

If warbling hymns in the Creator's praise,
 Pour'd all around from many a balmy
 brake,
 Thy mind can charm, thrice welcome
 to these shades,
 Where peace and mild content for ever
 dwell!
 And while the wearied limbs at rest are
 laid
 By some sequester'd minstrel-haunted
 bow'r,
 Bethink thee as the Eden foams along,
 Majestic down his deep and rugged bed,
 So pass thy days, but never to return.
 Now if the lofty pine attract thine eye,
 'Twill lead thy thoughts to heav'n. In
 musing mood,
 The wide-stretch'd mountain, the proud
 oak-crown'd rock,
 The wood of many hues, the far-heard
 stream,
 The sportive flocks that graze the vel-
 vet lawn,
 Nay ev'n the grassy turf o'er which
 we tread,
 Green habitation of the insect world,
 Each speaks in silent eloquence of God.

P perchance, in quest of rural nook
 thou stray'st,
 A stranger to these much-lov'd scenes:
 then know,
 The virtuous owner of this blest abode,
 By justice, charity, and boundless love,
 Gives lustre never-fading to the spot.
 If in thy bosom beats a patriot's heart,
 Indignant at the threats and murd'rous
 deeds
 Of him, thy happy country's high-
 swoll'n foe,
 Here HOWARD * bails thee welcome to
 his seat!
 But if cold apathy enslave thy mind,
 And thou of England's weal regardless
 roam;
 Or feel not for thy brethren, Afric's
 sons,
 By Britons torn from kindred, friends,
 and home,
 Exil'd for ever, for thy luxuries;
 Weak votary to pleasure, pride or
 power,
 Hence, laugh with folly in the noisy
 town!

* This gentleman was one of the first who raised a Volunteer Corps in England, which he now commands.

Belfast.

A.

TO MARIA.

"Sweetest innocence illumed her bashful eyes,
 And on her polished brow, sate young simplicity."

DEAR Maria! why so pensive,
 Why indulge the frequent sigh,

Maiden sweet and inoffensive,
 Whence the tear that dims thine eye?
 Say Maria!

Brightest eye! in kind confession,
 Speak...O grant my fond request;
 Sparkling beams of sweet expression!
 Tell me what afflicts thy breast,
 Dear Maria.

Pouting lips, where loves and graces,
 Dimpling dwell in am'rous play,
 Why should woes usurp their places,
 Whence the secret sigh, O say!
 Sweet Maria.

Pretty bosom! yonder lily,
 Is not half so sweet to me:
 Breathe thy sorrows to thy W.....
 W.....'s heart is full of thee,
 Dear Maria.

Swell'd with grief, that heart shall never,
 All its love and truth resign.
 Fate may bid us part for ever,
 Yet my mind...my soul is thine!
 Dear Maria.

Haply...all our sorrows over,
 In the realms of peace at last,
 Thou shalt greet thy faithful lover,
 Port of bliss! for tempests past,
 Sweet Maria.

O then damsel inoffensive,
 Cloud no more thy sparkling eye;
 Cease to sigh...nor look so pensive,
 Welcome hope and tranquil joy,
 Dear Maria.

Sept. 20th, 1808.

W.

ON MAJOR TROTTER,

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER HIS DEATH,
 BY A LADY.

O H! how much I'd love the worth to
 tell,
 Of him, who bravely fought...lamented
 fell!
 But ah! my lays could ill reveal,
 What those who knew him best, can feel.
 The tears of friendship long will flow,
 Many a heart will throb with woe;
 For all must sigh...that one so brave,
 Should find in early life a grave;
 Yet weeping still, his friends will say,
 Although his life has pass'd away,
 The never dying voice of fame
 Will love to dwell upon his name;
 And glory's laurels ever bloom,
 Around the Hero's sacred tomb.
King's, Dublin.