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With

The author's compliments

To

Captain Hammond

THE

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Houses of the Oireachtas







*Engraved by E. Scriven from a Drawing by E. Hays after a Bust by J. Smith.*

"Let us do all the good we can,"  
I am faithfully yours,  
Wm. Morrisson  
Amradale Leathargy.



THE  
LOVE OF COUNTRY:

FROM THE  
SCHOOL FOR PATRIOTS,  
AND  
UNIVERSAL BENEVOLISTS.

BY  
JOSEPH HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF

THE ROYAL CODE OF HONOR; REFLECTIONS UPON DUELLING, AND OTHER  
PREVAILING VICES; THE ADVOCATE OF ISRAEL, &c. &c.

“Thou art not mortal,—thou didst come from Heaven!  
Spirit of Patriotism, thou art divine!”

“Who, that surveys this speck of earth we press,  
This point of space, in time’s great wilderness,  
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
When he could build him a proud temple there?”

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO HIM,

At whose divine command, our native Isle assumed its station, form, and verdure;— who loved HIS Country with redeeming zeal, and planted in our heart an ardent love for ours, the following pages are most humbly dedicated.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

ANNADALE COTTAGE,  
DUBLIN.

Houses of the Oireachtas



SOME OF MANY

## TESTIMONIALS

IN FAVOUR OF MR. HAMILTON'S WORKS, WHICH ARE NOW BEING  
REPRINTED IN A POUND EDITION, FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

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IN an age of great political and polemical excitement, it was not easy to avoid the giving of offence, by the conscientious expression of one's own opinions, nor was it very easy to avoid creating bitter adversaries when engaged in the zealous advocacy of the calumniated or the injured, yet numerous testimonials of the most honourable nature have been furnished by individuals of all ranks, parties and religious professions, as to Mr. Hamilton's benevolence, usefulness and talents.

*By the Right Honourable Sir George Whiteford, Lord Mayor of Dublin.*

"It appears by the Journals of this City, and by other documents, that Joseph Hamilton, Esq., of Annadale Cottage, Dublin, has been the Author of several useful Works; that he has received public addresses, votes of thanks, and innumerable testimonials from persons of different ranks, professions, sects and parties, including the Prince, the Viceroy, the Field Marshal, and the Prelate, which testimonials are highly honorable to him, as a 'Christian Patriot,' a 'Philanthropist,' a 'Writer,' and a 'Gentleman.'

"As those documents are too numerous for immediate examination, by persons unacquainted with his efforts in the cause of Virtue and Humanity, and as several of the highest public functionaries conceive the circulation of his Works may be attended with considerable advantage to society, the present Testimonial is given, to certify his claims on general co-operation and support.—*Dublin, 18th November, 1833.*

[*City Seal.*] "GEORGE WHITEFORD, Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Copy of a Letter from Alderman West, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR;—I return you many thanks for the books you have been kind enough to present to me, which I esteem as greatly enhanced in value by the nature of the contents, and the character of the author. I am anxious to assist the designs of one whose zeal and efforts have been so disinterestedly exerted, and with so much success, for the benefit of his fellow-citizens."

Extract from the Note of Sir Thomas Whelan, who was Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1832.

"The Lord Mayor presents his compliments to Mr. Hamilton, and will feel gratified by Mr. H. having his name added to the list of those who approve of his benevolence."



In a Letter from Alderman Archer, the Lord Mayor of Dublin,  
for 1833, he says,—

“DEAR SIR,—As far as my knowledge for many years enables me to do, I can with truth assert, that your most anxious wish has been at all times to promote the happiness, comfort and welfare of your fellow countrymen, and that you have received the approbation of all classes of every religious and political persuasion.”

In 1819, Sir Thomas M’Kenny, the then Lord Mayor, certified under the City Seal, that Mr. Hamilton was a gentleman of veracity, and of irreproachable character.

“Mr. JOSEPH HAMILTON, of Annadale Cottage, has long and zealously laboured to correct Prevailing Vices; and the extensive circulation of his Reflections may be attended with considerable advantage to society.” JACOB WEST, Lord Mayor of Dublin.—GEORGE HOYTE, High Sheriff of Dublin, 1830.—ROBERT HARTY, Lord Mayor of Dublin.—JOHN MALLETT & G. A. F. HALAHAN, High Sheriffs of Dublin, 1831.—THOMAS WHELAN, Lord Mayor of Dublin.—JOHN SEMPLE, jun., and JOHN K. TAYLOR, High Sheriffs of Dublin, 1832.—CHARLES PALMER ARCHER, Lord Mayor of Dublin.—GEORGE PRESTON, High Sheriff of Dublin, 1833.—D. J. DICKINSON, High Sheriff of Dublin, 1834.—JOHN F. HYNDMAN, High Sheriff of Dublin, 1835.

At an Aggregate Meeting, held in Dublin, in 1830, to consider the best means of preventing the breach of courtesy and waste of life; it was unanimously resolved—

“That the thanks of the meeting, and of the public, were justly due to Mr. Hamilton, for his benevolent, zealous and effective exertions, to introduce a system which would tend to promote harmony, gentlemanly conduct, and mutual forbearance.”

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*Subscriptions for the Pound Edition of his works may be addressed to Annadale Cottage, Dublin; to the Banks of Messrs. Herries and Co., St. James’s Street, London; Latouche and Co., Castle Street, Dublin; or, to the Printers.*



# THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

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"Thou art not mortal,—thou didst come from Heaven!  
Spirit of Patriotism, thou art divine."\*

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THAT generous quality which the world calls patriotism, is equally common to civilized and savage states, and has been equally eulogized by Pagan and Christian Authors.

The Ethiopian thinks his burning sands were made by the Almighty, while beings of an inferior nature formed the remainder of the world. A tribe of the Arabians say, the sun and other planets were created solely for their deserts. The inhabitants of Malta denominate their little rock "The flower of the Universe." The Carribeans conceive their land alone deserves the name of Paradise. The Chinese consider theirs as the celestial territory, for which all the heavenly constellations were created; and it was in vain, that their liberal Emperor Canghi recommended them

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\* No controversy here we hold,  
On politics or creed,  
Such themes as these, alas! have made  
Too many nations bleed.



to leave a few of the stars for the benefit of less favoured nations.\*

Thus, we see, the couplet in one of our National Melodies is justified by facts, for

“The savage loves his native shore,  
Though rude the soil, and chill the air.”

And thus, we find with the celebrated author of *The Traveller*, that a man's first, best country, ever is at home.

“There, every good his native wilds impart,  
Implants the patriot passion on his heart.  
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone,  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,  
Extols the terrors of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease.  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks kind heaven, for all the good it gave.”

Montgomery has given us his valuable testimony on this subject.

“There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Belov'd by Heav'n o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age and love-exalted youth;  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.”

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\* It is also said of the Chinese, that before their intercourse with Europeans, they believed China was the centre of the globe, and that all the other kingdoms, which amounted to seventy-two, were dispersed around their empire in the form of little islands, as satellites to decorate their planet.



In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.  
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country——"

Again,

"Home, kindred, country! these are ties  
Might keep an angel from the skies."

Conway, speaking of the Norwegians, says, "It has been my lot to visit many lands,—some of them celebrated for nationality; but in that enthusiastic love of country which is unrestrainable when countrymen are assembled together, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres, all that belongs to and distinguishes his native land;—his mountains, his rocks, and his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* (old Norway,) have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. '*Gamlé Norgé*' is heard in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus '*For Norgé!*'—the national song of Norway. Here, and in an hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression '*Gamlé Norgé.*' The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted, and one might suppose, for the moment that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom."

Had Ireland been amongst the countries visited by Mr. Conway, he might justly have given as strong a testimony in favour of her children, when toasting "*The Land we Live in,*" "*Erin go Bragh!*" or "*Ireland as she ought to be.*"

"Great, glorious and free,  
The first flower of the earth,  
And first gem of the sea."



Deakman asks

"Where is the heart that will not beat,  
More proudly on the mountain wave;  
Nor feel the life-blood back retreat  
Into the mystic crimson cave,  
When he thinks on his *Father Land*?

Our *Father Land*! who names the name  
Of Father Land, without a tear?  
The voice of love, the voice of fame,  
The voice of all we hold most dear,  
Tell us to love our Father Land."

And Carrington exclaims,

"Whence is this wondrous sympathy, which draws  
Our souls to home by its mysterious laws,  
Where'er we wander; and with stronger love—  
Sways the touch'd heart more distant as we rove?

Ask of the soldier,	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

'Tis the sweet wish once more to view the strand,  
Far, far away, his own—his native land;  
To live again where first he drew his breath,  
And sleep at last, with those belov'd, in death.  
Blest home, wherever seated—sweetest—best  
Of all on earth, to him his hope, his rest."

"You call this weakness!" (says a noble poet,)

"It is strength,  
I say,— the parent of all honest feeling.  
He that loves not his country can love nothing."

The Chinese assert, that he who sincerely loves his country, leaves behind him the fragrance of a good name, even to an hundred ages; and Scott has branded, in immortal language, the reputation of that being, who is unconscious of such a truly generous passion.



“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath not within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering o’er a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,  
For him, no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To that vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonor’d and unsung.”

“Do what we will,”

“The time will come,  
When we shall drop into the tomb,  
Unwept, unhonor’d, undeplor’d,  
Or lov’d, lamented, and ador’d.”\*

In that accounting time to God and to our nation, may  
it be said,

“Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illum’d by one patriot’s name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On liberty’s ruins to fame.”†

The scenes of our infancy are singularly dear to us, and  
our youthful imaginations are capable of impressions,  
which can never be effectually removed.

“The maid of India, blest again to hold  
In her full lap the Champac’s leaves of gold,  
Thinks of the time, when by the Ganges’ flood,  
Her little play-mates scatter’d many a bud  
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam,  
Just dropping from the consecrated stream ;

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\* Power.

† Moore.



Sees call'd up round her, by the magic scents,  
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;  
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again."\*

The Abbe de Lille assures us, a Banana tree at Paris has been bathed by the tears of an Indian, who appeared to have been mentally transported to his native soil, by the unexpected presence of its indigenous production. We know that Irish clay has been carried into England, Palestine, Italy, and South America; and we have seen it kissed with great enthusiasm by an Irish soldier, when his regiment was in Liverpool.

Some stones from the venerable walls of Jerusalem, and clay from the Holy Land in its vicinity, with olive, vine, and fig trees, which we recently received, have excited a strong feeling amongst the most learned and pious of our Hebrew brethren, who have no country except Palestine.

A Hottentot boy, after being reared by the French colonists in Africa, and successfully engaged in several commercial voyages to India, became desirous of revisiting the spot on which he first had breathed.—The sheep-skin clothing of his countrymen, and the great simplicity of their lives, possessed such charms for him, that he determined to abandon the more polished circle of his European friends, and addressing himself to the Governor at the Cape, he said, "I have returned from the tents of my relatives, to acquaint you, that I have determined to abandon the mode of life you have so kindly taught me. I will follow the manners and religion of my ancestors until my death. I will preserve this collar and sword, which you have given me, as a mark of my imperishable gratitude; but all the rest of my property I shall leave behind me."

Several Greenlanders were brought to Denmark, where, by an order of the king, they were treated with distinguished

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\* Moore.



marks of kindness; but neither favourite food, costly apparel, nor ever varying amusements, could abate the melancholy which preyed continually upon their health. Their country was ever uppermost in their thoughts, and the North was the attractive point on which they firmly fixed their tearful vision. Three of them very speedily expired, and two continually pined away with sorrow, as if high Heaven had

“Doom’d them never more

(Ah! men unblest!) to touch their native shore.”\*

After several endeavours to escape, one of them, at last, succeeded in getting out to sea, where it was supposed he perished. Speaking of those men, a Danish Missionary says, “the huts of the aboriginal Greenlanders are constructed of the lamina of slate, branches of trees, moss, and turf. This people, so miserable according to our ideas, carry their attachment for their country to an excess. Every indigenous native will say, with the fierceness of an old Roman, “I am a *Kalalit!*” the name which they give themselves as a nation. The Greenlanders brought to Copenhagen, and treated with the most particular attention, always are known to sigh after their paternal abodes. “There is not,” say they, “enough of sky in Denmark; it is not cold enough; no fine ice, no sea dogs, no whales; with these exceptions, your country is almost as good as ours—but,” they add, “you have a great many poor among you. Why do not the rich assist them? You have servants—slaves—should a man serve his equal? Should a man be treated like a dog? You dread your robbers and assassins—Ah! reform all these things among your countrymen, which do not exist among us, before you undertake our reformation.”†

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\* Pope’s *Homer*.

† The Court of Russia could never prevail upon a single Samoiède to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean and settle at St. Petersburg.



The story of these Greenlanders justifies Delta's beautiful lines in Blackwood's Magazine.

“ The halo round the seraph's head  
 Too purified for thing of earth,  
 Is not more beautifully bright  
 Than that celestial zone of light,  
 Which Nature's magic hand hath shed  
 Around the land which gave us birth.  
 Oh! be that country beautified  
 With woods that wave, and streams that glide;  
 Where bounteous air and earth unfold  
 The gales of health, and crops of gold;  
 Let flowers and fields be ever fair;  
 Let fragrance load the languid air;  
 Be vines in every valley there,  
 And olives on each mountain's side:  
 Or, let it be a wilderness, where heaven and earth oppose  
     in gloom;  
 Where the low sun all-faintly glows  
 O'er regions of perennial snows;  
 Still 'tis the country, not the less,  
 Of him who sows what ne'er may bless  
 His labours with autumnal bloom.  
 Yes! partial clans in every clime,  
 Since first commenced the march of time,  
 Where'er they rest—where'er they roam—  
     All unforget,  
     Have still a spot,  
 Which memory loves and heart calls home!  
 From where Antarctic oceans roar  
 Round Patagonia's mountain shore,  
 To where grim Hecla's cone aspires,  
 With sides of snow and throat of fires!”

Mr. Walker, a Scottish gentleman, connected with the press of Liverpool, says, in a poem which he recited on St. Andrew's Day,

“ Our native land! what words so well  
 Can bid the generous bosom swell?  
 Our native land! that sound can bring  
 A world of thought on memory's wing;



Thoughts round the heart that fondly twine,  
Remembrances of 'Auld lang syne.'  
Our native land ! there first our eyes  
Beheld the glorious earth,—the skies ;  
There first we poured, with infant tear,  
Our woes into a mother's ear.  
Soft tears, shed like an April shower,  
That brighter left the sunny hour.  
'Twas there, 'about the braes we ran,'  
Ere worldly toil and care began.  
'Twas there 'we paddled in the burn,'  
Nor deemed 'that man was made to mourn.'  
'Twas there that reason's heavenly light,  
First burst upon our mental sight,  
And taught our riper years to scan  
'The wond'rous ways of God to man.'  
'Twas there our earliest friendships grew,—  
Our earliest loves, still strong and true ;  
Or, if one link be broke, we'd fain  
Renew with warmer love the chain.  
Land of our sires !  
Our hearts will turn where'er we roam,  
To thee, our loved, our earliest home.  
The love of home, all tribes may claim,  
Of every land, of every name.  
When wandering south, the Esquimaux  
Will languish for his fields of snow.  
If trav'ling in a milder land,  
From tropic plains and burning sand,  
The Indian, with a love as strong,  
Would for his native thickets long.  
The English wand'rer joys again,  
To see his native fertile plain,—  
The mansion proud, the cottage neat,  
With ivied porch, and woodbine seat ;—  
And we, for Scotia's healthy hills,  
Her glens, her wild woods, and her rills,  
Proud of our birth on such a land,  
So purely left by Nature's hand."

The *Medical Adviser* relates a most interesting case of Nostalgia, or pining for home. When the British troops were



in the South of France, a soldier of the fifty-third regiment was amongst the patients in the Military Hospital. He was a Welshman, who, at the age of nineteen, had recently enlisted, during a momentary fit of inebriety \* From the moment of his embarkation for Spain, he was seized with a profound dejection, from which no efforts could arouse him; he was carried to the shore at Passages, in the province of Biscay; he scarcely took any nourishment for the support of nature, and was continually talking, sighing, or weeping about home. The hills of San Sebastian reminded him of his native mountains, and he wished that he had died before he had abandoned them so rashly. He grew worse upon the march, and, previously to the battle of Orthes, was taken to the Military Hospital, from whence he was speedily transmitted to Bourdeaux. He seemed totally indifferent respecting all that passed around him; he would answer no question, or even open his mouth. His eyes were fixed, in one unmeaning stare, and even his eyelids were not seen to twinkle. He scarcely appeared to breathe, or move, and the stroke of his pulse was not to be distinguished. After remaining eight days in this distressing state, without the use of nourishment, a little warm brandy was administered, which had no influence upon his pulse. A cup of chocolate was placed in his hand at ten o'clock in the morning, and in nearly five hours afterwards, he was found holding it undiminished, in the very same position. Six soldiers, with buckets, were ordered to throw cold water over him, and on receiving the fourth, he fell in convulsions from his chair. After a repetition of this treatment for six or seven days, he at length began to speak a little, and shed tears. Three weeks elapsed before he was recovered, when he was found to be totally unconscious of all that happened when in Spain. So great was the sympathy which his case excited, that the officers gave him a

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\* Too many become soldiers under similar circumstances.



generous assurance he should speedily revisit that dear native country, to which his attachment was so great.

Tupai and Potaveri, who came to Europe, with Hawksworth and M. de Bougainville, evinced a similar anxiety, and frequently ascended the rigging, to look out for home.

“As slow, our ship the foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pendant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving;  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us.”\*

A young Midshipman, departing from England, says,

“The stubborn anchor quits the ground,  
The vessel gathers way,  
The swelling gib-sail swings around,  
And bears her head to sea:  
But oh! what pangs my bosom swell,  
While thus I'm torn from you!  
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell—  
My native land, adieu!

Blow fair and fresh, thou steady breeze!  
In manhood's early prime,  
Thou'lt waft me o'er the foaming seas  
To India's sultry clime.  
The rising gales our canvass swell,  
And curl the waters blue;  
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell—  
My native land, adieu!

As, stooping to the breeze, she flies  
Swift o'er her wat'ry way,  
The distant cliffs, before my eyes  
Receding, fade away;  
Yet fancy still delights to dwell  
On each dear scene I knew;  
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell—  
My native land, adieu!



Pope says, "I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered when I was a child."

"The horrid plough has razed the green,  
Where yet a child I stray'd ;  
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,  
The school-boy's summer shade."\*

Suetonius informs us, that the Emperor Vespasian always passed the summer in a small village near Reate, where he was born, and to which he never would add the least embellishment.

Robertson, the historian, asserts, that when the Emperor Charles the Fifth was on his way to the Monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy which is so natural to the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity.

"Teach me," says Seneca, "to love my country, my wife and parents, and to overcome every obstacle which may impede the discharge of those duties."

Campbell declares that, "an attachment of this description is, generally, the characteristic of a benevolent mind ; and that a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it."

"As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite,  
These, with magnetic virtue, soon unite ;  
And hence, this spot gives back the joys of youth,  
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth :  
Hence, homefelt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh ;  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die."

To the latest hour of life, we remember with a peculiar feeling, the bower which we knew in childhood, and the field in which we gathered the first flowers of the spring. After a long absence from our native village, the sight of

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\* Logan.



its humble steeple, its ivy-covered turret, or its "harbour fort," awakens sensations which cannot be easily described; and to whatever quarter of the globe either business or pleasure may transport us, our minds will cast "a lingering look behind," fondly anticipating all those pleasures which are generally attendant upon man's return to his country.

Goldsmith says,

"In all my griefs———

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew;  
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,  
Here to return, and die at home at last."

In his beautiful little poem of the *Deserted Village*, we find a number of its most interesting features associated with peculiar taste.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd.  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Scenes of my youth, where every sport could please;  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
How often have I paus'd on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church, that tops the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports, beneath the spreading tree;



While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending, as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports, the youthful train inspired."

Lord Byron speaks of the scenery, in which he spent his youth:—

"Yet, Caledonia! beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits tho' elements war,  
 Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.  
 Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On Chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;  
 I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Lock na Garr."

Again,

"Oh! land of my fathers, and mine!  
 The noblest, the best, and the bravest!  
 Heart-broken and lorn, I resign  
 The joys and the hopes which thou gavest.  
 Dear mother of Freedom, farewell!  
 Farewell to thee, land of the brave!  
 Farewell to thee, land of my birth!  
 When tempests around thee shall rave,  
 Still—still may they homage thy worth."

Campbell informs us that—

"At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
 He has 'mused, in a sorrowful mood,  
 On the wind-shaken reeds that unbosom the bow'r,  
 Where the home of his forefathers stood.'  
 That wand'ring, he found, on his ruinous walk  
 By the dial-stone, aged and green,  
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
 To mark where a garden had been."



And Smollett says—

“On Leven’s banks, when free to rove,  
And tune my rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain,  
That ever trod th’ Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave:  
No torrents strain thy limpid source;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o’er its bed,  
With white, round, polish’d pebbles spread:  
While, lightly pois’d, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave the crystal flood.  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make.  
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;  
And lasses chaunting o’er the pail;  
And shepherds piping in the dale;  
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;  
And industry, embrown’d with toil.”

Dr. Stanier Clarke, when on the continent, spent much of his time at the Court of Baden, where the Margrave having asked him which of the countries he had seen he would like to spend his life in, said, “I believe there is but one Heaven and one England.”\* In the concluding part

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\* Mirabeau, who was present, exclaimed, “*C’est bien, Anglois! bien, Anglois!*” and after dinner, the Prince acknowledged to the Doctor, that if he could choose his lot in life, he would be of the first rank of English Nobles, rather than of any class of sovereigns elsewhere.

“Then must the Briton, though he strays  
O’er distant seas or earth,  
Find reason yet to love and praise  
The land that gave him birth.”—*Poetical Album.*

“A fairer isle than Britain, never sun  
Viewed in his wide career: a lovely spot,  
For all that life can ask. Salubrious, mild.  
Its hills are green, its woods and prospects fair;  
Its meadows fertile, and to crown the whole,  
In one delightful word,—it is our home,  
And native land.”—THOMSON.



of his travels, he makes the following apostrophe to his native country:—

“Oh, England! decent abode of comfort, and cleanliness and decorum! Oh! blessed asylum of all that is worth having upon earth! Oh! sanctuary of liberty for the whole civilized world! It is only in viewing the state of other countries, that thy advantages can be duly estimated. Oh! land of happy fire-sides, and cleanly hearths, and domestic peace; of filial piety, parental love and connubial joy! The school of sages, the temple of law, the asylum of innocence, the bulwark of private security and of public honour!

“Where’er I roam, whatever climes I see,  
My heart, untravell’d, fondly turns to thee.”

Count Oxenstiern, and many other foreigners, have justified the native eulogists of England; and while we deplored the long neglect of Irish interests, by her rulers, our muse could not withhold the following little tribute to the virtues of her people:—

“While Britain’s faults we strive to mend,  
Her virtues we may boast,  
And hope kind Providence may send  
Each slave upon her coast.  
The Negro’s foot-mark on her sands  
Is speedily remov’d,  
And he, erect, a Freeman stands,  
By citizens belov’d.

“When freedom’s sons in exile roam  
From any foreign land,  
They’re sure to meet with many a home  
On Britain’s friendly strand.  
When foes are sinking in the wave,  
Before her wooden walls,  
And not one plank remains to save,  
To man the boat she calls.



“Where famine rages, there she sends  
 Her seasonable aid;  
 Her wealth to heaven, through man she lends;  
 And may she be repaid.  
 While Britain’s faults we strive to mend,  
 Her virtues we may boast,  
 And hope kind Providence may send  
 Each slave upon her coast.”\*

Cowper is equally impassioned on the subject.

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrain’d to love thee. Though thy clime  
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform’d  
 With dripping rains, or wither’d by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow’rs.”

“Can we expect,” says Pope Ganganeli, “an Englishman not to be an enthusiast in favour of his country?”†

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\* Always an ardent admirer of Washington’s moral and political character, we were sincerely grieved on learning that the key of the Bastille, which had been presented to the Liberator of America by General La Fayette, was lately shown to some visitors at Mount Vernon by a slave. We were also grieved on learning that the aged negro woman, from whose breasts he first drew nourishment, has recently been hawked about from town to town through the United States, like dwarfs and giants at a fair. Would that George Washington had, like Simon Bolivar, liberated his own poor slaves without a price, and become an influential advocate for the bondsmen of his fellow-patriots.

†“In the wide world there is no country so happily combining the vigour of freedom with the ornaments of civilization,—the virtues of morality with the polish of refinement,—the blessings of order with the blessings of liberty. There is no country where there is such perfect security for property; no country (but one) where industry is so well rewarded. There is no country, except England, where true domestic comfort is understood, much less enjoyed. There is no country where the men are more industrious and honest, the women more virtuous or more beautiful. There is no land which cultivation has rendered so perfect a garden, or which art and industry have so highly enriched. There is no government but one—if one—better combining the elements of improvement, both for itself and



We have been gratified by the perusal of a poem from the muse which left Sir John Moore in a grave at Corunna.

the people, with the bulwarks of stability. Burdens we have, which I would fain see lightened,—abuses, which I would fain see reformed,—national faults and failings, which may never be wholly corrected. But we have within us the springs of wealth, the guards of safety, and the means of advancement. May we learn to prize our blessings, whilst we remove all that clogs or stains us!"—*Leeds Mercury*.

To insure the pleasures of home, wherever that home may be, says Ramsay, one must be content with it; either from having seen other countries, and thereby finding its superiority, or else through ignorance, and knowing no better. This truth has been well illustrated by an English traveller in Sicily, who describes his arrival at the town of Caltagirone, where his landlady, after some whimsical incidents, at last prepared his dinner. He says, "When I sat down to my chicken, she very coolly took her chair within a yard of the table, and on the opposite side sat a priest, who had taken up that position by the way of asking a few questions of the 'Cavaliere Inglese;' and after many apologies for the liberty he was taking, he begged to converse with me upon the subject of England, which the people of those parts were very anxious to hear about, and the opportunity of inquiring so seldom occurred; and by the time I had dined, I observed half-a-dozen people collected round the door, with their eyes and mouth open, to hear the examination. 'And pray, signor, is it true what we are told, that you have no olives in England?' (Olives and bread form the principal part of the food in Sicily, and oil is a necessary of life.) 'Yes, perfectly true.' 'Cospitto!' (*Cospitto* and *Cospittoni* are equivalent to *zounds!* and *gadzooks!*—how so?) 'Cospittoni!' said the landlady. 'Our climate is not propitious to the growth of the olive.' 'But then, signor, for oranges?' 'We have no oranges neither.' 'Poveretto!' said the landlady, with a tone of compassion, (which is a sort of fondling diminutive of 'povero!' 'poor creature!' as you would say to your child, 'poor little manikin!') 'But how is it possible, signor,' said the priest; 'have you no fruit in your country?' 'We have very fine fruit; but our winters are severe, and not genial enough for the orange tree.' 'That is just what they told me,' said the lady, 'at Palermo, that England is all snow, and a great many stones. But then, signor, we have heard what we can scarcely believe—that you have not any wine?' 'It is perfectly true, we have vines that bear fruit; but the sun in our climate is not sufficiently strong, which must be broiling, as it is here, to produce any wine.' 'Then how the deuce do you do?'

"I told them that, notwithstanding, we got on pretty well; that we had some decent sort of mutton, and very tolerable beef; that our poultry was thought eatable, and our bread pretty good; that instead of the wine, we had a thing they call ale, which our people, here and there, seemed to relish exceedingly; and that by the help of these articles, a good constitution, and the blessing of Heaven, our men were as hardy and loyal, and our women as accomplished, virtuous and handsome, as any other people, I believed, under heaven:" 'Besides, Mr. Abbate,



The Reverend Charles Wolfe (not the Missionary, but an Irish Protestant Clergyman, who was an honour to his nation), speaking of that patriotism which fired his youthful heart, says—

“Angels of glory! came she not from you?  
 Are there not Patriots in the Heaven of Heavens?  
 And hath not every seraph some dear spot  
 Throughout the expanse of worlds? some favourite home,  
 On which he fixes with domestic fondness?  
 Doth not e’en Michael, on his seat of fire,  
 Close to the footstool of the throne of God,  
 Rest on his Harp a while, and from the face  
 And burning glories of the Deity,  
 Loosen his rivetted and raptured gaze,  
 To bend one bright, one transient downward glance,  
 One Patriot look upon his native star?  
 Or do I err? and is your bliss complete,  
 Without one spot to claim your warmer smiles,  
 And e’en an angel’s partiality?  
 And is that passion, which we deem divine,  
 A poor, mere mortal feeling? No! ’tis false!  
 The Deity himself prov’d it divine:  
 For when the Deity convers’d with men,  
 He was himself a Patriot! To the Earth,  
 To all mankind, a *Saviour* was he sent,  
 And all he loved with a Redeemer’s love:  
 Yet still his warmest love, his tend’rest care,  
 His life, his heart, his blessings and his mournings,  
 His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee, Jerusalem—  
 To thee, his country! Though, with a Prophet’s gaze,

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I beg leave to ask you what cloth is your coat of? ‘Cospitto! it is English;’ with an air of importance. ‘And your hat?’—‘Why, that is English.’ ‘And this lady’s gown, and her bonnet and ribbons?’—‘Why they are English.’ ‘All English! then you see how it is; we send you, in exchange for what we do not grow, half the comforts and conveniences you enjoy in your island. Besides, *padrona mia gentile!* (my agreeable landlady) we can never regret that we do not grow these articles, since it ensures us an intercourse with a nation we esteem!’ ‘Bravo!’ said the priest; and between bravo and viva, the best friends in the world, I escaped to my carriage.”



He saw the future sorrows of the world,  
And all the miseries of the human race  
From age to age rehearsed their parts before him;  
Though he beheld the fall of gasping Rome,  
Crush'd by descending Vandals; though he heard  
The shriek of Poland, when the spoiler came;  
Though he saw Europe in the conflagration  
Which now is burning, and his eye could pierce  
The coming woes that we had yet to feel;  
Yet still o'er Sion's walls alone he hung;  
Thought of no trench, but that round Sion cast;  
Beheld no widow's mourn, but Israel's daughters;  
Beheld no slaughter, but of Israel's sons.  
On them alone the tears of Heaven he dropp'd,  
Dwelt on the horrors of their fall—and sigh'd,  
“Hadst thou but known, even thou, in this thy day,  
“The things which do belong unto thy peace;  
“Hadst thou, Oh! hadst thou known, Jerusalem!”  
Yet well he knew what anguish should be his  
From those he wept for; well did he foreknow,  
The scourge, the thorns, the cross, the agony.  
Yet still how oft upon thy sons he laid  
The hand of health; how oft beneath his wing  
Thy children would have gathered, O Jerusalem!  
Thou art not mortal—thou didst come from heaven!  
Spirit of Patriotism, thou art divine!  
Oh Erin! O my mother! I will love thee!  
Whether upon thy green Atlantic throne,  
Thou sitt'st august, majestic and sublime;  
Or on thy Empire's last remaining fragment,  
Bendest forlorn, dejected and forsaken.—  
Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings and thy woes,  
Thy glory and thy infamy, be mine!  
Should Heaven but teach me to display my heart  
With Deborah's notes, thy triumph would I sing—  
Would weep thy woes with Jeremiah's tears;  
But for a warning voice, which, though thy fall  
Had been begun, should check thee in mid air.  
Isaiah's lips of fire should utter, ‘Hold!’—  
Not e'en thy vices can withdraw me from thee;  
Thy crimes I'd shun—thyself would still embrace,



For e'en to me Omnipotence might grant  
To be the "tenth just man" to save thee, Erin!  
And when I leave thee, should the lowest seat  
In heaven be mine—should smiling mercy grant  
One dim and distant vision of its glories,  
Then, if the least of all the blest can mix  
With Heaven one thought of earth, I'll think of thee!"

The Irishman who can read those lines without emotion is no patriot.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe has passed to his account with unstained reputation; and that he is not the only Protestant who holds the patriotic ministry of angels in this world, will appear by the following passage from the works of Finlayson.

"The Gospel has lifted up the veil which covered futurity from mortal eyes, and given us a clearer view of the land of spirits. It has given us a complete assurance that this land has a real existence; that the condition of its inhabitants will be determined by the nature of their conduct in the present probationary state; that if they have been good, they shall be raised to a pure, and glorious, and delightful society; that their employments shall be the most honourable and improving, and that their happiness shall be without interruption, and without end. From what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, we may infer, not only that the separated spirits of good men live, and act, and enjoy happiness; but that they take some interest in this world, and even that their interest in it has a connexion with the pursuits and habits of their former life. What a delightful subject for contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! What a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart! Your labours of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former



attachment. They will behold with rapture even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions, which they once delighted to rear; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity, and, by the permission of God, they may descend at times as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachment. Though invisible to us, they bend from their dwellings on high, to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls the blessedness of heaven."

We are assured that,

"The expansive spirit,  
Here spent in efforts of imperfect good,  
Shall see its wish complete; its friendships safe  
From time and severance; universal bliss  
Triumphant; and from death perfection risen!"

"Come," (says another writer,)

"Hour decreed  
Of renovation! Fire awakening, come!  
Of truth, benevolence and fortitude,  
And active virtue."

When Mirza Mahmoud Hassan, the Persian Ambassador, was at the English Court, being rallied upon the comparative beauty of Persia and Great Britain, he said, "It is true we have not such fine houses, adorned with looking-glasses, as you have; we have no carriages, nor are we rich;—but we have better fruit, and almost every day we can behold the sun."

The Arabian tribes in Persia are very frugal in their meals, which are chiefly composed of dates. One of their



women having come to England, with the family of the British resident at Abusheker, was eagerly surrounded on her return home, and questioned as to all she saw and heard when in Great Britain. Her description of the roads, carriages, horses, wealth and splendour, excited the envy of her audience, until she informed them, that all the time she was in England she never saw a single date tree, though she was continually looking out for one. The sentiments of the Arabs were speedily changed from envy into pity for the unfortunate territory which was not blessed with dates.\*

Some of the

————— “Nameless ties  
In which the charm of country lies,”

are mentioned in Hamilton's Translation of Metastasio's Themistocles. The Patriot replies to Xerxes, when asked what he could admire so much in Athens?

“All, Sire ! the ashes of my ancestors,  
Her sacred laws,  
Her name, religion, manners, language, interests;  
The splendour which she from my toil derives,  
Her ambient air, her soil, her plants, her walls,  
Her very stones.”

This reply was worthy of Themistocles, who had previously reminded his intended son-in-law, Lysimachus, that

“The friend and Patriot should not be confounded.”

“To our Country” (said he)

“All lesser interests should be sacrificed.”

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\* It is a saying among the Arabs, that whoever has once tasted of the Nile, can never wholly abandon the sacred valley which it flows through ; but wherever he may wander, he will, some time or another, return to Egypt, drawn thither by the magical attractions of its river.



It was worthy of another reply to his protector, Xerxes:—

“Should I violate, with impious hand,  
The hallowed earth press’d by my infant steps,  
And be my parent country’s parricide?  
Ah! no: my miseries shall never urge me  
To perpetrate a deed so vile and heinous.—  
Persia protects, but Athens gave me birth.  
Deep in each generous breast implanted lives,  
For ever lives, unaltered, uncontroll’d,  
Affection filial for the parent spot,  
That witnessed our first breath. The brutes themselves  
Visit with savage joy their native dens.”

Speaking of the favours which he had received, he says,

“Their ever-living characters,  
Are printed in my heart. Let Xerxes send me  
Against his other enemies—my blood  
Is for his service ready to be shed:  
But let him not expect that e’er the wrongs  
I suffer will compel me to betray  
My country’s interests, and disturb her peace.  
No: Xerxes, press it not; I’ll perish for her.  
Full well I know the ground on which I tread;  
Nor am unconscious of impending ruin.”

Xerxes could make him “or blest or wretched,” “but not a rebel!” “He owed his life” to Xerxes, “not his honour.” Spurning his patron’s friendship, “braving his resentment,” his “country’s hatred” he repaid “with love.”

Hear Metastasio speak for this Athenian, while he refuses to invade that country from which he had been most unjustly banished—:

“Oh Athens! oh my country! name so fatal,  
Yet ever dear!—for thee I’ve toil’d and bled,—  
I’ve borne thy frowns, and, unrepining, dragg’d  
From shore to shore the burthen of my woes!—



————— My children—  
 The first ambition that should fire your breast,  
 Is honour, pure affection for your country,  
 And strict discharge of your respective duties,  
 In whatsoever station Heaven shall place you :  
 You may be great in the most lowly station.  
 Be it thy task, my friend Lysimachus,  
 T' assure our country of my firm attachment;  
 Petition in the favour of my ashes :  
 I pardon all the wrongs heap'd on my head,  
 And only crave a place for my cold urn.  
 And oh ! ye generous powers, who hear the prayers  
 Of innocence, look down upon my country ;  
 Defend, protect, exalt your favourite Athens ! ”

The Edinburgh Review, of Jan. 1824, says, “The disadvantages to which individuals are subjected in their native land, must be very great indeed, to render force and unjust restraints necessary to retain them in it. It is endeared to us by the tenderest ties. The sea which the emigrant has to pass, appears (to use the words of Mr. Malthus,) like the separation by death, from his friends, his kindred, and the companions of his former years ; and, except when a spirit of enterprize is added to a strong sense of the evils of poverty, and a lively expectation of being able to escape from them in another country, few will be disposed to snap asunder the ties which bind them to the homes of their fathers ; but would rather tamely

“ Bear those ills they have,  
 Than fly to others that they know not of.”

We are told, that the soul of the emigrant

—— “ Clung to his native land,  
 His hopes were centred there ;  
 Not but that other climes might be  
 More beautiful and fair.  
 In them he found a peaceful home,  
 Which no one gave elsewhere ;  
 But if his heart felt aught of joy,  
 Why did he shed a tear ? ”



Sprung from the very heart of Ireland, and taught from infancy, to love her with unusual ardour, our separation from her never can be voluntary, except that separation can be made promotive of her welfare. If, indeed, upon that Holy Hill which God delights to dwell in, and on which he promised Solomon to hear the stranger from a distant country, our humble prayer could be made available for Ireland's peace, the following should be the constant prayer of one little family, which holds a unity of sentiment upon this interesting theme.

“THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

“Our GOD, our SAVIOUR, and our GUIDE,  
For all our nation's wants provide.  
Give pardon, persevering grace,  
Health, freedom, unity and peace.

Oh! let unerring wisdom teach  
All those who rule, instruct, or preach;  
And with each subject of their care,  
The same unerring spirit share.

Shield us from ills of ev'ry kind,  
Which scourge the human form or mind;  
From pestilence, want, fire and flood;  
From spoil, from violence and blood.

Upon our dwellings, flocks and fields,  
And all our land or water yields:  
Upon our planets, rain and dew,  
Let ev'ry blessing come from you.

To ev'ry land, to all who live,  
The favours we solicit give;  
Especially to Israel's race,  
The Holy Heritage and place.

Oh! be the subject of our lays,  
JEHOVAH of SABAOth's praise:  
And be the universal theme,  
Each sacred Attribute and Name.’\*’

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\* This prayer, in which we have not introduced one word offensive to the follower of Moses or of Christ, has been translated



The Rev. W. Dale says, in his poem of the Exile,

“Not yet; not yet, a few brief hours  
Are mine to linger still—  
To gaze upon the ivied towers,  
That crown my native hill;  
To glance o’er each familiar tree  
That shades that lovely spot—  
All that must soon forsaken be,  
But shall not be forgot.  
For now a wanderer must I roam,  
The sport of every wave;  
Far from my childhood’s much-loved home,  
And from my father’s grave!  
Nor can I hope in other clime  
To find a home as dear;  
Hearts cannot change with place or time,  
And mine will still be here!  
For here, with father, sister, friend,—  
With nature’s holiest ties,  
Another name was wont to blend,  
And other dreams to rise.  
’Twould soothe me, when, in other days,  
With other thoughts I ranged,  
On wood, and hill, and tower, to gaze,  
And find them still unchanged!  
But now a tyrant’s stern command  
Constrains me hence to roam:  
Then, oh! farewell, my father’s land!  
Farewell my only home!  
Whate’er of valley or of hill  
In other lands I see,  
That will I deem the loveliest place  
That leads my thoughts to thee.”

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into Hebrew by a learned Jew; and we have offered five copies of our works to the composer of the best musical composition for it which shall be produced. We shall give the same premium to the best composer of music for our Tribute to British Virtue, in page 16, which song has been respectfully dedicated, with permission, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.



“Let him who loves his country,” said O’Connor, in his Letter to Lord Castlereagh, “estimate the difference between exile from the world, and exile from our beloved Ireland.”

In the song of the Exiled Knight, we find the following lines :

“I sigh’d to look on the humblest flow’r,  
The lowliest shrub, or the meanest weed,  
That grows upon Albion’s poorest mead ;  
The trees that grew near were not the same  
As those on the shore from whence I came.  
And my heart was sad as I paced the strand,  
Afar, afar from my own bright land.  
I gazed above when the stars appear’d,  
And the heavens their silvery crescent rear’d ;  
But the sky itself did not seem so blue,  
And the moon did not look so sweetly through,  
As those I had seen in my earlier hours,  
When I wander’d free in my native bow’rs :  
And I turn’d with tears from the lonely strand,  
Afar, afar from my own bright land.”

Mr. Campbell has described “A Poor Exile of Erin,” who, at the morning twilight, was grieving for his country, when

— “The day star attracted his eyes’ sad devotion,  
As it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh !  
‘Sad is my fate,’ said the heart-broken stranger,  
‘The wild deer and wolf to a covert may flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike the bold anthem of Erin go bragh !  
‘Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.



Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing ;  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh !' \*

The Swiss soldier,

“ That guards a foreign shore,  
 Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more ;  
 If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,  
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,  
 Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,  
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.”

The ingenious Campbell, who was author of those lines, tells us, that the *Ranz des Vaches* was a celebrated air amongst the Swiss, which their young cowherds used to play upon the bagpipes, while watching their flocks upon the mountains. This air, so dear to their hearts, was forbidden, under pain of death, to be played amongst their troops, as, upon hearing it, they would burst into tears, desert their colours, and sometimes even die, so ardent was the desire which it excited in them to revisit their native country.

In this air, the stranger finds no energetic tones, which are calculated to produce such wonderful effects. It was the association of ideas respecting their native homes, their ancient pleasures, and the happy period of their infancy.

Lord Byron has a beautiful allusion to the Swiss, and their favourite air, in the *Two Foscari*.

“ But who can number  
 The hearts which broke in silence at that parting,  
 Or after their departure ; of that malady  
 Which calls up green and native fields to view,

---

\* Erin, my darling, Erin for ever.



From the rough deep, with such identity  
 To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he  
 Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them?  
 That melody, which out of tones and tunes,  
 Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow  
 Of the sad mountaineer, when far away  
 From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,  
 That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,  
 And dies. You call this *weakness*! It is strength,  
 I say,—the parent of all honest feeling:  
 He that loves not his country, can love nothing."

Mrs. Hemans thus translates the last of the Tyrolese melodies, as sung by the Rainer family during their stay in England:

"Wherefore so sad and faint my heart!  
 The stranger's land is fair;  
 Yet weary, weary, still thou art—  
 What find'st thou wanting there?  
 What wanting! all, oh! all I love!  
 Am I not lonely here?  
 Through a fair land in sooth I rove,  
 Yet what like home is dear?  
 My home! oh! thither would I fly,  
 Where the free air is sweet,  
 My father's voice, my mother's eye,  
 My own wild hills to greet.  
 My hills with all their soaring steep,  
 With all their glaciers bright,  
 Where, in his joy, the Chamois leaps,  
 Mocking the hunter's might.  
 Oh! but to hear the herd-bell sound,  
 Which shepherds lead the way  
 Up the bright Alps, and children bound,  
 And not a lamb will stray!  
 Oh! but to climb the uplands free,  
 And where the pure streams foam,  
 By the blue shining lake to see,  
 Once more my native home!



Here no familiar look I trace;  
I touch no friendly hand;  
No child laughs kindly in my face—  
As in my own bright land!"

The Hebrew captive, dropping his tears into the Babylonian stream, hung his neglected harp upon the willow, refused to sing the song of Sion in a foreign land, and exclaimed, with patriotic ardour, "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning. If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

"There are few Irishmen (says Power, in his notes to the poem of the Outlaw,) who should hear one of their native melodies in a foreign land, but would be moved even to weakness; their hearts are generally composed of very tender materials, and their affections are linked by so many recollections, even by its very wrongs, to that little verdant spot, that its image is endearing in their view; and though abandoned by many for a while, in pursuit of that wealth, which they have not encouragement to make at home, yet in the decline of life, their fondest and dearest wish is, to return and deposit their remains within its bosom."

"There's not" (says he,) "a sod of earth,  
Upon the land which gave me birth,  
I do not venerate, above  
The loveliest spot the world can prove.  
Yes, dear to my heart is every stone,  
Erin, thy rugged mountains on;  
Dear each shrub, each tree that grows,  
Where wildness, loveliness repose.  
Perhaps 'tis but a cloud a while,  
That gathers o'er our native isle,  
Which once dispersed, on Europe's eye,  
She'll burst with tenfold majesty;  
And look her down upon the throng,  
By whom she was despised so long."



The author of the Pleasures of Hope informs us, that

“For home, *Foscari*, whose relentless fate,  
 Venice should blush to hear the muse relate;  
 When exile wore his blooming years away,  
 To sorrow’s long soliloquies a prey;  
 When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,  
 For this he roused her sanguinary laws,  
 Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,  
 And chains, and torture, hailed him to the shore.”

“Absence,” (says Moore,) “however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land in which we have been born, and Ireland is the country, above all others, which an exile remembers with enthusiasm.”

In this gentleman’s Irish melody of the Parallel, which he has done us the honour to assert was suggested by a work of ours, upon the Hebrew origin of the Irish and Scotch Nations,\* he says, addressing Sion,

“Like thine, doth her exiles † ’mid dreams of returning,  
 Die far from the home, it were life to behold;  
 Like thine doth her sons, in the day of their mourning,  
 Remember the bright things that bless’d them of old.”

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\* In a note to the eighth number of the Irish Melodies, the word Jews has been put instead of Israelites. The same mistake has been committed in Captain Rock. The word Jew was neither known politically nor religiously, at the time the partial exod of the Ephraimites from Egypt took place, and when a colony of Shem’s posterity arrived from Africa in Ireland. The Rabbis speak of such an exod, and that there was a Nazarite or separate branch of Joseph’s posterity, who knew not their origin, reserved for the latter days, must be evident to the reader of more texts than Gen. xlviii. 20, and xlix. 1 and 26; Deut. xxix. 15, and xxxiii. 16; Ezech. xvii. 22; Dan. ii. 45; Isaiah li. 1; Psalm lxxvi. or lxxvii. 15, lxxxii. or lxxxiii. 3 and 4; 2 Esdras ix. 21 and 22; Rev. xii. 1, 2, 5, and 6.

† “Say then but this—shall yon green isle,  
 Which dearer is than life to me;  
 Be ever bless’d with fortune’s smile,  
 Be ever happy?”

SAMPSON’S “*Hope of the Exile.*”

“Weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.”—*Jer.* xxii. 10.



Many estimable beings have given directions for the interment of their remains in their native soil, as was the case of the illustrious Patriarch, who amidst all the luxuries of the Egyptian Court, exacted an oath from his brethren, that they would carry his bones with them to Sechem, upon their promised restoration from the land of Ham.

Lord Byron says,

“ Should I lay  
My ashes in a land which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it, if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary ; I twine  
My hopes of being remembered in my line,  
With my land’s language.”

The African Negroes of the Gold Coast are so partial to interment in the land of their nativity, that, when a man expires at a distance from it, if his friends cannot conveniently remove the whole of his remains, they carefully prepare, and carry a portion of the bones, for solemn sepulture to the birth-place of the deceased.

The inhabitants of Java cherish a similar sentiment, and a powerful attachment to the little hillock, which cover the reliques of their ancestors.

When Europeans, covetous perhaps of the American Indians’ hunting grounds, advised their emigration to another country, they replied, “What ! shall we say to our fathers’ remains, arise, and follow us into a foreign land ?”

A similar feeling to that which we experience for our country exists towards the acquaintance of our infancy. The nurse, the play-fellow, the classmate, and the town’s-man become dear to us by the most tender associations. As we approach to manhood, our sympathies go on extending, until every subject of our native land obtains a part of our affections, and we are convinced that “true self-love, and social is the same.”



“Heaven forming each, on other to depend,  
A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
Bids each on other for assistance call,  
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
The common interest, and endear the tie.  
Look round the world, behold the chain of love,  
Combining all below and all above;  
See plastic nature wandering to the end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to the next in place,  
Form'd, and impelled its neighbour to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endued,  
Press to one centre still, the public good.”

A countryman to whom we have scarcely ever spoken when at home, is met with an involuntary embrace upon a foreign soil, and this feeling is no more at variance with universal benevolence, than the text which bids our charity prefer the household of faith to that of the unbeliever. A man's affections will first embrace his friend, his country next, and then the universe: his duty to each is so perfectly distinct, that its performance cannot in the least impair the other's right.

The late Dean Graves, when rebutting the charge, that Christian morality does not enjoin the love of country, said, “When Christianity teaches men to love their neighbours as themselves, to ‘obey those who rule over them in singleness of heart, not for wrath but for conscience sake; to give tribute to whom tribute is due, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour; to love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King;’ when it teaches men to perform every duty, and attend to every relation of civil life—to promote peace and order and brotherly love—are not these the true means of promoting the happiness of our country? Is not the man who acts on these principles the true patriot? If from theory we turn to example, did not Jesus, when he laboured to recall his countrymen to reli-



gion and virtue, act the patriot? When he lamented, in terms the most tenderly affectionate, the infatuated obstinacy and guilt of his countrymen—when he wept at the approaching desolation which their guilt provoked, and which he so long laboured to avert—did *he not in these instances feel as a patriot?* Thus, too, in the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, did not his zeal for the reformation and happiness of his countrymen glow with such ardour, that his expressions have been accused of rising to a fanatic violence? Why, then, is Christianity accused of not encouraging patriotism and friendship? Because it does not make either the subject of a direct encomium, or the object of a direct precept. Let us consider whether this can be accounted for. Had the Jews been exhorted to patriotism, would they not have understood it as a call to rescue their country from the Roman yoke? Had the Romans—would not some have thought it their duty to be active in aggrandizing the power of the empire, and others in resisting the despotism of the Emperor? and were objects such as these fit to be even indirectly recommended by the preachers of piety and peace? Even to this hour, is not patriotism too generally understood to consist in that narrow and mistaken spirit of monopolizing ambition, which, says a spirited writer, (Soame Jenyns), ‘imitates the mean partiality of a parish officer, and labours to enrich and aggrandize the patriot’s particular district at the expence of every other;’ and would it have been safe to make a virtue, so grossly mistaken and so much abused, the object of direct panegyric, or recommend it in any other way than by enjoining every virtue, and inculcating every principle which supports true patriotism, in such a manner as could not be suspected to countenance the false, and by exhibiting in the author of our religion, the most exalted example of this, as of every other virtue.”

The objects of true patriotism are, the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-citizens; the honour, beauty,



and improvement of our native land; it is not like that base affection for the world, which is declared to be at enmity with God. The true patriot will be emulous of every virtue; he will love peace, practise charity, and endeavour to reconcile his contending brethren, if, like the Israelites in Egypt, they should "do wrong to one another." Like the great St. Paul, he may sometimes shake his chains, and see that his chartered rights of citizenship be not invaded. He will industriously court instruction for himself, and eagerly impart it to his more occupied, or less studious countrymen.

"All private virtue is the public fund;  
As that abounds the State decays or thrives;  
Each should contribute to the public stock,  
And who lends most is most his country's friend."

The Hebrew nation has had several distinguished Patriots.

"Such men are raised to station and command,  
When Providence means mercy to a land.  
He speaks, and they appear. To him they owe  
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;  
To manage with address; to seize with power  
The crisis of a dark, decisive hour.—  
So Gideon earned a victory not his own,  
Subserviency his praise, and that alone."

But where shall we find a patriot like him, who, when it was expedient that one man should expire for the safety of his nation, voluntarily laid down his life for their advantage, after weeping for the impending ruin of Jerusalem, and desiring that disciple who would be chief amongst his brethren, to be their servant? not like the princes of the Gentiles, who generally lord it over them, but, if requisite, to lay down his life as a ransom for the multitude.

Camden observes, that "a patriot loves his country's good with a respect more tender, more holy, and profound,



than his own life." He accords with Thomson :

"Above ourselves, our country shall be dear."

And with Cicero and Horace :

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

The lover of his country is always liable to error, and with a heart that burns to serve, he may sometimes raise an arm to injure the very object of his solicitude.

It is indeed sweet and glorious to die for one's country, but it is frequently to be apprehended, that human creatures perish in pursuit of glory, power, rank or pay, rather than in the discharge of duties to their fellow-citizens.

We shall next endeavour to point out the duties of the patriot, and as he may be sometimes doomed to meet discouragement, from those who devote their days and nights to the calculation of their own advancement, regardless of their afflicted fellow-creatures,\* the interests of their country,

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\* In the next edition of our School for Patriots, and Universal Benevolists, we shall furnish numerous anecdotes like that which follows, and of which we can avouch the truth.

"BENEVOLENCE OF THE SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.—At a convivial party, which was chiefly composed of Scotch and Irish gentlemen, a celebrated writer having made a playful attack upon the Scotch, for what he called their parsimony, was replied to by Mr. Joseph Hamilton, of Annadale Cottage, Dublin, who told the following interesting anecdote:—

"In 1818, a worthy English friend of mine, who had been formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Hon. East India Company's service, was confined in the King's Bench Prison, London; and I was named, with Coutts's bank, Smyth and Rickards of Mansion House Street, and some other gentlemen, to solicit and receive subscriptions for the payment of his debts. Accompanied by Colonel Young, I called first on Mr. John Forbes, in Fitzroy Square, who said, 'Gentlemen, I never had the pleasure of seeing the individual you describe, but I believe an officer of that name was in Bombay before I left it; what sum do you think I should contribute?' 'What you please,' said Colonel Young. 'I would prefer your naming the sum yourselves,' said Mr. Forbes. 'Give, sir,' said I, 'according to your princely fortune.' The old gentleman persisting in a request that we should name the sum, I said, 'Interested for a worthy prisoner, and thus authorised by you, I will say fifty pounds.' A check for the amount was handed to us in the kindest manner, and without a moment's hesitation. We next called on Mr. Charles (now Sir



and the honour of their God, we shall offer a vindication of that enthusiasm which has truth and country for its object, by quotations from some of the most respectable authorities. Those quotations, with instances of ancient and modern patriotism and philanthropy, may cheer the benevolent patriot in his generous course, although they may fail to raise the temperature of that frigid frog-blood, which steals in drowsy dribblings from the wretched worldling's heart. To the latter we recommend our short and useful reflections for the wealthy, which we published twenty years ago.\*

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Charles) Forbes, who lived within a few doors of his uncle. As Colonel Young had been so diffident on our first application, I determined to be myself the spokesman on the second; and said to Mr. Charles, who was then the Member for Beverly, 'Sir, here is a promissory note for £100, which you generously lent to Colonel \*\*\*\*\* for twelve months, free of interest. On the day it fell due he was arrested by the creditor who holds him now in custody; and feeling that you had a powerful claim upon his gratitude, as well as on his justice, he paid this note at the expense of his own freedom, which is very precious to his unprotected wife and children. We have just been with your worthy uncle, who has given us fifty pounds, as the commencement of a subscription to release him, and shall be grateful to you for any aid which you may give.' A second check upon the bank for fifty pounds was his reply. My third application was in Fitzroy Square, where another worthy Scotchman gave me fifty pounds. Thus, in about five minutes, an Irishman obtained for the liberation of an English prisoner £150 from three Scotchmen, all from the good old town of Aberdeen."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

\* Some short and useful reflections for the wealthy:—

My Redeemer has declared that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven (Matt. xix. 24), and denounced woe to the rich, because they have here their consolation. (Luke vi. 24.) I am told that if I am rich, I shall not be free from sin. (Eccles ii. 10.) That they who will be rich fall into temptations, and the snares of the devil. (1 Tim. vi. 10.) That it is a sore evil to keep riches for the hurt of their owner. (Eccles v. 13.) That they choke the word of God, and render it unfruitful. (Matt xiii.) That he who trusts in them shall fall. (Prov. xi. 28.) That in an hour abundance of them may be brought to nothing. (Rev. xviii.) That I cannot serve God and Mammon. (Matt. vi. 24.) That nothing is more wicked than to love money. (Eccles xxxi. 5.) That a little is better with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. (Prov. xv. 16.) That if riches increase, I should not set my heart upon them. (Psal. lxi. 11.) That it will avail me nothing, if I gain the universe and



The mind of man is justly said to be his kingdom, and we derive so great a happiness from public labours, which have occupied our thoughts for five-and-twenty years, that we would not change our circumstances with any sovereign

lose my precious soul, (Matt. xvi. 26); and that unless I renounce all the property I possess, I cannot be the disciple of my Redeemer.

With these and many other alarming truths, so plainly set before me; the conviction that a few years at most shall see me mingle with corruption; that my heirs may be anxiously looking for my death; that my very name shall be speedily forgotten by mankind; and that my executor may be unmindful of his duty; whether should I continue an unfaithful steward of my trust, or enjoy a solid consolation, by doing good while in my power? I am desired to honour God with my substance; (Prov. iii. 9.) to be liberal to his house, (Matt. ii. 10.) and the ministers of his gospel. (Gal. vi. 6.) to visit the prisoner and the sick; to give food to the hungry, and apparel to the naked: (Matt. xxv. 36.) to be ready to distribute, willing to communicate. (1 Tim. vi.) I am told that those who promote the instruction of many, shall shine like stars for all eternity; (Dan. xii. 3.) that charity can cover a multitude of sins; (1 Peter, iv. 8.) that he who receives a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward; and that even a cup of water, bestowed in the name of Jesus, shall not be without its remuneration. (Matt. x. 42.) The early disciples of Christ cast all their treasures into one common fund; the poor fared as comfortably as the rich, who relied implicitly upon the promise which was given, that when the son of man should sit upon the seat of his Majesty, every one who had left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for his name sake, should receive an hundred-fold, and life everlasting.

If I defer the pious application of my property until after my decease, I shall lose much of the merit, as well as the solid consolation, derived from the performance of good actions; and my bounty shall be lessened by a very heavy duty. Besides, no man knows the hour in which the second advent shall take place, (Luke xii. 40.) and if I should be among the living, (1 Cor. xv. 51.) when my Redeemer comes to judgment, instead of calling upon the rocks to cover me, (Luke xxiii. 20.) I may stand with humble hope by the monument of my piety, and beg that he may cancel the remembrance of my sins.

While others are squandering their substance in unprofitable pursuits, may God give me the grace to make a proper use of mine, and accept of the offering which I now deliberately make, for the promotion of his honour, the release of his captives, the suppression of vice, the establishment of peace, the abatement of bigotry, or the virtuous instruction of those poor little children whose angels always behold their Father's face in heaven. (Matt. xviii. 10.)

See other passages, James ii. 5; Luke xv. 23; Psal. lii. 7; Jer. ix. 23; Habb. xxxviii.; and Rev. iii.



in the universe. Verily, we can assert that there is an hundred fold in this world, for those who seek it not, and if we could now stimulate the friends of virtue to increased exertions, we would say,—

————— “Still yielding praise to God, and aid to man,  
At least, let us do all the good we can.”

We firmly believe “there is another and a better world,” and that,

“The firm Patriot there,  
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
Shall know he conquered.”

Learn then, upon

————— “How sure a base,  
The Patriot builds his happiness. No stroke,  
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate,  
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,  
But that alone by which his country falls.”  
And “still superior must that hero prove,  
Whose first, best passion is his country’s love.”

We shall now repeat an early, ardent prayer,

“Pure patriotism guard the public weal;  
Extinguish discord’s torch, avert each blow,  
By native traitor aim’d, or distant foe,  
Against the freedom of our native isle;  
And arts, and learning, cherish with thy smile.  
Let useless sabres sheath’d in fruitful soil,  
With fair increase reward the peasant’s toil;  
Let each succeeding age more happy prove,  
And ev’ry PATRIOT share the PEOPLE’S love.”

THE END.