

SIR HARCOURT'S
VISION;
AN
HISTORICAL POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE ANNALS OF IRELAND," "KING'S VISION,"
"NEW DERRIANA," &c. &c. &c.

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Houses of the Oireachtas

SIR HARCOURT'S VISION,

&c. &c. &c.

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"We would only lay him under the obligation to give us something, under any circumstances, about Sir Harcourt Lees and the secluded grotto."

Dublin Evening Herald, Nov. 19, 1822.  
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THE fair Hill of *Howth* had o'ershadow'd the sun,
In a scene that has oft been admir'd,
When SIR HARCOURT, the toils of a busy day done,
To his favourite grotto retir'd.

In a cleft of *the Rock* was that *Grotto* so rare,
Bespangl'd with chrystal all round,
A peaceful retreat from intrusion and care,
Full twenty feet under the ground.

There the Baronet mus'd on the days that are gone,
With feelings of anguish and awe,
When a Vision of scenes since the year *Forty-one*,
In terrific succession he saw.

The *Bann* ting'd with blood, and an innocent crowd
All butcher'd and bleeding he view'd,
And the deeds of *Tirconnel*, revengeful and proud,
His feelings of anguish renew'd.

And stern and deaf to humanity's call,
Near *Derry* a wretch he beheld,
Who the young and the old round the fortified wall,
To perish with hunger compell'd.

From these walls the pale husband, despairing of life,
Yet resolv'd not to yield to the foe!
His children beheld, with his sorrowing wife,
The victims of famine and woe.

The mother he saw, on whose cherishing breast,
 In infancy happy he lay,
 And his grey-headed father, both grossly oppress'd,
 In vain for deliverance pray.

Then the Baronet saw at his clerical post,
 Father Murphy crusading for Rome,
 Till an impudent ball from the heretick host
 The Prophet despatch'd to his tomb!

A bridge o'er the *Slaney* sprang up to his view,
 Like an aqueduct flowing with blood,
 And a Prelate was there, while the bigotted crew
 The victims cast into the flood!

The Vision exhibited *Vinegar-Hill*,
 Where a mob shew'd their mortal dislike
 To those who had done, and who wish'd them no ill,
 Yet they fell by their murderous pike!

A barn full of christians he saw with amaze,
 Repell'd as they rush'd to the door,
 By the pikemen who kindled the roof in a blaze!
 And soon were the victims no more!!

By Oliver Kelly severely assail'd,
 Our Schools and our Scriptures he saw,
 When in Galway an innocent man was impal'd,
 In defiance of nature and law!

Nine churches in flames but too clearly display'd
 The ferocious assassins' design,
 That this beautiful Isle should a desert be made,
 Or surrender religion divine.

And yet at the churches these bigots had spar'd,
 In a subsequent day of distress,
 The christians their bread with their enemies shar'd,
 And prov'd how a foe they could bless!

Where peace was preserv'd, and religion bore sway,
 There did health and provisions abound:
 Where treason and bigotry darken'd the day,
 There famine and fever were found.

For Heaven, with a just and a powerful stroke,
From an angry, omnipotent hand,
In two of the Provinces utterly broke
"The staff of the bread of the land!"

In a chapel called *Stone-house*, not far from *Ardee*,
For Wildgoose-lodge bound to proceed,
A blood-thirsty gang did the Baronet see
All plotting a murderous deed.

Full forty assassins in dreadful array,
The number 'gainst Paul that combin'd,
From an altar erected to GOD took their way,
With the spirit of hell in their mind.

SIR HARCOURT beheld them their torches upraise,
To the roof of the lodge on the hill,
Eight victims to Popery died in the blaze!
And the blood in his body ran chill.

A Judge too he heard with a tremulous breath,
No foe to the Clergy of Rome,
Beseech them to punish these dealers in death,
On Diven pronouncing his doom.

But little that Judge, all unspotted himself,
Of the gownsmen he call'd upon knew,
How strong was their love to their Pope and their pelf,
To their oaths and religion how true.

No meeting of Bishops or Clergy was call'd,
At Reagh's-town or Stone-house to say,
That deeds of such horror their Pastors appall'd,
Who these felons would drag into day.

Oh! no—for the leaders whom Ribbonmen swear,
At twelve hours call to obey,
Are their titular teachers, whose pastoral care
Their follies could argue away.

Two oaths in this Island—no man will dispute,
Exist in this wonderful day;
The one of Rome's Bishops to persecute,
And heresy banish away.

The other of Ribbonmen—dreadful to say,
On a very short notice to rise,
Their innocent Protestant neighbours to slay,
And the sixth great commandment despise.

The Scriptures of life, which would teach them in youth
Their neighbours sincerely to love,
The Bible, that treasure of wisdom and truth,
These men from the people remove.

Like dogs in a manger, who food will not use,
And to others the blessing deny,
They regard not themselves, and to others refuse
The bread which comes down from on high !

We may judge of the tree by the taste of its fruit,
Tried here, and found bitter as gall ;
And the claims of their church, with precision refute,
To a peaceful and heavenly call.

The Baronet saw on an eminence plac'd,
A *Calf's Head* by a Jesuit's hand,
To maintain a *religionless* church now disgrac'd,
By the fruits it brings forth in our land.

A Primate he saw, of a titular name,
Take up this vile rotten Calf's head,
And pelt it in wrath, at a Prelate whose fame
O'er Europe for learning has spread.

At a Prelate, whose hand for religion divine,
The sword of the Spirit did wield,
Whilst others, who boast of their faith, lay supine,
Or abetted the foe in the field.

That Prelate, when Rome was as silent as death,
Corrupted like flesh in the grave,
Was found to repress infidelity's breath,
And the faith of a realm to save.

The head miss'd its aim, and the pelter his pains,
For the object he sought was too high ;
It recoil'd, and bespatter'd the blockhead with brains,
And blacken'd his envious eye.

Ha ! ha ! said SIR HARCOURT—oh ! what's that I see ?
Does Rome domineer here again ?
Does Wellington's Monk, late of humble degree,
Talk as high as a Prelate of Spain ?

Old *Oliver Plunkett* was minus a head,
Hang'd and quarter'd on Tyburn hill,
Yet not a rash word like this Friar he said,
To kindle disgust or ill-will.

Rome's Bishop of Clogher, by Cromwell severe,
Was hang'd for the blood that he spilt ;
O'er the Walls of Old Derry, stuck up on a spear,
His head fed the crows for his guilt.

Yet seldom he spoke, as in battle he bled,
Or in midnight crusade was engag'd,
Like the titular knight of the bloody Calf's head,
By a fabulous insult enrag'd.

But well from this *Grotto*, full two years ago,
I foretold that a policy blind,
Would fail to relaim an inveterate foe,
And the bonds of rebellion unbind.

My warnings were lost, on *the Whigs*, all resolv'd
Their experiment fatal to try ;
The bonds of Society here they dissolv'd,
And the harpies of discord let fly.

He spoke, and *THE VISION* amaz'd him again,
On a scale twice as large as before !
An army he saw marching over a plain,
With a cross which they seem'd to adore !

An *Oriflamb* bright this fair emblem display'd,
To the raging enthusiasts' view,
While Prelates and Priests in their Vestments array'd,
Cried fight for the faith that is true !

"ECCE SIGNUM," brave sons of the Emerald Isle,
Great Constantine saw it before,
On the "Catholic" Cause all Heaven will smile,
While Heretics wade in their gore.

Three centuries' wrongs in our memory deep,
Shall be bloodily righted to-day,
Our rights we'll regain, and these Infidels sweep
From our Island of Saints away.

Still true to ourselves, in the height of their pride,
Establish'd they thought in the land,
Their highest authority here we denied,
Their influence dar'd to withstand.

To Saint Peter alone our allegiance is pledg'd,
And his errorless Vicar in Rome ;
In the cause of the Cross are our weapons engag'd,
To-day shall our foes find their doom.

They're black in the mouth, and they're blue in the heart ;
Like Oranges dazzling our eyes,
They're coming—have at them, we never will part,
'Till the last of the Hereticks dies.

They spoke, as against them an army advanc'd,
In regular steady array ;
All around a great body of cavalry pranc'd,
And on went the terrible fray.

As rais'd by the winds, in a wild winter's night,
The Ocean rolls back on the shore,
The columns of Rebels advanc'd to the fight,
As their *Oriflamb* floating they bore.

And doubtful and bloody, and long was the day,
While thousands lay slaughter'd around,
Yet neither side trembled, or shrunk, or gave way,
And night found them both on the ground.

All horrid and wild was that heart-rending night,
No sleep clos'd the warriors' eyes,
Loud thunder'd the clouds, and the lightning bright
Illumin'd the gloomy skies.

The dogs on the slaughter'd began to prowl,
The tempest beat hard on the oak,
The dismal notes of the raven and owl,
The silence of midnight broke.

Then piercing and shrill was the widow's lament,
Re-echoed in terror around,
As issuing forth from her comfortless tent,
Her husband's cold body she found.

That body all mangled and cover'd with gore,
She view'd with a terrified eye;
She kiss'd the pale cheek, and lamenting no more,
Sunk down on his bosom to die.

Then Orphans exclaim'd, as all tender in years,
From the field they stray'd lonely away,
Could Religion divine be the cause of the tears
And the sorrow that seiz'd us to-day?

Next day with the dawn, was the battle renew'd,
Loud rattled the guns on the plain,
Both armies with ardour the contest pursu'd,
And both were recruited amain.

The battle appear'd to be fought in Kildare,
Where the rebels surrender'd before,
And columns from Cork and from Kerry were there,
And from Aughrim and ancient Dromore.

From rich Tipperary a legion appear'd,
Regimented and train'd in Clonmel,
Kilkenny's Blackabbeymen's voices were heard,
All chaunting the Protestants' knell.

By legal advice all these "*Bondsmen*" were train'd,
In the race they so wickedly ran;
The Bible they mock'd, and Religion disdain'd,
Ere this terrible war they began.

Whole cartloads of pork were from Limerick brought,
And oxen and sheep fair to view,
With credulous Englishmen's money all bought,
In the famine of twenty and two.

Oh! Catholic gratitude, never they said,
Could fail while the name should remain,
Their thanks to the Protestants ne'er be decay'd,
Till Blarney should swim into Spain.

Old DERRY, the simpleton Hereticks' pride,
Her Linen had sent them from far;
And the Synods of Scotland had freely snpplie'd
Their Committee with sinews of war.

In the rere of the camp, by a regiment kept,
Stood the Paymaster's carts full of coin,
From Altars in baskets of ten-pennies swept,
Which none dare approach to purloin.

When that levy was first in "*Green Erin*" begun,
By a long-headed Lawyer devis'd,
It was fully disclos'd by the light of "*THE SUN*,"
Whose warnings were weakly despis'd.

And with very good reason, the money thus rais'd,
All Catholic cost to defray,
Paid Lawyers and Advocates venal, who prais'd,
And protected the cause every day.

If the Magistrates careful, protected the peace,
And the Constables kept the mob down,
'Twas all by the Catholic Clergymen's grace,
We could live in the country or town.

With this cash were some seats in the Parliament bought,
And Newspaper puffers retain'd,
Yet so great was the sum which the levy had brought,
That a fund for the rebels remain'd.

With it at Armagh were the delegates fed,
By brave Willy Blacker secur'd;
It paid for artillery, musquets and lead,
And plenty of powder procur'd.

On—on went the battle—the second day's fight
Was fiercer by far than the first,
It continued with ardour from morning till night,
And hot for mans' blood was the thirst.

Then fell unlamented the pitiful crew,
Who had trimm'd, or for lucre or fear,
For the King's gallant army, far out of their view,
The wretches had sent to the rere.

In the "*Catholic Cause*" they had all struggl'd hard,
At Counsel, and Senate, and Bar,
And here do they meet with their final reward,
To perish unpitied in war.

Knocknacoppul's assassins, by Brereton's blood,
Mark'd over the forehead like Cain,
Beheld them as trembling and captive they stood,
For clemency calling in vain.

Common C'-U-R-T-E-S-Y now should a Friar induce,
In their favour to interpose,
But he'd rather a faithful Archbishop abuse,
Than stand between them and the blows.

Down—down with the *Miscreants*—slay them he cried,
To their own Institutions untrue,
Had we been like them, we would never have tried,
This heretical host to subdue.

Then women and children assail'd them with stones,
Unworthy to fall by the men;
The dogs and the birds pick'd their infamous bones,
And the fox gnaw'd their flesh in his den.

On the third fatal morning, when all were in doubt,
Which side would the victory sway,
A NORTHERN FORCE on the Rebels rush'd out,
And turn'd the fate of the day.

The blood that had boil'd in the days of King James,
Thro' the veins of the DERRY MEN brave,
Soon settled for ever the "*Catholic Claims*,"
And anarchy sunk in the grave.

The Laganeers bold, like their fathers of old,
All bred round the town of Raphoe,
With young Enniskilleners, hardy and bold,
Their *Oriстано* took from the foe.

Then brightly THE CRUCIFIX seem'd to ignite,
Casting off the VILE SLOUGH stain'd with gore,
Like the Sun after eclipse, it glisten'd all bright,
In a splendour unequall'd before.

Full sixty-five thousand, of British descent,
With hearts all unbending as steel,
The terrified rebels soon caus'd to repent,
And the point of their bayonets feel.

The slaughter continued from noon till the dew
Intermingled with blood on the plain,
While day-light allow'd them the foe to pursue,
They cover'd the roads with the slain.

Then halters, and ladders, and hatchets appear'd,
As a High Court of Justice requir'd,
And a gallows, full thirty feet high was uprear'd,
On which Demagogues daring expir'd.

The Peasants found mercy, but sulky and bold,
The first on the scaffold who fell,
Was a man who the rebels had wickedly told,
The Radical chorus to swell.

Who denounc'd like a Lunatic, foaming and wild,
Our union with *Britain the Great*,
And bearded a Government gentle and mild,
Insulting the Church and the State.

Not in fiery Fitzgibbon, or Musgrave renown'd
In the annals of Protestant fame,
Such a foe to his Church as this bully was found,
When seeking a popular name.

If the cause he espous'd had been next to his heart,
Would he join it with Cartwright's reform?
If he wish'd to his Church any good to impart,
Would he shipwreck that Church in a storm?

Full well might he know, had he brains to compute
The weight in the opposite scale,
That when coming to blows in religious dispute,
His "Bondsmen" could never prevail.

Thirteen millions of men he could hardly expect,
Whose Fathers had quarrel'd with Rome,
Would her "*mockeries*" vile of religion protect,
Or the dupes of her agents become.

He saw this at last, and despondingly cried,
As he mounted the ladder in woe,
Is this the result of my blustering pride,
Like a thief to the gibbet to go.

Oh! curst be the day when in "ERIN's green Isle,"
The flames of foul discord I rais'd,
When my Chronicle, Herald, and Register vile,
The Ribbonmen's principles prais'd.

Then close round his neck, within reach of his tongue,
As he roll'd it in agony wild,
His unlucky Gazettes, by green ribbons were hung,
With blood and with falsehood defil'd.

A LAWLESS companion, in misery there,
Shar'd the fate of the Cock of "*The Board*,"
A "Recorder" and "Irishman" curl'd his hair,
As an old wooden Saint he ador'd.

Then push'd from the ladder, with hands brac'd behind,
The fatal knots round their necks tied,
For Erin, "*lost Erin*," they swung in the wind,
Kick'd, struggl'd, and shudder'd and died.

The Vision then clos'd, and the Baronet rode
On the top of his speed into town,
Where he sought for a Poet's Olympic abode,
Who noted it carefully down.

Some said he was mad, and some thought him a fool,
About danger thus wildly to rave,
But he prov'd a wise madman, of Brutus's school,
Who labour'd a nation to save.

When he saw many jobbers of principles base,
Combine with the Jesuits grim,
Our great Constitution to maim and deface,
His eyes with deep horror grew dim.

An "ANTIDOTE" strong he contriv'd to procure,
To his purse at a heavy expense,
Tho' bitter to some, yet it carried a cure,
To restore them to reason and sense.

Unbeliev'd like a Prophetess Royal of old,
Who forewarn'd the wise men of Troy,
The "PADAREEN MARE," he the Government told,
The peace of the land would destroy.

A kick in her gallop the jade could command,
And wince when her withers were sore;
She could start and could stumble, and bite the fool's hand,
Who upon her would lavish his store.

But a tumour grown old in the frame of a state,
Will ripen and come to a head,
And a plethoric body, when physick'd too late,
Must be blister'd, and sweated, and bled.

Some cause, it is true, inflammation severe,
Before from the body they're freed,
And Governors wary, are all known to fear,
The ills which their cure must precede.

Thus Antichrist works in this wonderful age,
By the fruits of his Agency known,
And impatiently strikes in a violent rage,
At our national Altar and Throne.

No longer by argument able to strive,
The sword he resorts to for aid,
His cause, by conspiracy foul keeps alive,
And by Newspapers' idle tirade.

But the Dragon will fall, and his impious toil,
And his artifice, all be found vain;
He'll die, and the mischief he caus'd on our soil,
In memory only remain.

Lifford, December 7th, (O. S.) 1822.

