

May toss their glory with like ease away :
 No farther scope to swell my honored name,
 Oh prove my strength to gain some brighter fame.
 Thus, honored sir, thou stand'st on thy own mount
 Where thy great soul can happy scenes recount,
 And gaze on life's vast labyrinth which thou
 Hast traversed o'er, a wonder to thee now,
 May that bright soul that burns of Grecian light
 Live long again to shed its lustre bright,
 And chain a world beneath its happy spell
 By powers of thought my language fails to tell.

Wm. T. M. M.C.C.

Fond son of Erin's Emerald Isle,
 Which of her sons so sweet can sing,
 And who, of all her mighty minds
 Can gems of brighter lustre bring,
 Born 'neath the shades of Tara's Halls,
 Where once its ancient Saint did breathe,
 His own immortal soul to thee
 Immortal genius did bequeathe.

Her hills and dales are fondly carved,
 Indelibly upon thy heart ;
 And Gibraltar's firmest rocks
 Would sever here these two could part.
 Thy name shines on their history's page,
 Long as those rocks of hers endure,
 And glittering thoughts thy mind hath shed,
 Will live to adorn her glory pure.

She gave to thee a genius bright,
 Embellished with her native hand—
 Thou hast returned them thrice to her
 Brightening thy own sweet native land.
 Thy genius sparkles o'er the land,
 As dew-drops on the lovely rose—
 Its diamond hue on Erin's page
 Now in immortal lustre glows !