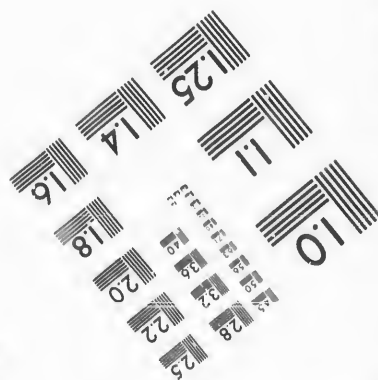
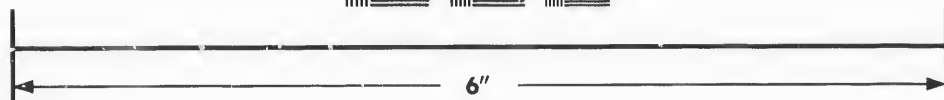
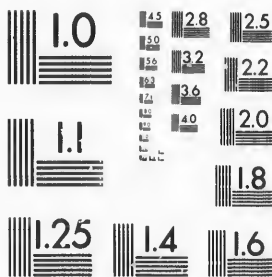


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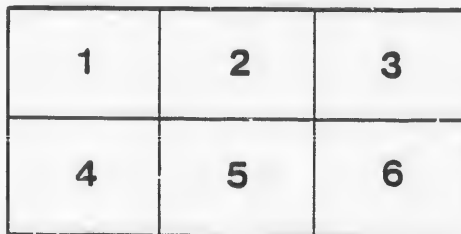
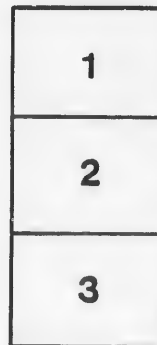
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3

THE

SPIRIT'S LAMENT,

OR,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND,

BY F. B. RYAN.

But, onward the green banner rearing,
Go flesh every sword to the hilt
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

MOORE.



MONTREAL:

1847.

MONTREAL:—J. STARKE & CO., PRINTERS.

TO JOHN O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P.

Sir,

To the Illustrious Liberator of Ireland—the rescuer of the slave, the untiring champion of civil and religious liberty—I intended to inscribe the following trifling production, when the world-wept death of the Great Leader obliged me to change my purpose. But though the fates have denied to me the wished for privilege, the honor is still left to me of dedicating it to you, the inheritor of his talents, the participator of his triumphs; to you who, through weal and woe, followed the dictates of his wisdom, and who, even now, in the midst of death and desolation, preserve in its integrality a distracted country's nationality.

I am fully conscious of the demerits of this work. In it there is no exhibition of those mental coruscations which should flash upon the pages dedicated to the gifted son of the laurel-crowned Agitator; but though it be deficient in intellectual attributes, I trust it shall not be found wanting in sincerity and patriotism. Were my abilities as uncircumscribed as my wishes, this unpretending effort of my inexperienced muse would be worthy of him to whom it is offered, as an humble tribute of respect and admiration, by

His very obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

As it is customary now-a-days with the *debutantes* in the field of literature to bore their readers with a preface, I suppose I must follow in the wake of Fashion, and subscribe to the implied regulation.

The following Poem was commenced under the influence of many agitating feelings, engendered by the perusal of O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, a synopsis of the history of that country from the year 1172 to the year 1840, against which the charge of prevarication, falsehood, or partiality, cannot be adduced, as it is principally composed of extracts from historians, chiefly Protestant, most of whom were interested in traducing the Irish People, and many of whom were open assailants of their religion. That work, in the most clear and irrefutable manner, portrays the rapacity, injustice, ingratitude, intolerance, and tyranny of England, towards the neighboring island, for a period of more than six hundred years; it presents to the world a brave, generous, and gallant people, struggling, alas, unsuccessfully, against the violence or wiles of a treacherous State, as prudence indicated the adoption of either course. It displays, with a truthful and vigorous force, the base treachery, domineering despotism, and degrading and disgusting policy of England; and shows, by a reference to British writers, the ingenuous conduct, unwavering fidelity, patient endurance, unswerving integrity, and unequalled virtues of Ireland.

In a work like this it would be utterly impossible for me to give more than a mere sketch of the sufferings of Ireland; nor can more be required in a composition of such a nature. Those who wish to explore the history of that once prosperous land, and to ascertain the cause of its present fallen condition, will not seek for that knowledge in a poetical production. I have not deviated from the truth in my portraiture of the facts alluded to in the text; and if it be objected, that my language is too strong, or that history is distorted or perverted in the subsequent pages, I reply, that any person may satisfy his scruples or suspicions by referring to those authors to whom his attention is directed in the notes; and if, after reading them, he do not acknowledge that language much harsher than that used by me would be perfectly justifiable, I consider that he must be, to a very great extent, imbued with the leaven of prejudice or scepticism.

I am fully prepared to encounter the blustering denunciations and angry anathemata of the termagant Tory Press of Canada; and am equally ready to look with calm indifference—or rather with unaffected scorn—on the malignant maledictions of the public organs of ascendancy and monopoly in the Parent State, should this work reach to the other side of the Atlantic; but the vampire vituperation, ejected by rampant Toryism, or frothing Orangeism, I condemn as heartily as I would despise the venal flattery which they so frequently offer on the altar of prostitution.

Should I be indicted on the ground of plagiarism, I at once plead guilty to the charge; but if this crime should be numbered among the many faults contained in this book, it should not be forgotten that the few

pirated ideas, coming from such a source, lend value and validity to one of the accusations I prefer against England, viz., her advocacy of a religious ascendancy : I acknowledge I have borrowed some sentiments from one of Ireland's most impassioned orators, the eloquent Phillips ; one whom as an ardent advocate I admire, whom as a renegade I detest.

There is a portion of this poem—that in which certain deceased personages, of infamous notoriety when in this world, are represented as enjoying the bounty of his Satanic Majesty,—the idea of which many may consider I took from Ward. Such, however, is not the case. Immediately after that had been written, I was reading it to a friend, when he informed me that that Poet exhibited some of his *dramatis personæ* in the unenviable situation of inhabitants of the infernal regions. I was not aware of the circumstances before, for the simple reason that I never read a line of Ward's works in my life.

To my warm-hearted countrymen I appeal for sympathy and approval ; and who, possessed of honest intentions, ever appealed to them fruitlessly ? If this trifling essay should make but one proselyte to the hallowed cause of Freedom, or incite to increased exertions those who are so nobly endeavouring to achieve it, then "*The Spirit's Lament*" shall not have been breathed in vain ; and, if my fellow countrymen should deem me undeserving of the bays of the Poet, I shall be more than fully recompensed if they award to me the wreath of the Patriot.

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THE SPIRIT'S LAMENT.

The heart of the Patriot sickens whenever
He thinks on the curse of his fondly lov'd land ;
When her hopes are the brightest dissension can sever
The friendship cementing her warrior band,—
Or rather her bands ; for in ages gone by,
In " the gem of the Ocean", as well as to-day,
There were spirits of iron, whose every sigh
Was wafted to Liberty's heavenly ray.
Too long, did they say, they had bowed to the stranger,—
'Twere nobler, surely, to sink in their graves,—
Far better, like men, to encounter the danger,
Than live as they were, but a nation of slaves ;
For such times and events 'twas a glorious decree,
When Tyranny sat, with a grin of delight,
On a pyramid raised with the bones of the free,
And the desolate land bent the knee in affright.
Oh, did they but leave to *one* arm to arrest
From the gore dabbled monster the guile plundered prey,
The might of O'Neill had unyoked the oppress'd,
And the badge of the serf were unseen by to-day.
But while victory followed the warrior's ranks,¹
The truculent Council determined to sell
The half-rescued country, tho' Blackwater's banks
Replied to the shrieks of the foe as they fell.
They basely deserted the land of their sires,²
When that land was contending for honor, for all
The balsms of this life, when the fierce glowing fires

Each palace and cot, on each mountain and valley,
On each crag of the coast, by each stream in the plain ;
Each lone spot re-echoed where courage could rally
The few who opposed the invaders in vain ;
And the Genius of Ireland looked on with a smile,
And the lustre of hope shot once more from her eyes,
The halo of glory beam'd around her awhile,
Till the tempest of discord swept over her skies.
Then the green mantled spirit no longer delay'd
To look on the pangs of the men who could bear
The yoke of the helot, nor dare draw the blade,
Nor measure the pike with the Sassenach spear.
She wended her way to a far distant clime,
Ungirt by the strong links of tyranny's chain,
Determined to make it her home 'till the time
That her Country would rise among nations again.
The Genius communed with twin spirits of air,
And learn'd from them 'twas high Heaven's decree,
That its envoy should rescue the land of her care,
And her soil should be trodden once more by the free ;
That the conqueror's weapons should be those of Peace,
"Perseverance" the watch-word to gather his band,
And "Order" the chemical dye to efface
The festering imprint of Slavery's brand.
'Twas written, they said, that her destined restorer
Would trace his descent from the Dalgassian line,^s
And when treachery's cloud would rise threat'ningly o'er her,
Like the star that illumines the daylight's decline,
He would rise in her sky, all its darkness dispelling,
The herald of light and the omen of peace,
And tho' circled by luminous bodies excelling
The rest of the orbs in effulgence and grace.
They said that Britannia's troops would assemble,—
That the shout of rebellion would rise o'er the earth,—
That the far scatter'd armies of England would tremble

She heard the glad tidings with feelings of wonder,
 And wing'd her away to her Isle in the sea,
 And wished for the day when the cannon's loud thunder
 The signal should give for that Isle to be free.
 But vainly she listen'd, no sound met her ear
 But the wailing of woe and the sigh of distress ;
 Wherever she looked there was misery's tear,
 While she was unable that tear to repress.
 At times, too, would come a short smothering cry,—
 The death note of freedom in Tyranny's grasp,—
 She'd haste to the rescue, alas, but to sigh
 O'er the hold of the fiend she couldn't unclasp.
 And oft did she float on her feathery pinions
 To look for some mark of deliverance nigh,
 And blush as she gazed upon Slavery's minions
 Embracing his knees as they lay down to die.
 Off, off to the land of the Red Branch she hurried,—
 But useless the task,—what she sought was not there ;
 'Mid the mouldering Castles of Ulster she tarried,
 Then sped in her quest to the green hills of Clare ;
 She wandered about through the plough-lands of Inoch,⁴
 And pensively strolled through the fields of Braenthree ;
 For oft had she heard the prediction of Cormoch,⁵
 That a blossom should bud on the Dalgassiar tree ;
 Which, o'er the extent of the wave-girded Island,
 Would send a sweet perfume on every gale,
 That each moss cover'd dell, and each heath cover'd highland,
 Should drink of the odor, and fragrance exhale.
 The Spirit's assertions she ceaselessly quoted,
 Each word strongly proved what the prophecy told ;
 Immersed in her dreams she triumphantly gloated
 On pictures such only as Hope may unfold.
 But vain is her search, she must seek for a shoot
 From the tree of the Dalgais ; but where will she go ?
 She knows that the place she is in bears the root,—
 But how find the branch where the blossom shall blow ?

Her wings became heavy, her ardor depress'd,
As her search she pursued o'er Mononia's soil ;
And pitied their lot, as she saw the oppressed,
In mourning's habiliments, feigning a smile.
At last she grew faint in her fruitless endeavour,
And view'd as a phantom the cause of her flight ;
The sky of her clime looked as gloomy as ever,
Its horizon robed in the darkness of night.
'Twas a sweet Summer's eve, she was gloomy, repining,
Her plumage was ruffled, its brightness was gone,
And those feathers of gold which at morn were shining
With hues everchanging, like gems in the sun,
Were wet with the dew drops which they had been drinking :
All nature was calm, and the winds were at rest,
The God of effulgence in ocean was sinking,
And kissing a farewell to all in the East.
For a time her eye droop'd in the softness of sadness,
For naught met her glance but the emblems of wo ;
She thought of past times, and the fierce ray of madness
Shot forth, while her features were tinged with the glow
Of shame, for the lot of her ward was appalling ;
Her laurels had wither'd, unhonor'd her name,
Her children reckless,—for what is more galling
Than serfdom to those who have revelled in fame.
No longer she sought to repress her emotion,
Her bosom was heaving, and murmurings broke,
At first, from her lips, like the play of the ocean,
Disturb'd by the zephyrs, ere storms evoke
The fiends of the sea from their briny recesses,
To lash into fury the erst laughing main ;
What an emblem of life, as each billow caresses
Its mate, and then sinks in the waters again.
The murmurings ceased and her feelings gushed forth,
She uttered her plaints in the voice of despair,
So wild were her looks that the spirit of mirth
Affrighted would seek for some happier sphere

Than that which the agonised guardian of Erin
Watch'd o'er, tho' its fruits and its flowers were dead,
To laugh not again in the Spring, while the tear in
Her eye told how keenly she felt what she said.

“ Her glories are gone,
And the stranger is dwelling
In halls not his own ;
And the tempest is swelling,
The storm's around her,
No arm to save ;
And the demon who bound her
Aye points to her grave.
He gloats o'er the face
Of the victim he slays,
On his features no trace
Of compassion betrays
A hope for to-morrow,
Or rest for to-day ;
Will she thus live in sorrow,
Consuming away,
Nor struggle for life
While a chance still remains,
Nor seek in the strife
To escape from her chains ?
Oh, surely the thought
Of a happier day,
When her sons were unbought,
Nor had learn'd to betray,
Will cheer in the fight
For children and home,
When the cuirass shines bright
And the hollow guns boom ;
And the tide of their fathers
Will course thro' their veins,
When the fierce struggle gathers
The hosts on the plains.

Are the conquests of Brian forgotten for ever ?

Have the fields of his glory been crimson'd in vain ?
Shall the evergreen bays of the conqueror never

Encircle with lustre her temples again ?

Oh, was it for cowards, whose treason's degrade her,

The grass of Clontarf was empurpled with blood
Of the Norseman who came here a pompous invader,

His navies were scattered, his armies subdued ?

And where is he now ? In the bosom of earth

He sleeps the long sleep, and his shout goes not forth ;

The slogan wild of his gathering men

Shall never arouse the chief again.

He leaped in his pride upon Ireland's shore,

But he never shall cross to his bleak land more ;

He rests by the side of his fav'rite sea,

The billows' roar his lullaby ;

His fancy disturbs not, his visions are fled,

And the warrior sleeps in his humble bed.

Well ! peace to his relics, for bravely he fought

For the prize which he aimed at, the object he sought ;

His pen was the sword, and his parchment the shield,

His court was the camp, and his senate the field.

He cloaked not his hate 'neath the treacherous smile,

He scorned to deal in hypocrisy's wile,

He never extended in friendship a hand,

While the other concealed 'neath his mantle the brand

To plunge in the heart of the trusting and brave.

No, the white flag unfurled, his motto was " save. "

The conquered he treated as serfs of the soil,

Their task was to labour, their portion was toil—

Unmocked were their tears, tho' wherever the Dane

Triumphant in war was acknowledged as Thane,

Undisguised were his actions, and boldly he'd do

What the whim of his nature would bid him pursue.

He sought not to hide with the veil of disguise

His object, nor dealt in diplomacy's lies ;

He formed no union 'twixt vassal and lord,
To laugh at the compact, and break his pledged word ;
Unversed in the arts of the moderns' schools,
He duped not the plundered, then jeered them as fools ;
He kept what he won by the arm of might,
Nor ever deceptiously dared to indite
Agreements on parchment, respected so long
As the power of those who obeyed him was strong ;
Till the people-wrung gold of his coffers could bribe
The suppliant lord and the temple-reared scribe,
To stir up the embers of discord and hate,
And urge to destruction the tottering state ;
Then tell them 'twas done for the commonwealth's good,
Tho' drowning the nation in rivers of blood.
Unskill'd in the slippery maze of the bar,
With the mode of man's worship, unused to wage war,
He never descended to make "Penal Laws,"
Nor doom'd to imprisonment people because
They dared to pour forth to the God of their love
The prayer which Heresy could not approve.
He ne'er to Apostacy offered a prize,
Nor rent with the malice of demons the ties
Which bound the affections of father to son,
Then boast of the hell-born deed he had done.
His subjects defenceless he never exiled,
Nor butchered the sire at the feet of his child ;
He never dishonor'd the maiden before
The face of her mother, nor pitiless bore
The joy of her heart to the bivouac fires,
Where the mother goes mad as her infant expires :
Nor dead to compunction which savages feel,
Did he scower the babe on the point of the steel ; ⁶
Nor laugh at the feelings of kindred, and make
The hand of the brother the brother's life take. ⁷
Or if he demurr'd to the fratricide deed,
And scorned the threats of the wretch who decree'd
The unnatural sentence, some neighbouring tree,

Whence dangled their bodies, in future would be
 An ominous warning to those who would raise
 An arm or voice in humanity's praise.
 Perchance it might be that the cot of their sire
 Was on the estate of some priest-ridden squire,
 Who, steeled to the beauties of Heresy's code,
 Adhered to his creed, and abjured not his God.
 'Tis a moment for bigots to vomit their spleen,
 'Tis a time for their loyalty's truth to be seen,
 That the world may learn how Protestant bands
 Can murder the Papist on Romanists' lands.
 The brothers were marched in derision before
 The lawless procession, to die at the door
 'Round which they had gamboll'd in earlier years,
 Ere sorrow had open'd the fountain of tears :
 No words have they spoken, no traces are there
 Of regret for the past, and the tremor of fear
 Shook not with its palsy the victims of hate,
 Like men did they suffer the patriot's fate ;
 No murmur was uttered, the death hour was nigh,
 One look of contempt to the foe that was by ;
 One prayer in secret—the struggle is o'er,—
 The chain of the captive shall harass no more.
 They've gone to the regions where grief is unknown,
 While the father is sad, and the mother is lone.

Unenvied the lot
 Of the broken-hearted,
 By man forgot,
 Their peace departed ;
 Joy smiled on the day
 When they knelt at the shrine,
 And Hope lent a ray
 Of her brightness divine,
 The blessing was given,
 The ceremony ceased,
 They look'd up to Heaven :

The feelings that bound them
For ever to each.
When virtue surrounds them
Can suffering reach
The radiance that brightens
The path of the good,
And cheerfully lightens
The gloom of life's road ?
Yes, bigotry's spell
Can break piety's charm,
No power can quell,
No hand can disarm
The schismatic's rage,
Or the fanatic's ire,
Nor pity assuage
The smouldering fire
That burns within
The intolerant heart ;
Like the heir-loom of sin
It will not depart
'Till it blazes on high,
While its votaries rave,
And the faintly-heaved sigh
Of the noble and brave
Is borne aloft
For mercy to those
Wretches who scoff'd
At the dying one's throes.
But Justice is deaf
To what Mercy would ask ;
The Judgment is brief,
And the fiends who bask
In the sunshine of noon,
In the rainbow of bliss,
Will be hurl'd anon
To destruction's abyss.

No prayer must ascend,
And no bosom must grieve,
No tongue must commend,
And no voice say "forgive."
The widow's curse,
And the orphan's tear,
And the father's curse
On a bloody bier,
Are a guilty proof
Of the bigot's life,
And the blazing roof,
And the gleaming knife.
He bends o'er his prey
With a demon's smile,
And no kindly ray
Of compassion the while
E'er beams in his eyes,
Nor soft drops flow,
He delights in the cries
Of his fallen foe ;
He erects his throne
On a heap of skulls,
And the captive's groan
To slumber lulls.
He would gladly feed
With a brother's blood
His ravenous creed
And its reptile brood
Of hell-hound guards,
"The Chosen Few ;"
But Fate awards
A sentence due,
A fearful doom
To him is given,
A fiery tomb
Prepared by Heaven.

Time hurried his car
Towards eternity's shore,
They heard from afar
The wind-borne roar
Of armies contending
In stubborn fight ;
Of the freeman defending
His country and right,
Of the autocrat seeking
A land to enthral,
Of the patriot breaking
The fetters that gall.
Earth echoed the strain
Of the recklessly brave
Who would sleep with the slain,
But would not be a slave,
Or worship the hand
That would burn his brow
With helotry's brand,
Or submissively bow
To a mushroom lord
Of yesterday's growth,
Without wielding a sword
In maintaining his oath.
Had Europe but given
Her aid to the weak,
His chain had been riven,
And Tyranny's shriek,
As he crawled to his den,
Would resound thro' the air ;
Each mountain and glen
Would re-echo the pray'r
Which the rescued pour'd forth
For the rescuer's weal.
Such pray'r has its birth
In gratitude's zeal.

The angels look'd down
On such incense with joy,
When the virtues had flown
To their home in the sky ;
A pitying God
Left this brightest of all,
And gratitude glowed
'Mid the funeral pail
Of guilt that enshrouded
The bosom of man,
And darklingly clouded
His life's narrow span.
But the madden'd hurra
Of the bellowing throng,
And the fierce array,
And triumphant song
Of the victor bounding
On his mettled horse,
Or the bugle sounding—
Or the mutter'd curse
Of the rebel flying
From the soldier band—
Of the soldier dying
By the rebel's hand,—
Disturb'd not with fear
The fond father's heart ;
His lov'd boys were near,
From peril apart ;
He rested securely,
No danger could come—
He trusted too surely.
The peace of his home
Must soon disappear,
To be followed by woe ;
And agony's tear
Unchecked overflow.

The sorrowing wife
Will shriek in despair,
As the heralds of strife
Her children bear
To a tragical end ;
And the grief-stricken sire
To Heaven will send,
As the victims expire.
Such curses of hate,
That the Angelic Host
With wonder await,
In astonishment lost,
The Dread One's decree.
But Charity pleads
With uplifted hands,
For a bosom that bleeds :
The withering stain
Of Mortality 's on him,
The rusting chain
Of sin is upon him ;
A life of sorrow
Will erase his crime ;
The dawning morrow,
The eve-bell's chime,
Shall witness his sighs
For pardon ascending,
While the wing'd of the skies,
In radiance descending,
Shall breathe in his ear
The whisper of love,
And kiss off the tear
That has pleaded above.
But wo to the hands
Steep'd in innocent blood,
When the murderer stands
At the bar of his God."

In ages gone by, such a harrowing scene
 Of cruelty tracked not the steps of the Dane ;
 In the contest of battle his bravery shone—
 In the battle's plough'd field he was cruel alone.
 He warri'd not with women—the soul-sick'ning scream
 Of the child did not follow his scimitar's gleam.
 The danger he shunn'd not—the enemy's van
 Was the place which he sought, where the red torrent ran ;
 Where the victor and vanquish'd commingle their cries,
 While the raven aloft o'er the charnel-house flies.
 He asked not the nation he conquered to kneel
 On the steps that were raised by the edge of the steel,
 Where the ministers list'ning to misery's groans,
 Having gnawed off the flesh suck at poverty's bones.
 He linked not the mitre by bonds to the crown,
 Thus hiring a Church that would freely disown
 The birth of a Saviour—acknowledge no God—
 And Heaven insult at the diadem's nod.
 Its temple was reared upon carnage and strife,
 Its sculpture was carved with the point of the knife ;
 While even the hands of its priests were imbued—
 Ay, up to the elbows—in Catholic blood.
 And if it was found that a member among
 The intolerant rabble complained of the wrong,
 He was surely despised as a weak-hearted fool,
 Unfit to obey, and unable to rule.
 The man that was cursed with a liberal mind
 Was a renegade deem'd by the rest of his kind ;
 " He wanted the nerve to distribute the laws "—
 " Such scruples might peril the Protestant cause ; "
 And banished from office, excluded from rank,
 In the glass of opinion to Zero he sank.
 If th' ablest statesman presumed to dissent
 From statutes of penalties, soon was the vent
 Of calumny opened, and ribaldry's lees
 Escaped from the vessels, and covered his knees.

Insulted, reviled, he was groaned from his place,
 He fled to retirement in shame and disgrace ;
 While the very same shout that announced his defeat,
 Was proffered as incense his rival to greet.
 The man who would circle his land with the beams
 Of happiness, hears nought but hisses and screams ;
 While he who would plunge it in chaos again,
 Is hailed by a party the greatest of men.
 They seat him on high in the rich currule chair,
 And the pæans of prejudice float on the air ;
 The strains of the fanatic sweep from the lyre,
 As Ascendancy forges his fetters of fire.
 The law that connected the Church with the State.
 By its harshness will hasten that Church to a fate
 Which its fallen defenders will weeping deplore,
 When its dome is in dust, and its creed is no more ;
 That union unholy will shatter the base
 Of the temple 'twas meant to preserve ; and a trace
 Of even its ruins they'll look for in vain,
 When its rival shall flourish in splendor again.
 Christianity's self is disturbed by the shock ;
 Ere this 'twould have sunk but 'twas built on a rock.
 This alliance adulterous aims at the core
 Of Fidelity's heart, and will haply do more
 To sap the foundations of Religion's fane
 Than the venom of Palmer—the ravings of Paine.
 Was religion founded to form a bed
 For influence courtly, or glidingly lead
 On the top of its waters as gently they flowed,
 The wealth-seeking mariner on to the road
 Where honors and riches profusely abound ?
 Where the goal once attained acclamations resound
 In praise of the merchant who gave them the means
 To wander at will through the Church's domains ;
 Nor do they forget to drink health to the name
 Of the ship that conveyed them to fortune and fame.

At the time that the Saviour committed his creed
To the care of his pastors, he wished that the seed
Of meekness should fall on the bosom of man,
And Charity gather the ear-drooping grain ;
He left it a gift for humanity's weal,—
He gave it a balm not to hurt but to heal.
With the sweets of affection and virtue imbued,
'Twas meant to associate, not to seclude—
All colors and climes in the world to bring
'Neath the hallowing shade of its spotless wing.
The statute connecting the Church and the State
Was mooted by Malice himself to create
Dismay in the land where its dread tocsin knells,
A monster then rose amid atheist yells ;
In Hypocrisy's womb he was foully conceived,
When Rapine and Murder in rivalry raevd ;
'Mid the death groans of Piety first he had birth,
When Carnage encompassed the bosom of earth ;
His food is the sufferer's mangled flesh,
That flies in flakes at each blow of the lash.
If the sinking one ask, with a gasping scream,
For water, he points to the vital stream
As it wells in a flood from each quivering vein,
While the heart-strings crack, and the eyeballs strain,
And no draperied shroud the clay enwraps—
The hawk may feed on the carrion corpse.
His sweetest drink is the widow's tear,
As it trickles down on a husband's bier.
Th' inhuman taste shows the monster's kin,
In crime brought forth, and begot in sin ;
Such drops might the thirst of a demon quell—
'Twere a fitting draught for the imps of hell.
He banquets not without music's charms,
The sweet sounds flow and his spirit warms,
Like flowers that ope in the shadowy night,
But turn with loathing away from the light,—

Exhaling their perfume when daylight is gone,
But scentless and dead in the brightness of noon.
The softest note that breaks on his ear
Is the tremulous accent of grief and fear ;
The orphan's sob for a tortured sire,
As he sees the being he loved expire
'Mid the senseless shout of perverted applause,
One sacrifice more to the Penal Laws
Is the joyful chord that thrills through his frame,
With the ecstatic bliss of unearthly flame.
In that moment he cares not for crosier or throne,
He's imparadised then in the orphan's groan.
This connexion is but an incestuous tie,
Polluting with earth heaven's purity,
Converting the cross to a ladder, whereby
The adventurer reaches aloft to the sky
Of rank—and the tower of ambition attained,
He scoffs at the means by whose help he has gained
The object he look'd for, and, pinnacled, views
The wants and the cares of the *world's refuse*
With a feeling of scorn, for why should he heed
If hundreds should starve, and if thousands should bleed.
The cottier distressed brings no pang to his heart,
No sympathy has he for misery's smart ;
The hopelessness seen on the mother's pale face,
As the rivulets down through the deep furrows trace
Their course of despondency, pleads there in vain ;
He's lost to all pity, he's steeled to the pain
Which the cries of her children, suing for bread,
Inflict on the bosom that hears them with dread :
Regardless he views her thrown out from that home
Where she tasted of peace, if not pleasure, to roam,
Unshelter'd, in tatters, the harsh world's scorn,
Far away from the scene where that beggar was born :
Ashamed to receive, from the hand she had grasp'd
With the hold of affection—the being she clasp'd

In the glow of her childhood, when fancy beamed bright,
And hope intermingled its blossoms of light,
The alms which she gets from some kind passer-by,
While she thinks of the cottage she left with a sigh.
Untouched are his feelings, tho' viewing the lot
Of the grandfather, writhing in agony, brought
From his pallet of pain and of sickness to lie
On the shelterless moor, by the snowbank to die—
The howl of the tempest, the roar of the storm,
Chaunting the dirge o'er his shivering form—
While the patriarch asks, ere his spirit takes wing,
For mercy to those who could suffering bring
On him and on his—but he only pursued
The precepts a Saviour had sealed with his blood.
But why should the troubles, the ills of the poor,
Those base-born hinds, cast their deep shadow o'er
The face of the rector, whose beauteous domains
Must not suffer the loss of a tree, and whose plains
Must wave with the yellow-eared corn, if dearth
And ruin alight on the rest of the earth.
The God who bequeathed the Christian his creed
Untainted, undimm'd, from anomalies freed,
Intended the hand of its priest to be pure
As the water that runs in transparency o'er
Its chrysolite bed, in some fabulous clime,
Untinged by the dross, and unstained by the slime
Of mortality's faults—and its pastors to be,
As the vestments they're robed in, from blemishes free ;
Unpolluted its chalice by gluttony's touch,
The fingers of Lust should not even approach
The vessel that holds in its bosom the wine
That gives vigor to weakness, and virtue to sin.
The trappings of rank with their glitter disgrace—
Sublunary pomp and its splendor debase
His church, who, portraying humility, brought
His teachers to serve from the fisherman's boat ;

Who, holding the empire of heaven and earth,
To atone for man, took from the manger His birth;
Who humbled Himself to the death of the Cross,
To give to his followers endless repose.
He meant not His minister bloated with pride,
On the carcase of poverty whooping to ride,
While calmly he looks with a smile of disdain,
As the trampled endeavours to rise up again,
And list'ning unmoved to the fallen one's wail,
He mutters in anger, those *cursed canaille*.
Oh, ever unpensioned should Religion be,
Uncrouching to Power, and unbending the knee
To the whispers of Lords, and the wishes of Kings,
When the chamber of audience with revelry rings,
As they ask for her sanction to perfidy's bond,
To prey on the weak, and to harass the wrong'd;
She should steal from the earth, but it should be its wo,
And leave naught behind but prosperity's glow;
While hymns of thanksgiving for misery gone
Should rise on the gale to the Heavenly throne.
'Tis piteous to see her, a mendicant, stand
At the gate of the Castle, extending her hand
For the wages of infamy—selling her soul—
While horrible blasphemies volubly roll
From her lips at the purchaser's stern command,
As she clutches the bayonet, and raises the brand.
How fawning she looks at the levee's array,
As, servilely stooping, she sidles her way
Through the glittering throng of the courtiers, to pour
The unction of praise on the lord of the hour,
When a visible smile on her features is seen,
For the Marquis has promised the rank of a Dean;
The manual's pages no longer are read,
The leaves of the red-book must answer instead,
The pension list laughs at the liturgy's lines,
And hope in the blaze of a bishopric shines,

The truths of the Bible are fiction and pall,
 The will of the King must be gospel and all ;
 The man who despises the words of the Lord,
 Yet for proselytes seeks at the point of the sword.
 Tho' his temple be empty, his followers few,
 And most of the number are worshippers thro'
 The motives of interest solely, must get
 The costliest luxuries—millions must sweat
 And toil for his ease, tho' they wither in want,
 While their ears are assail'd with the orthodox cant,—
 " For the glory of England this tribute you give,
 Her greatness depends on the tithes, nor believe
 The blustering demagogue's lying report,
 That the empire of Britain could ever support
 Her old reputation, unaided by those
 Whose sanctity over the commonwealth throws
 A radiance so bright, that each bordering clime,
 Amazed at a splendor so pure, so sublime,
 Despairs of enjoying effulgence so great,
 And mutters in envy 'The Church and the State.'
 Oh, trust me, the Rectors and Bishops alone
 Are the guardians that watch o'er the people and throne."
 Ay, raise up a palace to flatter the pride
 Of the pampered official of greatness, let wide,
 Majestic plantations encircle the halls
 Where the high elm tow'rs, and the sad willow falls
 With a motion of gracefulness, fitting retreat
 For the man in whom meekness and charity meet.
 Forget not the precious preserves, let them be
 Well stocked with the woodcock, let every tree
 Be living with game, that the Manton well skilled
 May boast of the number of pheasants it killed ;
 Let an aviary's music add beauty and grace
 Where the rarest of Afric's and Ind's wing'd race
 Exhibit to ladies the brightest of plumes,
 While the ladies exhale of the richest perfumes ;

Where the bird of the sun in captivity flies,
 And the parrot disports in its emerald dyes ;
 Let zoology's garden with wonder be stor'd,
 Where the chattering monkey may mimic his lord ;
 What marvel? his owner's a mimic at best,
 In the long-flowing toga of religion drest
 He preaches of charity, shudders at sin,
 Yet the embers of avarice burn within ;
 Let the pond's glassy bosom be filled with such fish
 As the palates of epicures only may wish—
 For a bishop should never regale on the food
 That is served at the board of the plebeian brood ;
 Add a library, stocked with those writings alone
 Which treat of the bonds 'tween the Church and the Throne ;
 Allow not a liberal pamphlet therein—
 Such impious sacrilege surely would win
 The imp of decay to these towering walls,—
 Such a work must not enter the palace's halls ;
 All radical rant must the Churchman eschew—
 Such ribaldry shocks th' evangelical crew ;
 A billiard room also for visitors add,
 To amuse them when lively, and soothe them when sad,—
 Relaxation is sweet to the laboring mind,
 And the cue and the balls are as good as they'll find :
 What sport is so meet for a spirit that's bold,
 'Tis a game in which prelates may gamble their gold :
 Let Rubens and Vandyke his gallery deck,
 And the portrait of Reynolds, just seeming to speak,
 Astonish his guests ; let the pencil of Claude,
 Depicting with touches of magic the broad
 Soft skies of his country in triumph, be seen—
 Such a painting might hallow the Court of a Queen ;
 Let the art of the sculptor adorn his rooms,
 Displaying the growth of the rich Arras looms ;
 Let the precious and costly productions of Dresden,
 And the life-breathing works of undying Thorwaldsen,

Impart their attractions to dazzle the proud,
Unable to vent their amazement aloud ;
Let salons for dancing be made in the wing,
Where the delicate fops in the evening may bring
Their beautiful partners, and whirl around
In the maze of the dance, while the eddying ground
Is swimming around them, and laughing blue eyes,
And cheeks changing color, and deeply drawn sighs,
Tell the varying feelings that prey on the crowd ;
Some whisper of love, and some chatter aloud,
'Till the bishop conveys to the band his high will,
That they play for the dancers the newest quadrille.
E'en lovers then drop the low murmuring voice,
And glide o'er the floor with the one of their choice,
For the owner himself of those reveling halls
In ecstasy joins with the young bacchanals,
And the gayest admirer Terpsicore boasts
Is this best of all bishops—this first of all hosts.
Should the dowager duchesses look too demure,
“ With the ladies permission, he begs to assure
Their high-born graces, that nothing can give
Its tone to a mind that has reason to grieve
So soon as a waltz or some innocent dance,
When no word moves the lip, and no eye looks askance.”
He tells them “ whenever his nerves are not strong
Their jarring is soothed by laughter and song ;
Whenever his mind is desponding, and care,
Th' attendant of onerous duties, is there,
He seeks for a balm in the sounds of the lyre,
When the symptoms of *ennui* directly expire.”
But those *onerous duties* he speaks of are those
Which his walks round his premises daily disclose :
He visits his kennel, exhibits his stud,
And thus is he occupied practising good ;
Or haply he hears, afar off, the loud cheer,
Which calls him to start to the chase of the deer—

But he cannot at present, the chase he'll decline,
There are puritans with him who think it a sin
For a man like his lordship to follow the track
Of the deer or the fox—a true methodist pack.
Who, 'neath sanctity's garment, securely conceal
The crimes which the hypocrites dare not reveal ;
He'll keep their esteem, so he bows to his fate,
Tho' the hounds, in their fleetness, are passing his gate ;
Or, haply, attending those *duties*, he hears
The case of some tenant who fell in arrears—
The land he must have, or the rent must be paid,
Too long has the rascal the payment delay'd ;
The poor man approaches—the long furrowed lines
Speak suffering's visits—he meekly begins
To tell of his losses, to count o'er his ills,
While memory, pointing to misery, fills
His eloquent eye with the salt tear of wo—
But vainly the fountains of sorrow o'erflow,
Compassion can sway not that prelatie mind,
His pleadings for pity are told to the wind—
His wife is in travail—he heeds not her pain,
Tho' fever'd, in want, on a couch she has lain
Thro' long weeks of torture,—no longer she'll lie,
Let him take her at once to some cottage close by,
Some friend may allow her to rest on a bed,
Some soft-hearted neighbour may pillow her head—
Let them seek for relief from relations, or go
To the workhouse together, for surely they know
That a gentleman finds other use for his gold
Than feeding the hungry, or helping the old ;
How could he support such a numerous suite—
Extensive establishments how could he meet,
Could he give to the gentry such sumptuous balls,
Could he settle with cash all his numerous calls,
Could he lose on the Derby, at Epsom, or run
His favorite high-blooded racer upon

The course at St. Leger's, unless he obtained
To the moment, and farthing, the rents of his land ?
The order is given, the agent is told
The course he must follow—all, all must be sold,
Ay, unto the sheet that envelopes the wife—
No matter—what is she ?—a peasant ; her life
Must a sacrifice be on cupidity's shrine,
And the idol delights in the honors divine.
The tool of corruption his malice allayed,
The chattels all sold, and the payments all made,
Retires to his service of crystal and plate,
Where liveried lacquies attending await—
Then goes to the dancing pavillion to speak
Of the tear of distress he has brushed from the cheek
Of the victim of poverty ; eager they haste
To list, as he tells about misery chased
By his hand of benevolence, chuckling the while
At the folly of those whom his statements beguile.
“ The man who assuages h's brethren's woes
May be surely allowed to commingle with those
Whose laugh is of lightness, and join in the song,
When nothing but purity flows from the tongue.”
Their Graces incline with a nod of assent,
And think that his reasons should flourish in print ;
Let bowers and grottos adorn his lawns,
And over his parks bound the timorous fawns,—
Let fountains their waters fling high in the air,—
Neglect not to build a neat chapel for pray'r,
'Tis fit it be there, though it never were used,
Let the bible be seen tho' it be not perused—
Let a clerk too be got that will duly reply
When the service commences—-but when will that be ?—
Let a chaplain be hired with a sanctified look,
Who studies Madeira much more than his book,
Who seizes the dice with a connoisseur's hand,
And snuffs out a candle at word of command.

A disciple of peace, he can handle the gun,
 The duel can boast him its favorite son ;
 The racket court counts him its steadiest slave,
 His chosen companions the gambler and knave ;
 In the cockpit he prided in fitting the spurs,
 At college was known as the backer of curs ;
 Roulette is the game of his choice, and thereon
 He would stake what he has on the chance of the "*Crown* ;"
 He has basked in the sunshine of life for a while,
 He fluttered when young in the quick-changing smile
 Of Fortune, but since he has borne her frown,
 And lived how he could as a "man about town ;"
 He'll suit the caprices and whims of the great,
 And talk of the links 'tween the Church and the State ;
 He'll blend with their feelings and humor their ways,
 And speak of his reverend master with praise ;
 He's just what is wanted, a man who has known
 The whimsical changes of life by his own ;
 Then get him this chaplain, don't mind tho' he rake,
 For have him he must for appearances sake.
 What wonder Hypocrisy laughs at his dupes ?
 What wonder if Tyranny riots and whoops
 In the madness of joy at continued success ?
 When his victims encircle his footstool to bless
 The monster who rides on the necks of the poor—
 The idol whose altar is deluged with gore.
 How great must Ascendancy's appetite be,
 Unsatisfied still, tho' all sects are his prey—
 Tho' the peasant, who's starving, must give what he earns
 To a church he contemns—to a parson he spurns.

In the lawless lust
 Of the great on earth,
 On Virtue's dust
 That Church had birth ;—
 The abbey's lands,
 Which served the poor,

By a King's commands
Were given o'er
To a ruthless host
Of swindling knaves,
To feeling lost—
A Monarch's slaves.
That Church was reared
On Pity's corse.
By those who feared
No human curse ;
No, not the hate
Of an angry God,
Or the frightful fate
Of Hell's abode ;—
The *pious* lord
On England's throne,
So much abhorr'd
To live with one
Who once had shared
His brother's bed,
He greatly feared
Some awful, dread,
And darksome end
Would be his fate ;
Such visions tend
To dissipate
His peace of mind,
He therefore prays
The Pope to find
Some way to ease
His conscience scared,
His soul oppressed :
The Conclave heard
What he expressed,
But would not grant
What he desired,—

Such specious cant
His bosom fired.
Rome would not own
A harlot's right
To England's throne;
That sceptre bright
Should never guard
Adultery's bed—
Rome's last award
Was not to wed—
Then anger seized
On passion's breast,
And self-love praised,
Pride did the rest.
His gracious Queen
Was made the mark
For venal spleen,
For malice dark—
A wanton's charms
Must be carest
Within his arms,
Upon his breast
The nymph must dwell,
His fancied fair,
To whom he'll kneel
In warm pray'r ;
Anne he must have
In spite of all,
Or Romish slave,
Or Popish thrall ;
He does not heed
The Pope's decree,
From fetters freed
Himself will be.
The Church's Head,
The Bible's *Light*,

His *holy* creed
 Will grant the right;
 A King may claim
 Whate'er he please
 From those whom Shame
 Has raised to Sees.

What means shall he try to obtain what he seeks,
 Ere he gains what he looks for? The heart-rending shrieks
 Of the pious and good shall resound thro' the land,
 The musket and sabre, the dagger and brand
 Will contribute their aid to supremacy's cause ;
 Confiscation shall furnish his merciless laws,
 The priory's cellars must now be unstored,
 He'll be Head of the Church by the force of the sword,
 The monastery's rents, which had always relieved
 The traveller's wants, the distressed, the bereaved,
 Must to infamy's agents hereafter be given,
 The bonds of affection henceforward be riven,
 And wretchedness weep unprotected, forlorn,
 Contemn'd by the bad, infidelity's scorn,
 The laws which related to tithes as they were
 Must be changed from their purport to tithes as they are :
 But what shall he do for a complaisant priest,
 Whose nature is plastic—some humanised beast—
 Who'll cringingly crouch at the autocrat's knees,
 And grant a divorce, or whatever he please ?
 With the scent of a bloodhound he tracks out his game,
 Fit tool for a tyrant, and CRANMER his name ;
 Without reputation, a miscreant vile,
 Whose life was one scene of corruption—whose smile
 But boded destruction—concupiscence blazed
 'Round the form which infamy's genius had raised,
 To religion dead, to concubinage given,
 His hope was of earth, he had lost all of Heaven.
 In Canterb'ry's See now was Cranmer install'd,
 From which was its rightful archbishop recall'd,

Tho' none but Satanus himself could reveal
 His tenets or belief, yet the Sovereign's will
 Dubbed him Protestant bishop—what contrast was he
 To him⁷ who first held that Episcopal See?
 'Round the last coruscated religion's beams,
 'Round the first flickered luridly heresy's flames.
 A spiritual court was at Dunstable held,
 From which were excluded the priests who rebelled
 'Gainst the monarch's supremacy: Henry's Queen
 Was cited to come to the court of these men—
 Her doom was prejudged, but the requisite form
 Was gone thro', and meekly she bent to the storm,
 And Arragon's child, by the sentence divorced,
 Was no longer the wife of a husband accursed.
 Before this decree he had married Boleyn,
 Thus recklessly branding her name with the stain
 Of Adultery's vileness. All trammels are rent,
 The clergy are hired, and the nobles consent,
 But still was the Pope thought the Church's *true* Head,
 And now to usurp the dominion instead,
 Some *national faith* must be formed—to bring
 The empire to join was the aim of the King.
 The thing was resolved on, and just at the time
 Came Luther and Company's doctrine sublime,
 'Tis seized with avidity—obstacles fly
 As if by a spell—the “No Popery” cry
 Is raised by the voices of Harry and Tom;
 How grandly those shouts of “No Popery” boom—
 'Tis their followers' war-cry from that day to this,
 “No Popery” bears them to realms of bliss.
 The King has pronounced it the faith of the land,
 His words are a law, at the patron's command
 The servants of power, from immaculate Tom
 To the scullion and footman, in multitudes come
 To kiss but the robe of the *prophet*, and see
 The man who made England contented and free!

His Majesty glows with celestial fire,
 He breathes in their nostrils, and, lo, they respire
 Of Virtue's aroma, report goes abroad
 That the Protestant King has his mission from God
 The nunneries, monasteries, abbeys, and all
 The houses of Catholic worship must fall,
 And the inmates, whose days in benevolence flowed,
 To the whim of a bloody intolerance bowed;
 Their incomes were given to Rapine, at best,
 To a creed that was born of Anger, carest
 By the hand of Destruction, and rocked to the cries
 Of Mercy commingling with Piety's sighs;
 He gave *all* the *tithes* to the pastoral herd,—
 The former incumbents had but the *one-third*.
 In the reign of his daughter Elizabeth *pure*,
 When numberless grievances weighed on the poor,
 When wild Revolution was threatening to break
 Thro' Tyranny's bulwarks—to keep it in check
 A law was enacted to help the distress'd,
 Whom tribute and taxes and plunder oppressed,—
 The first of the kind, for in Catholic times
 Want never caused the commission of crimes;
 What a substitute that for the minist'ring hand
 Of goodness and kindness—how changed is the land?
 Now Poverty reigns on Britannia's shore,
 Where plenty and cheerfulness flourished before.
 In the days of the abbeys distress was unknown,
 Starvation's now common in country and town;
 Each Monarch succeeding improved in the trade
 Of rapine and robbery; laymen were made
 Tithe impropietors—th' income was given
 To men who *professed* not to lead men to Heaven.
 From the rock where I sit let me run my eye o'er
 The expanse of waters to Albion's shore:
 In that country, which boasts constitution and laws,
 I can see, as in Ireland, the source and the cause

Of tumult and discord, and poverty too,
 The tithes *as they are* she has reason to rue.
 And now as I look upon Devonshire's fields,
 How many a parish its revenue yields
 In tithes to the layman?—there's Gifford for one,⁸
 Whose surface extensive no church is upon;
 A part of it once was a banker's estate,
 Who sold all its tithes to a Captain, of late—
 A Man of War's Captain—it may be that tithes
 Will decimate Frenchmen like bayonets or scythes.
 To St. Charles's vicar belongs all the rest,
 Who in Plymouth resides, and who preaches with zest
 Of th' ancient origin of tithes, but still he
 Converts not these dues to the purpose which they
 At first were intended for, yet what is more,
 Tho' living at ease on the spoils of the poor,
 He has never attended at marriage or death
 In Gifford, since ever he first drew his breath.
 There's Brenton⁹ another, near Tavistock fair,
 To Bedford's proud Duke are the tithes given there,
 Who pays to a parson a trifle to speak
 Some words on a Sunday, but *once* in the week.
 Look there at St. Thomas,¹⁰ near Exeter's gates,
 Five thousand on tithes from those princely estates
 Are enjoyed by their owner, who well may afford
 A parson to pay, for explaining "the word."
 Look yonder at Saltram,¹¹ there Morley delights
 In luxuries purchased by Plympton's rich tithes.
 But why do I dwell on a pitiful few
 Cases of lawless injustice? when through
 The breadth of the land is eternally heard
 The shout of the tithe-proctor, hated and feared.¹²
 If England will suffer this evil to prey
 On her innermost vitals, unmurmuring pay
 To some layman of wealth what was meant for distress,
 Let Ireland despair of obtaining redress:

If she thinks it useless to utter a plaint—
 If th' Englishman thinks 'twould be hopeless to paint
 Th' iniquitous evil, let Ireland resign
 Herself to her lot, and in secret repine ;
 Whenever she dared but to utter her wrongs
 In the ears of the autocrat, raillery's songs
 Drowned the voice of remonstrance, she always retired
 Unheard, and her hopes for the future expired.—
 Shall the ghost of O'Rourk, for his country repining,
 For ever roam over the hills of his land,
 Nor hail the bright sunbeam of liberty shining
 Unclouded once more on Hibernia's strand ?
 Shall the chieftain of Breffni thus wander for ever,
 No peace to descend on his wo-laden breast,
 For the ill-fated victim of treachery never
 Can hope to partake of tranquility's rest
 'Till his paralysed country awake from her slumber,
 And gemm'd in her own native glories appear
 As of old, and unshackled by bonds that encumber,
 Unfit for the limbs of a freeman to wear ;
 Enwrapp'd in his white shroud, he mourns those ages
 When Ireland was hailed as the home of the free,
 When her name was inscribed upon history's pages
 " First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea ;"
 He points to the spot where the legions of foemen
 Descended when leaping from Albion's prows
 To ravage a country that blushed for a woman
 Who fled from a husband, forgetful of vows—
 She rushed from the arms of him she had sworn
 To love and to cherish, to serve and obey,
 Unheeding the wounds of the bosom she'd torn,
 The pangs of a heart she had thus thrown away,
 To find a repose on the breast that betray'd her,
 To seek for delight in MacMurchad's embrace,
 The renegade friend of the merciless invader,
 To lavish her smiles on the false and the base,

Had there dwelt in her soul but one spark of that feeling
 So lovely, so holy, so precious, so pure,
 Like the diamond concealed in the cavern, revealing
 The chasm that yawns on its nature-rent floor,
 'Twould have saved her from ruin, her kindred from slaughter,
 Her name from reproach, and her country from shame,
 Her husband from scorn, and Erin's fair daughter
 Would have died as a princess, untarnished in fame.
 The treacherous wanton made virtue a pander¹⁸
 To lewdness—she flew on the wings of desire,
 Nor chastity bridled, nor prudence restrained her,
 Consumed by the blaze of Adultery's fire.
 Dhearborgil, while Ireland exists on the ocean,
 Her iron cliffs lashed by the high-swelling sea,
 While virtue excites but one throb of emotion,
 While Earth is still trod by the steps of the free,
 While those strains from the planets above me are swelling,
 To their Architect paying the homage they owe,
 While the golden spirit of Faith has her dwelling
 Of adamant on this dark world below,
 Thy name shall be coupled with crime and dishonor,
 Be uttered with loathing, be spoken in gloom,
 And Ireland, lamenting the stain that's upon her,
 Her curses will heap on thy untrodden tomb.
 MacMurchad, while honor has votaries, never
 Shall they render a thought but of hatred to thee,
 The clouds of thy guilt shall surround thee for ever,
 Thy treason, the taunt of the patriot be—
 The sigh of the lover his mistress caressing,
 As he thinks of thy vileness in robbing the brave
 Of the treasure he worshipped, life's holiest blessing,
 Shall pierce through thy soul, oh! thou suppliant slave;
 Who, foul as the reptile that feeds on the forms,
 Once teeming with grace, in the chamber of death,
 And, crawling on living putridity, warms
 Its rayless abode with its pestilent breath,

Did'st vilely, degradedly, sully the pearl
 The Chieftain had set in the gold of his love,
 The image he knelt to did'st recklessly hurl
 From its stand upon purity's column above,
 To sink in the slop of pollution, to lie
 In rank prostitution's engulfing abyss,
 While no tear of regret, nor a penitent sigh
 To plead in the world to come, or in this,
 Redeemed thee from obloquy's festering mark,
 Or chased from Fidelity's temple the frown,
 Or lit with a passing effulgence the dark
 And ominous shadow that settled upon
 The features of Loyalty ; bitter thy lot,
 Insulted when living, despised in the clay,
 No waters can cleanse the indelible blot,
 No, ocean itself could not wash it away.
 When the Sun, in his gentleness, smiles on the mountains,
 Dissolving the snow on the tops of the hills,
 And opens the blossoms that border the fountains,
 And gilds, in its softness, the low-laughing rills,
 Then ether's gay choristers notes shall upbraid thee,
 And ask were these green fields created to bear
 The tread of the slave ?—did the Being who made thee
 And them e'er intend that a foe should be there ?
 When the Sun, in his gorgeousness, glares on the river,
 And paints the swift barks with his own yellow hue,
 And Nature, in bloom, sends her hymn to the Giver
 Of Good, and the trees in their gala robes woo
 The zephyrs that fan with the ease of a lover,
 And whisper of fragrance at every kiss,
 When each dell and each bower, each grove and each cover
 Sends its tribute to form a garden of bliss ;
 E'en up from that fairy Utopia exhaling,
 The odor shall bear in its sweetness the taint
 Of thy actions atrocious, thus quickly revealing
 The land that gave birth to so duplex a scent ;

While the Angel who gathers the perfume for Eden,
When the breeze from Hibernia catches his wings—
That breeze with the choicest aromata laden,
But with the rich offering also it brings
The stench of thy lust—must refuse what is proffered,
For nothing polluted can enter his vase ;
Yet the gift is a rare one, he culls what is offered,
Reserving what's fair, and rejecting what's base ;
When the Sun, with his glories half-mellowed, is calling
The peasant to rise from his trance of delight ;
When the eve of the long sunny Summer-time's falling,
And Autumn descends with her tresses of light ;
When the youths are collecting the harvest, and singing
In chorus, and maidens have joined in the song,
While pleasure goes round and the gay laugh is ringing,
Some chronicler hoary will tell of the wrong,
Then the eyes of the young men with madness will glisten,
And women will shudder in horror and fear,
Maledictions will rise from the lip as they listen,
And anger shall chase off the gathering tear ;
The burst of indignant contempt shall confound thee,
The hisses shall bear to thy spirit a pain,
And high aspirations shall curl around thee,
And plunge thee in torture again and again ;
When the Sun shall have lost all the diamonds adorning
His rich jewell'd helm, and feebly his rays
Remove the thick veil that envelopes the morning,
When his mirror of gold he no longer displays ;
When fiercely the loud winds of Heaven are roaring,
And thunders are crashing, and lightnings affright,
When the eagle alone through the firmament's soaring,
And deep-blushing roses no longer invite,
E'en then, when the wine in the goblet is darkling,
When valor is toasted, and beauty is praised,
When mirth rules the hour, and the nectar is sparkling,
And bright eyes vie with it,—the arm half raised

To the lip shall descend, for the theme shall be started —
 Of Ireland's reverses—of Ireland betrayed,—
 Her laurels all withered, her greatness departed,—
 Shall insult be heaped on thy vilified shade.
 And thus will it be 'till the last trump, awaking
 Earth's tenants, shall summon the old and the young,
 While the crackling of flames on immensity breaking,
 Consuming; the globe, shall strike terror among
 The awe-struck beholders, then you shall be lonely—
 Of those to be judged even one sha'n't remain
 By your side—you'll have with you your concubine only,
 And spurned, despised, with apostacy's stain
 Rankling deep in your spirit, detested you'll stand,
 The aim for the scoff, and the mark for the yell,
 While the world shall point to the treacherous hand
 By which Ireland, the garden of loveliness, fell.
 Lo, there the bereaved one, his brown curls floating
 On every breeze, asks for vengeance upon
 His country's revilers maliciously gloating
 O'er penury's pang, and o'er misery's moan,
 The sons of the 'green isle' he wildly beseeches
 To humble the pride of the stranger who came
 To back the seducer, while wildly he stretches
 The arms unused to submission so tame ;
 He tells them to think of their country's invasion,
 The foe disembarked upon Chastity's bier,
 They alit on the strand 'mid the sighs of the nation,
 And Religion dropt, as she saw them, a tear ;
 And " Con of the Hundred Fights " joins in the pray'r,
 And tells the descendants of those whom he led
 In battle so often, unconscious of fear,
 To follow the track of their fathers who bled
 And fought by his side when the coward was shrinking.
 And far from the heat of the contest retired,
 While the long skein, all crimsoned, was greedily drinking
 From streams which it loved, as the Saxon expired.

he O'Neill, from the bed where he lowly reposes,
 And weeps for his birth-place with dun clouds o'ercast,
 With gestures of anger indignant discloses
 The tale of her ills to the northern blast,
 And urges her children, hopeless, despairing,
 To rise from their lethargic stupor, and win
 Fame's diadem back in its brightness, and bearing
 The treasure in triumph not lose it again ;
 To struggle, unfearing, 'till thrall is extinguished,
 Till the green banner flutter untarnished once more,
 Nor cease 'till the strong hand of Might have relinquished
 Its prey, and the Kingdom rejoice as of yore ;
 He asks, while the hectic of rage is o'erspreading
 His cheeks pallid hue, does the poltroon deserve
 That himself and his clansmen, on tyranny treading,
 Should, spite of allurements, unyielding observe
 Allegiance to Ireland? and was it for men
 So abject he wielded the gore-clotted sword,
 And laughed at the threats of a prostitute queen,
 And mocked all the power of a despot abhorr'd ?
 Did he immolate victims on liberty's shrine
 For recreants like them?—no, valor forbid,
 Her radiance was never intended to shine
 On brows in the darkness of slavery hid.
 Did hecatombs smoke on her altars that they
 Might lick off the dust from Dulocracy's feet ?
 Was the goddess appeased that the sons of the free,
 The hand that had smote them should servilely greet ?
 Oh, Heaven! 'tis fearful to think of the story
 Of Ireland—her injuries, insults, and wrongs,
 How pulsates my heart as the scene of her glory,
 Now gone, on the vision of memory throngs ?
 How curdles my blood as I look on her trembling,
 Afraid to encounter the taskmaster's glance ?
 How changed from the time when her armies assembling,
 Her rights she maintained at the point of the lance !

Let me look at the time in the past's dark womb hidden,

When the Saxon first came here—since then she has been
The arena of strife, the inhabitants ridden

By foreign adventurers venting their spleen.
From the moment she bowed with a partial submission

To Henry's sceptre, the deep-eating yoke
Was felt, and she suffered the scoff of derision,

'Till the slumbering fire of the patriot 'woke.
What horrors I've looked on—her children dying

Of famine in numbers, no solace to soothe
Th' unbearable anguish, no kind voice replying

In softness, no words of affection to smooth
The road to Eternity's mansions—the hue

Of the half-swallowed wild roots discolored their lips,¹⁴
Just trembling with life, while the ominous blue

Foreboded the nearness of death by its stripes ;
And Anarchy rode on the wings of the breeze,

And Massacre rioted wild thro' the land,
And Justice was banished ; the emblems of peace

Were changed for the scaffold, the axe, and the brand ;
The Saxon, or Saxon's descendant might plunge

The knife without fear in the Irishman's breast ;¹⁵
If he murdered a servant, a fine would expunge

¹⁶ The guilt, and all further pursuit was repressed.

I cannot bear to meditate

Upon her pristine power,
The target for the bigot's hate,

Her former glory's o'er ;
Each Monarch's life, as in a glass,

Reveals some damning deed,
Coercion to the starving mass,

The bosom bared to bleed ;
From Henry's to the latest reign,

My own my lovely isle,
If ever has been seldom seen
To wear a passing smile ;

And every pang that shot thro' her
Bore equal pain to me,
The irons she was doom'd to wear
Call'd a responsive sigh
From out the recess of my heart,
And madly throbb'd my veins ;
I thought my heaving frame would part
Each time she dragg'd her chains ;
At every insult that was heap'd
By ribaldry upon
That groaning land, I pray'd and wept,
Nor wept and pray'd alone ;
'Twere tedious now to try and count
The causes of her grief,
E'en still her cries for mercy mount
On air, and reach this cliff ;
As well might I go count the sands
That lie on the sea shore,
Or seek for track of art in lands
Unvisited before,
Or change the winged lightning's source
Against Th' Almighty's will,
Or dry the raging rivers course,
Or destiny unveil,
As hope explicitly to tell
Her crime-fraught tale of wrong—
The blackened catalogue would swell
Beyond the reach of tongue.
Oppression's form might be changed,
The substance was the same,
And whether Irishmen were hanged,
Or perished in the flame,
No matter, so they suffered, that
Was all the Saxon cared.
But death awaits the twining *cat*,
As well as faulchion bared,

And when the bloody scimitar
 Resigned its office dread,
 Then Law, high-seated on his car,
 Display'd in place of lead
 The rope, the gibbet groaned beneath
 The weight of Irish dead,
 And Justice, Honor,—no, not Faith,—
 And Hope affrighted fled ;
 The tribunal was but a farce
 Where bribery bestowed ¹⁷
 His gold on judges to coerce
 The innocent, the good.
 The stream of justice was defiled,
 A verdict for the Crown
 Was had, thus were both coffers filled,
 The prince's and their own ;
 Yet after Spoilation brought
 His satellites to urge
 Contention, when the sabre smote—
 Rebellions rabid scourge,—
 Forgetting and forgiving all
 They bore beneath his sway,
 They strove to check their Monarch's fall,
 His sinking throne to stay—
 When all had left him on the wreck,
 In revolution's wave ¹⁸
 To sink, the Irish Catholic
 Alone was found to brave
 The strife for him who on them trod,
 And spurned at their pangs,
 And in the hour of splendor showed
 The craven mongrel's fangs.
 The nation that dethroned its King,
 Then revell'd in his blood,
 Is always sure the charge to fling
 Of black ingratitude

Into the teeth of those who fought
And bled for royalty,
And death and danger freely sought,
And met them manfully ;
When even those of his own creed
Deserted and betrayed,
His Irish subjects never fled,
They wielded still the blade—
And still refused to sheath it when
The fanatic required—
They dared the wily Puritan,
And, scorning him, expired.
The fierce usurper brought his hordes,
They met them foot to foot,
And weeping History records
How well the Irish fought ;
But useless was their ardor, all
Their valor useless too,
The faithless King was doomed to fall,
They did what men could do ;
They faced th' avenger in his might,
Remorseless in his rage,
Whose deeds of horror yet affright
The infant and the sage.
On Winter's nights, around the hearth,
When winds tear overhead,
When feasting, frolic, fun, and mirth
Protract the hour for bed,
Some grandsire whispers but the name
Of Cromwell, and behold
A tremor seizes on the frame
Of young as well as old.
They throng around the crackling fire,
The gambol 's given o'er,
All sounds, save those of fear, expire,
The laugh is heard no more,

And palsied limbs, and ashy cheeks,
And startled glances tell
Their feelings, while a slight scream breaks
Betimes the silent spell :
The speaker's seat all gather near,
Lest at the door they find
The monster—tremulous they hear
The cricket or the wind—
And well might stouter hearts than theirs
Beat feebly at his name,
Which mentioned, awes the child that errs,
Whose spirit breathed flame :
How many an ancient castle's walls,
The scene of former pride,
Have heard the Roundhead's savage calls,
And many a mountain side
Was slippery with the vital flood
From many a gaping wound,
Where, fearless still, the unsubdued
Lay gasping on the ground ;
And many a temple reared to God
In other happier years,
Before the Covenanter trod
The land, or tumult's fears
So rudely shook the island's rest,
Re-echoed to the song,
As ginging spur and waving crest
Of trooper moved along
The pillar'd aisles, where slept beneath
The children of fame,
Who, could they rise from silent death,
Would shout Old Ireland's name ;
Within whose fetid vaults there lie
The true Milesian race,
Whose war-note led to victory—
Lo ! now their dwelling-place.

But could they start to life again,
And clasp the dirk and targe,
And head the strife upon the plain,
And mingle in the charge,
The Covenanters' flag would sink,
Its folds would ope no more,
The blade, tho' tired, would gladly drink
From founts of Saxon gore ;
Ere time had bowed them to the earth,
And still'd those veins of fire,
As lava streams in youthful birth
Sweep madly in their ire
Down the volcano's heaving side,
The flood rolls on amain
Its hissing course with giant stride,
And blasts the smiling grain :
Such was the fierce and headlong might
Of those who rest below,
Their keen swords glisten'd in the fight,
A corpse at every blow
That fell, too surely marked the strength
That sped it—while reclined
Upon the dank earth, at his length,
The enemy resigned
His soul amid the exulting cries
Of Erin's victor guards,
While notes of conquest reached the skies
From Erin's lyric bards.
Then foamed the goblet in the hall,
'Mid boisterous revelry,
Ere yet was felt the grinding thrall
By Ireland's chivalry.
Alas, " their sand of life is run, "
Their " lamp is burned out, "
The sons of victory are gone—
The men who bled and fought

Against the Norman Knight, and Dane,
Tho' proven warriors, and
Led Conquest captive, urge in vain—
They can't redeem their land ;
But Glory weaves for them a wreath,
Whose leaves shall never fade—
The air that fans, affection's breath,
A nation's love, its shade ;
Within their dark abodes confined,
Their cry is still to save
Their isle—'tis borne on each wind,
It issues from each grave,
Still no reply, and silence reigns,
When sound of armed heel
Should be the answer—and those plains,
Shall they not ever feel
The weight of warrior's charger more.
Imbibe the frothy wreath
That, curling, falls, red-tinged with gore
At every laboured breath ?
Those verdant fields were never meant
To bear the bended knee,
Or smile upon the recreant ;
Those gorgeous skies to see
The kindling eyes that gaze upon
Their curtain's changing hue,
Afraid to meet the upstart's frown,
Or fawningly to sue,
With drooping lid, for pity from
The gaoler, when the spark
That flies from clashing steel should come
T' illuminate the dark
And cheerless snade that oft enrols
The face of skies serene,
When cursed Domination tolls
The knell for dying men.

But mouldering in the rottenness
Of death the arm lies
Whose sabre's light foretold success,
And presaged victories ;
It could not wield the trenchant blade,
The Roundhead triumphed then,
And Virtue saw her temples made
The ruthless robber's den.
The arch assassin, reeking with
His sovereign's purple tide,
His fellows led thro' Ireland's breadth,
And Hope her farewell sighed
Upon the breeze, whose pinions bore
The murderer's hurrah,—
And weakly woman fled before
War's terrible array.
How hideous was the prospect when
His followers rushed in—
How Wexford's worn turrets then
Were rocking with the din
Of madden'd oaths, 'mid victim's throes,
As manhood struggling gasped,
While vapors from dark pools arose,
Where, unforgiving, clasped
In death's embrace, the Cavalier
And Puritan—the last
Field in which they met no tear
Or sigh erased the past
Deep-rooted hate they bore to each,
Or blotted out the mark
Left on their souls by creed : to reach
The other's heart, so dark
Their feelings, they would gladly sink
In Hell's unfathom'd tomb,
Its burning waters ever drink,
So 'twas the other's doom ;

To bear such torture, they'd not ask
 A day's, an hour's reproof,
 Each in the fate of each would bask,
 And sue not for relief.
 The castle fell by treachery,
 It yielded to the foe,
 And Cromwell did by bribery
 What courage could not do.
 Oh, God! what sights were then revealed!
 I cannot, must not think—
 From lakes of human blood exhaled
 A stench as from a sink,
 The reservoir of the slime
 And putrid filth that run
 From slaughter-houses, at the time
 The fiercely blazing sun
 Emits his rays with greatest force ;
 Then Havoc raised his strain,
 And corse was heaped on top of corse
 In every street and lane ;
 The aged man, life's verge upon,
 Was trampled in the charge,
 The feeble, as the armed one,
 Was a defenceless targe
 At which the deadly rifle aimed ;
 No quarter was allowed—
 The bold were fell'd, the timid maimed,
 The hungry cannon mowed
 Them down by hundreds—Prejudice
 Cried ' onwards, do not spare
 The villians,' " nits will turn to lice,"¹⁹
 Heed not the rebel's pray'r ;
 Three hundred female voices poured²⁰
 Their pleadings in his ear,
 Their 'plaints his vengeance but insured,
 The proselyting spear

Replied to them, and quivering trunk
 And trunkless head lay there ;
 The saturated pavement drunk
 The horrid draught—no bier
 Conveyed the bodies to the earth—
 No sepulchre received
 The senseless dust,—while songs of mirth
 Insulted the bereaved
 And mourning friends, tho' few, alas,
 Were left within the walls.
 For weeks and months where pleasure was
 Were heard but Death's low calls ;
 The ruffian bands were seen to toss
 The infant clay on high,
 And drag the pious from the Cross,
 And in its presence vie
 In speeding rapiers deep within
 The trusting bosom's core,
 Then draw them forth, exulting in
 The deed they should deplore.
 Nor less disastrous was the day
 When Tredah* was assailed,
 The dread commander's forces lay
 Encamped around, while mailed
 In valor's hauberk, Aston held
 The enemy at bay,
 Until the " King of Terrors " knell'd²¹
 Wall's solemn requie lay ;
 Strife ceased when the *Protector* swore
 That all within the town
 Should suffer not ; too soon the roar
 Of murder jarred upon
 The startled senses. Can it be
 His promise thus he broke ?
 Untrue to faith, had bigotry
 His passion's fire awoke ?

* Drogheda

Carousing in his tiger breast,
Destruction sits enthroned,
The dagger is the monster's crest,
He heeds not oath or bond ;
He nods his head, and lo, arise,
As if by magic's spell,
His myrmidons, and earth and skies
Are shaken by the yell
That's borne on the atmosphere
As Religion expires,
While Murder's children, howling, rear
Their sacrificial fires ;
Where the ascetic immolates
The offering to his God,
But blasphemously desecrates
The altar where the good,
The pure and spotless, kneel and pray
Before that sacred sign
That threw a bright and burnish'd ray
O'er Christian Constantine,
Ere yet the garment of the Lord
Was hacked and rent by all
The scribblers of the hireling horde,
Whose ink is turned to gall,
Whose pen takes the stiletto's point
When they rail at His Church,
Unblemished by the canker taint
Of error—whose vast arch
Embraces the wide universe—
Whose clear and hallowed beams
The murky mists of crime disperse—
Whose bright translucence gleams
Amid the gloom of warring creeds,
Each built upon the sand,
As fair as when the rainbow sheds
Its hues o'er sea and land ;

And, like the rainbow, is a bond
Which God Himself has given
Of fallen man's redemption, and
Of heritage of Heaven.
The solemn pledge was broken when
All opposition ceased,
The sabre lost its wonted sheen
Within the wounded breast ;
For many days the tragic scene
Continued—vengeance, wild
Fanaticism revelled then,
And woman, man, and child,
Without regard to sex or age,
Were slaughtered : there they lay,
The victims of the tyrant's rage,
The mute, unspeaking clay,
A damning evidence, displayed
The hatred which he bore
The Saviour's tenets ; men, dismay'd,
Fled towards the chapel's door,
They enter 'neath the holy porch,—
No foe will follow there ;
Not even the Almighty's Church
Could shield them from the spear :
Within the venerable fane
They perished by the score,
And blood, as if from fountains, ran
Upon the marble floor ;²²
Ay, at the very altar's foot,
Round which they pressed to seek
Protection, did the raving brute
Annihilate the weak ;
Beneath the old Cathedral's roof,
Where Jesus was adored,
Was formed many a darkling trough,
With steaming fluid stored.

Yes, Hell's libation was high raised
 Beneath that dome divine,
The torch of lust in fury blazed
 Before His sacred shrine—
The flower of Ireland's chivalry
 Were murdered without ruth—
They put their trust in perfidy—
 They believ'd in English truth ;
Aston, Byrne, Verney, and
 The other leaders swam
In ponds rubescent, the spent land
 Was swept with sword and flame ;
And yet the wholesale homicide,
 Whose path 'mid carnage led,
Whose name, extending far and wide,
 Dismay and terror spread,
Repeated maxims from the Book
 Of Life, to prove that he
His line of action duteous took
 From Scripture ; blasphemy
Must throw its lurid garment o'er
 The lying wretch to hide
His nature's thirst for massacre—
 To screen his soaring pride,
That sought to grasp the diadem
 Of England's mighty reake.
He thought the way to seize that gem
 Was thus to overwhelm
The land he came to conquer, such
 A course he knew would win
Applause from Britain, not reproach ;
 But let e'en her be in
His grasp, she'd plunge within the mesh,
 Tho' now she gave the cheer,
While throbb'd the lacerated flesh ;
 Nor would he then revere

The men he once professed to serve,
Ere yet a mammoth grown—
While yet, pretending to observe
The decalogue alone,
The clotted rowels of the spur
Should drive them as he chose,
The arching whip's descending whir
Would awe should they oppose.
He held the Bible in one hand,—
So well he loved his Lord,—
The other heaved the ready brand,
Or raised aloft the sword ;
He ope'd the precious leaves to show
His high commission from
Above—God's delegate below
Must win his future home
In Paradise by deeds so dread
That Hell itself would blush,
Ashamed to think that man should tread
Where only fiends should rush.
And when his object was achieved—
When towns and cities fell
Beneath his sway, and Ireland heaved
Her last convulsed farewell
To Freedom, did he try to cloak
His actions from the eye
Of mankind ? did he seek to choke
And stifle the pent sigh,
Ere yet it issued from the breast
Just bursting with the weight
Of sorrow that would be repressed
In bosoms desolate ?
Or, like him, seeking to retrieve
His shame by fell design,
Who, when he asked the woman Eve
To eat the fruit, whence sin

And every evil, told his tale,
Of the forbidden tree,
Yet, cautiously, would not reveal
The tragic fate which she
Was doomed to should she eat of it ;
Did he too try to screen
The fate of Ireland, or remit
The sentence which had been
Inflicted so unsparingly,
So treacherously ? No !
His matchless deeds of blackened dye
In gaudy garb must go
Before the world, pirating
The language of the Saint ;
Sacrilegiously he must bring,
With puritanic taint,
The Great Creator to approve
His fuming course of blood,
And call upon the Lamb of Love
To smile upon his road
Of carnage ; Lucifer himself,
Impervious to ruth,
Were tamer than this daring elf
Of wickedness, whose mouth
(Like ever-gushing springs that rise
From beds of saline sand,
Clear and pellucid to the eyes,
They speed their way inland,
But when the trav'ler stoops to ease
The burning heat that wends
Thro' every pore, he can't appease
His thirst—again he bends,
But futile still, for every time
He drinks his parched lips cleave
More closely, and the thick'ning slime
Increases—how relieve

His sufferings? he cannot bear
The gnawing, eating, fire
That glows within—in mute despair
He wishes to expire,
If die he must, in water, not
From fierce internal flame,
And plunges in, his temples hot,
Beneath the briny stream.
There is a pleasure in the cool
And bubbling fluid—there
Let the last slumber gently lull
His anguish on the air,—
Let fairy music float, and breathe
A rapture thro' his frame,
While as he takes the sleep of death,
Low voices call his name ;
Could he his passions but command,
Ere long he would have found
A well of limpid water, and
The lonely arid ground
Would not have been his dying bed,
The spotted pard the friend
That else would by his couch have pray'd,
And sorrows note the wind
That howls the scorching desert o'er,
The wild bird's scream the tongue
He lov'd to hear, but never more
Its soft and dulcet song
Shall swell in strains to love endear'd,
And lend a bliss to care—
Its sweetest accents flow unheard,
And now unheeded are,
Poured forth the direst blasphemies,
Which, dazzled by the flight
They took, as if the distant skies
Had gilt them with their light.

Men drank the words of *blessedness*—
A thirst for more they find
The more they drank, still less and less
The horrid thirst declined ;
Distractedly they called for more,
To drown the craving want,
And Cromwell gave the draught of gore
For which he saw them pant ;
They looked upon his open glance,
And believed whate'er he said,
Their minds were lost, as in a trance,
And all suspicion fled ;
For, like the basilisk, whose eye
Within its folds can draw
The nerveless bird it lures to die,
So could his bold gaze awe
The fascinated multitude,
Who gave their prostrate forms
By Superstition to be hewed,
That tower'd amid the storms
Himself had raised, and heaved afar
The thunder in his might,
And urged the wild chaotic war
That heralded the night
Of ignorance, no moon to shed
Its mellow silvery beams,
When all is dark and stars are fled,
Nor shooting meteor gleams
To throw an evanescent light
Upon the murky scene,
A vasty void must meet the sight
Where sunshine erst had been ;
He took the surest means to mould
The Rabble to his will,
His merciless followers were told
To burr, slay and kill.

“ Let Ireland perish,” that one word,
Like Charity, concealed
A host of sins, that sentence stirr’d
Their passions, it revealed
The boiling hate, the seething ire
That bubbled in their souls,
And then rushed fiercely forth like fire
That tiro’ the prairie rolls
Its course destructive gen’y o’er
The toppling grass at first,
Anon the flames ascending roar,
The maddening winds have burst
Their prison-house and lend their aid
To the devouring sea
That throws afar its crimson shade
Into immensity.
A short time since the meadow shown
In richest loveliness,
And now behold the setting sun
Looks on its loneliness.
So was their rage expended on
This fair, this beauteous isle,
That whilom looked so happy, soon
To drop the gladsome smile
And wear the weeds of widowhood,
Secluded, pine away
And lose her cherished nationhood
Beneath a Foreign sway.
What an atrocious spirit reigned
Within that savage breast,
Which unconcern’d could have penned
And unconfused address’d
A letter, such as that he wrote,
To Parliament, and when he
Had taken Tredah which besought,
With dread impiety,

His countrymen to offer up
 Their prayers to God alone,
 That deep, the *reminiscent*, cup
 Should be drained by each one
 For the success of saintly worth
 In its emergency ;
 That hymns of joy should be poured forth
 To Heaven's Majesty,
 For having robbed its Churches, and
 Deprived its Priests of life ;
 For having sent upon this land
 The cataract of strife.
 What mockery to bend the knee
 In lowly homage to
 The gracious God of Charity,
 And thank him for the flow
 Of Christian blood, by demons shed ;
 What insult to his name
 To kneel upon the murdered dead
 And daringly exclaim,
 " Oh, Lord! to thee we give the thanks,
 To thee alone they're due,²³
 For having mowed the Irish ranks,
 And sent thy servants through
 The columns of the enemy,
 Whose naked bodies show'd
 The marks of ghastly wounds which we
 Inflicted as we trod
 Upon their filthy carcasses.
 To prove our love of Thee
 We left the putrid masses
 To rot, ere we would see
 The cursed Rebel even thrown
 In earth or let a child
 Of the lewd——of Babylon
 Receive sepulture ; wild

Rejoicings were held over him,
The sinful slave of Rome,
We looked upon it as a crime
To grant his dust a tomb.
For Thy great goodness, Lord, we raise
Our hearts in humble prayer,
To Thee we give the song of praise,
Let all the world hear
How great Jehovah slew the foe,
Allowed but one to fly,²⁴
And, aiding, nerved our arms so
When they were lifted high
It seemed as if an Angel came
To help us from above,
As from the steel a wondrous flame
Shot forth, the godless strove
To be avenged, in vain they stood ;
The sharply whizzing lead,
At every thrust the Angel strew'd
The ground with pulseless dead.
Three thousand worshippers of Baal²⁵
Were by thy justice slain,
They asked for pity but the call
Was made to us in vain ;
We would not dare thy words despise
By granting mercy to
The miscreants whose doleful cries
Fell on our ears like dew.
Upon the rose whose petals fade
Beneath the gorgeous glare
Of Summer's sun, but when the shade
Of Evening falls the fair
But drooping green of gardens sips
The nectared vapors, then
The crimson stains her fragrant lips,
She blooms in grace again,

So did the sated sabre droop
And seek its scabbard till
They begged for quarter, when our whoop
Went forth again, the steel
Flashed glist'ning o'er the stooping neck,
The tongue that pleaded lost
Its power of utterance, and the cheek,
The globule's sunken coast—
Resigned the half retiring tint,
And lifted hands that clasped
Soon loosed their holds of each, the plaint
Of idolists that gasped
In their last agony was heard
No longer, all was o'er.
The few whom living we have spared
Shall see their soil no more ;
Within the bolted cell they'll wail,
Till prosp'rous breezes blow
To fill the vessel's flowing sail,
To urge the sharpen'd prow
Through azured ocean's foaming waves
Until Barbadoes' shore
Is reached, then let the galley slaves
In chains tug at the oar.
There as they toil and sweat beneath
A torrid zone they'll think
Upon the shady glen, the heath-
Deck'd hill, and, pensive, drink
With greediness the wind that comes
Across from Erin's strand,
That quick recalls their island homes
While fancy paints their land
In even lovelier colors than
She's robed by nature in,
Until at last the victims, wan
And pale, shall cease to pine.

So do the damned in Hell's vast vaults,
 From whom naught can avert
 Sin's wages, grieve for carnal faults,
 And, penitent, revert
 To fleeting days of pleasure spent
 Upon this upper earth,
 When Luxury his chaplet lent
 To deck them with, and Mirth
 Strewd flow'rs upon their velvet path,
 And Music threw her spell
 Around them, ere their Maker's wrath
 Removed the opaque veil
 That covered with its folds the gate
 Of vast futurity
 And sent them headlong to a fate
 Of pain and misery.
 The scorching Western Antilles
 Shall hug them to their breast,
 The low and soft Columbian breeze
 Shall, as they take their rest,
 Sigh a mournful elegy
 Above the stranger's grave.
 Oh, bounteous God, all thanks to Thee,
 Who to Thy servants gave
 The pow'r to blast Idolatry,
 And scatter those who dare
 With infamous impiety
 The gilded cross to rear;
 Then praise and honor to Thy name,²⁶
 Let Alleluiahs ring,
 Thy enemies are sunk in shame,
 Let all Thy followers sing
 In strains of joy; the Papist moans,
 Reviled, debased, subdued,
 How sweet the howling sinner's groans,
 Half covered in his blood."

What emanations of the heart
To come from those who *spoke*
The Gospel, knew its every part,
Yet from whose lips there broke
Such streams of ranting infamy
As caused a laugh throughout
The infernal regions, while dismay
In bold relief stood out
Upon angelic faces. Weak,
From thinking on the shame
That shadows Ireland, I must seek
A brighter, holier, theme;
To the latest generations,
Like the searing brand of Cain,
This sunk degraded nation's
Curse shall leave its stain
On desecrated Cromwell's fame,
And millions yet unborn
Will heap revilings on his name,
On his lost soul their scorn.
Thus did the English Protestant
Immerse himself in lakes
Of thickening blood while still and faint
The Irish Catholic's
Expiring rattle died; but when
The tide of fortune rolled
Its current onward to the main
Where love and mercy lulled ²⁷
With zephyrs soft the waves which war
In boist'rous anger raised,
When virtue lent its blessed star
Then rage no longer blazed
Upon the madly leaping mass
Of insurrection's sea,
And Rapine when he saw her pass
Did smile on Charity.

How many actions could I count
Well worthy of the days
When Athens drank at learning's fount,
Or Homer wore the bays ;
Not Priam's city could have shown
More valour in the hour
When Greece's heroes girt the town,
And rampart, wall and tow'r
Were guarded by the bravest to
Defend their sires, their own,
From ruin, and the trumpet blew
Its shrill and martial tone,
Than Ireland's children betray'd
When fighting by the side
Of monarchy, they gladly made
Their bodies, as they died,
A parapet to guard their king
And screen him from all harm,
He ne'er deserved "the nameless thing"
That they should raise an arm
For him, they never should have fought
To save him from his doom—
'Twere wiser if they never sought
To snatch him from the tomb.
Not Socrates in days of yore
More glorious could have shone
'Neath Pity's snowy banner, nor
More mildly looked upon
The man who gave the oyster's shell
To him that he might write
His own name there, and thus expel
Himself from each delight,
Than did the sons of Erin when
The foe was in their pow'r ;
When mountain, valley, hill and glen
Were by them traversed o'er,

Their arms decked with olive leaves,
 No crimson spots were there,—
 They smothered not in dismal caves²⁸
 The helpless and the fair,
 Nor did they once retaliate,
 And pay back ill for ill,
 Nor anger urged, nor deadly hate
 Incited them to kill
 The captive taken in the fight ;
 No ! honor bade them spare
 Their fallen enemies,—their might
 Was only seen when war
 Upraised his flag on high to float.
 Whene'er the field was won
 Resentment ceased ; they never smote
 The rival overthrown ;
 They murdered not the ministers²⁹
 Of any creed before
 Their very alters, while their tears
 For mercy on the floor
 Dropt heavily ; no river's bed³⁰
 Was filled with ghastly forms
 By them, nor slaughtered maidens made
 A banquet for the worms ;
 They did not bring disgrace upon
 Humanity and slay
 The mother, and when life was gone
 Insult th' unconscious clay.³¹
 Oh ! what a pleasure to contrast
 Such dark debasing crime,
 Yet unatoned for, unerased,
 With actions so sublime,
 So generous as those which they,
 The outcast, the condemned,
 Performed, when the spurious ray
 Of heresy was dimmed

And hid beneath the luminous,
The grand, majestic orb
That in its splendour then arose,
To chase or to absorb
The mists of infidelity
That on the horizon hung
In threatening masses luridly,
While sharply, shrilly rung,
The tempest of insanity,
And ruffians prowled about
To snatch the lamp from Piety
And blow its bright flame out.
More lovely by comparison
With Scotch and English deeds
Hibernia's softened virtues shone.
As growing among weeds,
Fair flowers seem fairer, richer still,
Than when they grow alone,
Not that they have a sweeter smell,
But each and every one
Looks brighter far surrounded by
The rank grass the wild root,
And so beneath an orient sky
More precious is the fruit
When trav'ling on the desert wastes
The wanderer is faint,
And cheerless, reckless, down he casts
His body, for the want
Of drink is maddening : in a small
And green oasis near
The spot where he reclines the tall
And graceful citrons bear
The melting treasure, which is more
To him than gold or gems ;
His thirst assuaged, his mis'ry o'er,
He sports him in the beams.

Of present pleasure, and forgets
 The torments undergone,
 Nor recks he tho' the future threats,
 Companionless, alone,
 He thinks not of the weary road
 Which lies before him yet,
 Tho' many a region must be trod
 Ere to his home he get.
 When first the insurrection broke
 On the affrighted land,
 When Freedom's thrilling voice awoke
 The men of Ulster, and
 Aroused the nation from its trance
 Of drugged servility,
 When rusty pike and sharp en'd lance
 Were raised rejoicingly,
 Then did the spirit of the creed
 The *rebel* shield shine forth,
 E'en then its peaceful tenets sway'd
 Their councils, and gave birth
 To laws that would have shed a light,
 A halo round the brow
 Of pure philanthropy, so bright
 'Twould seem the peerless glow
 Of silvered sunshine which surrounds
 The Cherubim on high,
 When to the golden harp resounds
 The Heavenly canopy ;
 The Catholics proclaimed that none
 Of Scotch descent should lose
 Their lives or chattels, tho' 'twas known
 Beyond a doubt that those
 Who bayoneted upon the bed
 Whole thousands in Magee,³⁰
 Were mostly Scotch ;—unmerited
 By them was this decree.

I've seen O'Rorke of Drumahier
 Look on his brother's corse,³³
 Who fell, not by the soldier's spear,—
 The scaffold was his hearse,—
 But he would not descend to stain
 With murderer's horrid dye
 His soul eternal, tho' a train
 Of Scotch nobility
 Were at the time within his fort,—
 Unharm'd did they go ;
 To glut revenge he'd not resort
 To butchery, oh, no,
 The precepts of his church forbade—
 "Vengeance is thine, oh Lord!"
 He thought on what the Psalmist said,
 And bow'd him to his word.
 This and a thousand others are
 Strong evidence to prove
 That even in a civil war
 My country is above
 The morbid passions that disgrace
 And brutalise the soul,
 That pity's streams in rapid race
 Thro' Irish bosoms roll.
 How pure a people must have been
 Who in the hottest strife
 Could still the flight of anger rein
 And follow justice ; life
 And limb and land were sacred, grim
 Devastation cover'd
 Beneath Religion's eye, and Crime
 In mute submission lowered
³⁴ To apostolic mandate his
 Naked arm that held
 With firm grip the upraised creese
 And scared, fled from the field,

Tho' loud the timbrel swelled its note
 Of conquest, tho' the land
 Enjoyed a triumph dearly bought
 She lost her nobles and
 Her truest children in the fray :
 Yet in the day of pride
 And power and pomp she gave not way
 To Rapine, nor denied
 Forgiveness to the suppliant,³⁵
 Nor pardon to the weak,
 Nor mercy to the postulant,
 That ever came to seek
 Protection ; no, altho' for years
 The native party reigned,
 Nor sadden'd sighs nor coursing tears
 Their name or actions stained.
 But when dissension undermined
 Their strength, and when again
 Corruption's pest-infected wind
 Swept onward thro' the plain
 And valley, did the sworn foe
 To injured Ireland's peace
 Endeavour to assuage her wo,
 Or kindly to erase
 The thought of old and dreary times
 And grant a blissful rest,
 Or act anew her former crimes
 And slaughter and molest
 The innocent with venom'd ire,
 Unglutt'd, unallay'd, ?
 She tore the daughter from the sire,
 The mother from the maid.—
 Yes, England, thou didst desecrate
 The laws of man and God,
 With unextinguishable hate,
 Inhuman and unaw'd ;

In myriads were thy victims driven
From family, from home,
The most endearing ties were riven
Remorselessly, and some
Were banished to a sterile part³⁶
Of Ireland, there to live—
If live they could with broken heart—
Unceasingly to grieve
Upon their blighted prospects ; more
Were exiled from their own³⁷
To seek upon some other shore
For succour and renown,
And well did they acquire the name
Of Europe's bravest men ;
They reached the lofty tow'r of fame,
And won they nobly then
The shouts of an applauding world
That wond'ring looked upon
The gorgeous flag of green unfurl'd,
Its lustre all its own.
Nervinde proclaims their valour, there
The enemy retired
Before their prowess, every where
Fresh honors they acquired ;
Where'er they went a headlong rout
Of hostile hosts ensued,
For danger's post they always sought,
And glory's track pursued.
Castiglione, Almanza, Spire,
Marseilles, Cremona, all,
Beheld their ardent spirits' fire
And many a foeman's fall
Endeared them to the hearts of France,
Who clasped them to her breast,
And raised on high to eminence
The warriors of the west ;

And Barcelona, Mennin, ay,
And Viciosa, too,
With Lawfeld, Ypres, and Tournay,
Declared what they could do.
All these and other places bore
The signals of their might,
Where fields baptized in streaming gore
Announced the hard fought fight,
They consecrated with their blood
Their strong attachment to
The gracious mistress who had stood
Their friend in time of wo.
Not Rome herself had prouder names
Than those that went abroad
In search of safety ; Tagus' streams,
Whose yellow waters flowed
To sounds of Irish clairséach, saw
The heroes of the gem
Of ocean spread dismay and awe
Upon its shores, while dim
The light of Heaven set on those
Who braved Algarva's power,
And when that orb again arose
Their paltry pride was o'er ;
O'Mahony, O'Donnel, Burke,
With Crofton, Lacy, and
O'Carroll, Comerford, O'Rorke,
Led each a valliant band,
And crowned themselves with laurels from
The never fading tree
That decks the bold alone, and some
Embarked for Germany ;
And there in fights unnumbered brought
The envied palm away,
The Eagle's drooping wings they caught,
And sent amid the fray

The Austrian bird again to soar
Above the Austrian Ranks,
And caused the joyous song once more
Along the Danube's banks.
The exploits of their chieftains fired
Them in the chase of fame—
That was the object still untired
They followed—for the same
Revolving beacon that had lured
Their leaders (seldom gained,
Tho' reached by them) themselves adored ;
How eagerly was strained
Their aching vision when that light
Distinction's signal blazed,
The bosom bounded at the sight,
Its corruscations dazed,—
Mountcashel, Dillon, Nugent, Clare,
Fitzgerald, Lucan, Lec,
And Galmoy, in the path of war
Unknown to flinch or flee,
Plucked blossoms from the rich parterre
Where glory's blossom blooms
In majesty ; they knew not fear
Tho' on the road where tombs
And danger met them at each step,
While Death stood frowning by,
"Th' inexorable" could not keep
Them back ; they looked on high
Among the branches of the tree
Where what they sought for grew,
They plucked the charm daringly
Which led them onward through
The mazes of life's forest, and
Enrobed them in renown,—
'Neath every sky in every land
Their native virtue shone ;

But more particularly when
It clashed with baseness, or
Hypocrisy confronted, then,
Unreined, unstay'd, it tore
Away the strongest barriers, no
Restraint could check it, on
It hurried with its victim, low
Was heard the struggler's groan.
'Tis thus before the bending steel
Untempered iron flies,
The burnished metal's sparks reveal
Its purer qualities ;
Strike one against the flinty rock,
Uninjured is the brand,
The other cannot bear the shock,
'Twill shiver in the hand.
O'Donnel, Rothes, and Hamilton,
Are sung in story yet
Along the borders of the Rhone,
The Meuse will not forget
Hibernia's valour while its tide
Runs o'er its sandy bed,
Its waters were a garnet dyed,
It bosom choked with dead
That fell beneath the Irish sword,
And Po's romantic stream
Has seen the fierce barbarian horde
Avoid the hated gleam
Of Erin's scimitar ; each zone
Has tested well their truth
And loyalty, and every Crown
In Europe tried the faith
Of Irishmen: it is alone
'Neath English rule they're trod.
In every country but their own
They travel on the road

“That leads to fortune ;” there is Spain,
Whose conqu’ring arms subdued
Almost a globe, for whom the main
Upon its restless flood,
Bore countless navies, she who once
Was queen of nations drew
Around her throne those emigrants,
The warm and the true ;
In other ages Voltri
Looked wond’ring on the host
That seized the car of victory
When all was nearly lost,
And followed its ignited track ;
The goddess smiled upon
The spoilers she could not keep back,
The battle field was won.—
And Campo Sancto girt their brows
With coronets impearled,
The lofty oaks’ luxuriant boughs
Above their heads unfurled
Their graceful drapery and dropped
Their acorns to show
That those they fell on never stooped
In combat to the foe.
Italia called them to her side—
The country of romance—
And Roman and Milesian vied
(The proud inheritance
Of noted bravery was theirs)
Upon the tented plain.
Together they received their scars,
Together they were slain,
But not ’till round them lay a heap
Of voiceless witnesses
To prove the conquest was not cheap :
Their loathsome carcasses

Displayed the marks of Roman skilled :
The gashes of the skein
From which the trickling streams distilled
Told of the Irishman.
O'Dwyer, Wallace, Taafe, O'Neil,
And Hamilton, and Brown,
Beneath whose shock whole legions fell,
Invincibly bore down
Upon the terror-stricken force
That scarcely would await
The onset and left many a corse
To tell of their defeat.
The Empire yielded to their trust
The safety of the realm,
When endless locust swarms crost
The limits to overwhelm
Her laughing vineyards, who were those
That drove them back again,
Or looked on the expiring throes
Of the invaders slain ?
The warm tears of France bedew
The ashes of the great
Who on the wings of conquest flew
To save the trembling state ;
Upon the tablet of the heart
Of Gallia are inscribed
Their deeds at whose recital start
Her tears, her troops imbibed
From them that zeal which overcame
All obstacles, and swept
Away in its career the dam
Of opposition, kept
Upon its course 'till it had won
Its destined goal and then
Enjoyed the gilded rays that shone
On reputation's green.

The men who saved her had their birth
 Within this craggy coast,
By England they were driven forth
 When Erin's bright star lost
Its old ascendant; but the gorged
 And leper'd tyrant rued
The clanging iron which she forged
 To fetter the subdued.
Upon the plains of Fontenoy
 The rival armies sought
Each other; the artillery,
 The clarion's shrill note,
And shriller, harsher still than all,
 The boding shouts of those
Who waited but the word to fall
 Upon their faithless foes,
Were omens that a motley crowd
 Would seek admittance in
The land where naught but snowy shroud,
 The garb of ghosts, is seen;
I saw the chosen guards of France
 Repulsed, again they charged,
But cuirass bent and broken lance,
 And choicest warriors urged
By threat and bribes, by honor's hope,
 To do their devoirs then,
Nor rest in their advance nor drop
 The hilt till every vein
Was emptied of its fluid, told
 How courage urged the race
For Fame; the veteran corps were rolled
 Back, broken in disgrace
Before the steady front opposed
 By England's serried troops,
While Gallia's ruptured squares disclosed,
 The frailty of her hopes;

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And Dillon bless'd the overthrow,
 The helpless, hapless rout
 Of his own allies, while the glow
 Of intense joy shone out
 Upon his visage ; Louis marked
 The sudden change, and ire
 His corrugated features worked,
 Higher still and high'r
 The angry color mounted till
 It mantled o'er his brows ;
 The storm threatened, none could tell
 The consequence, but those
 Around him augured badly to
 The man who raised his bile ;
 But Dillon met the monarch's view
 Calm and unmoved the while :—
 “ My Lord, is't thus your nation shows
 Her gratitude, her zeal,
 From what we see we might suppose
 That in this flight you feel
 A hellish satisfaction ; say
 Have reptiles dragged their slime,
 Unwashed by the Atlantic's spray,
 Within our happy clime ?
 The wild beast caged within his den,
 By gentleness is tamed,
 And cow'rs beneath the glance of men,
 But when you think he's calmed
 Down to submission, keep him but
 A day or two from food
 He'll spring upon his keeper's throat
 And wallow in his blood ;
 Thus you, whom we have cherished, whom
 We treated as a friend,
 Who obtained the warmest welcome
 That a people could extend,

When you see misfortune threaten us
 Insult us by your smile,—
 But haste thee to our ancient foes
 And thus complete your guile.”
 “ Ay, give the word, my gracious Sire,
 And let us hasten on,
 But it shall be in quenchless ire,—
 Our road shall be upon
 The Saxon’s sabred body, he
 Shall feed the crows to day,
 Whose caw shall be the elegy
 That mourns o’er his clay.
 You say I’m gladden’d ; true, I fee
 A pleasure when I look
 Upon your cohorts, there, who reel
 Beneath the heavy shock
 As French and English bayonets cross
 Their points, for if they broke
 Those barriers many men would lose
 The dear, the vengeful stroke,
 They’ve waited for this many a day ;
 Then let but Louis tell
 My countrymen to join the fray
 And all will yet be well,”
 The Monarch and the Soldier said.—
 The one was waiting for
 The wished for moment that would lead
 His longing fellows o’er
 The maimed and writhing forms, then
 No longer Britain’s pride,
 When Fontenoy, a bed of pain,
 Their empty boasts would chide.
 Again the might of Gallia bowed,
 It staggered in the brunt,
 And hearts beat feebly in the crowd
 Around, ’till Thomond’s Count

Besought the privilege to try
The fortunes of his own
Invincible Brigade; the cry
Of "Hurry, rush upon
The English," was the answer; quick
A waving wood was seen ³⁸
Descending from the hill, a thick
And dense impervious screen
Of dust its aid lent to conceal
The nature of this odd
Phenomenon: at length a yell
Reached where the British stood,—
They knew the dreaded sound; awhile
They listened in despair,
But soon passed off th' electric chill,
They sent an answering cheer,—
As when the Alpine avalanche
Rolls from the mountain's height
To find the vale, and strives to wrench
The steep rock in its flight,
Which for a time defies its force
Till helping snows come down
And carry in their wasting course
The giant mass of stone;
So did the whilom victors stand
The rush of the brigade;
'Twas but a fitting moment and
Precipitant, dismayed,
Like undisciplined rabble, they
Fled from the tumult's field:
The morning gave them victory,
The closing eve beheld
The vaunters seeking for a place
Of shelter, and pursued
By men who urged the eager chase
Athirsting for their blood.

Then George had reason to lament³⁹
The cursed penal laws
Which from their natal kingdom sent
The conquerors, because
They could not bring themselves to tread
In heresy's abode ;
They'd not for hire renounce their creed
And spurn at their God.
A hundred thousand voices raised
Their pæans to the sky,
A hundred thousand lances blazed
In silver'd gleam on high,
And horse hair floated on the wind,
And timbrel's clash was heard,
And every where, before, behind
The chair of France's lord,
The daring deeds of Clare were told,
And Dillon's mourned fall—
The bravest of the brave was cold,
The dewy mists his pall,—
And from a hundred thousand throats
Swell'd the loud warison,
And " Faugh a ballagh" blent its notes
With " Vive le Bourbon";
And in that hour the shamrock's green
Was greener than before,
Its fading hues grew bright again
On France's fragrant shore ;
Its leaves were twined into a crown,
A souvenir to show
That on the triple grass there shone
Their rich resplendent glow
Of Victory ; St. George's Flag
Lay trampled on the ground,
And Ireland's sons trod on the rag
Besmeared with filth, and found

A nameless joy in rending it ;
 No more its folds should spread
 High arching over them, how sweet
 'Twas thus to tear each shred
 Of the vile emblem of their shame !
 So may each flag that waves,
 Degraded by a tyrant's name,
 Lie sunk on tyrants' graves.
 The morning of that hard-fought day
 A shaking throne beheld,
 The moon-light lent its gentle ray
 The couch of death to gild,
 And show old Albion's trooper 'neath
 The cuirrassier of Gaul,
 No more to tread the crispy heath
 Or answer to the call
 When beat reveille ; Britannia wept
 The day of Fontenoy,
 In briny wells her rose was steep'd,
 While bloomed the Fleur de Lys.
 Where the wide Dnieper dons his coat
 Of adamantine glass,
 And Poland weeps beneath the knout,
 A bleeding mangled mass—
 But supplication's useless now,
 For her are left but two
 Resources,—to ignobly bow,
 Or with the rifle woo
 The mountain goddess,—not for this
 Did Kosciusko die,
 Had Poland now one breast like his
 She'd thunder "Victory"—
 E'en there the Irish arm trained
 The Muscovite to war,
 For tho' at home its lustre waned
 Abroad their natal star

Was seen in all its loveliness,
 Illumining the globe
And throwing o'er each murky place
 A tasselated robe,
Its sheen reflecting ; thus the light
 Within the woodman's hut
Obscured by smoke appears not bright,
 Revealing darkness, but
The wanderer who lost his way
 And tries from forest glades
To find an outlet, seeks the ray
 That gilds the leafy shades,
But for that taper's kindly glow
 Perchance he would have found
A dreamless pillow on the snow
 That canopied the ground.
That Empire that has risen from
 Unknown obscurity,
And in each region claims a home,
 E'en earth's extremity
Yields her obedience, 'neath that corps,
 Hibernia's Brigade,
In rudiments of martial lore
 Her infant task essayed.
That penetrating genius who
 Created Russia, brought
To his assistance one he knew
 Had suffered, bled, and fought,
And conquered too ; to him he gave
 The Runic bands to mould ;
He found them any thing but brave,
 He left them uncontrolled.
To him, too, did the child confide
 The safety of her throne,
And he on whom the Czar relied
 Protected Catherine,—

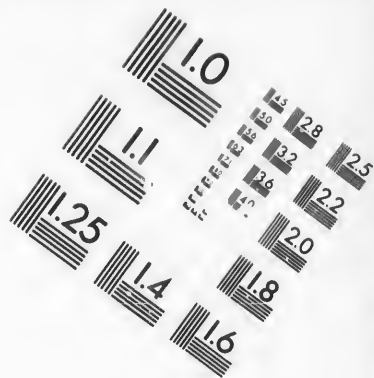
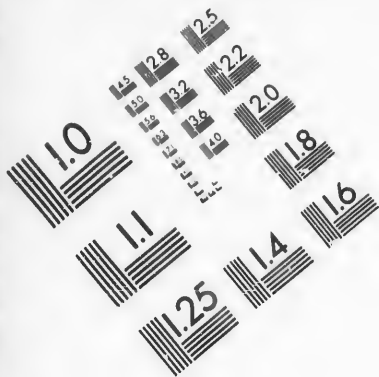
The records of that nation tell
His long career of fame,
And when reclined within his shell
DeLacy's honoured name
Was whispered thro' the vast extent
Of Russia's subject soil,
Respect her silent tribute lent
And Pleasure checked her smile,
And Sorrow o'er his hallowed dust
The drops of anguish shed,
But Friendship's burning spirit most
Of all bewailed the dead,
While Faith above the hero's tomb,
The Christian's signal placed,
And fond companions far from home
Upon the marble traced
Departed valour's lineage,
His actions unwrit there
In golden type upon the page
Of history appear.
Sardinia's Empire, too, resigned
Her muskets to the charge
Of De LaRoche ; she could not find
A fitter one to urge
Her children in the lagging fight
Or lead them to the breach ;
He'd gladly sleep in endless night
Ere enemy should reach
To Cagliari's towers : time
That throws a shade on all,
And as the lamp of life grows dim,
Allows the flame to fall
Which erst had burned brightly, east
A flashing cordon o'er
His paly temples, to the last
He lived in glory's bower.

Whose were the shouts that swept with such
Exhulting sound above
The steaming field of red Rosbach ?
Where Prussia madly strove
To foil the force of Swabia's Prince,
When Erin raised her arm
The vaunting foe was seen to wince
In unconcealed alarm ;
His fluttering bosom soon grew cold
Beneath Ierne's spear,
And far as eye could reach the wold
Seemed one vast feasted bier ;
They came from exiled Ireland, then
That country's offspring wrote
Her character with pointed pen
Of firm steel, and smote
The huge Goliath in his strength,
Such mad injustice claims !—
Till Prussia feared to hear at length
Of Ireland or Fitzjames.
Beneath the scorching clime of Ind
The slave and master met,—
But then no slave, he left behind
The thongs that cramped his feet,—
He hurled defiance to the base
Perfidious tyrant who
Had sought by murder to erase
His name and country too
From off the world's map ; the hour
For retribution came,
The plunderer was seen to cow'r
And shiver in her shame.
Within the Eastern hemisphere
The gentle Hindoo wiles
The day, and to the listening ear
Relates the many ills

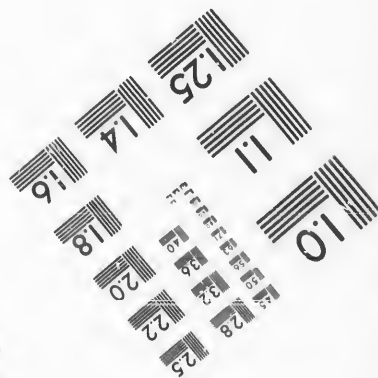
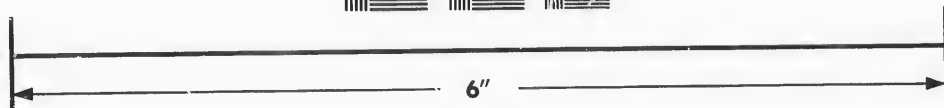
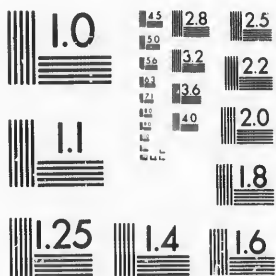
Of persecuted Hindostan
Despoiled but still untamed,
The land on which the living sun
Has ever brightest beamed ;
He tells of Pondicherry, and
How European bones
Lay whitening on a tropic strand,
And how Hibernia's sons
With Simoon impetus pressed on
Nor stayed till they had seized
The Union Jack of Albion
And hatred's thirst appeased,
For many a deed of violence
Was then to be paid back,
The thought of helpless innocence
Expiring on the rack
Lent impetus to every stroke
The Irish arm gave ;
The autocrat was forced to brook
The fetters of the slave,
The hills of Thibet echoed to
Milesian war-notes, and
Beheld the vanquished robber sue
For mercy from the hand
She spurned when 'twas raised to keep
Away the coming blow ;
The bravo was compelled to weep
The scalding drops of wo,
And Assam and Affghanistan,
The Deccan and Cassay,
Were covered o'er with England's slain,—
A proof that treachery
Will ever meet with its dessert
And pay the price of crime,
That vengeance meets the base of heart
Be long or short the time.

The Brahmapootra's azure hue
Was destined to a change,
Another dye usurped the blue
It erst brought in its range
To the wide Indian Ocean, that
Unusual tint was forced
From springs arterial that of late
Thro' human channels coursed.
Beside that river's shore was seen
The combat fierce and long,
Where Lally galloped o'er the green
Avenging Ireland's wrong.
Humiliating is the thought
That they to whom the earth
Presents its richest gifts are not
More worthy of their birth ;
The " Western world's gem" was made
For freemen, and that isle
Must raise again the dripping blade
And find one more O'Neil.
Tho' every method has been tried
To prejudice the world
Against her, Erin still defied
Her enemy and hurled
Each accusation back again,
And swore it on the hilt ;
The facts were proven by the slain,
Each tournament and tilt
Where Death was umpire—not the shows
Of flimsy pageantry,
The masks of lady knights, but those
Where reigns Mortality,—
Saw the green streamer towering in
Its loftiness above
The universe's pennants ; men
Beheld with awe and love





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The teint of hope, and wondered why
That flag afar should roam
And seek beneath another sky
The fragrance which at home
Should from its every fold arise,
And thought it strange that they
To whom the persecuted flies
For succour, far away
Should travel from their distant shore ;
That they who vanquished oft
The martial Roman, they who tore
His eagles down and scoffed
The tactics of his generals
When aiding Pict and Scot,
Could see their country's teeming vales
Polluted by the foot
Of alien desolators ; will
No Stauffacher appear,
No Wallace, Bruce, no Faust, or Tell,
Unknowing what is fear,
Blow up the trifling sparks that on
The hearth of freedom shine ?
But echo only answers, soon
The embers will decline.
But I forget, alone by peace
Must Freedom's temple rise,
On Concord's rock must rest its base,
Its richly moulded frieze
By Friendship's chisel must be wrought,
Its cupola ascend
'Mid patriot cheers with ardor fraught,
Its burning fire shall tend
The votaries of every creed
Unswayed by bigot hate,
While o'er its pavement boldly tread
The guardians of the State ;

The children 'neath the Parents' sway
Shall taste of joy once more,
And think upon the hapless day
Of bondage that is o'er
With feelings such as he may have
Whose vessel has been tost
On dancing waters, and who gave
His life away as lost ;
She struck upon a sunken shoal,
The billows o'er her swept
With maniac strength, and every soul
On board the bark had leaped
Into the yawning gulf to try
If they could reach the strand ;
The harrowing shriek of agony
Alone has reached the land,
Yet still he'll dare the billows' rage,
He cannot bear to be
Thus cooped within his rocking cage,
Far better sure that he
Should try his luck—it is not far,
Perhaps he may obtain
A landing—floating on some spar,
The shipwrecked yet may gain
The coast, or if he follows his
Companions of the way,
How much an easier end were this
Than through the weary day
And night die fifty deaths an hour,
The only voice to cheer,
The seaman's shrilly cry, while low'r
Above his seeming bier
The heavy clouds, as if to form
His funeral canopy,
And overhead the driving storm
Whistles mournfully,

While he proposed to seek the cliff
That reared its dizzy height
Along way off, a tiny skiff
Has dared the ocean's might,
He does not think that boat can live,
Upon the Alpine wave,
He deems not that it can survive,
The sea must be his grave ;
She has put back again, what now ?
The cheer again arose,
Again she turns her slender prow
And high the paddle throws
The spray upon each side ; at times
He cannot see at all
The swift canoe ; the sacred hymns,
Till then forgot, recall
The days of careless, guileless youth,
Those days for ever fled,
When Virtue, hand in hand with Truth,
His infant footsteps led ;
He says the long neglected pray'r,
His brow is wet with dew,
Repentance is engraven there,
Eternity's in view ;
What is that near which cuts its way
With rapid stroke of oar, ?
Haste mariner, it cannot stay
One minute, moment, more,
The ship is settling down, within
The vortex will be caught
Thy reckless rescuers,—hasten then ;
He sprang and gained the yacht
Ere yet the bubbling vasty wild
Could drag within its breast,
His shipmates' dreary tomb, the child
Of chance and danger ;—rest

Restores his wonted energies,
One sigh to Death he cast,
One thought to peril which he sees
No longer, it is past :
A grasp to those who saved to prove
The warmth of his heart,
Their cause is his for ever, love
For them shall not depart
But with the latest throb of life,
And he's himself again.
He'll brave the elemental strife
No more upon the main,
Thus shall all religions unite
For Ireland's common good,
Such time as on its firm site
The fabric shall have stood.
No foreigner shall press the vine
Which Irishmen have trained,
No foreign lip shall stain that wine,
'Twill be by Erin drained ;
Her jackall neighbours, too, shall find
Their int'rest in the change,
When these shall not attempt to bind,
Those shall not seek to range
To ivied Italy or France,
To Germany or Spain,—
The sphere of ladies' witching glance,—
Or o'er the Indian plain,
And with them take the amulet
Whose wond'rous pow'r can bring
Upon their enemies a fate,
Dismal, withering ;
It beckons conquest to their side
When she appears to fly,
Arrayed in gorgeous garments dyed
In Eden's rubied sky,

In narrowing circles o'er the heads
Of hostile squadrons, and
While yet her opening wings she spreads
Above the armed band :
A second and she would have lit
Among them, but she hears
The word of necromancy, it
The radiant goddess fears ;
She hastens to the ensign where
The Harp of Tara dwells
And hovers o'er the Irish spear,
'Neath which the foeman reels.
Impoverished tho' my country be
Her have the muses cheered
In dark hour of despondency,
And every art revered ;
Tho' plundered still she was not poor,
Her character enriched,
Thro' threatening skies she still would soar
Thuc' storm spirits screeched,
Tho' she has been attainted, still
She was not titleless,
For patents of distinction will
Be bought by services ;
Undue severity has forced
That land to eminence
And when her prospects seemed the worst
As if Omnipotence
Wished to display His deep dissent
From persecution's code,
The European continent
In admiration bowed
Low to her meteored galaxy,
That in the zenith shone
In crystalline transparency
And gilt the horizon,

The regions of her exile were
 Made famous by her deeds,
Inured to follow at the share
 Of valor, when the weeds
Of cowardice came in her path
 She ploughed them up amain,
And scattered by the hand of wrath
 They grew not there again ;
To fame she has been fettered by
 Malignity, who tried
To cover her with infamy,
 Nor leave her in the wide
World a friend, but all in vain,
 His odious wiles were scorned,
The envied captive's festering chain
 With laurels was adorned.
Within their own secluded glens
 Her children, tho' few,
To Freedom sent their dying strains,
 And even yet they do
Occasionally raise the voice
 In praise of her they love
And worship, tho' they can't rejoice
 Within her shady grove ;
'Tis all that's left them now, the day
 Is gone when other sound
From that of softened melody
 A startling echo found
Within their bosoms ; be it so,
 They are not much to blame,
For many and many a year ago
 They felt the blush of shame,
And often sought to pale the hue
 That overspread the face,
By seizing on the tree that grew
 Near Glory's dwelling place,

From leaves of which they might distil
Invigorating drops,
Whose magical effects would wile
The tint of blasted hopes
Away, nor leave a track behind
To mark where it had been ;
But what they wished they could not find,
The color still is seen ;
And how is named this much prized tree
That tempts within their sight?—
It grows not where is slavery,
That loaded tree is ' Right.'
Another means they tried to chase
Coercion's blistering mark,
They thought if they could not erase
Completely brand so dark,
It could be lessened so that scarce
A vestige would remain
Upon the cheek, although some scars
Might be where was the stain ;—
It was to check the stream that rushed
At thought of servitude,
If freely from their bodies gushed
The quickly clotting flood,
Nor much remained behind, the rose
Would shun the hectic skin,—
They tried it, still the current flows
As rapidly as when
They first began the contest ; naught
But breath of harmony
Can wipe off any thing that's wrought
By tool of Tyranny.
Each struggle which they made to dash
Their fetters to the ground
Created but a heavy clash
And left an angry wound,

And tightened still more firmly
The massive cincture's hold :—
It may be better patiently
To wait now till a bold
Unanimous, determined pull
Shall rupture them in twain,
While shouts of gladness, swelling full,
Shall rise o'er sea and plain.
How often some pretended friend
Has shown to them a key,
By which he promised they should wend
Their way to liberty !
Deceit with Murder whispered, and
He caught the ore for which
The fingers of his filthy hand
Were ever known to itch ;
The plan was formed 'tween the two,
Before the bars had dropped
Which clasped their feet the deadly blow .
Their hurried breathing stopped ;
Unsuspecting did they fall,—
But they deserved their fate,—
And Murder feasted upon all
The victims of deceit ;
They had no right to put their trust
In Simulation's words,
Which were but as the air-swept dust,—
Each century records
Some scene of equal treachery,
That tends to immolate
To libertine barbarity
This foully vended State.
Their spirits are not broken yet
Altho' they may be bent,
They're like the trefoil at my feet,
On which the tempests vent

Their bootless might, altho' the ash
 Be shivered to the root
And scatter in its headlong crash
 The fragrant flow'r and fruit ;
Tho' beaten oft, come wo or weal,
 They'll tug at fortune's oar,
And on her empire spread the sail,
 No matter which the shore
They anchor at, they try to reach
 Prosperity's, if it
Be unattainable, the beach
 That rises opposite
In cheerless bleakness—a mere crag—
 Where tottering and toil-worn
The panting seamen feebly drag
 The pinnace that has borne
Them onward thro' the element,
 Bent, battered, with each shock ;
Some years, it may be, must be spent
 Upon the barren rock,—
Yet even there they try to make
 Themselves contented ; when
Some calmer day arrives they'll take
 The pinnace out again,
But newly rigged, while at the helm
 A surer pilot stands,
Who'll guide them to a tranquil realm,
 Avoiding those quicksands
Whose dangerous proximity
 The other did not know,
Or knowing did not let them lie
 To leeward of the bow.
But not content to prey on man
 The insect vulture soared,
To leave its loathsome trail upon
 The temple of the Lord ;

And where are now the abject race
That first defiled His shrine?
Their memories are in disgrace,
Their unblest dust within
The mausoleum, hurrying
Like them to sure decay;
But time that hurries on will bring
But nearer still the day
When Heresy, arraigned before
The stern Bench of Heaven,
The broken dec'logue will deplore
But cannot be forgiven;
His doom shall be a bed of flame,
The scorpion his mate,—
In vain he'll call on Mercy's name,
Contrition comes too late,
His drink the burning sweat that drips,
Forced out by agony,
While every time the draught he sips
Hell rings in revelry,
For as it adds a pang the more
To wo's intensity,
So do the demons laughing roar
At torture's ecstasy;
Encircled by the twining snake
That hisses out the fire
Of molten metals, he shall take,
While seeking to respire,
The volumed stream into his throat
At every smothered breath,
While o'er his ceaseless torments gloat
The messengers of Death,
Who tho' they deluge him with each
Disease to mortals known,
Yet cannot—'tis beyond their reach—
Bring Death himself upon

The child of sin to end his fears :
 There must the damned one weep,
 The object of each fiend's sneers,
 While he is there no sleep
 Must visit him ; how long is that ?
 When keen October's blasts
 The moaning forests agitate,
 And every proud oak casts
 His summer garments on the earth,
 That would have wooed the might
 Of rude Boreas, and puts forth
 His bare arms for the fight
 Which hoary winter threatens to
 Commence,—already's some
 Evidence of marching foe,—
 His sable banners come,—
 Those dark clouds yonder,—well, if then
 Weak man could count the leaves
 That lie upon the soil, or when
 The ever-heaving waves
 Will be divided so as to
 Enumerate the drops
 Which make the ocean's ebb and flow,
 Or as the peasant stoops
 To reap the corn when he'll con
 The number of the grains,
 Then might I hope to count upon
 The period when his pains
 Shall cease to rack him ; when the cell
 He raves in shall have sank
 From its foundation, when the bell
 Of religion shall clank
 In holy peal the roof beneath
 Where he and Satan dwell,
 When Peace and Charity and Faith
 Shall leave their lovely dell

In Paradise to listen to
The bitter curse and yell
Of devils, he shall upward go
And quit the depths of Hell ;
There, as he'll gnash his chattering teeth,
And cringe beneath the stripes
Which yelping imps inflict, while seeth
The fires around his lips,
Shall Lucifer desire him look
Around him and behold
The lot of those who would not brook
To live in the " One Fold,"—
There is the promised land of those
Who would not bow to Rome,
And as he speaks more fuel throws
To aggravate his doom,
And bids him feast his eyes upon
His fellow-schismatics,
Whose sharp and sheathless weapons shone
O'er Irish Catholics ;—
And did he think when hollooming
His ban-dogs on the trail
Of Piety, that he would bring
Himself to place of wail ?
Or did he believe the murmur that
Was uttered in his ear,
Which bade him on and desecrate
Each holy house of pray'r ?
And that for his obedience to
Such whisperings as those,
His soul should ever wander thro'
The regions of repose ;—
At all events he well obeyed
The mandate,—his reward
He has already,—see that shade
Is a celestial bard

Attuning his soft lyre to scund
 The praises of the swain,*
 Who in love's atlas quickly found
 A rosy path to gain
 A seat in Eden's garden, and
 That noise he thinks a howl
 Is but the song of merry band,
 The feast and flow of *soul*.
 Why does he leap so? he is not
 Yet used to those delights
 Which are blest sacrileges lot,—
 They are not serpents' bites ;
 Those feelings which seem to distress
 The biblical so much
 Are but Elysium's happiness ;—
 Why does he wince and crouch ?
 Can he expect so soon to bear
 Beatitude's extreme,
 Nor yield a sigh nor drop a tear
 Thro' pleasure so supreme ;—
 Why does he throw about his feet ?
 Impossible,—it can't
 Be caused by an excess of heat ;
 'Tis strange that he should pant
 As if he were prevented from
 Inhaling the fresh air ;
 If he should wish for some more room
 He'll find it yonder there
 Where Luther is, who has a whole
 Red bower to himself,—
 Or haply he might like " Old Noll"
 As co-mate,—that proved elf
 Of anarchy,—then let him choose
 His place with either ghost ;
 Or should he either yet refuse,
 Why still are left a host

* Luther.

From whom to pick the one who'll share
His centuries of bliss,—
He can't be disappointed—there
Is one, or this, or this.
He might wish for a paramour,—
For all thro' Eden's glades
Are beauteous houris gliding o'er
Their chequered lights and shades,—
Then let him please himself,—there's Bess,
The boast of Britain's page,
Of manners bland, of sweet address,
And of that certain age
That promises continuance
Of all the gifts which she
May first bestow; for continence
She gained celebrity
When living, tho' some slanderers
Assailed her virgin fame,
But obloquy thus ever pours
His vial full of shame
On those who utter not a word
Of adulation to
The idol—nothing can retard
That poisoned vial's flow.
Some people say that Buckingham
Once tendered her his suit,
And that the gentle sceptred dame
Became his prostitute,—
How could she be aspersed so! fie,
They well deserve rebuke,—
Mere calumny,—she did not lie
In the arms of the Duke
Of Essex;—yes, they did assert
That she was Raleigh's quean,—
'Twas truthless, it was malapert,
It never could have been ;

'Tis true that gentleman relied
 On her esteem, that's all,
 Her Majesty has been belied:—
 Ay, but 'twas for the fall
 Of Smerwick, for his services
 In pouring out the blood
 Of seven hundred enemies ⁴⁰
 He'd forty thousand broad ⁴¹
 Acres from her ladyship;
 But were it not for deeds
 Like those she'd not be there to trip
 So lightly o'er those meads
 So pregnant with each luxury
 That men or angels know,—
 Be his that gem of modesty!
 See the ethereal glow
 Of radiance that surrounds her limbs,
 See how the sunshine clasps
 Her in its beams, its brightness dims
 Her sight,—they are not asps
 That cling on so tenaciously
 And nestle in her breast,—
 On flow'rs the painted butterfly
 Delights to take its rest,—
 And so it now reposes on
 The fairest flower there;
 Let him too pluck the sweetest one
 That grows in that parterre.
 Or if he should desire to see
 The wonders of each cave
 In realms of eternity,
 If pleasing, he can have
 The services of Orange Will,
 Who'll guide him thro' each maze,
 And lead him to each sloping hill
 Resplendent in the blaze

Of limitless magnificence,
And tell him of the times
He made religion a pretence
To perpetrate the crimes
For which his health is toasted yet
By drunken bacchanas's,
Whose greatest pleasure is to meet
O'er ever bubbling wells
Of blood of fellow man, and how,
When Limerick was won
By guile, his marshal dared avow
A document which none
Of Orange feelings could abide,—
But Prudence bridled Zeal,
They waited for the turning tide,
When Catholics should feel
The lacerating prick of spur
In its full force again,
And fools should bear the further slur
Of believing Ginkles' pen ;
Or if he should suppose a king
Would not be complaisant
Enough to show him every thing,
Why many more would grant
His wishes, and would satisfy
Each query, every thought,—
The children of equity,—
Whose acts of meekness brought
Them to the cloudless climes where they
Were lords of every thing,
Who passed each quickly fleeting day
In duly ministering
Unto the monarch of these halls,
Whose solitary cheer
It was to see that nothing palls
On eye or lip or ear ;

If they complain of dullness soon
Each gaudy chamber peals
With swelling harpsichord whose tone
Now lowly faintly steals
Along the carpeted corridors,
And bears the captive sense
Away, as when the eagle soars
And cleaves the elements
While pow'rless in the giant's clasp
The trembling lamb nor bleats
Nor struggles much within the grasp,
As to the young eaglets
He hurries with the tender prey,
Who ravenously dine
Upon the booty,—so do they
The mellow sounds drink in ;
Again in louder higher key
It reaches to the dome
Of the vast building, instantly
The charmed audience come
Around the minstrel-ravisher,
As if the brilliant spark
Of genius radiating there
Could, like the tuneful lark,
Be caught and caged within their souls,—
But genius flies pursuit,
Her witching strain the heart controls,
But should she, rudely shut
Within the prison door, be forced,
She'd sooner pine away,
Untasting aught, than be coerced
To warble harmony ;—
She can not and she will not sing
Her once accustomed lay,
And there, in silent suffering,
She'll sorrow night and day.

Should Holland's Prince not suit his mind,
Let him look where the moon,—
The ether's empress,—unconfined
By gaoler clouds, pours down
Her gifts phosphoric, one of them
Whose countenances wear—
He but imagines they look grim—
A hue they bring from her,
Shall be his Palinurus thro'
Th' incomparable lawns
Where incense breathes, and zephyrs wo
The Dryads and the Fauns ;
Each one when on the upper earth
Was Rapine's bondsman, so
His friend must be a man of worth
On whom he may bestow
His confidence, for England tried
Them all and found them pure ;
And they on whom she has relied
He may depend are sure
And steady in their duties ; then
Each one is truly brave :
They all were actors in some scene
Whose sequel was the grave.
See Bagnal, Spencer, and Carew,
And Gormanstown, Mountjoy,
With Berkley, Pearce, and Wilmot too,
And Savage, Flower and Grey,⁴²
And Lambert, Strafford, Morison,
With Davies, Trevor, Coote,
And Chichester, and Skeffington,
And lying Hume to boot,
And Ireton too,—did he but know
That mildest of all men !
Where all are good, e'en here below—
Ahem—above, he's seen,

With outstretched hands uplifted, while
The adjuration streams
So sweetly from his mouth, whose smile
Like that of cherub seems ;
But 'tis his nature thus to be
In meditation lost,—
As soldier he loved piety,
He does so now as ghost ;
But for him Ireland would be now
O'erwhelmed in the slough
Of barbarism, for him flow
The benedictions of
That country ;—let him choose from them
The partner of his weal.
But Ireton is the fav'rite, him
All recommend for zeal
And steady vigor ; let him take
The rigid Puritan
To guide him harmless thro' each brake,
Conduct him o'er each lawn.
What ! stamping unremittingly,—
How odd he can't be still,—
He must be struck with idiocy,
He's wrong, he cannot feel
Exercuating torments—those
Sensations which annoy
Are but the thorns of the rose
That prick, but by and by
They'll lead him to a chosen spot
Wherein the rose is free
From thorns ; the noviciate's lot
At first is purgatory,—
At least 'tis relatively so
To bliss incomparable
Hereafter his, but he must go
Thro' process suitable,

That each deep spot may be erased,
The consequence of sin,
Until his spirit is released
For ever from its chain.”
Thus will the Tempter ridicule
The keenness of his pangs,
While grinning devils madly pull
The wretch, relieved by gangs
Of torturers continually.
Thus will it be for aye ;
Compassionless hostility
His fate from day to day,—
No, not a moment’s respite,—the
Same mercy which he gave
To fellow creatures, that shall he
Then in his turn have ;
For ever ever burning on
Yet ever unconsumed,
While God exists on Heaven’s throne,
Shall live the Heaven doomed.
Britannia ! on thy name the blot
Of sacrilege remains,
Its tenets you have got by rote,
By its infernal means
You left this land a monument
Of abject poverty—
The theatre of discontent,
The seat of misery ;
You ever sought to undermine
The ‘ cloud-capped ’ Temple’s base,
And let the desolators in
To drag it from its place,
Nor leave a stone to mark its site,
Nor spare its surpliced priest,
To spurn at each holy rite,
And in its chancel feast

Their eyes upon the broken shrine
And on the shattered cross,
First trampling on decrees divine
And then on human laws ;
If any thing were wanted to
Display the changless faith
Of Rome's religion, and to show
The pure unerring truth
Of Peter's Jesus-chartered creed,
That church's triumph in
This isle is proof enough, indeed,
Of its high origin ;
As far as ken may pierce it rears
Its pyramidal height,
Its minister unshrinking hears
Around its top the might
Of angry storms, and looks down
Upon the ruined pile
Of pigmy imitations thrown
Upon the world's soil ;
There stands the venerable mass
Uninjured still by time,
With gates of steel and roof of brass,
The landmark of each clime,
To show to erring man the ark
Wherein resides the dove
That found the olive branch, the bark
Of penitence and love ;
There has the splendid fabric stood
Immutable 'mid change,
Cemented by the martyr's blood,
No effort can darange
Its awful beauty, there it glows,
Illumed by Heaven's sky,
" The solemn relic of *what was,*"
Also of "*what must be*"

The grand memorial, which nor Age
 Could crumble in its march,—
Nor deadly Persecution's rage
 Disturb a single arch
In its foundation,—nor could all
 Earth's revolutions shake
A pebble from its buttressed wall,—
 Nor could Hell's thunders make
A single breach therein; it tow'rs
 Like some proud Appenine
On which the tempest monarch low'rs
 When sunbeams do not shine,
While earth is rocking at its feet,
 A grand yet fearful sight,
And lightning throws the branching sheet
 Of flame around its height,
It mocks the winds that o'er it chase
 Each other angrily,
Securely centred on the base
 Of its eternity,—
Unlike the building raised by men,—
 That stronger grows by years,
As it arose it still is seen
 As beautiful, while theirs
Will yield baneath the slightest gust.
 But 'tis no wonder; *this*
Was raised by architects of dust,
 While *that* was reared by His
Almighty hand: to-day a sect
 Is launched—to-morrow sees
The ship with all its cargo wreck'd
 By schism's sudden breeze.
Thus must it be,—for God has said
 The Church that's not of Him
Will fall, by truthless doctrine sway'd
 Beneath the wind of whim;

When haggard winter first arrives,
Men see its wreaths of snow
With gladness, tho' no flower survives
Its visit, and they go
Delighted o'er the sinking drifts,
'Neath which some days since grew
The primrose, now no daisy lifts
Its head to greet the view ;
The downy moisture for a while
Falls not, its feathered track
Is missed, 'tis followed by the chill
And cutting air, they lack
The fireside's solace, then a thaw
Takes place, the slipp'ry road
Is born of the fleecy snow,—
They cannot go abroad
Without a feeling of disgust,
They dread the miry lane,
They wish again the line of dust,
Or sleet, or hail, or rain,
Or anything to clear away
The nuisance that's knee deep
On every causeway,—they must stay
Within the house and peep
Thro' curtained windows on the streets
To see if there's a chance
Of getting out ; what's that which meets
The watcher's anxious glance ?
'Tis falling with a movement slow,
And gentle as the swans
That graceful in their plumage go
To bathe in limpid ponds,—
The snow is come again, they shout,
Those feelings are dispelled
Which pressed on them before, the thought
Of consequence revealed

Not to their minds the road of mud,
To follow from the guest
They gave such welcome to,—they view'd
The matter in its best
And present light, they did not think
That every time it came
The filth would fill the rut and sink,
And that of course the same
Sensations which oppressed before,
A like cause would renew,—
They have their choice, and so once more
They revel and run through
The concrete fluid, and forget
That long as it is heap'd
Upon the fields no kindly heat
Will enter ; they'll be kept
Without that influence which brings
Their hidden treasures forth,—
When winter leaves the green grass springs
Up in its vernal birth ;
How different is the landscape then !
The mild and balmy sky,
The laughing hill, the smiling glen,
Speak eloquently
Of nature's goodness,—but for those,
Whose late delight had been
An endlessness of dreary snows,
How rapturous the scene ;
They wonder why they were content
Beneath his moody reign,
And never wish to see the print
Of Winter's foot again:
Thus do those living in the Church
Of Schism, long as they
Are underneath its flimsy porch
Look on its fallacy,

As tho' 'twere cert-inty, but if
The horizon of Rome
Should send a glimmer thro' its roof,
It quick dispels the gloom
That cast a murkiness on all
The tenement's extent,
'Till lit up by the beams that fall
From that bright firmament.
Its tenets, like the winter's snow
Creating mire, but led
To paths of error ; when the glow
Of truth streamed overhead
Those errors vanished—as beneath
The warmth of the sun
The mass that pressed upon the heath
Was dissipated soon ;
And as the others marvelled how
They bore the winter's sway,
With kindred feelings do these now
Look back upon the day
They hugged that doctrine to their breast
That plunged them in the maze
Where Falsehood, in silk trappings drest,
Held up the veil of gauze
That screened each blemish from the sight,
And threw its shadow on
Defects concealed until the light
From Wisdom's planet shone
And pierced the cov'ring, when they leave
The juggler to his feats
Of necromancy, they may have
Who wis'd the empty seats.—
And where are now those sects that sprung
Some years, nay months, ago?
Their mourning elegies are sung
As soon as born—sc

'Twill ever be ; e'en as I look
Upon the " Sister Isle,"—
Both sneer and wrong must Erin brook ;
She's nicknamed Sister, while
The one that jeers her with the name
Would wish her deep within
The bosom of the sea ; what shame
To mock the grief she's in !—
Well, there the reformation's *light*
Is waning from its old
Reflected lustre ; soon the night
Of darkness will enfold
Its borrowed honors ; every hour
Its worshippers decrease,
As thro' secession's zenith soar
Some other stars whose grace
Attracts awhile, until they fall
From their high altitude ;
But they will seek for more till all
The meteoric brood
Have paled in Fashion's sky ; anon
The ever-burning orb,
Whose glory's of itself alone,
Their vision will absorb ;
Entirely suppliant they'll bend
In fealty before
Its glittering disc, to which they'll send
Their homage evermore.—
The halo of celestial fire
Around the Temple's top
The leaguering hosts could not inspire
With awe, nor make them stop
In their assault ; no, onward still
The Anglicans advanced,
While to the touch of armed heel
The charger proudly pranced.

That Temple was protected by
 An unseen hand ; no pow'r
 Upon the earth can hope to vie
 With His who stills the roar
 Of whirlwinds ; so England failed
 To do her dark intent,
 Tho' helping her Hell's bolts assailed
 Each gate and battlement,—
 Fanaticism's fiend blew
 The signal which should call
 His bands together to cut thro'
 The guard that girt the wall,
 And Heresy's grim Demon foamed
 With madness when the troop
 Of British mercenaries loomed
 Upon his sight ; no whoop
 Of triumph issued from their lip
 To glad their master's heart,—
 As when adown the icy steep
 Descends the wearied hart
 With lagging pace,—for all the more
 The hunter has pursued
 The fleet limbed one,—the well-known horn
 Prolongs the echoes loud,
 And tells of coming enemy,—
 She can't avoid her fate,
 Before her overhanging lie
 The rocks, she can't retreat
 Behind, they're there who seek her life,
 With look of wild despair
 Around, she waits the ready knife,—
 A gurgling noise,—and there,
 Upon her mountain haunt, she is
 The breezes rival then
 No longer,—as her starting eyes
 Looked round for succor when

The cliff opposed her progress, so
Did the low servile mob
Of beaten escaladers throw
A timid look, the throb
Within each breast beat quicker, yet
No knife to them decreed
A death of violence, a threat,
If they should not succeed,
Was uttered,—it was useless—bribes
Were had recourse to,—sneers
And raillery and cutting gibes,
And adjuration's tears
Were tried, but they were useless too ;
The garrison defied
The straining efforts of the crew
Of infidels who plied
Their engines of destruction ; thick
And fast the missiles sped
Upon their way, while charging quick
The storming party, led
By their commanders, swearing at
Discomfiture, renewed
The contest but to dissipate
Their hopes ; again they “chewed
The cud of disappointment” ;—“down,
My own guards, to your lairs
And wait there 'till you're summoned ; soon,
If not by strength, by snares,
We'll gain an entrance ; be well stored
With weapons when I call,
Eor Albion has pledged her word
That yonder pile must fall ;
And who is equal to the task
If Pandemonium's aid
Should fail ? be ready when I ask
Your service” ;—they delayed

No longer,—at the dread command
 They hurried to the pit
 Unfathomed; but the savage band
 In British pay submit
 Their plans in Council, on the course
 By which they'll win alone
 The fortress,—stratagem and force
 Are canvassed,—but there's One
 Who watches o'er the citadel,—
 The Saviour's own abode,—
 Who'll save it from the wiles of Hell,
 That sentinel is God.
 How was the servant of the Lord
 Used by the factious crew
 That in their wrath thro' Ireland poured?
 Was he degraded too,
 As were her people? or was he
 Respected and esteemed
 As His apostle e'er should be?
 Was His disciple deemed
 Deserving of the rabble's praise?
 Did slander pass him by
 Unharm'd? Was the distained vase
 Of lurid calumny,
 Whose noxious vapours poison where
 They touch, raised o'er his head—
 A boon reluctant? Did the cheer
 Of admiration speed
 His passage?—or was he allowed,
 Unnoticed and unknown,
 Contented in his solitude,
 To live, retired, alone,
 Far from the tyrant's angry frown,
 Unmeddling in affairs
 Of kingdoms, an eternal crown
 The object of his cares?

That and his flock the sole aim of
His deep solicitude,
While graces given from above
Poured round him in a flood
Of peerless splendor? No, with hate
Unparalleled, they tore
The Clergyman from his retreat,
And to the gibbet bore
The pious Missionary who
Was ignorant of crime :
Did not compunction check them ? No,
They foully strangled him ;
No jury tried, no judge condemned,
The innocent ; no spark
Of pity in their bosoms beamed
To chase their passions dark ;—
Or if he was so fortunate
As to escape their search,
Beneath the roof of ruined hut,
If not beneath the arch
Of Heaven, and surrounded by
Almighty records, 'mid
The thunder's peal, the wild-bird's cry,
With cautious videttes hid
About each eminence to guard
'Gainst danger or surprise,
And trembling lest the slightest word
Might bring their enemies,—
The crag his altar,—did the Priest,
His delegate on earth,
Present the consecrated Host
To Him who took his birth
From clay to win proud Man from vice—
Upon the shrubless wild
He offered up that Sacrifice,
The Father and the Child,

"The Priest and Victim," this is not
 So strange; from them He came
 To teach, to suffer was His lot—
 But mankind is the same
 Thro' every age, ungrateful now
 As they were when He lived ;
 From them He meekly bore the blow
 And scoff, and only grieved
 For their own faults; more heinous far
 Than scoff of ancient Jews
 The crimes of *Christian* England are,—
 For they had some excuse—
 They have a chance of safety yet ;
 He prayed that they might be
 Forgiven, tho' the sin was great ;
 But how can England? She
 Who followed with the naked sword
 And plunged it firm in
 The sacred body of the Lord,
 And spilt the holy wine—
 His precious blood—as tho' it swam
 In some foul breast of clay,
 Then revelled o'er the murdered Lamb
 In horrid ecstasy.
 How can that land, I say, expect
 Salvation, when each day
 Beholds her sanctified "elect"
 'Neath domination's sway,
 Still urelenting, hallooing
 'Th' insatiable pack
 Of human mastiffs, bellowing,
 Upon the Christian's track ;
 They chased him like the reindeer o'er
 The desolate morass,
 Unhoused, in want, the open moor
 His only sleeping place,—

Yet there he would be satisfied
To dwell, if unpursued
By lawless miscreants, whose pride
It would have been to flood
The earth with gore,—how sweet a shade
Within the leafless wood !
Yet as the naked branches swayed
In that bleak solitude,
And sent their mournful murmurs thro'
The dismal shelter's space,
Or as the woodlark chirping flew
Between each insterstice,
He fancied them the outcries of
The rabid hounds of prey
That sought the solitary grove,
To ascertain if he
Were lurking there—for well he knew
Should his recess be found,
The Orange dagger would go through
His body to the sound
Of Orange imprecations—his
Brethren of late
Had met with equal cruelties,
Then might not the same fate
Be equally for him reserved ?—
Let Peril's warnings bode,
?Twould find him ready, not unnerved
To travel on death's road.
The anxious pastor persevered
In his high calling still,
Tho' fiends raged and mankind erred,
No threats could ever quell
His spirit's ardor—spite of all
That slander could invent,
The flock obeyed the shepherd's call,
The ties could not be rent,

That bound them to each other ; if
They were in trouble he
Attended them and brought relief
To burdened breasts, while they
To his concealment stealthily
Proceeded to afford
The scanty gift of sympathy,
And listen to the word
Of him who ne'er deceived thro'
Misfortune or thro' weal,
Who well deserved it from them tho'
It were their only meal.
What fairer sight can man behold
Upon this darkened sphere,
Than Pity, heedless of the cold
Unsympathetic sneer,
Hurrying to the hopeless son
Of luxury, to pour
The soul-redeeming unction on
Guilt's latest anguished hour ?
Unmindful of the fell disease,
Of fever's wasting breath,
That priest is ready to appease
The agonies of death,—
The clergy of *that* holy creed
Are rare examples of
Its sublime principles ; they tread
The paths of peace and love ;
The blessed tenets which they teach
They're sure to follow too,
The doctrine they devoutly preach
They faithfully pursue,
They're pious in their habits, and
In manners primitive,
Their occupation—to command
The subject fold, and give

A caution and advice to those
That leave the narrow way
For avenues wherein the rose
Invites a lengthened stay ;—
Seek them,—they're discovered not
Within the gaudy ring,
Where courtly dissipation's rout
Calls multitudes to fling
Aside the veil of chastity
That flutters like the moth
Which to the taper flies to die
In seeming beauty's wrath,
'Tis but a grave tho'—as at night
The 'ignis fatuus' glares
Upon the lagging fowler's sight,
The goal, where end his cares
And journey, he thinks onward lies
Where glimmerings appear,
As he pursues the taper flies,
And when he deems he's near
The object of his wishes, far
Away 'tis seen again ;
The little, dancing, twinkling star,
Will lure thro' bog and plain
The simpleton for many a mile,
And he will find at last,
Much to his anger, that a 'Will
O' the Wisp' he chased ;
For verging on the upland wild
The fairy meteor's seen
No longer—'twas the marsh's child
That stole the comet's sheen.
'Tis thus that chastity at first
Is angled by the rays
Which vice emits, 'till sudden burst
The rain-clouds when the gaze

No longer concentrates upon
Falsehood's luminary.
Its lustre's dimmed, and that which shone
So brilliant to the eye
Before is covered with a shade,
The shade which guilt supplies—
Its former glories quickly fade,
Its plundered beauty dies ;
And many a heart is left to pine,
Forsaken in its gloom,—
No light to cheer its slow decline,
Until the rayless tomb
Its jaws voracious shall disclose
To seize the contemned dust
Of Fashion's fools—as it arose
From earth so then it must
To earth return ; so must all,
But o'er the final bed
Of many mercy's accents fall,
Religion's tears are shed.—
Not at the levee's rich array,
Where pearls and brocade
And diamonds crowd the sparkling way,
And lords and ladies trade
In slander's merchandise, nor at
The opera's delights
To linger out the hours in chat,
As woman's smile invites
Each sable-vested flatterer
To praise her half hid charms,
When mitre-hunters yield to her
Their bibles and their arms.
That priest within the court-house walls
Admiring legal wit,
Is never seen,—no lawyer's scrawls
Does he peruse,—no writ

By him is issued to distress
The poor for tithes or rent ;
No, if unable to repress
The sigh, or tears prevent,
He will not cause them,—he will have
No orphan's curse to blast
His very bones within the grave
Where kindness at last
Is sleeping—no, but he'll be found
Where good is to be done,
In some lone cabin, whence the sound
Of evil, or the tone
Of penury proceeds,—where'er
Is trouble he will be,—
His solace is to steal its care
From friendless misery ;
Within the airless slimy cell
The captive he consoles,
When desperation sounds the knell
Of ruin, then he tolls
The silver gong of hope, and, lo !
The grinning phantoms fly,
Religion sheds her lovely glow
Where was obscurity.
He's seen the vessel's deck upon
That bears the criminal
To penal province, to atone
By many a day of thrall
For his rude rupture of the ties
That bind society,
He soothes the mourner's miseries
In true sincerity
Of brotherly affection, and
The prospect is not drear,—
He loathes not then the foreign strand
He viewed before with fear ;

He whispers to the orphan lone,
Unconscious of caress
Of mother, when all friends are gone,
The words of blessedness,
He watches o'er his infant care
With more than father's zeal,
And joys when virtue's blossoms rare
Their fragrant sweets reveal—
An omen bright,—and gladly prides
Hereafter when his ward
Is sailing over fortune's tide,
The theme of sage and bard.
He decorates this obscure earth
With piety's fair wreath,
That casts its precious perfumes forth
Upon the world's breadth.
Without Him what would be this globe ?
A foul corrupting mass
Of crime, endeavouring to robe
Its brute licentiousness
In garments of decorum ; he
Is like that curving arch,—
The 'Northern Lights,'—whose brilliancy
Glares like some mammoth torch.
And sheds its influence o'er the dull
And frozen regions where
They coruscate in beautiful
Tho' icy fields of air :—
A milder clime can never know
The grandeur of the sight
When the Aurora round its brow
Wears diadems of light.
What tho' for many months that land
Should don the snowy pall,
Her spangled firmament's a grand
Rich recompense for all ;

A residence were sad, indeed,
Within the Polar sphere,
If Borealis did not shed
His train of glories there.
Such an effect upon this isle
Has Catholicity,
Without whose aid the spurious smile,
By which apostacy
Attempts to lure her onward to
The horid precipice,
Where pension is prepared to throw
Her into the abyss,
Would win her to a frightful fate;
But tho' the shock she feel
She will regain her balance, *that*
Will save her tho' she reel.
The ornament of this, that priest
Is emblem of a fair
And purer realm; the oppress'd
Will find protection there,—
He preaches his Redeemer through
The practice of what's good;
His means are scant, his wants are few,
With tenderness endow'd,
He shares these means, as far as they
Will go, among the poor,
And trusts in Him, again the day
Of scarcity, for more.
Behold him seated in his chair!
When multitudes approach
With humid eye and humble air,
To seek the blessing; watch
Them at their departure from
The confessor's recess,
The word's are said—in passion's home
Is then a tranquil peace;—

Look at him in the pulpit, there
 With chains of eloquence
He binds his audience, while the tear
 Of weeping penitence
Replies to his address—the aisles
 Respond with surcharged hearts—
He brings a cordial for their ills,
 He soothes affliction's smarts.
Behold him at the death-bed, when
 The dissipated slave
Of sensuality has seen
 The margin of the grave,
And wishes not to believe there
 A place of punishment
Hereafter, but he finds that this,
 The relished aliment
On which his mind has fed so long,
 Has lost its charms—no,
He cannot swallow it ; there throng
 His dire misdeeds to show
His station when Mortality
 Consigns him to the guard
Of beetle-browed Futurity—
 Dark, stubborn, and hard,—
The pleasing dogma, which he oft
 Asserted boastfully
To still remorse, while Ruin laughed
 At his temerity,
His troubled conscience cannot calm ;
 His sophistry cannot
Convince him, logic has no balm
 To ease the itching spot
Where rankles the affection,—each
 Short minute is an age,—
The verdict is pronounced—the leech
 His torments can't assuage,—

'Twere but a foolish task to try
And paint the parting hour,—
The mother's pangs—the sister's sigh—
The soft tread on the floor,
As kindred steal to take a last
Long look at him they love,
While he surveys the mirror'd past,
When just about to move
From life, with feelings unexpress'd ;
Who then allays the dread
Of justice with the hope of rest
To those contrite decreed ?
Instead of racking visions, sweet
Anticipated bliss,—
His heirdom where the happy meet
Annuls his agonies ;
Whene'er the fevered conscience whips,
The monitor applies
The sacred waters to his lips,
The fluid vivifies
The torpid embers in his soul,
And revelation lights
Upon his senses when the shoal
Of doubt no more affrights ,
The saint has changed the animal
To the dependant man,
He broke the spirit's downward fall
And urged its wings to span
Bright skies ; the missal of *that* priest
Attracts not by its gilt
And embossed cover, *he* at least
To Power has not knelt,
So *he* must be content to see
His missal's cover plain ;—
To court let other churches flee
A patronage to gain,

His artful tricks Impurity
 On *him* will try in vain,
 Let those, to whom are tacked A. B.
 Or A. M., 'neath the stain
 Of bribery and corruption lie,
 But *he* will not degrade
 His church so ignominiously,
He will not stoop to trade
 In simony, *he* has no chance
 To rise to dignity,
 Oft gained by crime's extravagance,
 By vile impiety ;—
He's never seen to clutch the hire
 Which prostitution gives,—
He will not feed Truth's funeral pyre,—
 In *him* still virtue lives ;
 Had he the Idol's cheek but kissed—
 The Woden others wed—
 He'd not have been the hunted priest,
 A premium on his head.
 But when the penal statutes are
 For ever obsolete,
 When those now living disappear,
 Loud shall reverberate
 The name of Ireland,—and when she,
 The despot, shall have felt
 Reverses, and when subtlety
 The fatal blow has dealt
 To her, and men combine among
 Each other to destroy
 Her navies, when invaders throng
 In numbers and deploy
 Upon her fields, then will she rave
 In madden'd agony
 O'er what is past, when naught can save
 From sure calamity

Herself unpitied ; she'll descend
From her præeminence
On high ; already has she reign'd
Too long in arrogance.
Instead of giving justice to
Her rescuers of yore,—
Her sole support, if foreign foe
Should menace Albion's shore—
She loads them with the calumny,
And mocks them with the jeer ;
Some event of adversity
Records each passing year.
She must restore what Ireland lacks—
A senate separate ;
Compassion pleads and justice backs
Her claims in the debate.
By her own progeny each wrong
Can be redressed, while they
Shall thus escape the glibby tongue
Of every brainless jay
Prepared to claw this country's friend
Should he attempt reply
To it, tho' striving to defend
His land from obloquy ;
Where every representative
Must typify his land,
To whom the people's voices give
The means with the command
To guard the whole community
'Gainst danger from abroad
And from internal treachery,
Dark Dissolution's food ;
Not for his base subserviency
To any satrap's stamp,
Or nod of government, must he
Reside in Ireland's camp

As one of her protectors ; no,
He must obtain his seat
By freemen's suffrages ; a show
Of unbound hands must greet
His entrance to the senate-house ;
The patriot's shout alone,
Which from the heart spontaneous flows,
Must hail the chosen one,
Who placed in the triumphal chair,
Decked out by Honesty,
Proceeds to College Green to swear
The oath of fealty
To Ireland ; let her grant but this
And she may then defy
All continental menaces,
However boastingly
They may be uttered, trusting in
Th' unrivalled fearlessness
Of Irish breasts, should battle's din
Their natures' wild excess
Of daring summon ;—when before,
A dense and threat'ning host
Of fierce assailants hovered o'er
The undefended coast,
When England shirked her duty, who
Were they that then displayed
A steady front, and unasked, flew
To give their ready aid ?
When almost over every part
The flag of France was seen ;
When foemen reached Hibernia's heart,
Whose was the banner green
That fluttered refutation on
Its slanderers, and spread
Confusion thro' the van o'erthrown
Which France's eagles led ?

It was the Irish pennant, held
By Ireland's progeny,—
It waved o'er many a foreign field
The badge of bravery,
But then it shaded its own soil
From profligacy's glare,
And hearts that 'mid the contest's broil
Would cease to vibrate ere
They'd fly in danger's crisis, tho'
'Twere better they had been
The Gaul's auxiliaries,—the foe
To the false sovereign
For whom they dared the battle's fate—
They trusted to her sense
Of equity, to reinstate
In their inheritance
The men who bled for her; 'tis true
Their lost prerogative
At length was yielded, but 'twas thro'
A feeling not of love,
But dread; 'twas at the period when
America, being urged
To desperation by the chain
Which profligacy forged,
Threw off the tyrant's heavy yoke,
And cheerfully unfurled
The cherished stars and stripes, when broke
The plaudits of a world
On Freedom's pupil; it was then
Hibernia resolved
To advocate the right of men
Which Rapine had dissolved
In seas of blood, and with the laws
Which she herself would frame
Her children bind: the holy cause
Evoked a brilliant flame

In each department ; every
Valley sent its peal
Of preparation ; th' energy
Long dead began to steal
Or rather run throughout their souls,—
That dreamy stupor died
Which in its coils the mind enfolds,—
The summons was replied
To with a voice of thunder ; that
Despair which paralysed
Their efforts—that affection caught
When they were sacrificed
To a usurped supremacy,
When their proud spirits lay
Crushed beneath contumacy,
The vile despoiler's prey,
Which pressed on them as tho' it were
Some horrid incubus,—
Was thrown off ; there was naught to mar
Their chances of success ;
For England, smarting 'neath defeat
Deserved, chastised by them
She long had trampled 'neath her feet,
Could not oppose the stream
Of agitation ;—like a poor
And pitiful poltroon,
As abject in discomfiture,
As haughty in her noon
Of pride when viewing her parade
Of scarlet impotents,
Before a trial of strength was made
'Tween the belligerents.
Unwillingly she yielded to
The tide of circumstance,
And Erin got in eighty-two
Her loved inheritance.

'Twas won,—'twas squandered,—Vigilance
Was mesmerised by Art,—
He slumbered when Intolerance
Again resolved to part
The guardians of the rich bequest
By means of discord's fruit
Thrown in among them to arrest
Their observation,—but
'T would not succeed, if England's gold—
I should have said their own—⁴³
With vice-like grasp had not laid hold
Of its protectors, soon
The 'amor patriæ,' which before
Had every terror ravaged
And thrown its iron corslet o'er
The warriors who saved
The land from usurpation, flew
Before the amulet
Which cunning had exposed to view
To lure them to his net,—
And strong the wizard's meshes ;—they
Had only just possessed
The treasure, when Brutality
Considered how to wrest
It from them ; to conciliate
The Catholics, he thought,
Was his best policy,—the great
Majority were bought
Over by concessions, lest
Contagion might advance
The symptoms of the rabid pest
That devastated France.
The year their claim was recognised ⁴⁴
The ministers refused
The boon, ere yet they were apprised
That Atheism loosed

His dogs carnivorous to prowl
For offal thro' each state,
But when they heard the mastiff's howl
Outside the very gate,
In search of prey they, deemed it best
That creeds should be near par ;
Their dreaded wardens were released
From grievances,—the bar
Was opened to them, to the bench
They still could not obtain
Access, tho' hate sought to retrench
The privilege,—in vain
Were all his arts,—for safety said,
The Jacobin will thrive
And triumph, should you not concede
Of their prerogative
A trifling portion,—they could be
Solicitors, or might
Obtain a British colonelcy,—
But better still, the right “
Of the elective franchise then
Was granted ;—they could vote
For men to represent them when
Detraction would misquote.
The revolutionary war
Was just commencing, and
Its flame was spreading near and far
When England stretched the hand
Of kindness :—’twas accepted ; they,
Who would have joined the ranks
Of insurrection readily,
Refused to aid the Franks,
As partisans, who thus should fall :—
The merchant class displayed
Their earnest gratitude,—the call,
Which innovation made,

Was unattended to by those—
By gentleness alone
Was Ireland saved ; if they arose
When they were called upon,
Tho' brightest gem in England's crown *
Had been transferred at last,
And she might blame, had that been gone,
The harshness of the past.
These slight instalments—concord's fruit—
Incited them to vie
In commerce with their step-dame,—but
She liked not rivalry ;
The hum of trade must now be hushed,
A *Union* must be made
Immediately, they must be crushed,
Else their increasing trade
And manufacture soon would raise
Them up to such a pitch
Of consequence as would amaze
The world ; to enrich
Competitors was not her plan ;—
Their growing influence
She must destroy, while yet she can
With ease ; the best pretence ,
She could devise to bring about
The scheme of robbery
Was, could she do it, to promote
A scene of anarchy ;
Rebellion was fomented by
The minister to snatch
Their independence from them,—they
Were temped to attach
Themselves to tumult ; but the rank
And wealth of Ireland kept
Aloof, they'd not plunge in the tank
In which the adder slept.

When pinioned, they have been the trained
 Weak dupes of policy,
 But now that they had lately gained
 Some small indemnity,
 They listened coldly to the tongue
 That sought to rouse their pride,
 By deprecating Ireland's wrong—
 They sternly denied
 Assistance ; still the work went on,—
 Tho,' relatively,
 A miserably few had drawn
 The sword :—tenaciously
 This few contested inch by inch
 The well defended land,—
 “ May vengeance fall on him who'll flinch,
 From bayonet or from brand,”
 Was heard to issue from their lines
 Amid the close melce,
 While from the growling carbines
 Death poured unsparingly ;
 But Guile at last succeeded in
 His object,—they dispersed ;—
 Disunion wrought his lord's design,
 The country was coerced
 Into a so-called union,—but
 The implement Command
 Resorted to had nearly cut
 His own unskilful hand.
 Had Education only mixed
 With disaffection's force,
 To Ireland had not been affixed
 The Union's blighting curse.
 The strife, tho' short, was deadly close,
 Tho' wanting shot and shell ;
 The band, that ventured to oppose
 The grasping infidel,

Gave reason to the conqueror
 To recollect the day
 He, aided by his minions, tore
 Their dearest rights away.
 The safety of a government
 Is in a people's love ;
 Should this, its surest tie, be rent
 No other can be rove
 Of equal strength ;—mischance will tide
 To England's sceptre yet,
 And they, on whom she oft relied
 For succor, wont forget
 Her vandal violence ; they'll bid
 Her look upon their towns
 'Neath ruin's cobwebbed curtains hid,
 Where Dullness only frowns,
 Or whence the wail of hunger's heard ;—
 The harbors, once so thick
 With tapering masts that proudly reared
 Their tops as if to seek
 An intercourse with stars, are now
 But dotted with the smacks
 Of bumble fishermen ;—the plough
 Feeds still the bursting sacks,—
 For *millionaires* the lambkins bleat,—
 For them each bending tree ;
 The rustic reaps the drowsy wheat
 To gorge the absentee
 With luxuries ; tho' he may break
 His very bones the while,
 The corn to his hollow cheek
 Will never bring a smile.
 Six millions yearly must be spent
 To pander to the pride
 Of native aliens ; the rent
 Is borne o'er the tide

To distant profligacy, yet
 The harrassed peasantry,
 Who thus consent to immolate
 Themselves to beggary,
 Live on upon the food of beasts,—
 The rampant landlord's scorn,
 Submitting to his rude behests,—
 No people would have borne
 So tamely such anomaly
 So long,—it cannot last ;
 Could they but act in unity
 They'd rectify the past.
 And what entailed their deep disgrace ?
 The Union, first proposed
 Thro' hatred of the Irish race ;
 Tho' energy opposed
 Its progress in its every stage,
 By artifice 'twas passed,
 And murder, bribery and rage
 Combined with each to blast
 The arguments of justice. Still
 Accomplished in the snares
 Of simulaion's paltry guile,
 In spite of all the cares
 Which England caused them, she pretends
 She's actuated by
 Affection only felt by friends,—
 The closest amity,
 She says, should ever link them both ;
 With comic impudence,
 When she has eructated wrath,
 And death and pestilence
 Upon each province, of her own
 Seraphic clemency
 She boasts, tho' penury alone
 Her generosity

Proclaims ; disinterestedness
She arrogates, but when
The policy of gentleness
Did she pursue? In vain
I'll seek for an example of
Her leniency upon
Hibernia's historic leaf ;
There's not a single one :
Her actions towards that country are
Inscribed in characters
Deep sunk and plain,—the gifts which war
Confers were always hers,—
Britannia's deeds towards her are writ
In ink that cannot fade ;
That ink did Ireland's veins emit,—
The lancet was the blade,
Which, having pierced her children, glowed
Red in the murderer's hand,—
The tide came cheerfully, it flowed
To serve their native land ;
And gladly did they yield the stream
Of life on Freedom's shrine ;
Electric rose the dying scream
That found a response in
Unpurchased hearts ; by gold unswayed
A model bright were they
Of patriotism, undismayed
By adverse destiny ;
Incited by their country's fate
They willing martyrs died
The freeman's code to propagate,
Unheeding aught beside ;
They brought their talent to the task,
For better or for worse,
In Erin's welfare each would bask,
Or with her fall ;—the curse

Of earth and Heaven they invoked
 Upon themselves, should they
 Resign the battle rage provoked
 Unwarrantably :
 Detesting despotism and
 Disdaining to be slaves
 Or bow before the wizard wand
 Imperialism waves,
 They rather chose to die, each one
 Respected and admired ,
 Than parasitical live on,
 And look upon a hired
 And prejudiced monopoly
 Subverting every true
 Principle of equity
 To please a paltry few.
 If they were rash for rashness they
 Paid dearly with their lives,—
 But tho' unjust the penalty,
 Their memory survives
 Their dust ; and if their struggles but
 Caused brethren to feel
 The pressure of the centaur's foot,—
 If luckless their appeal
 To arms—and, if they entailed
 Disaster when they sought
 To bless a land that long had quailed
 In bondage, yet they ought
 No to be blamed,—no fault was theirs,—
 Disunion caused their fall.—
 A true affection yet reveres
 The victims one and all.
 Had their endeavours but been crowned
 With fortune, I would see
 The laurel round their temples bound
 To mark their bravery ;

How gorgeously their characters
Had been emblazoned on
The scroll of fame,—for no one errs
That lolls in conquest's sun ;
Their hasty act would be alone
The issue of deep thought
And penetration ; had they won,
Tradition would have brought
Their names down to posterity,
As demi-gods, while now,
They get but the enthusiast's sigh,
Heaved audibly tho' low.
Had ninety-eight's eventful year
Conqu'ring independence told,
Rebellion on the listening ear
Would not grate harshly ; gold
Would lend its ductile quality,
And give its yellow hue,
To gild the syllable : that dye
Would offer to the view
Majestic revolution. Such
Have been the world's ways :
If men but prosper, they may clutch
And wear distinction's bays.
They fell, but not unmourned ; let
The turf rest lightly o'er
Their watered ashes, while the great
And generous deplore
Their end ; let gifts, peculiar to
Each season, grace their beds ;
For them the tears of Ireland flow,—
A weeping nation sheds
Her tribute to their memory ;
No epitaph records
Their fate,—more honored as they lie
Than panegyricked lords,—

But from the gory pool, then formed
By the purple streams
That ran from veins of trunks deformed,
Shall emanate the beams
Of liberty, to streak those skies :
Ay, from that rubric lake
Shall exhalations yet arise,
And crystallizing make,
In Ireland's spotless horizon,
A beauteous rainbow, which
Her children shall gaze upon
Rejoiced, and construe each
Ever-varying tint into
The changing smiles and tears
Of those, who reached to glory thro'
Oppression's guilty fears,
And think their undecaying souls
Are wayed by sigh or smile,
As Destiny his chariot rolls,
Alternate, o'er the isle ;
And they will hail it as a sign
Of sure deliverance,
And struggle, thus, more boldly in
Their nationhood's defence ;—
The murdered martyrs in their grave
Will seek for Erin's right,
Their voices cheer the living brave
In freedom's holy fight.—
I look upon my lovely land,
And, as I look, the shade
Of melancholy chills me, and
Her once fair prospects fade
Before my mental vision, tho'
A kindred spirit vowed,
That fate had willed a champion to
The native soil of Flood,

Of Curran, Grattan, Plunkett ; but
'Tis foolish thus to dwell
Upon those wondrous men,—the thought
Is almost maddening—well
They did their duty. Oh, how true
Have been their prophecies !
Until the Union, Ireland knew
Not what was wretchedness ;
Her former vigor sleeps supine
On peril's precipice—
Those who were happy most repine
When sunk in the abyss
Of destitution—thus with her,
She unremittingly
Complains, that puny man should slur
The wish of Destiny ;
For 'twas intended she should be
The flowery retreat
Of art and science, that the sea,
Which guards her, to her feet
Should bring the offerings of all
The kingdoms of the earth ;
'Twas thus when bards in ' Tara's Hall'
To martial strains gave birth ;
It will be so again, too. Why,
Her place upon this globe,
Her permanent fertility,
The gentle heats that robe
Her fields in verdure, all combine
To mark her as a home,
Decreed by institutes divine,
For Freedom's brazen dome.
From England separated by
A broad tempestuous sea ;
By nature formed specially
For intercourse with the

Empires of the universe ;
Why should another State,
Presuming on its strength, coerce
Her right to legislate ?
My people are dissimilar
In customs, and much more
Than equal England at the bar,
In battle, or in lore
Of abstruse science ; blessed, in sooth,
With energy untamed
Amid disaster, loving truth,
Tho' vilified, defamed—
For honor is their life-pulse,—naught
Can make them swerve from this,
The idol of their thoughts, unbought
Were every earthly bliss
At its expense,—and not the last,
A climate, for its tone
Of temperature, unsurpassed
In all or any zone ;
The parching heat, the intense cold,
The torrent, the deep snows,
The hurricane, which, uncontroll'd,
Spreads ruin where it goes,
Are here unknown ; altho' her great
Exposure to the spray
Of the Atlantic must create
Undue humidity
Of atmosphere, it adds to the
Fecundity of soil,
And shrouds in beauty every lea,
Tho' man should never toil.
Her geographic station is
As favorable to
Pursuits of commerce, as her sky's
Propitious to the plough ;

Placed on the extremity
Of Europe, she would be
Enabled at all times thereby
To harass those whom she
Disliked; thus, could she intercept
The trade of the new world
From other nations, while she kept
Of the blue waves that curled
Around her in sublimity,
Like mother clasping child,
The undisputed sovereignty,
Their crested tops her shield;
The merchant ships of Liverpool,
Of Britain's every port,
With flowing sails distended full,
Her beetling cliffs must court,
Before they can arrive at their
Own destination; and
Those splendid harbors seem to share
The bounties of the land;
They look as tho' they would entreat
The natives to receive,
Themselves, from Ind the precious freight,
And emulous retrieve
Her ancient grandeur, greater than
It ever was before,—
The *entrepot* of earth again,
As in the days of yore.
Her natural advantages
Are inexhaustible,—
Tho' great the spoiler's ravages
Still indestructible
Were her resources,—richest mines,
Abound, untouched, inert—
Profusely there the pure gold shines;
If Industry exert

Its powers, 'tis discovered in
The ground, in many a stream,
The sands of splashing rills, that twine
In drowsy music, gleam
With indications of the ore ;
Her hills are arable,
Ay, to their summits, where a store
Of herbage, suitable
To sheep, grows their perennially ;
The valleys far exceed
Britannia's in viridity ;
The rivulets, that speed
Along declivities, would aid
The irrigators art ;
Thus could she easily be made
The agricultor's mart.
Her mosses and her bogs, if bleak,
Unlike the other's fen,
Send no effluvia to check
The health or life of men,
And give a plentiful supply
Of heating fuel to
Their own surrounding peasantry,
To cheer in winter's snow,
Or should the owners only drain,
They'd speedily become
The most prolific pastures ; vain
Such wishes for my home !
Her population is a brave
And hardy race, debarr'd
From leisure's vices, while they have.
Upon the teeming sward,
A vast redundancy of all
Life's necessaries ;—
How strange that they should bear the thrall
Of Fraud's emissaries.

Behold that fallen city!* how
Grand, magnificent,
She once appeared! What is she now?
Want's mouldering tenement.
Alas, how altered since! Before
The union, competence
Spread gladness there; no strolling poor,
Or blear-eyed indigence,
With husky voice and lagging gait,
Assailed the citizen;
Herself, the emblem of the state,
Looked fair as when the queen
Of night hangs out her polished lamp
That gently sheds its beam,
And silvers o'er the marshy swamp
And burnishes the stream,
To her Wealth's subjects paid their court,
There Glory held his tilt,
And Commerce in her wooded port
Her vase of plenty spilt.
No kingdom prospered more while she
Her own legislature
Possessed. ere yet Ascendancy,
In subtle arts secure,
Stole her P 'lladium; wealth swept thro'
Each district with its tide
Of gold—the breeze of learning blew
Its fragrance far and wide—
Its blessings manufacture showered
On the community,—
The arts were fostered—Freedom towered
In grand sublimity—
A firm faith and confidence
Cemented social ties,
She brooked not then the insolence
Of her adversaries;—

Disunion's chilling blight came down,
And nipped each gentle bud,
The promised blossoms have not blown,
They're scattered by the rude
Storms of discord; is it not
Distracting, thus to view
The offspring of the men who fought
And beat the Roman too,
Who trampled on the standard of
That world grasping foe,
And from his eagled banners wove
A trophied prize to show,
That vainly would his stalwart arm
Oppose Hibernia's might,
When valour's rapid currents warm
Her children in the fight,
Reduced to the degraded state
Of despicable slaves,
The bondsmen of the reprobate,
The willing tools of knaves?
How harrowing it is, to see
The country, once the seat
Of learning and of sanctity,
Polluted by the feet
Of execrable aliens,
Unconscious of the glow
Of pity or benevolence,
The messengers of wo,
Exhibiting their prowess by
Insulting the distressed,
Displaying their humanity
By mocking the oppressed!
How grievous is it to behold
Her own degenerate sons
Become the dupes of British gold,
And Adulation's clowns,

And, with a callous treachery,
 Commingling with the bands,
Which unaffrighted Perjury
 Both follows and commands,
And eructating malice, and
 Ejecting calumny
Upon the parent's soothing hand
 That nursed their infancy !
Has she not enemies enow,
 Till her own progeny
Present their services and bow
 To yelping Bigotry,
And be the sworn hirelings to
 Contemned Venality,
The scorned lacqueys of a crew
 Adoring Miscreancy ?
To them she may attribute her
 Continued sufferings,—
With shrilly, ravening, croak, they whirl
 Around on sable wings,
To prey upon her torn breast,
 Their famished maws to fill ;
Each human vulture strives to feast
 On Ireland's every ill ;
But for their base desertion, she
 Would now be sovereign
Of the Atlantic's boundless sea,
 Its undisputed queen ;
Renown would brace her with her zone,
 Her ever-honored name,
The brightest there, would blaze upon
 The chronicles of Fame.
Had they but given to her cause
 Their prostituted aid,
She would have been what Carthage was—
 She is, a land betrayed.—

She would have been the tenement
Of sceptred liberty,
But man perverted God's intent,—
She's trod by Tyranny.
The union quenched the brilliant torch
Of Ireland's literature,—
The fires lit in Parnassus' porch
Lost then their lustre pure.
Her strength and spirit now are sunk,
A chaos clouds her mind,
She looks as tho' with stupor drunk,
So nerveless, so resigned,
She seems as tho' she never were
The birth-place of the muse,
As if War's deity to her
His homage dare refuse ;
No intellect in Europe is
So gorgeous in the glow
Of light it borrows from Wit's skies,
As Ireland's is, and no
Mind that can sublimely rise
To airy heights with her,
Or boast such signal victories
In Science's career ;
Her scholars are unnumbered,—yet
She has no theatre
For talent to display its great
And mighty calibre,—
Nor yet can she an audience claim
For its encouragement :
She's Erin only in the name,—
Pride's crumbled monument.
To go back to the palmy times
Of Charlemont and Flood—
How sweet that name on mem'ry chimes—
Is but to point to broad

And shining beacons of her own
Reflected radiance,—those
Meteors whose lustre shone
In tempest or repose ;
They must dispel suspicion, and
Cast such refulgence o'er
Th' enquirer's path, that he will stand,
In mute suspense, before
Those living lights of eloquence,—
Ay, living still, tho' dead,—
Strange contradiction !—and evince
No doubt, nor seek to tread
The grounds of fable, to create
A sceptic sneer on each
Reviler's face, to dissipate
Her claims upon a niche
In Glory's sculptured temple,—on
Even her splendor's eve,
The sunset of her high renown,
No cloud hangs to deceive
The gazer's vision,—there no mist
Of fabrication 's seen,
Its beauties every eye arrest,
Unrivalled is its sheen,—
But now no patronage protects
The flowers of the mind,
No horticulturist collects
The blossoms there enshrined,
Before their sunny richness wane,—
No hand extends its care
To the outbuddings of the brain,—
Their scents are shed on air.
The darkness of the spirit's night,
Which *one* cursed net creates,
Prevents ambitious soaring flight,
And thus degenerates

That noble passion here, or else
That statute's dire effect
Leads to its exile, and compels
Ambition to select
Some foreign altar, where it may
Its vernal offerings
Deposit, 'till some future day
A better prospect brings.
That fatal act, which Castlereagh
And Pitt, and Clare, and all
The venal villains of that day,
Projected to enthral
This isle, as tho' with pliant steel,
Hasscared prosperity,—
There's no resource, unless Repeal,
To chase calamity ;
But tho' she's seeking it of late,
'Tis futile to surmise
The issue I desire, when fate
Decrees that she must rise
From degradation by an arm
Begot and nurtured while
The battle raged, amid the storm
Of strife that checked the smile ;
Her leader boasts not warlike feat,
Nor talks of warlike plan,
He seeks, but not by force or threat,
To save her from her bane ;
By moral force alone, he hopes,
To rescue her from gloom,
A nation's blessing on him drops ;
He shouts,—a people come,
To swear, upon each sacred shrine,
Irrevocable vows
To tear her from the alien,
The struggle to espouse,

Till every trace of helotry
 Have disappeared, and she
 Obtain her old celebrity,
 A haven of the free.
 The archives of futurity
 Remain still unexplored ;
 Oh, could I for a moment see
 The small but wizard word
 Writ on the page of destiny,
 Which tells when he will come,
 The herald of her liberty,
 To snatch her from the tomb !”

She ceased. But for some time beside her there were,
 With looks full of gentleness, eyes full of tears,
 Attentive, some pitying spirits of air,
 Whose bowers were built in the heavenly spheres.
 One radiant with glory approached her and touched
 The Guardian of Erin ; a start of surprise
 Betrayed her confusion. The star-dweller broached
 The subject that flooded the sorrower's eyes :
 “ Let gladness the accents of sympathy hush,
 The knowledge you seek you shall learn from me ;
 Let the sunbeam of hope from those drooping lids brush
 The crystalline drops which it pains me to see.
 You spoke but just now of a leader who strives
 To raise your green isle 'mong the nations again ;
 Behold in him one whom the Deity gives
 To drag her from ruin eternal, to win
 Back from the stranger the booty he plundered,
 To cheer her to conquest, to fasten the ties
 Of holy affection, which discord has sundered,
 To urge her to fame, and to bring back the prize
 Which the Sassenach stole, when fomented rebellion,
 The tool of the despot, let loose on the land
 The hydras of horror,—when Tyranny's minion
 Was red with the fluid that ran from the brand,—

When Bribery's agents, unblushing, paraded
Each street and each alley, each booth and each stall.
They triumphed : the flow'rs of nobility faded
That blossomed in Ireland's legislative hall.
'Twere bootless to tell of your country's disasters,
Too well do you know all the wrongs she endured,
Too well do you know how her fanatic masters
In torrents the blood of her children poured ;
Too well do you know how they ravished her daughters,
And strangled the mother and murdered the child,
Till the shell-covered beds of her smooth flowing waters
With rotting mortality's relics were filled.
Such actions the Indians, in isles Carribbean,
Would tremble to think on, unversed tho' they be
In the ethical code which the Anglican Christian
Pursues, tho' it is not the doctrine which He
Professed, while engaged in His mission of love,—
Such are not the precepts His followers teach :
His sanctified Vicar on earth never strove
To immolate millions together ; to preach
Of peace, tho' the falchion was smoking the while,—
Of virtue, while fire was consuming the cot,—
Of meekness, while urging his ruffians to kill
The man who dissented in word or in thought ;
You know how the father's estates were held out
As a bribe to encourage the recreant son ;
You know how uncovered Apostacy sought
The goods of the believer, and frequently won
His domains from some high-minded chief who disdained
To kneel at a shrine that was formed by Lust,
To pray 'neath the roof of a fane that was stained
With the tide that succeeded the infidel's thrust ;
You have heard how high Heaven resolved to defeat
The wiles of the bigg, the fanatic's rage,
The heretics wrath, and the hypocrite's hate,
To cancel each blot on her history's page

With the pen of success dipped in harmony's ink,
To trace there instead but the words of renown,
To raise her at once from nonentity's brink
'Mong nations exalted the pinnacled one.
Her children anxiously watched for the champion,—
Each year passed away ; and tho' leaders appeared,
Their futile endeavours evinced that the true one
Was born not yet, the beloved, the revered.
Her Geraldines sank, her O'Neils were defeated,
Her Butlers were sold, her O'Donnells betrayed,
Her O'Dohertys teeming estates were escheated,
Her patriots exiled, her princes, afraid
To offer resistance, consented to listen
To compacts the framers intended to break,
When the light of their glaives in the sunbeam should glisten,
When honor and valor forbade them to seek
The sinful alliance, while hearts were unbending,
While arms were able to grapple a sword,
While lived there a chance of success by defending
The 'Gem of the West' from a tyrant abhorr'd.
A curse on the wretch who seeks safety by suing
Protection from Albion's liveried slave,—
May lightnings assail him who prospers by wooing
Injustice, may Infamy howl o'er his grave.—
She needs not a foreign protection ; each spirit,
That pants on her surface, is ready to breathe
Its last in her service ; her children merit,
Instead of their fetters, the warrior's wreath.
They brooked them supinely, when ages passed over,
Each darkened by slavery's pestilent cloud,
A ray at times shot from its nebulous cover
Again to be lost in the vapory shroud ;
The vista of hope was no longer before them,
Their energy drooped and the past was a dream ;
The sleep of forgetfulness seemed to come o'er them,
Their cheeks scarcely tinged with the color of shame ;

But the day of the promised redemption was coming,
Its dawn ushered in 'mid the chaos of war,
'Mid the gleaming of swords, the artillery's booming,
The comet arose in the firmament, far,⁴⁷
Far away from the scene of the parties contending
In battle array on Columbia's plains,
Where Britain reaped naught but defeat by expending
Her treasure and blood, to encircle with chains
A people endowed with a courage as warm
As ever to heroic Sparta belonged ;
Their watchword was ' Home, 'tis a cry that would arm
The coward himself in the cause of the wronged.
How eventful the year when the victor was born,—
The fortunes of England declined in that day,
In the western world her temples were shorn
Of laurels, the trophies of many a fray ;
For, then was the covenant formed that breathed
Defiance to despoils and scorn to slaves,
And then was the chaplet entwined that enwreathed
The brows of the living, the patriot's graves.
Well, he came, but when infancy's moments had passed,
The school of the Frank was his boyhood's abode,—
Who succoured his fathers when Tyranny chased
Them forth from the land which as dynasts they trod :
And their hands robed its emblem in splendors of light,
And tinted it round with the emerald hue
Of the evergreen shamrock, unfadingly bright,
And conquest its beams on their scimitars threw.—
In the halls of the College he gathered a name
Which promised hereafter to win him a place
On the scroll of distinction, where pencils of flame
Should write him the purest the best of his race.
The day of his youthful probation expired ;
He quitted the vineyard to press the brown heath,
The coast of the Gaul from his vision retired,
He leaped on the land of destruction and death ;

He looked on the hills where in childhood he strayed,—
And grieved, for the track of Oppression was there,—
He gazed on the fields where his infancy played,
Their surface was trod by the foot of Despair ;
He viewed the clear lakes of his mountainous home,—
A tear of regret for the ages gone by,
When the dun-deer, pursued by the hunter, would come
Refreshed from the waters that saddened his eye,
He brushed from his cheek, and he solemnly swore
His life to devote to redeem from the fangs
Of craven Corruption the prey which he tore
From Erin while writhing in servitude's pangs.
He need not have sworn, for many a day
His course on this world below was assigned.—
A nation to bring to the slumbering bay,
Where victory floats, was the hero designed ;
He adheres to his vow, incorruptible, still,
As when in the ardor of youth he began,
The watcher, unwearied, proceeds to fulfil
The duties imposed by a Higher than man ;
Hypocrisy's anodyne draught has no pow'r
On the sentinel's senses, he's ever awake ;
Undazzled his sight by the magical ore
Whose brightness enchants like the glance of the snake.
The scoff of the venal, the hate of the vile,
The festering poison on flattery's tongue,
The offers of Place and the whispers of Guile
And the open assaults of the renegade throng,
Alike he despises ; contemning the snares
Of the worthless and wicked, he lashes them all,
Unheeding the cries of the punished, nor spares
The traitorous friend who deceives, tho' he call
For quarter, and bid him remember when he
Had given his counsel and wielded his pen
In the cause he upholds ; but the poltroon must be
Unscreened by his aid from the hisses of men.

You thought not the hour was so near for repose,
 You did not conceive that by him would be stilled
 The hurricane's fury ; you did not suppose
 That he was the light, long expected, to gild,
 The tow'rs of your fortress neglected and lone,
 To chase off the shadow that covers its walls,
 To bring back the Spirit of Joy who had flown
 To seek for a refuge in happier halls.
 You thought he would come when the bullets were flying,
 When Ruin and Riot through Erin would pour
 Their volcanic fires, when the rebel, tho' dying,
 His thirst would assuage in his enemies gore.
 Well, so 'twas determined and so it has been,
 But Ireland was not the arena of strife,
 The kingdom's restorer appeared when the keen
 Tomahawk scalped and the backwoodsman's knife,
 More dreaded than sword of Saladin, pierced through
 The gorgeted breasts of the braggart array,—
 When the men of the wilds, undisciplined and few,
 Showed England what freemen may do in the fray.
 You hear those wild shouts that come thick on the gale,*
 They rise from a shire that the blue billow laves,
 They come from a people whose bosom's reveal
 A spirit as fierce as the gholes of their caves,
 Yet gentle as birds that in summer time stem
 Their way from the North to revisit this shore,
 That sport in the light of the sun's brilliant beam,
 And ride on the ocean unawed by its roar.
 Let Rapine molest them, they'll wait for the hour
 When, suspicion allayed, he reclines in the trust
 That grim Retribution, abashed by his pow'r,
 The dagger lays by to corrode in its rust.
 He believes in a shadow,—no guards can protect
 The brutal oppressor,—surprised, unprepared,
 The lawless arraign and the injured convict,
 The cause of their sorrows unpitied, unheard,

* The Clare Election, one of the Liberator's most memorable triumphs, is here

The bullet of vengeance deprives him of life
 Whose days had been passed 'neath the banner of death,
 Who headed the legions of famine and strife,
 And aiding their arms exhaled his last breath.
 Let Sympathy soothe them a moment, and they,
 Who were fierce as the panther that prowls in the wood,
 When springing he rends but the throat of his prey,
 So madden'd by thirst he but drinks of the blood,
 Are mild as the petted gazelle that will feed
 From the hand of its mistress, caressing, caressed,
 Tho' fearful its nature and timid its breed,
 Yet kindness can quiet the throbs of its breast.
 Those loud acclamations proclaim that at length
 The prison-house portals are standing ajar,
 Where for ages a nation was wasting its strength
 To shatter each lock and to shiver each bar ;
 But useless the effort, till he, at whose weird
 Accents Hope flutters, his shoulders applied
 To the iron-bound gate which the janitor feared
 Would suddenly give 'neath the rush from outside
 It opened to prudence ; O'Connell is now
 The delegate chosen by Clare to portray
 The onerous ills of his country, and show
 The power of peace in political fray ;
 The world is wondering at his success,
 And despots are crouching, and tyrants bend low,
 And thousands revere him, and myriads bless
 The source whence the streams of beatitude flow ;
 But how will they marvel when louder tones peal,
 When laurels are added to those he has won,
 When his country, adoring her champion, shall kneel
 To him as its worshipper kneels to the sun !
 Then haste thee with me, for thy mourning is o'er,
 Much sorrow has shaded those beautiful eyes,
 They'll beam with delight in my own starry bow'r,
 As the matins of freedom ascend to the skies

From the vales of Ierne ; we'll watch the career
 Of the shepherd inviting the flock to its fold ;
 We'll shield him from danger and breathe in his ear
 The counsels of wisdom alone, and unfold
 To his vision the schemes of implacable foes,
 And give him the key to each hidden design :
 The knowledge of spirits no wiles can oppose,
 And thus will he triumph by your aid and mine."

The traces of anguish at once disappeared
 From the guardian's fair features ; her face, that before
 Was dark with the gloom of depression, declared
 The feelings that flooded the innermost core
 Of her heart to o'erflowing, unreined, unexpressed,—
 For passions of purity sometimes will sway
 Th' unearthly as well as humanity's breast ;
 The wall of philosophy's borne away
 By the current of ardor,—“ Then hurry with me,”
 She wildly replied, “ For I will not consent
 To visit your luminous home till I see
 The herald of joy whom the Deity sent.”

They flew, and they found him they looked for, surrounded
 By hundreds of thousands, the lord of the whole ;
 His voice was a spell at which each bosom bounded,
 And clear was the flame that waslit in each soul.
 'Twas an ominous date in Hibernia's story,
 When myriads hailed him the chosen of Clare ;
 She gave him the chariot that bore him to glory,
 The first to awake from the slumber of fear.
 Let hers be the honor of having first given
 To the Prince of the people the sceptre which he
 Shall adorn with diamonds ; of having first riven
 The fetters that trammelled the sons of the ree.
 „ My vigil is over ; I thought to have breathed
 The unquenchable fire of the patriot thro'
 The soul of the Heaven-inspired, and bequeathed
 The gift of unshaken fidelity to

The Pride of the kingdom. The gift is not wanted ;
Truth, vigor and virtue are stamped on his brow ;
What I looked for, impatiently looked for, is granted,
My hopes and my wishes are gratified now.
The lines of his life are depicted so clearly
I see each event of his journey below ;
Some will slight all his efforts, some follow sincerely
The banner he waves in the wind to and fro ;
And some will but simulate friendship while seeking
By sly inuendo to weaken his hold
On the minds of the million, and some will be breaking
The strong coalition of peace to uphold
The dogmas of war, and their own reputations
For eloquence, intellect, judgment, and wit :
If they follow they'll sink in the shade ; their orations
Must tend to demonstrate that he is unfit
To lead, who has saved from contempt and derision,
Who has oped to their footsteps the road to renown,
Who has struggled to raise them from servile submission,
To rule as they should in a land of their own ;
Who, when he had dragged them from vile degradation,
Were lavish of praise and profuse of their vows ;
Let history judge 'tween their tergiversation
And him, whose high aim they were pledged to espouse,
The cause of the country, of truth, of existence,
They fled when the streaks of its morn were faint—
When he shall have triumphed without their assistance,
Upon them shall rest the indelible taint
Of treason, to her they were sworn to succour
In storm or sunshine, in peril or pain,
Nor cease in their efforts until she would brook her
Submissive no more to ascendancy's chain ;
When their names shall be uttered but with execration,
Their memories cursed and their ashes reviled,
When the lips, that were moving in meek supplication
For rest to the faithful departed, are stilled,—

For they could not give sound to the prayer, as floating
 Before the mind's-eye of the kneeling appeared
 The spirits of those who in life were uprooting
 The base of the temple O'Connell had reared—
 When their graves are insulted, polluted, deserted,
 Their head-stones in fragments, no action to call
 For a sigh, and the patriot's head is averted,
 Lest haply his glance on the lone hillock fall,
 Where the renegades rest ; when their offspring forsaken
 At last shall be desolate wanderers on
 The wilds of this world, when Freedom has taken
 Unsatisfied vengeance upon each poltroon ;
 On the hearts of the multitude shall be recorded
 The deeds of the man whom they sought to malign,
 And far in the depths of their souls shall be hoarded
 Each fond recollection as sacred, divine ;
 His name shall be spoken in deep veneration,
 With hands high uplifted, the pious shall send
 To the God of their worship the strong adjuration,
 For mercy to him, their protector and friend ;
 And He, who is pleased at sincerity's voice,
 Will hearken to those who the orison pour,
 While seraphs are gladdened and angels rejoice,
 As the Deity grants what the fervent implore.
 What dread labyrinthian mazes surround him,—
 The rapids of law and the gulph of deceit ;—
 And the loom of Seduction is weaving around him
 A web to entangle his head, heart and feet ;
 And Power is forging his bolts to affright him,
 And Apathy talks of his doubts and his fears,
 And Pension his pageant prepares to delight him,
 While Prejudice foams and Monopoly swears.
 Unmoved by applauses, by threats undismayed,
 Unwon by the promise, unbought by the bribe,
 By force or corruption unchecked or unswayed,
 And dead to the bigot's or fanatic's gibe,

He'll press to the signal that burns so brightly,—
The beacon of Concord, on Liberty's coast.
Nor cease in his task, either daily or nightly,
Till the headlands be rounded he dreaded the most.
Where now is the sigh of despondence and gloom,
Where misery raves as she wipes off the tear,
The roses of pleasure shall scatter their bloom,
And joyfulness float on the sweet-scented air.
Where now is the groan of the captive ill-starred,
The echoing cheer of the freeman shall sound ;
While high to the strain of the fire-breathing bard,
The heart in each bosom that hears it shall bound.
Where now naught is uttered but poverty's moan,
Commingled at times with the hiss of revenge,
The warblings melodious of competence soon
Will change to forgiveness the wish to avenge.
Where now Sorrow, wearing Malignity's yoke,
So feebly arranges the funeral veil
The festering corpse of Hibernia to cloak,
And bury it, cased in oblivion's shell,
Supported by Riot, deep, deep in the tomb
Which Selfishness dug with a brain-spattered spade,
While the kites of attainder and perjury come
To seize on the chattels of her they betrayed ;
Then shall Happiness, decked in her garments of white,
Throw over the rescued one's beautiful form
The robes for the bridal, while hymns of delight
Are carolled in softness, hymns holy and warm,
And pure as the prayer which the lover pours forth
For the weal of his mistress, ere Avarice steals
The sigh to which passion had first given birth,
And bright as the tear ere Ambition congeals
The heavenly drop that exudes from the soul,
Ere on it the cloud of impurity falls,
Where the graces and virtues reside, ere the foul
Track of the serpent is seen on its walls ;

And lead her, resplendent in loveliness, to
 The towering temple where Plenty resides,
 Where Glory, arrayed as a bridegroom, shall woo
 A smile from the lips of the fairest of brides ;
 And Piety's blessing shall hallow the vows,
 And Hope shall encompass them round with her zone
 All studded with gems, while Fidelity strews
 The pavement with flowers, with pearls the throne,
 And, kneeling in suppliant attitude, sues
 Her Deity's aid for the new wedded one,
 And Freedom will nod her assent, while the hues
 Of her horizon blaze with a brightness unknown.
 The ominous masses, that shadow her sky,
 Shall soon be dispelled by the health-bringing breeze
 Agitation will bear on his march, while on high
 The planet of conquest its splendor displays,
 And scatters the vapors which Tyranny raised,
 Its effulgence undimm'd, and its disc unobscured,
 And nations shall look on its lustre, amazed
 That an orb of such beauty was ever immured.
 Bright spirit, I'm ready to hasten with thee,
 My wanderings cease ; from this moment I bow
 To the will of a prescient Providence ; see
 The halo immortal that corruscates now
 Around him. Yet stay, can I leave no bequest
 To him to whom's given this island's control ?
 No, the hand of a Greater than I has imprest
 The seal of its bounty deep, deep on his soul.
 Tho' destined to conquer, I'll often be near him,
 To soothe him in sorrow, to sweeten his sleep ;
 When friends shall desert him, I'll hasten to cheer him,
 And carefully treasure each drop he may weep.
 When years have rolled onward and death shall have taken
 The peerless, the stainless, the spotless, the good,
 His actions shall burn, a luminous beacon
 To keep the unpurchased on liberty's road,

And even the dust in his people-wept grave
 Shall flicker at times with a phosphoric light,
 And flash its disdain on the gold-seeking slave,
 Desiring the slumber of slavery's night ;
 As the sail-crowded ship, from the port disappearing,
 When ploughing the billow that bears her away
 To the orient wavelet, and, proudly careering,
 She urges her course thro' the glittering spray,
 Is tracked by an iris, its colors far throwing,
 And varied as fire-works shot into the air,
 When the sky seems a river with crimson gems glowing
 And bearing its gifts to enrich the parterre ;⁴⁸
 'Tis thus that the flame from his ashes shall glisten.
 The lamp in the vault where he sleeps shall display,
 A radiance undying, while Senators hasten
 To catch but a glimpse of the silvery ray.
 The souls of the Roman and Grecian around it
 Shall wander ; the ghost of the Czar-trampled Pole,
 Of the Belgian who died for his home, shall sing round it—
 The sufferer's solace, the patriot's goal ;
 While towards it the smile of Columbia's borne,
 Though chastened perhaps by a sorrowful sigh,
 That the star which had ushered in liberty's morn
 Should have fallen so soon from its zenith on high.
 Each bosom that's lit with the fuel of honor
 Shall swell as the tale of his conquests is told.
 The island shall sink 'neath the pressure upon her
 Surface, as millions come here to behold
 ' The Grave of the Prophet,' and, bending low o'er it,
 They'll drink of the incense that's shed by the hands
 Of ministering angels, and silent adore it,
 And steal of the perfume to bring to their lands.
 I part from you now, with a feeling akin
 To that of the suitor who hurries each day
 To the home of his mistress, expecting to win
 The prize that will soothe for whole years of delay ;

'Tis hard to obtain it, yet every minute
 Brings nearer the close of a chafing suspense ;
 The task is exciting, there's some magic in it,
 That fetters each passion and maddens each sense
 With the rapture of drunkenness ; neglect of the lover,
 Which first used to chill his advances, decays,—
 Her fondness each moment increases, and over
 The end of his courtship a volcanic blaze
 Is plainly distinguished, and he who had dreaded
 To look on the picture that ravished his sight
 And softened his nature, at last is imbedded
 In bowers illumined by Love's golden light.
 Thus shall I behold this political fever,
 This storm of prejudice, dying away,
 Till Bigotry's self with his falchion shall sever
 The chords that corroded 'neath Tyranny's sway.
 Ay, thus shall it be, till at last the affections
 Of every party around you shall twine,
 All creeds and all sects, of all shades and complexions,
 Shall kneel in one temple and pray at one shrine ;
 Where liberty's pamphlets the neophyte's primer,
 And truth is the doctrine the law-givers spread,
 While the tapers of peace thro' its area glimmer,
 And faith is the text by the ministers read.
 On, on to the battle ; hard work is before you,—
 The insult shall meet you, the sneer may offend,
 The whinings of Doubt will be heard to implore you,
 And Dullness his rule of submission commend :
 The brainless will offer their services to you,
 And Anarchy bluster, and Madness declaim,
 While Int'rest asserts that he only can show you
 The speediest passage to safety and fame.
 Let them praise or asperse, let them flatter or threaten,
 Your journey is marked, you have but to go through
 Each stage ; if you find that the horses are beaten
 Up and unfit for the road, you'll get new.

The time will yet come, tho' far distant the day,
When Ireland has wept her regrets, that you'll take
My station of guardian, and watch o'er the ray
That brightens each dell in the country, and 'wake
Her sons, should they sink in the coma of sloth,
Lest Rapine should steal on their slumbers once more,—
His visit aye preludes pollution and death,—
They feel the effects of his advent of yore.
For so do I read, what is stamped by the hand
Of Fate on the lines I so legibly trace.
When parted from earth, you shall watch o'er the land
Which living you dragged from the pit of disgrace ;
Each season alternate we'll float o'er the island,
And warble the sweet strain of gladness alone,
O'er every portion of your land and my land,
And proud hearts shall flutter on hearing the tone.
Proceed in your passage to conquest ; the blessing
Of Heaven protects you. On, on to the fight ;
See Justice is struggling, and Riot is hissing
His hate on the forces that seek for their right.
Farewell, I depart to a luminous sphere,
Where beings of purity only may dwell,
To pray for the mind that replaces me here,—
O'Connell, the glory of Ireland, farewell.”

Some years have rolled back to the ocean of time
Since the spirit soliloquised thus, ere she flew
On her pinions of gold to eternity's clime ;
And events have confirmed each sentence as true.
The morn of danger was opening when she
Resigned her commission, as sentinel, to
The breaker of statutes ; the noon came and he
Still laughed his contempt at the threats of the foe.
Ere she went to her home he had chosen his ground,
He had rescued his land from a religious yoke,
Those tied to ascendancy's car he unbound,
Its shafts he consumed and its harness he broke ;

Tho' Grattan was great, tho' untiring he strove,
Tho' aided by wisdom and guided by wit,
Tho' eloquence for him her diadem wove,
Compared to this triumph his labours were light.
How vivifying is it to think on the day
When our volunteers nobly asserted their right;
When Victory headed them on to the fray,
And each arm brandished the battle-axe bright ;
When a wavering Government trembled before
The martial procession ; when Albion's throne
Was crumbling beneath the impetuous roar
Of the tempest that threatened to batter it down.
Tho' Kingdoms may totter and dynasties fall,
And nature itself be in chaos entomb'd,
Yet the frown of the despot not long can appal,
Where the breezes of nationhood ever have boomed ;
The fire of a chivalrous people can never
Be quenched, tho' the waters of ocean have neared,
Ay, and covered the embers, they'll burn for ever,
The blaze may be low but the crackling is heard ;
The flame, that then warmed the citizen soldier,
Glows brilliantly now as when Charlemont swayed
The bellicose bands, but a wiser and bolder
Chieftain leads now than the one they obeyed.
What he could not do, tho' supported by those
Whose genius reflected a lustre divine,
Like that which the sun o'er the white breaker throws,
When worn with travel he drinks of the brine,
A greater effected, and—mark their disgrace !—
He harnessed the lead-shunning Wellington and
The crafty politic Peel to the trace
Of the chariot he drove with a conqueror's hand.
But more was yet wanted,—the Act must be broken
That paralysed Erin in every nerve,
The shout must go forth and the charm be spoken,
To rend the false parchment ; no arm must swerve

From the duty allotted, when all are collected
 Together, to see that each line is erased ;
 No eye must be sad, and no heart be dejected,
 Each pulse must be strong, and each sinew be braced,
 Lest the lawyers dissent and the notaries waver,
 And the Court disapprove of the course we pursue,—
 But our country is dearer than life,—we must save her ;
 If Finesse oppose we shall cut a way through
 The ramparts she raises. The charm is uttered,—
 The ink-dabbled scribes haste to obey
 The spell which the lips of the wizard have muttered :
 No effort can check and no power can stay
 Its effects, if we follow the course which the python
 Prescribes,—he has vanquished the hydra ere now,—
 Already the clouds in the firmament brighten,
 The horizon gleams with the many-hued bow.
 When first he proposed the Repeal, he was worried
 By some to desist,—that the project was vain ;
 Venality fled, even Friendship was flurried,
 And vituperation denounced him amain ;
 The Saxon was puzzled, amazed at his daring,
 And Europe in wonder beheld him proceed
 In his titanic labor, unshrinking, unfearing ;
 The Press of the robber the scaffold decreed
 To the reckless adventurer ; Envy assailed him,
 Detraction maligned him, Equality smiled
 Her assent on his essay, and Hope never failed him,—
 With scorn he paid back the host who reviled ;
 And Ireland, confounded, looked on in a tremor,
 And marvelled if he, her defender, was sane,
 As she saw him unfurl the emerald streamer
 That fluttered so oft o'er the corpse of the Dane.—
 His acts told the statesman, his courage denoted
 The soul of the soldier, Philosophy played
 Her part in the drama ; Ferocity, booted
 And girded and helmeted, offered his aid ⁴⁹

In the coming encounter ; his help was rejected ;
 Morality only disciplined his force,—
 And Caution advised him, and Prudence directed,
 And Talent and Tact were the guides of his course.
 His numbers at first were not many, but after
 A time, he had hosts to support a design
 So vast, when 'twas bruited that Freedom would waft her
 Blessings and pray'rs to a cause so divine.
 And now a whole nation is marshalled around him,
 Both willing and able to do his behest ;
 Wo, wo to the idiot attempting to wound him,
 The swords of a million would blaze in his breast !
 And yet tho' his guards far outnumber the legions,
 The snow-circled Muscovite King may command,
 Should each Cossack, that roams o'er his northern regions,
 Obeying his mandate, seize hold of the brand,
 He will not depart from what virtue imposes ;
 Recourse to the rifle his object would mar,
 Each scene of a life so eventful discloses
 The truth of his statement—he wishes not war.
 Each hill-top would swarm with men, did he bid them
 Plunge forward and grapple the Sassenach's throat,—
 Tho' conflict upbraided and violence chid them
 For coldness, *his* voice would be harmony's note.
 The meetings at Mullaghmast, Mallow, and Nenah,
 The pow'r of the multitude's monarch attest,
 The deep stilly silence, that reigned over Tara,
 But told of the lightning that played in each breast,—
 Which the chemist could stay at his pleasure, or gather
 Each forked sheet that curved into one mass of fire,
 'Till the gulph-streams should mirror the flame, and the
 heather
 Reflect the effulgence that burnished each spire.
 By a process, but known to himself, he allayed
 The fluid electric that promised to rest
 On the broom of the hill, on the moss of the glade ;
 To a halo he changed what appeared but a pest.

Tho' lonely he struggled at first in his onset
On the van of Corruption, 'twas but for a time
He was thus unsupported ; the mellow eve's sunset
Oft brightens a scene which at morn was dim.—
The beings, who looked on his efforts as madness,
Are foremost among his supporters at length,
The tried ones have hailed the traducers with gladness,
Recruits are for ever increasing his strength.
Just so the small streamlet that runs from the bleak heights,
Unheeded, unnoticed, proceeds on its way,
Surmounting each grey rock, attempting to break its
Passage thro' wilds it bedews with its spray,—
Some wandering rivulet meets it, when kisses
Of welcome the wards of Aquarius press
On each other, so great are the emigrant's blisses,
They mingie for life in a blending caress,
Then onward they glide in a serpentine rout,
Obstructed and broken by deluge-cleft rocks,
Low lispig their numbers, and twining about
The antedeluvian relics, while brooks
Bring their rippling supply to the affianced volume,
When madly all rush in their turbulent might,—
No bounds can repress as they dash to o'erwhelm
The beauties which nature revealed to the sight,
Ere, bearing the high-polished present to render
As token of homage, to Neptune, their God ;
They form a river and gently meander,
Then sink in the vaults of the caverned flood.
To the taker of cities the ancients awarded
A crown, as a trophy of courage and zeal ;
The victor in contests Olympic rewarded,
While loudly the timbrels emitted their peal :
But what is the prize which to him should be given,
Who loaded not cities with chains, but who freed
A nation from fetters of iron ? but Heaven
Itself, and not man, will repay for the deed !

Not his was the play of the pastime Olympian,
 Where muscular power alone could oppose;
 No, he entered the lists where the dreaded Leviathan
 Disdainfully stood with his casque on his brows,
 Who was backed by the lances of Bigotry, ready
 To pounce on the firm assailant, when he,
 As it had been expected, would fall, but his steady
 Attacks on their forces compelled them to flee;
 And Bribery sought to distract his attention,
 By holding his gold-covered palm to his sight;
 And who were his friends in the breathless contention?
 The love of his people, Truth, Justice and Right;
 And what was the issue? In spite of the hirelings
 Of frothing Ascendancy, spite of the taunt
 Of bellowing Crime, and the lip-dragging snarlings
 Of Ribaldry's dogs, or the fanatic's cant,
 He bore off the palm from the beaten oppressor,
 And Ireland is partly unyoked from her thongs,
 The nations are hurrying now to caress her,
 The loud epinicion swells from the gongs.
 To what holier cause can a mortal devote
 His life, than to freeing the land of his sires
 From the pressure of clattering irons which rot
 The flesh on her bones ere the captive expires?
 How cheering the task, when each deep aspiration
 She heaves is but wafted to Freedom and Home!
 If we look at the records that tell of this nation,
 Her worship of those is inscribed on the tome,
 By the blood of her childrens' bravest attested;
 Tho' failures of projects their uselessness proved,
 Yet unyielding, again and again they contested
 To win back her own for the country they loved.
 But vain the enthusiasts' ardor, and bootless
 The warrior's shout, while the orator's spell
 But lured to defeat and disaster, and fruitless
 The song of the minstrel—it warbled her knell.

Tho' champions appeared, yet their allies were parted—
 Estranged from their side by the witchcraft of gold.
 Tho' victory budded, the blossoms departed—
 No flower can flourish in apathy's cold,
 That blasts where it visits—Fame, fluttering on
 Her sun-tinted feathers, her clarion blew,
 Th' hurras of their followers, borne upon
 The car of the answering elements, flew
 On their journey thro' ether, and seemed to deride
 Disaster, while Echo, within her recess,
 To the swift-flying warison boldly replied—
 If Discord retired they were sure of success.
 The towers of Glory their altitude raised
 High, high up to Heaven, and seemed to invite
 Their ascent, and the hand of the soldier nigh seized
 The leaflets that nodded and tempted his sight ;
 The crown of distinction its brightness displayed
 All sparkling with rays as it shone at his feet,
 Like visions of slumber 'twas destined to fade,—
 In dreams we have treasures, at morn they fleet.
 Before him the plains in their beauty extended ;
 The lakes in their loveliness smilingly slept,
 The music of spring-birds in gladness ascended,
 And cascades of silver in buoyancy leaped ;
 How charming the picture! 'till Treachery breathed
 His poison thereon, when the landscape revealed,
 Instead of the vales in luxuriance sheathed,
 The palace in ashes, the ruin-strewn field ;
 The hopes were all crushed which Fidelity cherished,
 To rise not again in their verdure till now ;
 The fabric that rose in its magnitude perished,
 The diadem graced not the aspirant's brow.
 The face of the prospect is decked in the color
 That lavished its light on the prototype then ;
 The sky is serener, the firmament fuller
 Of tints, until now, undiscovered, unseen,

Its floods have descended, they bubbled around him,
 Who braved all their fury, the captor of Peel,
 Tho' torrents were pouring and drenching, they found him
 Unwavering ever with bosom of steel.
 Before this they spent all their violence on him,
 He cared not, so those he protected were saved,
 The tempest swept o'er him, no bolt rushed upon him,
 And Ireland her pennant of gratitude waved ;
 Yes, the door of the dungeon was oped to receive him,
 The charge—he had lived for his country alone,
 And sought to restore her,—but Sympathy gave him
 Her tears, all the treasure she had of her own.
 Humanity shuddered to look on his spirit,
 So teeming with goodness and kindness to men,
 Thus loaded with insults, which surely would wear it,
 If pride in his acts did not raise it again.
 How keen was the anguish of Ireland, whenever,
 And that was each minute, at gloaming and dawn,
 She thought on the martyr, undaunted, no shiver
 Or sigh to denote his approach to a fawn !
 And well might he boast, tho' in dreary confinement
 The heart of his kind was his throne evermore,
 The venom of hatred and torture's refinement
 But proved how the soul of the captive could soar
 And bask in the smile of congenial Heaven,
 Communing with beings whose essence was fire.
 How useless were bolts in that hour, they were riven,
 The clay was on earth but the spirit was high'r.
 Each city was silent, each village was lonely,
 And commerce was hushed, there was gloom on each face,
 The name of O'Connell, of him, and him only,
 Did the pencil of Ireland despondingly trace ;
 The embers within the volcano were sleeping,
 A vent was but wanted to kindle a flame
 That would melt the alembic of arrogance, sweeping
 To the shores of oblivion Hibernia's shame ;

Had he given the signal, the sword of rebellion
 Would have leaped from its scabbard of iron and found
 A blood-dripping sheath in the breast of a million
 Of tyrants, their flesh would have nourished the ground ;
 Tho' manacled, harrassed, insulted, and goaded,
 By the tools of injustice, affection for her,
 Whose weal was the life-pulse within him, foreboded
 Disasters from conquest but reaped by the spear.
 The gate of Kilmainham, which closed on the form
 Of Ireland's deliverer, sounded the knell
 Of Saxon dominion—the pitiful worm
 Intolerance spawns must expire in its shell.
 The gaoler unwillingly opened the portal,
 The victor came forth from his solitude dim,
 Sublimar and grander than ever, immortal
 The splendors that circled in lustre around him.
 On his exit, a kingdom in homage was kneeling,
 The murmer of age and the lisp of the child
 Repeated the wrongs of the martyr, revealing
 His hold on a people of passions so wild.
 They sought for his downfall, the effort availed not ;
 Like the phœnix that rises anew from its dust,
 His strength was increased by the storm ; he quailed not
 To reptiles, the offspring of lewdness or lust.
 His troops are unnumbered ; they eagerly follow,
 For Fortune must smile on her favorite son,
 Tho' Ascendancy scream and Dulocracy bellow,
 Their turrets must fall, their intrenchments be won ;
 But where are the engines of war to assail them,
 And where are the gunners to serve in the fight ?
 His streamers are flying, but who is to nail them
 On to the staff till eternity's night ?
 His artillery's dreaded by those he opposes,
 Its roar affrights more than the glance of the steel,
 The past has evinced, and the present discloses,
 The pow'r of his much dreaded weapon, 'Repeal ;'

And as to his pennants, strong arms are willing
To raise them, despising the timorous hind ;
Go look at the bosoms in Ireland now thrilling,
Then ask if his banners shall float in the wind.
We dare the base felon to keep what she plundered—
The horizon threatens, she'll look for our aid,—
It served her before when the grim cannon thundered,
When the guns of DeGrasse in her own channel brayed ;
'Twill serve her once more if she yield up her booty,
Her stay in the battie is ready again
To do, as Trafalgar attested, her ' duty',
To sweep thro' the ocean or rush o'er the plain.
But let her beware that she act not unfairly,
A reckoning must come tho' it may be delayed,
When vengeance will seek retribution, and dearly
She'll pay for the spoil at the point of the blade.
We wait for her answer, we trust 'twill be kindly,
The tenets of peace we have only been taught ;
Let her rouse not the wolf dog, he rushes on blindly,
And howling he died whom his fangs ever caught.
Advance men, be sterling, be seen not to waver,
A false step would peril the cause you support,
Can you think, for a moment, the Deity gave her
The land of your love for malignity's sport ;
Unknown be dissensions, Disunion has scattered
His deadly miasma through nationhood's band
Before this, they fell, and his red lightnings shattered
Their arms, then let not the traitor command.
Be firm, and trust to his counsels who brought you
Unscathed so far thro' the enemy's lines,
Obey but the lesson your leader has taught you,
And Heaven will smile on your hallowed designs ;
Be true to your country, disgrace not your fathers,
Their bones are reposeless while you remain slaves ;
Up, up, ere the withering mildew o'er-gathers
The oaks that adorn your ancestors' graves,

We must have our birthright, we want no protection,—
 Ay, that is the word,—let the world behold—
 The succour extended—a prostrate subjection
 Shall never disgrace us again, as of old ;
 They called it a boon, but the mark is half torn
 From off us ; whenever we wear it again
 May we perish unpitied, and Baseness inurn
 Our dust, while our spirits are shrieking in pain !
 When England was savage, unknown and unlettered,
 The eagles of science flew over our shore,
 The sun of the universe, loved and unfettered,
 She beamed on the earth, and she'll do so once more.
 She's now like her oak that so gracefully rises,
 Secure in his strength, tho' denuded and bare,
 Tho' pining in sadness, he gallantly kisses
 The rays which he courts as he nods in the air ;
 The scythe of cold winter has stripped all his arms,
 To the worn and weary he offers no shade,
 To screen from the rage of the buffeting storms
 That rock o'er the mountain and tear thro' the glade ;
 'Tis but for a time he's deprived of his awning,
 The zephyrs that come in the spring-time revive
 The sorrowing king, and, when summer is dawning,
 His branches, arrayed in their green garments, give
 A home to the houseless, while gay birds are singing,
 'Neath the leaves of the cloud-cleaving giant, their strain
 And youths are enfolding, and maidens are flinging
 Endearingly round them love's roseate chains.
 Oh, would you not wish to see Ireland thus throwing
 Her foliaged branches o'er every son,
 No tempests to chill her, her flowerets blowing
 In gorgeous luxuriance when others are gone ?
 Oh, would you not wish to see her, the neglected,
 Enwreathed with myrtle, emblazoned in light,
 The bow'r of the Arts and the Muses, protected
 By arms that never yet failed in the fight ?

Then haste to the rescue, a pigmy enthral's you,
 Rest not for an instant, hear Tyranny's yell,
 See, Victory beckons, and Liberty calls you,—
 O'Connell is charging, his war-note "REPEAL."

Montreal, January, 1847.

No.—The voice of him who would have urged us on
 To actions worthy of Rome's brightest days,
 Is silent now ; no more its swelling tone,
 Fearful as tropic whirlwinds, shall amaze
 And awe the tyrants of the world ; no more
 The mind, that laboured ceaselessly to win
 Back for his land her heritage, shall soar
 On rushing wings, to pray at Freedom's shrine.
 The heart, that throbbed beneath a hero's breast,
 Its vital principle his country's love,—
 Love, warm, rapturous, burning, unrepent,—
 Is senseless as the sculptured stone above
 His sacred relics. But although the clay
 Lies lowly in its deep sepulchral bed,
 His spirit lives, and casts a burning ray
 Of living light above the mighty dead,
 To mark his sleeping chamber.—Thro' all time,
 While Time reigns lord of earth and its domains,
 The coruscations of his deeds sublime
 Shall flash effulgent in historic strains ;
 And guide us to the pinnacle, where floats
 The gorgeous banner of the Mountain Maid,
 O'er angel minstrels fluttering, whose notes
 Sweep from the lyre for him, the undismayed.
 What, tho' he left us when the storm shook
 Our island fortress to its very base,
 Have we become again the slaves to brook
 The mercenary Saxon—to erase

Its every vestige from our sainted land?
Forbid it Heaven! we have not yet forgot
His warning words who raised the fearless band,
'Mid treason true, 'mid traitors still unbought.
But tho' his weary pilgrimage be sped,—
The dark event is chronicled by tears,—
His virtues' heir is left us still, to lead
The countless masses disciplined by years;—
A glorious noon is bursting on our shore,—
The father, watching from the spires of heaven,
Smiles on the son, impatient for the hour,
When he shall shout, "Rejoice, your chains are riven."

Montreal, August, 1847.

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NOTES.

(1) This alludes to the battle of Benburle, in which Munroe and his Covenanters were totally defeated by the Irish under O'Neil.

(2) At the very moment their ablest General was thus discomfiting their enemies, the wretched majority of the Council in Kilkenny, were negotiating a miserable peace with Ormond, merely stipulating for toleration in their religion, and security in their estates, and completely throwing aside the interests and feelings of the Northern Irish.—*The Confederation of Kilkenny, by the Rev. C. P. Meekan.*

(3) I have heard it asserted that O'Connell's family originally belonged to Clare, and that he is a descendant of the tribe of the Dalcais, the favorite troops of Brian Boroo.

(4) I have been told that Inoch and Braintthree, situated in the west of the County of Clare, were at one time in the possession of the Liberator's family.

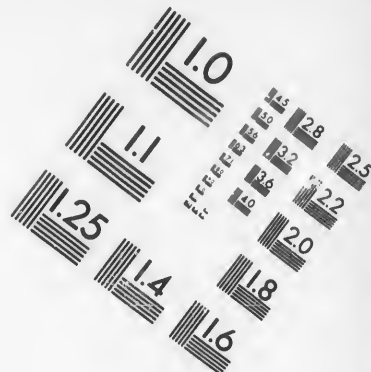
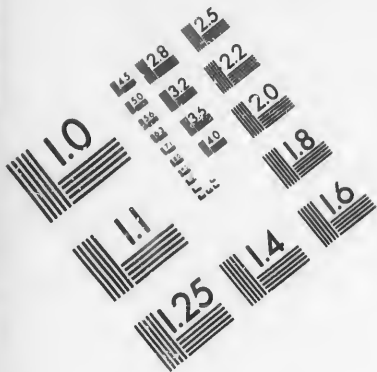
(5) This alludes to an individual named Cormack McCullenan, who long since resided in Clare, and who, it is said, foretold the birth, fame, and fortunes of the late Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P.

(6) It is a historical fact that in 1641 and 1798 young children were treated by the loyalists, so called, in the manner described in the text.

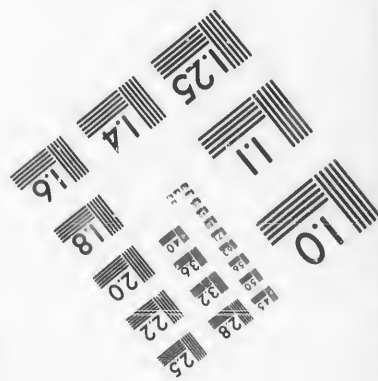
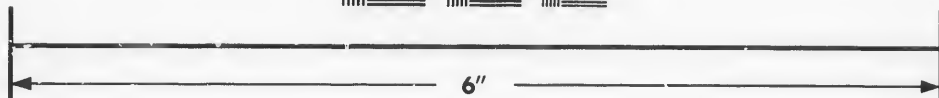
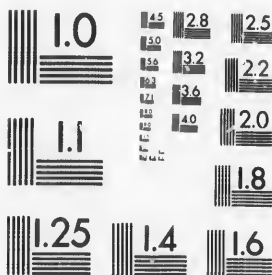
(7) The pious Augustine, who came over to England in the sixth century.

(8) In the parish of Compton Gifford, there is *no church*, but the tithes are paid, nevertheless; one part was a few years since the property of a Banker, who was a Unitarian, and who has sold it to a Captain of a man-of-war! The other part belongs to the Vicar of the parish of St. Charles in Plymouth, who never once preached, married, christened, or buried in Compton Gifford, in his lifetime.—*The Catholic, (Kingston, Canada West)*





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(9) The tithes of the parish of Brenton, near Tavistock, are received by the Duke of Bedford, who pays a small salary to a parson for performing divine service *once* every Sunday.—*Catholic, (Kingston, Canada West.)*

(10) The tithes of the parish of St. Thomas, near the City of Exeter, are received by James Buller, Esq., of Downs, near Crediton ; he receives £5000 yearly, and pays a salary for doing the duty of the parish.—*Catholic, (Kingston, Canada West.)*

(11) The tithes of the parish of Plymton are the property of John, Earl of Morley, a British Peer, who hires a parson to do the needful, pays him for it and sometimes takes the folds out of the clergyman's waistcoat by a good dinner and a bottle of wine, at the Earl's seat, at Saltram.—*Catholic, (Kingston, Canada West.)*

(12) Tho' numerous instances could be adduced displaying the injustice of the laws relating to tithes in Ireland, I confine myself to a few cases, showing the extent of the evils resulting from the present tithe system ; it would appear as if they had abandoned all hope of amelioration, when the people of England, whose slightest remonstrance is ever attended to by the Government, suffer such wholesale spoliation without seeking redress.

(13) The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearborghil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been some time married to O'Rouark, Prince of Briffni, yet it could not restrain his passion ; they carried on a private correspondence, and she told him that O'Rouark intended to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Macmurchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns.—The Monarch Roderick, espoused the cause of O'Rouark, while Macmurchad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II.—*O'Halloran.*

(14) No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the towns and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people, the Irish, dead, with their mouths all covered green by eating nettles, docks and all things they could rend above ground.—*Morrison.*

(15) During that time any person of English descent might murder a mere Irish man or woman with perfect impunity, such murder was no more a crime in the eyes of the law than the killing of a rabid or ferocious animal.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(16) There was, indeed, this distinction that if a native Irishman had made legal submission and been received into English allegiance, he could no longer be murdered with impunity, for his murder was punishable by a small pecuniary fine; a punishment not for the moral crime of murdering a man, but for the social injury of depriving the state of a servant. Just as, at no remote period, the white man in several West India Colonies, was liable to pay a fine for killing a negro, only because an owner was thereby deprived of a slave.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(17) The judges were not so chary—they were bribed—ay bribed with four shillings in the pound of the value of all lands recovered from the subjects by the crown before such judges, and so totally lost to all sense of justice or of shame was the perpetrator of this bribery, Strafford, that he actually boasted that he had thus made the Chief Baron and other Judges attend to the affair as if it was their own private business.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(18) The civil war ensued. Forgetting all the crimes committed against them, the Irish Catholics adhered with desperate tenacity to the party of the King; the Irish Protestants, some sooner and others later, joined the usurping power.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(19) I have heard a relation of my own, who was a captain in that service, relate that no manner of compassion or discrimination was showed either to age or sex, but that the little children were promiscuously sufferers with the guilty, and that if any who had some grains of compassion reprehended the soldiers for this unchristian inhumanity, they would scoffingly reply, "*Why, nits will be lice!*" and so despatch them.—*Nelson, Vol. II (Introduction) p. VII.*

(20) No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitants and the armed soldiers, *nor could the shrieks and prayers of 300 females, who had gathered round the great cross, preserve them from the sword of these ruthless barbarians.* By Cromwell himself the number of the slain is reduced to two, by some writers it has been swelled to five thousand.—*Lingard, A. D. 1649.*

(21) The assault was given and his (Cromwell's) men twice repulsed; but in his third attack, Colonel Wall being unhappily killed at the head of his regiment, his men were so dismayed thereby as to listen, before they had any need, to the enemy *offering them quarter*, admitting them (viz. Cromwell's army) upon those terms, and thereby betraying themselves and their fellow soldiers to the slaughter. *All the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms*, and performed it as long as the place held out, which encouraged others to yield, but when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell, being told by Jones that he had now all the flower of the Irish army in his hands, *gave orders that no quarter should be given*, so that his soldiers were forced, many of them against their will, to kill their prisoners. The brave Governor, Sir A. Aston, Sir Edward Verney, the Colonels Warton, Flemming, and Byrne, *were killed in cold blood; and indeed ALL the officers, except some few of least consideration that escaped by chance.*—*Carte, II, 84.*

(22) *The pledge which had been given was now violated; and as soon as resistance ceased a general massacre was ordered or tolerated by Cromwell; during five days the streets of Drogheda ran with blood; revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers: from the garrison they turned their swords against the inhabitants, and one thousand unresisting victims were immolated together within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection.*—*Lingard's England, A. D. 1649.*

(23) *I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs.* For instruments they were very inconsiderable to the work throughout.—*Extract from Cromwell's letter.*

(24) I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant.—*Extract from Cromwell's letter.*

(25) It has pleased God to bless our endeavours at Drogheda. After battering we stormed it; the enemy were about three thousand strong in the town; I believe *we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants*; I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives; and those who did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. *This hath been a MARVELLOUS GREAT MERCY.*—*Extract from Cromwell's letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons.*

(26) 1649—October 2nd—This day the house received despatches from the Lord-Lieutenant, Cromwell, dated, Dublin, September 17th, giving an account of the taking of Drogheda. For this important success of the Parliamentary forces in Ireland, the House appointed a *thanksgiving day*, to be held on the 1st November ensuing, throughout the nation. They likewise ordered that a Declaration should be prepared and sent to the several counties, signifying the ground for setting apart that day of public thanksgiving. A letter of thanks was also voted to be sent to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and to be communicated to the officers there; in which notice was to be taken that *the House did approve of the execution done at Drogheda*, as an act both of *justice* to them and *mercy* to others, who may be warned by it.—*Parliamentary Hist. Vol. 3, p. 1334.*

(27) The Irish made proclamation, on pain of death, that no Scotchman should be molested, in chattels, goods, or lands.—*Carte's Ormond, 1778.*

(28) County Donegal. About the same time, namely, November, 1641, Captain Fleming and other officers of the said regiment, commanding a party, smothered to death two hundred and twenty women and children in two caves. And about the same time also, Captain Cunningham murdered about sixty-three women and children in the Isles of Ross.—*O'Connell's Memoirs.*

(29) Inchiquin marched into the County of Tipperary, and hearing that many priests and gentry about Cashel had retired with their goods into the church, he stormed it, and being entered, put three thousand of them to the sword, taking the priests even from under the altar.—*Ludlow's Memoirs, Vol. 1, p. 106.*

(30) The Governor of Letterkenny gathered together on a *Sunday morning*, fifty-three poor people, most of them women and children, and caused them to be thrown off the bridge into the river, and drowned them all.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(31) In November, one Reading murdered the wife and three children of Shane O'Morghy, in a place called Letterkenny of Ramaltan; and after her death cut off her breasts with his sword.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(32) How well these Scots merited so humane and proper a determination on the part of the Irish, will be appre-

ciated by those who recollect that it was the garrison of Carrickfergus (chiefly Scotch) that began the work of massacre, by slaughtering unarmed in their beds three thousand inhabitants or refugees, in the Island Magee.—*O'Connell's Memoirs*, p. 68.

(33) Lady Mountrath and Sir Robert Hannah, her father, with many others, being retreated to Belleek for security, were all conveyed safe to Manor Hamilton; and it is observable, that the said lady and the rest came to Mr. Owen O'Rorke's, *who kept a garrison in Drumahoir*, for the Irish, before they came to Manor Hamilton, whose brother was prisoner with Sir Frederick Hamilton; and the said Mr. O'Rorke, having so many persons of quality in his hands, sent to Sir Frederick to enlarge his brother, and that he would convey them all safe to him; but Sir Frederick, instead of enlarging his brother, **HANGED HIM UP THE NEXT DAY**, which might have well provoked the gentleman to revenge, if he had not more humanity than could well be expected on such an occasion, and in time of so great confusion; *yet he sent them all safe where they desired!*—*Collection*, p. 97.

(34) One of the "Articles agreed upon, ordained, and concluded in the General (Catholic) Congregation, held at Kilkenny, May, 1642," is as follows: "We declare the (present) war, openly Catholic, to be lawful and just; in which war if some of the Catholics be found to proceed out of some particular and unjust title, covetousness, cruelty, revenge, or hatred, or any such unlawful private intentions, we declare them therein grievously to sin, and therefore worthy to be punished and restrained with ecclesiastical censures, if, advised thereof, they do not amend."—*Rushwood*, v. 516.

(35) In every part of these transactions, there is something singular and striking. The confederated Catholics were in possession of power from 1643 to 1649. They were in the possession of, and had the management of, nearly, all Ireland, with the exception of Dublin and a few other places. In 1644 they were at the acme of their power. Their General Assembly met at Kilkenny, enacted laws, and carried on the Government. This assembly was almost exclusively composed of Catholics; the executive was exclusively so, yet they were never once accused of having made a single intolerant law, or a single intolerant

or bigoted regulation or ordinance! They did not persecute one single Protestant; nor are they accused of any such persecution. This is, indeed, a matter of which the Catholics of Ireland may be justly proud.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(36) There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and large river, and which, by the plague and *many massacres*, remained almost desolate. Into this space they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, *under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child*, should be killed by anybody who saw or met them.—*Lord Clarendon.*

(37) Cromwell, in order to get free of his enemies, did not scruple to transport forty-thousand Irish from their own country, to fill all the armies in Europe with complaints of his cruelty and admiration of their own valor.—*Curry's Review*, p. 386.

(38) At the battle of Fontenoy the Irish Brigade came to the attack each man with green leaves fixed in his cap.

(39) On the defeat of his army at Fontenoy, King George was heard to deplore the effects of those laws that compelled the exile of his bravest subjects.

(40) That mercy which they sued was rigorously denied them; Wringfield was commissioned to disarm them; and when this service was performed, *an English company was sent into the fort and the garrison butchered in cold blood*; nor is it without pain that we find a service so horrible, so detestable, committed by Sir Walter Raleigh.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(41) It also appears, that for this and such other exploits, Sir Walter Raleigh had forty-thousand acres of land bestowed upon him in the County of Cork, which he afterwards sold to Richard, first Earl of Cork.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(42) I will here relate a few of the acts committed by some of the ruffians mentioned in the text, and have done with them. It would but horrify the reader were I to enter into a minute detail of the robberies, murders, and confla-

grations which were committed by the wretches. Carew's description of the policy adopted in his own day, might serve for a much later period. "*It was thought no ill policy to make the Irish draw blood upon one another, whereby their private quarrels might advance the public service.*"—*Pacata Hibernia*, 650.

A. D. 1600.—About the 18th December, Sir Francis Barkley having notice that many rebels were relieved in Clanawley, marched thither and got a prey of a thousand cows, two hundred garrons, many sheep, and other booty, and had the killing of many traitors.—*Cox*, 434. The next morning, being the 4th January, 1602, Sir Charles Wilmot coming to seeke the enemy in their campe, hee entered into their quarter without resistance, where hee found nothing but hurt and sicke men, whose pains and lives by the soldiers were both determined.—*Pacata Hibernia*, 659.

Repeated complaints were made of the inhumane rigor practised by Grey (thē Deputy) and his officers. The Queen was assured that he tyrannized with such barbarity that little was left in Ireland for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and carcasses.—*Lelland*; book 4, chap. 2.

Should we exert ourselves, said they, (Elizabeth's Councillors) in reducing this country to order and civility, it must soon acquire power, consequence and riches, the inhabitants will thus be alienated from England: they will cast themselves into the arms of some foreign power, or, perhaps, erect themselves into an independent and separate State—let us rather connive at their disorders: for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to detach themselves from the crown of England.—*Lelland*, book 4. chap. 3. —They performed that service (the creating of the disorders) effectually, and brought the rebels to so low a condition, that they saw three children eating the entrails of their dead mother, upon whose flesh they had fed many days, and roasted upon a slow fire.—*Cox*, 449.—After Desmond's death and the entire suppression of his rebellion, unheard of cruelties were committed on the Provincials of Munster (his supposed former adherents) by the English commanders. *Great companies of these provincials, men, women and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire; and if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to those*

monsters of men to take up infants on the points of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony, apologising for their cruelty by saying that "if they suffered them to live to grow up they would become papist rebels." Many of their women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with the mothers' hair.—*Lombard, Comment. de Hibern., p. 535; Curry, Hist. Review, p. 27.* (note).—Great were the services these garrisons performed; for Sir Richard Pearce and Captain George Flower, with their troopes, *left neither corne, nor horne, nor house unburnt between Kinsale and Ross.* Captain Roger Harvie who had with him his brother Captain Gowen Harvie, Captain Francis Slingsby, Captain William Stafford, and also the Companies of the Lord Barry and the treasurer, with the President's horse, did the like between Ross and Bantry.—*Pacata Hibernia, 645.*

(43) But this was not all, the proclamation of Martial Law, the most enormous and the basest corruption, was resorted to. Lord John Russell is reported to have stated some time ago, at a public dinner, that the Union was carried at an expense of £800,000. He was much mistaken, speaking as he did merely from a vague recollection. The parliamentary documents will show him that one item of the purchase money of rotten and nomination boroughs, cost no less a sum than one million, two hundred and forty-five thousand Pounds. The pecuniary corruption amounted altogether to about three millions of pounds sterling.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(44) But before the close of 1792, a new scene was opened. The French armies defeated their enemies at every point. The Netherlands were conquered and a torrent of Republicanism driven on by military power, threatened every state in Europe. The cannon of the battle of Gemappe were heard at St. James's, the wisdom of conciliating the Catholics was felt and understood; and in the latter end of the same year, 1792—in the early part of which the government had rejected the Catholic petition with contempt—that same government brought in a bill still further to relax the "penal code"; and early in the next year brought in another bill, granting, or, I should rather say, restoring, greater privileges to the Catholics.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(45) By the effect of both these bills, the Bar was opened to the Catholics,—they might become barristers, but not king's counsel—they could be attorneys and solicitors, they could be freemen of the lay corporations, the grand-jury box and the magistracy were opened to them, they were allowed to attain the rank of Colonel in the army, and still greater than all they were allowed to acquire the elective franchise, and to vote for Members of Parliament. This was the third great instalment of public justice obtained by the Catholics of Ireland.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(46) But it should be recollected that these concessions were made more in fear than in friendship. The revolutionary war was about to commence, the flames of Republicanism had spread far and near. It was eagerly caught up amongst the Protestant and especially among the Presbyterian portion of the north of Ireland. Belfast was its warmest focus; it was the deep interest of the British Government to detach the wealth and intelligence of the Catholics of Ireland from the republican party. This policy was adopted. The Catholics were conciliated. The Catholic nobility, gentry, mercantile, and other educated classes, almost to a man, separated from the republican party. That which would otherwise have been a revolution, became only an unsuccessful rebellion. The intelligent and leading Catholics were conciliated and Ireland was once again, by the wise policy of concession and conciliation saved to the British Crown.—*O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland.*

(47) The Liberator was born A. D. 1775, the year of the American Revolution.

(48) In my mind gardens and fire-works are associated, having beheld those gratifying spectacles, only, in the Rotunda Gardens, Dublin.

(49) It will be recollected that O'Connell indignantly refused the proffered assistance of the Chartists.

