart is filling
 I oft rejoice and sing;
 Sometimes a worthy fellow,
 Who with drinking has got mellow,
 Will upon the waiter bow,
 Up another quart to bring.

Though by Fortune I'm neglected,
 My mind is ne'er dejected,
 By friends I am respected,
 Who moisten well my clay;
 While my time thus gaily passes,
 On the road to high Parnassus,
 I'm like many stupid asses,
 By the mules led astray.

Through fiction's fields I wander
 On ideal dreams I ponder
 And many hours I squander,
 And all to please my mind;

While time away is flying,
 I'm to ancient bards applying,
 And the cheapest way I'm trying,
 While I'm here, to comfort find.

My days by mirth I'll measure,
 Since grief can earn no treasure,
 And cheerfulness gives pleasure
 To soul and body here;
 Let them that's gold esteeming,
 Their brains with phantoms teeming,
 Of want and woe be dreaming,
 And disappointment bear.

If your friend you wish to please him,
 Or an ample fortune raise him,
 With abundance never tease him,
 Nor yet increase his store;
 Learn him to be contented,
 And thank the Powers who sent it,
 Lest sometimes he repent it,
 When he can use no more.

My sun is near the setting,
 I'll leave off care and fretting,
 All grief and woe forgetting,
 I request all friends and foes
 To sing this verse of Campbell's,
 That immersed in heath and brambles,
 Though far distant from the shambles,
 He, alas! did it compose.

EPITAPHS

ON 4

Generous benefactor of the poor

All you draw nigh, can heave a sigh,
Or shed a silent tear;
That tribute pay her memory
No more your plaint she'll hear.

You that were poor count Hall's name
That want made you apple,
Here she lies low, was grieved to know,
You hungry, cold or dry.

Yet here she must rest in the dust,
First Nature needs repose,
Till the day-star springs healing on his
And the dark stars disclose. (wings)

ON A SAILOR

Here lies a sailor, now completely moored,
Gulf's, bays, and harbours, he had well explored
The secrets of the deep he wished to know,
He was alight—now in the straits below.

By adverse winds driven on to raging seas,
On his beam-ends has been for nights and days,
Through time's rough ocean he was tossed and torn,
His ship and cargo from him now are torn. (red.)

The voyage of life with him is passed o'er,—
The dashing tempests roused him cease to roar;
If from this station he'll again be driven,
He'll shape his course next to the coast of Heaven.

ON A NAILER

Here lies interred an honest nailer,
Under the key of a strong jailer;
Though he was no slave to any sect
Yet Christian plan he did respect.

Yet on each criminal's division,
Lock'd with contempt, and real derision,
And oftentimes did them inspire
Far to say less, and to do more.

When at his task he sure was tired,
These words he said and heart inspired
"Ye heavy-laden, sore oppress'd,
Just follow me and you'll find rest."

Come wrightly to his he oft repented,
Thought stronger ties got them abridged
Ye hypocrites, of every station,
How can you escape damnation.

To rob the poor, nor widow spare,
For a pretence ye make long prayers;
When I was young, sick, and dry,
To serve me you would not comply.

Much less the hungry starving poor;
Vengeance, though slow, is always sure.
These words deserve all your attention,
"In my father's house are many mansions."

Then cease ye clavisorous partial railers,
There is a place for honest Nailers.

ON A BLIND MAN

Here lies a man who once was truly blind,
But whether accidental or designed
We cannot tell, but of this we are sure,
If God so made him, he soon can him cure
In former times, a paragon they say,
Restored the sight, just by applying clay.
The clay's applied, he on this word relies
Who'er believes on me, the dead shall rise.
He died in hope nothing doubting either,
But he should rise to life and light together.
No preacher now, for all their pride and prat
Could rescue sight even to a paralytic cat,
Their power consists in words just one and
And not to deeds, or charity at all. [all

ON A TOPER

Here lies a Topper, once was thirsty,
And lived a jug of Ham or Whiskey,
To a friend indeed, who cash was low,
He would either spend, lend, or bestow.

To anyone judge him not at all,—
To his master let him stand or fall,
He best did know when he was dry,—
Stand off his g'n-a, and let him lie.

ON A BRAZIER

Here lies interred an honest brazier,
Who once was sharp as any razor,
Some people thought him a good thinker,
From his wit called him a freethinker.
Be't as it will he always mented,
And none with an intent offended;
'Tis true he wrought amon' the metal,
And mented many a pan and kettle.
But now that trade he can't give o'er,
He'll ring among the pots no more;
He has left his customers forlorn,
And here will rest, till the last morn.

ON A NEGRO

Here lies extended on his back
A man, when living was jet black;
There's no distinction in the grave
Between the master and the slave;
Though numbers that profess to tell
Of God, the Devil, Heav'n, and Hell,
On future events volumes write,
Yet they can't tell black dust from white.
Just being the matter, this may relate them,
They cannot tell what corpses produce them.
Ask such a decree before creation,
They'll tell you his determination:
Make large comments upon the spirit,
And judge if we're fit, or real demerit,
Condemn the black, and save the white,
A thousand non-sensical recite.

On those dark parts no light is given,
 Even to the angels that are in heaven;
 Epics then, frail men, though ye are scholars
 To judge of merit of a laurel,
 Wisely conclude, just one and all,
 You nothing know at all at all.

ON A PIPER

Here lies a piper very low
 Who charmingly his bags could blow;
 Compressed the air, then sweetly sounded,
 Till woods, and groves and rooms resound-
 ed.

It was allowed he beat Echo,
 And won the prize of Apollo;
 And roused from slumber drowsy Morphe-
 us.

The sylvan nymphs danced before him,
 The graces ever did adore him;
 The Muses all to him resorted,
 And with his chanter often sported,
 Till one night being overhauled,
 To wet his pipes with old Libanus.
 And play them fare-you well Kiberry,
 And crammed him down low, low he lies,
 Till muses and gods are all dried;
 His to the great illumination,
 The dissolution of old creation.
 When all old things are done away,
 He'll get new pipes upon that day.
 And to make him still complete,
 Be first musician to old Peter.
 His former trade he will resume,
 And trust the gleamy silent tomb.

ON A PREACHER

Here lies a preacher, by profession
 Judge ye what sort by his confession,—
 He was no Jew, for he eat wine;
 He was no Turk, for he drank wine;
 He was no Roman, he had no sign;
 He was no Quaker, he had no spirit;
 His house was covered by no roof,
 His conscience it was cannon-proof;
 Thirty years he preached and lied,
 The people damned him, then he died.

ON A FARMER

Here lies interred a wealthy Farmer,
 O may his fate be your alarm;
 He with religious men disputed,
 And their assertions always doubted.
 The affairs of state he never debated,
 But well his farm he cultivated;
 While God and Nature blessed his store,
 His heart extended still for more.
 Till in the midst of this prime on,
 He always came to this conclusion,
 To extort the poor as it appears,
 And lay up cash for many years.
 My barns pull down, and will enlarge them,
 Store up my grain, the poor I'll starve them.
 But though his plans were well concerted
 Death brought him to another market.
 One night when he was setting drinking,
 And on his change but little thinking,
 He made him and his treasure leave,
 To his haunted in the grave.

EPITAPH on FRANCIS AGNEW

Stop, traveller, here this grave survey,
Observe it well and sighing say,
On the gray stone these words I view,
Here lies interred *Amicus* Agnew.

He was a man afflicted sore,
His chastisement with patience bore;
These words he often did repeat
The grave my grief will terminate.

"There every anxious care shall rest,
That labouring nature has opprest;
The wo and grief my heart did shroud,
Shall vanish like a morning cloud.

My griefs will their departure take,
When from death's sleep up I awake:
I'll join to praise the glorious King,
From pain and death has took the sting,

"The causes strange to me appear,
Why I so much must suffer here
That power provides the raven's food,
Will order all things for my good.

"My frail machine has been, no doubt,
But ill proportioned to stand out;
Some limber wheel, this is my notion,
Has given the whole a zigzag motion.

My youth is fled, my frame outworn,
My station has my heart-strings torn;
My silver cord I know is broke,
My golden bowl has got a stroke,

"My notes of music are brought low,
The way of all flesh I must go;
My almond tree is in full bloom,
Which shews I'm drawing near the tomb.

My grinders ceased because they're few,
My light deceased—vain world, adieu!"
Through life he ran a useful race,
He lived and died in perfect peace.

Then changed the scene to some fixed star
Beyond imagination far.
This precept he did leave behind,
"Bid mortals use each other kind.

And not to fear, or doubt at all,"
For virtue triumphs over all.
He learned in stern affliction's schools,
Adversity's most latent rules.

As in gradation he did go,
He learned to feel another's woe,
The poor's affliction, grief, and care,
Oft made him drop a silent tear.

The feeling heart to sympathize,
 It oftentimes o'ersflows the eyes.
 This maxim he did close pursue.
 "Do all the good that you can do."

Laughed none to scorn, nor for their pride
 Of wealth or titles them envied,
 He was obliging, kind and free:
 His mind replete with charity.

Believing ancient wise direction,
 Says charity hides all defection.
 His cot long stood lone and obscure,
 In the centre of a heathy moor.

To shield distress, by him 'twas given,
 Free as the dew that falls from heaven;
 He adhered to Peter, James and Paul,
 And lodged all strangers that did call.

Though some lodged angels on that plan,
 There's fifty devils lodged for one.
 Frank knew no scheme, nor plan he had,
 How to select the good from bad.

Nor did presume to scan the heart
 To lodge them only was his part.
 Therefore he always was designed
 Wayfaring men to use most kind.

Though poor or rich, stranger, or friend:
 If bad, he hoped that they might mend;
 The feeble light shone to the road,
 Which led direct to his abode;

It showed the weary wanderers all,
 The entrance safe into his hall.
 Remote in peace, retired afar,
 From courts, or camps, or bloody war.

Ambition, pagantry and pride,
 Quite happy that he was supplied
 With a poor cot, at small expense,
 By a kind friend's benevolence,

Wherein he let the poor repose,
 In balmy sleep forget their woes;
 For when awake he this did fear,
 Their wounded spirit scarce could bear.

The pressures that attend their lot,
 Which made him freely give his cot,
 And ne'er deny, early, or late
 While one it would accommodate

All kindreds, colours, old and young
 That ever had from Adam sprung.
 If they applied, did shelter find
 From driving rain, and blowing wind.

The vagrant tribe, though from afar,
 Ne'er found his door on lock or bar,
 In rain, in wind, in frost or snow,
 They had permission in to go.

Throw off their bags upon the ground,
 And wide extend the circle round;
 To the fire-side's warm reviving heat,
 Present their clay-cold hands and feet.

When seated and somewhat composed,
 Old Francis then, he still proposed,
 To ask the news, and wished to hear
 What sad disasters brought them here.

Then in rotation they would tell
 Calamities that them befel
 Which grieved old Francis sore no doubt;
 But still he wished to hear them out.

For few from choice commenced the trade,
 But accidents had numbers made.
 By their perpetual conversation,
 Who had traversed around each nation.

He got acquaintance with the whole,
 His knowledge ran from pole to pole;
 No place on earth that you would mention,
 But to it he had paid attention;

Its religion, government, and laws,
 He could repeat without a pause.
 He knew the bearings and the distance
 Of every nation in existence.

Promontories, straits, gulfs and bays
 That stretched, or opened to such seas,
 Each tale spread over sea or ocean,
 When, and by whom found had a notion.

Not only this, but it was said
 He knew the time when they were made;
 What made his knowledge so exceeding,
 Was the result of profound reading.

Though logical or syntax rules
 He studied not, like those at schools;
 He could arrange, also compose
 Each subject that you would propose.

When careless o'er the moor he strayed,
 He knew to think what should be said.
 The bard, and genius of this nation,
 He read their works though in translation.

And rational comments he made
 On science, politics, and trade;
 Tactics he only reprobated.
 Because the work he always hated.

It ran so counter to the plan
The Prince of Peace bestowed on man.
The social mind fills with alarms
To see man learn the use of arms

And know great numbers stand aloof
Who see both shame and scandal proof.
Crying "Fear and rob, and kill each other,
Let not the brother spare the brother,

You must support us with the spoil
Of your honest labour, care and toil;
And mind you must your quota pay
To hire us or we will not pray"

"It's we that regulate the state,
Though nothing do, our power is great"
The poet or preacher he did relish,
His story nicely could embellish,

Although the theme he did propose,
Just like the earth from nothing rose
To read saints lives he was tenacious,
Polycarp and Athanasius

Favourites were, he did extol
In short he loved and praised the whole.
In biography he delighted,
And when a life he had recited,

That rose by noble emulation.
He would point out for imitation.
He heraldry well understood,
Shields, coats, and crests, since Noah's flood.

The Irish peers he could have told,
What time and where they were enrolled.
He said "Titles but degrade his name,
Who to good actions has no claim.

That was quite plain for them to see
By the way they served their country"
He had a powerful gift of reason,
To use it, he feared, might verge on treason.

He often let his tongue lie idle,
Lest some might charge him with a libel
Few great men did his knowledge prize,
He neither flattered, nor told lies.

But was accustomed from his youth,
To honest words of simple truth.
When aught appeared to him a mystery,
He had recourse to ancient history,

Which said "It was law's violation
That brought on them such desolation,
When example will not make men wise,
Their folly with them sore chastise."

He did not blame their chiefs at all
 For bringing on their woful fall;
 "The people were the prior cause,
 They had inverted Nature's laws.

Which gave themselves with sense to guard
 From the attacks of each blackguard;
 They let ambitious, plodding villains
 Deluge the earth with blood of millions.

Then all their glory and renown
 Time's tide swept to perdition down."
 He likened them to "A tree that grew
 August and great, and out of view,

All it did shade, it fed with fruit,
 Till it corrupted at the root.
 Then low it fell, and shall remain,
 Like Satan, ne'er to rise again.

A sailor, with a wooden leg
 For his servitude had got the bag;
 Having braved the dangers of the ocean,
 For which to beg had got promotion.

He left the seas with great regret,
 The earth's rude scene to navigate;
 Under English colours thousands sail,
 And barter blessings just for meal.

He had no alternative in view
 But to begin and try that too,
 His messmates grieved, equippe him gratis
 With every sort of apparatus.

Bags of all sizes and a horn
 To hold the quintessence of corn;
 And bid him ne'er shake out a sail,
 Or quit the port in a rough gale.

Or if he did to stand to seaward,
 Unless he knew the coast to leeward.
 Instructed thus he joined the quorum,
 As thousands more had done before him.

With a good crutch, also a staff,
 Hitched up his trowsers and set off.
 He many days the earth paraded,
 Sometimes well served, others degraded.

He grieved to hear some partial railers
 Exclaim on soldiers, and old sailors:
 Saying, "They never did endeavour,
 Nor by the loom, nor yet by labour.

But, like their lazy, idle masters,
 Industry oppress, and pesters.
 Both live in idle dissipation,
 The bane and ruin of the nation.

The only difference of course,
This begs by prayer, and that by force
One man that weaves, or ploughs or sows,
Is worth a thousand idle goes."

Thus they went on, and wished to argue,
But he shov'd round to stow his cargo.
Being once benighted in a cruise,
Each harbour entrance did refuse:

Unacquainted in that latitude,
The inmates they were rough and rude;
The heavy lying clouds passage,
A tempest near, began to rage.

Each beast and bird for shelter fled
And vegetation seem'd quite dead
The driving snow, and dashing rain,
Had delug'd o'er and drowned the plain.

No light from either moon or star
To direct or guide our poor lame tar;
When looking up the north to find,
Blue lightening nearly made him blind.

The darkness clouded o'er his eyes,
And fill'd his soul with real surprise;
He had no shift but this at last,
To drive direct before the blast;

Which swept the moor with hideous roars,
And often dashed him on all fours,
Just prostrate among the heather,
His keel projected to the weather,

This was the course he did pursue
When Frank's small light bore in to view;
And though his heels were both a trip,
He boldly cried "Holla what ship?"

My cargo seems to be in danger,
Upon this coast I am a stranger;
A pilot if there's one on board,
I greatly want, till I'm safe moored;

From Frank he did assistance find,
That moored him from the rain and wind:
With other discards of the state,
Who begged,—and laid the blame on fate.

The sailor heard these words repeated,
And bluntly cried "The fact's wrong stated:
Would you degrade fair nature's laws,
By ascribing facts to a wrong cause.

"Avaunt my friends! I'll let you know
The source from whence my evils flow;
In a short space I'll let you see
What Devil ordained begging for me.

When young, now do you mind me people
 I grew up tall, just like a steeple.
 I served my time in "The Belfast"
 Was stout and tight as the mainmast.

Learned and expert, I knew my duty,
 Was fancied by a worthy beauty,
 Whose father had got ships at sea
 Command of one designed for me

My time being out, I went a trip
 To England in a trading ship;
 During the voyage, my mind was carried
 With thoughts of home, and to get married.

But coming just from London round,
 We met a squadron outward bound,
 Who boarded us, with aching hearts
 Dragged six away, to foreign parts

From our connexions, one and all,
 And left us captives at Bengal:
 What Afriek, Savage, Turk or Jew,
 What Hottentot, or rude Hindoo,—

Barbarian, or Algerine,
 Could act a more inhuman scene?
 For fourteen years those seas and coasts,
 Our acts record, and England boasts.

Our achievements to preserve her glory,
 Have made my heart both sick and sorry;
 Though some affirm with great presumption,
 A sailor's breast feels no compassion.

What I have seen I can't dissemble,
 Have made me and my crutches tremble,
 No jarring atom in the air,
 No sudden crash, I do declare.

No bird upon the wing can mount,
 But makes me dread my last account;
 The solid earth beneath their feet
 Did yawn, and sunk them to the deep:

And covered with an inundation
 The thieves, with their mock legislation:
 Nought now is seen, where once they stood,
 But a dreary waste, and foaming flood.

There remains exposed yet to the sun,
 With hateful, noxious weeds o'er-run,
 The hissing snake or serpent, crawls
 O'er their ivy-bound and mouldering walls,

Their marble columns polished fine,
 Disfigured by the teeth of time;
 Their courts the source of dissipation,
 Which to support they robbed the nation.

Their gorgeous palaces and and towers,
 Their sacred groves and sylvan bowers,
 Retreats where prostitutes were made,
 Now ravenous reptiles them pervade.

Or beasts of prey with hideous roar,
 Warn all to fly, those wilds explore.
 What man is wise: his life would hazard,
 To travel, Tadmora, in thy desert.

Nor could he be less circumspect
 In old Palmyra, or Balbak;
 An empire falls, a city burns,
 And desolation seize, by turns.

On earth, an age's best production,
 And pride still goes before destruction:
 "If that's the case" says Frank, I fear
 That desolation's pending near.

Without a speedy, quick repliven,
 Some courts are hastening to oblivion.
 The reasoning earth it would appear,
 Repents she brought such monsters here.

To hide their shame just through the tomb,
 She sends them back to her dark womb:
 States contract, it's somewhere spoken—
 A thousand cord's not easy broken.

But this is obvious and plain,
 What has been once may be again;
 Kings may combine to evade undoing,
 But guilt and crime bring on sure ruin."

To widows he paid great attention,
 And orphans tedious to mention,
 No soul he ever did deny,
 Who e'er thought proper to apply.

At night, in seasons clear or dark,
 His house was like to noah's ark;
 The blind and lame that scarce could crawl,
 And numbers had no feet at all.

Still, nor crutch, nor wings to fly.
 Did in his corners dying lie;
 Till by his neighbours borne away,
 And consigned to their kindred clay.

Soldier's and sailors in distress,
 Frank grieved the laws did not redress:
 He felt more for their lamentation,
 Than all lodged in his habitation.

Their dangers both by flood and field,
 To which they oftentimes must yield.
 When siege and battles they run o'er,
 The carnage, rapine, blood, and gore

The deadly breach, the dread assault,
The springing mine, and ambushade;
The grappling, boarding, rearing, tearing,
No quarters giving none a sparing,

Heads, legs and arms, like atoms flying,
The moans, and groans of those a dying:
In dungeons, victims lying starving,
All this and more ambition serving,

"Is this the glory of the nation?
Ories Frank in solemn admiration:
If this be right, I'm wrong indeed,
For I had learned another creed.