MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The barber takes you by the nose,
And talks about Noseology,
And Thames street warehousemen disclose
Their art in Cranology;
Last dying speeches beggars sell,
And prate about Buyography,
While journeymen take walks, and well
Improve them in Topography.

Mendicants and paupers still
Consistent in their actions,
Break stones upon the road, their skill
To show in vulgar fractions.
The milkman who turns Pail each day,
While studying astronomy,
Calls poring on the milky whey,
Political economy!

In keepers double-entry learn,
And wisely calculate;
While carpenter's those sawyers spurn,
That logarithms hate.
The March of Intellect 'all love,
All wish to have a hand in,
'En cobblers labour to improve
The human understanding!

Such is the general thirst of knowledge,
So little is its scarcity,
Soon Tooley street will have its college,
St. Giles' its university;
Now, Mr. Cobbet, all our follows,
Delights to make grammatical—
And cats' meat sellers, from their cellars,
Answer most dogmatical!

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wit she how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of anye;
But ah! the fickle, faithless queen,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou, sae sweet and bonnie,
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

But, oh! she was a canty queen,
And weel could dance the Highland wallie;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife, &c.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fall.
The paitricks, down the rushy holm,
Set up their evening ca.'
Now loud and clear the blackbird's song
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden glooming sky
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day;
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fold their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts his bell,
The honeysuckle, and the birk,
Spread fragrance through the dell.

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Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple sweets that nature metes,
Far dearer are to me.

Walker, Printer, Durham.