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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY JOHN HARDIE,

FORMERLY OF GLASSERTON, WIGTOWNSHIRE.

WHITEHAVEN:

PRINTED BY R. GIBSON, KING STREET.

1839.



P R E F A C E.

THROUGH the kind encouragement of his friends and numerous subscribers the Author has been induced to submit his lucubrations to the public ; and possessing but a moderate share of scholastic learning, and being unacquainted with poetic rule, respectfully solicits the indulgence of the critical reader. The various subjects embraced in the following pages were all, with two or three exceptions, forced upon the Author's attention by incidental occurrences which took place generally within a day of the completion of the poem of which they were the origin ; and although often embellished with fictitious and fanciful imagery they are all nevertheless founded on fact.

TO
STAIR HATHORN STEWART, ESQ.,
OF
GLASSERTON.

AMONGST the blooming shrubberies, the fruitful fields, and flourishing plantins, that surround your delightful dwelling, I wandered in the sweet morning of life, of hope, and of innocent enjoyment,—free and unfettered as the winds of heaven,—over your verdant Hill, whilst I listened, with unalloyed pleasure, to the melodious outpourings of the mavis and his tuneful companions, and the enchanting incitations of the genius of song.

In that joyful season,—during the first dawning of thought, when the rays of rising reason were beginning to glimmer on the horizon of intellect, as they emerged from the dark chaos of childhood, the magical fire of poesy was kindled within my soul,—but which, till the expiration of fifty years, exhibited neither spark nor flame. The winter of age had spread its snowy mantle over my head, when the grave of the youthful, the lamented McCargo, lay open before me; and whilst I beheld his faithful and affectionate crew deposit the remains of their beloved captain in its earthly resting-place, the long dormant but unextinguished fire, ignited in infancy, blazed forth before my doubting and astonished senses; and from that moment the spirit of celestial minstrelsey scattered around me its loveliest flowers.

The fond and undying recollections of the blissful scenes of my early youth—the unimpaired veneration for the memory of your honoured ancestors—together with your own amiable and endearing qualities, prompt me to dedicate to you the first effusions of the BARD OF GLASSERTON.

Honoured by your patronage, and favoured with your name, my untaught sympathetic song may cheer the sad and calm the gay, after its author has become a tenant of the “narrow house.”

JOHN HARDIE.

WHITEHAVEN, }
April 1, 1839. }

TO
THE CRITICAL READER.

BEHOLD my midnight musings—waking dreams—
Effus'd whilst absent Sol's enlivening beams,—
Effus'd when finish'd each diurnal labour,
Though careful turmoil still remain'd my neighbour.
E'en whilst I scarcely can contrive to live,
The Muses promptly friendship's solace give ;
They sooth my soul amidst domestic strife,
And cheer with poesy my waning life.

This volume, till the morning's dawning light,
I often studied through the passing night ;
And now submitted to the public eye,
By fate's dread destiny perchance to die,—

Only to die, would be an easy doom,
 Should silence be its undisturb'd heirloom—
 Not erities laughing o'er its tuneless tomb.
 Sensorious laughter! O, I hate the sound!
 Its scornful ha, ha, makes my heart rebound;
 Creates a wrathful wish within my soul,
 That erities all were frozen at the pole.

Yet Authors say true erities sympathize,
 And love the bard whose songs innately rise,
 And kindly sear his artless, untaught lay;—
 Whilst treacherous friends their sacred trusts betray,
 These faithful censors point his proper way;
 Delighted view, amongst e'en heaps of chaff,
 Sad sorrow's eloquence—joy's glorious laugh.

Hail, then, mild judges!—aid my native strain;
 Display it fairly, prejudice refrain;
 Its minor faults hide 'neath a friendly screen;
 Its beauties praising (should such ere be seen).

Pourtray Mc. Cargo's crew around his grave—
 How youthful Vineh no human skill could save ;—
 How heroes fought and fell on Egypt's sands—
 How Bachelor's Hall, once joyous, silent stands ;
 How my young sailor on Iquiqua's shore,
 Still soundly sleeps, where oft volcanoes roar ;
 How Mackie, now relieved from withering woe,
 Aloft rides anchor'd where no tempests blow ;
 How Rodger Browne fled with life's latest sigh,
 To meet his darling son beyond the sky ;
 How the fond husband every relie keeps,
 Whilst o'er his buried spouse the whirlwind sweeps ;
 How yon good Priest reliev'd my frenzied grief,
 And on his spear impal'd th' imperial thief ;
 How I from Glasserton in exile wail,
 Whilst o'er its verdant Hill careers the gale ;
 How the fam'd Plata, from all danger free,
 Triumphant ploughs the trackless, stormy sea ;—
 Unfold each verse, should gems unpolish'd shine,
 Selected rudely, from their native mine ;—

Assist their pathos with scholastic art,
For songs unlearned seldom touch the heart;—
Then shall my fame on sounding pinions fly,
Whilst from obscurity I proudly hie,
To glory's realms, where Poets never die.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MC. CARGO'S GRAVE.

Our Captain died in manhood's prime,—
We laid him in his grave ;
No more the shrouds he'll fearless climb,
Nor ride the raging wave.

No more the hurricane's rough roar
Will rouse him from his bed ;
He slumbers on the peaceful shore,
Amongst the silent dead.

And, like the ship in port, wind-bound,
He waits the coming day ;
When the last trumpet's dreadful sound
Shall wake his sleeping clay.

He died—not at his father's home,
Nor on the stormy sea ;
We laid him in this distant tomb,
From every trouble free.

He died—not 'mongst the ocean's foam,
But on his peaceful pillow ;
And many a prayer for friends and home
He wafted o'er the billow.

Our Captain died—his fate we mourn ;—
No skill life's bark could save ;—
Dismasted, drifting down death's bourne,
Now view Me. Cargo's grave !

April 1st, 1834.

DEATH OF VINCH.

The following stanzas were composed on the death of Mr. HENRY VINCH, mariner, who was married on Sunday the 11th of May, 1834, and died on the following Sabbath, aged 22 years.

With grief, I tell a mournful tale :

Young Vinch is now no more ;
No human skill could him avail,
Nor ought his health restore.

In heavy storm, or steady gale,
He dangers often brav'd ;
And many a time he reef'd the sail,
When tempests roughly rav'd.

But death's cold hand did him arrest,
In love's triumphant hour ;
Nor could he stay to be caress'd
In beauty's blooming bower.

Searce seven revolving suns had shed
 Their shining beams on earth,
Since Henry to the nuptial bed
 Approach'd with grateful mirth.

Love's purest joys he charm'd beheld,
 In fancy's fleeting gleams ;
But soon the baseless fabric fail'd,
 And fled like morning dreams.

On Sabbath morn, mysterious Heaven !
 All hail'd the blest bridegroom ;
Next Sabbath morn the blow was given
 That plac'd him in the tomb !

His widow's heart, with anguish rent,
 Wails, bordering on despair ;
And many a sigh to Heaven was sent,
 By youths and maidens there.

May 24th, 1834.

LINES ON MY ABSENT SON.

This Poem, the Author's third poetical attempt, was composed during the absence of a beloved son, while on his first voyage at sea, and who, at that time, was in the port of Iquiqua, on the coast of Peru.

With trembling hand, I strike my plaintive lyre,
To sing of him my soul doth most admire :
My absent son, beyond the western wave,—
May fate ne'er doom him to a distant grave !
But blest with health robust, should he return,
Then in my heart will grateful incense burn.

Wild as the waves on which he chose to roam,
He left his mother and his father's home ;
All former fancies banish'd from his breast,
And made the landsman's lazy life his jest.
In waiting, many a tedious day he past,
Till well repair'd, the Plata floats at last.
Like her, my son, with timbers fresh and good,
Launch'd out, triumphant, on the green sea flood,

With joyful heart he pass'd the western pier,
 And loud, exulting, hail'd the farewell cheer.
 No dreadful dangers dwelt upon his mind,
 But throb'd his breast for friends he left behind ;
 No fear of trouble 'midst the wild wave's roar,—
 No thoughts of shipwreck on a foreign shore,—
 Of days and nights toss'd 'mongst the ocean's foam,—
 Or ills he might endure ere he came home ;
 Of shoals and quicksands, he perchance might meet,
 Or leak increasing 'neath his trembling feet.
 His thoughts, though wand'ring, dwelt on his return ;
 And may they still revive with dawning morn !—
 Till he return they ever will be dear,
 Should reason reign, and mem'ry still be clear.

He thought on pleasures that would yet arise,
 When his young playmates meet his anxious eyes,
 And crowd around him, O transcendant glory !
 Enthron'd 'midst wonders,—rolling surges hoary,
 With rugged lee-shores make his sounding story.
 And Plate's sweet waters, and her flowery meads,
 Where wild horse ranges, and the bullock feeds ;
 How its strong current, with resistless force,
 Stems mighty ocean in its forward course ;

Her level plains, spread far beyond the eye,
 And flowers unheeded blossom there and die.
 A happier clime than that where he had birth—
 A brighter sky, and a more genial earth;—
 Not needed is bone-dust to strew the ground;
 Unsought productions flourish all around;—
 There various fruits, of luscious taste and flavour,
 Ungather'd fall, and grow again forever,—
 Whilst the poor mendicant, who alms solicits,
 On horseback mounted, makes his constant visits,
 Here down life's stream mankind may gaily glide,
 When e'en the beggar on his horse doth ride.

But should fell sickness chain thee to her bed,
 Some friendly hand will raise thy aching head;—
 Some good Samaritan, sent from on high,
 Will with affection wipe thy tearful eye;
 Some pious Christian will thy spirits cheer,
 Support thy sinking soul and banish fear;—
 Then reverence God,—the hurricane he guides,—
 And on the wings of tempest dreadful rides:
 He with one nod can loudest thunders hush,
 And stop the billows as they past thee rush.
 Adore thou him,—thy troubles he will heal:
 He's mercy's self,—to him do thou appeal.

Thou, gallant Plata, from the river Plate,
With gainful cargo, may'st thou float elate ;
And all on board, may Heaven's fairest breeze
Waft home, with pleasure, o'er the smiling seas ;
May no dread dangers ever thee assail,
As thou scud'st swiftly 'fore the prosperous gale,
With thy white canvas to the winds unfurl'd,
Come, leave behind thee, that new distant world.

June 5th, 1834.

TO MR. HALE, OF EGREMONT.

Yes, sweetly thou hast sung of bygone years,
And wail'd for beauty, silent in her tears ;
Or joyful led her to the splendid ball,
Gay as a sylph in playful fancy's hall ;
And thy lov'd Scottish lass, in tartan plaid,
O'er heathery hills with her thou'st fondly stray'd ;
By the burnside, or through the flowery vale,
Oft hast thou led me captive with thy tale.
By moonlight, too, borne on the whispering breeze,
I've heard thy Zillah's voice amongst the trees.
Delightful themes !—but 'twould be nobler far
To curb fierce tyrants with poetic war—
To fight for man, oppressed by cruel laws,
And rouse a slumb'ring world in freedom's cause ;—
Strike thy bold harp, for thou canst bravely sing,
And urge destruction on yon tyrant king.
Look but on Poland, and thy feeling heart
Will eall stern justice forth to fling the dart ;
Nerve thy strong arm, and, with a single blow,
Thou'lt hurl base Nicholas to the realms below.

Let glorious war thy ardent mind employ,—
Like ancient Homer, sing the siege of Troy ;—
Let Cato's noble deeds thy soul inspire
With Roman virtue and poetie fire ;
Or Waterloo, o'errun with streaming gore,
And dying hero's, who will fight no more ;
Or great Napoleon's deep-confirmed despair,
When he beheld the Prussians in his rear ;—
Like bards of yore, great battle tales rehearse,
And sing of warriors in heroic verse.

June, 1834.

THE SOLDIER.

In life's gay morn, delighted I could hear
The soldier's tale, to me forever dear ;—
Dear it remains, though youth hath pass'd away,
With joyful scenes that bless'd my early day.
Now age advances, 'midst increasing cares,—
Yet I'll relate deeds done in bygone years,
By martial heroes, who, on battle field,
Have often conquer'd, and would never yield.
The Muses kind assist, inspire the song
Of martial glory as it flames along,
And o'er me pour poesy's purest light,
To banish dulness from my coming night.

Oft have I trained to arms the raw recruit,—
As duty call'd, taught him to face about—
To march, to halt, and right or left to wheel—
To keep the step, nor tread his leader's heel :
Promptly to dress, and like a soldier stand,—
Then plac'd the firelock in his willing hand,

Whilst fancy whisper'd on some coming day,
 With daring valour he would bear away
 The blood-stain'd standard in the hostile fray:
 Undaunted stand in conflicts hottest hour,
 Whilst grape and canister around him shower;
 Or storm the battery, which oft clear'd the plain,
 And mount the deadly breach o'er heaps of slain;
 Or to the charge with bay'net bravely dash,
 And through the sanguine torrent fearless splash;
 Or, glorious deed! lay tyrant Nicholas low,
 And rescue Poland from her barbarous foe.

Though doom'd no more to train the youthful band,
 In fancy yet I hear the loud command:—
 “By sections wheel, and open column form,”
 To gain a flank direct, or trench to storm;
 Or, louder still, to “form the hollow square,”
 A mass of cavalry charge on our rear:
 Napoleon's guards, with Murat at their head,
 With independent steady fire, ne'er dread:
 His lancers ne'er could our front rank break through,
 But fall o'erthrown, as showers the morning dew,
 When brush'd by early feet from glittering grass,
 As swiftly on the ardent sportsmen pass,

We would repulse them—into line deploy,
Surround with caution, and their rear destroy,
Till victory's loud huzzas proclaim'd our joy.

August, 1834.

THE BATTLE.*

'Twas dark, and still daybreak was near,
And heard was not a sound ;
Except the watchful sentry's feet,
As he pac'd his lonely round.

But yet suspicion would insist,
Heard was a whisper there ;
It fail'd, and quickly came again,
Borne on the morning air.

Again 'twas heard—the sentry paus'd,
And ceas'd was now his tread ;
Yet firmly he preserv'd his front,
And silent as the dead.

A voice at length decidedly
Broke on my listening ear ;
It was the sentry's loud demand,
Of “Who advances there ?”

* Alexandria.

The same was promptly ask'd again,
 And answer'd it was not ;
 A third time more impatiently,
 He then discharged his shot.

To right about, in double speed,
 He quickly gain'd the rear ;
 Another shot distinctly told,
 The foe was coming near.

The seatt'ring peals of musquetry
 Progress'd in closer rattle,
 Whilst cannon, with their brazen throats,
 Proclaim'd a general battle.

To turn our right, De Roise's horse
 Came on with fearful rage,
 And in the rear of Scotia's sons*
 Began fierce war to wage.

Whilst in their front th' Invincibles,
 The choicest troops of France,

* The 42d Regiment.

Unconquer'd as their name implies,
Undauntedly advance.

Hark! the Scotch chieftain's stern command,
Courageous, void of fear;
"Rear rank, to right about and charge,
French horse approach your rear."

Bay'net and sabre dreadful clash,—
The contest how unequal;
Their mounted foes o'erwhelm their line,
But listen to the sequel.

O'erwhelm'd and broken, yet they fought,
With native courage brave;
Till Roise's horse on Egypt's sand,
Subdu'd, sank to the grave.

Th' Invincibles now close in front,
To make their charge press'd on,
As rumour said, with flints unfix'd,
Advanc'd they well dress'd on.

The bayonet was their sole resouree,
 With it they ne'er retreated;
 With it had prodigies perform'd,
 And ev'ry foe defeated.

They come,—behold, with ardour beams
 Each gallant soldier's eye;
 Determin'd each to gain the day—
 To conquer, or to die.

Assist me now, my martial muse,
 Whilst I depiet this battle;
 The god of war enraptur'd hears
 That Scottish volley rattle.

The ranks now close, the bayonets clash,
 Earth's bravest heroes meet,
 Mars holds aloft the even scales,
 With victory and defeat.

Now, Caledonians, now's the hour,
 Think of your father's glory;
 Remember Bruce and Bannockburn,
 And Wallace fam'd in story.

'Tis valour's harvest, keep your front,—
 Meet firm that desperate rush ;
 Behold that daring Frenchman's deeds,
 Now view his heart's blood gush.

A noble parry that—Me. Cawll,
 Thou sav'd thy comrade there,
 From that gigantic sergeant's stab,
 With his victorious spear.

But see their flag waves in the breeze,
 True herald of their fame ;
 Bold Sinelair's* hand regain'd his prize,
 Immortal is his name.

Now, I conclude my battle tale,—
 A tribute to the brave
 Invincibles, and Roise's horse,
 That sleep in glory's grave.

* A sergeant of the 42d Regiment.

Farewell! Invincibles, so call'd,
Your worth can I forget;
Your sun of honour brightly shone,—
On Egypt's plains it set.

August, 1834.

THE BACHELOR'S HALL.

The scene of festivity here described, is an ancient Summer House, which overlooks the New Market, in this town, the property of Alexander Spittall, Esq. In this romantic spot a number of young gentlemen occasionally congregated to pass the evening, and in its immediate vicinity the Author, delighted with their joyous bursts of innoxious though uproarious merriment, composed the Bachelor's Hall.

By joy inspir'd the harp shall sound,
 From our aerial bower ;
 Where laughter, joke, and songs abound
 Through many a vacant hour.

At mirth's command, we happy meet,
 Whilst Sol sinks 'neath the wave ;
 And then, in unison so sweet,
 We chaunt a cheerful stave.

When care from ev'ry bosom flies,
 And ev'ry heart is free ;—
 Free as the clouds which cross the skies,
 Or breeze which skims the sea.

Gay as the gods on Ida's mount,
 We laugh, we shout, we sing;
 Like them our glorious deeds recount,
 We make the welkin ring.

As blest as they we surely are,
 We Bacchus joyous hail;
 They nectar drink to banish care,
 And we drink nappy ale,

And cheering grog, whilst elouds of smoke,
 Around our table roll;
 With loud huzzas we hail the joke,
 Or toast some generous soul.

The entrance to the bachelors bower
 Lies through a vista grand,
 Of trees and shrubs, with many a flower,
 And pedestals yet stand,

On which the statues of the great
 Stood long in days of yore;
 They now are gone; Oh, cruel fate!
 And decorate no more.

Here you behold a splendid scene
 In panoramic view ;
 The castle, fields of pleasant green,
 The town and harbour too.

The charming prospect, far and wide,
 Extends o'er house and tree,
 Whilst ships in swift succession glide
 Along the placid sea ;

And towering o'er its blue serene,
 Old Scotia's mountains rise,
 Where Criffel's lofty head is seen
 Emerging to the skies.

Though joy and mirth triumphant reign
 Within the bachelor's bower,
 Yet oft we grieve for mankind's pain,
 Caus'd by tyrannie power.

We grieve for hapless men distress'd
 By fellow-men's demands,
 And curse the energy unblest'd,
 That nerves the robber's hands.

We mourn for Poland, sorely press'd,
 In slavery's cruel snare ;
 And mad ambition we detest,
 Which prompts th' Imperial Bear.

To banish far away from home,
 The father, child, and wife ;
 Condemn'd in frozen climes to roam,
 With sorrow's sons for life.

'Mongst wild Siberia's dreary hills
 Of everlasting snow,
 Where each new morning teems with ills,
 And fresh returning woe.

Then rouse my comrades, and aloud
 Fall'n Poland's wrongs proclaim ;
 Call some brave Brutus from the crowd,
 To earn immortal fame.

A host of heroes yet survive,
 Whose breasts with ardour glow,
 Impatient till the hour arrive
 To strike the tyrant low.

Then three cheers for that patriot brave,
Whose arm him low shall lay ;
His soul will triumph 'yont the grave,—
Huzza ! Huzza !! Huzza !!!

October, 1834.

ON THE DEATH OF MY SON.

The recollection of the delightful though disappointed anticipations of a beloved son, who was drowned at Iquiqua, on the coast of Peru, on the 25th of June, 1834, in the fifteenth year of his age, induced the writer to compose the following verses.

Now farewell, Mother, dry your tears,
With grief your heart don't rack ;
No more repeat those idle fears,
" You'll laugh when I come back."*

The gallant Plata's sails are spread,
With her I gladly go,—
Then why lament and harbour dread,—
Come, change that face of woe.

* The last words spoken to his weeping mother, prior to his departure.

And when upon the smiling sea,
With shipmates I will crack,
And tell of mother's love to me,—
“You'll laugh when I come back.”

I left my father on the pier,
Gazing with anxious look ;
In his sad eye there stood a tear,
Whilst he his farewell took.

I'll think on him when far away—
On seas without a track ;
And, though his locks are growing grey,
“He'll laugh when I come back.”

With pleasure pure your heart will swell,
When safe returned from sea,
To hear your sailor Jacob tell
His voyage history.

Two curious monkies I will bring,
For brothers Will and Jack,—
Then gaily they will dance and sing,
“And laugh when I come back.”

But father's joy surpassing all :
 No trouble will be near,
 When I return, robust and tall,
 From Plate's sweet river clear.

So farewell, mother, dry your tears,
 With grief your heart don't rack ;
 Repeat no more these idle fears,—
 “ You'll laugh when I come back.”

Thus spake my son, when thoughtless faneies led,
 And rul'd with potent sway his youthful head.
 Possess'd by hope's delusive visions, he,
 On board the Plata, triumph'd o'er the sea :
 To distant climes, beyond the western deep,
 Ten thousand miles, he journey'd there to sleep ;—
 Death's dreamless sleep on drear Iquiqua's shore ;
 And near his lonely grave huge billows roar.
 The rolling surge, impetuous from the main,
 Ingulph'd my son—his drowning ery was vain :
 To save him vainly his prompt shipmates fly ;
 Darkness obscur'd him from each anxious eye,—
 And briny waves receiv'd his dying sigh.

But briefly he repos'd in ocean's bed,
 With bounding billows booming o'er his head.
 Soon was he found upon the stormy shore,
 But life's bright lamp extinguish'd, blazed no more ;
 By death o'erthrown, he undisturb'd will sleep,
 Ne'er to behold his wailing mother weep ;
 Or to his brothers rush with open arms,
 At his return from danger's dire alarms,
 To parents, playmates, home, and all its charms.
 Now hope is blasted, for around his bier,
 His sorrowing shipmates shed the silent tear,
 Whilst far—far distant from his father's home,
 My youthful sailor sank into the tomb.

What mighty deeds, in flattering fancy's eye,
 Thy father fondly thought he could desery,
 Achiev'd by thee in battle's glorious strife,
 With honours cover'd through thy future life.
 To suecour virtue, foremost still to fly,
 To conquer bravely, or as bravely die :
 Britannia's thunder hurl upon her foe ;
 Mount on his deck and there destruction sow ;
 The first bold tar to climb his vessels' side,
 Whilst thy nerv'd cutlass makes a sanguine tide ;

Tear down the flag nail'd to his tottering mast,
 Or stop the dangerous leak still gaining fast ;
 Or when the dreadful tempest rages on,
 The rudder lost—mast, sails, and rigging gone,
 By toil subdu'd, when fate seems hovering near,
 Thy voice courageous would thy shipmates cheer ;
 Would banish dread, upraise the sinking soul,
 Though thunders echoing shook the distant pole :
 By thy loud voice inspir'd would persevere,
 And ply the clanking pump devoid of fear ;
 But I no more on fancy's winds am tost,
 For on Iquiqua's distant shore thou'rt lost.

Alas ! thy youthful gay career is run,
 Life's voyage ended ere 'twas well begun ;
 The grave's thy dwelling, Oh, my son ! my son !!

February, 1835.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE
AUTHOR'S POETICAL INSPIRATION.

Twelve months elaps'd, I hail thee, April morn,
Thy feather'd songsters, and thy whitening thorn;
Thy florets blooming on each budding bush,
To graee the musie of the mottl'd thrush:
Rever'd, I thee behold, important day;
On thee Me. Cargo's tomb reeeiv'd his elay,
And Heaven unask'd awak'd my plaintive lay;
Its fairest fire flash'd forth a fertile flame,
Which sought to eecelebrate Me. Cargo's name,
And from oblivion's gulph preserve his spotless fame.

Around his grave I wateh'd his weeping erew,
Whilst their lov'd Captain vanish'd from their view;
With unfeign'd sorrow plae'd they his remains,
In earth's eold bosom, freed from mortal pains.
No more to see tempestuous whirlwinds sweep,
Dark thunders rolling o'er the boiling deep;

But like the JANE and MARTHA,* safe at anchor,
Rests undisturb'd by care's corroding canker.

The funeral rites perform'd beside his tomb
I linger'd, musing on his early doom ;
His mourning crew their much-lov'd master buried,
In sad suecession o'er my senses hurried ;
When from his grave in splendour seem'd to rise,
A female fairer than the summer skies,
Or bright Aurora's modest morning gleam ;
Or Cynthia's charming, silvery, shining stream :
Borne on a radiant eloud, with palms array'd,
Than Orpheus, sweeter, sang the lovely maid.
In softest voice she smiling seem'd to say,
“ Live thou A POET from sweet April day ;
In strains melodious from this present hour,
Prompted by me thy native song shall pour,
To sooth the woes entail'd on human nature,
And banish misery far from ev'ry creature.
By me supported, thou shalt never quail
To envy, burning with a raneorous tale ;

* The JANE and MARTHA, of Belfast, the vessel of which Capt. Mc. Cargo was master.

By thee o'erthrown shall dark assassins lie,
 And grovelling cowards bite the dust and die.
 With powerful satire I will point thy pen,
 To 'whelm fierce faction's faithless master-men;—
 To quench the demagogue's incend'ry fire,
 For sweet philanthropy first tun'd thy lyre.
 Before thy eyes shall martial visions roll,
 And battles' glories shall delight thy soul.
 Of hostile armies noble deeds thou'lt tell,
 And heroes yet unborn thy song shall swell;
 The tyrant's heart shall melt beneath its power,
 And love shall own it in his happiest hour;
 And while thy years unclouded glide away,
 In freedom's cause I will direct thy lay;
 To aid the weak, repel ambition's rage,
 'Gainst Poland's foes eternal war to wage;
 T' inspire her youth with glory's choicest charms,
 To rouse a slumbering world to vengeful arms;
 To save that nation, bravest of the brave,
 To burst his fetters, free the struggling slave:
 To march Britannia's patriot soldiers forth,
 To drive the Russians to their frozen north;
 No more to poison Poland's lovely land,
 Where freedom's bulwark soon shall safely stand.

And fate ordains, thy life prolong'd shall be,
 To see lost Poland, prosp'rous, happy, free !
 To see her sons on Warsaw's ramparts rear
 Her tyrant's head on a victorious spear ;
 Hear her cathedral echoing praises given,
 Whilst her freed people's thanks ascend to Heaven ;
 In thunder shall her joyful batties roar,
 The grateful sound shall reach earth's farthest shore,
 'Freed now is Poland—Nicholas is no more.'

“ Unchanging, like the constant tropic wind,
 Should mundane scenes surcharge thy active mind,
 Through fancy's flowery fields I will thee guide,
 And proudly thou shalt on Pegasus ride ;
 With Phœbus journey in his glowing ear,
 And at his blaze rekindle thy eager ;
 In its aphelion mount a fiery comet,
 Or travel cooler regions farther from it.
 Beyond creation's utmost limits thou,
 With me shalt travel, feat untried till now.
 Fearless immensity's vast space explore,
 Where Muse and Poet never stray'd before,
 'Mongst planets circle in their mazy rounds,
 Or quick as thought traverse creation's bounds.

Or quaff thy nectar on some wandering star

"Next to behold yon liquid world we go,
 In whose blest realms ne'er sounded baleful woe,
 And visit Neptune in his gorgeous cave,
 Where waters smoothly flow beneath the wave,
 His regal cavern shines with many a gem,
 And naval trophies deck his diadem.
 On ocean's surface rising from afar,
 Array'd in splendour, Tritons guide his ear,
 To calm the furious elemental war.
 O'er tempests raging on the foamy deep,
 He shakes his trident and the billows sleep;
 Obedient surges their lull'd anthem raise,
 E'en mighty ocean sounds her ruler's praise.

"In this Elysian world, bliss rears her throne,
 Unheard sad sorrow or man's dying groan;
 No whig nor tory jangle here for place,
 With rads oft void of moderation's grace;
 No traitors ere disturb this blest domain,
 No murderous felon drags his clanking chain,
 No robber stalks abroad, by day or night,
 No hateful gibbet horrifies the sight,
 No widows weep—no hungry orphans cry,
 No police watching with suspicious eye,

No midnight broils distract the peaceful dwellings,
 No scolding females raising noisy railings,
 But in gay groves of everlasting green,
 Delight undying decks the sylvan scene.

“ Thus shalt thou range on fancy’s daring wing,
 And ’mongst my favour’d subjects sweetly sing ;
 By me protected shall thy fortune shine,
 Farewell ! this chaplet round thy brows I twine.”

The nymph now ceasing, upward took her way,
 On Sol’s smooth sloping, slow retiring ray,
 To high Parnassus, where her sisters live,
 Midst all the pleasures nature’s song can give ;
 Whilst night approaching, spread through heaven’s
 concave,
 I lingering wonder’d near Mc. Cargo’s grave.

THE HERALD'S CONSTANT READER.

For several years past a poetical effusion dated Keswick, and signed "A Constant Reader," made its appearance annually, in the early part of May, in the *Herald* newspaper of this town. On the productions of this inimitable poet the following stanzas were composed.

Hail, hail to thee, fam'd Keswick bard!
Of rhyme a noble breeder,
With wonder I thy song regard,
Thou Herald's "Constant Reader."

Thy splendid song me pleasure yields,
Compos'd quite a-la Byron;
Makes maidens long for May's green fields,
While they wash'd linen iron.

With thy glad ditty Keswick rings,
And rhymster wags consider,
Who it can be so sweetly sings,
Sign'd Herald's "Constant Reader."

Delighted now o'er Skiddaw's fell,
 From morn till night I wander,
 To list thy lay in each cool dell,
 Where slowly streams meander.

Thy willing muse makes old men glow,
 And youths enraptur'd read her ;
 And gladly I thy name would know,
 Thou modest " Constant Reader."

Who can it be that strikes the lyre,
 To May's birds, flowers, and so forth ;
 Is't Rodgers, that our souls doth fire,
 Southey, or plaintive Wordsworth ?

O for a Byron's muse to sing
 Thy praises, it would need her ;
 Of poesy thou art the king,
 Thou Herald's " Constant Reader."

But jokes apart, whoe'er thou art,
 Thou singst like pig that slumbers,
 Or like an empty rumbling cart,
 Which o'er rough pavement lumbers.
 June, 1835.

MACKIE THE MENDICANT.

The Author, having often observed the aged seaman, for whom this effusion was penned, wandering about in a state of pitiable destitution, yielded to the incitations of his sympathising muse, composed and printed the following verses, by the sale of which the veteran was for some time enabled to procure a mitigation of his sufferings.

THE POET'S INTERCESSION.

To aid the wretched once again,
 I venture to appear,
 For while on earth, I yet remain,
 I'll pity's standard rear.

O, hearken, Maekie's humble plaint,
 He aged is and poor ;
 In life's last stage don't let him faint,
 With hunger at your door.

Nor with stern face as him you pass,
 Your pockets closely button ;
 Of ale he seldom gets a glass,
 Nor tastes of beef or mutton.

Potatoes and a little salt,
 True, as I'm a sinner,
 With humble water, free from malt,
 Oft constitute his dinner.

Contented oft for one whole day,
 To masticate a eadger ;
 And when his rent he cannot pay,
 Must be an out-door lodger.

Then listen to his piteous tale,
 Draw not your purse-strings tighter ;
 And when you meet him do not fail
 To make your pocket lighter.

For though he wretched is and old,
 Yet fainly he would live ;
 Then reseue him from pain and eold,
 And some small bounty give.

A kindred feeling strong I have,
 For hapless Maek's distress ;
 For Poet's often hungry rave,
 And oft are pennyless.

MACKIE'S APPEAL.

Good christians all attend to me,
 In you kind feelings glow ;
 I have liv'd four score years and three,
 And now experience woe.

Hunger and cold, two bitter focs,
 I most severely feel ;
 For merey's sake relieve my woes,
 And my sore troubles heal.

Long have I sail'd the placid sea,
 And rode the stormy wave ;
 Omnipotenee still smil'd on me,
 And oft my life did save.

In dreadful hurricane I've stood,
 Whilst angry lightnings flash'd,

And o'er me burst the thunder eloud,
And billows round me dash'd.

Then shall I cold and hungry sink,
That dangers fearless brav'd,
And from my post ne'er once did shrink,
When tempests roughly rav'd!

Thou guardian of the friendless poor,
Do thou forgive old Maek;
Unbar for me the workhouse door,
Admit me kindly back.

And like to him who rules the wave,
Extend thy helping arm;
From misery's grasp old Mackie save,
Shield him from future harm.

Then shall my heart delighted swell,
And grateful I will be;
And in his song J. H. will dwell,
On praises due to thee.

1835.

RODGER BROWNE.

At death's dread call oft merit lies forgot,
 Whilst fame's false trumpet praises thief or sot ;
 Some reckless rogue the ragged rabbles ruin,
 Some unhang'd autoerat—imperial bruin,
 Some erown'd assassin who his murderers led,
 Like Cossaeks mounted, mankind's blood to shed,
 And slaughter freedom in its native bed.

My song revives the name of Rodger Browne,
 For ages dead, conceal'd his fair renown ;
 A humble stone* records his name and death,
 The parish church-book where he first drew breath ;

* For this piece of antiquity we are indebted to Mr. John Robinson, bookseller, of this town, who took a sketch of the tombstone when it was discovered, among a number of skulls and bones, found whilst excavating for the foundation of the bank, in Lowther street, on the 25th of May, 1831. The site on which the Savings' Bank now stands, was formerly part of the burial ground belonging to the only chapel at that time in Whitehaven, which was situated in Chapel street.—See View of Whitehaven, in 1642, printed from the original plate, and sold by Mr. Robinson.

Extant of Rodger this, more would you know,
This page peruse, his fancied joy and woe.

Two hund'red years have nearly pass'd away
Since Rodger Browne mix'd with his kindred clay ;
Till time expir'd he might have laid unknown,
But wise improvement rais'd his lost tombstone.
Disturb'd his dust, ere the last trumpet's sound
Could wake him joyful from the trembling ground ;
Thus wisdom spake—" Mankind like ants should save,
For winter comes and helpless age will crave."
Then rose a bank for savings on the spot,
Where honest Rodger long remain'd forgot ;
His grave unknown lay where the building stands,
Whose noble walls were rais'd by saving hands ;
There soundly slept he in his narrow bed,
Around him rested his companions dead,
The saving's bank now occupies the ground,
Where silver rattles, and where sovereigns sound ;
Now careful poor deposit their spare earnings,
Where tearful sorrow spake kind nature's yearnings.
There the fond husband left his beauteous wife,
Whose ardent love increas'd whilst she had life ;
The son repos'd there, from his father torn,

That hopeful watch'd his rising manhood's morn :
 The mother, too, with anguish almost wild,
 Distracted nearly, left her darling child ;
 All wail'd the worthy subject of my lay,
 Whose tale may cheer the sad and calm the gay ;
 Instruct us while in folly's ways we fly,
 Like Rodger Browne we may forgotten lie.

To snatch his mem'ry from oblivion's tomb,
 Through fancy's flow'r'y fruitful fields I'll roam ;
 Aid Robinson, his name from death to save,
 Though lost for ages in the darksome grave ;
 Relate how smooth, how rough life's current ran,
 And sing God's noblest work—an honest man.

His early days in boyish pastimes fled,
 Succeeding years their brighter influence shed ;
 He woo'd a maiden, fairest of her kind,
 Whose pleasing manners charm'd his youthful mind ;
 Love,—mutual love, flam'd in each ardent heart,
 Increasing still till quenched by death's fell dart ;
 They wedded were, joy fill'd his humble cot,
 Earth's mightiest monarch might begrudge his lot ;
 With flowrets hymen deck'd his nuptial bed,

And blest contentment's crown adorn'd his head.
 His children growing like the fruitful vine,
 Around his heart tenacious tendrils twine,
 Whilst his lov'd partner, his fond faithful wife,
 With angel sweetness graced his joyful life.
 Thus years roll'd on, untouch'd by trouble's blast,
 They all were happy—happier still the last ;
 But ah ! uncertain is all earthly bliss !
 It quickly ends, 'tis always doom'd to this.
 Pale sickness came, the roses left her cheek,
 With sorrow Rodger scarcely deign'd to speak ;
 Death's sable cloud o'ercast her lovely eyes,
 And Seraphs bore her to her native skies.

Thus honest Rodger having lost his wife,
 In bitter anguish dragg'd a wretched life ;
 His helpless children left without a mother,
 But Satan whisper'd, haste procure another.
 He took the counsel, pre-ordained his woe,
 He sought a friend, alas ! he found a foe.
 Brief was his courtship, and the wedding day
 Was scarcely over ere she claim'd the sway :
 Some abler bard his tale might calmly tell,
 My plaintive muse weeps whilst my couplets swell,

His reckless termagant made home a hell ;
 Its inmates ruling with an iron rod,
 With horrid curses oft dishonour'd God.
 Her house neglecting for each neighbour's gossip,
 Regarding Rodger not one farthing toss-up ;
 Her slanderous tongue all decency outraging,
 Against his friends continual warfare waging :
 His children innocent, for them I weep,
 Her wrathful mischief tore from bed asleep ;
 Soon were they banished from beneath his roof,
 Whilst he dumfounded grieving stood aloof.
 Her former marriage had produced one son,
 And he, good Rodger's heart had fairly won ;
 His friends advis'd he should retaliate,
 And drive the boy away to take his fate ;
 But in creation lov'd he nought so well
 As this brave youth—alas ! he early fell
 In death's embrace, my plaintive song could tell,
 How he rejoicing cross'd the western deep,
 His fifteenth year unended doom'd to sleep—
 Fate's dreamless sleep, ten thousand miles from home,
 Where past his lonely grave the billows roam.
 His doom through life still Rodger did deplore,
 In youth's sweet morn drown'd on a distant shore ;

E'en when his end approach'd, and eye grew dim,
 His faltering tongue spake love unchang'd for him,
 And as life's vital fire was barely burning,
 And as the fountain clog'd the wheel ceas'd turning.
 He just exclaim'd, "Oh, had I seen him die!"
 Then utterance fail'd him with a placid sigh,
 He soar'd on Seraph's wings to realms beyond the sky.

But reader, I have wander'd from my theme,
 Forgive my musings, poets often dream.

Peace and his children having fled his cot,
 With patience he endur'd his hapless lot,
 For death oft causes, sometimes cures our pains,
 And hope deserts us not while life remains.

When safely moor'd his boat each stormy night,
 The social glass replenish'd with delight ;
 He oft enjoy'd with aged, honour'd White—
 With White who nam'd our town, and was its founder,
 And fish'd for herring, mackrel, cod, and flounder.
 For oysters, too, the deep he would explore,
 And search for crabs along the rocky shore ;
 Each ground he knew where fish for food resorted,
 And could foretel a storm when sea-swine sported.

This skilful fisherman would sometimes pass
 An hour with Rodger o'er a social glass ;—
 As I have stated, quaff the cheering ale,
 By which inspir'd came many a lengthen'd tale.
 One luckless evening there came Mrs. Browne,
 The fam'd virago of our infant town ;
 At her approach all comfort quickly fled,
 And rage triumphant rear'd its hateful head ;
 With imprecations, language loud and hot,
 To human nature a disgraceeful blot ;
 Like an eruption from Vesuvius' mountain,
 So showered her oaths from their polluted fountain.

Though Rodger vainly sought to calm his wife ;
 The vengeful demon still denounce'd his life ;
 Her passion furiously progressing rose,
 His wicked spouse (must I relate his woes ?)
 With pond'rous poker smote his luckless crown,
 And whilst the sanguine stream ran trickling down,
 Forbearing, kindly yet spake Rodger Browne.

The tumult ended, reader view friend White,
 This scene infernal fresh before his sight,
 With hands uplifted, horror-struck stood he,
 Whose heart ne'er quail'd before the stormy sea,

Or vivid lightnings flashing from the cloud,
 Which roll'd its thunder o'er the billows proud,
 As in his cobbles he approach'd the shore,
 Perchance to drown amongst the breakers hoar.
 Poor Rodger's sufferings wounded more his mind
 Than lightning, thunder, or the boisterous wind:
 He saw his heart with mighty anguish swell,
 And urg'd endurance, all might finish well,
 For as a calm succeeds the strongest gale,
 He down life's current soon would smoothly sail,
 And time that cures mankind's severest grief,
 Would banish trouble, make his misery brief.
 And soon 'twas banish'd, for one lucky day
 This tipsy termagant walked White's New Quay,
 A wall built rudely, where his anchor'd boat
 From black northwesterners might securely float.
 She stagger'd there, the tide was flowing in,
 Wherein she tumbld doom'd no more to sin,
 Or with unbridled passion Rodger scaith,
 For in White's-haven she resigned her breath.

From fishing Rodger homeward soon return'd,
 His feeling heart with anxious sorrow burn'd,
 When he beheld his lost, his hapless wife,

Though she with miscry had imhued his life,—
 Mar'd morning's labours—evening's rest annoy'd,
 And schemes to elevate his state destroy'd.
 Now sound asleep beneath the verdant sod,
 Resign'd, he humbly bowed before his God,
 On angels' wings content regain'd his cot,
 Nor risked he more uncertain wedlock's lot.
 He blest beheld his great grand-children rise,
 Like fruitful vines beneath Arcadian skies,
 Whilst age approach'd without disease or ache,
 Or one reflection making conscience quake,
 It calmly came a holy, halcyon day,
 Religion beaming on his heavenly way;
 His latest breath bewail'd his darling son,
 Whose course death ended ere 'twas well begun,
 Again to rise in realms of endless day,
 Where joys celestial never know decay.

Thus Rodger died; he liv'd in fair renown,
 And long the dwellers of our infant town
 Bewail'd the good, wise, honour'd—Rodger Browne.
 1835.

THE FAVOURITE CHAIR.

Thy love, thy worth, my faithful wife,
My wailing lyre shall tell ;
Thy love for me ceas'd but with life,
For thee my song shall swell.
Thou left thy native home and fled,
With me o'er mountains bare ;
And now with pain I mourn thee dead,
I'll keep thy favourite chair.

Thou left gay Matlock's charming bowers,
For Scotia's heathery hills,
Where Cairnsmuir's head majestic towers,
O'er Galloway's purling rills.
Each precious relic which was thine,
I guard with pious care ;
Though death's cold arms around thee twine,
I'll keep thy favourite chair.

Each dear memorial left by thee
Reminds me thou art gone,

And soothes me when no more I see
 That form I doated on.
 Thy bridal bed, once gaily deck'd,
 Alas ! I see it there ;
 I for thy sake will it protect,
 I'll keep thy favourite chair.

Thy books and music yet to me,
 Their pleasing powers impart ;
 They tears supply, my soul to free,
 They cheer my aching heart.
 They tears bestow, which take from grief
 The semblance of despair ;
 Through them, kind Heaven sends me relief,
 I'll keep thy favourite chair.

And shall I cease to weep for thee !
 Yes, when I cease to live ;
 Thou gav'st thyself—thy love to me,
 'Twas all thou had'st to give.
 The modest lily graced thy face,
 The rose bloom'd slightly there ;
 Remembrance all thy features trace,
 I'll keep thy favourite chair.

I visit oft the silent grave
Where thou dost calmly rest ;
Around thy "narrow-house" storms rave,
Cold earth lies on thy breast.
In thy lone chamber now thou'rt dead,
I mourn thy absence there ;
With pain behold thy vacant bed,
And empty favourite chair.

1835.

TO THE REV. * * * *

In * * * praise arise my thankful song,
 And banish meaner themes, a worthless throng,
 For he with sympathy view'd my distress,
 And kindly sought my anguish to repress.
 To honour him may heaven my verse inspire,
 With nature's choicest gift—poetic fire.

When trouble o'er me ruled with tyrant sway,
 Thy prompt enquiry drove it far away;
 At thy rebuke yon * * * stood abash'd,
 Whilst from his trembling hand revenge was dash'd,
 For * * * * *
 * * * * *

The vengeful sting ^{was} instantly withdrawn,
 And felt I ealm composure's peaceful dawn;
 Thy kindness soon reliev'd my aching heart,
 Though memory oft restores grief's painful smart.
 Fly joyless thoughts, the sport of every wind,
 To fate's stern dietates yield I now resign'd,

For * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *

But cease complaint, mar not my thankful theme,
 I grateful quaff Castalia's silvery stream,
 And borne on fancy's sounding pinions dream.

Nature hath given to thee a powerful form,
 Whose aid Herculean did yon battery storm ;
 Whose cannon oftimes clear'd the bloody plain,
 Where brave battalions fighting fell in vain ;
 But thou didst firmly stand 'mid showers of death,
 Whilst dying heroes drew their latest breath ;
 And in the shock of charging squadrons bold,
 Thy heavy sabre turn'd the fiercest cold ;
 And Cossack hordes round thee expiring howl'd,
 And o'er the mangled heaps thy arm had made,
 Rude Russians routed, rolled in retrograde ;
 Whilst broken columns in tumultuous flight,
 By thee inspired, renew the sanguine fight ;
 Till with heroic valour thou shalt rear,
 The monster's head on thy victorious spear ;
 Then on her trumpet fame shall loudly blow,
 Thy mighty arm laid tyrant Nicholas low,
 And rescued Poland from her fellest foe.

But now a hero in a holier cause,
A warrior fighting for the Saviour's laws,
A soldier fighting with the Saviour's sword,
Good works and faith, the scriptures' holy word ;
To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed ;
To make the sinner loathe each wicked deed ;
Man to prepare for judgment's dreadful day,
When rocks shall melt and mountains fly away ;
A peaceful soldier striving still to save,
Both soul and body from hell's glowing wave.
To conquer vice shall thy bright standard fly,
Refulgent shining through yon azure sky ;
Plac'd on a rock thy doctrines shall uphold,
The weak from sinking and from sin withhold ;
A faithful champion thou'lt Jehovah serve,
And with conviction he thy word will nerve,
And long on earth thy useful life prolong,
To preach salvation to a numerous throng,
And check with holy zeal each sinful wrong.
And when thy aged head bends to the ground,
Like ripen'd corn in Autumn always found,
Thy soul cheer'd by Emanuel shall rejoice,
Whilst watchful seraphs guard their master's choice ;

And when by death approach'd thou calmly lies,
And angels wait to bear thee to the skies,
Devoid of pain thou shalt resign thy breath,
To glory's King, who will reward thy faith.
Amongst his saints thou wilt receive a crown
Of endless bliss, unlike man's vain renown.

1835.

STANZAS.

Years glide along, yet I for thee
Still mourn, my sailor son ;
Yet in delusive visions see,
Thy manhood hast'ning on.

Thy modest look, thy downcast eyes,
Sweet as Sol's setting gleam,
When his last rays deck western skies,
Or gild the ocean stream.

Like summer sun, fair thou didst shine,
Hope blest thy dawning day ;
Around thy heart did pleasure twine,
For thou wert always gay.

Thou trode the Plata's deck with pride,
When past the western pier
She stem'd the Solway's flowing tide,
And gave the farewell cheer.

Thou gaily spoke whilst mother's tears,
Did thee with anguish rack,
"Cease, mother! cease these idle fears,
You'll laugh when I come back."

But ne'er, alas! wilt thou return,
From drear Iquiqua's shore,
Near thy lone grave* volcanos burn,
And surges roughly roar.

No verdant fields and blooming flowers
Adorn the face of nature;
But dismal Tarapacca towers,
With half extinguish'd crater.

Yet thou shalt soundly sleep, my son,
Though frightful earthquakes shake thee;
Till aged Time's last sand is run,
And his last trumpet wake thee.

* The subject of the poem was the first Englishman interred at Iquiqua.

Then swiftly as red lightnings dart,
Along the vaulted sky,
I'll meet my Jacob, ne'er to part,
And never more to die.

July, 1835.

J. H. TO J. H.,
OR A REPLY TO THE HOAX.

Hail! hail! J. H., namesake, like me
Thou art a luckless fellow;
The Herald has no room for thee—
Perhaps thou art a yellow;

Or else some quizzing, funny blue,
Who loves a harmless joke;—
Perchance thou art a poet new,
And would'st a brother smoke.

But I can quiz, as well as thee:
“Pray, hast thou seen the comet;
Or dost thou often wish, like me,
That fate may keep thee from it?—

“Or dost thou wish to take a ride,
As Poets oftentimes do,
Through space immense, it for thy guide,
And worlds unknown to view?

“ I wonder who thou art, J. H.,
 With thee I fain would talk ;
 The Herald's pages thou can't reach—
 Thou there hast met a balk.

“ Oft with the song in Herald's page,
 My muse to fight would rear ;
 To quell the quondam doctor's rage,
 She shivered many a spear.

“ I have in Herald brightly shone,—
 Then let me thee advise ;
 Though these proud days from me are gone,
 Thou mayest to glory rise.

“ If thy production be too long,
 Allow an extract from it ;
 If 'tis a genuine, true blue song,
 Then take it to the eomet.

“ There will be room and light, J. H.,
 The universe may read it ;
 And with it through eration stretch—
 What honour could exceed it ?

“ And publish, when thou dost return,
Thy journey in large volumes,
How thou didst to a cinder burn,
Relate in Herald's columns.”

Sept. 4, 1835.

GLASSERTON.

Hail Glasserton! I sing of thee,
 For thou art ever dear to me,
 And gaily blossoms flower and tree,
 Around thy mansion,
 Where nature's dulcet melody
 Swells in expansion.

Thy verdant hill in youth I wander'd,
 Joy, health, and pleasure bore my standard,
 And hope and fancy round me squander'd
 Their sweetest flowers,—
 And uncontroll'd life's stream meander'd
 In boyhood's hours.

I on its breast would prostrate lie,
 To watch light clouds careering by,
 Along the bright cerulean sky,
 And Cownnan's heugh,
 Whose rugged rocks rise rudely high
 O'er ocean's seugh.

On Cowman's heugh I oft have stood,
 To view old ocean's placid flood,
 With Mona's isle, the fair and good,
 And Cumbria's mountains,—
 Where nature, in a wanton mood,
 Form'd lakes, rocks, fountains.

My first kent hame, dear humble cot,
 Though lang exil'd frae thee my lot,
 O, never shalt thou be forgot,
 Till mem'ry die,
 Or in the "narrow house" I rot,
 And sangless lie !

In fancy let me scan thee oer,—
 Thy lowly roof, thy earthen floor,—
 Thy window, hamely hearth, and door,
 An' coort pav'd weel,
 Whare Tam Duff spoil't wi' laughter's roar,
 The foursome reel.*

* A period of forty-three years has not been able to obliterate from the memory of the writer the scene here alluded to. A number of rustics, along with the servants from the "muckle hoose," had assembled, and were dancing in the "coort pav'd weel," when the mirthful and innocent mortal, Tam, who was exerting himself on

Tam's wit I weel remember yet,
 When ance to dance blythe rusties met,
 Though Tam was happiest o' the set,
 Nane thought of wae;
 But a rus'd blacksmith, Charlie sett*
 Wi' heel and tae.

There stood the clachan, now its gane,
 And Vancee Bride's smiddy, ilka stane,
 Beside his fire staunch patriots, taen
 Wi' chivalry,
 Tauld how the Bruce clave Bohun's brain
 For liberty.

Alas! those blissful hours are fled—
 Youth's comrades number'd with the dead—
 Age hath its mantle o'er me spread,
 In honours hoary,—
 And o'er me poesy hath shed
 A lyrie glory.

the "light fantastic toe" to the utmost of his power, suddenly tired and abruptly left the dance, with an exclamation which caused such a roar of laughter, that the enraptured group were unable any longer to continue the reel.

* A celebrated dancer.

TO MR. HALE, EGREMONT.

WRITTEN ON READING HIS LINES TO A RIVULET.*

Sweet is thy song, I hear it yet,—
 Borne on the gentle gale ;
The theme a lovely rivulet,
 Soft, murmuring through the vale.

And while it peaceful purls along,
 To join the roaring sea ;
O let me hear thy charming song,
 'Twill pleasure give to me !

'Twill cheer me whilst I sink in years,
 And age comes hastening on ;
'Twill sooth me whilst o'erflow my tears,
 For my lost darling son.

November 25, 1835.

* See Cumberland Pacquet, November 24, 1835.

TO THE BRIG
PLATA, OF WHITEHAVEN,
ON HER RETURN FROM IQUIQUA, ON THE COAST
OF PERU.

Lov'd Plata, hail ! I thee behold again,
Return'd triumphant o'er the mighty main,
Where waves in rough rebellion roaring rise,
The vietim vessel tossing to the skies ;—
Where fiercely Sol darts down his burning beam,
And dreadful tempests start as from a dream.
At yon wild cape, where gloomy sleet storms blow,
Thou dash'd the billows from thy daring prow,
And safely sail'd through densely falling snow.
No friendly light to guide thy lonely way,
Save lightning's flash or mcteors rapid ray,—
Whilst thy brave crew, undaunted reef'd the sail,
And watch'd the veering of the growing gale,
Whose strengthincreasing strain'd the creaking mast,
Whose frozen cordage rattled in the blast ;—
In fancy oft with thee I pass'd the night,
Whilst hope and fear alternate fill'd my sight ;

With hope inspir'd I view'd Plate's "flowery meads,
 Where wild horse ranges and the bullock feeds;"
 Tortur'd by fear, with thee I pass'd the Cape,
 And pietur'd danger in each horrid shape;
 A reef extending from a dark lee-shore,
 Upon whose top terrific billows roar;
 A desert land—no house, food, people, found,
 Where shipwreck'd seamen perish on the ground;—
 Thence to Iquiqua. Ah! his race is run!
 Alas! alas! 'twas here I lost my son!
 'Twas on Iquiqua's barren, boisterous shore
 My son expir'd, amongst the breaker's hoar;
 In youth, far distant from his father's home,
 He died amongst the roaring ocean's foam,
 And buried lies, beside the stormy wave,
 Whilst I through life shall mourn his early grave,
 Which his lov'd shipmates made upon the strand,
 Compos'd of lava-rock, and shells, and sand,
 Thrown by an earthquake from earth's burning womb
 There sleeps my Jacob in his lonely tomb.

But, to my theme. Welcome thou gallant ship!
 I first beheld thee on the patent slip;—
 Repair'd I saw thee pass the western pier;

But that remember'd, bursts the rising tear ;—
 I saw thee prosperous, dashing o'er the sea ;
 To Plata's sweet river went my soul with thee.
 Return'd once more, I view thy noble form,
 Which brav'd the thunder and defy'd the storm,
 And dark sleet tempests of yon dreary cape,
 With hidden dangers, which thou didst escape.
 Favour'd by heaven, should mem'ry keep her seat,
 I will revere thee, whilst this heart shall beat ;
 And though my bosom burns with sorrow's flame,
 Through life with reverence I'll pronounce thy name.

My wailing lyre delights on thee to dwell—
 Thy future glories shall in fancy tell ;—
 E'en bards unborn the Plata's song shall swell.

“ Thou, Plata, shalt for ages plough the sea,
 From rocky lee-shores, shoals, and shipwreck free ;
 Through watery worlds thou long shalt safely steer,
 And health robust thy social crew shall cheer ;
 And when thy failing frame with age decays,
 And fate unwilling terminates thy days ;—
 When through thy parting timbers waters run—
 Thy course concluded, final voyage done—

Britannia's flag shall from thy masthead waive,
 As thou descendst triumphant to thy grave,—
 On some far distant day, when zephyrs sweep
 The smiling surface of the dormant deep,—
 Then in old ocean shalt thou settle down,—
 Storm shall not gather, nor shall tempest frown,
 As with three farewell cheers thy faithful crew,
 In hopeless sorrow bid their last adieu,—
 Push from thy side reluctantly thy boat,
 For now, alas! thou canst no longer float,—
 Whilst thy old captain, loath thy deck to leave,
 Across his face draws oft his tearful sleeve,
 As thou submerges down to endless sleep,
 In the still bosom of the deepest deep—
 In the still bosom of that friend to thee,
 The wide, the wond'rous, roughly-roaring sea,—
 Sunk far beneath, where bounding billows boom—
 Reposing peacefully, 'midst glimmering gloom—
 Thoul't rest securely in thy unwall'd tomb.

“ Kind Neptune hears the Poet's pressing prayer,
 And will protect thee with assiduous care ;
 His faithful Tritons shall thee guard from dangers—
 From daring thieves, and vag'rant Vandal rangers :

No caitiff shall thy sacred timbers burn—
Thou, in the ocean, shalt to earth return.

“Fame’s deathless annals shall record thy glory,
And veteran seamen, bent with age, and hoary,
In lengthen’d yarns shall proudly tell thy story.”

February, 1836.

THE SEA.

I love the sea, the placid sea—
Peace on its bosom dwelling ;—
The stormy sea
Gave grief to me—
Joy from my soul repelling.

I have beheld thy glassy wave,
With mildest motion heaving ;
But when storms rave,
Thy glassy wave
Oft sorrow's wreath is weaving.

On thy fair face dark monsters play—
Their mates in gambols wooing,—
Whilst Sol's dim ray,
In evening gray,
Betokens storms are brewing.

Its beauties fled, behold it foam,
And rage with wild commotion,—

Whilst seamen roam,
 From native home,
 Far on the trackless ocean.

Fate frown'd on me when o'er thy wave,
 Sail'd for Peru the Plata;
 There my son brave,
 Sleeps in his grave,—
 Undying sorrow's data.

She pass'd the pier, the sunny stream—
 I saw her swiftly sailing;
 Delusive dream,
 I sang the theme,
 Remember'd still with wailing.

'Tis anguish now to see thee ealm,
 Or watch thy booming billow;
 Not glory's palm
 Can bring me balm—
 Death rests on Jacob's pillow.

Not fleets, with India's treasures fraught,
 Thy faithless face adorning,

Can comfort aught,
My troubl'd thought
Delights in nought but mourning.

No more thy swelling surge I'll view,
Nor surface fair and even ;
To thy pure blue
I bid adieu—
Despair my heart hath riven.

April, 1836.

THE BOOKSELLER'S FAVOURITE CAT.

In lofty strains oft Poets love to sing,
 To praise some hero or some patriot king—
 To tell the battle tale where thousands bled,
 Or from the blood-stain'd field what eowards fled,—
 Of mighty navies lost in flood or flame—
 Great Nelson's glories and immortal fame—
 The stormy sea, oft the brave sailor's grave,—
 Of hostile squadrons batter'd on the wave—
 The warring elements—the thunder's roar,
 With seamen drowning 'midst the breakers hoar ;—
 From such extreme distress I turn my eyes—
 My song from humble themes must never rise,
 But skim earth's surface, nor attempt the skies ;—
 But I may trifle—Poets oft do that—
 And I shall celebrate a black Tom Cat.

Though black his skin, unsullied is his fame—
 'Mongst books he lives, books shall record his name.
 By books he eats, sleeps, winks, inhales his breath ;
 Books shall protect his name from stroke of death,

And promulgate each gen'rous quality,
 To gain for him an immortality ;
 And future bards will kindly move the hat,
 When nam'd is Donald,—Callander's black cat.

Hail, favour'd Donald ! thou art sitting winking,
 Whilst how to tell thy merits I am thinking ;
 If in unmeaning strains my couplets rave,
 Like him who blubber'd o'er his granny's grave ;*—
 Like him who roll'd a sympathetic tear
 For his young friend who sought a sable bier,
 To send his peaceful soul to realms of bliss,
 Would not the critics groan, huzza, and hiss,
 To hear a Poet nonsense spout like this ?
 Yes, and my foes uproariously would laugh,
 Smoke their cigars, and joyous brandy quaff.
 Apollo, thou thy vent'rous son protect—
 To laud a fav'rite cat my song direct.

Thy brazen collar, grav'd with master's name,
 Declares thee worthy of poetic fame ;

* See Whitehaven Herald, August 14, 1835.—“Lines on the Death of a Parent.”

And fame's loud trumpet shall proclaim thy worth,
 And Scotia's bards extol thee in the north ;
 Nam'd after Scotia's noblest sons of old,—
 Like them by nature brave, courageous, bold ;
 Whittington's cat could never equal thee,
 Though sold for treasures far beyond the sea ;
 Nor any cat that e'er breathed vital air,
 Or hunted mice, or liv'd on richer fare ;
 And hadst thou liv'd in ages long gone by,
 Thy noble figure would have shone on high,
 A constellation in our northern sky,—
 Beside the plough, above old John O'Groats,
 The pride and glory of unconquer'd Scots,—
 Thy country's standard, ne'er wilt thou disgrace it,
 Inscrub'd "Nemo me impune lacessit."
 Like Ossian's heroes, war thou wilt not seek,
 Nor from the combat like a coward sneak ;
 Peace thou preferest to the battle's roar,
 But for plain insults thou hast wrath galore ;
 Thy noble nature rouses when provok'd—
 By boys tormented, or when rudely strok'd—
 Thy vengeful claws makes wanton mischief know
 An honest friend may soon become a foe.

Strife seldom e'er disturbs thy peaceful life ;
 No vixen claws thee, nor no waspish wife.
 Hadst thou a wife, domestic jars might rise,
 And angry spousey tear thy precious eyes ;
 But thou art happy, and a bachelor eat,
 Resembling master—never change from that.
 Thou undisturb'd, oft hear'st thy fellows squalling
 In yard or street, at midnight, caterwauling,—
 Whilst unseen dangers lie across their path—
 Snares, pistols, traps, and terriers, full of wrath.
 Secure from turmoil, blessed is thy lot,
 Compar'd with Murphy*—happy he is not.
 But hateful slander shall not stain his tale—
 His faults and mine require night's darkest veil ;
 But should inquiry doom us to exhibit,
 Justice would free us from derision's gibbet.
 I crave thy pardon, Donald,—this digression,
 To me and Murphy is a rank transgression ;
 For on thy merits I could ever dwell,
 Would Byron's muse assist the theme to swell,—
 For mine is tir'd ; says reader—so am I.

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* His friend and companion cat.

Not ten-fold thunder, rolling through the sky,
 Nor vivid lightning, flashing from on high ;
 Nor dread volcano's crater, belching o'er
 Its boiling billows from earth's glowing core,
 Could more dismay ; I poesy forego—
 Unfam'd brave Donald must descend below.

* * * * *

At midnight hour, my lamp I often trimm'd,
 Whilst coming sleep my weary eyes bedim'd ;
 Assiduous still I rack'd my leaden brains,
 Thy name to celebrate in splendid strains.
 Now overthrown, 'mongst poetasters east,
 Loweswater's bard exclaims, " we have him fast ;"
 And laughing Tommy flings away his last : *
 Shouts, " pen a parody—W——n will print it ;
 With pointed ridicule we'll richly paint it—
 'Twill damn the Poet—how can aught prevent it ?"

* The two worthies here alluded to employed themselves occasionally for more than two years before they were discovered, in clandestinely printing and distributing anonymous effusions in doggerel rhyme, parodies, &c., &c., insidiously ridiculing both the Author and his works, though professing at the same time the greatest friendship ; but " nemo me impune lacessit."

My muse, now ruin'd, sadly sighs farewell,
In Donald's praise her song no more shall swell,
Till by death call'd away, and in his coffin.
But I must "cut my stick"—yon wags are scoffing.

May, 1836.

L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN M'CULLOCH.

The following lines were composed to the memory of an early friend, the companion of the Author's boyhood. John M'Culloch was a native of Glasserton, in Wigtownshire, and died in Whitehaven, on the 1st of July, 1836, aged 55 years.

M'Culloch's dead!—my heart, with anguish torn,
 Bewails the comrade of life's lovely morn.
 He liv'd belov'd, and died without a foe,
 Yet death relentless laid M'Culloch low.
 His daughters weep; in earth's cold, silent bed
 He rests, jokes finish'd, smiles for ever fled.
 His feeling mind, alas! no more will grieve,
 For mortal mis'ry he could not relieve.
 No more the daring freaks of youth he'll tell,
 Or range o'er Carleton's romantic fell,
 Or Glaston's verdant hill, and view Koig fountain,
 Or tir'd ascend dark cloud-eapt Cairnsmuir mountain;
 Wade Parton loch, which tide yet overflows;

Climb Cownnan's rugged rocks, where samphire grows.
 On Cownnan's heugh, high o'er the mighty deep,
 My soul could linger, and with mem'ry weep,
 In retrospection view life's morning sky,
 Once fair and sunny, now dark tempests fly;
 For unfleg'd birds we've climb'd the rugged heugh,
 Whose frightful front frowns o'er old ocean's sigh;
 Or down the Roughan burn have we meander'd,
 Or o'er the heath'ry hills to school have wander'd,
 To Whithorn school near fifty years ago,
 We oft have saunter'd, ne'er expecting woe;
 Now death's dread emblems awful round him gloom,
 Yon ungrass'd heap declares his lonely tomb;
 Him I lament, though he to bliss hath fled—
 My early friend sleeps with the silent dead.

O'erwhelmed with grief, I sadly drag along
 The mourning couplets of my requiem song,—
 Else would remembrance swell the fruitful theme,
 Pourtray youth's course, its lovely rising stream,
 But man is vanity—his life a fleeting dream.

July 7th, 1836.

L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN M'COUTS.

This much respected individual was an equestrian performer in the company of Mr. Thomas Ord. He died on the 27th of October, 1836, in consequence of a pistol shot received in the Amphitheatre, Whitehaven, whilst performing the part of the "Robber," in the *Courier of St. Petersburg*.

To praise the hero's deeds in fields of glory,
 Has been the theme of many a poet's story ;
 The brigand, though a coarser sounding name
 For hero, oft has gain'd immortal fame.
 I sing a mimic robber on the stage,
 His vietim ehasing with a feigned rage,
 With pistol pointed at the courier flying,
 He shot himself, and in his grave is lying.
 Alas, M'Couts ! I mourn thy early doom,
 At twenty-six laid in thy silent tomb ;
 Thy comrades wail thy absenee in the ring,
 And I in sorrow thy sad requiem sing.

No more thy feats equestrian thou wilt show,
 Nor in the eircle chase thy dastard foe ;
 Nor rear the human pyramidie heap,
 Nor through the fiery flame uninjur'd leap.
 Life's curtain's dropt, but will refulgent rise,
 And thou triumphant soar through azure skies.

Bereft of thee, thy widow's tears still flow ;
 But Ord's kind sympathy will soothe her woe—
 In pity's cause shall rise his willing arm,
 Thy darling son he will protect from harm,
 And heal his mother's heart with anguish riven ;
 For such good deeds a promise God hath given
 Of peace on earth, and endless bliss in heaven.

October 28th, 1836.

VERSES TO MY OLD HAT.

The soldier tells the battle tale,
Old maid's vile scandal chat ;
The sailor sings of some strong gale,
I sing of my old hat.

From me, old hat, thou must be gone,
Down Lethe's river float ;
From Dickinson I've purchas'd one,
Made of a beaver's coat.
For thou art shapeless, bare, and brown,
I'm 'shamed of thee—that's flat ;
Thou wouldst disgrace the Poet's crown,
Thou sleepy looking hat.

Since first I wore thee years have past,
“ With dark-brown sides along ;”
So sang old Ossian whilst the blast,
Bore far his plaintive song,
Which oft I read, and never tir'd,
Ne'er thinking whilst I sat ;

That I, with Poesy inspir'd,
Should sing thy end, old hat.

O'er Scotia's heathery hills I've walk'd,
Adorn'd with thee so gay ;
Whilst spousey sweetly sung and talk'd,
I hum'd a roundelay.
Then like a raven's wing thou shone,
Or antiquarian's eat ;
Now are thy glossy beauties gone,
Thou vile, brown, greasy hat.

Oft have I sighing turn'd thee round,
To view thee growing bare,
Whilst fops deriding thee still frown'd,
With seorn's contemptuous stare.
Long in thy crown in bygone times,
Slept a Poetic brat,
Till now awak'd in regular rhymes,
Proclaims thy doom, old hat.

That crease and broken brim thou got
From drunken Pat's shillelagh ;
And sorely I bewail'd thy lot—
He rudely did assail thee.

Now from my presenee thou must fly,
 I have declar'd for what ;
 Without reluctance then, good bye,
 Thou worthless, worn-out hat.

Through good report and bad report,
 We jogg'd together long ;
 And both of fate became the sport,
 And of the thoughtless throng.
 But soon my end like thine will come,
 None caring aught for that ;
 And both forgotten, none will thrum
 The lyre for Bard or hat.

So take that final farewell fling,
 Lie on that dunghill flat ;
 Of thee I vow no more to sing,
 Thou broken, brimless hat.

October, 1836.

DONALD'S DIRGE,
OR, A LAMENTATION FOR THE BOOKSELLER'S CAT.

Blaek eats and mighty monareh's die,
The Poet and his song ;
And in oblivion's ocean lie,
'Mongst death's promiseuous throng.

Alas ! poor Donald's race is run,
He rests within his coffin ;
But cease ye wags your spiteful fun,
Nor eat nor bard be scoffing.

Immortal Burns wail'd his pet ewe—
A vagrant louse he scolded ;
I Donald mourn, 'tis merit's due :
His book of life is folded.

'Mongst books he liv'd with honest fame ;
By books he eat, slept, sat,
And wink'd ; books shall record his name—
The bookman's favourite cat.

“ For ever clos’d are thy bright eyes,
 That lately beam’d with kindness,
 When thou to be caress’d wouldst rise,
 By death now seal’d with blindness.

“ The doctor’s skill was tried in vain,
 Thy precious life to save ;
 To grieve for thee can I refrain,
 For thou art in thy grave.

“ Thy old friend Murphy sits alone,
 No more can he behold thee ;
 For thou art laid beneath a stone,
 Which never will unfold thee.

“ Thy master mourns his favorite cat,
 Call’d hence in cat-hood’s prime ;
 For Donald crape waves round his hat,
 And I in sorrow rhyme.

“ Thou wert the chief of cats on earth,
 Black, white, gray, tortoise-shell ;
 Thy death has banish’d all my mirth,—
 Thou prince of cats, farewell !”

October, 1836.

L I N E S

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF LONSDALE'S BIRTH-DAY.

The following verses were recited by the Author at the Hensingham annual dinner, in celebration of the birth-day of the Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale, Dec. 29th, 1856. President, Mr. Samuel Lindow ; Vice-President, Mr. William Todd.

Their happiest day in life most men can tell,
And on past pleasures oft enraptur'd dwell ;
Shall not this night which we to pleasure give,
And grateful homage, long in mem'ry live ?
To celebrate great Lonsdale's natal day,
I humbly offer my untutor'd lay ;
A plebeian bard dares utter Lonsdale's name,
Not praise:—his worth and merits proudly told has
fame.

The Poet's song informs us, gods of yore,
Whilst drinking nectar made the welkin roar ;

Uproarious mirth Olympus echo'd round,
 And Jove's loud laughter shook the solid ground.
 Could gods behold us, (but, alas! they're dead,)
 They would confess we flourish'd in their stead.
 Our nectar copiously o'erflows each bowl,—
 Then fill your glasses, wine expands the soul,
 To celebrate the birth of him we love;
 Who dare condemn us or who dare reprove?
 Here friendship freely its kind soul discloses,
 And on its fellow's truth firmly reposes;
 Here care disturbs not, pleasure fills each breast,
 And no vile traitor rears his hateful crest;
 Then o'er creation's ample circle scan,
 And say, is greater bliss enjoy'd by mortal man?

Who has not seen the sun in glory rise,
 With golden rays adorning eastern skies;
 Or charming Cynthia deck the placid night,
 In radiant silver, heaven's serenest light,
 Whilst modest stars their twinkling beams display,
 Like these glad faces round these tables gay.

Our sun in splendour shines, behold him there!
 Inferior Cynthia fills the vice's chair;

Our humble selves like stars are plac'd between
 These noble lights—we scarcely can be seen ;
 But brightly twinkle when we grasp our glasses,
 To toast our honour'd lord and bonnie lasses.
 Then drink away—drain the deep flowing bowl,
 Whilst faction's votaries still rejected growl ;
 And when again returns this annual day,
 To worth and friendship we shall tribute pay.
 And I shall sing untir'd my untaught lay.

“Received with great applause.

“ Toast from the Chair—‘ Mr. Hardie's good health, and thanks to him for his song.’

“ The Author having briefly acknowledged the honour done him, concluded with the following stanzas :”—

What ! drink the plebeian Poet's health !
 Does fancy fill my ears ?
 Does dark delusion reign by stealth ?
 Alas ! I have my fears.

Away these fears, I will not think
 You mean to laugh at me ;
 Receive my thanks, your healths I drink,
 And I rejoicing see

Your cheerful faces kindly look,
 Still smiling on the Poet ;
 I will be sworn upon the book,
 My muse herself shall know it.

She shall compose a splendid song—
 Its theme a prayer shall be,
 Beseeching heaven you may live long,
 And trouble never see.

If blest with health, this day next year
 We'll visit Mrs. Long ;*
 But I am getting drunk, I fear,
 And shall conclude my song.†

* The Hostess.

† The last four lines, emanating from the spontaneous impulse of the Author's feelings at the moment, were added without being previously composed.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. JOHN HOPE,

LATE OF THE FIRM OF JOHNSTON, RANEY, ADAMSON,
AND HOPE, BANKERS.

Lov'd and respected, death hath snatch'd away
Our mortal Hope,—for him this solemn lay
In sorrow wails ; his cheerful songs are fled—
Hope sleeps in silence 'mongst the tuneless dead.

Eighty-three years he sojourn'd here on earth,
Then Nature's laws consign'd him to the earth ;
In her dark womb he sleeps his dreamless sleep,
Archangel's trump shall wake him—cease to weep,
He from the grave unspotted will be borne,
Purer than falling snow on winter's morn ;
On angel's wings regain his native skies,
Celestial wonders bursting on his eyes ;
Amongst yon circling worlds, suns brightly burning,
Each on its axis regularly turning.
In life, he often wander'd midst the gleams
Of lovely fancy's fleeting tuneful dreams ;

Amongst sweet Poesy's charm'd votaries flew
Bright glory's visions wheeling in review.

Now he beholds scenes he ne'er saw before—
He cross'd life's ocean and its rocky shore ;
Heaven's splendours opening on his dazzl'd sight
Eternal day—unknown the darksome night—
And God enthron'd on beams of blazing light ;
Whilst holy seraphims with songs of praise,
On golden harps their loud hosannas raise ;
Welcom'd to heaven, his soul inhales its fire,
And Hope enraptur'd joins the blissful choir ;
Freed from all sin, pain, grief, and withering woe,
Drinks living waters, which for ever flow.

Farewell, dear Hope ! honest, sincere, and free,
Facetious, good, thy like we ne'er shalt see ;
Belov'd through life, and honour'd at thy death,
No tongue envenom'd dar'd thy name to seath,
Bards thee bewail, I weave thy requiem wreath.

January, 1837.

THE FRIENDLESS MENDICANT.

The victim of misfortune, whose hard fate is here deplored, sank upon the ground in a state of utter exhaustion, (seemingly the effect of cold and hunger,) in the vicinity of Lonsdale Place; and, on being removed to Preston Quarter Poor-house, he shortly afterwards expired, on the 27th of January, 1837. The man was entirely unknown, and, on being stripped for interment, his body exhibited several scars, apparently the result of bayonet or gunshot wounds. It is therefore very probable that this hapless stranger had served in the army or navy, and as Goldsmith beautifully expresses it, had been forced

“ To beg bitter bread through realms his valour saved.”

Thy hapless fate my theme shall be,
 A plebeian bard bewaileth thee;
 Thou wretched wandering mendicant,
 Thou victim of remorseless want,
 No mortal so forlorn as thee,
 Ere trod the earth or sail'd the sea;
 Thou shirtless slowly walk'd along,
 Unheeded by the thoughtless throng;

By princely men who proudly rode—
 By pride who primly press'd the sod—
 By misers who made gold their god ;—
 As all unpitying pass'd thee by,
 Thy heavy heart heav'd life's last sigh ;
 And whilst thy eye was slowly closing,
 Beneath its lid I saw death dozing ;
 Oppress'd with cruel cold and hunger,
 Tir'd nature could endure no longer :
 Hope lingering barely left thy breast,
 When death in mercy gave thee rest,—
 Heal'd all thy pains, thou prostrate fell—
 Thy name or nation none could tell ;
 Yct shall my song relate thy woes,
 Ere dark oblivion round thee close ;
 Fair fancy's flowers shall gild the gleam,
 Reflecting thee on life's swift stream,
 A hero in the field of fame,
 Whose daring courage none could tame ;
 But age approaching slowly spread
 Its hoary honours o'er thy head ;
 Starvation did thy strength assail,
 Thy splendid deeds could nought avail,
 And death disclos'd thy hapless tale.

These scars which on his body 'pears,
 Were glory's wounds in former years,
 When he 'mongst Britain's heroes stood,
 And for his country shed his blood;
 And foremost 'mid the battle's roar,
 His polish'd bayonet stream'd with gore!
 E'en now I see him on the plain,
 Where Abercrombie brave was slain;
 Where Frenchmen charg'd, by brandy hurried,
 And Roise's horse the victor's buried;
 The bold Invincibles there fell,
 Nor quarter sought, so legends tell;
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die,
 Their glorious actions shine on high,
 Like summer suns in honour's sky.

At Waterloo, midst smoke and fire,
 Where heroes drench'd in blood expire,
 I view him on that dreadful day,
 Undaunted 'mid the battle's bray;
 Behold him fearless face French masses,
 Or guard to Hugomont the passes;
 And at their desperate last effort,
 The general charge—dernier resort—

He gaily met them as in sport,—
 Firm in the sanguine torrent stood,
 His heavy halberd dropping blood,
 Whilst rush'd around fierce fury's flood,
 With victory's plaudits loudly greeted,
 Though once with honour he retreated.

My wailing song shall now relate
 How he became the sport of fate,—
 Depict the current of his woe,
 Its source, its course, its ebb, and flow.

From his high throne, by fortune hurl'd,
 Napoleon fell—peace blest the world ;
 Discharg'd, the vet'ran home return'd,—
 For his lov'd home his bosom burn'd ;
 For in the village yet resorted
 The maid in early life he courted,
 Ere to the hostile field he went,
 Or lodg'd within a soldier's tent.
 Arriv'd—he found her still the same,—
 Approving still his faithful flame ;
 In wedlock soon they were united,
 But Hymen's torch was scarcely lighted,



Ere all expected joys were blighted :
 His woes my plaintive verse must tell—
 Hate held his house a horrid hell ;
 His scornful spouse stung him to madness,
 Alas ! his joy became sheer sadness ;
 To dark despair progress'd his life,
 This vixen fury full of strife,
 Terrific termagant his wife,
 Blasphem'd and swore, whilst at his head,
 Impell'd by mischief, missiles sped ;
 Whilst streaming blood flow'd from his crown,
 Forbearance fled, he push'd her down ;
 But soon she rose, refresh'd with vigour,
 From earth's embrace, with double rigour,
 Like Anteus when he touch'd his mother—
 He whom strong Hercules strove to smother.

Thus did delusion strangely sway
 Her slavish soul, still day by day,
 Till reason rising broke the spell
 That held him to this hated hell,—
 Determin'd him, though not victorious,
 To shun domestic war uproarious,
 And waiving conquest, quit the strife,

And leave this dreadful demon wife,—
Sojourn in peace through life without her,
For devils doubtless dwelt about her.
With looks long lingering he departed,
For through his soul remembrance darted,
Youth's sweetest scenes engross'd his mind—
He left these lovely scenes behind,
And wander'd reckless in his wrath,
But ne'er deserted honour's path :
His noble spirit still extant ;
But age approach'd with painful want—
He then became a mendicant,
With body sear'd, his head grown hoary,
By death o'erthrown, left all his glory
To grace a Poet's plaintive story.

1837.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHITEHAVEN
HERALD.

I write respectfully, would not intrude,
 Good manners loving, hating aught that's rude,
 I sound the shell, sometimes for pastime bent,
 Or scan effusions that appear in print.
 Fairly to criticise the Poet's song,
 Or 'mendments to suggest, can ne'er be wrong.
 The Herald I peruse with partial pleasure,
 Its colour ehang'd, 'twould be a real treasure.
 'Tis well conducted, venture I to say—
 From dulness free, although both grave and gay,—
 Thy hand in friendship I shall shake some day,
 Thou social, kind, good-natur'd, clever fellow—
 At once, to make thy fortune, turn a yellow.

But to my purpose, 'tis the sounding lyre
 That makes my soul with eestasy respire
 Sweet strains of poesy in beauty's bowers ;

And cull enraptur'd fancy's fairest flowers ;
 By it inspir'd I pass each twinkling star,
 With Phœbus riding, in his glowing car,
 View worlds in splendour, shining as they roll,—
 This moment here, the next beyond the pole.

Seraphic song, express from heaven it came,—
 It strengthens heros in the battle's flame
 And gains its votaries an immortal name.
 To nature's favourites given, its generous glow
 Relieves the orphan's pain, the widow's woe ;
 Its plaintive cadence thaws the tyrant's heart,
 Unchains his victim, breaks his vengeful dart ;
 Its tones Elysian drives away all sadness,—
 Hath banish'd strife, and cured the maniac's madness ;
 If satire oft coerces slaves, foes, fools,
 Who outrage honour's sanctimonious rules ;—
 It has been known, by strong soul-stirring strain,
 To turn a love-sick poetaster's brain,
 And make old rhymsters childish turn again.
 A pointed proof 'pears plain in Herald's pages :
 There's two old fellows—old ones should be sages—
 Singing vile thread-bare love songs,—faith I hate a
 Pair of old fools, "Juvenis" and "Zeta,"

Wailing continually youth's pleasures gone,
 Sweet nymphs with cherry cheeks and hearts of stone;
 How barb'rous belles their tiresome suits repell'd,
 Whom lucky wooers gain'd and safely held;
 How they a farewell bade to social bliss,
 Vow'd never more false woman's lips to kiss,
 The female hand in friendship never press,
 Though overwhelm'd in anguish and distress,
 But live resolv'd in single blessedness.

Three years this siek'ning strain hath weekly been,
 With few exeptions, in your paper seen;
 These dull disgusting tales, love, youth, and beauty,
 To please the dotards, too, sometimes seem'd smutty.
 I'd rather thrum a Jew's-harp in a garret,
 Than read such doggerel that one's senses seare at;
 Let me entreat you, curb these poetasters,
 Nor publish their contemptuous love disasters,—
 Sound ^{ing} unvaried, like a Chinese gong,—
 Solieit something new—all love a song,
 And I shall finish mine,—'tis growing long.

1837.

GLSSERTON:

A SONG.

TUNE—" *Lochaber no more.*"

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO STAIR HATHORI
STEWART, ESQ., OF GLSSERTON HOUSE.

O Glasserton ! lov'd, maun I never see mair,
Thy mansion and gardens that flourish sae fair,
Thy fields, thriving plantains, and Cownnan's high
heugh,
Where waves deeply murmur, and storms strongly
sugh.

'Twas there, in youth's morning, my soul was inspir'd
With poesy's magic, unlearn'd, unaequir'd ;
A half century pass'd, ere its long latent light
Develop'd its pleasures to cheer life's dull night.

Now, in retrospection's long vista, I view
Thy mansion still splendid through time's avenue ;
Thy gardens and plantains, in fancy, I see,
And memory shall aid me to eulogise thee.

In exile from thee, forty-three years have past
 Since o'er thy green hill I rov'd wild as the blast ;
 I ne'er can forget it—for weeping I sing—
 I there was a shepherd in life's lovely spring.

On thy verdant faee 'pears no wrinkles of age,
 Though on thy broad top storms and thunder oft rage,
 Unseath'd, thou still tower'st o'er ocean's rough roar,
 Whose boisterous billows lash Cowman's steep shore.
 When first I beheld thee, my faee was like thine,
 Unfurrow'd with sorrow, and youth made it shine ;
 But now age approaches—with anguish I sigh—
 Fain would I behold thee again ere I die.

I've view'd thee in sunshine, and seen thee in storm,
 In faney's fair page have beheld thy lov'd form—
 Thy round rising surface ; and sheep I have kept,
 When far distant from thee, I've thought on and wept ;
 Delighted, I yet o'er thy summit would range,
 Though I am grown hoary, with thee there's no
 change ;
 Though time's snowy chaplet encircles my brow,
 As lofty and lovely as ever art thou.

Remembrance portrays youth's gay morn to my mind,
 Though fled are its charms, like the pure viewless
 wind :

As clouds passing o'er thee their shadows display,
 So youth like a shadow hath vanish'd away ;
 Now life's day declining, dark night comes apace,
 Death's terrors would lessen to die near the place
 Where my forefathers dwelt, for ages blest,—free,—
 In yon humble cottage,—my soul elings to thee.

O Glasserton, mither, my heart trouth is sair
 Wi' langing to see thee, and thy mansion fair,
 And thy muckle hill with its sheep wild and fleet,
 Again could I meet them, I surely would greet ;
 Through life's lovely morning, rear'd on thy sweet
 breast,

Affection solieits with thee I should rest,
 Solieits to die, where thy mansion is seen,
 And sleep at thy fit when death closes my een.

1837.

L I N E S

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF LONSDALE'S BIRTH-DAY.

The following verses were recited by the Author at the Hensingham annual dinner, in celebration of the birth-day of the Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale, December 29, 1837. President, Mr. William Todd; Vice-President, Mr. Jacob Thompson.

Again I bring my promised annual lay,
To honour noble Lonsdale's natal day;—
But first, to him who Lonsdale's life prolongs
Ascend the incense of a thousand songs;
For by his bounty our lov'd Lonsdale lives,—
Then thank his name, he every blessing gives.

Since last we met upon this favour'd day,
One year revolving now hath pass'd away.
With social glee inspir'd, and grateful mirth,
We welcome still the day of Lonsdale's birth—

The day when first his opening infant eyes
 Beheld glad gazers' growing reverence rise ;—
 The day when yon gay hall, without alloy,
 To hail our embryo Lord resounded joy ;
 And loud hosannas spoke celestial pleasure,
 Whilst angels view'd on earth our precious treasure.
 Belov'd, benevolent, in council wise,—
 To glory's summit mankind saw him rise ;
 And in proud Cumbria's annals long shall shine
 This noblest chieftain of the noblest line ;
 His country grateful shall his worth record,
 For lov'd and honour'd lives our patriot Lord :
 He fosters faithfully fair freedom's flame,
 And deeds triumphantly adorn his name ;
 Heaven's high-born bard, who strikes the lyre divine,
 Around his brows poetic chaplets twine ;
 And whilst years fly, and age to age succeeds,
 The song undying shall extol his deeds,—
 To time's last hour transmit his noble name,
 Unstain'd, unsullied in the rolls of fame.

Then drink soul-stirring wine, and swell the song,
 Let joy unmix'd pervade this happy throng ;

Drive dreary dulness to his dungeon deep,
'Mongst drowsy demons doom'd to silent sleep,
Make Melancholy to his prison pass,
Whilst dark despair drowns in the gleaming glass ;
Sad sorrow sorely sighing sits, still mourning,
Whilst tearful trouble's topsy-turvy turning.

Now charge your goblets and observe the sign,
To cheer great Lonsdale's health with nine times nine ;
To honour him, huzza, and shout encore,—
To nine times nine add one round million more,—
Then with your strength united raise
One final royal roar.

STANZAS.

Stern winter reigns ; it freezes hard ;
Boreas blows bleakly round ;
No flowerets deck the sterile sward,
Though erst with cowslips crown'd.

And whilst dark tempests roughly roar,
Through soul-benumbing frost,
Brave seamen on some stormy shore
May be embay'd and lost.

But snugly seated, free from harm,
I blisfully respire ;
My vapid verse the Muses warm
With nature's naked fire.

They bid me sing a plaintive song,
To still the orphan's cry ;
To save the wretched, who among
Their fellow wretches die.

My plaintive lay, then listen all,
Whom heaven with wealth hath blest,
In pity's name to you I call;
Come succour the distress'd.

But first, to aid this holy cause,
I sue thee, lovely woman;
For love ordained thee by its laws,
To rule all nature human.

By sweet submission thou shalt reign,
Nor contradict and vex;
But lead in soft persuasion's chain
Thy lord and all his sex.

Allure him to yon den of woe,
His bosom kindly swelling,
To wipe the bitter tears that flow
In hunger's dreary dwelling.

Show him where hapless parents lie,
A melancholy sight;
There little children starving cry
Through many a frosty night.

His generous gift will banish pain,
And grateful they will live;
To thank thee I will raise a strain—
Poor bards nought else can give.

February 14, 1838.

L I N E S

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW PLAY GROUND AT
WHITEHAVEN, MAY 1, MDCCCXXXVIII.

My humble song no hostile conflicts swell,
How heroes conquer'd or how heroes fell ;
No lengthen'd lists of warriors kill'd or wounded,
Nor gallant soldier's tale though nobly sounded ;
No fleets dismasted on the stormy wave,
Nor seamen sinking to a watery grave ;
From such horrific scenes I turn away,
To sing your Play Ground on its opening day :
Try fancy's aid to please each jovial fellow,
And kind subscriber, whether Blue or Yellow ;
To banish dulness from the care-worn throng
Shall form the subject of my sportive song.

On this arena of each healthful game,
Where rival candidates contend for fame,
I charm'd behold, emblem of peaceful glories,
Reforming Whigs at play with regular Tories ;

E'en now enrapt behold I some fair morn,
 Our rival Broadsheet-men, devoid of scorn,
 In friendship meeting—former feuds to smother—
 Around the Maypole, fled all party bother—
 The Herald dancing with his dear grandmother—
 Whilst grandmamma, still vigorous, flouncing on,
 With joy sincere, forgives her recreant son.
 Hail blissful sight! though used, alas! to sadness,
 My heart rejoicing palpitates with gladness.

Delighted now each band its game pursues—
 The cricket, archery, quoits, fives, some choose :—
 Yonder, through ambient air, the arrow flies—
 There, prostrate on the sward, the wrestler lies ;
 The fives-ball bouncing, gracefully rebounds,
 Here quoits—there football takes its ruffian rounds.
 Amusement here her fairy freak displays,
 In sweet succession to the wanderer's gaze ;
 Here beauty sits upon the new-made bench,
 And yonder slowly strolls the weaver wench ;
 Here arm in arm our whisker'd beaux parade,
 There ocean's stormy sons for fun array'd ;
 Here belles delighted twirl their parasols,
 There not less blest behold our Kates and Molls ;—

For on the first of May the thousands round,
 The rich, the poor, a bard—though not renown'd—
 Were congregated on our Cricket Ground.

Alas ! my verse unskill'd can ne'er pourtray
 The varied pleasures of this happy day,
 When wealth and power, mix'd with the plebian
 crew,
 Each match enjoying and proposing new :—
 The worthy magistrate approaching near,
 With portly pace, unbending brow severe
 As he beheld joy's rude progressive wilc,
 His placid features altered to a smile,
 And standing silently surveyed the crowd,
 But mirth compelled him, and he laugh'd aloud ;
 Then slyly laid his worship on the shelf,
 And stood an advocate for fun himself ;
 With glee promotes each sack-encumbered race,
 Bright animation beaming in his face,
 His soul expanding, on benevolence bent,
 To gratify his youthful flock intent,
 Away he hied, a ponderous basket brought,
 Well filled with oranges, praiseworthy thought !

For distribution freely thrown around,
 'Mongst youths exulting with wild uproar crown'd,
 For scramble glorious on the verdant ground.

Some nymph descend now from Parnassus' mountain,
 tain,

Or some kind spirit leave Castalia's fountain,
 Reanimate my pithless, pointless pen,
 Whilst I depict these joyful sons of men :
 Bring some knight-errant quickly to my aid,
 With some strong simile of love-sick maid ;
 How Jove descending in a golden shower,—
 But hold !—comparisons are often sour.
 Genius of Poesy, assist my rhyme !
 She promptly answers—sing another time.

May 7th, 1838.

CORONATION POEM,

FOR QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE XXVIII, MDCCCXXXVIII.

Hail, Coronation Day! Hail, Britain's Queen!
 Rejoicing millions aggrandize the scene,—
 Contending factions banish strife away
 On Queen Victoria's Coronation Day.
 The Rad complete, inveterate Whig, staunch Tory,
 In friendship now support our nation's glory;
 United firmly, they enraptur'd raise
 A joyful anthem to Victoria's praise.
 No day in Time's career e'er equall'd this,
 When all unanimous their Sovereign bless,
 Ye heavenly hosts behold, 'tis no romance,
 Joy reigns unmix'd from Shetland to Penzanee;
 With sacred mirth ye seraphs sweetly smile,
 Our youthful Virgin Queen, devoid of guile,
 This day receives the crown of Britain's isle.
 Our Queen's endow'd with wisdom, beauty, worth,—
 On earth unequal'd, search east, west, south, north,
 For her to God ascends one general prayer—
 On our young beauteous Queen bestow thy care;

Preserve her health, wisdom content will bring :
We ask not riches, like the wisest King ;
'Midst peaceful glories thou her rule prolong,
And bards her virtues will pourtray in song.

Now whilst joy's tumults wearied sink serene,
Let us enliven'd renovate the scene,—
And with due reverence shout, " God save the Queen!"

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON READING ERMANGARDE, A POEM,
BY MISS HEYWOOD.

(*See Introductory Stanzas.*)

Thou mighty Rhine that roarest beneath,
Where vines and florets tangle ;
Where zephyr's breathe,
And woodbines wreathe,
And fruits ungather'd dangle.

O linger 'neath the wood-fring'd steep,
Where blooming branches quiver !
And o'er thee weep,
Whilst to the deep,
Thou hastens, joyful river !

O linger 'neath the covert sweet,
With pleasure beaming ever !
Where bards retreat,
And raptur'd greet,
Thy beauties, lovely river !

O'er thee sounds Heywood's heavenly song,
 With tones celestial glowing ;
 Whilst thy stream strong,
 Still sweeps along,
 To join the sea fast flowing.

Her soul-enchanting, dulcet lay,
 I oft delighted listen,
 Till night's dull sway,
 Obscures the ray,
 Which on thy waters glisten.

Roll slowly on, thou limpid wave,
 With temporizing motion,—
 Nor seek thy grave,
 Where tempests rave,
 In yon cold, thankless ocean.

And bear not hence her charming strain,
 On thy translucent billow ;
 'Twill sooth grief's pain—
 'Twill woe restrain—
 'Twill smooth affliction's pillow.

Death's dread decree denounces all,—
The emperor, beggar, bard;
When his stern call
Declares my fall,
To me sing Ermangarde.

1838.

L I N E S

ON THE WRESTLING AT WHITEHAVEN, OCTOBER
XVII AND XVIII, MDCCCXXXVIII.

Descend now, ye gods, from Olympus on high,
To view Cumbria's sons,—get your steam up and fly;
Amongst you there's fine-looking fellows and clever,
But mortals like theso did your godships see ever?

Behold but Banks Bowe! saw you ere aught like
him?

Or Chapman's full musele, fine symmetry, limb?
Or Brunskill, a model for sculptors to study,
Round face, fair mustachios, countenanco ruddy?

But stay, for perhaps you will try them a "wussle,"
For though you are gods, yet with men you may
tussle;

Or send strong-back'd Hercules, who threw the great
giant—

To Tomlinson's arm he will soon become pliant!

Will you enter your names?—No—then stay where
you are ;

But to praetiee your trieks, as of old, pray beware ;
Then you reseu'd your fav'rites when going to yield,
Now remember that this is not Troy's battle field.

Sad pranks you're still playing—I'll quickly be done,
You've sent rainy weather as sure as a gun !
Depriv'd us the Criket-ground—I hate lying stories,
But I heard for a faet that you prompted the Tories.

Now the wrestling's begun, so your godships good
bye,

You may just soar about 'twixt the earth and the sky,
To observe how the heroes cross-buttock, hype, heel,
And at home o'er your neetar these wonders reveal.

How strength without science oft prostrate lay,
How art without strength like moonshine pass'd away,
As Cynthia's pale beams when obscur'd by a eloud,
So alternately fate o'erwhelms weak, strong, and proud.

“ Bell's Life” celebrates through its heaven-born bard
The pugilist heroes, Deaf Burke and Jem Ward ;

With Jem Belecher, whom death so soon laid in his
grave—

I, Tomlinson, Chapman, Banks Bowe, Brunskill the
brave !

But my pen needs repairing—my ink is us'd up—
And whilst watching the wrestling had only one cup !
Besides wet and cold I've been standing too long,
Another day's study must finish my song.

Refresh'd I begin now to finish my lay,
Adjourn'd from the 18th, a wet stormy day,
When cold drenching rain quench'd bright poesy's
fire,
Relaxing the strings of Apollo's old lyre.

First Swat, alias Adam Parke, lad of spring steel,
Like a basket-rod tough, thou turn'st like an eel ;
Though strength overwhelm'd thee, thy glory shalt
shine,
And Bards round thy temples fame's laurels entwine.

With laughter all hail'd thee, good Dominie Graham,
Thy parson-like look and thy iron-rod frame,

But soon chang'd was laughter to boundless applause :
 Thou grass'd thy men cleanly 'midst deafen'ning
 huzzas.

William Bateman, the vet'ran, of thee next I sing,
 A braver old wrestler ne'er entered a ring ;
 Thy science and energy seem undecayed,
 And many a hero thou prostrate hast laid.

Fam'd Wilson, Griers, Murgatroyd, Mossop, Banks
 Bowe,
 To describe your achievements my muse knows not
 how ;—
 By practice untaught, uninstructed by book,
 She ne'er can define hype, haunch, cross-buttock, hook.

The triumphs of Chapman my song ne'er can tell,
 Or how Brunskill brave like the forest oak fell ;
 How Graham, with black coat on, still gallantly won,
 Till forc'd to submit to the great Tomlinson.

I would dwell on your merits till spring flowers
 bloom,
 Yes, delighted continue till time seal'd my doom ;

Exhorting each Bard and each votary of mirth,
To carol your praises in sky and on earth.

But I must conclude, though reluctant, my strain,
Expecting on May-day to meet you again ;
For our Cricket Ground the committee I'll ask,
For Poets are licens'd, and mine be the task.

Farewell ! fancy's finger fondly figures May-day,
Till then in dull silence shall slumber my lay ;—
So long live our Quecn, may she soon married get,
And Chapman unconquer'd remain our crack pet.

October 25, 1838.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

The following effusion was written to alleviate the distress of the veteran whose name appears in its pages: it was intended to have been printed and afterwards sold by him for his benefit, but this he has not been able to perform, in consequence of his increasing lameness. John Grant is a native of Aberdeenshire; in early life he enlisted in the 71st Regiment of foot, commonly called M'Cloud's Highlanders, in which corps he served many years, and in the war against Tippoo Saib he was several times severely wounded, having volunteered his services in three forlorn hopes, or storming parties, namely, Nundydroog, Severendroog, and Bangalore. He was discharged from his regiment with a pension, and not being materially disabled, entered as a landsman on board the Marquis of Lansdowne, Letter of Marque, for the East Indies, and on returning home with that ship, in an action with a French privateer, near the Isle of France, he was desperately wounded, and rendered unfit for further service. In addition to this unfortunate occurrence, he was deprived of his pension, having been absent for a longer period of time than was allowed by the government regulations; and his destitute condition becoming known to his late colonel, Sir David Baird, afterwards General Baird, he generously allowed him £10 a year, which Grant enjoyed until the death of his generous benefactor, in the year 1819. This brave old soldier, who was covered with glory in many a well-fought field, and who bears on his body upwards of twenty wounds, is now an inmate of Preston Quarter Poor House, where, however, he enjoys every comfort from the humane and kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. Sturgeon, which the regulations of that establishment will permit. Contented in his situation, and possessing a good memory, and a considerable share of intelligence, the veteran loves yet "to shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won."

THE POET'S INTERCESSION.



A brave old soldier, sinking in the vale
Of years and want, begs me to prompt his tale.
Shall I refuse? No, heaven itself requires me,
To sing a soldier's woes, and heaven inspires me:
Sweet-sounding sympathy shall swell my strain
To sooth his sorrows, and relieve his pain,—
To smooth life's rugged road, which rougher grows,
For years advancing bring increasing woes.

In youth he fought and bled for Britain's fame
In Mysore's fields. Behold his mangl'd frame!
Whilst cruel fate reveals his humble name.

His native pibroch cheer'd him to the battle;
He heard undaunted death's dread volleys rattle;
And brazen cannons thunder loudly roaring,
With prostrate Hindoos Juggernaut imploring;
Unmov'd he heard grape shot rush fluttering by,
'Midst dying foemen's last convulsive cry,

In march or counter-march, to front or flank,
 Hope urged him "Forward"* oft, though comrades
 sank,
 And India's scorching sands their heart's blood drank.
 From duty's path he never turn'd aside,
 For "Forward," glory whisper'd, was his guide ;
 Courageous still, he scorn'd to retrograde,
 And scal'd the breach by battering eannon made,
 First of the forlorn hope the wall he mounted,
 Whose spears and matchlocks cowardice recounted ;
 At Nundydroog he volunteer'd to storm,—
 No childish fears unnerv'd his gallant form :
 He trod the tumbling wall with heart elate,—
 The routed foe fled for an inner gate,
 Which gain'd, the dastards shut, pursu'd by fate ;
 But Britains quickly conquer'd the enslav'd,
 And soon their standard on the ramparts wav'd.
 In fight he fearless fac'd the furious foe,
 But now in anguish drains the cup of woe ;—

* The Inscription on the Regimental Colours.

Then hear the veteran chaunt his martial lay,
 Though o'er his path hope seareely sheds a ray ;
 My sympathising muse directs his way ;
 And kindly purchase this old soldier's song,
 For heaven remembers generous actions long.

THE VETERAN'S APPEAL.

Kind fellow-men, peruse my hapless tale,
 Fate's unabating storms my soul assail ;
 A soldier once, now doom'd to suffer want,
 In pain and poverty lives old John Grant ;—
 Far from my native rocky mountains, I,
 In bitter anguish, wipe my tearful eye.
 From Seotia's heath'ry hills and sunny streams,
 Allur'd by hope and fancy's darling dreams,
 I join'd the martial throng in manhood's morning,
 To fight my country's battles, danger scorning ;
 In Eastern India met the dark-fac'd foe—
 My wounds incurable I yet can show.
 Full twenty wounds earn'd in the conflict's rage,
 Now poor and pennyless comes hoary age,

And pain unceasing swells misfortune's page.
 I scorn to boast, but never did I shun,
 The pointed spear, or loaded, levell'd gun ;
 To charge, I've heard Tippoo's bright bugles sounding,
 Seen his dragoons from our firm line rebounding,
 Whilst rear and centre ranks fir'd independent,
 Till vanquish'd fell man, horse, and gay commandant.
 The contest to renew fresh squadrons wheel'd,
 But British heroes in our front rank kneel'd ;
 Fix'd as the rocks that guard their native home,
 Whose towering tops frown o'er the ocean's foam.

Though doom'd for life to crawl this dreary earth,
 A stranger still to soul-reviving mirth,
 My life once hopeful with despair is fraught,
 And now, alas ! my battles all are fought ;
 Yet in imagination, though remote,
 I hear the rolling drum, the pibrach's note ;—
 Yet doth my recollection wander far,
 And fancy lights in silence scenic war—
 Shows Bannockburn and Mysore's blood-stained field,
 And Tippoo nobly life and empire yield ;
 Shows Egypt's plains, where Abercrombie fell,
 And Waterloo, Napoleon's funeral knell ;—

E'en now enrapt view I chivalrie glory,
 And furious fighting, fam'd in sounding story ;
 To change the front I surely hear the caution,
 For on our flank dragoons dark draw the faucon ;
 "Form open column, sections backward wheel,"
 (With measur'd step each comrade softly feel,)
 "In echellon obliquely gain the flank,"
 (Discipline dresses still the pivot rank),
 Another caution,—“Column will deploy”—
 Sweet memory yet perceives a glimpse of joy.
 “Right shoulders forward, quick, form line, halt,
 dress,—
 One volley—Fire ! Charge bayonets ! Forward
 press !”

But now yon battery, with its fatal fire
 Of murderous grape, aim'd with precision dire,
 Must force our gallant soldiers soon to yield,
 Or scale its ramparts from the hostile field ;
 “Storm its strong walls, my storming party ready,
 Place firm your ladders, pioneers, be steady ;
 Quick, but not hurriedly, all loaded, mount,
 And bards in song your actions shall recount.”

Now victory's shouts proclaim the fortress won,—
In wrath no more recoils the ponderous gun ;
On its high walls our colours are display'd,
The vanquish'd foe in silent shame array'd,
Are first disarm'd, then to the rear convey'd.

CONCLUDING SOLILOQUY.

How sweetly still Sol sheds his rising beam,—
 His lustre pouring o'er the ocean stream ;
 And, swiftly mounting to meridian height,
 Rolls, rob'd refulgently, in blazing light ;—
 Descending quickly sinks he 'neath the wave,—
 So man's course finish'd, sinks he to his grave.

Life's summit gain'd, I also downward run
 To meet that destiny none e'er could shun ;
 For conquering time creation's lords draws down—
 Destroys each tooth and shaves the aged crown ;
 With wrinkles furrows beauty's crimson'd cheek—
 The manly voice turns faltering, faint, and weak.
 Nor age nor ache feel I, but manhood's vigour—
 Can prime and load, and nicely pull a trigger ;—
 To gain a flank can march in echelon—
 To charge a foe would rush with ardour on ;—
 Can dress the ranks, the awkward learn to wheel—
 To point the toe, and rightly place the heel ;

Can teach the manual—the platoon to fire—
 How to recover, and by files retire.
 Fled are those scenes, though yet in memory gay—
 Those scenes that charm'd life's lovely morn away,
 Till years advancing wak'd my dormant lay ;
 And fifty-six arriv'd, inspir'd I sing,
 And drink the nectar of Castalia's spring.
 O, I can ne'er forget Mc. Cargo's grave !
 For there heaven rous'd my dormant harp to save,
 His name and memory from oblivion's wave,
 E'en whilst his crew their farewell tribute gave ;—
 For as they forward brought his youthful bier,
 Celestial music fill'd my raptur'd ear.
 Such tones before had ne'er been heard nor sounded,
 Save when infernals pandemonium founded ; *
 Or when Orpheus charm'd the gloomy king, †
 Or Paganini touch'd his magic string.
 My fingers there first thrum'd the vocal lyre,
 And heaven rous'd poesy's long latent fire,

* See Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

† See *Heathen Mythology*.

To wail Me. Cargo prostrate in the earth,
 Far from the verdant isle, his place of birth;
 To light with smiles each hapless exile's face,
 To sooth the sorrows of the human race;
 To blast th' Imperial Bruin on his throne,
 To fix hell's terrors in his heart of stone;
 To swell my vengeful song, for I shall print it,
 Though foes should ridicule as they have hinted;
 And in each ale-house call the bard a fool,
 Who rhymes untaught by books or grammar rule.
 My heaven-born Muse, (need I with flattery sham
 her?)

Instructs my verse, but never taught me grammar;
 Yet my sledge satires sometimes strongly hit,
 Those book-bred bards, notorious Tom, W—l L—t.
 To me they pointedly could ne'er reply,
 Though o'er his Granny's grave W—l pip'd his eye;
 His bubbling founts like conduits yet o'erflow
 Whilst he in senseless strains proclaims his woe.
 E'en doctor Abram got coerced for scoffing
 At his good friend, the mournful, useful coffin.

In fancy now I view their final fate
 Depicted clearly, e'en the day and date,

When rhymster B—y, in his village school,
 By neck suspended kicks away the stool,
 On which, while standing, Belzy comfort gave,
 By humming verses from his Granny's grave ;
 Whilst the cordwainer, with his leather knife,
 Insanely ends his wicked, treacherous life,
 And gurgles farewell to the Ostler's wife.
 Thus justice seals each hateful traitor's doom,
 Whilst execrators yell around their tomb.

Oft by my satire when compell'd to fly,
 Disgrac'd, defeated, yet they lurking lie
 To watch my steps like murder's dark assassin ;
 To vent vindictive spite as I am passing ;—
 To stab my fame, ye men of honour know it,
 With finger pointed—better still to show it.
 One whispers, "look ! that man's a crazy poet ;"
 Rude, reekless rhymsters, ruthless, ruffian race,
 Why on my peaceful Muse inflict disgrace ?
 But by my powers poetie they shall feel
 The vengeful vigour of my pen of steel :—
 The far renown'd, the ancient gray goose quill
 May wound a villian, but can never kill.
 I vow, though mercy in me ne'er congeals,

To drag these traitors at my chariot wheels,
 And fling them, writhing, on some sterile sod ;
 But I am drowsy and inelin'd to nod—
 My weary eyes require refreshing sleep,
 For from day's portals morn will shortly peep.

* * * * *

"Come to your bed!" Now there's my wife awake!
 "With cold I tremble, and with coldness ache;
 No woman ever did so much endure—
 You're writing verses now on T—y M—e."
 Be patient—I shall quickly come, my dear,
 But just this moment are the Muses here.
 "The Muses! nothing but presumptuous w—s,
 Detain men from their wives past midnight hours.
 Muses! vile trulls! you now can seareely wink
 For sleep, so leave them, or I'll spill your ink."
 One couplet I will write, though thou should'st scoff,
 So pray be silent. Where did I leave off?

"Yes; fling them writhing on some sterile sod,"
 Where mortal man or creature never trod.

* * * * *

“What blaze is that creates me so much dread?
 Good God! your eap is burning on your head!
 And nought insur’d, confound your Jew-trump lyre;
 Some night you’ll surely set this house on fire.
 A flaming chaplet you at last have got,
 For sleepless nights a bright poetie lot:
 But come to bed, and don’t sit staring there,
 Like some bewilder’d poet in despair.”

Delighted, oft perus’d I Goldsmith, Gray, *
 Till rosy Phœbus usher’d in the day;
 Long winter nights, I thrum’d my native strains,
 Till darkness vanish’d o’er the frozen plains;
 In bliss, I oft the midnight oil consum’d,
 But now, alas! to sad misfortune doom’d.

What bard ere suffer’d such a dire disaster,
 To scorch his crown, and wear a cerate plaster;

* These two delightful poets were great favourites with the author, and their works were intensely and repeatedly perused by him at an early period of his life.

But now to rest determinedly I go,
To wrap in slumber's veil poetie woe ;
No more composing nod by candle-light,—
So nymphs of Solyma, farewell—good night !

THE END.



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