

J. J. CALLANAN.

(POET—DIED SEPTEMBER 19TH., 1850.)

He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in manner,
 No form more slight, no cheek e'er was wanner,
 No heart was more true and no spirit was prouder,
 He could speak with a child and his voice was not louder;
 His soul was so pure—no dangers e'er fearing—
 "God's rest," cried the world "to the Minstrel of Erin!"

As yet in his childhood so bright was each token,—
 That often and often again it was spoken,—
 "His thoughts for this cold earth he never is framing,
 He chided the wicked yet never was blaming—
 A priest to the altar some day he'll be nearing
 The kind and the good, the true Minstrel of Erin."

To heaven and God his fond hopes were aspiring,
 To worship and love was his constant desiring,—
 To stand on the altar he ever was praying—
 "He loves to adore," still the people are saying,
 He cared not for mocking, he cared not for jeering,
 A priest in his soul was this Minstrel of Erin.

But God, in his bounty and wisdom desposing,
 To a life so devout had ordained no such closing;
 Thy cold hand consumption had touched on his beauty,
 And changed, for the bard, the bright path of his duty—
 He bowed to the will that his life course was veering—
 Did the poet at heart—the good Minstrel of Erin!

His heart was too large for a hating, reproving—
 He sought, as all bards, for an object of loving;
 He gazed all around and no object more splendid,
 Than the Isle of his birth which his fathers defended.
 "He woke its wild harp"—his country thus cheering—
 By the scenes of his youth—the true Minstrel of Erin!

Thy echoes great Mullogh, as the eagle is screaming,
 Retain its last call and when morning is beaming—
 The hills of Ivarah are bright in the glowing—
 That lights on their summit the fair heather blowing—
 They still are recalling and still are they wearing—
 The song and the stamp of the Minstrel of Erin!

From where, in the north, all the mad waves are dashing,
 On Antrim's wild rocks in a fury are splashing,
 To where thro' each valley, by brake and by highland,
 The Lee flows along, fairest stream of the Island—
 The peasant, the poet, with many a tear in
 His dim eye, recalls the sad Minstrel of Erin!

Green, green be the sod where this true one is sleeping—
 Where the muses of Erin in anguish are weeping—
 This destined of heaven whose spirit is rowing
 To-day in God's mansions, the dwelling of loving;—
 Long, long may his memory, wherever appearing,
 Find a shrine in each heart—fondest Minstrel of Erin.