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THE
BARD'S OFFERING:
A COLLECTION OF
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY EDWARD L. SLOAN.

of Louisa C. Sloan

BELFAST:
J. REED, VICTORIA STREET; G. PHILLIPS AND SON,
BRIDGE STREET.

1854.

TO
WILLIAM SHARMAN CRAWFORD, ESQ.,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
AS A MARK OF RESPECT,

BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In laying the following pieces before the public, I consider it necessary to make a few remarks explanatory of the reasons that have induced me to do so; and as I detest long prefaces myself, inasmuch as they detain one from the body of the book, and likewise because they are seldom read, I shall not detain the reader with too many prosaic remarks, as he may think he has prose plenty in reading the rest of these pages.

Gifted by Nature with a rhyming propensity, I have from time to time tuned my rude and unsophisticated lyre as the spell of passion prompted me: and these uncouth attempts I have now the temerity to lay before an enlightened and discriminating public. When was there one who possessed the least spark of the divine fire of poetry who did not long for a share of fame, as her who is about to become a mother for the first time longs for the sound of her yet unborn, bringing the gratification that her treasure lives? 'Tis enough that I wish for a place among the bards of my native land, local though it be—classified in what degree it may—'twill be a sufficient apology to those who can spare a share of sympathy to the "child of passions." If the following pages are worthless—if they contain no sentiments worthy of your approbation—if they do not display the slightest marks of untutored genius—kind reader, cast them from you with contempt; let me know the worst at

once, and bid me never again essay a single thought on paper. But if, on the contrary, you find any redeeming qualities shine forth through the abundance of worthless matter—if you can perceive any mark of latent talent, slight though it may be—oh! remember that the writer is young in years, almost uneducated, and one whose hand has been more used to the daily avocations of the labouring tradesman than wielding the pen, and cheer him onwards with your approbation. One thing I have yet to say—he the pieces good or be they bad, they are mine; and the friends who have assisted me in getting this little work published, have the satisfaction of knowing that the work is my own, and not the second-hand culling of another's, that they are patronising.

I cannot refrain here from paying a tribute of gratitude to a gentleman who in this matter has acted in his usually philanthropic manner. I refer to William Sharman Crawford, Esq., who has behaved in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner towards me. It is sufficient to say that he has rendered me his debtor, as far as gratitude is concerned, to an amount it would be difficult for me to pay; and if the debt be forgotten on the part of the recipient, let him, as a base ingrate, be doomed to disappointment and obscurity, and for ever shut out from the society he would fain aspire to.

THE AUTHOR.

POEMS.

THE VISION.

I stood upon a mountain's height,
And far around surveyed
An emerald island, stretching wide
In Nature's green arrayed.

And nodding forests densely rose,
And plumed their tops on high,
And waved their leafy crests aloft,
Which seem'd to court the sky.

And playful ran the wid'ning streams,
While ampler rivers roll'd,
Which fertilized the fruitful vales
And speck'd their sands with gold.

And tow'ring mountains kissed the clouds
And silver lakes below,
With glen and hill and vale dispersed,
A fair and goodly show.

I saw a people rough and rude,
 Strong, generous, kind and free—
 Warm as their own bright summer suns,
 And brave as bravest be.

I heard soft music on the air,
 In many a sainted strain,
 Rise, burthened with the heart's warm praise,
 From many a holy fane.

I saw the holy men speed forth,
 And leave the little cell
 To rear aloft the cross they preached,
 The cross they "loved so well."

And inspiration loosed their tongues
 And taught them to proclaim
 The merits of the cross they bore—
 The sweetness of His name.

They chained their hearers with their words,
 And tuned their hearts to praise;
 And pointed to the Redeeming Lamb
 With steady heavenward gaze.

And as their hallowed prayers arose,
 Sweet incense to the skies,
 A dreamy mist crept o'er my soul
 And gathered o'er my eyes.

Their hymns of praise stole on my ear
 Like sweet-tuned sorrowing plaints,
 And well, I thought, the land was named—
 It was "The Isle of Saints!"

I looked again—the scene was changed,
 For strangers spoiled the land;
 The pirate sea-kings of the north*
 Poured in a warlike band.

Their war ships fiercely swept the coast
 And devastation spread;
 They ravaged with an iron hand
 And dyed their path with red.

And smoking hamlets soaked in blood,
 And ruined cities lay
 With blackened walls and ghastly deaths,
 Which marked the spoiler's way.

I heard the wail of anguish rise,
 And th' wild cry of despair;
 I heard the shout for freedom sound,
 Its echoes filled the air.

I saw the valour of the land
 Assemble at the word;
 I saw them firmly brace the target
 And draw the shining sword.

And the mighty Brian^o waved his blade,
Unconquered in the fight—
His white locks streaming in the breeze—
A giant in his might.

And the best and bravest of the land
Stood ready at his call,
To conquer boldly in the fight
Or as freemen bravely fall.

I heard the shouts of battle rise
And swell upon the breeze,
And the proud invader's bannered hosts
Were driven to the seas.

I heard the notes of victory sound,
Joined with a mournful strain;
The hero of the fight was lost,
The mighty conqueror slain.

The ruffian steel had pierced his heart,
As stretched at ease he lay,
And rested from his warlike toils
And from the deathly fray.

The blood which flowed for freedom free,
As freely flowed in feud;
For brothers in the camp of late
Against each other stood.

They bitter fought with murderous hands,
And sported with their lives;
Each for the mastery ruthless strove
As deadly foeman strives.

My soul recoiled and backward shrunk
At the ensanguined flood,
And horror sickened at the sight—
It was "*The Isle of Blood!*"

I looked again—the scene was changed,
For strangers neared the strand,
Wooded onwards by a traitor to
His kindred and his land.

The Normans came encased in mail,
With panoply of war;
I spied their steady martial tread
Approaching from afar.

And traitors joined their conquering ranks,
Who basely by them stood;
They blindly sold their fatherland—
The price, their bravest blood.

But feebly strove the island chiefs,
And vilely did they yield;
Disunion marked their councils
And disgrace the battle field.

They bowed beneath the conqueror's yoke
 And willing serfs became,
 And forged, with ready hands, the chains
 Which bound them in their shame.

Their masters shared the vanquished soil,
 And waved the iron rod
 Of tyranny, where once the Celt
 In freedom proudly trod.

If some proud patriot heart glowed with
 A spark of freedom's fire,
 Crushed, powerless, and bruised it fell,
 And lonely did expire.

For dastard cravens closed their ears
 To Freedom's dying groan;
 She sunk unaided and estranged,
 With scarce a parting moan.

I saw her sink, with streaming eyes,
 Beneath that isle's blue waves,
 And looked with anguish from the sight—
 It was "*The Isle of Slaves!*"

I looked again—and ages fled
 Away before my sight;
 A sad and blood-stained mentor,
 As they winged their rapid flight.

For brothers' hands that erst were one
 Within a mother's womb,
 Clutched the blood-crusted poniard
 That had filled a brother's tomb.

And son and sire forgot their blood,
 And played a fiendish part;
 Each strove, with guilt of damning hue,
 To reach the other's heart.

They firmer knit their slavish chains,
 And closer twined their hands;
 For the victors ruled with iron away
 And bound their feeble hands.

I thought with sorrow on the isle
 Where the light of Truth had been,
 Ere strangers' hands or feudal strife
 Had dimmed the holy scene.

And I sighed to think that peace was gone,
 And freedom with it fled,
 And deeply mourned my spirit o'er
 "The dear departed dead."

But a gleam of joy shot through my soul,
 For a voice seemed whispering near,
 Whose accents fell with gentleness
 And sweetness on my ear.

"Mourn not," it said, "though dark the page
That destiny spreads to view,
Nor sigh though fate hath freedom dimmed,
It yet shall glow anew.

"For the sun of light shall shed her rays
O'er your own bright isle once more,
And her sons will stand erect and free
As they stood in days of yore.

"And their warm-strung eloquence shall yet
With thrilling accents fall,
And men shall bow before the sound
And answer to the call.

"And prayers and praise shall scent the air,
Now burthened with their plaints,
And your own green island home shall yet
Be called 'The Isle of Saints!'"

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

In this new age of science and of wonders,
Election bombasts and senatic thunders,
When steam's superior praise is loudly hurled,
And telegraphs electric span the world;
This era of discoveries and inventions,
Of intellects gigantic, crude intentions;
If I discourse awhile, to pass the time,
In simple phrase and scarce poetic line,
Bear with me for a space, nor scornful slight,
Unstudied and unread the lines I write.
It is confessed a fact amongst mankind,
With "Nature's masterpiece," the human mind,
Some are endowed superior to the rest,
And greater stand pre-eminent confessed.
Some formed with adamant mind and frame
To rule where warfare's lurid lightnings flame,
Born to command where hostile hosts engage,
To reign where havoc and destruction rage.
Some formed to grasp the tiller of the state,
To steer through devious mazes intricate,
Sound through the dangerous shallows of intrigue,
Of faction cabals, and of party league.
Some soar aloft, 'mong twinkling stars their flight,
Enlighten worlds, and pierce the shades of night.
Others by mother Nature are supplied—
Each of his various class the boast and pride;
Each has his wisdom, each his foible owns,
From the mechanic to the pride of thrones.

Of all the luckless sons of genius born,
 Who scatter wit or wisdom's fane adorn,
 The poet is the most unlucky wight—
 Child of misfortune, flash of glow worm light—
 Trained up the sport of passions wild and strong,
 He flings their potent power in his song—
 Praised, pitted, and neglected by the crowd,
 Whose tardy praises gull his spirit proud—
 Whose cutting pity wrings his inmost heart,
 Nor can neglect increase the piercing smart;
 Disowned by fortune, frowned upon by wealth,
 Stricken with poverty, he pines in stealth;
 Reckless of want, he strikes the golden lyre,
 Sears with his song and burns with lofty fire,
 Scatters bright riches in his glowing line,
 Pours through his soul the glories of the mind;
 Yet, keenly sensitive, the goading scorn
 Twitches the silken cords too finely worn,
 Till hurried on to slum the maddening thought,
 Too oft he seeks the bowl with death wreaths fraught,
 Drowns in the liquid flame his nobler fire,
 And bids his heaven-born qualities expire;
 Sinks down debased, half maniac, and despised,
 Shunned by the few whose friendship still he prized;
 Broken and shattered his once noble mind,
 He dies—an early pauper's grave to find.
 Then, when he's gone, the howl strikes o'er his track,
 Lamenting his genius—praying it was back.
 Living, neglected—no bright fancies shine;
 Dead—they adore him, worship at his shrine!
 The shining meteor could unheeded fly,
 Sink in oblivion; and uncared for die;

But when the transitory flame was past,
 And darkness o'er their mental pathway cast,
 Too late they laud the gifted genius gone,
 Who starved whilst they were looking coldly on.
 Oh! had a kindly word, a look been spared,
 By those who fortune's richer favours shared,
 To cheer the child of passions on his way,
 Perhaps he might have lived his chequered day,
 Viewed all his storms and sunshines safely past,
 And breathed a glorious sunset at the last,
 A word, kind, gentle reader, in your ear—
 Whene'er you see a poet's first appear,
 Pass lightly o'er the errors that may mix,
 And to each happy idea affix
 The seal of approbation; and your smile—
 He'll count it rich reward for years of toil;
 So will the germs of genius there displayed
 Be warmly fostered by your kindly aid,
 And grow apace, nor nipping frosts retard,
 Till a rich harvest yields a bright reward.
 To you grim corps, called critics, by the way,
 All due respect and deference I pay;
 But yet I must in honest candour state,
 I think they'd wiser act to hold their prate,
 And set to work with some right useful tools,
 Than waste their time in learning wit to fools.
 For me, I neither scorn nor fear their ban
 While I've a willing mind and ready hand:
 I'd work till perspiration's noble rain
 Would pour in glistening drops, nor ache nor pain
 Would reach my bosom to produce a smart,
 While independence was the prize at heart.

THE COQUETTE.

Oh! trust her to nothing,
 She's false and untrue;
 And believe not the smile
 That seems waiting for you;
 Though she greets you with fondness,
 Yet firmly believe
 She would lure you to ruin
 And smile to deceive.

Oh! trust not the sigh,
 Half suppressed, that you hear,
 Nor the vow, half expressed,
 That sounds sweet to the ear;
 She will lip gentle accents
 That speak to the heart,
 Then wring it with anguish,
 And joy in the smart.

Oh! trust not the bosom
 Returns your caress,
 Nor the eye that beams bright
 Whilst your fond suit you press;
 As bright has it beamed
 On another less true,
 As bright will it beam
 On another than you.

Oh! trust her to nothing,
 She's false as she's fair;
 Of the soul-riving syren
 I bid you beware;
 She would crush the fond being
 That lives in her smile,
 Sting his peace like a serpent,
 And pride in her wile.

Then, trust not the coquette,
 Shun her presence with care—
 Her toils ever spread,
 Trusting hearts to ensnare;
 False lover, foul trait'ess,
 Heart-breaker, I grieve
 To write the sad truth—
 You were born to deceive!

LINES TO MARGARET.

THOUGH fair the form that meets my gaze,
 As loveliness can claim—
 Though bright the eyes of laughing blue
 That ply their witching game—

Though sparkling wit may drop like gems,
 From lips of ruby hue,
 My heart must shun you, Margaret,
 And sadly bid adieu.

I cannot take divided love,
 Nor nurse it in my heart:
 'Twould rot beneath the vivid glow
 My bosom would impart.

No lips but mine must kiss the cheek
 That glows my love to see;
 No other bosom fondly press
 The breast that throbs for me.

Pure, undivided love I crave,
 Of equal warmth as mine:
 A heart where Love might fix his throne,
 And Virtue rear her shrine.

TO MARY.

WHEN darkness gathers o'er my mind,
 And sorrows wring my heart;
 When fancied demons lash my soul
 With keen, remorseless smart;
 When Hope is dead,
 And in its stead
 Despair assumes its reign;
 When Reason sleeps,
 And Passion stoops
 In frenzied fire my brain;

'Tis Mary's voice can lull the storm
 That rages in my breast;
 Her words, like oil on troubled waves,
 Can hush my soul to rest;
 Before her eye
 The tempests fly,
 The clouds disperse their gloom,
 Hope buds anew
 With freshened hue,
 And flowers with richer bloom.

When pleasure flings her sunny beams,
 With brightness on my soul;
 When joys unstained mix their sweets
 With life's embittered bowl;
 When Fortune smiles,
 With witching wiles,

Upon my chequered lot;
 When gushing thrills
 The life-blood rills,
 With "dying raptures" bought;

'Tis Mary's presence lends the charm
 That purifies my bliss;
 Her smiles enchanting gild the hour,
 And love lives in her kiss;
 Her charms conspire
 To fan the fire
 That, glowing, fills my frame;
 Her angel grace
 Relumes the place
 Where hallowed transports flame.

ELIZA AND EDWIN.

A TALE—a tale of other days,
 The aged bard began;
 His grey-haired head he slowly raised,
 While thus the prelude ran:

"Sad is the history, my son,
 The tale deep fraught with woe;
 And fain would I, though self-imposed,
 The painful task forego.

"In yonder tow'ring walls, which stand
 In ruins, ivy-bound,
 Oft has this withered, palsied hand
 Struck forth the joyful sound.

"When revelry and song ran high,
 And wassail crowned the board,
 My youthful fire, high-roused, could well
 Such mirthful sounds afford.

"But ah! remembrance calls me back—
 No tale of mirth is mine;
 Sad is the lay which tells the end
 Of Aubrey's ancient line.

"Bright was Eliza; for, in sooth,
 A peerless maid was she,
 The hairess of the broad domains
 You far extended see.

"Her queenly form well worthy of
 A prince's plighted vow,
 For circling diadem no er crowned
 A fairer, nobler brow.

"And suitors came and sought her hand;
 The noble, young and brave,
 strove, emulous, to win the love
 Eliza never gave.

"Till Edwin came, whose stately port—
Straight as the tow'ring pine—
And bearing bold proclaimed the pride
Of some proud, noble line.

"His youthful frame, well-knit and firm,
Did free and graceful move;
His manly beauty, formed to win
A gentle lady's love.

"In secret he my lady wooed,
Nor wooed without success;
The mantling blush proclaimed the tale
Her tongue would scarce confess.

"Oft, by the moon's pale kissing light,
They sought yon sylvan bower,
And drank of life's pure gushing fount
Till midnight's witching hour.

"And round them wheeled the midnight sprites,
By envious feelings riven,
At happiness so pure and sweet
To happier mortals given.

"And deep they breathed their sweet-tuned flame,
The first their hearts e'er knew,
And plighted at love's holy shrine
A faith of changeless hue.

"Dark Phaidlin, Thongall's haughty lord,
Had sought her for his bride;
The savage tyrant ill could brook
His proffered suit denied.

"And close he watched the youthful pair,
With jealous sharpened eye;
His flashing, darkling glances seemed
Through soul and mind to pry.

"Their secret love he quickly gleaned,
Which galled his spirit proud;
But with indifferent mask he veiled
The vengeance deeply vowed.

"Now war's shrill clangour loudly rung,
And Edwin forth must go—
Leave the light glove for glaive and brand,
His love for deadly foe.

"Yet ere he went, again they met,
To whisper forth adieu,
And vow, 'neath heaven's high arch'd dome,
Their love, while living, true.

"Oh! light he in the saddle sprung,
Quick flashed his courser's feet,
Resolved to win a name, or die
Where valour's bravest meet.

" Why need I sing of war's red stream,
And death's pale conqu'ring train,
Of Edwin's deeds of derring-do
Upon th' embattled plain.

" Enough, beneath his mighty arm
The bravest bit the ground;
And vanquished foes and trophies ta'en
The victor nobly crowned.

" Again the impatient spur is used,
Again springs forth the steed;
On! on for love and beauty now,
Nor slacken of thy speed!

" But ah! assassins lurk in wait—
Dark Phaidlim's ruthless band—
Ready to wreak revenge most foul
Beneath his ruffian hand.

" Our lady help thee, Edwin brave!
Her aid you sorely need;
Fatigue hath racked thy manly frame,
And jaded is thy steed.

" But hark—a shout! his foes spring out;
Out springs his flashing steel!
The foremost ruffians backward shrink,
Soon as his might they feel.

" Thrice heaved on high his flaming brand,
And thrice descending sped;
Each sweeping stroke struck down a foe,
His ruffian heart's-blood shed.

" But dastard Phaidlim quickly drew
A coward's treacherous blow,
Which pierced the noble Edwin's mail
And stretched the hero low.

" Now prays the fair Eliza for
Her Edwin's safe return;
But longer must the lady wait,
Her anxious bosom burn.

" Full well dark Phaidlim played his part,
And hid his deep-dyed guile;
And strove, by every winning art,
To gain Eliza's smile.

" A father's stern commands are laid—
They must not be denied;
The broken-hearted lady must
Become dark Phaidlim's bride.

" Now revelry and sound breaks forth
From Aubrey's princely halls,
And mirthful music floats around,
And trophies crown the walls.

"It is the fatal fated morn;
 Eliza now must wed
 The tyrant whom her soul abhorred,
 And share his nuptial bed.

"Now loudly rose the mirth, and wine
 In plenty circled round;
 And willing minstrels struck the harp,
 The joyful strains to sound.

"But lo! a stranger knight appeared,
 With hasty, rapid stride;
 With flashing eye and angry brow,
 He gained the bridegroom's side.

"Dark Phaidlim quailed beneath his glance,
 His dastard soul caught fear;
 'Twas Edwin's flashing eye he met,
 'Twas Edwin's self stood near.

"'False traitor!' sternly Edwin said:
 But soon a piercing shriek
 Broke from Eliza when she heard
 Her long-loved Edwin speak.

"He quickly turned to where she sat,
 And stood as if spell-bound;
 She sudden sprung upon his neck,
 And threw her arms around.

"Her love-quick glance had caught the blow
 For Edwin Phaidlim drew;
 The deadly thrust, aimed for her love,
 Her faithful heart pierced through.

"'Death! ruthless traitor!' Edwin cried,
 'Take from me ere I die;
 Her sainted spirit's fled above,
 To wait my soul on high.'

"Then, quick as lightning from its sheath
 Leaped forth his flashing steel!
 'Now, dastard villain! soon thou shalt
 My well-earned vengeance feel!'

"And back recoiled dark Phaidlim then,
 Before the avenging foe;
 For well he knew the mighty arm,
 And feared the deadly blow.

"But all in vain—the blade whizzed round,
 And reached the ruffian's heart,
 Who breathed a curse, fell, and expired
 With one convulsive start.

"Now Aubrey's broken-hearted lord,
 Bereaved, sunk to his tomb;
 And Edwin sought, in war, and found
 A warrior's noble doom.

"All, all have passed away, whilst I,
The only remnant, roam;
And mournful pass the hours around
My once proud, happy home.

"Go—go, my son," the old man said,
"And muse on this sad theme—
That happiness below is but
An evanescent dream."

BEAR ME AWAY."

BEAR me away to the lowly cot
I once loved to call my home;
Let me visit again each well known spot
Where in youth I delighted to roam;
For my heart is sick of the gorgeous scenes
That daily appear to my sight—
Of the burning sun, which no covering screens,
And the noxious dews of the night.

My blood is the hue of the yellow dross
I have toiled for years to amass;
And vain are the charms of the tinelled glass,
Which seem even wealth to surpass.

Oh! I pant for the air of my native hills,
Coming bracing and fresh from the sea—
For each youthful haunt which my mem'ry fills,
Where I gambol'd with childish glee.

I would give of bright gold what would quench the dream
Of the miser's self-eaten mind,
For one hour of youth by the brush-browed stream,
In the haunts I could easily find;
For false are the pleasures that riches give,
And hollow the glare they convey,
Compared with the heaven-born joys that live
In the morning of life's sunny ray.

Then, bear me away to my native land,
To you far off isle in the sea,
For I long once again on its shores to stand
'Mid a people enlightened and free,
Ere my soul bursts forth, unfettered and strong,
Springing light from its prison of clay,
Soaring up on the wings of the angel throng
To the mansions of endless day.

A PRAYER.

On! Thou Almighty being, who reign'st
 Enthroned amid the sky,
 Before whose voice the earth shall fall,
 And starry heavens fly;

To Thee I kneel in earnest prayer,
 And bow before Thy throne;
 Grant me a thankful spirit, Lord,
 For countless favours shown.

I know, by Nature, Sin hath stamped
 Its image on my heart;
 Oh! wash away the guilty stain—
 Cleanse the polluted part.

Lead me to the eternal fount
 Of Thy Almighty grace,
 And with Thy finger on my heart
 Thy holy precepts trace.

If, Lord, Thy wise decree is such,
 That from this earthly scene
 I must be called while youth is bright
 And hope is blooming green.

Teach me submission to Thy will,
 And, when the stroke is given,
 Take Thou my never-dying soul
 In mercy, Lord, to Heaven.

But if Thy wisdom has designed
 To grant me length of years,
 Oh! guide me with a father's care
 Through this dark vale of tears;

And, when the mortal struggle's o'er,
 In Thy abounding love
 Give me a crown of glory in
 Thy own bright courts above.

THE JUDGMENT.

HARK! the last trump the great archangel sounds!
 It rings its summons through space infinite;
 All nature shivers to its utmost bounds;
 Earth to its centre shakes, in dreadful fright;
 The graves fly open wide; dust takes its flight
 To meet with kindred dust; bone clings to bone;
 And forms, for ages disunite, unite,
 Spring from the low caverns of death, and, grown
 Into full shape, mount up to meet the Judge's throne.

The mighty ocean cleaves, and from its bed
 Forms rise; the scaly monsters of the deep
 Shake their huge stomachs and give up their dead,
 Who start, awakened from their long, last sleep;
 Each beast that lordly roams, all things that creep,
 That hold a portion of the human race,
 Must yield it up; from farthest regions leap
 Each shattered fragment to its former place;
 All form, to meet Eternal Justice face to face.

The earth-born deities of every time—
 Poor, trembling beings—join the assembling bands;
 The worthless—worth—of every age and clime;
 The puny offspring of remotest lands;

The withered sceptic, now believing, stands,
 And, trembling, strives to shun the dreadful sight;
 The martyred ashes, joyful, clap their hands,
 And hail the coming of their Lord in might;
 Justice and judgment there attend Him, flaming bright.

High on a blazing throne, with Truth unfurled,
 The Judge appears—the Lord of Life and Light—
 The scoffed—the scorned—the Saviour of the world—
 The crucified—now coming in His might;
 The records of all ages, black as night;
 The mighty book, unclosed, before Him lies;
 Myriads of angels wheel their ceaseless flight
 Around His throne, obedient to His eyes;
 Glory and majesty surround Him through the skies.

The heavens gather, like a shrivelled scroll,
 And fly away; this ponderous massy ball—
 This atom, where creation's planets roll—
 Melts at His glance; dissolved to nought are all;
 Assembled billions down before Him fall,
 And, guilty-stricken, view hell's rising smoke:
 On liquid rocks and wasting hills they call
 In vain to hide them, for commandments broke;
 The doom's pronounced—the Eternal's fiat spoke.

The poor, the lowly, humble, meek of heart,
 The trodden under-foot, despised of men,
 Triumphant now receive their glorious part—
 Thrones and bright crowns of glory without end.

The guilty myriads low for money bend—
 Too late:—"Depart, ye cursed, from my face;
 Down to the lowest depths of hell I send
 You—rebels to my offered love and grace—
 'Mong devils and damned torments is your dwelling-place

And lo! Creation's finger works anew:
 Another heaven spreads its arched span—
 So bright, transcendent glorious, to the view—
 Too bright to meet the gaze of mortal man;
 An earth, formed by the same Almighty hand,
 Bright as the heaven, lit up with radiant love;
 While countless saints in white, a spotless band,
 With hallelujahs earth and heaven move,
 And praise for ever th' eternal Lord of Love.

DERMOTTE AND NORA.

THE ripple scarce kissed the pebbly strand,
 As Dermotte's light skiff shot from the land;
 In silence he rowed his tiny bark,
 Which skimmed o'er the bay like a shadow dark;
 While a mantle of light from the full moon, lay
 Like a silver sheet, on that beautiful bay,
 So unruffled and peaceful, with not a breath
 To awaken a surface as calm as death;

But on Dermotte its beauty and power were lost,
 For his mind, as in contrast, was sadly tost.
 He passed nor heeded the wood-crowned height,
 Though bathed in a flood of that pure moonlight;
 And the little cove, where he went to meet
 His own bright Nora, so lovely and sweet;
 And grasped, with a firmer hand, the oar,
 As he bounded away to yon islet's shore.
 But ere he had reached its nymph-watched strand,
 He drew in his oars with a nerveless hand,
 Wiped the cold sweat from his fevered brow,
 And groaned a deep sigh with a muttered vow.
 Ah! what grief has entered Dermotte's heart,
 And pierced his soul with its venom'd dart?
 What has dimmed his eye of the beaming blue,
 And paled his cheek of the red-rose hue?
 What has palsied his frame of strength and might,
 That his arms so powerless fall?
 And changed his tones, so cheerful and light,
 To those heart-wrung sighs of gall?
 But yesternoon had his Nora shone
 The light of his life—his loved—his own;
 His eyes had followed her steps with pride,
 And he viewed, with raptures, his promised bride.
 Her glossy ringlets, all waving, flowed
 O'er a neck which the Elly's whiteness showed;
 Her cheeks the richest carnation shed,
 And her eyes danced light o'er the lovely red;
 And her light laugh floated upon the air
 As she moved, so beautiful, young, and fair.
 But yesternoon had his Nora gone—
 To bathe in the limpid wave alone—

To yon islet's shore, where the nymphs of the main
 Ride forth from their caves in a glittering train;
 And evening fell, but she came not back,
 Nor sought her home by the well known track.
 Dark fears crept over young Dermotte's brain—
 Why stayed his love that she came not again?
 Why lingered his Nora away so late?
 He would seek her—no longer his soul could wait.
 He sought her in vain by the sea-washed shore—
 In each spot where he oft had sought her before—
 In each favourite haunt where the twain had strayed—
 But no trace could he find of the missing maid;
 And wildly he echoed his Nora's name,
 But no answering voice to relieve him came;
 His manly breast heaved with wild despair,
 And fervent to Heaven he breathed forth a prayer.
 The moon sunk down, and the Orient ray
 Rose, blushing, to herald the god of day.
 It came, but no joy to Dermotte brought,
 For with maddened brain still he Nora sought.
 Day, circling, ran, and ev'ning returned—
 Still fiercer within him the madness burned;
 He unmoored his skiff for to seek once more
 The beloved of his soul by the islet's shore.
 "Oh, Nora!" he cried, while his boat lay at rest,
 Peaceful and still on the sea's glassy breast;
 "Could I hear thy sweet voice once again on my ear,
 This poor, torn bosom an instant to cheer—
 But I know you have joined those ethereal trains
 Of whom you oft sang in your own sweet strains;
 But oh! could I hear your well-known voice
 Raise the strain I love, how my heart would rejoice!

I will sing, and perchance you yet may hear,
 And join the wild song which we both loved so dear."
 He raised his head, and his eyes grew bright,
 While his voice floated rich on the stillness of night.

SONG OF THE ENAMORED SEA-NYMPH.

BRIGHT are the paths we tread,
 Riches around us spread,
 Down in the ocean's bed,
 Love, where I dwell;
 Throned halls around us rise,
 Time never creeps, but flies,
 Love never fades nor dies,
 Down where I dwell.

Dolphins around us play,
 Mermaids our call obey,
 Gems make it bright as day,
 Far down below;
 No grief nor pain is there,
 Sorrow nor eating care—
 Joys ever pure and fair
 Round us shall flow.

Death never wields his power,
 Storms never rise nor low'r,
 Sweet is the nuptial hour,
 Down in my home;
 Youth never feels decay,
 Unknown are night and day,
 Waves sing our lullaby—
 Come, mortal, come!

Oh! leave thy earthly home,
 With thy own lover come,
 'Neath the blue waves to roam
 Ever and aye!
 Loud shall the old caves ring,
 Sea-nymphs thy praises sing,
 Sea-gods thy welcome bring—
 Love, come away!

The last words had scarcely died away,
 Ere the strain was sent back across the bay;
 And a glittering train appeared in sight,
 Seated on chronos of the silver light.
 He saw his Nora, enthroned and fair,
 And she breathed back the words with ethereal air—
 Though sweet had her voice as a mortal's been,
 No mortal's could equal it now I ween.
 She beckoned him on, with her waving hand,
 As she sunk in the midst of that kindred band.
 Slowly she sunk down beneath the main,
 Still singing that sea-nymph's wild love strain—

Oh! leave thy earthly home,
 With thy own lover come,
 'Neath the blue waves to roam
 Ever and aye!
 Loud shall the old caves ring,
 Sea-nymphs thy praises sing,
 Sea-gods thy welcome bring—
 Love, come away!

Wildly he saw them sink from sight,
 As the sea gave back the unbroken light.

"I come! dear Nora, I come!" he cried;
 "Thy home shall be mine, 'neath the silvery tide;
 We'll wander for ever beneath the waves,
 And rest when we list in the ocean caves!"
 A plunge—a sound—all was peaceful and still,
 As the moon sunk slowly behind the hill.
 His skiff next morn was found washed on the shore,
 But Dermotte or Nora returned no more.

MEET ME ALONE.

Meet me alone by the moon's pale light,
 When she silvers an eastern sky—
 When the stars sweetly shine, sublime in their height,
 And the short, dull day is by.
 Though the frost's nipping blast may keenly blow,
 And the air whistle coldly past,
 Enveloped in love's pure lambent glow,
 We'll heed not the biting blast.

Steal softly, love, to the trysting-place,
 And lonely I'll wait you there;
 But watch that no eye your steps should trace
 With a curious prying stare.

For love—true love—is pure in the young;
 It shrinks from the vulgar gaze;
 It dreads the rude jest of the slanderer's tongue,
 And the mocking tattler's ways.

Then, haste you—haste! with impatience I
 Will await your coming, my dear,
 Where no sound but the breath of our whispers is nigh,
 Sweet music to the ear;
 And I'll peer in your ear the oft-told tale,
 While my arms will your form entwine,
 And my bliss will seem brought by the whispering gale
 From the lands that are divine.

RELIGION.

PRICKERS balm of consolation,
 Sweetest theme of sweetest song;
 In the hour of tribulation,
 Thine to aid us does belong.

Thine to dry the eye of weeping;
 Thine to ease the troubled heart;
 Thine to rouse the sinner sleeping;
 Thine to shield from Satan's dart.

Thine to sanctify affliction;
 Thine to comfort in distress;
 Thine to soften our correction;
 Thine to lighten cares that press.

Thine to yield us purest pleasure—
 Wipe away corroding tears;
 Thine to show the saving treasure—
 Fan our joys and calm our fears.

Thine to point the "Rock of Ages;"
 Thine to guide us safely there—
 Safe, though Hell's chief power rages—
 'Neath thy potent guiding care.

Thine to smooth the dying pillow;
 Thine to blunt the sting of Death—
 Lift us o'er the grave's dark billow,
 Mounting on triumphant faith.

Oh, my soul! be this thy refuge—
 This thy stay in trying hour—
 Though afflictions rain a deluge,
 Light shall fall the crushing shower.

Friends may vanish, cares may grieve you,
 Bitter trials weighty press;
 There is One will never leave you—
 No'er forsake you in distress.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! oh, solemn thought;
 How awful is the word!
 A sound with endless meaning fraught—
 The life-time of the Lord!
 An ocean—boundless, fathomless;
 Time—not a single drop;
 Happy the soul, through endless bliss,
 Has Jesus for its hope.

Eternity! oh, infinite—
 Immeasurable space!
 What awful destiny awaits
 The soul unclothed with grace—
 The lake of ever burning fire,
 The worm which gnaweth still,
 While legions of tormentors dire
 Unwilling do His will.

“Eternity! oh, joyful sound!”
 The dying Christian cries;
 “My soul shall soon triumphant bound,
 And, mounting, reach the skies.
 My Master’s face I long to see;
 I’ve sown his harvest here;
 A crown of glory waits for me
 Where yon bright realms appear!”

Be mine that joyous saint-like speech,
 Be mine the prayerful soul,
 So, dying, may I hope to reach
 The everlasting goal;
 And join the holy choir above,
 Whose songs, sweet, pure, and free,
 Sing of a Saviour’s boundless love
 Through all eternity!

THE WILL WILL FIND A WAY.

GIVE me the strong determined mind,
 That wills with firmness every act;
 To aught but nobler reason blind,
 It never fails to claim respect.
 Though adverse blasts blow keenly chill,
 The wav’ring, timorous soul to away,
 The firm determined iron will
 Will never fail to find a way.

I loathe the weak, unstable soul,
 Whose every act and plan is vain—
 Veers with each breath, without control,
 Inconstant as the fickle vane;

Unsteady as the flick'ring light,
 Uncertain as the hollow wind,
 Transient as is the meteor bright—
 Without an aim, without a mind.

I love the soul of purpose sure—
 Strong, energetic in its plan;
 Determined, patient to endure—
 The very essence of a man;
 Stedfast as truth, unchanged by years;
 Expansive as the prairie's track;
 Not swayed by transient hopes nor fears;
 The will to do, the way to act.

Then, give to me the lofty thought,
 Soaring 'yond fickle mortal's ken;
 The soul with noble feelings fraught,
 Unswerving from its purposed end.
 Though adverse blasts blow keenly chill,
 The wav'ring, timorous soul to sway,
 The firm determined iron will
 Will never fail to find a way.

FRAGMENT.

NIGHT's sable curtain had o'erspread the skies,
 Shading one half of this terraqueous globe
 From the congenial rays of that bright orb
 Which reigns resplendent o'er the natural day;
 Darkness enveloped all the holy land—
 Hill, dale, and valley, clothed in one black shroud—
 While sleep, that sweet refresh'ner of the frame,
 Had gone abroad in majesty and power;
 Buried in short oblivion were the woes,
 The mundane troubles, and ephemeral joys
 Of busy, puny, and impotent man—
 'Xcept where the dreaming faculties were roused—
 Clothing his actions and his wishes past,
 Present, and through a somnient future,
 In a strained garb, untrue to Nature's law;
 The Hebrew shepherd's ever careful eye
 Watched, with remiless intent, his charge,
 Whose fleecy numbers, scattered, lay along
 The spreading plains 'neath David's ancient city;
 No sound disturbed the stillness of the night;
 No watchful dog's loud echoing bark was heard
 To break monotonous silence from the ear;
 But Nature's works around seemed silent all,
 As when the infant world in chaos lay.
 Lo! suddenly descending from the heavens,
 A bright, angelic, beauteous form appeared,
 Clothed in the essence of transcendent light;

A glorious heavenly halo shed around,
 Mocking at noonday's brightest natural glare.
 High poised in ether overhead he stood;
 Benignant glances spoke the eternal news,
 Ere yet a voice had uttered word or sound;
 Celestial joy broke from his inmost soul,
 Beaming through every lineament. Down fell
 The astonished shepherds to their mother earth;
 Fear seized them; trembling in every joint,
 In mute astonishment they lay, and veiled
 Their faces from their heavenly visitant.
 "Fear not!" the angelic being quickly said,
 In accents sweet as when the welcome sound
 Of some clear silver bubbling fountain speaks
 To the desert thirsty, wearied traveller's soul,
 In language sweeter than the dews distilled,
 Or purest honey. The shepherds, reassured,
 Listened with deepest reverential awe
 For further news; nor long they anxious wait.
 Impatient to unfold to sinful men
 The joyful tale that filled the heavenly hosts
 With holy rapture, the angel form began—
 "Hail! favoured of the fallen sons of men,
 Emblem of that eternal character
 Whose sheep shall pasture 'neath his guiding care
 And drink the draught of everlasting life,
 To you am I commissioned to announce
 The tidings, fraught with never-equalled love,
 From the eternal throne of holiness
 To guilty, erring, undeserving man."

LINES ADDRESSED TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

HAIL! thou sweet gift from Heaven's King,
 Given to cement our love—
 A brighter gem to crown the wreath
 Of holy duties won

With grateful hearts the precious boon—
 A blessing—we embrace,
 And in each peering lineament
 A dear-loved feature trace.

Oh! may thy smile, long spared to us,
 Play o'er each hallowed string,
 And lighter tones of love and joy
 In glowing measure fling.

And be it our unceasing care
 To chase each baneful tear,
 And, soothing, win thy fond caress,
 And bid thy smile appear.

To train thy young and pliant mind
 With calm instruction's voice,
 And o'er thy opening youthful pow'rs
 With glistening hearts rejoice.

To guide thy feeble, tott'ring steps,
That virtue's paths be trode,
And early teach thy wond'ring soul
To know and serve thy God.

And when stern, crushing troubles come,
And dark misfortune's hour,
Or clouds, surcharged with ill and want,
In life's horizon low'r,

Be thou a mark to point the way—
To fill our higher sphere—
A prize to struggle nobly for—
A ray our souls to cheer.

Father of all, to Thee we turn,
Oh! hear our fervent prayer—
Spare Thou the life Thou now hast given—
Make it thy special care.

A TURKISH WAR-SONG.

ALLAH IL ALLAH! the crescent is streaming
O'er the bright path that leads onward to war;
Light are our well tempered scimitars gleaming,
Mirroring gaily our own glorious star.
See! the proud infidel's eagle is flaunting
High o'er his columns of warlike array—
On! Moslems, on! strike the root of his vaunting—
Allah il Allah! on, on to the fray!

Allah il Allah! on, on to the battle;
Bright be the victory, or glorious the grave;
Vainly their death-dealing cannons may rattle—
You die but to prove that the Prophet can save.
Strike, Moslems! strike with your own wonted bravery;
Strike for your country, your flag, and your faith;
Strike! for the valiant fears nothing but slavery—
Allah il Allah! 'tis victory or death!

Allah il Allah! the war-ships are looming
That bear the bold Franks to the Faithful's array;
Soon shall the voice of their thunders be booming,
To speak to yon infidel cohorts dismay.
Strike, Moslems! heedless of death, grim and gory,
Paradise open to the brave who may die;
The green-turban'd hero leads onwards to glory—
Allah il Allah! we fight not to fly!

THE GAMESTRE'S DEATH.

With haggard look and blood-shot eye,
 The gamester views the fatal die;
 One single cast decides his fate;
 One single caste—ah! 'tis too late.
 Hope for a moment bade the heart
 By misery seared, from woe depart—
 Bright visions of the future rise
 In scintillations through his eyes;
 Days, loved days past, seem to return;
 He feels his very inmost burn;
 He thinks of joys unmixed with pain;
 He thinks—but all his thoughts are vain;
 As to the sense—the lightning's flash
 Lights up the gloom with rapid dash;
 A moment shines the forked blaze,
 Then sinks the night in deepest haze.
 Rock, mount, and vale, appears to view;
 An instant—all is blackest hue.
 So transient hope, shed forth benign,
 A balmy radiance o'er his mind,
 Ope'd the dried fountains of his heart,
 And nature queen'd it over art.
 Again he looks—the fatal cast
 Drives back the eddying feelings fast;
 His teeth are set, clenched are his hands,
 A homeless beggar now he stands!

Forth rushing from the den he flies,
 Nor cares what course he onward hies;
 Conscience, long dormant, roused at length,
 Goads him with fiercest flagless strength,
 Lashes, like wildest demon-kind,
 Tears through his vitals, racks his mind;
 Despair sits sullen on his brow,
 Remorseless—tyrannising now—
 Urging him on, with headlong speed,
 To some unplanned yet desperate deed.

Black as the nether nook of hell,
 His soul groaned wild 'neath passion's spell;
 And hissing execrations came,
 Mingled with every hallowed name.
 He stops—and has he reached the mark?
 His eyes glare wildly—all is dark;
 Close at his feet, in silent pride,
 The river rolls its ample tide.
 Swift as the meteor cleaves the skies,
 The forming purpose rushing flies,
 Swells in an instant large as death,
 And, with a choking sulphurous breath,
 Stifles each latent sense of good,
 And plays his soul to Satan's mood.
 "Stop, wretch! nor cast the awful die
 That severs mercy's latest tie!
 Know that thy life to thee was given
 By the wise mandates of high Heaven,
 To guard it with a righteous fear,
 And by it win a nobler sphere.

Then, ah! rash man, cast not aside—
 That sought aright was ne'er denied."
 In vain Grace hovered o'er his head,
 With anxious gaze and wings outspread,
 To spy a single spark divine
 And fan it with an air benign.
 She soared aloft, and with her, too,
 Mercy in sorrowing comp'ny flew;
 And, ere an hour, that guilty soul
 Had passed the turnless, rayless goal—
 Boomed onwards swift, through realms unknown,
 Too meet an angry Judge's throne.

THE EMIGRANT.

THE bark proudly breasted the foam-crested ocean,
 Her glistening sheets spread aloft to the breeze;
 The waters raged round her in wildest commotion,
 As she skimmed like a bird o'er the mountain-wav'd seas.
 Ah! fond hearts she was bearing from the land of their
 childhood,
 Far away o'er the waters which raged in such wild mood,
 To a land fancy-clothed with the green field and wild wood,
 Once seen, still beloved, in sweet Erin go bragh!

On her deck stood a fond pair whose proud hearts were
 gushing.

While agony's drops sat like pearls on each cheek;
 His grief found a voice, words spontaneously rushing,
 As she stood by his side calmly suffering and meek.
 "Ah!" he cried, while his breast heaved with wildest
 emotion,

Why left I the land which I loved with devotion—
 That island of beauty, bright gem of the ocean—
 My own natal country, sweet Erin go bragh!

"Fain would I sleep in the grave of my sires,
 And sit once again by my own kindred hearth;
 But ah! cruel destiny has curbed my desires—
 A wand'rer I am on this dissolvent earth;
 Yet still in my night-dreams, when laid on the pillow,
 I'll fancy myself far away o'er the billow,
 And seem to recline once again 'neath the willow,
 Near the home of my youth in sweet Erin go bragh!

"Alas!" loud he cried, while his voice rung with anguish,
 "Why tore I myself from that enchanting spot?
 Now far away I may suffer and languish,
 And sigh for the home which shall ne'er be forgot.
 Now no doating parents can give me their blessing,
 Nor no kind relation can greet me, caressing,
 Nor no earthly friend shall my woes be suppressing,
 Save thou, dearest sufferer, fond wife of my heart.

" Farewell, dearest parents, my soul still reveres you,
 Though fate has proclaimed I may ne'er see you more;
 Sweet brothers and sisters, my heart hovers near you,
 Though my body may rest on Australia's shore;
 Yet that Almighty Being who guides all our motions,
 Shall protect us, though severed by fathomless oceans,
 And my voice shall ascend, in my constant devotions,
 To unite us at last upon Canaan's bright shore."

I LOVED BUT ONCE.

I LOVED but once—ah! how I loved,
 My burning tongue would fail to tell;
 In passion's brightest glow I moved,
 And fondly thought in love to dwell.
 It filled my head, it filled the heart,
 Each nightly dream, each waking thought—
 'Twas soul-absorbing—free from art—
 I dearly loved as Nature taught.

I loved but once, but ah! my love
 Was crushed by him who gave it birth;
 While I in heart-felt anguish move,
 He lives the soul of gayest mirth.

My hours move on with leaden wheels,
 His wing with sparkling wit their flight;
 My brain with ringing sorrow reels,
 His ever joyous, ever light.

Oh! could he see the wasted form
 He blighted in its early bloom,
 His callous bosom yet might warm
 To snatch his victim from the tomb.
 The grave shall be my bridal couch;
 My bridal dress, the shroud and pall;
 Ah, death! I feel thy icy touch
 With chilling coldness on me fall.

THE YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.^b

DECEMBER's sunless days are past,
 And keenly blows the chilling blast;
 The night is cheerless, dark, and drear,
 Which ushers in another year;
 The clock tolls slowly, one by one,
 The hour of twelve—the year is done—
 A sound for every month, to tell
 You hear the old year's parting knell.

Slowly appears the morning light,
 Chasing away the gloom of night,
 And busy life, with anxious mind,
 Watches lest luckless omen-kind
 Should blast their year of promised joy,
 And fortune, luck, and peace destroy.
 If unshod feet should enter first,
 That house is little less than curst;
 Should good luck not be spoke with speed,
 Small welcome is the stranger's meed;
 The fireless hearth may coldly lie,
 No coal the neighbour will supply;
 Nothing must leave the house that day—
 Feared lest they'd give their luck away.
 The urchins soon, with wisps in hands—
 Some singly, some in little bands—
 Speed hastily on, from door to door,
 Their laughing rounds, a merry corps,
 Wishing to each a happy year,
 With health, and wealth, and hearty cheer.
 The wisp thrown in the corner lies—
 "A new'r's-day gift!" the urchin cries.
 The sought-for gift is soon procured,
 And safely is the prize secured—
 Then urges onward with the fun
 With flagless mirth. The day is done;
 Night's sombre mantle robes the sky;
 Within, the bright log blazing high
 Upon the hearth. The chat prevails,
 And gaping listeners hear the tales
 That pass the night. Then, wearing late,
 The yawning youngsters willing wait,

With heavy eyelids, for the chime
 The house-clock gives, which marks the time
 To seek in bed refreshing sleep,
 In dreamless slumbers, sound and deep.
 The clock's last note has died away—
 Gone is the new year's first-born day.

Now two-faced Janus wings his flight—
 The lengthening day, the shortening night;
 The sportsman's gun-shot strikes the ear,
 And startled puss springs forth with fear;
 Her foe, the deep-mouthed baying hound,
 Speeds after fast, with stretching bound,
 Cheered onwards with the loud halloo
 Of huntsmen straining to the view;
 The winging skaters skim the ice,
 Bounding the small lake in a trice.

Soon stormy February's past—
 Its pelting hail and lion blast;
 Old Candlemas no offering brings;
 Alas! 'tis numbered with the things
 That are no more; and pan-cake eve,¹
 When all were certain to receive
 Their cakes, baked by the matron trim,
 So palatable, nice, and slim.

The shooting sun of March appears,
 Like maiden smiling through her tears;
 And Spring's first footsteps spot with green
 Each fairy nook and sylvan scene;

The modest primrose feels its breath,
 And wakens from its transient death,
 Low peeping forth, half-seen, half-hid,
 Like some sweet eye from half-closed lid.
 Now fill the bowl with liquid fire,
 Drink deep the draught of flaming ire,
 And drown your shamrock,^k never faint,
 The day of Erin's patron saint.
 The lily white, with green imbued,
 Sad emblem of foul party feud:
 Saint Patrick's sainted soul would grieve
 Such sinful follies to perceive,
 And pitying leave his throne above
 To win them to fraternal love.

Now opening April, robed in flowers,
 By brook, and bank, and shady bowers,
 Dark grove, and dell, comes smiling on;
 And leafless, dreary Winter's gone.
 The lark springs lightly from her nest,
 Smoothes with neat care her ruffled breast,
 And, soaring, greets through tiny throat
 The god of day with sweetest note.
 The rising sun's unclouded ray
 Brings Easter's long expected day:
 For harmless sports bright youth is bent,
 And age, unfrowning, is content
 To watch their plays, and ponder o'er
 Its Easter sports in days of yore.

The bearded eggs are now supplied,
 And soon with different hues are dyed.

Forth to the fields, proud of his prize,
 With hearty glee the youngster flies;
 The egg, sent whizzing through the air,
 Falls, watched with childish anxious care;
 As oft unbroke, as oft 'tis thrown,
 Till some unseen and larking stone
 Receives it as it strikes the ground,
 And, breaking, scatters it around.

Now on the meadow's level green
 The ring is formed—a merry scene;
 Here, youths in holiday array,
 And rustic beauties proud display
 Their rosy charms. Now watchful heed—
 A couple start to try their speed:
 With nimble feet they trip the ground—
 The foremost swiftly doubles round,
 Eludes the almost touching grasp
 That fain the flying chace would clasp:
 The level greasward living teems,
 'Neath Sol's enlivening, radiant beams.

Forth from the centre of the play
 The ready runners bound away;
 Some laughing, fly with rapid pace,
 As quick pursued; while some retrace,
 With laggard steps, their backward course,
 With panting breasts and laughter hoarse.
 See yonder pair, with arms entwined,
 Whom gayer comrades leave behind;
 Low do their gentle whispers creep,
 Like murmuring sounds from broken sleep;

The anxious youth, with rapture, views
 Her blushing cheek proclaim the news:
 Her faltering accents reach his ear—
 He hears, yet thinks he scarce can hear,
 The wished response, yet feels his bliss,
 And seals the compact with a kiss.

No feigned starts of love he tries,
 To win the maid he counts a prize;
 No coquette's ways the maiden moves
 To gain the youth she truly loves,
 But artless, guileless nature speaks
 In quivering tongues and mantling cheeks.

Oh, love! thou parent, holiest theme
 That ever fired a mortal's dream—
 Thou heaven-born passion! who could fail
 To paint in glowing terms thy tale?
 Thou fill'st the poor man's humble cot—
 He envies not the prince's lot;
 The lowly maid, in russet drest,
 Feels thy sweet power, and owns she's blest
 With all on earth that blessing gives—
 For love, in love alone she lives.
 Within the mud-built cabin's walls
 Thy magic power as potent falls
 As where the lordly palace stands,
 With all that wealth and art commands.
 Now the day's sports wear to a close,
 And night brings wearied frames repose.

Time flies—'tis April's latest day,
 Ere to the first-born morn in May,

And youths use superstition's arts
 To know the conj'rors of their hearts.
 The simple yarrow leaves its bed,¹⁰
 Lies placed with care beneath the head,
 To charm bright fancy's love-lit dream,
 And give of future life a gleam;
 The harmless, unoffensive snail,¹¹
 Confined, must mark, with slimy trail,
 The initials of the only name
 Which lights that bosom with a flame.

Now May—sweet May! noon of the year—
 Thy sky, calm, blue, serene, and clear;
 Thy winged musicians' music floats
 On balmy air, their tiny throats
 Distended wide to sing thy praise,
 With heaven-taught anthems for their lays—
 E'en thou must go, and in thy place
 June follows in the yearly race.
 Bright June in gold arrays the scene
 With fields already waving green;
 Still she must yield, as bright July
 Her vacant place will next supply.

Now quick his scythe the mower wields,
 And eases soon the burthened fields—
 Levels the grass with well-trained skill:
 The haymakers, with ready will,
 Pursue their task: with lightsome song
 Their hours merrily dance along.

Now fill the goblet to the brim,
 And toast, in burning poison, him

Who nobly breasted Boyne's red stream—
 'Tis many a poetaster's theme.
 High raise the purple—by its side
 The orange banner—waving wide.
 Oh! when will Erin's children cease
 Their party strifes, and live in peace—
 Each kindly grasp the other's hand,
 And Christian union be the band
 Which joins each honest Irishman!

Now pass we August's roseate hues—
 Its sunsets, rich with burnished views;
 September's fields of whitened grain,
 The toil-worn labourer's pride and gain;
 October, with its lesson stern,
 Which young and old alike may learn,
 That, as the falling leaves descend,
 Man sees the shadow of his end,
 And gladly welcoming, perceive,
 Approaching far-famed Hallow-eve.

'Tis night, and loudly does the noise
 Arise from mischief-making boys,
 Who meet prepared for "raising fun,"
 And start forth at a rapid run—
 Knock loudly at each door, and fly,
 Ere scarce the inmates know they're nigh.

Within, primeval mirth abounds,
 And jokes prevail, and laughter sounds.
 The welcome apples soon appear;
 The good-man draws the table near,

And equally 'gins to divide
 The fruit the matron's care supplied,
 A tub the youngsters quick procure,
 And place, with water, on the floor;
 Some little elves the apples drop,
 Which lightly float upon the top;
 Now, head and shoulders bare, each tries,
 With open mouth, to seize the prize;
 Some sudden dash, and miss their aim;
 Some slowly follow round the game,
 Drive to the bottom, that they may,
 In dripping triumph, win the play.

Close side by side the nuts are laid
 In some snug spot, expressly made
 Nigh to the fire, where they may dry;
 Before the kindling torch they try;
 Then each pair, separate in their turn,
 Are duly named and placed to burn.
 Perhaps he waxes—she kindles him;
 Perchance she takes some fancied whim
 And waxes low; with kindling starts
 His flame strikes towards her with a dart.
 Thus kindled, kindling thus by turns,
 The flickering flame still fainter burns—
 Then dies. They next prepare
 Three bowls, ranged on the hearth with care.
 The first holds water, fresh and pure;
 To fill the next they filth procure;
 The third is empty. Now their eyes
 Are bandaged sure, and each one tries

His or her luck, to know their fate
About the expected marriage state.

For bolder freaks some feel inclined,
And laugh to scorn the timorous mind
Who holds it a too serious joke
The Archfiend's wisdom to invoke.
The warning voice of age soon speaks;
Condemns such sinful, dangerous freaks;
Begins some fearful tale to tell,
How direful accidents befall
Some over-bold adventurous wight,
Who ventured forth on Hallow-night
At the dark hour of ten, to find
The old lane-kiln, the clue to wind;
Or lonely winnowed in the barn
The treble weight, nor thought it harm,
Till, horror! for the blackening sin,
A coffin-shape came tumbling in.³
These, listening youths in silence hear,
And e'en the boldest feel a fear
They will not own: more timorous grown,
The weaker fear their shadow, thrown
By the faint light against the wall.
Thus terror stricken, one and all
Agree 'twere wiser far to fly
The Foul Thief's dreaded agency.

The welcome supper now appears,
Which all partake, despite their fears,
With rising thanksgiving and praise
To Him who has prolonged their days,

And life preserved: thus wearing late,
To seek repose they separate.

Now nipping breathes November's air,
And Nature's face is bleak and bare;
Through leafless woods the chill breeze groans
With sullen, fitful, labouring moans.

The nearing sun's pale, slanting rays
Scarcely warms December's darling days,
And, when a transient glimpse appears,
Seems wading through a flood of tears.
"Ho! for old Christmas!" is the cry,
Soon as the winter solstice' by.

It comes, and mirth and noise abound
Where Christian anthems should resound.
Now marshalled fairly, hand to hand,
The anxious shinty-players stand;
Impatient view the coming ball—
Strive hard to reach it ere its fall,
And, failing, dart in eager chase,
Stretching their lithe limbs in the race;
The noise re-echoes o'er the plain—
Now loud, then faint, then loud again.
On each side, breaking on the ear,
The sportsman's loud-tongued piece you hear;
By pond and lake, by wood and fell,
Upon the feathered tribe they tell.

The Christmas dinner, famed of yore,
Within prepared—the choicest store—

Eadied with neatest skill and care,
 To wearied hunger tempting fare.
 Now quickly is the feast disposed—
 The table cleared—the dinner closed;
 The witty jest and laugh prevail—
 The rising song—the merry tale.
 A circle round the hearth they form,
 And value not the gathering storm:
 They sing of love, in simple lays;
 They tell the tales of other days;
 They joke of love the maiden coy,
 And taunt with glee her stalwart boy.
 Thus is the night delightful spent—
 All own their unalloyed content,
 And forward look, with prospects clear,
 The coming of another year.

ELIZA.

'Twas late last night I was a place—
 A place where there were none me saw,
 Wi' my Eliza, lovely dear,
 The sweetest far among them a'.
 The weary traveller through the waste,
 Wha finds the soul reviving spring,
 Drinks less o' joy than I when round
 Her snaw white neck my arms I fling.

What dying raptures!—bliss divine!
 I found upon her heaving breast,
 While she soo fondly clung to mine—
 Like wee birds cowering in their nest.
 Oh, heavens! could I but half describe
 The bliss untold I there enjoyed—
 But no; I'm dumb till death's keen dart
 The fragile fabric has destroyed.

Let grasping wretches clutch their pelf,
 Let tyrants rule with iron hand;
 Ambitious monarchs seize the world,
 From India to Colombia's land;
 But what care I for a' their deeds—
 Gi'e me my ain Eliza dear:
 Life would a day of sunshine be,
 Had I but her my path to cheer.

WHAT CAN CURE A BROKEN HEART?

Oh! what can cure a broken heart?
 Or what can ease a bruised breast?
 Or what can give a troubled soul
 Pure, unalloyed, and peaceful rest?
 My mind is tempest-tost and driven,
 And black despair my bosom fills;
 By anguish, deepest, direst riven,
 My life ebbs through its fevered rills.

Ah! cruel, cruel Mary, dear—
 The only being whom I love—
 How can you unconcerned appear?
 How unconfined your fancy rove?
 That heart once mine you've ta'en by storm—
 My peace and comfort's fled with you—
 How can you slight a fellow-worm,
 Who humbly doth your favour sue?

Ah! did your love but equal mine,
 How happy, happy might we be!
 Love's sunniest hours would on us shine—
 Nought but life's brightest days we'd see.
 My mind is hell, my breast is fire,
 My very heart-strings round you twine;
 Oh! did you love to my desire,
 Despair indeed were mine.

MRS. SLEEK.

Mrs. SLEEK kept a drink-shop by the side of the road,
 In a neat house, two stories and slated,
 With a well-painted sign o'er her door-head, which shew'd
 To what drinks were her customers treated—
 That is, if they took time to sit by the fire,
 And had cash for to spend without grumbling.
 She would strive hard indeed to please each one's desire,
 And to send them forth fighting and tumbling—
 A very nice state for a man!

Mrs. SLEEK was a saint—so she wished to appear;
 Went to church, to hear prayers, every Sunday;
 Never swore; told no lies—but when praising her beer;
 Never cursed—but when drunk on a Monday;
 Was a model of patience—with drink-paying boys;
 Was so gentle—with those who had money;
 Suffered meekly their turbulent brawlings and noise,
 While her words fell like rectified honey—
 Which was all for the best, I suppose.

Mrs. SLEEK had fine daughters—great ladies of taste;
 Perfect standards of fashion, and slatterns;
 Now in dishabille free, now punctiliously laced—
 Of the flouncing and gaudy, rare patterns;
 Aimed hard at being belles of a dignified caste—
 Thorough linguists in Englished nonsense—
 Borrowed novels, but seldom returned them in haste,
 Which was wisdom, I take it, in one sense—
 And lady-like, all must allow.

The bright Misses Sleek went to market and fair,
 With the unavowed intent of catching
 Fools with purses well filled—they were ready to pair—
 But their eggs often broke in the hatching.
 What a pity such worth should thus sigh for the delf,
 And the fools who possessed it in plenty!
 Were I foolish and rich I might wed one myself;
 But I'm poor, and I'm something o'er twenty,
 Which makes it a bad case, I fear.

Now, it chanced on a day—I was jaded and wet—
 I went in for a drop of her brandy,
 A seat by the bright blazing ingle to get,
 There to sip my drink cozy and handy.
 Dandy Hal lay stretched out in the corner at's length,
 As drunk as a tinker, and sleeping;
 Too early that morn he had tried the ale's strength,
 While his cash Mrs. Sleek was now keeping—
 A very fit bank for a fool!

Drunken Bill—an old fellow, as poor as a dog—
 Had for work got a guinea that morning.
 Now came in, firm determined to “go the whole hog,”
 All narrow-souled soberness scorning.
 Mrs. Sleek—pious soul!—eyed the sparkling coin
 With feelings might honour the devil,
 And, smiling, insisted that he should sit down,
 In words mighty polished and civil—
 Which was all for his good, I suppose.

Bill was dry—called for drink—changed the coin in a trice—
 Winked, and said none could toss their glass quicker—

Cursed the folks who at drinking were uppish and nice—
 Praised the flavour and taste of her liquor—
 Roundly sworn she should come and sit down by his side—
 He had “plenty of money to treat her”—
 He “liked her so well,” he would not be denied—
 “No mortal’s respect could be greater”
 Than his—for her drink, I believe.

The fair Misses Sleek from the parlour came down,
 With a dignified measure of walking;
 Had “heard with disgust and annoyance that clown—
 Couldn’t bear his abom’nable talking!”
 Muttered loud, wreathed their lips in such scorn, for to boot,
 At old Bill, who was getting quite mellow;
 Didn’t “know how mamma could discourse with that brute!
 That low, nasty, vulgar old fellow!”—
 Poor, delicate, weak, nervous dears!

But a motherly whisper effected a change—
 ‘Twas the guinea the magic effected;
 In those lady like casquets, to give fancy range,
 Who would e’er have such weakness suspected?
 Bill became on the instant an altered affair—
 “If he only would dress something neater;”
 His “abom’nable talking” was “drollery rare”—
 Metamorphose could none be completer—
 A wonderful change, I agree.

Three neighbours then called—by-the-bye, I must say
 ‘Twas a holiday—Christmas or New-year—
 They had called for to while a dull hour away,
 And the half-idiot bacchanals to hear.

An ominous curl graced the landlady's lip,
 'Twere vain her remarks for to quote all,
 But this, as she frowned, when they called their egg-fip,
 "They were joined," only think, "the teetotal!"—
 Sad foes to her brute-making trade.

Dandy Hal now got up, half asleep and half-drunk—
 Bill's noise had broke in on his slumber:
 Bill shook him, and cursed him to pluck up some spunk—
 Called a glass of the lowest head-number.
 Hal yawned—wiped his face with the sleeve of his coat—
 Staggered back—caught a chair, when nigh falling—
 Took the now ready glass for to moisten his throat:
 Bill a snatch of a song commenced hawling—
 Sweet music for weak-nerved Miss Sleek.

Bill called in more drink, he had "plenty to pay—
 They would sing, and like boys be light hearted;
 They would drive that cursed imp, melancholy, away,
 And would booze for a night ere they parted."
 The noise grew space—'twas a demon's work-shop—
 Till, "Hal, sure some drink could command it,"
 He strove, but in vain, for to hang his face up:
 Mrs. Sleek upon no terms would stand it—
 He had drunk all his money that morn.

The twain then disputed about some old horse—
 Each thought his own judgment superior;
 The matter soon grew from being bad unto worse,
 Till Hal called old Bill his inferior.

* A slang phrase for getting drunk on credit.

Bill resented the slight, like a man of his spunk.
 Clenched his hand, and hit Hal on the forehead;
 Hal returned it with spirit—they were both nearly drunk—
 And the ground, I should think, was a sore bed,
 Where shortly the disputants lay.

Mrs. Sleek craved our aid—she "would not be refused—
 Just wanted to put out those sad men;"
 It was all very well, but we "must be excused"—
 We "considered them rather as madmen."
 What a fuss then was raised by the nervous Miss Sleek:
 "Oh, dear! she would sure have the spasms!"
 Bill's guinea was low—"Oh, the wretch!"—she "would
 speak!"

In Hal's dress there were some trifling chasms—
 Rather picturesque-looking, I own.

But aid was procured, who the combatants caught,
 And tore the inebriates sunder:
 Hal's visage was awful—a demon's, I thought;
 Bill's yell was as deafening as thunder.
 But like carrion beasts they were thrown on the street,
 There to fight, kick, and roll 'mid the gutter,
 For no company human or bestial meet;
 Mrs. Sleek skimmed the cream for *her* butter—
 Well she knew how to mind number one.

By and by all grew still—'twas a regular play—
 And the twain who were gone were forgotten;
 The coward grew bold and the flippant grew gay,
 While the time, as it passed, ne'er was thought on.
 I looked round about me—all thoughtless appeared

To aught save their seeming enjoyment,
Nor of dark coming troubles seemed conscious, nor feared
Aught should fail but their present employment—

A serious picture to view.

Now, thought I, here's a lesson—that old drunken Bill,
By hard work and sore bones, earned his guinea;
But the old toper dog must come here for to swill,
And for trash give his cash like a niany,
While the fair Misses Sleek on his wretchedness shine,
With his family in misery pining;
These are starving at home—he thrown out like a swine—
Those on sumptuous viands are dining—
While the drunken fool's cash pays for all.

I looked at my portion of drink that remained—
Bill's case proved a powerful reason—
And determined to bid, on the wisdom I'd gained,
The drink-shop good-bye for a season.
My brandy unfinished, I jumped from my seat—
“Are you going?” lisped old Sleek, like honey;
“Yes,” said I, “and when next I come back you can treat
A poor fool who comes here with his money
To spend, and be thrown on the street!”

THE WEAVER'S TRIUMPH.

It was but yestreen I had oot my bit claith, man,
Tuk it under my arm, doun tae Balford I went,
Untae the Braid Square, tae wee cockit Rab's warehoose—
For a trife o' cash, man, it was my intent.
My noddle bein' reeming wi' atoups o' guid liquor,
I marched in fu' stately and throwed the dud doun,
Whan a cock-o'-the-north o' a foreman, ca'd Hudson,
Whispered tae his employer—“We'll gi'e him a croon.”

My wee bit o' labour bein' thrown on the counter,
Wi' butterfly's een tae examine't he goes;
He hemmed and he ha'd, and he swore it was shameless,
Syn'e oot wi' his snoot-cloot and dighted his nose.
He swore that the warp would been better by double—
For their penny collars 'twas nae use ava;
Though the price o' my labour was just half-a-guinea,
He would gi'e me a shilling and let me awa.

I glowered at the ape wi' twa een like red cinclers,
While wee cockit Rab at his knavery did wink;
Quo' I, “Honest foreman, ye ha'e turned a barber,
Tae shave simple weavers aye neatly, I think;
But hand ye, a jifey, my potstick-legged callan—
For my nine-and-sixpence I'll gi'e ye some fun:
I'll ca' doun your betters tae think on your capers,
And see if you'll rob me, you half-stocked gun.”

Noo, twa honest neebours together convened,
 And examined it weel, frae beginning tae end;
 And the verdict they gi'en was, "Return him his money,
 Or before Parson Wilkins* you'll ha'e tae attend."
 My money I pouched wi' a rollickin' smirk—
 Oh! what was the look that his foremanship gi'en!
 Quo' I, "Honest foreman, act somewhat mair justly:
 You see arbitration's but seldom your frien'."

Noo, some o' my neebours mayna ken this same foreman,
 But I'll draw you his portrait as weel as I can,
 Though it's nae easy job for a pair, simple weaver,
 As I would wrang him greatly tae ca' him a man:
 His face—it's the texture and shape o' a monkey's;
 Each cheek would hold neatly a shilling o' pence;
 A' the wit that he has in his weel-theekit noddle's
 What oor neebour Tam ca's a "guid griping sense."

He's like—but why need I attempt tae describe him—
 The pen o' a Buffon would soon be tae blame;
 Some day, whan auld Nature has been busy working,
 She has tossed by the gruns—made him oot o' the same.
 Fareweel tae you, Robin; adieu tae your foreman—
 A pair o' sweet rascals you are, I declare;
 It's a pity tae waste pen and ink on sic creatures—
 Guid-bye tae you, neebours, I'll noo say nae mair.

* A magistrate.

MY MARY'S SWEET.

Mr Mary's sweet, my Mary's neat—
 My Mary stands beyond compare;
 Her faultless form and matchless grace,
 Prove her the fairest of the fair.
 I saw her once—I loved her then;
 I saw her since—I own it still;
 Love formed her, brought her to my view,
 Forced me to own his mighty will.

I felt the dart pierce through my heart;
 I clasped it fast, and held it there;
 I viewed the wound, and mournful smiled,
 Then turned my gaze upon the fair.
 I love her—not for worldly gear;
 I love her—not for glittering pelf;
 None but base worldlings such revere—
 I love her only for herself.

IMPROMPTU.

WHAT art thou, strange mysterious power,
 Which thus my heart can move—
 Which, snake-like, twines around my soul?
 Oh! say what art thou—love!

A FAREWELL.

Fair bloom my native country's flowers,
 And silky verdure decks the lawn,
 And sweetly through the enlivened woods
 The feathered songsters hail the dawn;
 And gaily shines the glorious sun
 Upon that spot was once my home,
 Where happiness and virtue reign,
 While I a homeless wanderer roam.

I wooed and won a lovely girl—
 Ah! how I loved my heart can tell;
 But fickle fortune proved unkind—
 With her, alas! I might not dwell.
 Now forced to leave, by fate's decree,
 The lovely isle where I was born,
 I wander in a foreign land,
 From love, from friends, and comrades torn.

Oft have I roved through Pirrie's grove
 With her I wooed and loved so well,
 And, whispering in her listening ear,
 Tales of strange lands and love I'd tell;
 Or o'er the mountain, towering high,
 Where Nelson's memory's tribute stands,
 Oft have we roved—then turned to gaze
 Upon the shores of Scottish lands.

Alone, forlorn, unfriended here—
 No comrade's ear I may pour in
 My sorrowing tales of blighted joys,
 With all the varied themes therein;
 But memory's reflecting page
 These bygone scenes can oft recall,
 And fancy weave some pleasant hours
 I fain would social spend with all.

Farewell, farewell—a long farewell,
 Kind friends in sorrow as in joy;
 When far away I'll think of you,
 Though worldly cares my mind employ;
 And thou, sweet girl, life of my heart,
 Perhaps I yet may call you mine,
 When fortune's ruder blasts are blown
 And brighter days begin to shine.

A PARTING SONG.

ON AN OLDER BROTHER GOING TO SEA, WHEN THE WRITER
WAS SOMETHING OVER FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD.

FAREWELL, my comrades, ever dear,
I bid you for a while adieu;
Companions of my happier hours,
When far away I'll think of you.

What though I live to foreign lands,
Kind Providence will be my guide;
His omniscience and outstretched arm
Shall me protect through ocean's wide.

In sportive joy we oft have joined
The flowing bowl, the rural dance;
Our social hours did abound,
And mirth our pleasures did enhance.

Though oceans wide may us divide,
And lofty seas between us roar,
I'll often think upon the spot
Where dwells the girl whom I adore.

When midnight watch my duty calls,
My wandering mind shall find a spot—
A dear, sequestered, beauteous place—
On which to fix each lonely thought.

When freighted in some foreign land,
Sweet-scented gales shall waft us home;
Old Erin's hills once more in view,
We'll hail as nigh her shores we come.

Voyage after voyage I hope shall bring
Returning home unto my view;
The festal board I yet may join,
To spend some social hours with you.

And when the gladsome music sounds,
Imparting joy to every spot,
The sprightly dances you do lead down,
Then, comrades, then forget me not.

Perhaps I never may return
To glad my parents' eyes again;
Perhaps my worthless corpse may lie
Deep buried in the boisterous main.

If such should be my hapless fate,
One tear to memory's all I crave;
Then let the wand'rer be forgot
Who sleeps low in the liquid wave.

ADIEU TO THE GREEN FIELDS OF ERIN.

ADIEU to the green fields of Erin, my home;
O'er the swelling Atlantic I'm now forced to roam
In search of a home on Columbia's fair shore,
From whence I'll return to old Ireland no more.

Oh! the sweet pleasant days in Hibernia I've seen,
While with light-bounding steps o'er her own emerald green
I have sprung, free and joyous as the hare on the lea,
Oh! Erin mayourneen, acushla machree!

Adieu to the island of beauty and worth,
To my own native Ulster, the land of the north,
To the sweet County Down, where I drew my first breath,
I'll think on it still till my eyes close in death.

And now, loving brethren, I'll bid you farewell;
When I'm in a strange country no secrets I'll tell;
Your increase and union shall still be my prayer;
May your actions be ruled by the compass and square.

Adieu unto him who presides o'er the band,
And with him, like true craftsmen, still go hand in hand;
Conlig and I, 1,000 I'll never forget
Till this throbbing bosom shall cease for to beat.

IN LIFE'S GAY MORNING.

IN life's gay morning my youthful fancy
Roved unconfined as the mountain wind;
My heart was light as the summer breezes;
No single object disturbed my mind,
Till love, sly thief, marked me for its victim—
Caused all my pleasures from me depart—
'Reft me of happiness—and left me mourning
And vainly sighing for Anna's heart.

When first I viewed her angelic features,
Delightful feelings thrilled through my breast;
Quick perturbations and strange sensations
Disturbed my soul, long at placid rest.
As opes the flower, when day's god is shining,
To catch the glow which his rays impart,
So oped my bosom, and quick responded
To its image mirrored in fair Anna's heart.

My vivid fancy can paint her image,
Clothed in the essence of Nature's charms;
While fancy's phantoms betimes seem real,
I vainly clasp her with eager arms.
Ah! why am I, once so free and joyous,
So far undone by blind Cupid's dart?
'Tis vain—I strive but to thwart my nature;
I homage yield to fair Anna's heart.

Oh! loveliest, fairest of earth-born creatures,
 Light of my heart, do not say me nay,
 But yield compliance to my desires—
 Of true-love's halo grant me a ray;
 Let me not cherish a vain delusion;
 Responsive symptoms to me impart,
 That I may joy in my dearest treasure—
 The sweet possession of fair Anna's heart.

LINES.

PROMPTED ON A GRAVE IN CAVAN CEMETERY.

Rest, mortal, here; thy narrow bed
 Is all of earth to thee pertains;
 While the rank nettle waves its head
 Luxuriant o'er thy cold remains.

What wert thou? * ah! thou can'st not speak,
 Though once thou didst possess a tongue
 On whose fond accents, mild and meek,
 Perchance a loving offspring hung.

* There was no inscription at the grave.

Dark, cold, and loathesome is thy dust,
 Which once, perhaps, with beauty shone;
 And ceased to throb thy heart of trust,
 Its joys, its fears, its transports gone.

Through thy lack-lustre orbless holes
 The fat worm drags its slimy way,
 And fattens 'mid the crumbling moulds—
 The mournful remnants of thy clay.

What felt'st thou when thy measured part
 Then played'st upon this mortal stage—
 The rising pulse, the throbbing heart,
 The passions' war tumultuous wage?

Bright hopes, dark fears, alike were thine,
 And sorrowing hours by pleasure bought;
 The joyful heart, the troubled mind,
 For all are but the common lot.

But now thy brow hath ceased to cloud,
 And now thy breast hath ceased to heave;
 No throbbing bosoms in the shroud,
 No darkling shadows reach the grave.

Rest here, for thou hast played thy part;
 Though weeping friends for thee may mourn,
 Thou heed'st it not; "from dust thou art,
 And unto dust thou shalt return."

ALONE.

ON A HUSBAND BEING SEPARATED FOR A TIME FROM HIS WIFE.

ALONE! I am alone!
 No kindly word to cheer;
 No dearly loved one's voice to hush
 Fond accents in my ear.

I look across the hearth,
 I see the vacant chair,
 And sorrowing yearns my heart for her
 Who woe my grief to share.

I look around the room,
 Where all disordered lies;
 The ordering genius is away,
 And comfort with her flies.

I look into my heart,
 I find all vacant there,
 Save where her image chastely dwells,
 Still blooming pure and fair.

The sun shines through the glass,
 To mock my harrowed soul;
 And Nature wantons in his smiles,
 And sips th' ambrosial bowl.

But ah! to me no smile
 Of sunshine pleasure brings,
 While silent loneliness its shroud
 Of darkness o'er me flings.

'Tis sweet—the spreading bloom
 Of varied tint and hue,
 When Nature dons her gayest robes
 And richest dress—to view;

But sweeter 'tis to me
 To see her sunny smile,
 That wakens every spring of love
 With fond magnetic wile.

'Tis sweet to hear the sound
 Of summer gurgling rills,
 Which, leaping o'er their brush-brow'd beds,
 The soul with music fills;

But sweeter far to me
 Is the enchanting sound
 Of her sweet voice, whose lightest tones
 Ring love and music round.

'Tis not apart from men
 Nor the world's bustling life
 That solitude triumphant reigns,
 With lonely feelings rife;

For there the soul can hold
 Sweet converse with its God,
 And find a silent mentor still
 In all His works abroad.

'Tis when discovered from
 Some heart bound only friend,
 Who to your care-worn bosom would
 Kind sympathy extend;

When every eye is cold,
 And every voice is chill,
 And the stranger's formal word and bow
 Fall spiritless and still;

Or when the friendly jest
 Greets ears, but not your own;
 Or the light laugh you cannot join—
 Then, then you feel alone!

Or when you seek the couch
 You nightly with her pressed,
 And knelt to crave a Father's smile
 Might ever on you rest,

You find all silent there
 As cavern of the dead;
 Then solitude triumphs supreme,
 In nameless vision spread.

Oh! give me back my wife—
 What magic's in the sound!
 Then pleasure, joy, and love will crowd
 My humble hearth around.

Without her all is blank,
 Lones, wearisome, and chill;
 And in and out my heart is pressed
 With heavy sadness still.

While with her all is life,
 Bright, rich, and buoyant grown;
 Then, oh! return me back again
 My light, my loved, my own!

TRUTH.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."

When the diamonds of twilight their anthers had sung,
As this beautiful world in its orbit was flung—
When the sire of our race, and his heaven-formed bride,
With their own stainless Eden in purity vied;

Then a leaflet was plucked by the heavenly dove
From a God-rooted tree in the arbour of love,
And 'twas borne to the newly-formed island of space
As a crowning adornment to finish the place.

But the Demon of ill, in the stronghold of hell,
Learned the tidings that Envy had hastened to tell;
And he swore, in his wrath, he would poison its bloom
With the Upas that grew in his garden of gloom.

Then a demon's device and a serpent's led wile
Breathed a withering blast the sweet plant to defile;
And the Prince of Deceit hissed a laugh in his heart
That the stainless of hue had been tainted in part.

But the Fountain of Love with omniscience perceived
The deep death-parent blow which the Fiend had achieved;
And He vowed, ere it died in such poisonous air,
He would take it to heaven and nurture it there.

Yet ere man of so precious a boon was bereft,
He would thwart the Dark Fiend in the portion was left;
For a shield of protection around it He'd throw,
And give man the proud honour to guard it below.

Then 'twas nurtured, and watched, and luxuriant grew,
Gently fanned by the breezes Divinity blow,
Till its petals unfolded, as spotless as love,
Or its parent that grew in the arbour above.

And its leaves even yet form a chaplet as bright
As the crowns that are worn by the spirits of light;
And the man who can win such a heavenly prize,
May with Truth spirit bound fill a throne in the skies.

But the low-stricken wretch who his soul would defile
With the Upas of falsehood, and lie with a smile,
Will sink down in his blackness, unnamed but in scorn,
Banned for aye from the sweets of a heavenly morn.

NEVER DEPEND ON TO-MORROW.

Old Time speeds along,
 With his noiseless wings,
 In his track sparkles wealth for procuring;
 For the bright little moments
 Which round us he flings,
 Are gems worth the toil of securing.

Then seize them, and use them
 With vigour and skill—
 Remember, delay may bring sorrow;
 He is wise who employs
 The time placed at his will,
 And never depends on to-morrow.

The past has gone by
 Like an oft changing sky,
 And the future is hid from our vision;
 In its womb brighter rays,
 Darker shadows may lie,
 But the present's the time for decision.

For the present is ours
 To will and to do,
 And 'tis wrong from the future to borrow;
 Let us cull the wreath now,
 Or too late we may rue
 If we ever depend on to-morrow.

THE FAST—A DIALOGUE.

Mr. E. Good morning, *Mr. B.*

Mr. B. Good morning, sir.

Mr. E. Are you for Church to-day at fitting hour,
 There to present your prayers and supplications
 Before the footstool of Omnipotence
 For the success of Britain's arms engaged
 In warfare?

Mr. B. Such, sir, is my intention.
 To-day there is a public fast proclaimed
 By our much-beloved and potent Queen—
 A day of general humiliation
 For past offences and transgressions
 'Gainst heaven's High Majesty committed—
 And I would fain attend, to hear the prayer
 Composed by our holy dignitaries
 For this important season and to join
 In the responses solemn—That the High 'st
 May lend us aid in the approaching strife,
 By whose immutable and wise decree
 Bright vict'ry hovers o'er th' embattled plain
 And settles on the brow of him whose cause
 Omnipotence espouses. Will you go?

Mr. E. No: I prefer to walk abroad to-day,
 And have a draught of Spring's returning nectar—
 To view the leaving shrubs and opening flowers

An incident too common in our land,
 Yet of itself sufficient to produce
 Tumultuous feelings such as I've remarked.
 You see yon mud-walled cabin in the field,
 Whose glassless frame's well filled with panes of wood,
 Its rotten door and rain-defenceless roof,
 Scarce make fit tenement to lodge your swine—
 A place that bears the deep impress that there
 Harsh poverty has placed the crushing heel;
 Yet you can pass it and no odours rise
 Offensive to offend the nicest smell.
 There dwells an honest, poor, industrious man,
 Poor as the poorest in this wretched isle,
 And honest to the wronging of himself,
 Yet stamped a man by the great Author of
 Existence—a noble by Divine creation;
 You know him, too—him of the well-patched coat,
 Sure token of the thrifty, careful wife;
 His lofty brow, furrowed with anxious thought,
 And careworn marks on his expressive features.
 His life's a history in every day
 Of the o'ertasked and want-struck sons of toil—
 Bowed down in soul beneath an Atlas load
 Of cares, with five young heart-shoots to maintain,
 Whose silvery smile would rob a demon's plan
 Of half its guile, and to redeem the pledge
 His young heart took, sincere in heaven's face;
 To meet the brunt of life, and to support
 Her who gave up her spotless, guileless all
 Into his keeping. Then in manly prime

Of joyous youth, his raptur'd heart leaped light
 Within its heaving case as playful fawn's;
 No darkling visions, on that beauteous morn,
 Of future ills arose, to cast a shade
 On his bright brow, as to his home he led
 His fair, young, heart-devoted bride, to share
 His all of wealth—for 'twas not then as now.

Mr. B. Why, you appear to be acquainted with
 The history of his former life?

Mr. S. E. Yes;
 I could relate to you a flood of things
 Connected with that man would cause your heart
 To thrill with anguish at the very thought
 That man should suffer from his fellow-man
 Such venom-poisoned wrongs and black injustice.
 Drove from his sires' home without a cause,
 In the tempestuous howl of black-mouthed winter,
 Without a shelter from the pitiless storm;
 His helpless partner bearing at her breast
 A second new-born pledge of purest love;
 Their first-born, still an infant, in his arms;
 Ruined and beggared by the very man,
 If man he can be called, whose blackened soul
 Would ride o'er human misery—for whom
 His years of toil were spent and his young blood
 Drained by incessant labour; but of that
 I will not pause to speak, though, Heaven knows,
 The harrowing tale is bitter burning truth.
 This morning, when yon glorious sun had reached

The middle point from the horizon to
 The azure zenith, I was passing by
 His poor abode, and, passing, entered in
 To see a sight that caused my tranquil soul
 To leap unbidden from its calmer mood,
 And gush with ready sympathies; for there
 Starvation lodged its train of hungry terrors—
 Nay, start not, sir, 'tis true as Heaven's creed,
 That in this Christian land, with plenty blest,
 Seven human beings were this morning found
 Without a crust, to taunt a lengthened fast!
 Gloomy the husband and the father sat,
 His feeble frame the pris'ner of disease,
 Nor felt the hunger gnawing at his heart,
 So crushed he was to hear the mournful sound
 Of his loved children crying for their food.
 I asked him how he fared; but what a look!
 I almost feared that Reason's reign was o'er,
 And flame-eyed frenzy had usurped its place.
 "Fare!" he replied, and forced a bitter laugh;
 "How fare the wretched spirits of the damned
 In the dark regions of their endless pain?"
 I shuddered at the awful looks and words
 Of that thrice wretched being, who thus sat,
 Seathed like a noble tree, whose blackened stem
 Bears tokens of the thunder's dreaded bolt.
 "Forced from my bed of straw," he almost cried,
 "I dragged this weak, emaciated frame
 From house to house, and begged for work with tears;
 But my slow, tott'ring steps and pallid face,

Drove like swift messengers of ill before;
 But now starvation—now starvation's here!"
 And then he stopped; but ever and anon
 Low mutterings hissed through his clammy lips,
 Till, in the wildness of his darkened hour,
 He almost cursed the God who gave him life!
 I left, nor paused to hear the blessings poured,
 Or see the frantic change a trifling loan
 Produced; but, when I reached the open air,
 I turned and looked, and thought—oh! how the mind
 Can think betimes!—there is a fast indeed!
 And then I asked myself if it was not
 Most solemn mockery in Heaven's face
 For plenty and fastidious luxury
 To bid such wretchedness and hunger fast?
 I do not wish to rail at wealth or state—
 Each mind is free to rule its empire best;
 But surely such a sight as I have seen
 Is of itself sufficient to excite
 A wish to know how those who clamour "fast"
 Will fast themselves.

Mr. B. Most certainly you have
 Drawn a dark picture of a scene of want.
 Of such I've read enough, yet scarce believed;
 But, when we find them at our very doors,
 'Tis time we should bestir ourselves and act.
 Yet, ere we part, I fain would learn your mind
 Concerning lordly fasts—for, as I said,
 I've made the matter little subject of
 My meditations.

Mr. E. Fast! think you wealth fasts!

When such a day arrives, 'tis but a change
 Useful and pleasant to palled appetites,
 Creates a zest for luxuries, and gives
 A keener relish to insipid taste.
 Fancy must lend us pinions for a space,
 To pay a visit to "my lord's" abode—
 Thence a fast-searing odour spreads around,
 While pampered menials run, and broil, and fume,
 Fearful the great man's taste should take offence.
 There is a contrast to the poor man's home!
 "Almighty" gold obeys his high behests,
 And what his craving soul desires, obtains;
 Yet you will find him snarling o'er his food
 Like a starved cur that fears to lose a bone,
 And yet his tables creak beneath the weight
 Of dishes cooked till they would tempt a surfeit;
 He'll drive to Church, and, in his cushioned pew,
 Bow to his Maker in such haughty way
 As if the honour to himself belonged;
 Then, from the force of habit, thank his God
 That when men fast in his dear native isle
 'Tis not from want, but willingly performed.
 But I must cease, for time is speeding on.
 The instances adduced are but extremes,
 That speak in louder than the thunder's tones.

Mr. B. Truly the facts are of a serious cast,
 And furnish food for philanthropic minds;
 But then the evils are so grounded in
 And strongly grown, that to eradicate
 Them seems a task fit for a nation's force.

Mr. E. Then, I would say, reform: reform at home;

Reform around—each in his private sphere—
 All in their public character; talk less
 About reform, and do; drag forth the slaves,
 Who wander in our midst, to public gaze;
 Give to the poor man work and wages for't,
 Nor, while we work him, starve him to the death;
 Care for him more than we would for a beast—
 House him and clothe him, give him mental food
 And educate his young, but let him work
 For all; he will not shun the given task—
 'Twill raise him to his standard; and such sights,
 Such bitter sights as I've remarked, will grow
 "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

Mr. B. (*looking at his watch.*) I'm sorry, sir, I
 cannot longer stay:

Another time the subject we'll renew:
 At present I must leave for Church, and bid
 You, sir, good morning.

Mr. E. Well, sir, I hope
 That what I've said, when bowing in your prayers
 You'll not forget, but that the poor man's case
 Will have a place in your petitions; and,
 When fit opportunity presents, again
 We'll speak upon the matter. Good morning, sir.

THE LOVELY GLENS OF CRAWFORDSBURN.

A LOVELY summer's evening sun
 With burnished gilding crowned the trees,
 And drooping hung the listless leaves,
 Scarce waken'd by the whisp'ring breeze,
 As, musing, forth I lonely strayed,
 My laggard steps were slowly turned
 To the sweet, winding walks within
 The lovely glens of Crawfordsburn.

Here Nature, in some wanton mood
 Of playfulness, essayed her skill,
 And grouped in sweet profusion round
 The brightest projects of her will;
 And Nature's beauty Art adorns
 With brightening aid, where'er I turn,
 To please the sight or charm the soul,
 Through the sweet glens of Crawfordsburn.

Adown the slope the path pursues
 Its tortuous way, and opens to sight
 The cat'ract's crest, whose weakened flood
 Falls like a thread of silver light;
 But when dark winter's torrents rush
 In madd'ning race, the crags they spurn,
 And, dashing wildly, lend a charm
 To the sweet glens of Crawfordsburn.

The ascent, clothed from base to top
 With plebian shrub and lordly tree,
 Springing from kindly soil and rock,
 Tow'ring majestically free;
 On farther side, the tree-crowned tops
 Bow stately o'er their grass-bound sides,
 And greet their kindred height across
 The wimpling burn whose stream divides.

Still farther on, the clustering shade
 Of deathless laurel's emerald hue
 Greet the pleased eye that lingering waits
 On Nature's favourites spread to view;
 And stretching out to right and left,
 With graceful swell and winding turn,
 Lies a sweet landscape, rich and rare,
 The lovely glens of Crawfordsburn.

Sweet scenes! through you I've wandered oft
 When summer hummed her matins prime,
 And fanned my young poetic flame
 Till my soul rung an answering chime;
 And when the rage of wintry storms
 Had torn the clothing from thy trees,
 Lonely I've paced thy leaf-strewn walks,
 Awed by the fitful moaning breeze.

Now 'mid thy smiles my soul is sad,
 And rims my eye with heart-formed dew,
 To gaze the last time on thy charms,
 And linger forth—adieu, adieu!

Sweet scenes! where'er my feet may press,
 My visioned thoughts to thee shall turn,
 And fancy waft my soul amid
 The lovely glens of Crawfordsburn.

WHAT IS WAR?

'Tis the trumpet's thrilling story,
 Sounding on to fields of glory,
 Grimly clad in vestments gory,
 Hung by death;

'Tis the bitter sounds of parting,
 Severed bosoms keenly smarting,
 Heart hove sighs for the departing,
 On each breath.

'Tis the parent of taxation,
 Fleecing every thriving nation—
 Blasting commerce—ruination
 In its track;
 Riding on the red-waved river,
 Belching death-darts from its quiver,
 Blooming places scathed for ever—
 Left a wreck.

'Tis the war-horse proudly prancing,
 With the airy pennons dancing,
 And the sheen of armour glancing
 In the blaze
 Of the cannon's thundered lightning;
 Scenes of struggle dimly brightening;
 Sulph'rous cloudy volumes heightening
 The deep haze.

'Tis the wild wail of the dying
 In their clotted gore-pools lying,
 And the mad rush of the flying
 O'er the field
 Where King Death triumphant wages
 Battle, while the war-storm rages
 'Gainst the growing powers of ages,
 Till they yield.

'Tis the frowning rampart stormed
 O'er the mounds of bodies formed—
 Art's and Nature's face deformed
 In the strife;
 Ruin, rapine, blood, and fire,
 'Mid the wild din rising higher,
 Scathing every fond desire
 Loved in life.

'Tis the sweeping simoom's power,
 Scathing fruit, and plant, and flower,
 Ripening fields, and lovely bower
 With its blast;

Leaving blood-soaked hearths behind it—
 All that life to life could bind it
 Wrecked and riven—thus you find it
 When 'tis past.

'Tis the fount of sorrow swelling,
 Every heart-spring sadly welling,
 While the maniac's frenzied yelling
 Stuns the ear;
 Wife for husband, child for sire,
 Seething in the war-lit fire—
 Parent's hopes doomed to expire
 On bloody bier.

'Tis the curse of desolation,
 Bann'd to prince and bann'd to nation—
 First of demon's vile formation
 In the skies;
 Now the hell-spawned tyrant's creature,
 Sweeping the fair face of Nature,
 Blighting every heav'nly feature
 As it flies.

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

Who is she yon, with tresses black
 And glossy as the raven's back—
 With graceful form and features fair,
 Yet shadowed with a sorrowing air?
 Why does the lovely lone one sigh?
 Why drops the big tear from her eye?
 Why is her cheek so blanched and pale,
 While perfumed zephyrs round her sail?
 Is't some dear parent death has slain,
 Or some loved brother early ta'en?
 Or sister fond, the bride of Death,
 Nipt like a flower by frost's keen breath?
 Or is it—no, it cannot be;
 No youthful husband e'er had she;
 But list, for she begins to sing—
 Oh, that sweet voice! how clear its ring!
 Yet mellowed by a saddened tone,
 'Tis like a string from heaven thrown:—

The summer sun flashes
 Its fountains of light,
 And the crystal-tipped streamlet
 Leaps joyous and bright;
 The birds carol sweet and
 The scented gales blow,
 While my heart, robbed of hope,
 Is the nursing of woe.

Oh! the loved one, the false one,
 Yet dear to me still,
 Though my young budding love
 He but nurtured to kill;
 Like a serpent he twined round
 My innocent heart,
 Till his sting-pointed kiss
 Left a deadlier smart.

He came when my young heart
 Was yearning for love,
 As the caged minstrel yearns
 For its bough netted grove;
 And he poured in my willing soul
 Tales of his flame,
 Till they gushed back—too pure
 For the source whence they came.

I wrapped myself up in
 A bliss-spangled robe,
 Nor dreamt e'er a pain
 Would my happiness probe;
 But with rude hand he snatched
 The sweet cov'ring away,
 And crowned my sad soul
 With the cypress and bay.

I was young—he was formed
 Fond affection to win;
 And I loved him so dearly—
 Nor thought it a sin;

He kissed me and flattered—
 I smiled and believed;
 Yet the false one but wooed me
 To leave me deceived.

As the sun to the summer,
 All glorious and bright—
 As the silver moon's smile
 To a rich harvest night—
 Or the cliff to the air-king,
 Wind-bent and free—
 So dear was my Henry,
 My loved one, to me.

Now I sigh, vainly sigh
 For the hours of my youth,
 Ere I found man defiled
 The fair image of Truth;
 But the light of my life-hopes
 For ever has fled,
 And the bloom of existence
 Is withered and dead.

THE PIRATE.

THE sun sprung up like a fiery shield,
 And glanced across the main,
 Till the dark-ribbed waves embraced his rays
 And glinted them back again.

'Twas a tidy craft that morn that sped
 O'er the waves of the western seas,
 And she leaped and bowed like a thing of light
 Before the freshening breeze.

Her low, dark hull, like a sombre streak
 In the glare of the morning bright;
 And her tow'ring spars were like threads of black
 Flung up in a mantle of light.

Nor ensign nor flag from her mast-head flowed,
 Of nation or warlike power,
 But the long folds of black, which, with ominous sweep,
 O'er the light spanned waters did lower.

A lawless and desperate band they were,
 Of fierce and warlike mien,
 Who manned the craft—and well they were used
 To scenes of blood, I ween.

Their chief strode the quarter-deck alone,
 And turned, with a glance of pride,
 On twice one hundred men, who his word
 Through fire and death would hide.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "I am monarch here,
 And my word or my wish is law;
 I've a good sea craft, and a gallant crew
 Who two hundred blades can draw.

"Long I have lived 'mid scenes of strife,
 A rover bold and free;
 And I'd die as I've lived, and finish my course
 On the wide, wild, untamed sea.

"Wealth I have won at the cannon's mouth,
 As I swept my way o'er the main—
 For I've braved the blast and the battle's might,
 And I'll brave it yet again.

"I laugh when the howl of the storm-demon swells—
 When the blast battles with the sea—
 I but take in a reef, and my tight little bark
 Scuds, spanking, before the breeze.

"I hie where I will, and I hail what I choose;
 I take what I wish, when I can—
 For 'might is right' with the rovers free
 As well as the 'long-shore men.

"Once, when I was young, I thought that man
Was a being of trust and truth;
But I found, when I entered the bustling world,
'Twas a fancied vision of youth.

"But then I'd a mother, and she was good;
Yet I broke her kind old heart—
Ha! what's this?—away! such womanly shams
Must ne'er in the rover start."

"Ho! a sail, a sail!"—"Where-away?" he cried.
"Scudding right before the wind!"
"Bear away, my lads, for in yonder craft
A prize we are sure to find!"

Away flew their craft o'er the bounding seas,
Till her spars bent before the blast—
"Give her cloth, my lads!" cried the pirate chief,
Even though we spring a mast!"

And away, away sped the chase in view;
Yet the pirate neared the whale,
With her hull scarce seen 'neath a canvas shroud,
'Mid the rude winds rising wild.

A gallant sight was that race for life
On the ocean's pathless breast,
As the good ships sped, with bounding spring,
O'er the liquid mountains' crest.

But nearer and nearer the pirate gained
On that doomed and helpless ship,
Though she spurned the waves as a swimmer spurns
The briny frore from his lip.

"Bring her to, my lads," cried the pirate chief,
"With a morsel of well-thrown lead!
She is ours, so be quick, for I long to make
Her a home in the ocean's bed."

The sheeted flame clothes the pirate's side,
And the angel of death is driven
To do his work in that fated bark—
Ha!—a crash!—see, a mast is riven!

It sways—it falls—and a helpless log
On the ocean's breast she lies;
Again the iron-belched messenger
Of woe from the pirate flies.

"Bravely done! bravely done!" roared the rover
again;
"Look sharp, lads, and run alongside—
Quick!—lay me aboard, for a noble spoil
I'll warrant we'll can divide."

On board the chase there were hands as bold
As ever grasped a bar,
But alas! they were few, and well they knew
The pirate famed afar.

With stern, cold look, and determined eye,
Each grasped what weapon he could,
Resolved to sell their lives as dear
As men in a death-daring mood.

"They come, my men!" said their captain then;
"This night we'll sleep in death;
But still let us fight, as brave men should,
You dogs while we have a breath."

Right over their bulwarks the pirates thronged
Like a band of hell-demons let loose,
Raging for blood with hearts as fierce
As fiends in a high carouse.

Short was the struggle—for pistol and sword,
Or tomahawk ended the strife,
Though the gallant few of the merchant crew
Fought with desperate strength for life.

The sun went down on the tragic scene,
And the sky put its black shroud on;
But the life-sun had set of the merchant crew—
To a bloody grave they'd gone.

That murderous craft and her blood-bought prey
All night rode side by side,
Like some tyrant groom who had stolen the bloom
Of life from his fair young bride.

Impatient they waited the coming morn,
To secure their soul-stained gain,
And scuttle the bark, nor trace nor track
Of the deed should appear again.

But heaven's all-searching eye had viewed
Their work, and their fate was cast;
Wretched beings! your cruise of guilt is o'er—
The avenger appears at last.

Again broke the morn o'er the craft of sin;
But a vessel had hove in sight—
Fate-steered, she had neared the scene of blood
'Mid the shades of a starless night.

The pirate's glass scanned the nearing sail—
"Quick, fiends of hell!" he cried;
"Crowd sail and away! you're a vessel of war,
For her tiers of teeth I've spied."

Away flew the pirate o'er the main,
The avenger close behind;
But at last a match in the perilous chase
Did the lawless rover find.

On, on o'er the deep sped the pirate ship;
On, on the avenging foe,
The British jack streaming aloft in the breeze
With a proud exulting flow.

But the stately spar of the rover snapped,
 And kissed the foamy wave—
 "Hell and furies!" he cried, "to be lost by a chance—
 Brave I've lived, and I'll die as brave!"

Fiend-like he waited the coming foe,
 And nerved for the deadly fight;
 But the ocean-pest was a doomed one now,
 For the coming "might was right."

The thundering roar of the cannons waked
 The echoes in ocean caves;
 But the pirate's hand lit the flame that gave
 His bark to the ocean's waves.

Shattered and blackened, his body sunk
 In the grave of a million of men;
 His name is forgot, but his crimes remain
 As the darkest that man can pen.

NOTES.

NOTE A, PAGE 2.—"The pirate sea-kings of the north."
 The Danes.

NOTE B, PAGE 4.—"And the mighty Brian."

Brian Ború, King of Munster, who gave the Danes their final defeat at Clontarf, 1014, and was cowardly slain, in his tent, after the battle.

NOTE C, PAGE 5.—"Wooded onwards by a traitor."

Dermot McMurrugh, King of Leinster, whose name deserves to be eternally execrated.

NOTE D, PAGE 14.—"The Coquette."

This piece was written as answer to a scrap entitled "Man will ever Deceive," a copy of which I received from a friend. I do not know who was the author of it, neither do I remember any of it now but the first stanza:—

"Oh! trust him for nothing—
 Oh! heed not his vow;
 He will break the fond heart
 He is eating for now;
 He will sap its affection
 And tighten each cord,
 Then cruelly break them
 By breaking his word."

NOTE E, PAGE 20.—"Bear me away."

The locality of this piece is India; the birth-place of the person supposed, Britain.

NOTE F, PAGE 32.—"Dermotte and Nora."

As this is a piece of imagination, I hope the reader, in this matter-of-fact generation, will pardon me for introducing such preternatural characters as sea-nymphs, &c., to his notice. I think the irregularity of the measure requires no apology.

NOTE 2, PAGE 48.—"With haggard looks and blood-shot eye."

This line is taken from Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris."

NOTE b, PAGE 53.—"The Year's Holidays."

In writing this piece, I have endeavoured to delineate, with as much faithfulness and simplicity as I possibly could, the different seasons of merry-makings in that part of the County Down to which I belong. In reading it, the enlightened mind cannot fail to be struck by the detail of the numerous roots of superstition that yet remain to be eradicated in what is considered one of the most enlightened parts of Ireland, as the greater number of "harmless" superstitions mentioned in it are firmly believed in by the bulk of the population.

NOTE i, PAGE 55.—"Pancake-eve."

Shrove Tuesday.

NOTE b, PAGE 56.—"Drown your shamrock."

Or "drown the shamrogue," as it is termed in some parts of Ireland. This is greatly fallen into abeyance in that locality.

NOTE i, PAGE 56.—"Brings Easter's long expected day." †

Of all the holidays of the year, this is the one best calculated to produce hilarity and out-door merry-makings; the gloomy, cold, and cheerless winter is past, and spring, radiant with sunshine and beauty, prompts the unsophisticated sons and daughters of toil to a relaxation of their every-day duties, for the purpose of congregating together in a spirit of exuberant joyousness. It might afford a cure for a misanthrope to view the assembly of hard-toiled youths, of both sexes, fully alive to the importance of the cause for which they meet; and many a wedded pair can look back on the past, and fix the date of their acquaintance on "that Easter Monday in the meadow."

NOTE m, PAGE 59.—"The simple yarrow leaves its bed."

As some of these bits of love divination may not be altogether familiar to some of my readers, I will describe one or two of them. To perform this one, it is necessary to take nine branches of the

plant and lay them underneath the pillow, carefully guarding against speaking after pulling them. The genius of the plant condescends to visit the couch of the slumberer, and presents him or her, as the case may be, with a fair vision of the future partner for good or ill. If there is no dream, it is then presumed the diviner will die in a state of "single blessedness."

NOTE n, PAGE 59.—"The harmless, unoffensive snail."

To try this, a common black snail is procured and placed upon a clean slate, covered with a bowl, or other utensil, to prevent it from getting away. In crawling over the slate, it is expected to leave a slimy trail in the form of two letters, these being the initials of the—perhaps—love for life. Certainly, in crawling from one side of the bowl to another, endeavouring to make his exit, poor snail does cut some extremely queer dashes.

NOTE o, PAGE 60.—"Who nobly breasted Borne's red stream."

William III. of England. Like "Patrick's day," this anniversary of a party is beginning to fall into desuetude in some parts.

NOTE p, PAGE 60.—"Approaching far-famed Hallow-eve."

Hallow-eve has been celebrated time and again, both in prose and poetry, and if I could have passed it in this piece, I would have done so; but, when noticing rapidly the more important holidays, I could not but give a few lines to it.

NOTE q, PAGE 61.—"Which lightly float upon the top."

It is totally unnecessary to detail the manner of performing this, and other sports and amusements rapidly mentioned after it, as those who have read the different pieces on this eventful night cannot but be acquainted with it.

NOTE r, PAGE 61.—"A coffin-shape came tumbling in."

I have heard an old story concerning this, which might not be out of place here. On Hallow-eve, a young man went alone into a barn to winnow three weights of nothing "in the devil's name," according to the most approved method of performing this act for prying into the secrets of futurity, having left the two doors open, so that

whatever being or appearance should make its *entrée*, it might have no difficulty in making its exit. With this necessary precaution, he proceeded to winnow the weights, having his eyes steadfastly fixed on the open door, by which he expected the appearance to enter, when, to his amazement, a coffin came tumbling through the barn without any apparent agency. The story goes to say, that, being horrified at what he had seen, he left the barn, became suddenly ill, took to his bed, and never left it until borne to his last resting-place. Among other traditional tales, I will relate one connected with "winding the clue," which, I hope, will carry its own apology with it. A young man procured a clue of blue thread, and proceeded, on a Hallow-eve, at a pretty late hour, to a neighbouring lime-kiln, in the townland of Ballygrainy, parish of Bangor. Having thrown the clue into the kiln-pot, invoking his satanic majesty's name, he wound up the thread until it was held. He put the question, "Wha hands?" when immediately, in a voice that made him shudder, the name of a neighbouring girl was pronounced in a perfectly audible tone. Though expecting as much, he nevertheless fled with precipitation from the place, and hastened to the same young woman's abode, where he found she had suddenly taken ill with the most excruciating pains, mental and bodily. He took care to conceal his share in the transaction for some time, and eventually the pair became husband and wife; and then he disclosed his visit to the lime-kiln, to the horror of his superstitious hearers at his temerity in seeking information by such questionable means. Such stories as these are rife in the same locality; and I could relate dozens, as wild and improbable, which would suggest the scepticism of them to no small obsequy with many.

NOTE 1, PAGE 67.—"Mrs. Sleek."

I hope my readers will not consider this anything but the description of a class. An original could be found in too many places through the country, dealing out misery and woe, with ready hands, to the infatuated slaves of alcohol.

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ERRATA.

Page 10, line 16—for "mind," read "mine."
 Page 48—for "Ganestro's," read "Ganester's."
 Page 48, line 4—for "custo," read "cust."

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