



Charles Dunham



FUGITIVE PIECES,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN, M.D.

“ Mihi me reddens agellum.”

BELFAST:

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*I AM well aware of the wide distinction between a poet, and a maker of verses. A young gentleman, just entering into the printing business, had asked me, once and again, to give him an occasion of showing the public his progress in the typographic art; and I have, at length, weakly, though not unwillingly, complied with his request. I gave him the following pieces, connected with past events, some by pleasant, but most of them by painful associations. Yet, thanks be to Him who has made us of such a nature, that past pleasures still live in memory, and that time seldom fails to soften the pains we have suffered, into a pensive, but not unpleasing remembrance. Thus are we disposed to make the best of this passable life, and when the hour of parting arrives, to bid the world—GOOD NIGHT.*

*I dedicate this little volume to my Wife, my Sisters, and my Children. To the last of whom I shall not hesitate to recommend the art of versifying, as, at all periods of life, an amiable, and even useful recreation; although, except in some rare instances, a painful, precarious, and very profitless vocation.*

March 17th, 1815.

W. D.





# CONTENTS.

## FUGITIVE VERSES.

|                                                  |            |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Erin, . . . . .                                  | 1          |
| Verses for Old Irish Melodies, . . . . .         | 5          |
| The Blackbird, . . . . .                         | 8          |
| The Worm of the Still, . . . . .                 | 10         |
| To Ireland, . . . . .                            | 12         |
| Aspiration, . . . . .                            | 14         |
| Translation from the Irish, . . . . .            | <i>ib.</i> |
| To a Young Lady, . . . . .                       | 15         |
| Lines on some Improvements in Belfast, . . . . . | 19         |
| Fragment, . . . . .                              | 20         |
| Verses to a Young Lady, . . . . .                | 23         |
| To a Friend, . . . . .                           | 25         |
| The Louse and the Lady, . . . . .                | 29         |
| The Lottery of Love, . . . . .                   | 35         |
| Elegy, . . . . .                                 | 40         |
| At a Music Meeting, . . . . .                    | 42         |
| From the French, . . . . .                       | <i>ib.</i> |
| Elegy, imitated from Tibullus, . . . . .         | 43         |
| To J. C. . . . .                                 | 45         |
| Lines to a Young Gentleman, . . . . .            | 48         |
| Imitation of Horace, . . . . .                   | 49         |
| An Original Letter, . . . . .                    | 51         |
| A Walk on the Bason at Newry, . . . . .          | 55         |
| Parody of a Speech, . . . . .                    | 60         |
| Address to Mrs. Siddons, . . . . .               | 63         |
| Prologue to Douglas, . . . . .                   | 69         |
| Louvet's Hymn to Death, . . . . .                | 71         |
| A Trio, . . . . .                                | 74         |
| Wake, . . . . .                                  | 79         |
| Lines to the Author of a Libel, . . . . .        | 82         |
| Juvenal, Eighth Satire, . . . . .                | 87         |

|                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|
| Verses, by D. S.         | 95   |
| Epitaph, by the same,    | 98   |
| Glendalloch,             | 100  |
| To S. S.                 | 117  |
| To S. D.                 | 119  |
| To S. D.                 | 120  |
| My Father,               | 121  |
| W. D.                    | 123  |
| To the Author of a Libel | 128. |

## HYMNS.

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Hymn I.    | 131 |
| ..... II.  | 133 |
| ..... III. | 135 |
| ..... IV.  | 137 |
| ..... V.   | 138 |
| ..... VI.  | 139 |
| ..... VII. | 140 |

## EPITAPHS.

|                                          |            |
|------------------------------------------|------------|
| On Mrs. Rainey,                          | 143        |
| In Memory of Adair Crawford, M.D. F.R.S. | 145        |
| On M. D.                                 | 147        |
| In Memory of John Campbell,              | 148        |
| On a Church-Yard,                        | 149        |
| An Epitaph to Let,                       | <i>ib.</i> |
| Thomas Drennan,                          | 150        |
| The Harp,                                | 152        |

## PIECES IN PROSE.

|                                                                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Character of Alexander Henry Haliday, M.D.                            | 155 |
| The Jewels of Cornelia,                                               | 160 |
| Letter of Marcus Brutus to Marcus Tullius Cicero,                     | 167 |
| First Oration of Cicero against Cataline,                             | 174 |
| Intended Defence on a Trial for Sedition,                             | 189 |
| Protest against an Union with Great Britain,                          | 210 |
| Address delivered on the opening of the Belfast Academic Institution, | 217 |

**FUGITIVE VERSES.**



## FUGITIVE VERSES.



### ERIN.



WHEN ERIN first rose from the dark-swelling flood,  
God bless'd the green island, He saw it was good:  
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,  
In the ring of this world the most precious stone!

In her sun, in her soil, in her station, thrice blest,  
With back turn'd to Britain, her face to the West,  
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,  
And strikes her high harp to the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,  
The dark chain of silence is cast o'er the deep;  
At the thought of the past, tears gush from her eyes,  
And the pulse of the heart makes her white bosom rise:—

“ O, sons of green Erin! lament o’er the time  
 When religion was—war, and our country—a crime;  
 When men, in God’s image, inverted his plan,  
 And moulded their God in the image of man.

“ When the int’rest of state wrought the general woe;  
 The stranger—a friend, and the native—a foe;  
 While the mother rejoic’d o’er her children distress’d,  
 And clasp’d the invader more close to her breast.

“ When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,  
 Church and state join’d in compact to conquer the whole;  
 And while Shannon ran red with Milesian blood,  
 Ey’d e each other askance, and pronounc’d it was good!

“ By the groans that ascend from your forefathers’ grave,  
 For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,  
 Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,  
 And where Britain made brutes, now let Erin make men!

“ Let my sons, like the leaves of their shamrock, unite,  
 A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;  
 Give each his full share of this earth, and yon sky,  
 Nor fatten the slave, where the serpent would die!

“ Alas, for poor Erin! that some still are seen,  
 Who would dye the grass red, in their hatred to green!  
 Yet, oh! when you’re up, and they down, let them live,  
 Then, yield them that mercy which they did not give.

“ Arm of Erin! prove strong; but be gentle as brave,  
 And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;

Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile  
The cause, or the men, of the EMERALD ISLE.(a)

“ The cause it is good, and the men they are true ;  
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue ;  
And the daughters of Erin her triumph shall share,  
With their full-swelling chest, and their fair-flowing hair.

“ Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,  
But no coward shall rest on that soft swelling wave ;  
Men of Erin ! awake, and make haste to be blest !  
Rise, arch of the ocean ! rise, queen of the West !”

## NOTE ON ERIN.

(a) *The cause, or the men, of the EMERALD ISLE.*

It may appear puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet ; but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of property ; and both are of that irritable kind, as to be extremely jealous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which MILTON used in his poem on the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age, (" his thunder-clasping hand,") would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the *Paradise Lost*. And GRAY would prosecute as a literary poacher, the daring hand that would presume to break into his orchard, and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written—

" The breezy call of incense-breathing morn !"

On such authority, a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet—The EMERALD ISLE, in a party song, written without the rancour of party, in the year 1795. From the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it will gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its prime natural beauty, and its inestimable value. A sweet-sounding name is sometimes a wheel on which a nation runs down to posterity with greater ease and celerity. The Greek language charioteered that people to the temple of immortality ; and Voltaire shrewdly remarks, that many heroes are lost to the world, like the founders of the Swiss Republic, MELCHTAL, STUFFACHER, VALLKËRFURST, &c., by the jaw-breaking articulation of their names:—" La difficulté de prononcer des noms si respectables nuit à leur célébrité."



## VERSES

## FOR OLD IRISH MELODIES.

*The first supposed to be sung by the Females, after the event of an unfortunate battle; dissuading their remaining relatives from emigration.*

## I.

ALAS! how sad, by Shannon's flood,  
 The blush of morning sun appears!  
 To men, who gave for us their blood,  
 Ah! what can women give but tears!

How still the field of battle lies!  
 No shouts upon the breezes blown!  
 We heard our dying country's cries—  
 We sit, deserted and alone!

Why thus collected on the strand,  
 Whom yet the God of mercy saves?  
 Will ye forsake your native land?  
 Will ye desert your brothers' graves?

Their graves give forth a fearful groan—  
 "O, guard our orphans and our wives!  
 Like us, make Erin's fate your own,  
 Like us, for her yield up your lives!"

Why, why such haste to bear abroad  
 The witness of your country's shame?  
 Stand by her altars, and her God,  
 He yet may build her up a name.

Then should her foreign children hear  
 Of Erin, free and blest once more,  
 Will they not curse their fathers' fear,  
 That left too soon their native shore?

## II.

If to a foreign clime I go,  
 What Henry feels will Emma know?  
 My heart in all its trembling strings,  
 So tuned to hers alone,  
 That every breeze, delighted, brings  
 From hers a kindred tone:  
 And if to foreign clime he goes,  
 What Henry feels, his Emma knows.

Our hearts seem well tun'd harps, that show  
 All that true lovers wish to know;  
 To every sorrow, every bliss,  
 An unison will swell;  
 If on thy lips one vagrant kiss,  
 My tortured strings will tell—  
 Such pang may Henry never know,  
 If to a foreign clime he go!

Emma will share my joy and woe,  
 If to a foreign clime I go;  
 Still shall I hear, though far we part,  
 The music of her mind,  
 And echoes soft from Emma's heart  
 My wand'ring sense shall bind;  
 Listen,—how plaintive, sad, and low,  
 When to a distant clime I go!

## III.

“ THERE is a hopeless, bitter grief,  
 Which oft the feeling heart must prove;  
 There is a pang that mocks relief;  
 'Tis deep, consuming, secret love.”

No sigh is heard, nor seen a tear,  
 And strange to see a smile prevail!  
 But faint the smile, and insincere,  
 And o'er a face so deadly pale!

This fairy dream of life is o'er,  
 No visionary hope to save!  
 If Heaven a mercy has in store,  
 O! send her to an early grave!

# THE BLACKBIRD,

AT CABIN-HILL,

TO M. M.

---

**T**HE hermit bird, with yellow bill,  
 And plumes of richest hue,  
 In his lov'd haunt of Cabin-Hill,  
 Prepares the note for you.

Sweet note! that, link'd to rural charms,  
 The heart to nature draws;  
 Suspended the vain world's alarms,  
 In its melodious pause!—

“I court the silence of retreat,  
 Conceal'd in thickest wood;  
 More strongly love, and sing more sweet,  
 From sense of solitude.

“ Across the garden walk I spring,  
 So social, yet so shy:  
 And the quick shudder of the wing,  
 Now tells my inward joy.

“ My welcome to the morning light  
 Shall soon be heard by thee;  
 And, at the fall of dewy night,  
 My hymn to Liberty!

- " O! for one burst of noble rage,  
 Which tyrants might appal;  
 That birds and men could break the cage,  
 And live at Nature's call!
- " Th' imprison'd man, th' imprison'd note,  
 In sad effect combin'd;  
 All tuneless grows the vocal throat,  
 And music of the mind.
- " But wood notes wild, I careless fling  
 Attach the virtuous ear;  
 They harbinger the warmth of Spring,  
 They wake the torpid year.
- " On them the pensive pleasures hang,  
 When other songsters close,  
 And e'en o'er memory's sharpest pang,  
 A soft oblivion throws.
- " Departed worth shall mix and blend  
 With every tender tone;  
 And scenes that call the buried friend,  
 Shall seem again his own.
- " Thy ev'ning life, of widow'd hue,  
 May yet be fancy-blest,  
 Return—'tis time to build anew,  
 Our long abandon'd nest."

## THE WORM OF THE STILL.

---

I HAVE found what the learn'd seem'd so puzzled to tell—  
 The true shape of the Devil, and where is his Hell;  
 Into serpents, of old, crept the Author of Ill,  
 But Satan works now as a worm of the still.

Of all his migrations, this last he likes best:  
 How the arrogant reptile here raises his crest!  
 His head winding up from the tail of his plan,  
 Till the worm stands erect o'er the prostrated man.

Here, he joys to transform, by his magical spell,  
 The sweet milk of the Earth to an essence of Hell,  
 Fermented our food, and corrupted our grain,  
 To famish the stomach, and madden the brain.

By his water of life, what distraction and fear;  
 By the gloom of its light, what pale spectres appear!  
 A Demon keeps time on his fiddle, finance,  
 While the Passions spring up in a horrible dance!

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,  
 A man's baser half, rais'd, in room of his bust.  
 Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,  
 But how black with ennui, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and with drams must it end;  
 A dram is his country, his mistress, his friend;

Till the ossify'd heart hates itself at the last,  
 And the dram nerves his hand for a death-doing blast.

Mark that mother, that monster, that shame, and that curse!  
 See the child hang dead drunk at the breast of its nurse!  
 As it drops from her arm, mark her stupify'd stare!  
 Then she wakes with a yell, and a shriek of despair.

Is this the civility promis'd our nation?  
 This the Union—dissolv'd in a cup of damnation—  
 Which our Chancellor Comus extols as divine,  
 To train up our fate and our fortunes—as swine?

Drink, ERIN! drink deep from this crystalline round,  
 Till the tortures of self-recollection be drown'd;  
 Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone—  
 Then sit down in the dirt, like a queen on her throne.

No frenzy for Freedom to flash o'er the brain;  
 Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain;  
 A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich to thine eye,  
 And peace and good order shall reign in the sty!

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,  
 To stain thy pure surface of Emerald green;  
 For the Serpent will never want poison to kill,  
 While the fat of your fields feeds the worm of the still!

TO

## IRELAND.

MY COUNTRY! shall I mourn, or bless,  
Thy tame and wretched happiness?

'Tis true! the vast Atlantic tide  
Has scoop'd thy harbours deep, and wide,  
Bold to protect, and prompt to save,  
From fury of the Western wave:  
And Shannon points to Europe's trade,  
For THAT, his chain of lakes was made;  
For THAT, he scorns to waste his store,  
In channel of a subject shore,  
But courts the Southern wind to bring  
A world, upon its tepid wing.

True! thy resplendent rivers run,  
And safe beneath a temp'rate sun  
Springs the young verdure of thy plain,  
Nor dreads a torrid Eastern reign.

True! thou art blest, in Nature's plan,  
Nothing seems wanting here, but—MAN;  
Man—to subdue, not serve the soil,  
To win, and wear its golden spoil;  
Man—conscious of an earth his own,  
No savage biped, torpid, prone;



Living, to dog his brother brute,  
 And hung'ring for a lazy root,  
 Food for a soft, contented slave;  
 Not for the hardy and the brave.

Had Nature been her enemy,  
 IERNE might be fierce and free.  
 To the stout heart, and iron hand,  
 Temp'rate each sky, and tame each land;  
 A climate and a soil less kind,  
 Had form'd a map of richer mind.  
 Now, a mere sterile swamp of SOUL,  
 Tho' meadows spread, and rivers roll;  
 A nation of abortive men,  
 That dart—the tongue; and point—the pen.  
 And, at the back of Europe, hurl'd—  
 A base POSTERIOR of the world.

In lap of Araby the blest,  
 Man lies with luxury opprest;  
 While spicy odours, blown around,  
 Enrich the air, and gems—the ground.  
 But thro' the pathless, burning waste,  
 Man marches with his patient beast,  
 Braves the hot sun, and heaving sand,  
 And calls it free and happy land.

Enough to make a desert known,  
 "Arms, and the man," and sand, and stone!

## ASPIRATION.

O! how I long to be at rest!  
 No more oppressing, or opprest,  
 To sink asleep, on nature's nursing breast!

In Earth's green cradle to be laid,  
 Where larks may build, where lambs have play'd,  
 And a clear stream may flow, and soothe my hov'ring shade.

The twilight mem'ry loves to spread,  
 Haply, may linger o'er my head,  
 And half illumine the long departed dead.

## TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BRANCH of the sweet excelling rose  
 That in such pomp of beauty blows,  
 So passing sweet in smell and sight,  
 On whom shalt thou bestow delight?

Who, in the dewy evening walk,  
 Shall pluck thee on thy tender stalk?  
 Whose temples, blushing, shalt thou twine,  
 And who inhale thy breath divine?

TO

A YOUNG LADY,  
FROM HER GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

---

MAID much belov'd ! to Heav'n-sent truth attend,  
A spirit speaks; but listen to the friend.  
That Guardian Angel, whose unwearied care  
Form'd thee so pure, and fashion'd thee so fair ;  
Who, like the wall of Paradise, arose,  
To guard thee safe, amid surrounding foes ;  
Who left his Heav'n, to point thee out the road,  
Regain'd it in thy mind, and made it his abode.  
That spirit speaks—and, oh ! be free from dread,  
That spirit hovers o'er thy honour'd head,  
Looks down, with ever new delight, to find  
His image beaming from thy spotless mind.

My form I might reveal, and flash to sight,  
In all the living majesty of light ;  
My ample wings expand, and fill the room  
With splendor of high Heav'n, with Eden's lost perfume ;  
Entranc'd in light, o'erwhelm'd with ardent gaze,  
Thy sense would shrink, and shun the vivid blaze ;  
My flow'r would droop, or vainly seek to shun  
The scorching radiance of the parent sun.  
Th' event I fear, and hide myself in shade,  
Unseen the angel, unabash'd the maid.

List then, oh ! lovely maid, to truth attend,  
Forget the angel, but believe the friend.

When on thy lips the unfledg'd accents hung,  
And feebly flutter'd on thy falt'ring tongue,  
When still in motion, sweetly vagrant still,  
Thro' its blest Eden, flow'd life's little rill :  
With fresh supplies I fed its babbling tide,  
And clear as crystal made the current glide ;  
Sweet flow'rs sprung up, profuse, where'er it came,  
And constant sunshine sparkled on its stream.

Old Time stood wond'ring, while the fearless child  
Play'd with his lock, and at his wrinkles smil'd :  
And as he gaz'd intent, the frolic Hours  
Stole his broad scythe, and hid it deep in flow'rs.  
Thus blest of Heav'n, thy op'ning beauties grew,  
The passing year still added something new :  
You caught the mantle as the prophet flew.

I saw thy virtues take their morning flight,  
And spread their wings to catch the liquid light :  
Bright'ning they rose, with Heav'n's own lustre crown'd,  
Then fearful dropt from high, and sought the humble ground.

I saw the new-born thought, in words not drest,  
Cling, like a blushing infant, to thy breast :  
I see it now, as Venus from her wave,  
Wishing to leave it, yet afraid to leave,  
Sweetly it turns the half-seen form away,  
And gently bends to shun the gaze of day.

'Twas I who sent thy ever-varying dreams,  
 That rose like clouds illum'd by Fancy's beams ;  
 And sail'd along, (my breath th' impelling wind,)  
 Thro' the clear azure of thy settled mind ;  
 And some I sent to raise thy transient fears,  
 Then touch'd thee with my wand, and saw thee wake in tears.  
 I make th' angelic voice so sweetly rise,  
 Swell the bold note, and lift it to the skies.  
 O luxury of sound ! to one alone,  
 That one a parent ! luxury unknown ;  
 Pensive she sits, while music floats around,  
 And sometimes starts, as if she heard the sound ;  
 The sound still flutters o'er, and fears to rest,  
 Like some small songster, o'er its ruin'd nest ;  
 When, now too sad to sing, too weak to fly,  
 It utters one shrill note, and lights—to die.

But let no cloud o'ercast thy dawning day,  
 Thy mother listens to a softer lay.  
 To sweeter sounds, to music mere refin'd—  
 She listens to the harmony of mind.  
 That harp of God to its Creator plays,  
 Her life, an Alleluiah in his praise.  
 Music the angel in the breast must hear,  
 While his soft whispers soothe her mental ear,  
 Music responsive to those notes alone,  
 Which swell, enraptur'd, round the sapphire throne.

Sweet Maid, attend, the fleet-wing'd minute flies,  
 Destin'd to waft me to my native skies.

Thy Genius leaves thee, but he leaves behind,  
 Prudence—best guardian to th' obedient mind :  
 At her sage call, the vagrant passions fly,  
 Crowd round her parent wing, and cowering lie ;  
 Compell'd by pow'r supreme to Heav'n I bear  
 The charge which Heav'n committed to my care :  
 Should I then grieve to make thy virtues known ?  
 To make th' applauses of all worlds thy own ?  
 My lyre, in joy, shall speak its sweetest lays,  
 My wings diffuse the richest dew of praise.  
 Yet whence this weight ? My languid wings move slow—  
 I strike my lyre, it sounds the note of wo—  
 Slowly I rise to Heav'n—sweet Eden smiles below.

I shall return, to catch thy parting breath,  
 To gild the grave, and blunt the dart of Death ;  
 In bright procession make thy virtues pass,  
 While Mem'ry looks, and Fancy holds the glass.  
 When life's last light shall tremble in thine eyes,  
 And cease to animate these crystal skies,  
 Then shall these virtues pour the cheering ray,  
 To decorate the setting of thy day.  
 The dazzling glories of the day may fade—  
 The crescent, Hope, shall rise, and brighten with the shade.  
 Thy faults !—where are they ?—Angels cannot name :  
 A slight smoke hovers o'er a vestal flame,  
 Which grows more bright, illum'd by Mercy's ray,  
 And as it mounts to Heav'n, it melts away.

O THOU ! who on yon pole-star sit'st sublime,  
 To mark the lapse of ever-rolling TIME,  
 I feel thy call——

## LINES

ON SOME IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TOWN OF BELFAST, SUPER-  
INTENDED BY THE MARCHIONESS OF D——.

---

**D**IRE was the magic, tho' the art was vain,  
 When Birnam wood march'd forth to Dunsinane.  
 But here delusion seems to cheat the view—  
 We look again, and find th' enchantment true.  
 With higher art our fair magician grac'd,  
 Wiolds at her will the potent spell of taste :  
 In the charm'd circle where she takes her stand,  
 Ev'n rooted trees obey her beck'ning hand ;  
 Fast from their forest heights descend in file,  
 And, waving, wait the sanction of her smile !  
 Where the axe fell'd, nor slacken'd in its toil,  
 Here a new wood adopts the grateful soil,  
 Breathes health and fragrance through the ambient air,  
 And makes the town reflect the country fair.  
 Then wave again your branches, when you meet  
 The fair encliantress, with a whisper sweet :  
 Let ev'ry fibre strike a firmer root,  
 Let the green blood in swifter eddies shoot ;  
 To shape her name strive ev'ry sportive spray,  
 Prepare for her, ye flow'rs, your best bouquet,  
 And ev'ry leaf announce the radiant MAY !

## FRAGMENT.

—**T**HEN the short and sullen meal, and silent,  
 Save where silence yields to the bell's summons,  
 That calls up the slim and agile waiter,  
 Who slides in, writhing his lithe proboscis,  
 To tell me what's to pay—and bows as low  
 As to a god—counts the strict-measur'd change,  
 Flies off in fume, and gives me to the Dev'l.  
 One plate—one dish—and then, to round the hour,  
 One pint of porter—I sit and seem to think,  
 But all is dark—all without form, and void;  
 No human face divine, sheds on my face  
 A pure and lambent light—No spirit of love  
 Draws from its depth the meeting tide of soul,  
 That mounts into the eyes, where Sympathy  
 Sits, like a Halcyon, on the wat'ry swell—  
 No feast, where sense adds zest to sentiment:  
 Such feasts as Booth shar'd with Amelia,  
 When woo'd by her angelic voice to take  
 What her white hand had carv'd, which took from his  
 The pledge—the sparkling pledge of love and friendship.  
 Not such as now is bandy'd round the board,  
 Not the mere gingle of two frigid glasses ;  
 But the sweet interchange of kindred souls,  
 And wishes meeting, like the lips of her



That fram'd them—as soft, and warm, and tender,  
 He, her “Dear Booth,” and she, his “Darling Girl!”

How dull, compar'd with this, the lonely croud,  
 Where idiot ceremony sickens us  
 With healths, and palls the graceless meal—  
 Meals that begin without one thought of God,  
 And end—by loudly calling for the Dev'l!  
 Instinct with fire, and all embroil'd, he comes  
 Amidst an universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,  
 Of soft piano pipes, and brazen throats  
 Striving for mastery—the Dev'l!—the Dev'l!  
 Ithuriel touch'd him lightly with his spear:  
 The fearless fair one sticks her bolder fork  
 Deep in the “gristly king”—and, then, with breath  
 Which whispers whence it stole its sav'ry spoil,  
 Wafts round the fragrance, like the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest. Then to some curate,  
 With hair carv'd nicely in one rigid curl,  
 But manners loose, obsequious as an osier,  
 Transmits the type of Satan. He gives thanks,  
 And whispers in her ear some paltry pun.

This makes me long to shut my chamber-door  
 In the world's face—to stride athwart the room,  
 In proud and insulated independence,  
 Stamping upon the servitudes of life,  
 As on a carpet woven with chequer'd colours;  
 Or, with legs rais'd, at horizontal height,

Widely encircling one warm friend—the fire;  
 With arms close wreathed, back-reclining head,  
 And eyes most sternly fix'd upon the ceiling,  
 To sit—unburthen'd with a cumbrous world,  
 And blest as Atlas, lighten'd of his load.  
 Did not some Heav'nly impulse drive us on,  
 This weight of world would sink us to the centre:  
 As body gravitates, the soul would grovel,  
 And its sole pow'r would be the pow'r of falling  
 Thro' vast vacuity. We still retain  
 The impulse of his hand who bade us run  
 The circuit of the Heavens—not like comets,  
 Now flaming fierce upon the eyes of men,  
 Then lost, in dark and frigid solitude;  
 But with more regular and certain course,  
 And, even in solitude, attracting light,  
 To shed again with kindest influence.  
 Yet, strange, how soon I long for company!  
 It gently agitates the stagnant mind;  
 And we are drawn by many petty habits,  
 As Gulliver by Lilliputian cords.  
 Nauseous at first, and then indifferent,  
 Acquaintance grows upon us, like tobacco,  
 We know not why, or wherefore;—but we feel  
 The hungry vacuum of an idle heart.  
 This forces one to sit with sad composure,  
 While the long story creeps along, along,  
 Propt on a thousand petty circumstances,  
 And nothing is forgotten—but the joke.

## VERSES

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

THOUGH Fate for some more happy swain  
 That faultless form design'd,  
 You still may grant, and I may gain,  
 Sweet wedlock with thy mind.

Shall you pure light to mortals giv'n,  
 Illumine ev'ry part ;  
 And this still purer light of Heav'n  
 Bless but a single heart ?

The winter sun, tho' void of heat,  
 Still cheers the frozen pole ;  
 O ! in this winter of my fate,  
 At least illumine my soul.

In converse soft, we'll realize  
 Our pure connubial joys,  
 And as the fair ideas rise,  
 Call them our girls and boys.

Or while you read, and melting feel  
 Soft Pity's artless stile,  
 I'll watch the woe you half conceal,  
 Beneath a weeping smile.

The sweets of sense were never made  
Pure spirit to command ;  
The flow'ret droops—its colours fade,  
Ev'n in the gath'rer's hand.

But Virtue, like some hallow'd tree,  
Springs from a stronger root ;  
And bears at once, fair type of thee !  
The blossom and the fruit.

Fleeting the beauty, which ensures  
The love to sense confin'd :  
Eternal, as itself, endures  
The marriage of the mind.

TO

## A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT MALLOW.

MY torpid feelings now begin,  
 Like summer flies, to cast their skin,  
 Creeping in humble prose too long,  
 They spread their wings, they mount in song;  
 Thro' trackless air enraptur'd stray,  
 Or sparkle in the solar ray,  
 Or gently sip Parnassus' stream,  
 Or hover round the flow'rs of fame.  
 And now their wanton circles end—  
 They throng around the name of friend;  
 There, a sweet-scented dwelling chuse,  
 And there distil pierian dews:  
 Taste, then, this product of the Spring,  
 And seize the sweet, nor fear the sting.

In careless thought, in fruitless ease,  
 Thy D\*\*\*\*\* wastes his useless days;  
 They pass, as flakes of feather'd snow  
 Melt in the stream that glides below.  
 The folded arms, the long-drawn sigh,  
 The fun'ral step, the earth bent-eye,

Lifting at times its ample roll  
 In search of the translated soul ;  
 The heart that pants for honest fame,  
 That swells to meet affection's beam,  
 Are characters that still attend,  
 Dear K——, thy wand'ring friend ;  
 Doom'd, hapless exile, still to roam,  
 And seek for health, less priz'd than home.

That health now shines with cloudless ray,  
 And sweetly cheers life's April day.  
 On Fancy's heights, Hope smiling stands,  
 The changeful prism now decks her hands ;  
 Around the gaudy beam she throws,  
 And all the bright creation glows :  
 And while the sun that beam supplies,  
 Sparkle her wild romantic eyes :  
 But should, perchance, one hov'ring cloud  
 The bright meridian splendour shroud,  
 Ah ! soon the transient glories fade—  
 Ah ! soon they sink in sorrow's shade.

Yet why, just Heav'n, am I unblest ?  
 I melt not on soft pleasure's breast ;  
 With sober temp'rance, I restrain  
 The dropsied thirst of sordid gain.  
 I dive not in ambition's flood,  
 Nor creep thro' ministerial mud,

To deck with pearls a tyrant's store,  
 Then weep their loss, and dive for more.  
 Ye crowns ! I give you leave to shine,  
 Are not the pearls of morning mine !  
 Mine, the rich lawns where em'ralds lie,  
 And mine, the sapphires of the sky.  
 With glow-worm gems my feet are spread,  
 The rain-bow triumphs o'er my head,  
 And kings, with envy, may behold  
 My mantle of the solar gold.  
 But why this groan ?—that sudden start ?  
 These pallid cheeks ?—this beating heart ?  
 Ah ! see ! the locusts spawn'd by spleen,  
 Brood o'er the soul's enliv'ning green.  
 They load me with a weight of wings,  
 They pierce me with their venom'd stings,  
 They mount the couch, they scale the bed,  
 And crawl around my sleeping head.  
 Rise, foolish youth ! thy pow'rs unbind,  
 Set free the Heav'n-directed mind ;  
 Submit to reason's calm controul  
 Each vagrant passion of the soul ;  
 The love of fame shall point the way,  
 Pillar by night, and cloud by day.  
 The rock shall melt, and mercies flow,  
 To cheer this wilderness of wo ;  
 And Hope, ascending, feast her eyes,  
 With promis'd blisses, as they rise ;

Then shall thy present suff'rings cease,  
And all thy cares be hush'd to peace.

Till then ! I melt away the time,  
In careless thought, and playful rhyme ;  
Or, on green lap of nature laid,  
Where Solitude, the bashful maid,  
Flies from the sun, and hides in shade ;  
Trifle away the present hour,  
And thus address the lonely pow'r :—

“ Hail ! heart-ennobling Solitude !  
Hail, godlike leisure to be good !  
Thee, pensive nun ! thy vot'ry hails,  
In twilight walks, thro' lonely vales,  
Where, melted by the Western breeze,  
The moon-beams trickle thro' the trees ;  
And stillest earth around doth seem  
Wrapt as in some golden dream,  
And ev'ry ruder thought suppress,  
Sooths the calm halcyon of the breast.  
Oh ! grant me, Heav'n, that golden state,  
Too low to dread the bolts of fate,  
And too ambitious to be great ;  
Where, shrouded from the glare of folly,  
Child of the muse, and melancholy,  
I may sink down on nature's breast,  
Lull'd by the buzzing world to rest,  
And when life fails——



Wrapt in a web of well-spun thought,  
By fate-foreboding fancy wrought,  
A self-made tomb, like silk-worm lie,  
And feel it luxury to die."

THE  
LOUSE AND THE LADY.

A TRUE TALE.

---

THREE hours elaps'd, her glass confess'd,  
That Delia was divinely dress'd ;  
And own'd in every finished feature,  
The rivalry of art and nature :  
When, from a lock that ling'ring stray'd  
O'er the white forehead of the maid,  
Down dropt, (I fear you'll think me shameless!)  
An animal that shall be nameless ;  
Slowly it crept across the table,  
And serv'd as subject for our fable.

The lady's colour went and came,  
She more than once prepared to scream ;  
But knowing there were none beside her,  
And that a Louse was not a Spider,  
She very wisely spar'd her breath,  
Then doom'd the wretch to instant death :  
But first, she boldly thus address'd him,  
While thumb and finger closely press'd him :—

“ So Mr. G\*\*\*\*\*, I surprise you !  
On what adventure thus disguise you ?

Do you put on this transmigration,  
 To filch for female conversation ?  
 Or, forc'd again thy home to quit,  
 Thou vagabond of broken wit,  
 As this same trade of scandal-monger  
 Brings little in to stay your hunger,  
 Do you desert your ancient calling,  
 To gain a livelihood by crawling ?”

Sudden, a voice salutes her ear,  
 Shrill was its tone, and wond'rous clear :

“ Madam, I scorn the base allusion—  
 Torture you may, yet not abuse one ;  
 To burn me is not very civil,  
 But such a nick-name is the devil !  
 Look on me, Madam, who am I ?—  
 A Louse of ancient family.  
 The ancestors from whom I spring  
 Were bosom friends of Egypt's King ;  
 And well were known in Britain's court,  
 When scratching was a royal sport.  
 Ev'n Kings, that rule by right divine,  
 Can boast no purer blood than mine :  
 From us, full proof of ancient fame !  
 The great LYCÆUM took its name ;  
 From us are sprung, of modern note,  
 The Lys that swarm on Louis' coat ;

For hide it as they will in spelling,  
 This marks our name, and that our dwelling,  
 Oblig'd, at length, to quit the ermine,  
 Kings growing fond of other vermine,  
 Still in the capitol we sit,  
 And wander o'er the realm of wit ;  
 Expatiate free, by well known ways,  
 O'er human heads, a mighty maze ;  
 Call that whole world of man our own,  
 And rule supreme, and rule alone."

—" Shall then this base, ignoble creature,  
 The fly-blow of corrupted nature ;  
 This maggot, crawling thro' the nation,  
 Sprung from the offal of creation,  
 And leaving, where you do not find him,  
 The slime of infamy behind him ;  
 This reptile's name be matched with mine,  
 And the long honours of our line ?

" Was it for such, for such disgrace,  
 O ! fathers of our royal race,  
 Ye bore the dangers that environ  
 The craping and the curling iron ?  
 Ye bore the blast of public breath,  
 Powder'd, pomatum'd, pinn'd, to death ?  
 Was it for such a name at last,  
 The wilderness of wig was past ?  
 For this, the spacious Jordan cross'd ?  
 For this, such precious blood wast lost ?

Madam, it gives me no vexation,  
 Altho' I be your blood relation,  
 To bear what tortures you design—  
 To triumph, and to die, be mine!  
 Haste then, the fatal rites begin,  
 Quickly empale me on that pin;  
 Or squeeze me, to make vengeance sure,  
 Between your nails, *peine forte et dure*;  
 Or, place me where yon fun'ral pyre  
 Tremendous rolls, a sea of fire,  
 Burn'd in one half—the other drown'd  
 In waves of wax that boil around,  
 Then snatch me, where I welt'ring lie,  
 And hurl me, flaming, thro' the sky,—  
 'Tis well—  
 But spare, O spare, that hated name,  
 Take, take my life, but save my fame!"

The lady smil'd, surpris'd to find  
 In bulk so small, so great a mind;  
 "Fear not," said she, "that I'll disgrace  
 Or thee, or yet thy royal race;  
 For with this G\*\*\*\*\* once compare,  
 What's vile in water, earth, or air,  
 The meanest reptile shines complete,  
 All is majestic, all is great;  
 And, rising in the scale of nature,  
 A Louse appears a noble creature.

*f*

Fear not, I spare the hated name,  
I take thy life, I save thy fame."

She spoke, and dealt the fatal blow  
That laid the grateful victim low;  
Then hurry'd to the festive crowd,  
And danc'd, and talk'd, and laugh'd aloud;  
Wholly forgot her former fright,  
And reign'd the Goddess of the night.

But just before she went to bed,  
She show'd her sense, and comb'd her head.

THE  
 LOTTERY OF LOVE.

---

SOME days ago, the Cyprian Dame,  
 With Cupid, self-invited, came,  
 To spend an ev'ning with the Graces;  
 They curtsy'd, kiss'd, and took their places,  
 The fire was clear, the party free,  
 And Heav'nly scandal sweeten'd tea.  
 The Sisters sought each shining toy,  
 To prove their taste, and please the boy:  
 But when he sued to be caress'd,  
 And from the lap to scale the breast,  
 They seiz'd his hand, and cry'd, "Take care!  
 Little stranger, come not there."

"Sweet girls," the playful Venus said,  
 "I've got a frolic in my head;  
 Let's have a LOTT'RY, just to know  
 The fate of all our friends below:  
 Write tickets, in my cestus shake 'em,  
 And thence my little rogue shall take 'em;  
 Fortune below is Fate above—  
 We'll draw a LOTTERY of LOVE."

'Tis done; enclos'd the urchin stands;  
 And o'er his head he holds his hands,

No bandage on his eyes they bind,  
 For all must know that Love is blind :  
 That he is blind, there's no concealing,  
 But, ah, how wond'rous nice his feeling !  
 He holds up tickets of all sizes,  
 And calls aloud the blanks and prizes.

The last of all the number came,  
 Before he call'd out Edwin's name ;  
 " Search, boy," they cry'd, " perhaps you'll find  
 Some small good fortune left behind.  
 Well, child, speak out, what have you got?"  
 " Hope," he reply'd—" 'Tis Edwin's lot."

HOPE came, with face of smiling air,  
 Yet something in't that look'd like care.  
 Her eyes diffus'd a mental treasure,  
 And, light'ning, own'd delicious pleasure.  
 A rose-bud lean'd against her breast,  
 And on the panting softness press'd:  
 The tender leaves were scarcely seen,  
 They shrunk so, in the mossy green ;  
 Yet seem'd half-wishing to appear,  
 Emblem of Hope, repress'd by Fear.

Hope came, and Edwin bless'd the hour,  
 That felt her smile, that own'd her pow'r ;  
 And lifting up his drooping head,  
 Sigh'd from his inmost heart, and said—



" O ! may the heart that longs to find  
 Some refuge in this world of mind,  
 Like the poor dove, sent out to roam,  
 Far from the ark, its native home,  
 Some soft retreat, some kindred breast,  
 Where all its hopes and cares might rest ;  
 O ! may it wander not in vain,  
 Nor wish to find its home again."

" For this I came," fair Hope replied,  
 " To be its guardian and its guide,  
 To bring the olive leaf of peace,  
 And bid thy mental tumult cease.  
 Rest then, thou anxious wand'rer, rest,  
 And be, at least in fancy, blest ;  
 Think not of aught that brings despair,  
 Nor look reserv'd, nor guarded air ;  
 O ! search the future, but to find  
 One sweet perhaps, to soothe your mind,  
 That as you're constant, she'll be kind."

" She's gone," the pensive Edwin said,  
 " And all the buds of hope are dead."

" Yet she," cried Hope, " who went away  
 In dark December's darkest day,  
 Again, perhaps, may re-appear,  
 When my sweet fav'rite of the year,

Sweet April, leads the frolic hours,  
 Smiling between her sunny show'rs,  
 Next to the month, which some can prove  
 To be so near a-kin to Love."

" Hold," cried the youth, " dear Goddess, hold;  
 How can Love break thro' bars of gold?  
 Till then, I'll try with soothing pow'r  
 To cheer the heavy, heartless hour,  
 And Fancy, too, her aid shall lend;  
 Fancy, my follower and friend,  
 Swifter than light'ning's swiftest flame,  
 Rapt in a darling morning dream,  
 (For white-wing'd dreams collect from far,  
 To draw bright Fancy's magic car,)  
 Shall place thee, where thy heart has flown,  
 Where thy Corinna sits alone—  
 Alone, if solitude can be  
 With sense, and sensibility.  
 Then she'll give boldness to impart  
 The wishes of a feeling heart,  
 Till Pity, beaming from her eye,  
 Seems to foretel a soft reply—  
 Start not, fond youth, I said but SEEMS,  
 These are, you know, thy morning dreams;  
 Mere frost-work in the night begun,  
 To melt before the morning sun;  
 I wish to chase the cloud of care,  
 I wish to save thee from despair;

I would not one dear dream destroy,  
But Hope can never give thee joy:  
I can but ease the wound you feel,  
Which she, alone, who gave, can heal.

“ What I can give, you’ll gain from me:  
Edwin, I’ll spend my life with thee;  
With thee, in lonely crowds, I’ll talk,  
With thee, I’ll share my ev’ning walk;  
And, at the sun’s departing ray,  
When Nature mourns the loss of day,  
And all above, and all below,  
Drest in the sable garb of woe,  
Shows some sad sympathy between  
The sorrow felt, and sorrow seen,  
I’ll point to where the moon doth rise,  
Hanging her crescent in the skies;  
Then bid thee bless the growing light,  
For HOPE shall shine, tho’ all were night.”

## ELEGY.

THE lonely hours move by with heavy wing,  
 And April weeps upon the lap of Spring;  
 Retire, soft month, for cheerful May appears,  
 Like a fond sister, to dry up thy tears:  
 Her sunny smile shall chase thy hov'ring show'rs,  
 Her blushes redden on thy fruits and flow'rs.

I watch the progress of the vernal bloom,  
 The breath of Spring exhales its sweet perfume;  
 I feel that ev'ry hope, and ev'ry fear,  
 Has some new int'rest in the op'ning year;  
 For ev'ry bud that blows, I think, will bring her here,  
 Her, whom my heart has made its chosen theme,  
 My daily visitant, my nightly dream.

Oh! in return, does her soft bosom prove  
 One partial thought for Edwin, and for Love?  
 Blest be that thought! oft steal into her mind,  
 And gently intercede, and woo her to be kind!  
 Seize some soft moment, that delight employs,  
 Not such delight as springs from selfish joys,  
 But such as rather grave than gay appears,  
 That loves to smile, and sometimes smiles in tears:  
 When at her touch, soft music breathes around,  
 When the soul owns its sympathy with sound;

When the heart melts with ev'ry melting tone,  
Feels others' sorrows, and forgets its own.  
Then, blest idea ! then, suggest the youth,  
Whose plea is constancy, whose pride is truth ;  
In the small circuit of whose scarce-known name,  
No pompous pile ascends, no shining spire of fame ;  
Yet fertile is the soil, and pure the air,  
And Love has built a modest mansion there ;  
There folds his wings, forgetful now to roam,  
Warms his dear hut, and calls it second home ;  
Wit seldom calls, Pride scorns to be a guest,  
And Fashion's flow'rs, but wither on the breast ;  
But Love is there, a company alone,  
And pleads his cause, who fears to plead his own ;  
Who fears to speak, yet scarcely can conceal,  
Whose tongue may falter, but whose heart can feel ;  
Who cannot boast he ever felt the fire,  
That burns so fiercely, it must soon expire.  
The torch of Love, is form'd of finer flame,  
Plac'd in the heart, it sheds its genial beam,  
Light of our length'ning life, and glory of our frame.

## AT A MUSIC MEETING.

---

O! LET the soul of Music come,  
 And call my restless fancy home;  
 With silken thread of sound, inclose  
 Her wings, and rock her to repose!

Such whispers of angelic breath,  
 As quicken spirits chain'd in death;  
 And gently o'er the senses creep,  
 And fear to break the sainted sleep!

---

## FROM THE FRENCH.

---

CUPID, once, of sleep forsaken,  
 Pass'd each night in grievous moan;  
 Doctors came, and drugs were taken,  
 The poor child was all but gone.

HYMEN call'd, a new physician,  
 Sleep that night the eye-lids bless'd;  
 The next still better'd his condition,  
 And soon no boy got sounder rest.

## ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

*Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, &c.*

TIBULLUS.

YES—'twas the vow that clos'd the happy night—

“None of thy sex shall taste such dear delight!”

Still as that night thou wert, the same thou art,

Light to my eyes, and rapture to my heart.

Beauty, thro' country and thro' town, I see,

But feel it, only, when I look on thee!

O! that its force were felt by me alone,

Then, valu'd less, it would seem more my own.

I wish to shun the gaping, gazing crowd—

They make me jealous, and may make thee proud.

True love, in blessing one, is fully blest,

Sitting in silence on the secret nest.

With thee I'd live, where never footstep trod,

Thy breast my home—the stranger, life, abroad.

O thou, from care my soft and sweet repose!

Thou moon, mild rising in a night of woes!

In lonely crowds my sole asylum plac'd!

My world amidst the solitary waste!

Had fond Tibullus stood on Ida's hill,

The rival Beauties had been rival still.

Fair Venus, I had whisper'd, spare to blame,  
 The NON-PAREIL I keep, for her—I dare not name.  
 Again do I attest that mystic pow'r,  
 Who mark'd our transports in the silent hour!  
 What have I done?—Now, now I'll feel the smart;  
 Now will she rend this unresisting heart—  
 A fearful slave that meets his master's eye,  
 And stops, and trembles, but he dare not fly;  
 Whate'er thou will, I am, and must remain,  
 Born for thy use, and honour'd by thy chain;  
 Lo! at thy feet, my fortune, fate, and fame—  
 Here, on this breast, inscribe the owner's name:  
 Yet, not too far the pow'r of Venus brave,  
 Who tames the tyrant, will her suppliant save.



TO

J\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*,

WHO SAID, "I CARE NOT WHAT THE CROWD MAY THINK."

THE crowd, my friend, have common sense,  
 They feel the pow'r of pounds and pence;  
 And as they feel, they prize:  
 For wealth, when rightly understood,  
 Is the best blessing of the good,  
 The wisdom of the wise.

What's wealth?—Enough, and somewhat over:  
 Of this I own myself the lover,  
 And who is not's a ninny;  
 Of what avail the sun-gilt cot,  
 Without a pullet in the pot?  
 What's life, without a guinea?

It is to sneak down from a garret,  
 To sponge on others' beef and claret,  
 To get, but not to give;  
 To feel each rising wish repress'd,  
 The wish to be, by blessing, blest,  
 But this is not to live.

'Tis not to sit, and con a theme,  
 Or in a smooth pellucid stream,

The rueful phiz behold;  
 And when the lunar light has spread  
 A yellow radiance o'er thy head,  
 To catch poetic gold.

Whate'er the cynic may pretend,  
 Money, a means, but not an end,  
 Is happiness below.

Oh! for a mine of gold to give,  
 To live, and to make others live,  
 And clear the world of woe.

To bless unseen, unseen descend,  
 On with'ring hearts that want a friend,  
 Like dew-drops from above;  
 And oft both seen and felt to pour,  
 In one abundant Jove-like show'r,  
 And fill the lap of Love.

For sharper suff'rings than thy own,  
 'Tis thine, O Penury, to groan,  
 Stretch'd on the rack of life;  
 Thy cradl'd child unconscious sleeps,  
 But woe for her who wakes and weeps,  
 The mother and the wife.

O Fortune! come and crown my fate,  
 Wafted along in winning state,  
 Like Egypt's Queen of old;  
 When frequent dash'd the silver oars,  
 And silken sails perfum'd the shores,  
 And Cydnus burn'd with gold.

To youth, and industry, and health,  
She comes, the sov'reign good of wealth,  
    And ev'ry blessing bears ;  
But to enjoy her golden mean,  
It must be felt, it must be seen,  
    And save it, from your heirs.

LINES  
 TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,  
 AGED SEVENTEEN.

---

I FEEL the fragrance of thy early muse,  
 A modest vi'let, bath'd in morning dews.  
 Barren the soil, where no such hopes appear,  
 Blossoms like these, foretel the rip'ning ear.  
 The harsh preceptor chills with cold disdain,  
 Kind Nature loves the flow'r before the grain.  
 In ev'ry age, as ev'ry season kind,  
 She loves the vernal verdure of the mind;  
 Smiles on the bud as on the yellow sheaf,  
 And trains to light and life, its soft evolving leaf;  
 But tho', with wisdom, she can waste her hours,  
 And fondle with her family of flow'rs,  
 She hopes to find, as changeful seasons roll,  
 Fruits more mature, and harvest of the soul;  
 No off'ring now for her, the poet's pen,  
 \* Flow'rs to the fair," she cries, "but bring me food for MEN."

## IMITATION OF HORACE.

*Æregi monumentum ære perennius.*

HORACE.

'Tis done—the pyramid of poetry,  
 In firm magnificence assails the sky;  
 Fame, on the cloudless top, expands her wings,  
 And sees below the wasting works of Kings:  
 For, not one wintry blast so high can climb,  
 Too deep for sapping show'rs, for tempests too sublime;  
 And falling snow of years, and noiseless stealth of time.  
 Beneath that snow, my laurels shall be seen,  
 In the full freshness of perennial green:  
 I shall not die, this work, this work shall save  
 The nobler half of Horace from the grave;  
 His fame shall lighten all succeeding times,  
 A circling sun around the polar climes,  
 That dips its disk into the sea of night,  
 Then mounts again his throne of ever-living light.  
 For, while the Priest ascends yon pompous road,  
 Whose long gradation seeks our patron-God,  
 And, at his side, in sadly pleasing shade,  
 Moves slow along the mute mysterious maid,  
 So long my name shall triumph o'er the tomb,  
 And Horace shall be co-etern with Rome.  
 Where Upper Nile, in annual phrenzy throws,  
 The melted mass of Ethiopian snows.

Cleaving the cliff, that guards Sienna's side  
 A wild, abrupt, innavigable tide;  
 There, o'er the cataract, my fame shall soar,  
 And stoop to hear the repercussive roar.  
 Where savage Thames, now scarcely known to song,  
 Winds thro' the Western isle his silv'ry length along,  
 Pregnant, perhaps, with glories yet to come,  
 The destin'd Tiber of some greater Rome;  
 There, shall my verse the sullen climate tame,  
 And the rich fragrance of Horatian fame  
 Melt on the tongue, and humanize the heart,  
 Till barb'rous nature yields to tuneful art.  
 Horace—who made th' Eolian lyre his own,  
 To Latin measures harmoniz'd its tone;  
 While the rack'd strings reveal'd their secret charms,  
 And Roman arts kept pace with Roman arms.  
 Assume, my soul! a meritorious state,  
 And proudly prescient of thy future fate,  
 Be, what the gods and nature will'd thee—Great.  
 Come, therefore, come, sublimest of the Nine!  
 Come, forward, from the rest, O! Muse divine,  
 And with thy facile hand, and with thy smile benign,  
 Let fall th' eternal laurel on my head,  
 Adorn me living, and enshrine me dead.

## AN ORIGINAL LETTER,

FROM

MR. ———, ORGANIST AT ARMAGH,

TO

MR. ———, AT NEWRY,

RELATIVE TO THE SIEUR PALME'.

SIR,

You have ask'd me to give you in faithful narration,  
 What the SIEUR and I said in our late conversation;  
 I shall write down the whole, and, to melt away time,  
 In an easy hand-gallop of reason and rhyme.

When I read his Address\*, I felt ev'ry disorder  
 In the way he describ'd them, and all in their order;  
 With the gout I was cripp'l'd, with palsy struck dumb,  
 My brain teem'd with maggots, and worms gnaw'd my ———.  
 My flesh wasted away, and I died with dejection,  
 I was stretch'd on the rack of tormenting contraction;  
 I fell down in the fits, but my good-natur'd wife  
 Tweak'd me hard by the nose, and restor'd me to life,  
 Next a fit of the asthma depriv'd me of breath,  
 Then he gravell'd me fairly, and ston'd me to death.

\* Vide his Address to the town of Newry.

At last, from much thinking on what I had read,  
 A deluge of dropsy came into my head;  
 And then it became my desire and ambition,  
 To receive a few strokes from this SHOCKING physician.  
 For all that my malady seem'd to require,  
 Was to soak up the water, by passing thro' fire.

I remember the time I first made my approach,  
 It was just when the Doctor stepped out of his coach;  
 I look'd at the arms, on his rev'rend old hack,  
 'The crest, a lame duck, and the motto, "QUACK, QUACK!"  
 Below lay a boar, and appeared to bleed,  
 Which I've found to my sorrow, a damn'd BORE indeed

With a wink at his wife and a Jesuit grin,  
 He caught hold of my hand, and he welcom'd me in;  
 My hand its contraction no longer could hold,  
 But relax'd at his touch, and, in dropt the gold.

"Sir," said I, "your great fame has illumin'd the nation,  
 And spread over the earth, like a grand conflagration;  
 With the light of all science your head must be full,  
 For it beams on your brain thro' the cracks of your scull;  
 And the soul which inhabits that learn'd attic story,  
 By the help of these sky-lights is guided to glory:  
 All your cures I have heard, all your writings I've read,  
 And I'm come to get water pump'd out of my head."



"Sir," said he, "you have seen with delight and surprise,  
 The meteor that lately illumin'd the skies;  
 Thro' the air with such splendid celerity driv'n,  
 That, Sir, was the luminous PALME' of HEAV'N;  
 I cast the same light, make the same hissing noise,  
 I'm the wonder of women, and terror of boys;  
 I cause and I cure almost every ail,  
 A rocket my head—and a cracker my tail;  
 At one end, I'm all fire for the poor paralytic,  
 And discharge at the other, the air call'd mephitic.  
 Now, Sir, in your head I'll just augre a hole,  
 Then lift from the water the half-drowning soul;  
 And when I have brought her securely to land,  
 I shall mount her astride on the pineal gland.  
 But, perhaps, for such boring there is no occasion,  
 We may soon soak it up with a warm embrocation."

Then he pour'd out some liquid upon my bare scull,  
 While I roar'd all the time, like the Phalaris Bull:  
 Next, towards his electric machine was I led,  
 And large drops of fire fell, like rain, on my head;  
 Which made me re-bellow, with exquisite pain,  
 And the water to bubble and boil in my brain:  
 Then he forc'd me to swallow a poisonous potion,  
 Which bred in my bowels strange noise and commotion.  
 "And now, Sir," said he, "I will cure your disease,  
 In but twenty more visits—and twenty more fees."

"Sir," said I, "my disease is a most cursed evil,  
 But to die of the Doctor, is worse than the Devil;

You're a Will-o'-the-Wisp, that is form'd in a fog,  
To bewitch silly travellers into a bog:  
From putrescence it rises, and plays in the air,  
And then it is gone—and the Devil knows where;  
Now it shines in the place where it first seem'd to sink,  
And at last it goes out in a sulphurous stink."

Then I caught up my hat, and my wig, in a fury,  
And cursing all quacks, I departed from Newry.

## A WALK

## ON THE BASON AT NEWRY.

THE sun has just set, and now ev'ning comes on,  
 Like a widow who grieves that her husband is gone;  
 But her weeds are put on with so charming a grace,  
 And yon crescent, the moon, so enlightens her face,  
 Her cheeks are suffus'd with such delicate red,  
 And her twinkling eyes keep such stir in her head,  
 That she's still like a widow, both kind and forgiving,  
 Who can live for the dead, and can die for the living.

Now the belles, and the beaux, meet to simper and sip,  
 And much does fall out 'tween the cup and the lip;  
 For all that is said, must be witty and bright,  
 The lips are so red and the teeth are so white;  
 And I'm sure to the ladies, 'tis needless to show  
 That from ev'ry *bonne bouche* there must fall a *bon-mot*.  
 O how pleasant to sit by a babbling river,  
 Running on, running on, for ever, and ever;  
 The rustic may wait till the river is gone,  
 As it ran, so it runs, and will ever run on.

'Tis at tea that the bud of the lip learns to blow,  
 That the ice-plant grows gracious, and shakes off the snow;

Ev'n him who at dinner, sat mute as a block,  
 Or like to a lighter that's jamn'd in a lock,  
 Tea lifts to the level of communication,  
 And he glides down the current of glib conversation.  
 Celestial water! true Helicon stream!  
 Pure fount of the poet's meridian dream—  
 Divine coalition! tea, sugar, and cream!  
 Sweet solace of life, from whence happiness springs,  
 To duchess and dowdy, to coblers and kings;  
 It is thine to make body with spirit agree;  
 Thou art potent to chase e'en the spectre *ennui*;  
 It is thine the fierce throb of the pulse to restrain,  
 And raise the sick head from the pallet of pain,  
 To temper the bitters of family strife,  
 And slacken, a little, the cordage of life.

But now for the BASON the ladies prepare,  
 And forsake the warm water, to taste the cool air:  
 See, in rows, how they wind down the serpentine street,  
 O'er a carpet of nature so soft and so sweet;  
 While to give more distinction to every row,  
 It is tied at each end with a well-puft-out beau;  
 Not a bow made of ribbon and lace, and all that,  
 But a clutterlin beau, with a head and a hat—  
 A hat cock'd with air, and a head cock'd with claret,  
 Like a well-furnish'd house, with a great empty garret.

To steer thro' such streets, requires mariners' art,  
 'Tween Scylla, a cellar—Charybdis, a cart;

But the fair are protected by monstrous fine fellows,  
 As e'er flutter'd fans, or expanded umbrellas;  
 One hand serves to pilot the damsels divine,  
 And a switch fills the other—to keep off the swine.

At length, o'er the bridge glide the radiant files,  
 And quite dazzle the moon, while the River-God smiles.  
 On the Island arriv'd, it is needless to halt,  
 Good humour and wit serve for sugar and salt;  
 The end of their labours at last they attain,  
 And are free of the BASON in spite of the chain.

Then they spread o'er the walk that's so neat and so trim,  
 For all Basons are shabby without a bright brim;  
 Not a blade of grass grows where it ought not to grow,  
 Not an unpolish'd pebble dare pester the toe;  
 They meander along with a smooth undulation,  
 And the trees stand stock still with profound admiration.  
 Yet their leaves seem all list'ning to ev'ry remark,  
 As wishing to have them inscrib'd on the bark,  
 While the moon walks; on high, with her very best face on,  
 And at times casts a glance in her mirror the BASON;  
 Or, to heighten the beauty it seems to conceal,  
 She peeps thro' a cloud, as a prude thro' her veil;  
 For the sun must resign to his sister the art,  
 Which soothes ev'ry sense, while it softens the heart;  
 And throws that delicious light o'er the face  
 Where Night and where Day seem to meet and embrace—

That dear doubtful light, which serves to discover  
 Much more than the lady dare own to the lover ;  
 But the chillness of modesty keeps all suppress'd,  
 Like the dew on the gauze that envelops the breast ;  
 Chaste Luna looks down on the favourite fair,  
 And her heart beats a RUFFLE to bid her beware.

Now turning, returning, line presses on line,  
 All with airs damn'd delightful, and dev'lish divine ;  
 Each line passes by, with bright eyes enfilading,  
 Or beneath the broad shade of the hat ambuscading ;  
 For the flintiest breast may strike fire in the dark,  
 And the bluntest conductor can draw—a bright spark ;  
 And hence nothing pointed in females is found,  
 But all is protuberant, swelling, and round ;  
 Nothing turns from the touch, nothing shrinks from the sight,  
 But all bounces forward, and bumps into light ;  
 Ev'n the bosom disdains to retreat from the view,  
 But heaves up the window, and asks, “ Who are you ? ”  
 O ! why take such pains to be tumid and tall,  
 When the Venus that models all beauty, is small ;  
 And, in well-guarded nakedness, strives to seem less,  
 It were easy to make her indecent—by dress ;  
 But the Statue would blush to be trick'd in the ton,  
 With a round-about rump, and a swelling bouffon.

And now—but, dear Zara, pray take up my pen,  
 For with so many nows, you may ask me what then ?

What then?—Why, review, as they pass in a line,  
From the doctor in boots, to the dapper divine;  
From the quick-silver smart, to the leaden-head Tony,  
From the cravated count, to the cit macaroni,  
And the tight little parson, that rides the tight pony;  
Then sketch me a view of the favourite fair,  
And prove all your rules, by the LINE and the SQUARE.

## PARODY OF A SPEECH

MADE TO THE VOLUNTEER CONVENTION, AT DUNGANNON, 1  
FEBRUARY 15, 1782.

---

SIR, I'm happy to see you once more in the chair,  
Your head so erect, and your elbows so square.  
Sir, I see in this place great doubt and commotion,  
But wait till you hear both my Speech and my Motion;  
Ev'ry mouth shall be dumb, ev'ry doubt you shall smother,  
You shall weep with one eye—perhaps laugh with the other.  
But I feel at this instant my honour a-quaking,  
I feel all my laurels a-shiv'ring and shaking,  
Sir, I fear it's this curs'd influenza I'm taking—  
Yet, I know where I am, for there is the pulpit,  
The gallery's above, and below here's a full pit;  
“Holy walls” that surround a well-dress'd congregation,  
And I'm to hold forth for the good of the nation.  
I'll not speak of myself—Sir, I claim your attention—  
Sir, I vow I'm not speaking for post or for pension—  
Sir, I heard a man say—a great man, in the Senate—  
I forget the debate, or who 'twas that began it—  
He said, and I say, the Repeal is enough,  
And let all say, Amen—or Grattan will huff;  
I asserted the same in my far-famed letter,  
And I think with Lord George that there ne'er was a better;  
Says Lord George, after speaking three hours to the King,  
“I will now read you, Sire, a most excellent thing—”



“ My Lord,” said the King, “ I fear you will tire,”—  
 “ Sir, I’ll sit on your hearth, and I’ll read by your fire.”

Sir, I feel for the pride of the English nation—  
 To renounce all her right would be Hell and damnation;  
 And I scorn, Sir, to give her such needless vexation.  
 You may ask her to write down what records you please,  
 But she’ll soon pick them up as a pigeon does pease.  
 I see she repents, and I weep o’er her pains,  
 And ’tis cruel to load a poor Tigress with chains!  
 Ah! hear what deep groans of contrition she draws,  
 And I’ll swear she repents—for she closes her paws.

And now, Sir, the gift of your ears I beseech,  
 For I’m going to read a most excellent speech;  
 A speech, which I’m sure you will take for a token  
 That the faith of Great-Britain can never be broken;  
 For Portland can answer for Commons and Peers,  
 Just as three of us did for the whole Volunteers;  
 We, Sir, of the Quorum—we, Sir—and Sir, we!  
 All Ulster condensed into one Committee;  
 We, that let the vile mob, like coarse sediment, drop;  
 We, that swell on the surface, and froth on the top;  
 We stood on the three-footed stool of Apollo,  
 And cried out, huzza! when the pack was to follow.

O! do not adjourn! ’twould be vastly uncivil,  
 To send us and our fiat post-haste to the Devil!

Send us to his Majesty ; then, never fear you,  
 Raw-head and bloody-bones shall not come near you.

And now, Sir, at length I emerge from the bathos,  
 And beg leave to conclude with a touch of the pathos.  
 Behold your mown meadows all bubbling with blood !  
 It fills up the furrows, and moistens the mud ;  
 Men and maidens cry, murder ! their cries unavailing—  
 It lifts up the hay-cocks, and sets them a-sailing !  
 Still, still, see it rise—and now, now it smothers  
 Your sires, sons, and sisters, wives, widows and mothers !  
 Ah ! see, there they lie, all dying or dead,  
 And not one has a pillow to raise up his head !  
 Sir, I move—Sir, 'tis better to die in one's bed.

[*Made motion, and passed Nem. Con.*]

ADDRESSED TO

## MRS. SIDDONS.

SIDDONS, accept my tributary tear,  
 Nor scorn an offering, humble, but sincere:  
 Not clouds of fragrance curling to the skies,  
 Nor golden censers form the sacrifice;  
 More precious far, the hand of humble love,  
 That on the altar lays "th' unblemish'd dove."

In Thee, the broken heart finds sweet relief,  
 And lulls its suff'ring with ideal grief;  
 Lost to the ills of life, it leaves behind  
 Corroding care, and quarrel of the mind;  
 The harsh pain softens in thy soothing tone,  
 Wond'ring, we melt at sorrows not our own;  
 Our own lie hush'd, in short and balmy sleep,  
 But 'tis strange happiness, with Thee, to weep.

Blest be that art, which makes misfortune wear  
 A form so mild, as only costs a tear!  
 When mirth would madden—can our woes beguile,  
 When mirth would only force—an agonizing smile.  
 Delightful, then, to see thy passions roll,  
 Driv'n in the tempest of Calista's soul.

To mark the wasteful deluge of the breast,  
 When hov'ring love so vainly seeks to rest;  
 No light divine, no breath of God to bless,  
 Wretched, but great, sublime in wickedness!  
 Foolish young man, to think Calista's charms  
 Could taste the circle made by modest arms;  
 Call not a friv'lous Cupid to thy aid,  
 In light'ning and in thunder meet the maid;  
 Resistless flash with ev'ry base desire,  
 And in thy fierce embrace, she'll smilingly expire.

Ah, SINDONS! strive not in this dress to win  
 Our hearts, too facile of themselves to sin;  
 In thee, the Devil wears something too divine,  
 And Abra'm's bosom is forgot for thine;  
 Act from the moral of thy life, and move  
 With awful dignity of wedded love;  
 From bold seduction start, and lift thine eyes,  
 As if to draw the light'ning from the skies;  
 Then bend at once their fierce collected blaze,  
 And blast th' astonish'd wretch that kneels and prays.

Let our hearts hear the long-protracted moan,  
 Pouring its mellow, melancholy tone;  
 Like the sweet horn, that floats upon the gale,  
 And streams its music down some lonely vale.

Let cares maternal heave the anxious breast,  
 And clasp thy child, and tremble to be bless'd;

Or, give the look that calms the father's fears,  
 While the white bosom drinks his falling tears,  
 Sees the blood redden on his pallid cheek,  
 And looks a happiness, too great to speak;  
 Bends o'er his face, with eyes of dewy light,  
 Watches the kindling breath, and smiles supreme delight.

Or, let the poet once allot the part :  
 Sublime, thy nature, but thy pathos, art.

O ! then, assume the port of PALLAS—stand  
 The stern avenger of a blood-stain'd land,  
 Beauty and terror mingling in thy face,  
 With fiery motion, and with awful grace ;  
 O'er the calm eyes, thy curling brows be seen,  
 Like thunder gath'ring round the blue serene :  
 Thy black plumes rustle with the coming storm—  
 WISDOM—to feeble men a fearful form—  
 On base of adamant thy feet be press'd,  
 And on thy arm, the dreadful Egis rest—  
 Where endless anguish of the eyes is roll'd,  
 And round the gasping head the serpents glide in gold,  
 While life in monumental stone is laid,  
 As the shield shifts its gloomy breadth of shade—  
 Then, Goddess, then, move on, with might divine,  
 The strength and swiftness of thy Sire be thine ;  
 For pow'r Almighty still thro' Wisdom flows,  
 And blest the bolt of Jove which Pallas throws ;

But e'er the vengeance from thy hand be hurl'd,  
Stop, and address the Giants of the World :—

“ Tyrants! for whom lies human life defac'd,  
A tangled wilderness, a dreary waste,  
Whose savage sport with Nimrod first began,  
And down the steeps of time has hunted man;  
Made him in ev'ry state, or food, or game,  
Pursued him, wild; or kennel'd him, if tame;  
Taught human hounds to join the bloody chace,  
And fix the famish'd fang in their own wretched race.

“ Tyrants! whose arms, upheld by beasts of prey,  
Or captive men, more monst'rous still than they;  
Lions and tigers, under-propping law,  
And grasping charters with contracted paw;  
Tyrants! in vain you massacre your kind,  
Your swords but serve to propagate—the mind;  
Vainly yon pyramid of heads will rise—  
My father's eagle from the summit flies,  
And seeks some sacred shrine, some Cato's breast,  
Where the whole spirit of the pile may rest.  
To Cæsar's scale lean'd all the host of heav'n,  
Cato, tho' conquer'd, kept the balance even;  
The Gods could not destroy the Hero's weight,  
Their choice was Fortune, but his will—was Fate.

“ Why thus affect the worship of the sky?  
Were ye not born?—and are you not to die?

Why make men murmur at the pow'r divine,  
 And curse HIS world because they feel it THINE?  
 Because they feel that the same impious plan,  
 Lifts Men to Gods, and sinks the God to Man—  
 The God, a piece of ornamented clay—  
 The Man, a haughty slave, and proud t'obey,  
 Proud to receive, and proud to give the nod,  
 To his own morals shapes his docile God;  
 Yet his hard fate affectedly deplores,  
 And, the same moment, curses and adores.

“ But vain are words, from Wisdom's self address,  
 Terror, alone, can quell the brutal breast;  
 In this rais'd arm, behold the wrathful flames,  
 That plunge to Hell your nature and your names;  
 Endless your sleep—but dreadful be your dreams;  
 Not the soft sleep, that on the nurse's breast  
 Smiles in its placid and unruffled rest,  
 But haunted by despair and fear, behind,  
 Hurrying with torches thro' the night of mind.

“ From torment, Tantalus! for once set free,  
 Lo! P\*\*\* shall respite thy long misery,  
 O'er the sweet stream in painful transport hung,  
 False as his heart, and fluent as his tongue;  
 Or some fair cloud shall plague his cheated sense;  
 And tickle still th' eternal impotence.  
 Colossal Russia shall unpity'd groan,  
 Raising, in vain, the Sysiphean stone;

At once the mass of nation thunders down,  
And grinds to dust the murd'ress and her crown.  
Prussia! lie stretch'd upon the burning wheel  
Of mad ambition and of savage zeal;  
Th' imperial Eagle rears his rebel crest,  
And turns his vengeance 'gainst the despot's breast;  
Shakes the dark wing, and dips the beak in gore,  
And Holland croaks along the Stygian shore.

“ Down then to Hell, whose stature touch'd the skies,  
Because men knelt, and shrunk to pigmy size—  
Make thy own Providence, O! Man, and rise!”



## PROLOGUE TO DOUGLAS,

PERFORMED BY A PRIVATE COMPANY.

CHILL'D to the heart, expires the wasted year—  
 I hope December has no influence here;  
 No, not one Wint'ry visage clouds the room,  
 All breathes sweet Spring, and Summer's choicest bloom.  
 From blissful eyes the sparkling spirits flow,  
 And the cheeks redden with a social glow;  
 No winter surely in such hearts can freeze  
 The will for pleasure, and the wish to please.  
 In such a groupe, at such a happy hour,  
 The wish to please is more than half the power;  
 And I, who only such a wish can show,  
 Come to announce a tale of pleasing woe;  
 (Your tastes refin'd, such pleasure better suits,  
 Than Breslaw's fingers, or than Astley's brutes,)  
 A tale, from which no heedlessness can roam,  
 Which finds in every female heart a home;  
 Makes every mother, tremulous, though blest,  
 Compress her child more closely to her breast.

We boast our ignorance of scenic art,  
 To con—a feeling, or rehearse—a start;  
 To roll from pit to box the clock-work eye,  
 And lift both arms to storm the canvas sky;

Or, at the Prompter's whisper, sink distress,  
 Or beat upon that sounding-board, the breast.  
 This is to hold the mirror up—to art ;  
 To get by rote, is not to get—by heart ;  
 “ To get by heart ”—an honest phrase, though plain,  
 For what you do not feel, O ! never hope to feign !  
 O ! never hope to reach that art divine,  
 Which shoots a soul into each lifeless line,  
 Like the fam'd Dervise, who, with magic breath,  
 Transfus'd himself at will, within the ribs of death.

To feel what we express, is all our scope ;  
 And e'en our heroine has no higher hope ;  
 No stratagem she lays, to catch a tear,  
 Her action artless, as her soul sincere ;  
 Her best ambition, and her future bliss,  
 To BE—what her delighted mother is ;  
 Of a sweet flock, the guardian and the guide,  
 And to her happy husband, still a bride.—[going, returns]  
 I had forgot, before the year was gone,  
 To give the blessing of old NINETY-ONE :—  
 May all your lives in even current flow !  
 For floods of pleasure often ebb in woe ;  
 Your days slide by, with soft and noiseless wing,  
 Your Winter usher in perpetual Spring !

## LOUVET'S HYMN TO DEATH,

TRANSLATED.

OPPRESSORS of my native land!

In vain have I denounc'd your crimes—

You conquer, and at your command,

I go, to live in after times.

Freedom! my last farewell receive—

The tyrant's stroke 'tis base to fly,

Our country lost, the slave MAY live;

Republicans MUST die.

How base to grasp the golden hire,

And serve a more than savage zeal;

Better, with dying France, expire;

Better to brave yon lifted steel.

Freedom! to thee my life I give,

This steel elicits patriot fire:

Dishonour'd slaves know how to live,

But Patriots—to expire.

O ye whom great example fires!

Take arms for liberty and laws:

The player king, with kings conspires;

Crush Collot—crush their cursed cause.

And you begot by murder upon fear,

You trembling tyrant! soon to meet your fall,

Now quakes your Mountain, O Robespierre!  
 And soon shall bury all.

But, ah! possessor of my heart!

Whom here I see, yet dread to own,  
 Now, play a more than female part,  
 Now, learn to bear distress—alone.  
 Freedom! shed comfort from above,  
 To make her bear the yoke of life;  
 O spare the quick'ning pledge of love,  
 The mother save, if not the wife.

My wife!—as mother, doubly dear,

With care thy cradled child attend;  
 And teach, to his attentive ear,  
 His Father's glorious end;  
 To Freedom's altar lead our boy;  
 To her high accents, tune his breath;  
 And let his first, and latest cry,  
 Be, "Liberty or Death!"

Should villains in thy time grow great,

And human blood in torrents flow;  
 Seek not t'avenge thy Father's fate:  
 For France, France, only, strike the blow.  
 Let future Syllas dread their doom,  
 When my young Cato's frown they see;  
 Or hear him, o'er his Father's tomb,  
 Cry, "Give me Death or Liberty!"

Blood-hounds of France ! your race is run—

One Monster welters in his gore !

Angelic Woman here has done

A deed, which Brutus did before.

O Freedom ! lift thy arm sublime,

Copy the fair Tyrannicide,

Whose virtue rose to balance crime,

And liv'd—until Marat had died.

I feel the pressing multitude ;

I hear their wild, impatient cry ;

How much it costs, to do them good !

Who lives for them, for them must die.

I go to meet the fond embrace

Of heroes long to his'try known,

And Sydney on this head shall place

A laurel from his own.

Now take, my eyes, one ling'ring view,

Then bid to France a long adieu !——

## A TRIO.

HERE sits J\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*\*, and could I but find  
 A pallet well charg'd with the colours of mind,  
 I should venture to paint, with inadequate plan,  
 The lights and the shades of this great, little man.

Achilles, 'tis said, had a skin made of steel,  
 And was callous to all, save the kibe on his heel;  
 But our friend feels, all over, the sting or the smart,  
 And whêre'er you touch—'tis a pulse from the heart:  
 With such sense and such soreness, I can't understand,  
 Why he ne'er feels an itch—in the palm of the hand.

Acute, argumentative, agile yet strong,  
 With a heart ever right, and a head seldom wrong;  
 With passions too prompt to sit quiet and still;  
 In his principles fix'd, with a wandering will;  
 Perplext in his creed, and too apt so to tell us;  
 In his friendships a little too lovingly jealous;  
 Still eager to get or to give satisfaction,  
 He dives after motives, and misses the action.  
 No axiom so clear, but he'll make it more plain;  
 No action so fair, but he likes to explain;  
 Too nice in the right, too sincere for profession,  
 And with meaning so full, that he fails in expression.

For when crowds of ideas all strive to rush out,  
 Each must elbow his neighbour, and shove him about;  
 But his life, and his language, have masculine merit,  
 Both are deeply impress'd with the print of his spirit—  
 It burns in his eyes, it enlarges his frame,  
 And it tempers his clay, not with water—but flame;  
 His words burst asunder the shackling of art,  
 And the pen that he writes with is dipt—in his heart.  
 'Tis not from a fountain like this, you can draw  
 Any languid harangue of loquacious law;  
 'Tis clear sense gushing out, unconfin'd, incompress'd,  
 From the pure and perennial spring in the breast.  
 When all was at sea, all confusion and fear,  
 Like the seaman's small needle, he show'd how to steer,  
 Nor ever declin'd from the patriot direction,  
 Till the lightning of GRATTAN, once, hurt the attraction;  
 But the transient dip, and the slight deviation,  
 Prove, the needle points true in its NATURAL station.

## II.

No prancing, curvetting, espiscopal pony,  
 No desk petit-maitre, no church macaroni,  
 With his curl carv'd as stiff as the top of the crozier,  
 And manners more pliant and loose than an osier;  
 But tall, and erect, and with resolute air,  
 And with head that disdains ev'n one hypocrite hair,  
 Here stands W\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*, the stem of our table,  
 A column of prelacy, stately and gable.

The capital, Doric—and Doric, the base,  
 It excels more in strength, than Corinthian grace;  
 Without flourish, or frieze, or Parisian plaster,  
 A pillar for use, not a showy pilaster;  
 Such a pillar, when Samson was call'd out for sport,  
 Perhaps might have sav'd the whole Philistine court;  
 Sam might crack all his sinews, and bow with his weight,  
 But Will would uphold both the Church and the State!  
 On all who dare shake that convenient alliance,  
 He bends his black brows, and he scowls a defiance;  
 Yet forgets, while he thunders against reformation,  
 That what is establishment, was innovation.  
 Our patriots, alas! are all dwarfish and weak,  
 Too puny to make aristocracy quake.  
 But, oh! could thy principles change to the Whig,  
 Could'st thou throw them as readily off as thy wig,  
 That old tyrant call'd Custom, in vain would resist  
 The momentum of such a Republican fist.  
 His strong castle would tumble, like Jericho's wall,  
 And, his talisman broken—the Giant must fall.

More solid, than shining; more weighty, than wordy;  
 In the right, very stout; in the wrong, very sturdy;  
 Both sudden and sure in the grasp of conception,  
 But too fond of the rule, to admit the exception.  
 Too tenacious in tenet to sport an opinion,  
 Each dogma with him has despotic dominion.  
 Too apt to mistake argumentative strife,  
 And to lay down a word, as he'd lay down his life.



He takes always good aim, but too quick in the timing,  
 He flushes the bird, and his temper burns priming.  
 His heart always flames, with good fuel well fed,  
 But it sends up, at times, a thick smoke to the head:  
 And, till that clears away, 'tis not easy to know,  
 The fact, or the motive—the friend, or the foe.  
 Then take up this tankard, of rough massy plate,  
 Not for fashion preferr'd, but for value and weight:  
 When you lift up the cover, then, think of our Vicar,  
 And take a hard pull at the orthodox liquor,  
 That keeps hale and hearty, in every climate,  
 And makes the poor Curate as proud as the Primate.

## III.

But when genius and judgment are called to the feast,  
 Make the Trio complete, and cement them with taste.  
 And for taste let me call on our courtly Collector,  
 Not the king of his company—but the protector;  
 Who, with easy hilarity, knows how to sit  
 In a family compact with wisdom and wit.  
 With the art to know much, without seeming to know it;  
 Joins the art to have wit, without straining to show it,  
 For his mind, not case-harden'd, by form or profession,  
 Always yields, with a spring, and impels, by concession.  
 True politeness, like sense, is begotten, not made,  
 But all our professions smell strong of a trade,  
 All vocation is craft, both the black and the scarlet,  
 The doctor, the pleader, the judge, and the harlot.

No collector of medals or fossils so fine;  
 He gathers good fellows around his good wine.  
 No collector of shells, or of stuff'd alligators,  
 But of two-legg'd, unfeather'd, erect, mutton-eaters;  
 That join, heart in hand, to drive round the decanter,  
 While the Bishop hob-nobs with the lowly Dissenter.  
 Here, the puddle of party ne'er rises in riot,  
 But the oil of urbanity keeps the waves quiet:  
 Neither faction nor feud his good-humour espouses,  
 He's the happy Mercutio, who "curses both houses!"  
 With a pretty plump place, and a cellar well stor'd,  
 Makes his bow to the bench, and his bow to the board;  
 In political faith knows how much to believe,  
 And, when 'tis convenient, to laugh in his sleeve;  
 His sense is well set, not a word out of joint,  
 Rather too much in epigram, too much for point.  
 With some effort, his ease—with some stiffness, his sense,  
 His spirit is free, the expression is tense.  
 His brand on our hogsheads he lawfully puts,  
 But 'tis harder to brand with his wit—all our butts;  
 'Tis our Irish Primum, our raw manufacture,  
 That keeps well thro' all seasons, nor needs an inspector.

Thus in mind and in manners, a man "*comme il faut*,"  
 He glides smoothly thro' life, with a serpentine flow,  
 That still tends to a point, when it seems to incline,  
 And the curve gently blends with the rigid right line.

## WAKE..

1797.

HERE, our brother worthy lies,  
 Wake not him with women's cries;  
 Mourn the way that mankind ought;  
 Sit, in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind,  
 Morals pure, and manners kind;  
 Oh his head, as on a hill,  
 Virtue plac'd her citadel..

Why cut off in palmy youth?  
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth;  
 "Countrymen, Unite!" he cried,  
 And died, for what his Saviour died!

God of Peace, and God of Love,  
 Let it not thy vengeance move!  
 Let it not thy lightnings draw,  
 A nation guillotined by law!

Hapless nation! rent and torn,  
 Early wert thou taught to mourn!  
 Warfare of six hundred years!  
 Epochs mark'd by blood and tears..

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,  
 A flung reward to human hounds,  
 Each one pull'd, and tore his share,  
 Emblem of thy deep despair!

Hapless nation, hapless land,  
 Heap of uncementing sand!  
 Crumbled by a foreign weight,  
 Or by worse, domestic hate!

God of Mercy, God of Peace,  
 Make the mad confusion cease!  
 O'er the mental chaos move,  
 Through it speak the light of love!

Monstrous and unhappy sight!  
 Brothers blood will not unite.  
 Holy oil, and holy water,  
 Mix—and fill the earth with slaughter.

Who is she, with aspect wild?—  
 The widow'd Mother, with her child;  
 Child, new stirring in the womb,  
 Husband, waiting for the tomb.

Angel of this holy place!  
 Calm her soul, and whisper, Peace!  
 Cord, nor axe, nor guillotine,  
 Make the sentence, not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;  
 Watch with us, but do not weep:

Watch with us, thro' dead of night—  
But expect the morning light.

Conquer Fortune—persevere—  
Lo! it breaks—the morning clear!  
The chearful cock awakes the skies;  
The day is come—Arise, arise!

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF A LIBEL ON THE PLAYERS.

---

'THOU literary HARLEQUIN!  
 Whose *mask* brings safety to thy skin,  
 With patch'd and party-colour'd dress,  
 Made up of shreds of languages;  
 A tailor's hell of common-places,  
 Hoarded for all convenient cases;  
 Remnants and rags from "hole of glory,"  
 And lumber of an *attic* story,  
 The critic's cheap applause to win,  
 By treasure of an ass's skin.

Thy pocket-mem'ry serves to quote;  
 Thy wit, enough to point a note;  
 Thy learning, to make sizers stare;  
 Thy spirit, to lampoon a play'r.

Resolved to vent satiric spite,  
 Yet, pre-determined not to fight,  
 This TEUCER of the pigeon-hole  
 Seeks a dark place to save his poll;  
 Then darts his poison'd shafts below,  
 With little vigour in the bow.

Without one manly, gen'rous aim,  
 Thine, is an effervescent fame:  
 Pungent, and volatile, and smart,  
 Distill'd from vitriol of the heart,  
 Thy verse throws round its spitter-spatter,  
 The acid flash of soda water;  
 No juice divine, no racy drop,  
 That flames and mantles in the cup,  
 And shows the soil from whence it came,  
 Warm'd with the pure Phœbean beam.

Will the soft wing of flying Time  
 Drop odour on such stinging rhyme?

O! not for such, the hallow'd bays,  
 To mem'ry dear, when life decays.  
 Not such the verse of taste and truth,  
 The vi'let sweet of primy youth;  
 Youth, that with flag of hope unfurl'd,  
 Walks forth, amidst a garden world,  
 Beholds each blossom of delight,  
 Fair to the sense, and full in sight,  
 While pleasure flows from ev'ry part,  
 And genial nature swells the heart.

Such scenes our youthful bard annoy,  
 He blights each bursting bud of joy;  
 The laurel round his temple strays,  
 To drop its poison, not its praise.

Such venom in the early page,  
 What will the *virus* be in age?

A sat'rist, in his vernal years,  
 Like the first foe to man, appears,  
 When on the tree of life he sate,  
 And croak'd out Eden's coming fate,  
 Her blossoms to be tempest-tost,  
 And Paradise for ever lost.

Trust me, thy marriage with this Muse,  
 Not long will drop hyblean dews;  
 Swiftly must change his honey'd moon,  
 Who woos and weds the low lampoon;  
 Swift shall his moon decrease and fall,  
 Succeeded by a moon of *gall*.  
 The bile, tho' *splendid*, by degrees  
 Becomes the cynic's sore disease,  
 Works to the heart, corrodes unseen,  
 And makes his breast the cave of spleen;  
 Till, by a sort of moral trope,  
 The coxcomb turns a misanthrope;  
 His ruling maxim, and his fate,  
 Hated by all, and all to hate.

Where'er he comes, his atmosphere  
 Turns the sweet smile into a sneer;  
 The quick and ardent sp'rit of love  
 Congeals, and can no longer move;



Chill'd to the source of genial heat,  
 The pulse forgets its mirthful beat,  
 The flush of pleasure leaves the cheek,  
 The palsied tongue wants power to speak;  
 The Graces quit their mazy dance,  
 And stand, appall'd, in speechless trance:  
 The voice of music, at its height,  
 Its airy wheel, and circling flight,  
 Drops, disconcerted, and distress,  
 And sinks into its silent nest:  
 All Nature dreads the caustic power,  
 And beauty closes up her flower!

Take, then, in time, the wiser part,  
 Pluck this ill habit from the heart;  
 Cast off thy wreath of Aconite,  
 From cynic, change to parasite;  
 In velvet sheath-conceal thy claws,  
 And, with soft flatt'ry, purr applause!  
 Employ thy pen in prittle-prattle,  
 And still be snake—but drown thy rattle!  
 For Satire still, with all his cant,  
 Has more or less of sycophant.

Come forth, and dare the searching Sun,  
 Nor, like the base assassin, run;  
 Nor still remain, as now thou'rt seen,  
 The monster of a Magazine!

So shalt thou rise to worldly fame,  
And borrow a sublimer name  
Than now you share with Johnson's wife,  
A POISONER of the BREAD of LIFE.

# JUVENAL,

## EIGHTH SATIRE.

—  
 “*Stemmata quid faciant.*”

SAY, ye who perch on lofty pedigree,  
 What fruit is gather'd from the parchment tree?  
 Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the skies,  
 From root plebeian its first glories rise;  
 What then avails, when rightly understood,  
 The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?  
 Through the long gall'ries pictur'd walk to tread,  
 And, pompous, ponder on the mighty dead,  
 Where greatness rattles in some rotten frame,  
 And the moth feeds on beauty's fading flame.  
 O'er the pale portrait, and the noseless bust,  
 Oblivion strews a soft sepulchral dust;  
 The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,  
 And one sublime of soot envelopes all.

What could the trophied lye to HOWE atone  
 For British honour mortgag'd with his own?  
 His nightly cares and watchings, to sustain  
 A bank at pharo, and a chess-campaign?  
 While WOLFE, on high, in pictur'd glory, lies,  
 The cry of “vict'ry!” hails, and, smiling, dies!

Dare COURTENAY claim the honours of his kind?  
 The pompous lineage shames the pigmy mind.  
 His coat armorial, chalk'd upon the floor,  
 Costs what would satiate a thousand poor;  
 Well pleas'd the Peer, one moment to amuse,  
 Then yields the pageant to the dancer's shoes?

Base born such men, though fill'd with regal blood,  
 The truly noble are the truly good;  
 And he whose morals through his manners shine,  
 May boast himself of the Milesian line.  
 Let plain humility precede his Grace,  
 Let modest merit walk before the mace:  
 Office and rank are duties of the mind,  
 The rights they claim, are debts they owe mankind;  
 And not a voice among the nameless croud,  
 That may not cry, "'Tis I who make them proud."

To rule strong passions with a calm controul,  
 To spread around a sanctity of soul,  
 That meets, serene, the fame of public strife,  
 And perfumes every act of lesser life;  
 Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,  
 That household God which consecrates the heart,  
 Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded dome,  
 To rest within an humbler, happier home;  
 Behold the GENTLEMAN—confess'd and clear,  
 For Nature's patent never made a Peer,

The mean ennobled, nor adorn'd the base;  
 Merit alone, with her creates a race.

Conspicuous stars, in chart of hist'ry plac'd,  
 To clear the dreary, biographic waste,  
 In their own right, they take their seats sublime,  
 And break illustrious through the cloud of time.

From nicknam'd curs these titles first began—  
 A Spaniel, Cato—then my Lord, a Man.  
 The self-same irony was fram'd to suit  
 The fawning biped, and the fawning brute;  
 While Pompey snores upon my Lady's lap,  
 The infant Lordling feeds, or starves, on pap.  
 Puppies well-bred, are Cæsar'd into fame,  
 And TOMMY TOWNSEND takes great SIDNEY's name;  
 Still as the name grows soil'd, and gathers dirt,  
 They shift their title, as they change their shirt;  
 Some newer honour makes them white and fair,  
 SIDNEY soaps TOM, and JACK is cleans'd by CLARE!  
 But how could wash of heraldry efface  
 The name of BURKE, and dignify disgrace!  
 Could peerage blazon o'er the pension'd page,  
 Or give a gloss to ignominious age!  
 Himself, the prime corrupter of his laws,  
 Himself, the grievance which incens'd he draws;  
 Not to be blam'd, but in a tender tone,  
 Not to be prais'd, but with a heart-felt groan,

He lives, a lesson for all future time,  
Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.

O! why is genius curs'd with length of days?  
The head still flourishing, the heart decays;  
Protracted life makes virtue less secure,  
The death of wits is seldom premature.

Quench'd too by years, gigantic JOHNSON'S zeal,  
The unwieldy elephant was taught to kneel;  
Bore his strong tower to please a servile court,  
And wreath'd his lithe proboscis for their sport.

Of BURKE and JOHNSON fly th' opprobrious fame,  
And, if you seek the glory—dread the shame.  
The much prais'd Press, has made abortive men;  
The hand Herculean lifts the puny pen;  
For clang of armour, and for deeds sublime,  
Much pointed period, much syllabic chime.

Return to him, from whom our Satire springs,  
Rich in the blood of concubines and kings,  
With greatness rising from a grandsire's bone,  
And bastard honour from a bastard throne.  
His turgid veins the true succession shows,  
Th' imperial purple flames—upon his nose.  
“Avaunt!” he cries, “ye vulgar and ye base,  
Learn the prerogatives of royal race;

From YORK and LANCASTER, conjoin'd, I come,  
Sink down, ye dregs, I float at top—the scum!”

Yet grant that some, the lowest of the throng,  
Have known the right, as well as felt the wrong;  
That he who rul'd, with iron rod, the skies,  
And at whose feet the broken sceptre lies;  
He too, whose daring democratic pen  
Gives common sense once more to common men,  
Who smiles at genius in confusion hurl'd,  
And, with light lever, elevates the world;  
Grant, that such men, the Adams of their line,  
Spring from the earth, but own a sire divine;  
While you, with ancestry around you plac'd,  
In bronze or marble, porcelain or paste;  
May rise at death, to alabaster fame,  
And gain the smoke of honour, not the flame.

Thus far for him, the proud inflated Lord,  
With father concubin'd, and mother whor'd!  
In all so high in rank, or man, or woman;  
No sense so rare, as what we call the common.  
Scorning that level, they ascend the skies,  
Like the puff'd bag, whose lightness makes it rise;  
Titles and arms the varnish'd silk may bear,  
Within—'tis nought but pestilential air.

What's honour?—Virtue to its height refin'd,  
The felt aroma of the unseen mind,

That cheers the senses, tho' it cheats the sight,  
And spreads abroad its elegant delight.

Turn from the past, and bring thy honours home—  
Thyself the ancestor, for times to come.  
Not the low parasite who prowls for bread,  
So mean as he who lives upon the dead,  
From some dried mummy draws his noble claim,  
Snuffs up the fœtor, and believes it fame.

Be just, be generous, self-dependent, brave ;  
Think nothing meaner than a titl'd slave ;  
Coolly resolved to act the patriot part,  
Join SIDNEY's pulse to RUSSEL's generous heart :  
With proud complacence stand, like PALMER, pure,  
Or, with mild dignity of honest MUIR,  
Before the brazen bulls of law, and hear  
The savage sentence, with a smile severe ;  
A smile that deems it mercy to be hurl'd,  
Where one may tread against the present world.

What is life, here—its zest and spirit gone,  
The flower faded, and its essence flown ?  
What precious balm, what aromatic art,  
Can cleanse pollution from the public heart ?

Better to make the farthest earth our home,  
With Nature's commoners at large to roam,



Than join this social war of clan to clan,  
Where civil life has barbariz'd the man.

Behold yon ISLE—the glory of the West,  
By Nature's hand, in lively verdure drest,  
How to the world it spreads its harbour'd side,  
And proudly swells above th' Atlantic tide;  
Where to the Ocean, Shannon yields his store,  
And scorns the channel of a subject shore.  
Green meadows spread—resplendent rivers run—  
A healthy climate, and a temperate sun.  
There—misery sits, and eats her lazy root,  
There—man is proud to dog his brother brute!  
In sloth, the genius of the Isle decays,  
Lost in his own, reverts to former days,  
Yet still, like Lear, would in his hovel rule,  
Mock'd by the madman, jested by the fool!

There, meet th' extremes of rank ; there, social art  
Has levell'd mankind by the selfish heart.  
There, no contented middle rank we trace,  
The sole ambition—to be rich and base.  
Some, o'er their native element, elate,  
Like ice-form'd islands, tow'r in frozen state;  
Repel all nature with their gelid breath,  
And what seems harbour, is the jaw of death;  
The wretched mass beat down the struggling mind,  
Nor see, nor feel their country, nor their kind;

But bow the back, and bend the eye to earth,  
 And strangle feeling in its infant birth;  
 Through all, extends one sterile swamp of soul,  
 And fogs of apathy invest the whole.

Thrice blest in fate, had STRONGBOW never bore,  
 His band of robbers to green ERIN's shore!  
 In savage times, the seat of learning known,  
 In times refin'd, itself the savage grown;  
 Left to herself, she of herself had join'd  
 Surrounding nations, in the race of mind  
 With them, work'd off the rough barbarian soul,  
 With them, progressive to a common goal.  
 Her petty chieftains, conquer'd by the throne,  
 For common interest, while it meant its own;  
 By law, at length, the King to people chain'd,  
 His duties modell'd, and their rights maintain'd,  
 From strong collision of internal strife,  
 Had sprung an energy of public life,  
 (For pain and travail that precede the birth,  
 Endear sweet freedom to the mother earth,)  
 Then man had rais'd his spacious forehead high,  
 Lord of himself, the sea, the soil, the sky;  
 Twin'd round his sword the wreath of civic art,  
 And prov'd the wisdom of a fearless heart:  
 No penal code had then impal'd the land—  
 No stranger Court, no King at second hand.

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## VERSES

TO THE BROOK OF BORROWDALE, IN CUMBERLAND,

BY D\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*.

1777.

*I have ventured, without permission, to adorn these pages with the following Verses, and Epitaph, which were written many years ago by a beloved friend, who would have taken his place among the very first poets of the age, had he not rather chosen to become its first philosopher.*

ADIEU! ye rocks, and thou sweet vale,  
 Where winds the Brook of Borrowdale:  
 With ling'ring steps, and sorrowing heart,  
 From your sequester'd scenes I part.  
 Adieu! sweet Brook; with crystal tide,  
 Still o'er thy pebbled channel glide,  
 And slowly pour thy stream serene,  
 Through woody dells, and vallies green:

Let other waters rudely sweep  
 The cliffs abrupt of yonder steep;  
 From useless noise acquire a name,  
 And rise by violence to fame.  
 These to survey, with idiot stare,  
 Let Fashion's wond'ring sons repair;

Admire the torrents of Lodore,  
 So steep the fall—so loud the roar;  
 And ring the nauseating chime,  
 Of cliffs, and cataracts sublime!

Be thine, sweet Brook, an humbler fate;  
 Court not the honours that await  
 The rude, the violent, the proud,  
 And scorn the wonder of the crowd.

Ye Naiads! who delight to lave  
 Your lovely forms in this pure wave,  
 Long o'er its peaceful banks preside,  
 And guard its inoffensive tide;  
 Lest yon tall cliff, whose summit gray  
 E'en now o'erlooks its darken'd way,  
 Should headlong rush, with gath'ring force,  
 And violate its tranquil course:  
 Or, if so undeserv'd a fate  
 Should e'er my lovely Brook await,  
 With gentle hands its current lead,  
 Along the flow'ry, fav'ring mead,  
 And yield it to some channel's care,  
 With bed as smooth, and banks as fair;  
 Where, shelter'd from the ruffling gale,  
 The streams may steal along the vale,  
 And safely reach th' enchanted ground,  
 Which Keswick's awful hills surround.

There, slowly winding, let them stray  
Along the scarcely sloping way,  
Till, tir'd at last, their current dead,  
They sink into their destin'd bed;  
And, shelter'd by yon flow'ry brake,  
Mix, silent, with the peaceful lake.

These blessings, lovely Brook, be thine,  
Such be thy course—and, such be mine !

## EPITAPH

ON AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY,

BY THE SAME.

A LINGERING struggle of misfortune past,  
 Here patient Virtue found repose at last:  
 Unprais'd, unknown, with cheerful steps she stray'd  
 Thro' life's bleak wilds, and fortune's darkest shade;  
 Nor courted fame to lend one friendly ray,  
 To gild the dark'ning horrors of the way.

When, fir'd with hope, or eager for applause,  
 The hero suffers in a public cause,  
 Unfelt, unheeded, falls misfortune's dart,  
 And fame's sweet echoes cheer the drooping heart.  
 The patriot's toils immortal laurels yield,  
 And death itself is envied in the field.

Hers was the humbler, yet severer fate,  
 To pine, unnotic'd, in a private state;  
 Hers were the suff'rings which no laurels bring,  
 The generous labours which no muses sing,  
 The cares that haunt the parent and the wife,  
 And the still sorrows of domestic life.

What, tho' no pageant, o'er her humble earth,  
Proclaim the empty honours of her birth!  
What, tho' around no sculptur'd columns rise,  
No verse records the conquests of her eyes!  
Yet here shall flow the poor's unbidden tear,  
And feeble age shall shed his blessings here:  
Here shall the virtues which her soul possess'd,  
With sweet remembrance sooth a husband's breast:  
And here, in silent grief, shall oft repair  
The helpless objects of her latest care,  
Recall her worth, their adverse fate bemoan,  
And, in a mother's woes, forget their own.

## GLEN DALLOCH.

1802.

---

TH' enchantment of the place has bound  
 All Nature in a sleep profound;  
 And silence of the ev'ning hour  
 Hangs o'er GLEN DALLOCH'S hallow'd tow'r;(a)  
 A mighty grave-stone, set by Time,  
 That, 'midst these ruins, stands sublime,  
 To point the else-forgotten heap,  
 Where princes and where prelates sleep;  
 Where Tuathal rests th' unnoted head,  
 And Keivin finds a softer bed:  
 " Sods of the soil" that verdant springs  
 Within the sepulchre of kings.

HERE—in the circling mountain's shade,  
 In this vast vault, by Nature made,  
 Whose tow'ring roof excludes the skies  
 With savage Kyle's stupendous size;  
 While Lugduff heaves his moory height,  
 And giant Broccagh bars the light;  
 Here—when the British spirit, broke,  
 Had fled from Nero's iron yoke,  
 And sought this dreary dark abode,  
 To save their altars and their God.



From cavern black, with mystic gloom,  
 (Cradle of Science, and its tomb,)

Where Magic had its early birth,  
 Which drew the Sun and Moon to earth,  
 From hollow'd rock, and devious cell,  
 Where Mystery was fond to dwell,  
 And, in the dark and deep profound,  
 To keep th' eternal secret bound,  
 (Recorded by no written art,  
 The deep memorial of the heart,)

In flowing robe, of spotless white,  
 Th' Arch-Druid issued forth to light;  
 Brow-bound with leaf of holy oak,  
 That never felt the woodman's stroke.  
 Behind his head a crescent shone,  
 Like to the new-discover'd moon;  
 While, flaming, from his snowy vest,  
 The plate of judgment clasp'd his breast.  
 Around him press'd the illumin'd throng,  
 Above him rose the light of song;  
 And from the rocks and woods around  
 Return'd the fleet-wing'd sons of sound.

"MAKER OF TIME! we mortals wait  
 To hail thee at thy Eastern gate;  
 Where, these huge mountains thrown aside,  
 Expands for thee a portal wide.  
 Descend upon this altar, plac'd  
 Amidst Glendalloch's awful waste:

So shall the pæan of thy praise  
 Arise, to meet thy rising rays,  
 From Elephanta's sculptur'd cave,  
 To Eiren, of the Western wave;  
 And the rejoicing earth prolong  
 The orbit of successive song:  
 For we by thy reflection shine—  
 Who knows our God, becomes divine.

“But ah! what dim and dismal shade  
 Casts this strange horror o'er the glade,  
 Causes e'en hearts of brutes to quake,  
 And shudders o'er the stagnant lake?  
 What demon, enemy of good,  
 Rolls back on earth this night of blood?  
 What dragon, of enormous size,  
 Devours thee in thy native skies?  
 O, save thy children from his breath,  
 From chaos, and eternal death!”

The Druid mark'd the destin'd hour—  
 He mounted slow yon sacred tow'r;  
 Then stood upon its cap sublime,  
 A hoary chronicler of time;  
 His head, amidst the deathful gloom,  
 Seem'd Hope, new-risen from the tomb;  
 And, while he rais'd to Heav'n his hand,  
 That minister of high command

The terrors of the croud repress'd,  
 And smooth'd their troubl'd wave to rest—  
 Then spoke—and round the pillar'd stone  
 Deep silence drank his silver tone.

“ He, who, from elemental strife,  
 Spoke all these worlds to light and life,  
 Who guides them thro' th' abyss above  
 In circles of celestial love,  
 Has this vast panorame design'd  
 A mirror of th' eternal mind.  
 To view of superficial eyes,  
 In broken points this mirror lies :  
 And knowledge, to these points apply'd,  
 Are lucid specks of human pride.  
 From beams of truth distorted, cross'd,  
 The image of our God is lost.  
 Those, only those become divine,  
 Who can the fractur'd parts combine :  
 Nature to them, and them alone,  
 Reflects from ev'ry part but ONE ;  
 Their eagle eye, around them cast,  
 Descries the future from the past.  
 Justice will not annihilate  
 What Goodness did at first create.  
 The mirror, sully'd with the breath,  
 Suffers slight change—it is not death  
 That shadows yon bright orb of day :  
 See! while I speak, the orient ray

Breaks, sudden, thro' the darksome scene,  
 And Heav'n regains its blue serene.  
 And soon the mild propitious pow'r  
 Which consecrates the ev'ning hour,  
 Shall bend again her silver bow,  
 Again her softer day shall throw,  
 Smooth the dark brow of savage Kyle,  
 And grim Glendalloch teach to smile.  
 Now, Druids, hail the joyous light;  
 Fear God—be bold—and do the right."

He ceas'd—their chorus, sweet and strong,  
 Roll'd its full stream of sainted song.

"O! fountain of our sacred fire,  
 To whom our kindred souls aspire,  
 (Struck from the vast chaotic dark,  
 As from these flints we strike the spark,)  
 Thou Lord of Life and Light and Joy,  
 Great to preserve, but not destroy,  
 On us, thy favor'd offspring, shine!  
 Who know their God must grow divine.  
 And when thy radiant course is done,  
 Thou, shadow of another sun,  
 Shalt fade into his brighter sky,  
 And time become eternity."

But past, long past, the DRUID reign;  
 The CROSS o'ertopt the Pagan fane.

To this remote asylum flew  
 A priesthood of another hue;  
 More like the raven than the dove,  
 Tho' murm'ring much of faith and love.

A lazy sullen virtue slept  
 O'er the dull lake : around it crept  
 The self-tormenting anchorite,  
 And shunn'd th' approach of cheerful light;  
 Yet darkly long'd to hoard a name,  
 And in the cavern grop'd for fame.  
 Where Nature reign'd, in solemn state,  
 There Superstition chose her seat;  
 Her vot'ries knew, with subtle art,  
 Thro' wond'ring eyes to chain the heart;  
 By terrors of the scene, to draw  
 And tame the savage to their law,  
 Then seat themselves on Nature's throne,  
 And make her mighty spell their own.  
 The charming sorc'ry of the place  
 Gave Miracle a local grace;  
 And, from the mountain-top sublime,  
 The Genius of our changeful clime  
 A sort of pleasing panic threw,  
 Which felt each passing phantom true.

E'en at a more enlighten'd hour  
 We feel this visionary pow'r;

And, when the meanest of his trade,  
 The ragged minstrel of the glade,  
 With air uncouth, and visage pale,  
 Pours forth the legendary tale,  
 The Genius, from his rock-built pile,  
 Awful, looks down, and checks our smile.  
 We listen—then a pleasing thrill  
 Creeps thro' our frame, and charms our will,  
 'Till, fill'd with forms fantastic, wild,  
 We feign—and then become the child.

We see the hooded fathers take  
 Their silent circuit round the lake:  
 Silent—except a wailful song,  
 Extorted by the leathern thong.

Cronan, Cornloch, Lochaun, Doquain,  
 Superiors of the servile train,  
 Envelop'd in their cowls, they move,  
 And shun the God of Light and Love.

Who leads the black procession on?  
 St. Keivin's living skeleton,  
 That travels through this vale of tears,  
 Beneath the yoke of six score years;  
 Sustains his step a crozier wand;  
 Extended stiff one wither'd hand,  
 To which the blackbird flew distress'd,  
 And found a kind protecting nest;

There dropt her eggs, while outstretch'd stood  
The hand—till she had hatch'd her brood!

Hark! what a peal, sonorous, clear,  
Strikes, from yon tow'r, the tingling ear!  
(No more of fire the worship'd tow'r;  
The holy water quench'd its pow'r.)  
And now, from every floor, a bell  
Tolls Father Martin's funeral knell,  
Who slipt his foot on holy ground,  
And plung'd into the lake profound;  
Or, by the load of life oppress'd,  
Sought refuge in its peaceful breast.

What!—Did not, peace-delighted, dwell  
The hermit of the mountain cell?

No—'twas a cage of iron rule,  
Of pride and selfishness the school,  
Of dark desires, and doubts profane,  
And harsh repentings, late, but vain;  
To fast—to watch—to scourge—to praise  
The golden legend of their days;  
To idolize a stick or bone,  
And turn the bread of life to stone;  
Till, mock'd and marr'd by miracles,  
Great Nature from her laws rebels,  
And man becomes, by monkish art,  
A prodigy—without a heart.

No friend sincere, no smiling wife,  
 The blessing and the balm of life;  
 And Knowledge, by a forg'd decree,  
 Still stands an interdicted tree.  
 —Majestic tree! that proudly waves  
 Thy branching words, thy letter leaves;—  
 Whether, with strength that time commands,  
 An oak of ages, Homer stands,  
 Or Milton, high-topt mountain pine,  
 Aspiring to the light divine;  
 Or laurel of perennial green,  
 The Shakespear of the living scene,—  
 Whate'er thy form—in prose sublime,  
 Or train'd by art, and prun'd by rhyme,  
 All hail, thou priest-forbidden tree!  
 For God had bless'd, and made thee free.  
 God did the foodful blessing give,  
 That man might eat of it, and live;  
 But they who have usurp'd his throne,  
 To keep his Paradise their own,  
 Have spread around a demon's breath,  
 And nam'd thee Upas, tree of death.  
 Thy root is Truth, thy stem is Pow'r,  
 And Virtue thy consummate flow'r.  
 Receive the circling nations' vows,  
 And the world's garland deck thy boughs.

From the bleak Scandinavian shore  
 The DANE his raven standard bore:



It rose amidst the whit'ning foam,  
 When the fierce robber hated home;  
 And, as he plough'd the wat'ry way,  
 The raven seem'd to scent its prey;  
 Outstretch'd the gloomy om'nous wing,  
 For feast of carnage war must bring.  
 'Twas HERE the Christian savage stood,  
 To seal his faith in flame and blood.  
 The sword of midnight murder fell  
 On the calm sleeper of the cell.  
 Flash'd thro' the trees with horrid glare  
 The flames—and poison'd all the air.  
 Her song the lark began to raise,  
 As she had seen the solar blaze;  
 But, smote with terrifying sound,  
 Forsook the death-polluted ground;  
 And never since, these limits near,  
 Was heard to hymn her vigil clear.

This periodic ravage fell,  
 How oft our bloody annals tell!  
 But, ah! how much of woe untold,  
 How many groans of young and old,  
 Has Hist'ry, in this early age,  
 Sunk in the margin of her page,  
 Which, at the best, but stamps a name  
 On vice, and misery, and shame.

Thus flow'd in flames, and blood, and tears,  
 A lava of two hundred years;

And tho' some seeds of science seen,  
 Shot forth, in heart-enliv'ning green,  
 To clothe the gaps of civil strife,  
 And smooth a savage-temper'd life,  
 Yet soon new torrents black'ning came,  
 Wrapt the young growth in rolling flame,  
 And, as it blasted, left behind  
 Dark desolation of the mind.

But now no more the rugged North  
 Pours half its population forth;  
 No more that iron-girded coast  
 The sheath of many a sworded host,  
 That rush'd abroad for bloody spoil,  
 Still won on hapless Erin's soil,  
 Where Discord wav'd her flaming brand,  
 Sure guide to a devoted land;  
 A land, by fav'ring Nature nurs'd,  
 By human fraud and folly curs'd,  
 Which never foreign friend shall know,  
 While to herself the direst foe!

Is that a friend, who, sword in hand,  
 Leaps, pond'rous, on the sinking strand,  
 Full plum'd, with ANGLO-NORMAN pride—  
 The base adult'rer by his side  
 Pointing to Leinster's fertile plain,  
 Where (wretch!) he thinks once more to reign?

Yes, thou shalt reign, and live to know  
 Thy own, amid thy country's woe!  
 That country's curse upon thy head,  
 Torments thee living, haunts thee dead;  
 And, howling thro' the vaults of Time,  
 E'en now proclaims and damns thy crime:  
 Six cen'tries past, her curse still lives,  
 Nor yet forgets, nor yet forgives  
 DERMOD, who bade the Normans come  
 To sack and spoil his native home.

Sown by this traitor's bloody hand,  
 Dissension rooted in the land;  
 Mix'd with the seed of springing years,  
 Their hopeful blossoms steep'd in tears—  
 And late posterity can tell  
 The fruitage rotted as it fell.

Then Destiny was heard to wail,  
 While on black stone of INISFAIL  
 She mark'd this nation's dreadful doom,  
 And character'd the woes to come.  
 Battle, and plague, and famine, plac'd  
 The epochs of th' historic waste;  
 And, crowning every ill of life,  
 Self-conquer'd by domestic strife.

Was this the scheme of mercy, plann'd  
 In ADRIEN's heart, thro' HENRY's hand,

To draw the savage from his den,  
 And train the IRISHRY to men,  
 To fertilize the human clay,  
 And turn the stubborn soil to day?  
 No—'twas two Englishmen, who play'd  
 The mast'ry of their sep'rate trade:  
 Conquest was then, and ever since,  
 The real design of priest and prince;  
 And, while his flag the king unfurl'd,  
 The father of the Christian world  
 Bless'd it, and hail'd the hallow'd deed—  
 For none but SAVAGES would bleed;  
 Yet, when these savages began  
 To turn upon their hunter, man—  
 Rush'd from their forests, to assail  
 Th' encroaching circuit of the pale—  
 The cause of quarrel still was good;  
 The ENEMY must be subdued.

Subdued! The nation still was gor'd  
 By law more penal than the sword;  
 Till Vengeance, with a tiger start,  
 Sprang from the covert of the heart.  
 Resistance took a blacker name,  
 The scaffold's penalty and shame;  
 There was the wretched REBEL led,  
 Uplifted there the TRAITOR's head.

Still there was hope, th' avenging hand  
 Of Heav'n would spare a hapless land;

That days of ruin, havoc, spoil,  
 Would cease to desolate the soil;  
 Justice, tho' late, begin her course,  
 —Subdued the lion law of force.

There was a hope, that, civil hate  
 No more a policy of state,  
 Religion not the tool of pow'r,  
 Her only office, to adore—  
 That Education, HERE, might stand,  
 The harp of Orpheus in her hand,  
 Of power t'infuse the social charm,  
 With love of peace and order warm,  
 The ruder passions all repress'd,  
 And tam'd the tigers of the breast,  
 By love of country and of kind,  
 And magic of a master mind.

As from yon dull and stagnant lake  
 The streams begin to live, and take  
 Their course thro' Clara's wooded vale,  
 Kiss'd by the health-inspiring gale,  
 Heedless of wealth their banks may hold,  
 They glide, neglectful of the gold,  
 Yet seem to hope a Shakespeare's name  
 To give *our* Avon deathless fame;  
 So, from the savage barren heart,  
 The streams of science and of art  
 May spread their soft refreshing green,  
 To vivify the moral scene.

O, vanish'd hope!—O, transient boast!  
 O COUNTRY, gain'd but to be lost!  
 Gain'd by a nation, rais'd, inspir'd,  
 By eloquence and virtue fir'd,  
 By trans-atlantic glory stung,  
 By GRATTAN's energetic tongue,  
 By Parliament that felt its trust,  
 By Britain—terrify'd, and just.  
 Lost—by thy chosen children sold;  
 And conquer'd—not by steel, but gold:  
 Lost—by a low and servile great,  
 Who smile upon their country's fate,  
 Crouching to gain the public choice,  
 And sell it by their venal voice.  
 Lost—to the world and future fame,  
 Remember'd only in a name,  
 Once in the courts of Europe known  
 To claim a self-dependent throne.  
 Thy ancient records torn, and tost  
 Upon the waves that beat thy coast;  
 The mock'ry of a mongrel race,  
 Sordid, illiterate, and base.  
 To science lost, and letter'd truth;  
 The genius of thy native youth,  
 To Cam or Isis glad to roam,  
 Nor keep a heart or hope for home:  
 Thy spark of independence dead;  
 Thy life of life, thy freedom, fled.

Where shall her sad remains be laid?  
Where invoke her solemn shade?

HERE be the mausoléum plac'd,  
In this vast vault, this silent waste;—  
Yon mould'ring pillar, 'midst the gloom,  
Finger of Time! shall point her tomb;  
While silence of the ev'ning hour  
Hangs o'er Glendalloch's ruin'd tow'r.

## NOTE ON GLENDALLOCH.

(a) *Hangs o'er GLENDALLOCH's hallow'd tow'r.*

GLENDALLOCH, or Glyn of the Double Lake, is situated in Wicklow, a County which presents an abridgement of all that is pleasing in Nature. This particular Glyn is surrounded on all sides, except to the East, by stupendous mountains, whose vast perpendicular height throws a gloom on the vale below, well suited to inspire religious dread and horror. It has, therefore, been, from the most distant times, haunted with those spectres of illusive fancy, which delight to hover in the gloom of ignorance and superstition. It is said to have been an asylum of the Druids, who fled from Roman tyranny. It was afterwards the refuge of the Monks, who established there a different religious rule, in which mind and body were bound in the same bondage of five years' silence, severe fasts, obedience unto death; and this lake became their dead sea. Here, however, was the school of the West, an ark that preserved the remains of literature from the deluge of barbarism which overspread the rest of Europe. Here, the ancient Britons took refuge from the Saxons, and the native Irish from the incursions of the Danes. On the round tower of Glendalloch was often blown the horn of war. Amidst a silent and melancholy waste, it still raises its head above the surrounding fragments, as if moralizing on the ruins of our country, and the wreck of its legislative independence. We think of MARIUS, when he said to the lictor, "Go, and tell that you have seen Marius sitting on the *ruins* of Carthage!"



TO

S\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*,

WITH KOTZEBUE'S PLAYS.

**A** MUSE that pleases, without rule or art,  
 The child of Nature, and an honest heart;  
 That fears on Fancy's wings too far to roam,  
 Rapt in the sweet concentred bliss of home:  
 A foreign Muse, (though nothing, said or sung,  
 To me seems foreign, save the heartless tongue,)  
 Thy D\*\*\*\*\* sends—his zest for reading flown,  
 Ev'n tears seem selfish when they're shed alone.  
 No voice to praise, no darling SARAH near,  
 No lip of love to catch the falling tear;  
 No neck inclining to the soft caress,  
 No eye to glisten, and no hand to press;  
 No mouth to meditate the matron kiss,  
 While the heart palpitates for nameless bliss;  
 No sigh for something future, unpossess'd,  
 No smile that says—be with the present bless'd!

If sorrows double when we feel alone,  
 And pleasure palls, if only felt by one;  
 If sympathy still makes the suff'ring less,  
 And, by dividing, adds to happiness;

If Earth meets Heav'n but by partaken bliss,  
 And Heav'n grows brighter Heav'n, when Angels kiss:  
 Oh! then, sweet SARAH, hasten to his arms  
 Who shares thy joys, will soothe thy soft alarms!  
 On whom thy trembling confidence may rest,  
 That flutt'ring bird which beats within thy breast,  
 And fears, yet longs, to leave the parent nest.

Oh! come to him, who, in the husband's name,  
 Has father's, mother's, sister's, brother's claim!  
 And if 'tis duty that alone can move,  
 The first of duties is the law of love.  
 The law that circumscribes both earth and skies,  
 Forms but a wedding ring of ampler size,  
 Where em'rald stars and diamond suns combine,  
 To grace a finger of the hand divine—  
 That law, that ring, my SARAH, makes thee mine.

Oh, may our little ring, within the larger, found,  
 Share the same fate, the same immortal round;  
 And if attachment e'er should lose its force,  
 Then, Nature, break thy ring, and keep the long divorce!

TO

S\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*\*,

WITH A RING.

EMBLEM of happiness; not bought, nor sold,  
 Accept this modest RING of virgin gold.  
 Love, in the small but perfect circle, trace,  
 And duty in its soft, tho' strict embrace.  
 Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;  
 Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.  
 Connubial life disdains a fragile toy,  
 Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;  
 Nor much admires, what courts the gen'ral gaze,  
 The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,  
 That hides, with glare, the anguish of a heart  
 By nature hard, tho' polish'd bright—by art.  
 More to my taste, the ornament that shows  
 Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows.  
 Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind  
 To all correct, to one discreetly kind.  
 Of simple elegance, th' unconscious charm—  
 The holy amulet to keep from harm;  
 To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,  
 Take this dear pledge, it makes, and keeps thee—MINE.

TO

S\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*\*,

WITH A BRANCH OF SWEET-BRIAR.

How sweet, how short is beauty's power!  
A passing, partial grace,  
In bud, in blossom, and in flow'r,  
In female form or face!

But when the flow'r pervades the tree,  
The likeness is complete,  
Between *this* fragrant shrub and thee—  
For *every* leaf is sweet.

## MY FATHER.

WHO took me from my mother's arms,  
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,  
 Show'd me the world, and nature's charms?

MY FATHER!

Who made me feel, and understand,  
 The wonders of the sea and land,  
 And mark, through all, the Maker's hand?

Who climb'd with me the mountain's height,  
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,  
 While rose the glorious orb of light?

Who, from each flow'r and verdant stalk,  
 Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,  
 And fill'd the long delightful walk?

Not on an insect would he tread;  
 Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,  
 Who taught, at once, my heart and head—

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,  
 And taught the high, heroic theme,  
 That nightly flash'd upon my dream?

Who smil'd at my supreme desire  
 To see the curling smoke aspire,  
 From Ithaca's domestic fire?

Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,  
 High on the raft, amidst the foam,  
 His head uprais'd to look for home?

“What made a barren rock so dear?”—  
 “My boy, he had a country there!”  
 And who, then, dropt a prescient tear?

Who now, in pale and placid light  
 Of mem'ry, gleams upon my sight,  
 Bursting the sepulchre of night?

O! teach me still thy Christian plar,  
 For practice with thy precept ran,  
 Nor yet desert me, now a man—

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,  
 With charm of thy angelic voice;  
 Still prompt the motive and the choice—

For yet remains a little space,  
 Till I shall meet thee face to face,  
 And not (as now) in vain embrace,

MY FATHER!

W. D.

1806.

AND now, with a pencil impartial, though kind,  
Let me picture myself, from the mirror of mind.

What a deep tint of gravity saddens that face!  
A smile evanescent, a light'ning grace,  
Endeavours by fits, but in vain, to illumine,  
And more clearly reveals constitutional gloom.  
Yet, to confidence open, and cordial, and bland,  
In this gay burst of sunshine, his feelings expand;  
But once chill'd by distrust, he then scorns to explain,  
Nor a doubt to disperse, would a sentiment feign.

Most social, alone; but alone in the croud,  
With candour, reserved, and with diffidence, proud;  
His manners so cold, so repulsive, so shy,  
One might think that the fountain of feeling was dry;  
Yet his nature was soft—situation alone  
Can make petrified water seem absolute stone;  
But no sooner is felt the elective attraction,  
Than it quick re-dissolves into tears of affection.

Man of taste, more than talent; not learn'd, tho' of letters;  
His creed without claws, and his faith without fetters;

But full plum'd with hope and with charity, soars,  
Or, mutely expectant, confides, and adores.

Still shrinking from praise, tho' in search of a name,  
He trod on the brink of precipitate fame;  
And stretch'd forth his arm to the beckoning form,  
A vision of glory, which flash'd thro' the storm;  
INDEPENDENCE shot past him in letters of light,  
Then the scroll seem'd to shrivel, and vanish in night;  
And all the illumin'd horizon became,  
In the shift of the moment, a darkness—a dream.

The world he knew well, yet he felt some disdain  
To turn such a knowledge to traffic and gain;  
The GENTLEMAN scrupled to call to his aid  
The craft of a calling, and tricks of a trade.  
To live on the public, and live at your ease,  
To retain independence, yet pocket the fees,  
Is a problem, which, tho' he threw down in despair,  
May prove easy to him who the circle can square.

No lithe interloper, no courteous encroacher,  
No practice detailer, no puffer, no poacher,  
He valued too lightly the skill he possess'd,  
But the world seem'd to think he must know himself best.

Thus ling'ring thro' life, 'tween profession and will,  
The most lib'ral of arts seem'd a livery still;



And whenever the sky or the case grew o'ercast,  
 He fear'd he should die an "old woman" at last;  
 For he saw, thro' the medico-magical art,  
 The "old woman" kept hold of the popular heart;  
 And whome'er she sent forth on a medical mission,  
 The light of her cauldron first smok'd the physician;  
 Till credulity gap'd for the wonderful cures,  
 Which mystery magnifies, while it obscures.

Then, he long'd, (how he long'd!) tho' it were to his ruin,  
 To toss the old beldame into her own brewing;  
 For "honest and sober" to get a discharge,  
 And walk forth a gentleman, free and at large.  
 (Romantic disclaimer of patient and pelf,)  
 A king o'er ten acres, a sovereign of self.

In a classical cot, that retires to be seen,  
 Of a clear cheerful white, deep embosom'd in green,  
 Where not a mere taste doth embellish the ground,  
 But a certain morality breathes all around,  
 And seems to unite, in diminutive plan,  
 The graces of nature, and merit of man;  
 As to picture its owner the spot were design'd,  
 Not his hand, not his purse—but his feelings, his mind;  
 The order, the neatness, the quiet, impress'd  
 On the scen'ry around, which now reign in his breast.

O'er his wide garden-world, sole dictator to stand,  
 And no landlord to own, but the Lord of all land;

While his trees seem to triumph in sentiment too,  
And wave to the town an indignant adieu!

With his boys at his knees, and with HER at his side,  
For six years his wife, and the same years his bride;  
Thro' the months of these years not one moon made of gall,  
Her good-nature and cheerfulness honey'd them all:  
And with HER, who, in conduct and counsel, doth blend  
The Sister, the Parent, Minerva, and Friend,  
Through a circle of years, (both their bright and dark days,)  
His best inspiration, his trust, and his praise:  
And with HER, who through life has so quietly mov'd,  
So secretly fear'd, and so silently lov'd,  
Thus to sit, fancy-crown'd, in an arbour of ease,  
While his boys, like his blossoms, drink health from the breeze,  
Their cheeks rosy-red with ingenuous shame,  
A colour most priz'd by the high Spartan dame.

No pale academics, of classical art,  
With pert premature head, and cold cucumber heart;  
But evolv'd by degrees, while they brighten in bloom,  
And affection exhales its enchanting perfume.  
The home-bred attachment most deeply impress'd,  
Will make Country's bare name beat a drum in the breast;  
Early prejudice plants what ripe reason will prove,  
And authority binds by the kisses of love;  
Till Duty will feel it her dearest delight,  
To speak all the truth, and to act all the right.

This—this is to save what of life we can save,  
And the heart of the parent shall pant in the grave!

Thus, enough in the world to know well for whom made,  
And enough in the sun, for to shine in the shade;  
Enough, too, of life, when in children renew'd,  
Its estimate made, and its end understood,  
As survey'd from the summit of full fifty years,  
It meander'd along thro' its hopes and its fears;  
Till at last it expands in a lake's placid breast,  
Where the image of Heaven seems willing to rest;  
A mirror of life, and a moral, it shows,  
As serenely it heaves in its hallow'd repose.

## TO THE AUTHOR OF A LIBEL

ON A RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

SUCH *was* the pow'r of hidden worth,  
    Within a stranger land,  
A Viper, which the heat brought forth,  
    Dropt, harmless, from the hand!

Such *is* the pow'r of secret spite,  
    That had there been apply'd  
To thee the same envenom'd bite,  
    The *Serpent* must have died!

# HYMNS.



## HYMNS.



### HYMN I.



O THOU, who, from thy Heav'n of Love,  
To man in mercy came,  
And took, descending from above,  
His nature and his name;

HUMANITY, thou sent of God,  
When earth was heard to mourn,  
To trace the steps our Saviour trod,  
And wait till his return!

Here, Angel Virtue! shake thy plumes;  
Their incense here impart;  
And wing the willing hand, that comes  
With succour from the heart.

FAITH, at thy side, shall close attend,  
And point her golden rod;  
While HOPE, still bright'ning to the end,  
Here seeks her parent God.

O God! may these three graces bind  
In one resplendent zone,  
The destinies of human-kind,  
And hang them to thy throne.



## HYMN II.

WHY does the will of Heav'n ordain  
 A world so mix'd with woe?  
 Why pour down want, disease, and pain,  
 On wretched men below?

It was the will of God to leave  
 These ills for man to mend,  
 Nor let affliction pass the grave,  
 Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties  
 The human race to bind;  
 To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,  
 With pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the Heav'nly bow,  
 On darkest cloud doth shine,  
 And makes, with a celestial glow,  
 The human face divine.

Where Mercy takes her 'custom'd stand,  
 To bid her flock rejoice,  
 'Tis there, with grace extends the hand,  
 There, Music tunes the voice.

And he who speaks in Mercy's name,  
 No fiction needs, nor art;

The still, small voice of Nature's claim,  
Re-echoes through each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,  
There God is seen, is found;  
Descends upon the hallow'd head,  
And sheds a glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,  
Which doth not active prove;  
Nor will the prayer of Faith avail,  
Without the works of Love.

## HYMN III.

O SWEETER than the fragrant flow'r,  
 At ev'ning's dewy close,  
 The will, united with the pow'r,  
 To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain  
 Of music to the ear,  
 The placid joy we give and gain,  
 By gratitude sincere.

The husbandman goes forth a-field,  
 What hopes his heart expand!  
 What calm delight his labours yield!  
 A harvest—from his hand!

A hand that providently throws,  
 Not dissipates in vain;  
 How neat his field! how clean it grows!  
 What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,  
 And culture of the heart,—  
 Shall this, with men, less favour find,  
 Less genuine joy impart?

O! no—your goodness strikes a root  
 That dies not, nor decays,

And future life shall yield the fruit,  
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that now expand  
Their green and tender leaves,  
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land,  
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestow'd,  
May perfect Heaven's high plan;  
First daughter to the love of God,  
Is Charity to Man.

'Tis he, who scatters blessings round,  
Adores his Maker best;  
His walk through life is mercy-crown'd,  
His bed of death is blest.

## HYMN IV.

IN this fair globe, with ocean bound,  
 And with the starry concave crown'd,  
 In earth below, in Heav'n above,  
 How clear reveal'd, that God is Love!

I seem to hear th' angelic voice,  
 Which bless'd the work, and bade, " Rejoice!"  
 It vibrates still from ev'ry part,  
 And echoes through my grateful heart.

In God all creatures live and move,  
 " Motes in the sun-beam of his love ;"  
 Vast Nature quickens in his sight,  
 Existence feels, and new delight.

Thro' glad creation's ample range  
 Rolls on the wheel of ceaseless change:  
 The Phœnix renovates his breath,  
 Nor dreads destruction, ev'n in death.

From ashes of this world, sublime  
 Beyond the reach of thought or time,  
 On wings of faith and hope he soars,  
 And " Truth in Love" eternally adores

HYMN V.

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**T**HE Heav'n of Heav'ns cannot contain  
The Universal Lord;  
Yet He, in humble hearts, will deign  
To dwell, and be ador'd.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice  
Of fervent praise and pray'r,  
Or on the earth, or in the skies,  
The Heav'n of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,  
Through realms, through worlds unknown:  
Who seeks the mercies of his God,  
Is ever near his throne.

## HYMN VI.

ALL Nature feels attractive pow'r,  
 A strong embracing force;  
 The drops that sparkle in the show'r,  
 The planets in their course.

Thus, in the universe of mind,  
 Is felt the law of love,  
 The charity, both strong and kind,  
 For all that live and move.

In this fine sympathetic chain,  
 All creatures bear a part;  
 Their ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain,  
 Link'd to the feeling heart.

More perfect bond, the Christian plan  
 Attaches soul to soul;  
 Our neighbour is the suffering man,  
 Though at the farthest pole.

To earth below, from Heav'n above,  
 The faith in Christ profess'd,  
 More clear reveals that God is Love,  
 And whom he loves is blest.

Lo! how the Sun, at glorious dawn,  
 The whole horizon fills,  
 When, all the starry host withdrawn,  
 He mounts the Eastern hills!

## HYMN VII.

“LET all the creatures of this earth  
 Or hail thy smile, or dread thy frown!”  
 Nature exclaim’d, when man had birth,  
 And on his cradle plac’d her crown.

“This globe be subject to thy tread,  
 Yon stars to thy command;  
 Be thine the all-contriving head,  
 And all-performing hand!”—

So Nature spoke, with voice benign,  
 When, from her blackest cave,  
 Bigotry yell’d, “A share be mine,  
 From cradle to the grave!”

The Sun of Reason then began  
 To set, eclips’d in blood;  
 And HE, alone, can rescue man,  
 Who first pronounc’d him good.

“Let there be light!”—’twas spoke, and light  
 Broke radiant from above;  
 O for that word, through mental night,  
 To speak the light of love!



**EPITAPHS.**



# EPITAPHS.



## EPITAPH

ON

MRS. RAINEY,

OF GREENVILLE, COUNTY DOWN.



THE light of mem'ry, struggling thro' the gloom,  
Awakes to life the tenant of this tomb;  
Restores each mild, majestic, matron, grace,  
Dwells on the form, and lingers on the face;  
In strong delusion, waits to hear her speak,  
And sees the bloom just mantling o'er the cheek:  
Her mind recalls—the varied loveliness,  
The pow'r to warm, to harmonize, to bless;  
The tranquil constancy in acting right,  
And the fine sense of elegant delight;

Her breast by duty warm'd, by goodness grac'd,  
While round it play'd the lambent flame of taste.  
Hers, every charm that could in courts prevail—  
Her charm, and choice, to steal along the vale.  
Hers, the full sweetness of domestic life,  
The friend, the daughter, sister, mother, wife—  
The WIFE!—O! thou, whom most my soul desires,  
In whom I liv'd, with whom my bliss expires;  
In vain does mem'ry pierce this mortal gloom,  
Thy husband sees, and only sees—the TOMB.

## IN MEMORY

OF

ADAIR CRAWFORD, M.D. F.R.S.

*The following inscription was proposed for a monument of Dr. Crawford, to be erected under the patronage of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, a design, like many promises of the kind, never realized by performance. Gilbert Wakefield gave a far better inscription.*

A MAN of great virtue, and intellectual worth;

He had a heart always devoted

To the practice of moral duty;

And an understanding always intent

On the discovery of useful truth.

He possessed that patience of research,

And that boldness of investigation,

Which are necessary to penetrate into the nature of things;

And he united to these qualities,

An unaffected purity of manners,

That sanctify'd the man,

And adorned the philosopher;

Imitating the sublime simplicity of that nature he delighted

to explore.

Various and comprehensive knowledge,

Was in him wisely applied

u

To the analysis of the elements,  
 To the explanation of the most important animal functions,  
 And to the cure or mitigation of diseases.

With the diffidence of a true philosopher,  
 With the gentleness of real christianity,  
 The candour of his countenance  
 Spoke the truth before it was articulated from his lips;  
 And the latent fire of his generous spirit,  
 Broke forth at the approach of tyranny, vice, or irreligion.

His death may be deemed premature:  
 Yet he lived to enlarge the limits of human knowledge,  
 And to complete the circle of social duty:

An obedient son,  
 An affectionate brother,  
 An endearing husband,  
 A fond father,  
 An independent citizen,  
 And a steady friend.

He was born at \* \* \* \* \* in Ireland,  
 in the year 17—  
 and died in London,  
 in the year 17—

## EPITAPH

ON

M. D.

BORN JUNE 3d, DIED SEPT. 16—1805.

SHORT was thy day, sweet babe! but this will give  
 A longer space of Heav'nly life to live.  
 Yet, with delight, you drew your balmy breath,  
 And the first pain you seem'd to feel, was—death.  
 Nor death itself could violate thy face,  
 Its pleas'd expression, and its placid grace.  
 I now commit thee to a mother's breast,  
 Where thou shalt sleep, and wake—to be more blest;  
 New beams of meaning kindle in thine eyes,  
 And a new world excite their glad surprise.  
 Soon, by your side, shall rise a rustic tomb,  
 And the turf heave, to give a parent room.  
 Enough, to consecrate this humbler bier,  
 Thy infant innocence—his gushing tear.

IN MEMORY  
OF  
JOHN CAMPBELL,

OF BELFAST, MERCHANT.

*Died, 1804, æt. 75.*

'Tis not the heap of dust this tomb contains,  
This wreck of nature forms not his remains;  
But truth and worth, plain, simple, and sincere,  
By friends long felt, now hallow'd with their tear;  
And manners mild, affectionate, and kind,  
The faithful mirror of the candid mind.  
Temp'rate and prudent, regular and just,  
His guardian care still active in its trust.  
Sparing in words, and speaking in the deed,  
No narrow sect pal'd in his Christian creed.  
Deed without show, his evangelic plan,  
He worship'd God, by doing good to man.  
In peace, he pass'd his rev'rend length of days,  
Nor courted, nor contemn'd the public praise;  
But Mem'ry, careful of the good man's fame,  
A civic wreath, here, twines around his name;  
And still in death that fond affection bears,  
Which grac'd his life, and crown'd his silver hairs.  
These, the remains that burst the narrow room,  
Live, and come forth from CAMPBELL's humble tomb.



EPITAPH  
ON A CHURCH-YARD.

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THE good, and great, and wise, lie here,  
So LIES are circled every where;  
There, through the walks of life abound,  
And, here, encumber all the ground.

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AN EPITAPH  
TO LET.

---

A MAN of sterling worth lies here,  
Worth—full three thousand pounds a year

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## THOMAS DRENNAN.

THE Spring returns,—but not to thee, sweet boy!  
 Glides o'er thy grave her animating breath;  
 Nature awakes to light, and life, and joy!  
 —No vernal warmth can pierce the bed of death.

Beside thee, blush'd, upon the winter snows,  
 Charming the eyes, nor dreading swift decline,  
 At Spring's return then died, the kindred rose,  
 As if its tender life were knit with thine.

Clos'd the fair promise of thy op'ning year,  
 Thy early blossoms, thy affections kind;  
 Soft smiles evolving from the heart sincere,  
 And sweet developement of beauteous mind.

A mind, by manners, more than words, express'd;  
 Social, yet secret; resolute, tho' mild;  
 Truth set her seal upon his candid breast,  
 And character was stamp'd, while yet a child

I saw my father pictur'd in my son;  
 His life, I hop'd, would glide as smooth away;  
 And when the calm, sequester'd course was run,  
 The morn and eve, might make one sabbath day.

Placid, benign, contemplative, and pure,  
 Such was my father, such wert thou, my child!

Thy flow'r, I hop'd, would bear *his* fruit mature,  
 Thy happy morn attain his ev'ning mild.

But vain, for thee, these hopes to Heav'n exhal'd,  
 Tho' watch'd, beside, with twice maternal care;  
 Nor force of nature, skill of art, avail'd,  
 Nor stranger's blessing, nor the poor man's pray'r.

As from the small, remotest star, descends  
 The momentary speed of light divine,  
 Th' angelic nature, thus, with mortal, blends,  
 And, thus, thy spirit, may converse with miné.

Where lov'd in life, and humanly ador'd,  
 Here, let thy presence shed a sainted grace;  
 Thy courteous form to these known walks restor'd,  
 Be its good Genius still, and sanctify the place!

*Cabin-Hill, 1812.*

---

THE HARP, our glory once, but now our shame,  
Follow'd my Country's fate, and slept without a name!  
Angelic ERIN brush'd it with her wings—  
Surpris'd by sudden life, the trembling strings  
Faintly gave forth one recollective strain,  
Then sought the quiet of the Tomb again!

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**PIECES IN PROSE.**



## PIECES IN PROSE.



### CHARACTER OF

## ALEXANDER HENRY HALIDAY, M.D.



**D**IED, on the — day of April, 1802, aged 72, **ALEXANDER HENRY HALIDAY, M.D.**; a gentleman, who, for the space of half a century, illustrated his native town of Belfast, by a character distinguished for private worth, consistent public spirit, much elegant accomplishment, and high professional reputation.

Of all the liberal professions, that of medicine is perhaps the most liberal. No one which, in a more eminent degree, combines the useful and the amiable qualities, the solid talents which dignify, and the sweet courtesies which decorate character. No one which supplies more ample opportunity of forming a true estimate of human life, of appreciating the weakness and the worth of human nature. No one, which, in a political point of view, has maintained, amidst the sel-

fishness of sects, and the intrigues of factions, a more virtuous independence and dignified impartiality. The general remark has never had a truer application, than in the life, conduct, and conversation of Dr. Haliday.

Of his professional merits, the profession itself must supply the most adequate judges, but the public at large may perhaps form as true an estimate, from the long popularity which, as a practitioner of physic, he possessed, not merely in his native town, but throughout the whole province of Ulster; a popularity, neither made, nor maintained by any sinister arts, by the patronage of the higher ranks, nor by the puffing of the lower, but the well earned fruit of an excellent education, engrafted on an excellent understanding. His successful and extensive practice was the natural and necessary result of a shrewd and sagacious intellect, always kept in a state of highest cultivation by the habit of reading and reflection, by joining the inquisitiveness of the student to the experience of years, and especially by a disposition of mind which desired to keep pace with the progress of science, and the medical art, and never, from pride or indolence, rejected improvement under the invidious name of innovation.

His exterior announced intrinsic worth. His art of healing commenced with infusing the faith of being healed. He possessed a mild and gracious dignity of manner, which commanded respect, while it conciliated confidence. How often has his presence instilled hope into the heavy heart!—How often have those black and ill-omened ideas, that evil genius which strangely haunts even the most virtuous minds, felt the influence of his aspect, and fled from the benignity of his smile! How often have affectionate relatives, when bereft of all other hope, looked out with a last anxious hope for a visit from Dr. Haliday! In propriety, in probity, in assiduity, in natural ability, and acquired endowment, few have better sustained the comprehensive character of an accomplished physician.



His talents and attainments were far from being confined within the circle of his profession, though they were never allowed to interfere with his duties. His powers in conversation, so generally admired, were the product of a great sociability of nature, and a quick discernment, rendered still more acute by native wit, lively without libertinism, and sportive without sarcasm. His wit was a salt that highly seasoned the pleasures of the table, without any corrosive malignity. He loved to play with words, as Scipio and the good Lælius are said to have diverted themselves with pebbles. In fact, he possessed all those various and versatile qualities, which render conversation interesting and delightful—good sense, facility of thought, taste, fancy, a knowledge of the world, a turn for agreeable anecdote, a happy frivolity, an easy and graceful vivacity. A man of such a mind and such manners naturally became the real resident representative of his native town. On every public occasion, when Belfast wished to place itself in the most respectable point of view to visitors, distinguished by rank, station, or talent, Dr. Haliday, at the head of the table, was in his appropriate place; and his guests, however eminent, never failed to find in the physician of a country town, an urbanity of manners, a variety of information, a happy and opportune wit, a just tone and *timeing* in whatever he said, which set him, at the least, on a level with those who possessed patents of dignity, or high official situation.

Thomas Hollis purchased the bed on which Milton died, and sent it as a present to Dr. Akenside, with a hope that it might prompt him to write an ode to the sublime assertor of British liberty. Dr. Haliday seems to have occupied the bed of Akenside. He wrote several poems with similar vigour of sentiment, and fire of public spirit; but it must be added, with the same, if not greater harshness of diction and ill-constructed stanza. Politics and poetry are seldom in happy conjunction; and he seems to have argued in verse, and reasoned in rhyme.

rather more than is suited to poetry, and particularly to the poetry of the lyre.

In his political principles he was a genuine Whig; not understanding by that denomination, the mere factionary of a powerful party, but the hearty hater of arbitrary power, whether exercised by individuals or by parties; the zealous, yet judicious advocate of civil and religious freedom; the strong upholder of those popular principles which form the living spirit of the British constitution, and, which, at different periods, have called forth all the heroism of British story. It was at the civic commemoration of those illustrious epochs, in which Haliday gave his head and heart to the social celebration, while he supported at the same time the just prerogatives of the crown, as perfectly compatible with the original and ultimate sovereignty of the people. If the British constitution be a medium between republicanism and despotism, I will not scruple to assert that Haliday approached nearer to the former extreme. Nurtured under the philosophy of Hucheson, and early inspired by the poetry of Akenside, the study of the former gave him that chastity of the moral sense which binds political and personal duty in the same strict tie of honesty and honour; and the divine muse of the latter, threw that sacred flame of liberty into his breast, which burned while he continued to exist. In the principles of civil and religious liberty he lived, and in them he died. They were the bond of his youthful friendships, and they consolidated the attachments of his maturer years. These were the associating principles of Maclaine, Bruce, Wight, and Plunket; the principles of the venerable Camden, and the amiable Charlemont; of the untitled Stewart, and the unpensioned Burke. These were the principles which gained him the confidence and correspondence of that great and good man, Henry Grattan; and the same principles led him to regard Charles Fox as the tutelary genius of the British constitution.

Dr. Haliday's character was completed by what is perhaps

to be deemed the best man's best praise; the grace and goodness of domestic life, its uniform cheerfulness, its inestimable equanimity. To a most amiable woman, he was a husband at once polite and tender, affectionate and respectful; to his dependents, a kind protector; and to all his relatives, a guide and guardian, an ever ready friend, and an adopted father.

Farewell, venerable and virtuous! admired, beloved, and honoured, for wit, and worth, and wisdom. You have closed your reverend length of days, but your name will long live in hallowed remembrance; by me, ever to be regarded with filial reverence, for kind condescension, for paternal admonition, for friendly recommendation, and for life repeatedly restored.

THE  
JEWELS OF CORNELIA.

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“SEE!” said the mother of the Gracchi to a Roman lady—she happened to be a lady of high distinction, of a patrician family; so indeed was Cornelia, but she married a plebeian. The lady had called on Cornelia for the single purpose of dazzling her eyes with the display of a diamond neck-lace she had that morning received from her husband. She was the childless wife of the Ædile Lucretius Vespillo. Cornelia at the time had two boys, Tiberius and Caius. The neck-lace had been disclosed. Cornelia requested her to stop for a little. The boys were sent for; they entered without bowing their heads; they ran to their mother.—Tiberius took her by the hand, and Caius clasped his arms around her neck. She pressed him to her happy heart, and “See,” said the mother of the Gracchi, “these are *my* jewels. Lo! this is *my* neck-lace.” The lady put up hers in the casket, and, with a sort of smile, hastily took her leave. Cornelia remained at home.

Happy, or hapless mother! which shall I call thee! Daughter of Scipio, the first Africanus, mother-in-law of Scipio, the second Africanus, and, better than both, as the wish of thy heart is to be called, “Mother of the Gracchi;” but of thy twelve children, nine have died in infancy or early youth—and of those remaining, Tiberius shall be the buckler of the people, and thy Caius, now caressing thee, shall be the sword of the people—in vain; for the people will, in the last extremity, desert them. They shall be murdered by Romans. Their mangled bodies shall float upon the Tiber. Hapless

mother! was I about to say; but thy awful magnanimity, thy matron majesty, have repressed me. I still see thee happy, and when thou hearest of the sanctuaries in which thy darling sons were slain, I see thee elevating thy arms, and exclaiming, "THEY WERE TOMBS WORTHY OF THE GRACCHI!"

For what were those men slain? They were slain, for attempting to preserve the genuine spirit of the constitution, and for wishing to make the happiness of the mass of the people, the foundation for the safety of the state. Rome was split into two parties; parties which divide the world at this moment—the rich and the poor; all other distinctions are nominal—this alone is real. Strange as it ought to sound, the people were obliged to act as a party, and the commonwealth was a monopoly. The rich, by various means, got possession of the lands destined by the constitution and the law for the subsistence of the poor, and purchased by the sweat of blood. They were not only dispossessed of their property, but were not suffered even to cultivate as labourers, the ground they had held as proprietors; slaves were preferred to citizens—aliens to natives.

Tiberius, one of the jewels of Cornelia, had then attained manhood—and a man he was, most pure in private life, ripe in the powers of his mind, fixed in the purposes of his heart; adorned with every virtue which nature in her bounty, and education in her care, could pour down on the head of humanity. "Antistia?" said the President of the Senate, on entering his house,—“I have just now promised our daughter Claudia in marriage.” “Why in such haste?” said the astonished mother, “have you promised her to Tiberius Gracchus?” This young man had just returned from the siege of Numantia, where the great Scipio (accursed be such greatness!) had, with the help of sixty thousand men, cooped up and starved four thousand brave men, for only refusing to be slaves, for fighting in defence of their

wives, their children, and their liberty; which, in despair of maintaining, they set fire to their own houses, and every living creature, dying by famine, fire, or the sword, left the victor of Numantia nothing to triumph over, but a name. Scipio felt as a Roman; Tiberius as a man. "Joyless triumph!" said he to himself, "Woe to that glory which can boast only of its battles! Scipio has acquired a name for destroying men who would die rather than be slaves; let my better ambition be the emancipation of slaves who long to be men." He had crossed Hetruria. He had seen the fields without other husbandmen and labourers, than aliens and slaves, without affection for the republic, without interest in its preservation, without encouragement to have children, without means of educating them. He returned to Rome; he ascended the rostrum—

"The wild beasts of Italy," said he, (Virtue took her seat on his majestic brow, and he began in the high tone of strenuous liberty)—"the wild beasts of Italy have at least the shelter of the den and the cave. The people, who have exposed their lives in your defence, are allowed nothing but the light and the air; these were gifts of Heaven—on earth, I swear, they have nothing. They wander up and down, with their wives and little ones, without a house, without the comfort and consolation of a home. And our generals mock the soldiery; they exhort them, before battle, to fight for their sepulchres, and household gods. Where are they? Among all this number of Romans, who has a domestic altar? Who, at this hour, possesses the burial-place of his fathers? They live, they fight, they die, to maintain you and yours in superfluities that satiate, in luxury that sickens; and the Roman people are stiled conquerors of the globe in which they have not a single foot of ground, except *that* on which they stand in the field of battle. I wish to revive those regulations which may, in one stroke, destroy ambition and indigence, the power of corrupting on the one part, the inclination to be corrup-

ted on the other; I wish to crush the heads of that monstrous aristocracy, which sooner or later will conduct us once more to monarchic despotism.

“ It is the equalized distribution of lands, which raises a nation to power, and gives strength to its armies. Every individual has then an interest in the defence of his country. The avarice of some, and the profusion of others, has made our country a property of the few. Our soldiers are therefore few—our citizens are few; the slaves and artificers of luxury to the new proprietors, occupy the whole—a cowardly and abject population, corrupted by a luxurious city, corrupted by the arts they profess, without any country, with little to keep, and little to lose.

“ I wish not to make poor men rich, but to strengthen the Republic by an increase of useful members: I wish not an equality, but an “*equability*” of property, that the laws should not complot with the wealthy against the weak, but should tend in an opposite direction to balance against excessive wealth; to promote the circulation of happiness through the *whole* community; to put a staff in the hand of indigence, to support it under its burthen. If property be in itself power, why add to it the power of government? A republic of the *rich*! A country for the *ædile*, the *quæstor*, the knight, the senator, the consuls! Liberty for the civil mercenary! As such I account these fingering artists, these hireling labourers of the land. The milk of our common mother is bitter in their mouths. We have aliens from other countries; we are become aliens in our own country. He who has not some land, has no country. Sweet is the least spot of cultivable ground; sweet to say, ‘ Here is a fixed fortune for my family. I planted those trees, I trained up these vines; there, in that hallowed spot, is the burial-place of my fathers—there shall I one day repose by their side!’ Yes! I say it loudly, it is the cultivator of his own ground, and he alone it is, who has pro-

perly a country; who is tied to it by the heart-strings; who is always as able as willing to defend it; and who alone can maintain you all in the impotence of pecuniary opulence, by the superfluity of his substantial wealth. These miserable artizans, these heart-broken hirelings, are—men; as such, I pity them, their fate I deplore, but I will never call them Romans. Their morals are to sell themselves to the highest bidder; their health is poisoned by confinement, or excessive and irregular labour: their happiness is precarious and fortuitous; their touch is contamination, and their suffrage is infamy.

“ I demand the enforcement of the Licinian law, limiting the possession of the conquered lands to five hundred acres. I demand it for the sake of the rich, as well as the poor; for the honour, interest, and stability of the republic, and (why should I conceal it!) for my own glory. Octavius, my colleague and friend, you are a wealthy man, you possess much of these lands, you resist my purpose; will you accept of my personal fortune (I wish *now* it were larger,) as a compensation for what you may lose by the execution of the law? O! believe me, you travel in a clandestine path to power. I wish to travel the high road with my equals. Virtue is the strength, as well as the glory of manhood. It is the courageous and unconquerable soul of the Roman republic!”

In such manner spoke the Jewel of Cornelia, and the law *was* re-enacted.

The faction of the rich behaved like the wife of Vespillo; Calumny distilled her poison upon him. It is the lot of him who dares be singularly good. “ It is envy of Scipio,” says one; “ It is his mother’s ambition,” said another; “ He is a disturber of the *public peace*,” said Nasica; “ He is seditious, for he has rebelled from the party of the Senate,” whispered Cicero—Cicero, that fine genius, that common soul, that tongue of a man, always agitated about himself,



and who would save the republic, only to boast of the action. "Let us assassinate his character!" said those of high distinction; "Let us assassinate himself!" said these hirelings. He heard of their intention, he carried a dagger under his robe, but the shiney point was exposed to public view, and seemed to say, "Let me die in honourable defence, not by the treachery of an assassin!"

He persevered in the course of patriotism with unabated ardour; he got a law passed for lessening the number of years that soldiers were obliged to serve; another for establishing the last appeal to the people; another for dividing the judicial power in civil causes between the Knights and the Senate, which was, before, judge in its own cause. In fine, he desired the tribuneship a second year, to ratify and put in practice these laws.

On the day of election, he was about to repair to the capitol; unlucky omens were reported; he dreaded none in his country's cause. Cornelia trembled, but was silent. He hastened to the assembly; the people burst into shouts of joy and applause. Soon after, a friend rushed through the crowd—"The rich and the great in the Senate have conspired to murder you!" "Gird up your gowns," cried Tiberius, "and stand on your defence as well as unarmed men can.—People," cried he, "your defenders are in danger, this head is in danger;" and he touched it with his hand. The people fled. "He demands a crown!" said some scoundrel, and hurried to the Senate. Scipio Nasica, a great landholder, and *proprietor of men*, flaming with wrath, cries, "Let those who regard the republic, and the *public peace*, follow me." The Senate, their clients, their slaves, armed with clubs, ran furiously to the Capitol; they broke through the pusillanimous populace, (they were not a people!) slew three hundred, and murdered Tiberius!—The Senate of Rome first spilled the blood of the Roman people; first had recourse to arms, and slaughter; and as-

sassinated, before the Temple of Jupiter, a magistrate, whom the law had declared sacred and inviolable.

The dead body of Tiberius Gracchus was cast into the Tiber. The people beheld it. The wife of the Ædile Lucretius Vespillo was passing by—"Lo!" she said, "one of the JEWELS OF CORNELIA!"

Cornelia had still another—it was CAIUS.

## TRANSLATION OF

## A LETTER

FROM MARCUS BRUTUS, TO MARCUS TULLIUS  
CICERO.

WHICH IS EMINENTLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MEN AND  
OF THE TIMES.



**A**TTICUS sent me an extract of your letter to Octavius Cæsar.—You have been so long my faithful friend, that I can receive little *new* pleasure in reading your expressions of regard for my general welfare, and solicitude for my personal safety. I am so accustomed to hear of what Cicero has said, or of what he has done, to serve my interest, or exalt my character, that such proofs of friendship have lost the freshness of novelty, and I am come to look on them as things of course, mere occurrences of the day. I am, on this account, the less able to bear the pain which this part of your letter has given me, that relates to us, and to our cause.

When you express your gratitude to Octavius, in such a fulsome detail of cringing adulation, (I feel my cheeks redden as I write—the rank and station of a republican recoil at the idea—recommend our lives to *him!* as well recommend to him the daggers with which we stabbed his uncle,)—when you are thus eager in paying homage, and in imploring clemency, do you not, as it were, mount the rostrum to declare that it is in vain for us to remove the masterdom, while you are resolved to keep the master?—And is not Cicero transformed into a lictor, who lays down the fasces of the empire at the feet of a boy?

Recollect the words you have written, and, if you dare, deny, that they pre-suppose, on the one part, the impotence of the slave, and, on the other, the self-sufficiency of the tyrant. One request, you say, must be made, one supplication, that he will not use those men ill, of whom the Roman world think well; that he will save such respected citizens. What! if he refuses to save us, shall we not be safe? Our right hands have taught us how. Better, indeed, to perish, than to find safety through him. I do not think—no, by the gods! by virtue, the god within me, whom I chuse to worship, I do not think that we of Rome have deserved so ill of Heaven, as to petition any inferior power for the safety of a single citizen; much less for the saviours of the world. I speak like a boaster; I should not do so, but to those who are as little acquainted with the measures of fear, as with the measures and limit of submission.

Can Cicero confess that Octavius is all-powerful, and yet be his flatterer and friend? Could Cicero bear to see Brutus reside in Rome, if, to reside in Rome, Brutus must intercede for passport and protection from this boy? Is this stripling to be made the subject of Cicero's panegyric, for willing, for suffering the breath of life to remain in our nostrils for graciously *conniving* at the life of a Roman? Is he conferring a favour, when rather than suffer Antony to tyrannize over us, he, with all humility, would chuse to play the tyrant himself? Were he the avenger of usurpation, not as he is, the mere vicegerent of an usurper, would you be found, at this time, to supplicate for men who have deserved of their country as we have done?

It was, in truth, a want of energy, a want of self-confidence, not confined to your breast, but diffused through the public mind, which instigated Cæsar to the wretched ambition of sovereignty; which, when he fell, stimulated Antony to make the dead body a foot-stool to raise himself

above his equals ; and which, at this moment, lifts up this young man to such an overweening height, that, with uplifted hands, and upturned eyes, you must propitiate his mercy for us—the mercy of a scarce-bearded boy, without which there can be no redemption ! But if some among us would, or if they *could* remember they were Romans, bold as these have been to rob us of our rights, they should meet with others as bold to vindicate them ; and though the crown of Cæsar might sparkle in the eyes of Antony, the wounds of Cæsar would burst out in his memory, and quell the madness of his heart. You, Cicero—you, who so illustriously avenged yourself on the enemies of your country, how can you bear, at one moment to recollect the deeds you have done, and in the next to approve of such men, and such measures ? to debase yourself into such lowliness, as even to have the *semblance* of approbation !

From whence sprung your enmity to Antony ? Was it from personal pique, or for the general good ? You said the latter. It was, you said, because he wanted to make *his* hand the sword of justice, and *his* heart the fountain of mercy. It was because he wanted to dole out rights and liberties to the very men from whom he had begged his life. It was because the weal or woe of the empire was to hang, as it were, by a hair of his head, to be blessed\* when he was in good humour, and to totter when he frowned. You called aloud, to arms. Why ? Was it that the Genius of Rome should rouse to vengeance—or was it that Cicero might gratulate a successor ? My eloquent friend turned sophist, to prove that it is good to serve, if we serve a good master ! If any master could be good, we might fare well, and fatten, in the service of so good a master as Antony. What, think you, would he deny to men whose *patience* was his sole ground of safety ? We might obtain every thing from his fears, except that, without which all is nothing,—liberty, and honour !

If we must talk of these things as if we were haggling in the market place about a bargain, how much, pray you, would our apathy and acquiescence *come to* in the estimate of this boy? who seems to think, forsooth, he ought to succeed Cæsar in nature, because he succeeds him in name. How much would he give us, were we content to live in peace? to grow fat and sleek, and shining? to lay up trash in coffers, and to divert ourselves with counters, and consular dignities?

But Cæsar had then been sacrificed in vain. In vain had I lifted this arm against the living Cæsar, if the dead Cæsar is to be a god, and we his idolaters—if his spirit be suffered to walk abroad, and migrate into other men! My sword, in this case, ought to have slept in its scabbard. May the gods blot out, and annihilate every feeling of my soul, rather than the one which, at this moment, prompts me to declare, (so far from suffering in this *second* Cæsar, what I disdained to suffer from the *first*,) that if he who begot me had done as Cæsar did, I should have done as I did; nor should it have saved him, had he cried aloud, “I am your father!” No, by Heaven! not he whom I call father, shall violate the laws, shall trample upon our liberties with impunity, while I have a being.

Is it possible, Cicero, you can suppose the state to be free, if the supporters of the state be obliged to skulk into holes and corners, when his countenance lowers, or to come abroad like reptiles, and sport in the sunshine of his favour? Not even Octavius, I tell you, my friend, *can* grant the prayer of your petition. You intercede for our safety; that is, you ask quarter for our lives,—insurance for the lives of slaves! Who will insure their lives of those who have lost their liberty, and stained their honour! But then, you say, we may reside in Rome. Liberty, my friend, has nothing local in it. It is not confined to the stone and marble of your capital. If I be free, I shall carry Rome along with me; and they are exiles *in* Rome, who can bear the contumelies or the courtesies of

a tyrant. In Greece, that title was fatal to the surviving family. But when this lad has insulted us, by adopting the very name of the late usurper, Cicero runs to recognize the name, gives the all hail! falls on his knees for the safety of those who had saved the state, and makes that state, once more, not merely a nominal, but a real, substantial slave, an abandoned, irredeemable slave, that kicks away the cap of liberty, and dances to the clank of his chains. If Cæsar himself, in his plenitude of power, felt what could be done by one or two resolute men, shall we now crouch to the sovereignty of his naked name? Rome appears to me like a huge unwieldy ox, goaded on by a boy. The name of Cæsar serves Octavius by way of goad, and the great animal moves along, unconscious of its strength, and patient of injury!

Never, therefore, from this hour, commend my safety to this Cæsar of yours. Never, if you love me, commend your own. You pay too high a price for a few years of frail and feverish life, if you purchase them with a single prostration at the feet of an equal. I should not wish that your enemies had it in their power to put such a vile construction on your prosecution of Antony, as to refer it to motives of personal fear, rather than to a regard for the common weal; and I should be sorry to see them urge this petition of yours, as one proof, that Cicero could contrive to bear tyranny, provided he had a tyrant *to his taste*. I applaud the boy, for the good you say he has done. If the *will be*, should resemble the *has been*, if it appear that his aim is to level upstart ambition, not to put his own in its place, I shall applaud him more. But if, on this account, you dress him up in the attributes of sovereignty, with the prerogative to pardon, or to punish, you compliment him rather too highly. I have no notion, Cicero, of handing over the common-weal to any person, by way of compliment.

Cicero, the man that writes to you, not only will not pray

for life, but, as far as he can, will hold down those that offer to do so for him. I am determined to banish your servile city; satisfied as I am, that wherever liberty is, there is Rome, there is my country. Yet sometimes I shall sigh, to think of those left behind, whom a fulness of years only renders more avaricious of life, a life drawn to the very lees, accounted more precious than honour, friendship, and fair fame. Happy in the home of my own heart, I shall think myself sufficiently rich in the debt of gratitude which the world owes, but has not paid me; and I shall glory in being the disinterested creditor of mankind. I know nothing sweeter than the memory of virtuous actions; nothing greater than the stern self-sufficiency of freedom. As to what has been done, it has been well done; as to what there is to do, I know what I shall do. Sunk as your city is, I shall not sink or succumb. I shall never be overruled by those who wish that others should rule over them. All things I will try, all things hazard; what will I not do, what not suffer, to raise up my fallen country a second time, and crown her with freedom? As to what will be, if fortune does as she ought to do, you shall all be happy—let her do as she chooses, I shall be happy. O, my friend! how can this little life of ours be so happily filled up, as when our every thought and action, our every word and work, are dedicated to the salvation of our country!

Cicero, dear Cicero! again and again do I beseech, do I implore you, to hold up your head and wrestle with difficulties like a man. Do not despond, do not despair! As you can be what you choose, be what you ought; keep watch and ward; set your face and lift your voice against those measures, nor suffer a single poisonous precedent to insinuate itself, pregnant with future evil. The boldest and brightest actions of your life will fade in the memories of men, if the tenor of that life be not, to the last, uniform and consistent.



The virtue that has done much, lays on itself an obligation to do more; and the benefits we confer on our country, are debts, for which the greatest and best are most accountable. That the consular Cicero should counteract Antony, with the same zeal with which the consul Cicero crushed Cataline, is no subject of surprise, for it only preserves the unity of the piece. But if the same Cicero would direct the thunderbolt of his eloquence with such energy and success against others, his former fame would sink in comparison, and the last dazzling act of the illustrious drama would be crowned with the plaudits of remotest generations! And surely, if ever one was fitted to be the guardian of the common weal, and patron of the people, by the endowments of nature, by high reputation, and by the concurrent opinion of the world, that one is—my friend.

A truce then, Cicero, with your paltry petitions, and memorialize me no longer. Rather retire into the sacred recess of your own great heart, as into that inmost apartment, where are placed our altars and household gods. There commune with the spirits of your ancestors, and be wrapt in the deeds of less degenerate days. Call up your own heroic acts, and let them stand, as it were, embodied before you, nor dare to come out to the world, until you can shew this sentence beaming on your breast:—"The people may, the people must be free, if the leaders of the people be ready, with head, and heart, and hand, to write, to speak, to act, and to suffer, in their cause!"

THE FIRST ORATION OF  
CICERO AGAINST CATALINE.

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CATALINE! how far art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long are we to be deluded by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop, in this career of unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium *nothing* in it to alarm you? the patrols throughout the city, *nothing*? the confusion of the people, *nothing*? the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, *nothing*? the guarded majesty of this assembly, *nothing*? and all the eyes that, at this instant, are rivetted upon yours, have they *nothing* to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets? and do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy revealed on the countenance of every man around? Your employment, on the last night; your occupations, on the preceding night; the place where you met; the persons who met—and the plot fabricated at the meeting; of these things, I ask not, who knows? I ask, who among you all is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or rather for mankind that thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this: the consul sees all this: and yet the man who sits there—lives. Lives! Aye—comes down to your senate-house; takes his seat, as counsellor for the common weal; and, with a deliberate destiny in his eye, marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient, to escape from his fury, to find an asylum from his sword.

Long, very long before this late hour, ought I, the consul,

to have doomed this ringleader of sedition to an ignominious death; ought I have to overwhelmed you, Cataline, in the ruins of your own machinations. What! Did not that great man, the High Priest, Publius Scipio, although at the time in private station, sacrifice Tiberius Gracchus for daring even to modify our constitution? And shall we, clothed as we are with the plenitude of consular power, endure this nuisance of our nation, and our name? Shall we suffer him to put the Roman Empire to the sword, and lay waste the world, because such is his horrid fancy? With the sanctions of so late a precedent, need I obtrude the fate of the innovator Spurius Melius, immolated at the altar of the constitution, by the hand of Servilius Ahala? There has,—yes! there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen, than on a national foe. Against you, Cataline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate—not the voice of the country—not ancient precedent—not living law: but we are wanting—I say it more loudly, we, the consuls themselves.

When the senate committed the republic into the hands of the consul L. Opimius, did presumptive sedition palliate the punishment of Caius Gracchus, or could his luminous line of ancestry yield even a momentary protection to his person? Was the vengeance of the executive power on the consular Fulvius and his children arrested for a single night, when similar power was delegated to the consuls C. Marius, and L. Valerius? Were the lives which the prætor Servilius, and the tribune Saturninus, had forfeited to their country, prolonged for a single day? But now, twenty days and nights have blunted the edge of our axes, and our authorities. Our sharp pointed decree sleeps, sheathed in the record—that very decree, which, a moment

after its promulgation, was not to find you a living man. You do live; and live, not in the humiliating depression of guilt, but in the exultation and triumph of insolence! Mercy, conscript Fathers, is my dearest delight, as the vindication of the constitution is my best ambition; but I now stand self-condemned of guilt in mercy, and I own it as a treachery against the state.

Conscript Fathers! a camp is pitched against the Roman republic, within Italy, on the very borders of Hetruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Cataline! should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment, but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed; and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Cataline, as to say you were not ripe for execution. You shall live, as long as there is one who has the forehead to say you ought to live; and you shall live, as you live now, under our broad and wakeful eye, and the sword of justice shall keep waving round your head. Without the possibility of hearing, or of seeing, you shall be seen, and heard, and understood.

What is it now you are to expect, if night cannot hide you, nor your lurking associates? if the very walls of your own houses resound with the secret, and proclaim it to the world? if the sun shines, and the wind blows upon it? Take my advice, adopt some other plan; wait a more favoura-

able opportunity for setting the city in flames, and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Yet, to convince you that you are beset on every side, I shall enter for a little into the detail of your desperations and my discoveries.

Do you not remember, or is it possible you can forget my declaration on the 21st October last, in the senate, that Caius Manlius, your life guards-man, and confidential bravo, would, on a certain day, take up arms—and this day would be before the 25th? Was I mistaken in the very day selected for a deed so atrocious, so apparently incredible? Did not I, the same man, declare, in this house, that you had conspired the massacre of the principal men in the state, upon the 28th? at which time they withdrew, for the sake of repressing your design, rather than on account of safety to themselves. Are you daring enough to deny your being, on that very day, so manacled by my power, so entangled by my vigilance, that you durst not raise your finger against the stability of the state? although, indeed, you were tongue-valiant enough to say, that you must even be content with the heads which the runaways had left you. What! with all your full-blown confidence of surprising Preneste in the night, on the 1st of November, did not you find *me* in arms at the gate? did you not feel *me* in watch on the walls? Your head cannot contrive, your heart cannot conceive a wickedness of which I shall not have notice; I measure the length and breadth of your treasons, and I sound the gloomiest depths of your soul.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you, that there is a good Genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is labouring to destroy? I aver that on that same night, you and your complotters assembled in the house of M. Lecca. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! Speak out, man! for if you do not,

there are some I see around me, who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great Gods! where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, **HERE**, Conscript Fathers! mixed and mingled with us all, in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly, are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives, the life of every virtuous senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate, and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down with the sword.

In the house of Lecca you were, on that night. Then and there did you divide Italy into military stations; did you appoint commanders of those stations; did you specify those whom you were to take along with you, and those whom you were to leave behind; did you mark out the limit of the intended conflagration; did you repeat your resolution of shortly leaving Rome, only putting it off for a little, as you said, until you could have the head of the consul. Two knights, Roman knights, promised to deliver that head to you before sun-rise the next morning: but scarcely was this Stygian council dissolved, when the consul was acquainted with the result of the whole. I doubled the guards at my house, and after announcing to a circle of the first men in the state (who were with me at the time) the very minute when these assassins would come to pay me their respects,—that same minute they arrived,—asked for entrance,—and were denied it.

Proceed, Cataline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny, and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a shame that the Manlian army should look out so long for

their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between thee and me; for at present you are much too near me. I will not suffer you. I will not longer undergo you. I give thanks to the immortal Gods, and especially to the God presiding in this temple, the guardian of the city, and stablisher of the state, for my past deliverance from this pest of the republic; but we now stand here as the Roman state, and whoever conspires against my person is the assassin of Rome. As long, Cataline, as your plot was levelled against the consul elect, I met you as man would meet such a man. I borrowed no safe-guard from government, but was my own protector. Even at the late consular comitia, when you designed to murder me, in office at the time, with all your competitors on the spot, I blasted your design with a crowd of private friends, without exciting any public commotion. You struck. I parried the blow levelled at my country through my side. But now that you have declared open, unambiguous war, against your country, in the first instance; destruction to the citizens, devastation to the city, domestic, public, and divine; not as yet finding ourselves prepared for that prime duty to which we acknowledge ourselves decidedly bound, by the dignity of our station, the sacred majesty of the empire, and the awful authority of our fathers,—we shall do what, in the next degree, is best becoming us; and we shall soften the edge of public justice, merely from a consideration of public utility. Your execution would not deliver the republic from the malignant attempts of others equally vicious; but should the city once get rid of you, the scum of conspiracy might drain off along with you; and in staying, you are really setting your obstinacy, not so much against my command, as against your own resolution. The consuls

order an enemy to avoid the city. Do I then command you into banishment? No:—it is to an enemy I speak, not to a citizen.

What, indeed, is there in this city which can tempt you to stay? Is there in its streets a man, except your own banditti, who will not turn aside for fear of meeting you, or else look into your face with horror? Is not your private life branded, as to the bone, with every turpitude? Has not your body been, at home and abroad, the obedient pander of your lascivious soul, ready to act or to suffer every dishonour? Is there, among all the young men you have ruined, one to whose madness you have not lent your poignard,—to whose lust you have not lighted a lanthorn? When you had emptied your house of one wife to make room for another, did you not then crown even your own character with such black abomination——But let me be silent here. Let it not be told—if possible, let it not be conceived, that such deeds have been practised in Rome; and let me, with silent reverence, draw a veil over public justice, which had the long suffering to endure them. As slightly shall I touch on the impending ruin of your domestic affairs. I pass this by. I attach myself to the general concern of us all,—our lives, our properties, our common liberties.

Can the light of the sun be delightful, or the breath of heaven sweet, to him who knows there is not one present who does *not* know, that on the last day of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, this Cataline stood in the open comitia, himself armed with a dagger, and attended with a troop of his adherents, for the sole purpose of massacring the consul, and the principal men in the state? that nothing was wanting on his part, neither desperation in the doer, nor dread of the deed? and that only a lucky chance shielded the republic, on that day, from his fury? I pass this also, however palpable and notorious. How



often have I parried the thrust of death, as if by a slight inclination of the body? How often, as consul elect,—how often as consul? My eye pursues you through all your windings, anticipates all your machinations, yet still you work on in the darkness of criminality. How often has that dagger been wrested out of your hand, or dropt from your breast? Yet still you pick it up, and cherish it, as devoted by the infernal deities to be buried in the breast of a consul.

In the name of Heaven, what manner of man are you? For, although you are worthy of my hottest indignation, I must now pause for a moment to take pity upon you. You came, a short time ago, into the senate. Point me out a single man, in this crowded room, even of your own faction, who accosted you with the commonest courtesy of the day: and after this most unparalleled insult, are you waiting, miserable man! for any more expressive verdict of your guilt, than such silent contempt? What do yon naked and deserted benches tell you? Is it necessary for all the consulars who have made their escape from the bench where you are sitting, to rise up, and with one voice, say, “Cataline! begone from among us”? How can you have the forehead to bear all this? By Heaven, were I the object of such fear to the menials of my household, as you are to your fellow-citizens, I should abandon my own house; while you keep clinging to a city that abhors you, and struck at, and blasted by every eye, and floundering from deep to deeper infamy, are still able to present yourself before the faces of men whose honour spurns at you, whose very senses loathe you. You would run from parents who hated you as cordially as your country hates and fears you; yet, when that common mother of us all struggles to fling this parricide from her bosom, he mocks her authority, spurns at her decrees, and sullenly smiles at her meditated vengeance.

I think I see your parent country standing in disdainful

silence at your side ; and I shall interpret that look which she casts down upon you. “ Not one mischief of magnitude has of late occurred, not a single rank sedition, which has not been planted by your hand, and ripened under your fostering care, thou licensed breaker of my peace! permitted plunderer of my allies! self-authorized assassin of my citizens! audaciously arming thyself against my laws, or insidiously evading them. As I could, not as I would, have I suffered what is past ; but, now that thou dost infect the very air which I breathe, making even the virtue of others vain, and dyeing every public crime with deeper malignity, I can suffer thee no longer. Disburthen me. Whether my fears be founded or fallacious, deliver me from thee and them.”

Were your country to speak to you as I have done, ought there to be a necessity for any violence to force you away ? But it seems you have, of yourself, most condescendingly offered to place yourself in safe custody. But it seems, in order to avoid the breath of calumny, you have declared your readiness to take up your abode with M. Lepidus ; and, as he did not wish to receive you, you had the confidence to come to me, and demand my house for your prison. My answer was, that the man, whom within the walls of the same city I found much too near me, I could by no means suffer in the walls of the same house. You then went to the prætor Metellus, and, by him too rejected, you naturally migrated to an excellent member of your own society, M. Marcellus ; well assured, no doubt, of having at length pitched upon a most diligent sentinel, a most vigilant watch, a most courageous assertor of the laws. But from all this, must I not have room to conclude his distance not to be great from chains and a prison, who by his own acknowledgment, declares himself fit to be put under safe custody.

If then it be impossible for you here to stay with any degree of security to others or to yourself, why linger in the

resolution of going to some other place, and of saving, by exile and solitude, the wretched relics of a life snatched from the gripe of the executioner. Move the senate to that purport, you demand; and if it orders your banishment, you profess an instant obedience. No. This is not the mode of conduct most suitable to my disposition; but I shall, on the moment, ascertain to your conviction the judgment of the senate respecting you. I say, begone from this city! Deliver the state from inquietude. If you hesitate, in want of a word—go, I say,—into BANISHMENT. Well! Have you understanding? Can you interpret? Not one murmur in the assembly. It is silent. And yet do you wait for voices to manifest the wishes of hearts which are clamorous in their silence?

Were I to utter such words to this excellent youth, P. Sextius, or to that brave man, M. Marcellus, the senate would justly arrest their consul, even in the temple of the law. But on the question of your banishment, their silence is assent, their passiveness has all the virtue of a decree, and the vigour of a vote by acclamation. Nor is it merely this order of the state, whose authority, so valued now, has been at other times so contemned; but it is the class of Roman knights, who join honesty with honour; it is the multitude of brave citizens who are now surrounding this assembly, whose numbers you see, whose wishes you know, whose voices you might a little ago have pretty plainly heard, and from whose hands I can myself scarcely protect you; yet even these shall I prevail upon to accompany you, and guard you to the very gates of that city which you had destined for conflagration.

But why am I thus talking to *him*? as if the wind of an airy threat could shake *him*! as if *he* stood self-chastised! as if *he* meditated flight! as if *he* thought of banishment! May Heaven so dispose him, even at my risque of that storm

of calumny which should encounter me, if not at the present time, inflamed with the recent sense of your enormities, yet in the judgment of succeeding days! But this, in my estimation, ranks as nothing, provided the consequences be personal, and the republic be secure. But that you should ever come to a full sense of your crimes, that you should ever regain a proper respect for the laws, that you should ever yield yourself to the calls of your country and exigency of the state—this is indeed a barren expectation. You are not, Cataline, of that mold whose baseness any shame can deter, whose desperation any danger can appal, whose madness any reason can appease.

How often then must I exclaim, begone? If you hate me, go, and load me with the opprobrium of having ordered Cataline into banishment. If you love me, go, and accelerate my triumph. But for this purpose my glory demands you to carry along with you the most desperate of your associates; and then, after sweeping off all the scum, and stirring up all the dregs and feculence of rebellion, you must betake yourself to Manlius; and then you must proclaim war against the senate, and the state; and then take care not to say that you had been cast out and vomited forth of the city, but that you had arrived in correspondence to your own wishes, and in compliance with their invitation.

Yet how ridiculous is it to urge this man faster to that ruin which he himself anticipates! Is there not, at this instant, an armed detachment waiting for you at the Aurelian Forum? Have not you and Manlius fixed upon a day for your march? And has it not already been preceded by the domestic shrine of thy impieties, the silver eagle before which you made your vows of murder, and lifted up the hands ready to be dyed in the blood of your countrymen? that silver eagle which I trust will spread its ill-omened wing over your cause, and shame its worshipper. Yes, you will go; I

confide in your unbridled fury, your dire and dauntless audacity. Miserable you must be without a civil war, for which nature has formed and fashioned you, education improved you, and your good fortune presented to you. You will crown a life spent in licentious leisure, in lazy lust and grovelling debauchery, by the felicity of monstrous and unnatural war: and it were pity, that a gang so carefully selected from all that is base and sordid in humanity, should pass their lives in obscure and perishable infamy, which might have been recorded for crimes more consequential and extended.

There, what joys await you ! what delights will you not experience, without encountering the silent conclusion of one good man's eye ! For this, great man ! have been destined your studies by day, your watchings by night, nobler objects than a riot and a rape, than waiting by the bed of adultery, or haunting the dying to rob the dead. Hunger, and cold, and fatigue, will here meet with their reward ; but the republic, through me, has its reward also—that Cataline is not warring against it in the station of a consul, but as an infamous and ignominious exile, and that what might have been civil war, is now but a factious rebellion.

And now, Conscript Fathers, that I may stand acquitted before the judgment-seat of my country, and my own conscience, for what I have done, and for what I am about to do ; that I may deprecate all complaint, and all indignation, lend me, I pray you, your attention for a little longer, and let the words I am going to say, impress themselves on the hearts of all who hear me.

Were that country for whom I live, or die, were all Italy, were this majestic empire to address me, in such words as these,—“ What, Marcus Tullius ! what, my son ! are you throwing your country's great revenge away ? Him, of all

men your most decided enemy! Him, an all but convicted traitor! Him, who has debauched the genius of the commonweal, and deflowered the honour of the state! Him, the very head and front of conspiracy and rebellion! Him, who throws open our prison doors, and lets loose our slaves to crush us with their fetters! Him, do you suffer him to march out to civil war, as if he marched in for a triumph? Not yet bound! Not yet dragged to the altar! Not yet pouring out his blood before the infernal deities! And why? Because precedents are wanting? No. The blood of every traitor shed in times past, by the swords even of common citizens, will answer, No. Is it, then, the law, shielding the head of every Roman citizen? No: Cataline and his crew are not citizens, but rebels and revolters. Do you, then, fear the condemnation of posterity? O Cicero! poor is the return you make to that country which has lifted you, without the aid of ancestry, without any other help than your own abilities, through all the gradations of civil life, and seated you thus opportunely on the summit of the empire, if you cannot encounter the reproaches of a few, while you are devoting yourself to the welfare of the whole. Rather than be subjected to the disgrace of relaxing the authority of law, show the stern severity of public justice; or, if such be your choice, wait until our country be laid waste, our cities sacked, our houses in flames; and then, and then only, will your name become odious indeed!’

Now, mark my answer to this revered and parental voice: I would not allow the life of this man the prolongation of a single hour, if I judged the present hour the most proper to take it away. If the prime and master spirits of the age they lived in, not only were not disgraced, but were glorified, by the sacrifice of Saturninus, of Flaccus, and of the Gracchi, much less ought I to suspend the sword over this

parricide ; and though I might happen to encounter public edium, I am the man who knows it is sometimes the truest glory to have merited it.

I know full well that some there are, even in this assembly, who either do not, or will not see the impending danger ; who are of such mild and milky natures, as to nurse the hopes of Cataline ; and under the sanction of such unsuspecting tempers, the wicked and the weak among us will exclaim, that immediate judgment upon him would not be merely cruel, but the act of a royal despot. Now, I am convinced that if this man proceeds, as he intends, to the camp of Manlius, there will not be one so very stupid, as not to see a conspiracy framed against the state ; nor one so very wicked, as not to wish it repressed. I am also convinced, that were this man cut off on the instant, the hydra of public calamity would lose only one head, while others would spring up, and pullulate in its place ; but if he should not only himself evacuate the city, but collect into one place all of depraved character and desperate fortune, then would the evil be completely eradicated, and the seed-plot of sedition be blasted and destroyed.

I know not how it happens, Conscript Fathers, but every stratagem of sedition, every malignant conspiracy, that has festered in the body politic, for a length of time, seems to have ripened, and fully matured, during the period of *my* consulship. I know well, that by giving free exit to this boil, the suffering state might be lightened and refreshed for a season ; but here is a malady that has infected the very vitals, and taints the whole with such venom, that the excision, even of this man, would be only a poor palliative, that might exasperate, but never would completely eliminate the disorder.

On this account, and this only, let the wicked depart. Let them be compressed into one body, and herd in one

place. Let the city walls, as I have said, keep us and them asunder. No longer let them lie in wait for the consul, at his very door; no longer beset the prætor, in his seat of justice. No longer let our citizens stand, as if on the point of these men's daggers; no longer let combustibles be prepared, and faggots laid up, for setting our streets in a blaze. In short, let us, in such times as these, read the principles of every citizen engraved upon his forehead; and then behold in me an auspicious augur, that such must be the consequence of consular vigilance, senatorial authority, and equestrian valour,—every thing will become clear and manifest, the machinations of evil men will be blasted, and the honour of Rome avenged.

Lucius Cataline! Begin, as soon as you are able, this damnable and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself. And, when this you have done,—then, do THOU, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state,—Thou, the stablisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents! Save us from his fury, our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses and household gods, our liberties, our lives! Pursue, tutelary god! pursue them—these foes to the gods, and goodness, these plunderers of Italy, these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life; and in the next, let thy vengeance pursue them—insatiable, implacable, immortal!



## INTENDED DEFENCE,

ON A TRIAL FOR SEDITION, IN THE YEAR 1794.

MY LORDS,

IT was not my intention, until very lately, to have intruded on your time with any vindication or exculpation of myself, but to have resigned the whole of this business to the ability of my council, the justice of the jury, and the large discretion of the court; remaining, myself, in the silence of self-approving conscience, satisfied with the simple sincerity expressed in two words—not guilty. Yet, as this silence is ambiguous, except to God and my own conscience, and may be misinterpreted by enemies, and even by friends, as proceeding from various motives, independent of the real one, which is, in truth, the calm conviction of my own innocence, I shall, therefore, entreat your permission, my Lords, to make a few observations; and I take the liberty of reading them, from a fear of saying any thing irregular or unpremeditated, and from a diffidence, which a conscious want of abilities, and the novelty of my present situation, naturally inspire; as I have never in the course of my life, more than twice or thrice, entered a court of justice.

It is certain, that the very essence and pith of all criminality consists in the *intention*. It is the will, intention, or mind, with which the thing is done, that ought to be respected as constituting the guilt; for one may fall into error, but no error, in itself, deserves punishment; and a man may be a mistaken zealot, without being at the same time a seditious disturber of the public peace. Allowing the paper

to be in its nature libellous, the libellous or seditious intention remains to be proved ; and this inward and invisible intention is to be collected and deduced from outward acts, and from concomitant circumstances. As in a written paper, it is not merely one or two imprudent or incautious expressions which should make it be condemned, as, in the whole, a seditious libel, without an impartial consideration and comparison of the text and context taken together—so, if a person be accused of having authorized such a publication, with an intention to disturb the public peace, the proof of that intention ought not to rest on the consideration of a single isolated action, supposing it to *be* ascertained, but on a fair comparison of what may be called the *context* of that man's life; on its disagreement, or coincidence, with the subject matter of the accusation.

This, therefore, must be my reason and my apology for presuming to speak of myself ; and as it is necessary to prove, that in speech, in writing, or in action, the only means of revealing the hidden heart, I have been a man the most unlikely to form designs of disturbing the public peace ; (for what, indeed, would become of such an atom a me, in the storm of civil commotion?) and that all my external conduct has branched from the root of a single principle infix'd in my heart, agitating its every pulse, and constituting a part of its very existence—an enthusiastic desire for an equal representation of all my countrymen in their own House of Parliament, with which I conceive public morals, public happiness, and public peace, are most intimately connected. Were I not convinced, that nothing very great or very good was ever effectuated without a portion of enthusiasm, and that such a passionate prepossession in favour of a good principle, ought to be freely pardoned, or with pity punished, I should have used the term enthusiastic with some apprehension of ridicule, at a time when to

behave disinterestedly, wears an appearance of insanity ; and to cleave to principles, instead of being complimented as perserving integrity, is a mark of a man being a Jacobin, a madman, or a fool.

A jury is chosen from the vicinage, that an acquaintance with the merits of the case, and the characters of those concerned, may produce perfect justice from perfect knowledge ; but still they are also in the vicinage, I may say the contact of much party prejudice ; and elevated as they are, and sitting apart amidst the sanctity of a court of justice, the most holy place upon earth, next to the temple of God, they are still immersed in the foul air of this low world. The same extravagance of a good principle, which may have led the author of that address, in the fervour of the mind, beyond the line of discretion, might lead *them*, in the desire, equally zealous, of keeping down what has been supposed a dangerous faction, to act, in the present instance, rather from a vague, general, and indiscriminate condemnation of certain principles, than from a calm and impartial scrutiny of the character and conduct of the individual before them. They ought to rise so far above the atmosphere of party, as to look down from the serenity of a clear judgment, and with the sympathy of humanity ; to select the particular case ; to consider it under all its relations of character, of times, and of circumstances ; for, without such discrimination, the office of a jury, in periods like the present, when men and the times are so out of temper, would resemble the movement of a great machine, blind and exceptionless—not a body of men who can pause, and make those allowances for others, which in similar situations they should wish to be made for themselves.

They ought not to reason, in my case, or in any other, from the general objection, to the individual instance ; from the condemnation of the party, to that of the person, without

estimating fairly the different gradations, and making grounds of exception, though, on the whole, their principles may have led them to reprobate and condemn. Round numbers, and general appellations, are equally exaggerating and to be distrusted. Men are generally better than their sect, and the partizan than the party. The conscience of the jury ought to ask itself, how far their dislike of my political principles, how far the desire to put down a party, and how far many other circumstances, collateral and accidental, may tend to bias and seduce their judgment respecting the individual case; and if my life, in the review which it is their duty to make of it, be an innocent life, that must be a reason for distrusting their judgment, on any single act of it being seditious; as that judgment may proceed from the misconception of my intention, seen through the medium of certain political antipathies. The whole of a paper should be taken into consideration, to ground the judgment of it as a libel; and the conclusion of a seditious intention should be drawn from looking at the whole life.

I am the son of an honest man; (*a*) a minister of that gospel which breathes peace and good will among men; a Protestant Dissenting minister, in the town of Belfast; who

(*a*) Vir, fuit integer vitæ, sclerisque purus, amabilis, venerandus, in omnibus ejus dictis et factis, honestum et decorum assidue asservans. Vita mortui in memoria vivi est posita. Ante oculos meos, imago chara, gratia oris, lumina que serena. Amplexor etiam nunc, effigiem morum tuorum, Pater, ingenii tui elegantiam; sermonem melle dulciorem; eloquentiam popularem ex puro pectore, templo que mentis; conciones tuas ad naturas, ad mores, ad omnem vitæ consuetudinem accommodatas. In somniis, identidem, occurrunt placida ora, et osculum tuum, mentis incitamentum, et "notas videor auditas et reddere voces." Ave—Pater optime—In tenebris vitæ et periculis, memoria tua nunquam obmutescet, et brevi, ætate mea propius exacta, te revisam. Cessit ex vita, Feb. 14, 1768.

spirit I am accustomed to look up, in every trying situation, as my mediator and intercessor with Heaven. He was the friend and associate of good, I may say, great men; of Abernethy, of Bruce, of Duchal, and of Hucheson; and his character of mild and tender benevolence is still remembered by many in the North of Ireland, and by not a few in this city.

I may be imprudent in mentioning, that he was, and that I glory to be, a Protestant Dissenter, obnoxious as this appellation is at present, in both countries; but my future life would appear to me one continued lie, were I not on this occasion to profess myself one of that division of Protestants who regard no authority on earth, in matters of religion, save the words and the works of its author, and whose fundamental principle it is, that every person has a right, and in proportion to his abilities, is under an obligation, to judge for himself in matters of religion; a right, subservient to God alone, not a favour to be derived from the gratuitous lenity of government; a right, the resignation of which produces slavery on the one hand, persecution on the other; and of consequence that disturbance of the public peace, which has so much, and so long distinguished the Christian world.

Such religious principles, founded as they are on the right of private judgment, to be accounted as sacred in others as in ourselves, naturally produce that independence of mind, which is the buckler of political as well as private virtue, and has made the Protestant Dissenters, in all critical times, the active defenders and guardians of the British constitution; and to the best of fathers, the best of religions, and the best, as I think, of persuasions included in that religion, am I indebted for that veneration of the rights of mankind, which I find to be the true source of personal happiness, because

the violation of any right must be the transgression of a duty, and so far must make a man miserable. From the earliest of my school-boy days, from the delightful hours in which I voyaged with the patient, persevering Ulysses, and made *his* country the Ithaca of my wishes, in which I panted through the Greek and Roman story; from those days, the love of my country has been in my breast, not merely a classical image, or a cold principle, but an animating spring of action; and surely, our ancient poets, orators, and historians, would have been long ago placed by some inquisitorial committee in a political "index expurgatorius," and prohibited from the use of youth, were it not hoped, that the bustle of a selfish world would soon brush off such childish ideas, and that the prudence, and caution, and moderation of a premature old age, would keep down, even in manhood, the propensities of nature, and the instinct of liberty.

I have heard, that the first address which Sir Robert Walpole, (he who deflowered the British constitution,) was accustomed to make to the young men who were sent for to his closet, was, "Well, sir, are you really resolved to continue an old Roman?" and on hearing it, I have cursed the public bawd, whose aim it was to blast the blossoming virtues of the heart; and have blessed my own good fortune, that education, habit, small ability, and simple integrity, would always shield me from such seducing connections.

In the year 1778, when the people of Ireland took up arms through necessity, but through public spirit retained them: when the public peace was undisturbed, because the people were armed; when common danger united all ranks whom the feeling of a common country could not unite before, I entered, with ardent zeal, and feeble frame, into the first Volunteer association made in this kingdom, and was among the first and among the last in that ever memorable in-

stitution which saved the island from invasion, secured domestic tranquillity, advanced civil liberty, laid the foundation of national independence, and by their liberal resolutions; showed toleration to be but a mitigated persecution; and taught administration a lesson, which they were soon after obliged to put into practice, viz. that the surest way of guarding the constitution, is to interest as many of all descriptions of religion as is possible, in its preservation. Indeed, I associated every thing great and good, every thing most auspicious to the hopes, most connected with the best interests of the country, to an institution which raised every man in it to a higher value, and I wished it to be perpetual, with an ardour which he that has been a Volunteer, might imagine would suggest such an address, (as is the present subject of prosecution), on the supposed extinction of that body, and which he that has not felt, might excuse in an enthusiastic, but not ill-intentioned mind.

From the year 1778 to that of 1782, I observed such a line of conduct as might be expected from one who has ever most justly looked on himself most humbly as an individual, but most proudly as an Irishman; and, as an Irishman, I added one particle to that mass of public spirit which then asserted the exclusive rights, and legislative competency of this imperial island; its distinct dominion; and independent parliament: and I was one of the millions who *then* thought that the truest way of honouring Britain for renouncing her assumption of right; was to proceed in reforming every *internal* abuse that corrupted our constitution. I then thought, and I ever will think, that a more equal representation of the people, was absolutely necessary for their freedom, their virtue, their happiness, and their *peace*; and by exerting myself in my little sphere, by rallying all the powers I possessed, round this central point, I thought that I was practising the doctrine of him who went about doing good

continually to the poor people, himself poor and lowly; and that I was copying the example of a father who felt for all that lived, particularly for the living mass of humanity.

I thought that the truest way of promoting civil war, was to put the people out of conceit with the constitution, by hearing always of its perfections, and feeling only its abuses, until they might come to confound the excellencies of the government with the errors of its mal-administration; and that the truest way for promoting peace was, as in the case of the Volunteers, to arm the people for their liberties, so now, to arm them—with their rights, which is the first step in giving them a knowledge of their duties: for until they enjoy the one, they will remain ignorant of the other, and the exclusion which first made, will support the incapacity. The enjoyment of rights implies the performance of duties: and the unequal distribution of the former prevents the discharge of the latter; so that the freedom of the public is necessarily connected with their virtue as well as their happiness. An arbitrary, irregular, and undetermined subordination, not only checks and destroys industry, but is a provocative on the one part to every excess which is natural to the abuse of power without right; and on the other part, to those crimes, and that disturbance of the public peace, which the hopelessness of redressing their wrongs begets in ferocious and savage natures: and thus, to the corruptions of our constitution are traceable all the crime as well as misery of *our* civil society. I thought I should become an accessory in that crime, as well as a promoter of that misery, if I did not act as a zealous advocate for a reform in parliament; and, as such, fervently desire, that the Volunteers should retain the possession of those arms which are the prime distinction of freemen; that this energetic establishment, arising from the innate vigour of the citizens, should perpetually exist, as being necessarily connected



with that public spirit, in which alone I saw reason to hope for ultimate attainment of the great object—an adequate and impartial representation.

As my principles in religion were brought from nature and the New Testament, and as my reasons for being a Protestant Dissenter were early drawn from a book named “The Dissenting Gentleman’s Answer to White;” and afterwards from Blackburne, Furneaux, Priestley, and Price; so my prime authority in politics was “Locke’s Essay on Government;” and my authorities for the justice, the expediency, and the necessity of a parliamentary reform, were drawn from the general, I may say, the universal opinion of the deepest reasoners, the most splendid orators, and the best men; from the petitions of twenty-eight out of thirty-two counties in Ireland; from the concurrent opinion of two meetings, the nature and name of which are now under legal interdiction, the one a delegation of citizen-soldiers, sanctioned by Lord Charlemont, the other a delegation purely civil, where Mr. Sharman presided, both equally inefficacious; from the authorities of persons, in other respects most opposite; from Flood and Grattan; from Fox and Pitt; from the first peers, and the lowest peasants; from the early principles of Richmond, and the purer practice of Burke. At this flame I lighted my taper; it illumined my understanding, warmed my heart, and influenced my conduct; and from 1783 to 1790, during those seven years, I continued to act, from principle and from passion, for a reform; not deeming that the duties of a good citizen, and a good physician, were at all incompatible; not believing that so liberal a profession should act in this country, as they might have been forced to have done at Rome, where they were chosen from the class and condition of slaves. Were the duties of the profession in all cases to obliterate those of the citizen, there could be no public, but at the moment of election; and however good

the rule is, to mind our own business, there are times, when the business of the public is every man's own business, and the personal and general weal are the same.

On coming to this city, in the year 1790, I did not relinquish those principles, nor alter that mode of conduct, which I thought best suited the character of a good citizen. Sensible that Catholics and Protestants agreed in the essential articles of religious duty, and that though the form and ceremonial may vary, as the features of the face, the substance, like the construction of the heart, was, in all, alike; I co-operated in an union of sects, for the interest of the whole society, and against the dominancy, the political dominancy, of any religious persuasion. I believed the general character of mankind to be less influenced by the excellencies of religion, or injured by its abuses, than the mutual crimination of sects would lead us to imagine—a crimination often built on surmise and conjecture, or on a logic equally disgraceful, which builds the rule upon the exception, and poisons the judgment by pre-conceived impressions. I therefore entered into a society, of which this union of Catholic and Protestant Irishmen was the first stone and base, and a parliamentary reform the sole object and end. Nothing, surely, but the most intimate and heart-felt conviction of right intention, could have kept me attached to a society, which, during all its political life, has been the object of so much obloquy. Nothing could have supported me under the effects of professional injury, of the desertion of once valued friends, of being deemed an agent in the worst designs, and marked out by the eyes of those whom I met in the streets, as a dark and malignant conspirator; nothing, I say, could have supported me, but that conscious mind, which is its own awful world; and which, I trust in God, will, at this hour, support me, even under the sentence of professional and personal ruin!

I thought it the duty of every good citizen who regarded the peace of Ireland, to cling to the people the more strongly, on the very account, that the panic of French principles and French practices, had made not only the upper ranks, but even the men of middling property, who had been accustomed to assimilate with the mass, now forsake and abandon the people, and the cause of the people—a PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. I thought it the very time for men to *popularize* themselves; and that it was most dangerous for men of rank, fortune, and connexions, to stand off, in sullen and suspicious sequestration, and thus make themselves be considered in no other light than as a political party, and a large predominating association, who have been so long accustomed to enjoy the whole constituent, as well as representative power, that their “scorn and horror” is readily excited at “the frenzy, folly, and wickedness” of those who desire any share in the legislation, or in the common rights of humanity. I did not think that it was the charity of individuals, or the munificence of the great, which could make the people happy, or keep them in peace. The social intercourse of the higher and lower orders ought not to be sustained solely by charity on the one hand, and blessings on the other, but by an adequate equivalent, given and received, that might make the poor and rich reciprocally *dependent*; and thus endowing every individual, however low, with an exchangeable value, must make the happiness of the community depend, not on inadequate and intermitting benevolence, but on the action and re-action of self-interest; a principle constant and universal. I thought, (and acted from the thought,) that the enjoyment of the elective right, could alone give this value to every man; and that, without it, there may be parties, and classes, and sects, and ascendancies—but there can be no people.

The great object of that society was, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE,

and ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS; and their plan of reform was founded upon the eternal and immutable principle of justice. In repeating and justifying my political creed, I think I am defending myself from the imputation of sedition, by showing, as I can do, that none of these principles travel out of the constitution, but are justified by its philosophy, its practice, and the best authorities; and that all of these principles converge towards the permanent peace and happiness of my country—*for*, until there be an equality of rights, which it is the end of the social union to realize, and substantiate, there must be smothered *war* in civil society. I have appealed to the best constitutional *authorities*. “To be taxed without being represented,” said Lord Chatham, with the energy of justice, “is contrary to the maxims of the law, and the first principles of the constitution.” As all are taxed, all ought to be represented; and none can be represented, who has no power to vote. “Taxation and representation are inseparable,” said Lord Camden. “In a free state,” says Judge Blackstone, “every man who is a free agent, ought to be, in some measure, his own governor; and, therefore, a branch at least of the legislative power should reside *in the whole body of the people*.” Thus, it is a vital *principle* of the constitution, that the property of the people cannot be granted, but by their own consent, in person, or by representative; and until the reign of Henry VI. and the act of disfranchisement, which then dispossessed persons, and as it were appropriated the constitution, its *PRACTICE* also was built upon personal representation.

The British constitution is a conquest made, at different times, over the feudal system imposed by the first William; but the powers that made this conquest, were actuated by party interest, which accidentally, rather than intentionally, co-operated for the public good. The clergy and the barons combated and repressed the inordinate power of the mo-

narch. But was it done for the good of the people? No! It was for the privileges of their noble rank, or for the safety of their sacred order. When commercè diffused property, a new resistance rose to the accumulation of power, made by the clerical and aristocratical factions. But was this resistance less selfish, though equally successful? No! The victories of these commons were the victories of sectaries, not of society; of parties, not of the people; of the proprietary interest, rather than of the general weal. Looking upward, the party is always for the people. Looking downward, they begin to vilify and abuse them. They are “the refuse and scum of the earth—mob—swine—sturdy beggars—of no value in the eye of God;” and any society who defends their cause is denominatèd “a blasted Jacobin society—wicked and vicious—the advocates of white-boys,—scavengers, defenders, felons, paupers, and of Channel-ròw.” The clergy maintained their order against the King: the nobles their rank against the clergy and King: the commons, their privileges against the clergy, nobles, and King: and the people are now to maintain their personal rights against the propertied and privileged community, including commons, clergy, nobles, and King.

The *philosophy* of the constitution, which is nothing else than the improvement of human reason, concurs in proving that men alone can be represented, but not land nor money; that property does not confer any exclusive right to be represented; and that poor men, with an equal right, have more need to be represented than the rich. Those rights which the social union confirms and substantiates, are founded on *personality* alone; and since they are inherent in the nature of man, as man, they can never yield to, nor be extinguished by any acquired rights, such as property; which is a thing not natural, but incidental; which may or may not belong to a man; and which has no necessary connexion

with either a good conscience, or a good understanding. When the right of property, which was comparatively late in its establishment, no longer confines itself to its own security, but lays a claim to dominion and ascendancy over the *anterior* rights of nature, converts persons into things, and men into cattle; the intention of the social union seems to be defeated, and the land subjugates the inhabitants. Even on the supposition, that property is the rule of representation, the mass of property, the great fund of productive taxation, rests with the mass of the people; and though scattered into minute portions, is not less real, and ought to be as really represented as when cumulated in the hands of the comparative few.

“To give the mass of property, commercial and landed, the whole of the return of members to serve in parliament,” is, in effect, to form the propertied community into one great corporation, whose end it may be, to league together, and combine their whole influence, against the population of the country; “a proprietary influence,” which, however applauded, is, *at best*, but a conspiracy between two classes of people—the landholders and tenantry against the intendment of the constitution; a collusive traffic of franchise and private judgment, which the rich buy, and the poor sell. It appears to me, that the fluctuation which attends property is, of itself, a proof, how absurd it is to base the rights of man on a bottom so unstable; and still more so to draw circles around places, as if to encompass or confine a quality so fugitive, and to seat the genius of the constitution on the still revolving wheel of blind and capricious fortune; and hence, proceeding as far with a good principle as it would lead me, I thought it my duty, as a man, to advocate the equality of rights, a political equality, perfectly consistent with civil distinctions; and to reprobate any plan of reform which pets and cherishes portions of the

community, to interest them in abuses; and to irritate the remainder by invidious comparison, which, by attaching the oldest inheritance of the *whole* people to certain round spots of earth, gives a locality to liberty, inconsistent with its nature: turns legislators into land-measurers, and land-measurers into legislators; extending lines of demarcation, on one side of which, privilege is heaped up, and on the other, common right trodden down: piling in with pieces of pack-thread, the liberality of the constitution, and circumscribing, with boroughmonger-authority, the principles of eternal justice.

This outline of my life, made up, as I presume to think, of pure intentions, and honest principles, tending to maintain the rights of man, his dignity, his tranquillity, and his happiness, appears to me as a volume of circumstantial evidence against the charge, however positive, of having written or published a single paper with seditious intention; and in acknowledging, that as a citizen, I wish to strengthen the popular order of the government, the democratic or republican part of the constitution; actively persevering in a pursuit, which most of the choice and master spirits of the age have, I think, shamefully abandoned, seized with a panic that has congealed their principles; I do not think it any sign of sedition to have been proof against that panic—and to have felt the influence of what I should call a rational panic, a panic which leads me to dread the *Jacobin* more than the *Jacobite*, and the revival of those doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and epidemic Toryism, which produced one revolution, and may provoke another. If *that* panic be not accounted seditious, which drives men, not only to abandon all exertions to rectify those abuses by which the constitution may have been perverted, but to countenance and connive at the violations it may have suffered, by their torpid acquiescence, passive concurrence, and strenuous inactivity; if *that* panic be founded on legal and

constitutional principles, which has led these men to outrage the wretchedness of the people, (who, though decried as dirt, are yet, like the earth on which they tread, the great pabulum of luxury and enjoyment,) by base allusions, and contumelious appellations, and by the low estimation, thus set upon them, to sink them still lower in self-estimation, and drive them to abandonment and despair; is not, *that* opposite panic as well founded, and as little allied to sedition, which makes me dread the effects of this terrible estrangement taking place between the upper and lower orders of society; which makes the wish of arbitrating and mediating between them, of averting their rude and revolutionary collision, by a reform of reason and accomodation; and of holding out that torch of instruction which may guide the infatuated rich, as well as the uninformed poor, in the just medium between their rights and their duties? Or is it to be construed into any intention of disturbing the public peace, if, on beholding the approaching extinction of an institution, which had raised this country from a state of brutal ferocity, and was advancing it to a perfect civilization, I should have addressed the Volunteers, in the fervour and in emphasis of the heart, and in terms, the mere shade or faint reflexion of what had been said by the most illustrious men? O memory of Grattan! let those words that made our hearts burn within us at the time, shield us now from the charge of sedition!

“ The Irish constitution, commerce, and power, with you began, and with you they would vanish. You are the great charter of the nation, our efficient cause, and our final hope. Obnoxious for your virtue, you are to confirm your advocates, and to preserve your associations, the dreadful instrument of national deliverance. Believe me, you have many enemies; and you are to guard against false friends, and national foes; against the weakness of human nature,



and the depravity of man, against sloth, against security, against administration, against a *militia*. I have heard your legality disputed. Conscious as I am that no law prohibits the subject to arm, convinced as I am, of your legality, I conceive that question to be lost in the immensity of your numbers; and with the pomp, and power, and trade, and all that train which await your progress, I shall not stop your army to ask what law has made you;—sufficient, that there is no law against you—sufficient, that without you, there could be neither law nor liberty! *Go on*, and prosper, thou sword of justice, and shield of Freedom—the living source of an ancient flame—the foundation of our pride—a providential interposition—an army, enriching the land with industry, costing the state nothing, adequate to all her enemies, and greater than all her revenues could pay. Awful! indeed, to the tyrant, but to the just prince unconquerable strength. The custody of the nation's character is in your hands—*Go on*, and multiply, and add immortal security to the cause of your country.”

Are not such awakening words hallowed in our remembrance? and is the faint echo of such sentiments to be now hallooed at as the rankest sedition? once rewarded with a popular pension, and now punished with fine and a prison? But the times are changed; alas! it is very true. Yet what are the times? The sun still makes the seasons, and the earth produces the harvest; but it is the change in *men's* dispositions which *unmake* the times; for truth is still the same, and rests on the base of its own immutability. Because men of station and abilities fell, at one time, into the ranks of the people, from mere panic, and in order to preserve their “proprietary influence;” and, at another time, from another panic, have forsaken that very institution which they had so warmly patronized, and reproach and vilify it for the very effects which their own abandonment

had occasioned, was it sedition in a man to stand undisturbed by panic of the one kind; or panic of the other, on a firm and sound-set principle, that in an armed people lies the best security for public peace?—and does he deserve a jail for reverencing and thinking well of, and hoping much from the people in their lowest abasement—still recognizing in the tenant of the meanest hovel, the capability of human nature, and in the veriest wretch over whom he stumbles in the streets, deploring the victim of a corrupted public constitution?

With respect to this address to the Volunteers of Ireland, a paper raised from its intrinsic insignificance, *by serving as a plausible pretext for repeated prosecutions*, I do think there is an honest physiognomy, which indicates on its face the simple sincerity of the heart which dictated it. Let any man place himself, if he can, at an impartial distance from the paper, and he would characterize it as the hurried effusion of an enthusiastic mind, the general tenor of which was well-intentioned, but with some rash and imprudent expressions, probably arising from the difficulty of separating what was meant to be energetic, from what was really inflammatory; a composition which was easily pervertible to purposes unthought of by the author; a perversion which might be made by opposite parties, the one to obtain an instrument for sedition, the other to find a subject for prosecution; and thus the innocent author might become the dupe of inconsiderate friends, or the prey of watchful enemies. Though the paper may have been adjudged a libel, it may have been written without any libellous or seditious intention, and that may have been distributed with an intention of exciting commotion, which the writer certainly meant as a preservative of the public peace. The best intentions are liable to be abused; the best purposes perverted; and things written with the most pure and sincere heart, have been conjoined

with the worst actions. Men have taken the Gospel in one hand, and the sword in another ; and the word of the Scottish rebels, under Montrose, was, “ *Jesus, and no quarter !*”

The subject matter of this prosecution is now a year and a half old. I will not presume to ascribe any improper designs in bringing it forward so long after the publication, and at this very invidious time, when plot and treason is so much talked of, that an innocent man may be prejudged, even by a supposed implication in crimes of which others have been accused ; but if I, as the supposed author of this paper, had any designs of disturbing the public peace, it is strange, that they should not, in all this time, have manifested themselves in some other *overt acts* ; that sedition did not go on into treason ; and as there has been nothing of that kind produced by the ingenuity and vigilance of the crown lawyers, it is to me a strong presumptive proof, that I was as little seditious at the period of the publication, as I appear to have been both before and after it ; and thus my whole life (a parte-post, as well as a parte-ante) seems to me a cumulation of evidence against the individual charge of sedition.

With respect to the informer in this prosecution, I can scarcely think it possible that conviction could be grounded on a *single* evidence, so notoriously influenced by a malicious mind, with vengeance on his tongue on all occasions, and virulence distilling from his pen, even *during* the pendency of the prosecution ; but I have a pride in hating personalities ; and leaving the commentary on such a character to others, I can only exclaim with Brasidas, when a rat seized him by the hand, that the most contemptible creatures acquire a portion of respect from their danger. “ Although I have not the power to shake off the viper which comes out of the heat, and to remain free from harm,” I am able, thank

God, so far to overcome an instinctive moral antipathy, as to acquiesce in the philosophical opinion, that such creatures, however odious to sense, are in the order of nature ; and that there is a use in all things most venomous, though we are not able to find it out. But though I can view this being, swollen into dangerous significance, as a philosopher contemplates some reptile, magnified in the field of his microscope, yet I cannot help lamenting, that it should ever be necessary in any government, to foster a set of informers, and to place them, as Locusta was in the days of Tiberius, “inter instrumenta regni.” I should have thought, that an argument very commonly adduced by modern as well as ancient Italian policy, would never have found an advocate in this land. “Egli è un huomo onesto, ma *La Ragonia di Stato* raichiede cho sia punito.”

My Lords, I have spoken with the assurance of innocence, and, I hope, without audacity. My defence rests on the *purity of motive* ; and that purity may be deduced from the character of my conduct, and the consistency of my life. That little life has been rounded by a single benevolent principle, the object of which was to serve my country as far as *I* could serve her, in promoting a reform in parliament; and, as a means for this object, to elevate the public to a knowledge of their rights and their duties, and to perpetuate an institution which contributed to this high information. That the constitution was imperfect, as all the works of man are, it cannot be seditious to suppose; but that it can reform *itself*; or contains in *itself* a principle of rejuvenescence, I do not believe; or that those will ever contribute to its rectification, who are most interested in its abuses. The wish of every lover of peace, and his country, is not to rend, but to renovate; not to ruin, but to restore; not to anarchize, but to cement and consolidate—and that wish must look for its completion, not to this or that indi-

vidual, not to a propertied community, not to a pusillanimous gentry, not to an interested opposition, not to a venal city, not to the rashness of a mob, but to the CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPOSITION OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

If I am to suffer, I hope to do it with patient equanimity; not the less sensibly feeling the horror of imprisonment, and the prospect of professional, and most probably personal ruin.

*Dublin, 25th June, 1794.*

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[This DEFENCE was not delivered in Court, but (by advice) was communicated in such a way, as to contribute to the acquittal which took place.]

## A PROTEST

AGAINST AN UNION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND.

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**W**HEREAS, it has been deemed expedient, for the purpose of consolidating the executive power of the empire, and of meeting the temporary exigencies of the state, to extinguish the Irish constitution, and to abolish the legislative independence of this kingdom, immediately, totally, and for ever; I do think, that every Irishman, without regard to his rank or significance in life, while contemplating that common insignificance which is about to level all rank and station into the same low and despicable equality; every Irishman, without regard to a difference in the colours of party, or the rights of religion, who worships the same God, and is born and bred in the same land; every Irishman, without being awed by power, seduced by reward, or scared by ridicule, is summoned, at this extremity, not merely by honour or interest, but by the urgency of self-preservation; not merely by motives of personal or social duty, but by the sacred responsibility we are under to posterity; which, although not to be bound by our bondage, will suffer, for a time at least, the penalty of our errors and our crimes: every Irishman is called upon by every predominant duty, human or divine, every tie of the heart, from the grave of his ancestors to the cradle of his children, to record his public PROTEST against this surrender of his native country; causeless, totally ineffectual for its pretended purposes, without the possibility of adequate compensation,

and were it possible, without even the shadow of a guarantee, to sanction and establish the conditions of the agreement.

I do, therefore, with my whole heart, and understanding, PROTEST against an Union of Ireland with Great Britain, thus desiring to grow greater by the absorption of my native country; a country which, by nature, habit, education, virtuous pride, honourable ambition, by my hopes for its happiness, and even my sacrifices for its welfare, has been rendered very dear to me; and at the same time wondering exceedingly, that men of superior talents and approved patriotism, who raised their hearts, their voices, their arms, and their country, to the elevated prospects of the year 1782, should close the century so ingloriously, and not lift at least the *naked* hand against a blow which must annihilate Ireland—to be known in future only as a sound in the title of the sovereign; wondering that it is left for such as me to say, I, notwithstanding, do say,

In the *first* place, that there is not upon the earth a rightful power competent to such a measure—not the parliament, who were neither empowered to dispose of the trust, much less of the trustees—not even the people *themselves*, who have not the right to chaffer for their country, or to barter away their birthdom. Our country is, by right divine, entailed to the latest posterity; not to be docked by any fiction of law, not to be abrogated by any disuse; not to be curtailed by any self-made state necessity; not to be defeated by any decipiency of the present generation. Were the whole people of Ireland to be penned in the Curragh of Kildare, and, as sheep follows sheep, man should leap after man, in pursuit of an Union; I certainly should think the Cappadocians a nobler people, who slighted the proffer of freedom, than those who first tasted, and then parted with the blessing; but I should not on this account think the parties more competent to make such a compact, or the

compact in itself more valid. It is void, *ab initio*. It has neither moral nor political virtue; and Adam might as well have assigned over the whole world in a lease of 1800 years to the Serpent, as, in the year 1800, the representatives of the people, who themselves are but trustees, could condition such a surrender of indefeasible rights and claims of posterity. The right of country is paramount to any human legislature.

I protest against this measure, in the *second* place, because it despoils the people of their COUNTRY; and COUNTRY I consider to be the great and virtuous spring and incitement to every thing generous in speculation, or magnanimous in action. With a consciousness of this sentiment, a man becomes capable of every thing good or great; without it, he loses much more than half his value in the estimation of others, and even in his own: and a people, in losing their country, lose that cementing principle which gives them the character and courage of a nation. They lose—what do they *retain*? They become a mere number, not a nation; without any inherent principle or motive of common action, unattached to each other, degraded in their own eyes, contemptible and contemned, they degenerate into the infamous and contented subjects of mockery or maltreatment, as it suits the humour of their masters. I do lament, that CONFIDENCE, the life-blood of a public body, which ought to circulate through all ranks and conditions, has so long fled from among us; I lament, that we have not yet been able to become members of the same body, having the same friends and the same foes; that the fidelity of the lower people to each other, has not as yet been converted into fidelity to the state; and that the loyalty of the upper people should continue so replete with aristocratical arrogance, and political as well as religious intolerance, joined with the extreme of political servility. When I look at the names of



so many Irishmen renouncing their country, in the public prints, and, with prone obsequiousness, filling up the lists presented to them by the civil or military agents of corruption, I shudder at the prostitution of internal principle and conviction. Nevertheless, I think I see an underworking common sense, and natural affection, which, in spite of factionary fury, and personal selfishness, must, in no long time, generate from the present disorder, a commonweal; a constitution, the best practical education for any people; and a country blest in the right administration of righteous laws, and respected abroad by paying proper respect to itself—UNLESS this national Incorporation, and entire Union should be counteracted and broken up, by giving another country the keeping of our affections, our interests, and our understandings. And I do more than suspect, it has been the foreboding of such an Union, so truly auspicious to the present and future interests of Ireland, and a presentiment of the difficulty of holding the higher orders and authorities, as at present constituted, much longer in the trammels of influence, which has made the British minister substitute in place of this expensive and unavailing system, his summary and simple system, which consolidates the executive power, while it scatters the country into dust. By birth, breeding, and bigotry, a Briton, he fears that the Irish infant of 82 may come to maturity;—and he would stifle it in the cradle. He fears the natural development of its capacities and its powers. He fears, that political and religious schism, that White-Boyism, Defenderism, Presbyterianism, Catholicism, United-Irishism, may, gradually, yet not slowly, change into PATRIOTISM, the conspiracy of the universal people for their own good; and to avert this *Imperial* evil, he wishes, as soon as he can, to expatriate our parliament, to suck into the vortex of venality all the genius, and all the literature of Ireland, all the propertied community which must have

assimilated with the mass of popular opinion, and thus have made basis for a free and proud public to fix its foot upon. He would remove all the aliment for personal or professional ambition, and after thus impoverishing the soil, and exhausting it of all its generous juices, he would then begin to cultivate with the harrow, and to bleach with the beetling-engine. I do, therefore, protest against a measure which turns Ireland into a headless and heartless trunk, annihilates its rights, and withers its capacities and its prospects.

He is a mean man who thinks meanly of his country. I do not think our geographical situation so neglected by Providence, our climate so frigid, our soil so infertile, our minds so stolid, that we could *very* long have been secreted from the world, and from ourselves; nor do I think that we should have continued so long in such an outcast condition, had Ireland met with the fair play which nature, humanity, and just policy allowed her. Long since would she have cast off the slough of barbarism, and shown a smooth, fair and florid civilization. But now, when the name and nature of country begin to agitate and interest the public mind; when there begin to appear a judgment and a taste for that self-government, without which neither individual nor public body can enjoy freedom or happiness, to take this country just emerging from the oblivious pool, and awakening to life and recollection, and then to plunge it, again and for ever, into the same filth of neglect, infamy, and abandonment, what shall I say of such an assassinating measure?  
 SAY!

I declare, in the *third* place, that this measure will indefinitely increase the influence of the crown, to a degree most assuredly incompatible with the liberty of the subject; while the mock and miserable representative of the country in another parliament, will, like that of Scotland, serve only to countenance a plan of government, which must break the

seal of social security, and place general liberty, the industry of the poor, and the property of the rich, under the arbitrament of the British cabinet. Better would it become the people of *both* countries, to recollect how much their political constitutions have approximated to the nature and effects of a military government, during the course of a war indefinite in its principles, its purposes, and its period; and so to have acted, that when peace did arrive, (if ever it should break through such gloomy ambiguity,) it might arrive with healing under its wings; with amnesty and reconciliation; with the discipline, not of the camp, but of the good old British constitution; with prerogative limited, and a privileged people. Better would it have become you, Britons! by vindicating our rights as a nation, to secure your own—and you, Irishmen! by rendering peace the prolific parent of public credit, and domestic comfort, to set up your native country in the closet of kings, in the conscience of ministers, in the market of the world, than to have blotted the public prints with wretched and ignominious names, thus pilloried to the latest posterity. I speak only to your assumption of *political* character, assentive to, or applausive of an Union—with many of you, the first time, and with most of you, the last time, of declaring yourselves Irishmen! I do say, that the majority of such subscribers, however elevated in rank, or by their property, are, in my eyes, despicable and dishonourable citizens; and as to the sincere and well-intentioned few, they are entitled to pity, but can never be rescued from contempt.

For these *three* reasons, as good, if not better than three hundred, to be valued only by their number, do I express, as one of the Irish people, my fixed abhorrence, and my instinctive antipathy, against this legislative and incorporating Union, that takes away the BODY, as well as SOUL of the Irish people. As to the mercantile effects of the measure,

were I competent to the discussion of the little question; I should disdain to meddle with it. Wo to the man, and to the million, who are willing, or are able to calculate the profit or the loss resulting from the sale of their country! The man must have the heart of a huxter, and the million must be destined to wander, like Jews, over the earth, without the honour or happiness of a home. But it is contrary to the nature of things, and to human nature, that either capital or speculation should ever fix their choice upon a land where there was no political liberty, and, of consequence, no personal security; where virtue, talent, and property had expatriated; where all the regular distinctions of rank in society had resolved into mob, or military; and where the compelling power had drawn every thing of use or ornament in the country, to the central point of the empire.

It has been said, and well said, that men become slaves from not knowing how to pronounce the monosyllable, No. Against this disastrous and most unrighteous measure, with my whole soul and strength do I utter it—NO! And if, from ignorance, from pique, from apathy, from infatuation, or from corruption, my countrymen become accessory to the destruction of their own liberties, and their country's character, and do not reiterate, without ceasing, the same unqualified negative, then adieu to IRELAND—to the mercy and justice of God is she left, and to the hearts and hands of POSTERITY!

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

*Dublin, Marlborough-street, Jan. 6, 1800.*

## BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION.

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AT A FULL MEETING OF THE MANAGERS, VISITORS, AND PROPRIETORS OF THE BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, IN THE BUILDINGS OF THE INSTITUTION, ON FEBRUARY 1<sup>ST</sup>, 1814, THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF DONEGALL, PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR, THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS TO THE PROPRIETORS, AND TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE, WAS DELIVERED BY DOCTOR DRENNAN, AS A MEMBER OF THE JOINT BOARDS OF MANAGERS AND VISITORS, ON THE OPENING OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

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MY LORD, AND GENTLEMEN,

ON the opening of the Belfast Academical Institution, the joint Board of Managers and Visitors, in whom the direction and superintendance of the establishment are placed by law, have thought themselves under an obligation of office, to describe, in an address, the object and design of those who first conceived this plan of popular education; and also to define the duties incumbent upon the professors and teachers, who are to carry the plan into execution, and put speculation to the test of experience.

The object of the Academical Institution was, and is, shortly and simple, this—to diffuse as widely as possible throughout the province and population of Ulster, the benefits of education, both useful and liberal; and by that means, to prevent the hard and disgraceful necessity, in such a great and prosperous community, of sending their children to seek, in other countries, with much risque to their health and morals, for that instruction, and those literary qualifications and honours, which might be equally well attained

at home, with evident advantage to the public interest, as well as to that of individuals.

Assuredly, my Lord, and Gentlemen, in a general view of this subject, if we wish to make the next generation wiser and better than the present, which ought to be the desire of even the best among us, no means appears more conducive to this praiseworthy and patriotic purpose, than the establishment of such societies of liberal and ingenious men, uniting their labours, without regard to nation, sect, or party, in one grand pursuit, alike interesting to all, by which mutual prejudices may be worn off, a humane and truly philosophic spirit may be cherished in the heart as well as the head, in practice as well as theory; the happy result of which must be, that the youth intrusted to their care, will be stimulated by the imitation and example of their teachers, as well as by their own generous emulation, in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the practice of virtue.

The general improvement and ultimate perfection, in the plans and practice of education, must, in a great degree, be brought about by the efforts of *individuals*; zealous and active individuals, persevering, and even indefatigable in working out an object which they know to be of public utility. Those who set out with a strong and powerful *will*, seldom fail to make way through every obstacle, to the performance. Nor is it at all necessary, that such individuals should, in an undertaking like the present, be philosophers, or literary men, or of great science or erudition; nay, on the contrary, it may be rather expected that such men will be liberated, or, as it were, enfranchised from those defects, or those incumbrances so common in ancient foundations of *colleges*; where, although time may be said to have altered the use of things, yet a blind affection will not *yet* suffer it to be said that such institutions can ever degenerate.

Individuals, then, like those who originated the present

Institution, neither grave doctors, nor learned masters, nor chained to college precedents, (as books are to their shelves,) nor grown old in the habits of exclusions and restrictions, religious or professional, such individuals are, perhaps, likely to look into arts and sciences more *at large*; to estimate them more thoroughly, according to their real and relative value, and to bring them more home to the business and practice of daily life.

Not that we would wish to depreciate or disparage those venerable establishments, consecrated by time, and illustrious by the luminaries which have adorned, and do still adorn them, the more luminous, perhaps, by shining in the dark; but all that we mean to say, is, that the Directors of *this* Institution have pointed their attention, not so much to copy the inalterable university codes, as to make the benefits of practical education pervade all ranks of life, and to improve their plan, yearly, or monthly, according to the increasing intelligence of the times, and the suggestions of the teachers employed; dictated, as we will suppose them to be, by that best of masters, experience. Change, we know, is not always improvement, nor innovation, reform; but we must, at the same time, declare, we know not one of the departments of human life, that, after all which has been written and spoken upon the subject, is more susceptible of a meliorating change, than the business of education, the blessed art of unfolding and perfecting the faculties and natural dispositions of man, physical, moral, and scientific.

Six years have elapsed since the first subscriptions were made, for the erection of an edifice to answer those purposes, which we flatter ourselves are now in a train of accomplishment. Although the proposal was entertained by our best patron, the public, with kindness, and even with cordiality, it cannot be dissembled, that it has been through many difficulties, much anxiety, and occasional despondence,

the Managers have advanced thus far in their honest undertaking.—But thus far they *have* advanced : and wishing to forget obstacles which have been overcome, they press forward to their ultimate object, with a reasonable confidence of success. They do rejoice, that on this day, they can show to the public, and their noble patrons, a handsome and well finished building, adapted to the uses for which it is intended, having six spacious rooms, with a house for the Classical Master, (on whom the future credit of this establishment will so materially depend,) and another house for the English Master, with every accommodation for a considerable number of *boarders* : the whole establishment, for study or exercise, in an airy and healthy situation ; cheerful in its aspect ; not sad and sequestered in the gloom of the cloister ; with a prospect, in front, of a fair and flourishing town, uninfected, as we would hope, with the polluted air, or the contagious vices of a metropolis ; and backed by a sublime and thought-inspiring mountain ; for it is these grand features of nature, rather than the machinery of art, which ought to enlarge the soul, and dilate the affections in its earliest, and sweetest, and most lasting associations.

The Directors of this Institution (in whom both Managers, and Visitors are included,) have done much, and yet have sanguine prospects of doing more. They indulge the hope, that the munificence of the public, and the generosity of opulent individuals, will, in the course of some years, enable them to complete, in all its parts, the original plan of the Academical Institution ; and that their noble president, the Marquis of Donegall, who laid the first stone in the foundation, will also have the opportunity of laying the last in the finished superstructure ; “an honour, which they are persuaded, will not follow him reluctant in receiving it.”

The Directors wish for the countenance of government ; they wish for parliamentary encouragement ; but while they



felicitate themselves in the friendship and influence of powerful patrons, (among whom they wish, particularly, most respectfully and affectionately to mention the Marquis of Downshire,) they still rest their best hopes upon the interest they hold in the public opinion. Attracted from time to time, and then repelled by the great conductors of the state; now soothed by courtesy, and then damped by disappointment, they will not desist from their endeavours to obtain a parliamentary grant; but their chief confidence is in the discernment of this town, and this province, with regard to its true interest. They do not scruple to acknowledge, that their local, and even their personal interests are concerned in the success of the Belfast Academical Institution; but their interests are in the present case closely, and they trust, indissolubly connected with the good of the public; and if a single instance be adduced, in which, for these six years past, they have sacrificed that good to their private advantage, they will be content to forfeit all their pretensions to public esteem or confidence.

Their object is higher, and their ambition greater, than to form two or three schools, in a fine building, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Belfast only, and its immediate neighbourhood; they wish, in the course of some time, to supply to the youth of this province, and this country, the advantages of a complete course of education; and they doubt not that the liberality of many public bodies, as well as individuals, will supply a fund for the endowment of different professors, until the justice of parliament shall extend the same encouragement to literature in the North, as it has already done in the South of Ireland.

The primary purpose, then, of the Belfast Academical Institution, is, to make learning as popular as the Directors can possibly render it; to diffuse useful knowledge, particularly among the middling orders of society, as one

of the necessaries, rather than of the luxuries of life ; not to have a good education the portion only of the rich and the noble, but as a patrimony of the whole people. The pride of philosophy has at all times endeavoured to cover knowledge with a dark and mysterious veil, to secrete it from the bulk of mankind, and to make use of it for the purposes of a craft, rather than for the service of the community. We would tear down this veil from the top to the very bottom. Education has always appeared to us to be made more an initiation into professional mysteries, than an initiation into moral and intellectual manhood. We would then tear down that veil of prejudice that makes one knowledge for the learned, and another for the vulgar ; and we would fully display before the whole people, the divine image of Education, encircled by her three children, Knowledge, Power, and Virtue ; for Virtue is as nearly related to Knowledge, as Knowledge is to Power. This, then, is our intention : that the gates of this seminary should be easily opened ; that the rates of tuition, and of boarding, should be as low as they possibly could be made, under the circumstances of the times ; and that even students should be admitted gratuitously, on the recommendation of liberal subscribers.

The Directors, in their choice of masters, and in their admission of scholars, are perfectly unbiassed by religious distinctions. They have sought for teachers, either in this or the other kingdom, wherever best recommended by their merits and experience in their professional departments, and by their morals and manners in their personal characters. Of nothing are the Boards more desirous, than that pupils of all religious denominations, should communicate, by frequent and friendly intercourse, in the common business of education, by which means a new turn might be given to the national character and habits, and all the children of Ireland should know and love each other.

Gentlemen Teachers, we have thus stated the object and intentions of the joint Boards of Managers and Visitors; but you are to realize this object by your attention and abilities. We have created the body of the establishment, but you are, as it were, to breathe into it a living soul. You are the present depositaries of that precious trust, for which you will always remember, that we are, in the first instance, and greatest degree, and *always*, responsible. You are the executive, and we the legislative; both under the controul of the proprietors at large.

We are perfectly sensible, that from our want of experience in the practice of teaching, through all its detail, we shall stand in need of your co-operating assistance and advice, in the management of the respective schools, and in the whole interior economy of the establishment; but in requesting this advice and assistance, we trust we need not caution you against that undue assumption of superior information, which is apt to make professional men slight and undervalue the opinions of those not engaged in the same pursuits, who, notwithstanding, by their very distance, may take a more comprehensive view of things, under their various bearings; while you, by your very proximity to your profession, may be apt to contract unreasonable prejudices, and ill-founded partialities. We feel it a very delicate and disagreeable task, to speak to professional men, of professional duties; nor had we a doubt of your discharging yours with general satisfaction, would we have chosen you to fill your respective situations. Will the English Master allow us to recommend two great desiderata in our school education,—composition in the native tongue, and occasional declamation from its principal authors? And will our learned and accomplished Classical Teacher allow us to hope that he will take the trouble, or the pleasure, of making a more judicious selection of school-books, or a better and more chaste ex-

traction from those, than are taught in our present seminaries of polite literature? Good elementary works is an object of the first importance.

You will, Gentlemen, it is to be hoped, have pupils of every rank, of high and low connexion, and of every religious denomination; and we need scarcely inform you, that a school is a little commonweal, under that steady but paternal monarchy, which gives the most impartial encouragement to merit, diligence, and good behaviour, wherever these qualities are found. A decided preference will, we doubt not, be secured to the most meritorious students, of whatever religion or rank in society.

We would, in general, express our desire, (and an address of this kind can only make use of general terms,) that the system of school-government were made as much remunerative, and as little penal, as possible; that it should act by motives on the mind, rather than by pains inflicted on the body; that example should teach, emulation should quicken, glory should exalt, a sentiment of honour should be cultivated, rather than to recur, oftener than is absolutely necessary, to manual correction, or corporal punishment. The correction of the Master's hand is sometimes the unhappy consequence of the carelessness of his eye, and a sort of compensation for the suspension of his vigilance; and we must be allowed to express our serious doubts on the efficacy of a *principal* corporal punishment, either on the object of it, or in the example; although it may have been defended by the stern authority of Dr. Johnson, and of that Dionysius, who was once a tyrant at Syracuse, and afterwards became a school-master at Corinth. A chaplet of laurel is, in our minds, worth a cart-load of birch; and we think there is a magisterial *authority* to be attained, sufficient for its ends, without recurring to frequent manifestation of *power*. Yet, at the same time, we are perfectly sensible that nothing

will be more destructive to the maintenance of good order and due subordination, within the walls of this Institution, than any idea spreading through the pupils, of a divided or incomplete authority in the preceptors, and, therefore, of a constant appeal to the Board of Visitors. We think that it is only in extreme cases, few, if any, of which, we hope, will ever occur, that the Boards will have to interfere with any of the Teachers in their necessary, and, except in such cases, their exclusive authority over their respective schools.

All the Masters and Professors are to be deemed co-ordinate ; responsible only for the management of their own departments ; not possessing any authority over each other ; and all are equally accountable to the authority of the Boards, in the manner and degree laid down by the laws. The joint Boards are to be considered as the Principal or Provost of the Academical Institution ; nor can we have the least apprehension of any discord and misunderstanding among the acting Members of the Institution, or between them and the Boards of Managers and Visitors, if the general good of the establishment be an object of their common concern.

We shall soon have to submit to your revision a code of regulations for the interior economy of the Institution, and the management of the schools, so as not to interfere, either in place or time, with each other. In short, all the different teachers are to be considered just as fingers of the same hand ; separated, yet united ; conjoined for the use and ornament of life, each sustaining and sustained, and the absence of any one of which would prove a misfortune, and a deformity

We trust, Gentlemen, that in a seminary of literature, an appropriate quotation from an ancient author will not be deemed improper, provided it be found extremely applicable

to the occasion of this meeting: We shall therefore read a passage from one of the latest Classics, the amiable and excellent Pliny the Younger, in a letter of his to the first of historians, Tacitus; and we shall subjoin a free translation of the venerable original.

“Proximè quum in patria mea fui, venit ad me salutandum municipis mei filius prætextatus. Huic ego, Studes? inquam. Respondit, Etiam. Ubi? Mediolani. Cur non híc? Et pater ejus (erat enim unà, atque etiam ipse adduxerat puerum,) Quia nullos híc præceptores habemus. Quare nullos? Nam vehementer intererat vestra qui patres estis (& opportunè complures patres audiebant,) liberos vestros híc potissimùm discere. Ubi enim aut jucundiùs morarentur quàm in patria aut pudicitiùs continerentur quàm sub oculis parentum? aut minore sumptu quàm domi? Quantulum est ergo collata pecunia conducere præceptores? quodque nunc in habitationes, in viatica, in ea quæ peregrè emuntur (omnia autem peregrè emuntur) impenditis, adjicere mercedibus? Proinde, consentite, conspirete, majoremque animum ex meo sumite, qui cupio esse quàm plurimum quod debeam conferre. Nihil honestius præstare liberis vestris, nihil gratius patriæ potestis. Edoceantur híc qui híc nascuntur, statimque ab infantia natale solum amare, frequentare consuescant. Atque utinam tam claros præceptores inducatis, ut a finitimis oppidis studia hinc petantur! utque nunc liberi vestri aliena in loca, ita mox alieni in hunc locum confluant,” &c.

“I was lately,” says Pliny, “at my native place, when the son of a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood, came to pay me his respects. ‘Are you a student?’ said I. He answered, ‘Yes.’ ‘And where do you pursue your studies?’ ‘At Milan.’ ‘Why not at home?’ His father, who accompanied the boy, replied, ‘Because we have no choice of masters in this place.’ ‘And why have

you not?' said I; 'for certainly nothing can be of more prime importance to every father of a family, (and luckily there were many present at our conference,) nothing can be more desirable than that your children should be educated in the place of their nativity. Where can their hearts find such sweet and strong attachments? Where can their passions be kept in such wholesome restraint, as under the guardian eyes and superintendance of their parents, never far distant from their preceptors? Where can they be taught at such moderate expense, or get masters at rates so reasonable? while the money now expended in travelling to another land, in board and lodging, in fees, and various other expenses, might be laid out much more profitably at home, where parents may be at all times at hand to judge of the progress and behaviour of the pupils, and to restrain or to enlarge the expenditure, as circumstances may suggest. Wherefore, let me beseech you to unite with a perfect consonance of sentiment, with head and heart, person and purse, in bringing education, a course of useful and liberal instruction, home to your very doors. Let not children, as they too often are, be a restraint upon their parents, but let parents be always prepared to restrain their children not removing from their sight and society their offspring, at the sweet spring-time of life; but watching with delight, yet with anxiety, the blossoming mind, the developement of the heart and affections, as well as of the understanding; and never suffering these best and noblest qualities of the human creature to shrivel up in a foreign country, for want of their proper objects. You cannot, believe me, you cannot perform a service more useful to your children, or more honourable, and at the same time, profitable, to your dear and native land. Here, they were born; here, let them be bred; and in their rising years, let them be early accustomed (and what is education, but early custom?) to

taste the sweetness of the natal soil, and to associate every thing instructive, amiable, and endearing, with the words—OUR COUNTRY. Very sincerely do I wish, you may select preceptors of such abilities, as may attract scholars from other parts; and as at present your children are obliged to resort to another country for a complete education, the time may speedily arrive, when those of another country may come among you for the same good purpose.' "

Such were the sentiments and advice of Pliny to his compatriots; and we think them well adapted, even at this day, to call forth your most serious consideration. It would be presumptuous in us, to add any words of our own to the weight of such an authority; and we therefore conclude with our most fervent good wishes, nay, even our prayers, for the progressive success of this seminary of popular education; that the object of the first founders may be perfected; that their present zeal may not soon be cooled, but may burn still brighter, and be continued to warm and animate their successors, and those who shall succeed to them; that the original spirit may not be lost by habitude and familiarity; that government may find it the best political economy to retain and secure the hearts of the people, by encouraging and fostering such Institutions as the present, without attempting to encroach on their *self-government*; that the public may find reason to applaud our designs, and to contribute to their full accomplishment; that a spirit of accomodation, and a reciprocity of good offices may ever prevail within these walls, among the Directors, the Masters, and Professors; and that, in fine, our children, and our children's children, within these same walls, may reap the full benefit of intellectual, and not less of moral improvement; so that, in their future progress, in their mature manhood, or even in their declining age, they may stop for a little in their journey of life, and, pointing to



this building, say—" *There* it was we spent our most delightful and instructive days; *there* we were taught by the best and kindest of masters; *there* we learned, not merely to understand, but to feel the Classics, to cultivate the arts and sciences, and—to LOVE OUR COUNTRY!"

So may it be, we pray to Heaven!

THE END.

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