

The Prisoner discharged.

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WHENE'ER the fatal Arrow flies  
And some high-favour'd Mortal dies ;  
Whene'er we hang o'er Beauty's bier ;  
Sorrow awakes the flowing tear.  
'Tis not in Nature thus to part  
From those whose virtues warm'd our heart ;  
From those whose charms were form'd to  
    move  
The melting soul to purest Love,  
Without the bosom's keen distress  
Which no words tell, no looks express :  
But when the wretch pours forth the groan  
That says—" I've laid my burden down ;"  
When wicked men from troubling cease,  
And the long-wearied rest in peace ;



Death, without either Bribe or Fee,  
Can set the hopeleſs Friſoner free.

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When Mercy calls us forth  
 To set the hopeless free  
 We bless the inviolable do  
 And hail the Asylum of the  
  
 Thank Heaven, the Debt  
 No longer shares the Felon  
 No longer by the Laws' de  
 No longer imprison'd half his  
 No longer is the prison ma  
 The Harbour of that cruel  
 With fed the insatiable m  
 Of hungry, pettifogging L  
 The imprison'd Debtor no  
 The approach of Libe  
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When Mercy calls us forth to see  
Death set the hopeless pris'ner free,  
We bless the inviolable doom,  
And hail the Asylum of the tomb.

Thank Heaven, the Debtor, though so late,  
No longer shares the Felon's fate ;  
No longer by the Laws' delays,  
May be imprison'd half his days :  
No longer is the prison made  
The Harbour of that cruel trade  
Which fed the insatiable maw  
Of hungry, pettifogging Law :  
The imprison'd Debtor now may see  
The due approach of Liberty :  
From REDESDALE's patient, patriot care,  
He now no longer need despair ;  
No longer writhe beneath the Paw  
Of griping Harpies of the Law :  
But in the Prison's transient gloom,  
May look for better times to come.

REDESDALE, in thy great work, proceed!  
 Freedom will hail thee for the deed,  
 And doubt not, but each future age  
 Will bless the Patriot and the Sage.

But e'er the bold, correcting hand  
 Of Justice did, with mild command,  
 Sweep from the Law the petty powers  
 That curtail'd Freedom's rightful hours,  
 And bid th' unfortunate Pris'ner see  
 The end of his Adversity ;—  
 —While yet the Iron Doors could close  
 Upon the Pris'ner and his woes,  
 And keep him fast for many a year,  
 With scarce an hope his heart to cheer,  
 Poor MORTON, a sad tale to tell,  
 For all who knew him, lov'd him well,  
 Victim of Perjuries and Lies,  
 The base Attorney's trickeries,  
 And all the dark, insidious arts  
 Which Knaves employ on gen'rous hearts,



Within those walls became immur'd,  
Where so much sorrow is endur'd.  
His friends prov'd kind, and in his need,  
There was no want of gen'rous deed ;  
But Friendship's self, with all its power,  
Could not advance fair Freedom's hour :  
Thus, when three years had pass'd away  
In Lawyers' frauds, in Laws' delay,  
His spirit could no longer wait ;  
He call'd on DEATH to close his Fate :—  
The Spectre led him through the Gate. }  
When, as he pass'd the Prison Door,  
Old *Capias* rail'd, and storm'd and swore,  
Revil'd DEATH as an arrant Cheat,  
Who did his writs and tricks defeat,  
And could the hopeless Pris'ner free  
From all his practic'd Sorcery.  
But MORTON'S gone to that bless'd Heaven,  
Where sins, like his, will be forgiven ;  
Where all Afflictions will be o'er,  
And suffering Virtue sigh no more :

While *Capias*, and the unfeeling brood,  
 Who diet on the Heart's best blood,  
 And feed on Sorrows, will despair  
 Of ever finding entrance there.

But Friendship's self, with all its power,

Could not advance her Freedom's hour;

That, when three years had pass'd away,

In Lawyers' hands, in Laws' delay,

His spirit could no longer wait;

He call'd on Death to close his Fate,

The Spectre led him through the Gate,

When, as he pass'd the Prison Door,

Old Cages call'd, and stern'd and swore,

Revolv'd Bearn as he stunn'd them o'er,

Who did his wits and tricks display,

And could the hopes his fire not fire

From all his parricidal bowers,

But Monro's gone to that bliss'd Heaven,

When his life his will be forgiven;

When all Admissions will be o'er,

And suffering 'twill be right no more.

OF DEATH.  
unfeeling brood,  
best blood,  
I despair  
there.

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And look on  
Of ever finding