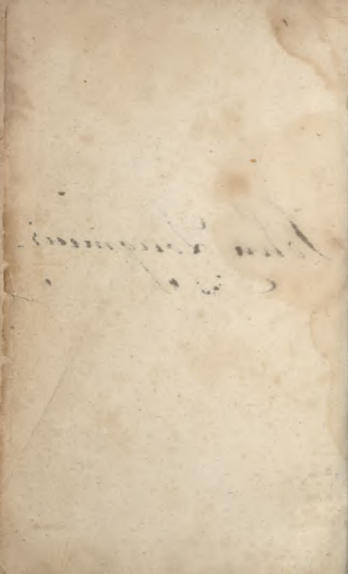


The motto is a sort of
anagram of the author's
name.

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John Longmire
Clerk



To his Dear Parents,
from the Author.

1st March }
1825 }

COLLEGE

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BERKELEY

1952

THE
COLLEGE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

“ E gloria non numis. ”

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED FOR LEWIS SMITH,
ABERDEEN.
1825.

U. B. P. 1979



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Printed by John Brewster,
11 Society.



PREFACE.

——“ BUT it shall have no preface,” said I, “ for most writers of rhyme, in their prefaces, inform us of nothing, unless that they had no intention of committing their trifles to the press, had they not been urged to it by their friends ; and they beg the gentle reader to overlook their errors, which they know are both glaring and numerous. On the contrary, no friend has either persuaded or urged me to publish my productions ; and as to the faults of my work, had I been able to remove them, there had been none in it. With extreme diffidence I lay it before the public ; if it has merit, I know they will do it justice ; if it has not, could twenty prefaces save it from oblivion ? You have hinted that

the "College" may give offence to some of those whom I wish to reckon among my friends; I cannot think that such a consequence will follow; and with the utmost sincerity I can say—

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

"That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

Should this, however, be the case, I can console myself by thinking, that the day will never come, when my conscience will accuse me of having published this rhyme from any malevolent principle. If it recall to the minds of my far-scattered *quondam* class-fellows the scenes in which they spent the happiest days of their lives; and if the collection afford a little amusement to readers in general, my end will be obtained."

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yet I
may please the toilers in the barn,
College chimes may listen to my "yarn"
fields intrude here not a new summer —
Achilles did not meet with Homer
and not a ruin'd

THE COLLEGE.

"Tell me, man, says he, giff I have tauld the treuthe. Yes, says
Mr. Thomas, sir, I think sa."—BUCHANAN, *Melville's Diary*.

CANTO I.

I.

I WANT a hero; an uncommon want."
The Poet meant, that he could touch the string
Had he a hero:—this is not my vaunt—
I have a hero, but I cannot sing.
The first line of this stanza Byron wrote—
I hate all stealing, though I sometimes quote.

II.

It is the modern custom to invoke
 "The Muses," or a "draught from Helicon;"
 And some of "lyres" and "lutes" have often spoke,
 And some the "northern harp" have play'd upon.
~~I said before, I do not like to steal,~~
 Therefore my muse I call a spinning-wheel.

Originality disdains to steal,

III.

And, reader—if a reader I should get,
 For there are now so many things to read—
 I ~~tell you~~ I'm a young beginner yet;
 Therefore, if now and then you find a thread
 Ill spun, I hope you'll pardon as a friend—
 The best of spinners sometimes lose their end.

IV.

I call not for castalia, but for oil,
 My wheel from ev'ry harsher note relieving;
~~A~~ ^{the} mountain-dew ^{to} might cheer my toil,
~~For~~ ^{That} that makes ~~all our~~ wheels "gae doun hill scrivin";
 At least Burns says so—he should know indeed,
 For oft it added ^{vigour} ~~swiftness~~ to his reed.

V.

O Burns, how little did thy country prize
 The brightest genius that she ever bred ;
 To kennel thee with hounds of the excise,
 And suffer thee to pine beneath the shed
 Of indigence ! But this she oft has done—
 “ She knows not water’s worth till it is gone.”

VI.

Why lavish hundreds now upon a stone,
 To tell his merit to succeeding ages ?
 Such sums to him alive some good had done.
 He rais’d a monument upon his pages,
 That longer will withstand the shocks of time,
 But this is not the subject of my rhyme,
Than any costly mass of stone & marble.

VII.

Then we—bear with me for a stanza more—
 What though my shade hear tributary strains ?
 What though my name you fervently adore,
 When I have left poor mortals and their pains ?
 What though you drop a tear upon my bust,
 If now my couch is straw, my food a crust ?

VIII.

Thou sneer sarcastic, down, for ever down ;
 Can those, who know not I have work'd, reward ?
 Would I for nothing claim the laurel crown ?
 'Tis sweet to think they'll say, " There lies the Bard,
 " Whose panting bosom was inspir'd by Truth,
 " That made him harshly strike her lyre in youth."

IX.

Then we begin.—Our hero, TOM, was born
 Somewhere in Scotia, but no matter where :
 Afar from towns he spent life's happy morn ;
 He was his parents' joy, he was their care ;
 Though very poor, they plac'd him soon at school,
 Where few the wise man, many play the fool.

His mind & manners to subject to rule -

X.

Now here I should begin to tell at length
 Of all the tricks he play'd while yet a boy ;
 That he was early noted for a strength
 Of intellect, and that he would employ
 His leisure hours in making water-mills—
 His father's farm abounded in small rills.

all set a-going in the neighbourhood

That scarcely to his XI. earth could they

And that he shew'd a wond'rous love for rhyme,
 Whether 'twas paraphrase or meaner song ;
 He thought all metre-makers were sublime,
 And heav'nly, who to earth did scarce belong ;
 He lov'd all tales of knights and men of stature tall,
 And books that savour'd of the supernatural.

XII.

And I should tell that he was a musician,
 And learned our native melodies by ear ;
 Yet so he play'd, that sprites on plains Elysian
 Our heart-form'd music might have deign'd to hear.
 With grace he touch'd the pipe, the string he smote,
 But best he lov'd the flute's all-soothing note.

XIII.

And I should carefully describe the spot
 Where he was brought into the world and bred ;
 But on this subject he himself once wrote,
 When he revisited his native shed.
 I grieve that time has made some lines deficient,
 But what remains is for our end sufficient.

*So go a little more address ^{A 2} our words
 That you may study what ~~is~~ his heart
 new find Tom put on*

“ ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

Lovely Bowrie

I.

Strains of Lovers here,

“ HAIL ! lovely place ; with thee, while yet a boy,
 I knew not what was meant by grief and care ;
 But since we parted, slight hath been my joy ;
 Of bitter sorrows I have had my share.
 Here stands our ~~beechen~~^{ashen} tree of foliage bare,
 And rude-carv'd names the stranger's eye offend.
 No hands our mould'ring divot-seats repair,
 Where we would oft the summer ev'ning spend,
 And hear the pleasing tale of some amusing friend.

II.

“ Our little garden spread its beauties here,
 Where many a flow'r of sweetest fragrance bloom'd
 But now, alas, luxuriant weeds appear,
 Where Zephyr linger'd, and his wings perfum'd.
 How grand the scene, when Phoebus first illum'd
 The purpl'd ocean and the rocky shore !
 The cheerful fishers then their toil resum'd,
 And sang in concert with the plunging oar,
 Then spread the dark-brown sail the joyous breeze
 before.

III.

Stonehaven's bay,

" There not far distant lies * * * * *
 To which the Carron and the Cowie flow ;
 Where vessels oft in wintry tempests stay
 Their course, the high green-skirted cliffs below.
 And here, a bow-shot scarcely distant, lo,
 Close by the sea, the town of *Cowie* *stands*
 There, when refreshing ev'ning breezes blow,
 How pleasant 'tis to walk along the sands,
 While beauteous sea-birds swim, or fly in dark'ning
 bands !

IV.

" On yonder rock a church in ruin stands,
 And far below the billows foam with rage ;
 There ended oft our walk along the sands,
 To muse among the tombs of many an age.
 There my attention would my sire engage,
 While, moralizing o'er some mould'ring bone,
 He drew reflections from the sacred page,
 Or read the texts upon the mossy stone,
 That tell how soon on earth all happiness is gone.

V.

" Thence we beheld "the Castle's" mould'ring walls,
 That once in grandeur o'er the ocean frown'd ;
 But now before Time's pow'ful rod it falls,
 And all its glory crumbles to the ground.
 There has the minstrel wak'd the joyful sound,
 Which now to war, and now to love inclin'd ;
 There has the captive sigh'd ; but all have found
 That common shore for slaves and kings design'd ;—
 Thus, like yon boat, the great leave scarce a trace
 behind.

VI.

" How oft beside yon spacious wavy lake,
 That spreads along the bosom of the vale,
 Dismiss'd from school, our shouts would echo wake,
 As we repair'd our little ships to sail !
 Or when, with fleecy snow and rattling hail,
 Keen frosts had form'd it other weights to bear,
 Then muff'd up, and careless of the gale,
 To sliding ^{on} and to ^{by} eurling we'd repair,
 And nought but health, content, and cheerfulness was
 there.

VII.

" Then in the ev'ning, rang'd around the fire,
 Regarding not stern Winter's sullen roar,
 The wrinkl'd "granny" we would all desire
 To give us songs or fairy tales of yore.
 She told—for now her singing days were o'er—
 " Sir James the Rose," and " Children in the Wood,"
 And many a tale of ghosts in castles hoar,
 Or kelpies laughing in the rising flood,
 Or witches, whose command no earthly thing with-
 stood.

VIII.

" But turning from these terror-waking tales,
 We would, though rudely, represent the scene,
 Where Patie woos his Peggy in the dales,
 And bashful Roger gains his scornful Jean.
 Or we would round the old goodman convene,
 And with delight some pleasing story hear
 Of " wondrous Jack," or " Robin's troops in green,"
 Or Al'way kirk on blazes rous'd our fear——
 The ev'ning thus we spent till time of rest drew near.

*in direction Tam escaped, but left his
 gray mare's tail -
 at the ghosts in Alway's kirk turned pale.*

For soon must all our breaths: full breath

decay

For all small down at the top of the page

IX.

“ When for our frugal meal we thanks had given,
 “ The word of God” was laid upon the board ;
 Thence were we taught to place our store in Heaven,
 Nor envy misers for their cank’ring board.
 Then kneel’d we down before our sov’reign Lord,
 And render’d thanks for all the gifts bestow’d
 On us, and from his bounteous hand implor’d
 Nor wealth nor want; then how each bosom
 glow’d,

There was his merciful hand: His grace

As we his name in psalms did magnify and laud !

the scope of health in following words will be

X.

“ These recollections of my younger years
 All-pow’rful Time shall never sweep away :
 These are the scenes that urge the silent tears,
 That tell how fondly I would with them stay.
 But grief is vain, I leave them now for aye ;
 Yet let me neither murmur nor complain,
 For soon the debt of nature all must pay ;—
 Then let us strive a mansion to obtain,

Where we with what is dear for ever shall remain.”

pure

blast

For soon must all before death's sign be seen
 For all be ore death's sign must soon decay

XIV.

Somewhere between the poles a city lies
 Rome lay on seven), upon hillocks three ;
 Just where a range of mountains takes its rise,
 And where two streams are married to the sea.
 I won't say for the men, but it surpasses
 'Auld Ayr' itself for most enchanting "lasses."

XV.

All men its male inhabitants abhor,
 Where'er they set their feet beyond the sea ;
 They so much wish to make their little more—
 They make the best of bargains that can be.
 We heard one whisp'ring to his friend, "Beware,
 That fellow comes from ~~Ayr~~ do you take care."

XVI.

This I've experienc'd ; oh, it grieves my soul,
 I hope it grieves yours too, my reader kind),
 To see one man detested for the whole—
 It shews indeed the narrowness of mind
 Of the despiser ;—people, be not rash,
 But recollect, "who steals my purse, steals trash"——

XVII.

Yet many men have flourish'd on that shore,
 Or rather in that town, whose talents rare
 Were ne'er surpass'd in Greece or Rome of yore ;
 And some are proud that they were brought up where
 These great men liv'd ; such pride is not my right—
 'Twas not my fate there first to see the light.

XVIII.

A portless town stands near the other river,
 The fish of both fills many a lengthy purse :
 The new town, like new servants, seems more clever
 But then their streets ^{in summer months} would be nothing but
^{water & fish} In summer's months : the other seems much duller,
 And I may add, its ladies have—more colour.

XIX.

Weekly from town the "^{Chronicle} news" Tom's parents got ;
 To hear the news the house was often full :
 To read "the papers" was our Hero's lot,
 Because he had been longest at the school.
 They learn'd who had brought forth, had married, died—
 Sometimes a rhyme the want of prose supplied.

XX.

Upon the reader they all fix'd their eyes,
 Nor less attentive were their mouths than ears;
 Some came to know about the "market price;"
 The "ship news" oft dissolv'd them into tears;
 Others discuss'd the matters of the state—
 All such discussions I sincerely hate.

Their own affairs too narrow for their fate.

XXI.

It is vain to wish
 And I could wish that all in humble station
 Against them too would raise a "hue and cry."
 Do they believe that they can mend the nation?
 They know not what they want; I wish they'd ply
 Their tasks content; I'm sure the cash they spend
 O'er a gazette might serve a better end.

XXII.

One night he read, that, at a Scottish College,
 Of all the Muses said to be the nurs'ry),
 One who of Latin had sufficient knowledge
 Might there obtain a very handsome burs'ry.
 Now Tom on Latin had spent twelvemonths many—
 He sometimes wish'd that he had ne'er spent any.

*no more disease that lost him B lessons many
 and Tom had studied B a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z*

XXIII.

Fir'd with the tale—Tom had a heart ambitious—
 He now resolv'd to trudge to town, ^{aburdeen} I ween;
 Of his design his friends were ne'er suspicious,
 They fear'd this step would drain their pockets clean;
 And were they wrong, poor students, I inquire?
 Just think of fees, locarium, sacrist, fire!

XXIV.

To town he came, and to the College went,
 Upon the very day of competition;
 And having told his name, up stairs was sent,
 Of an old tale to hear a repetition,
 To be the version; but would you suppose
 'Twas all about a prince's crooked nose?

XXV.

And I may also ^{tell my readers} mention by the way,
 Above four score competitors assembl'd;
 Alas! each could not gain a prize that day;
 Some careless, prating laugh'd, while others trembl'd,
 And in the paintings some found delectation,
 Ere they began to think of their translation.

could have been found this frankly & done

XXVI.

men

To those, who take delight in reading faces,
 This would have been a sumptuous treat, I'm sure :
 Study on some had left her midnight traces ;
 And others smil'd, and thought a prize secure :
 To shew their wealth was others' sole design—
 They came to gain a burs'ry—then resign.

XXVII.

Ere Tom had done the sun was low in heaven,
 And this to him had been a weary day ;
 And he had fasted now from morn till even—
 A blank perhaps was all his pains to pay.
 They were desir'd to meet again to-morrow—
 Which would bring joy to some, to others sorrow.

XXVIII.

But in the College they were not to meet,
 But in some chamber ; if I'm not deceiv'd,
 It stands somewhere about—about the street *Battle*
 Where those are strangl'd who have kill'd or thiev'd.
*the last a blooming youth for stealing sheep
 and made the tithes His Justice's bandage creep.*

XXIX.

Well, here from ten till two Tom was attendant,
 Waiting the op'ning of the doors; ah! those
 Who are on fellow-mortals here dependant,
 Know this is not the least of human woes—
 Heaven grant me still a good warm suit and dinner,
 And raise me 'bove the frown of ~~every~~ sinner. *laughter*

a city sergeant in XXX. official clothes,

At last a fellow with a scarlet coat,
 A sergeant of the city, I suppose—
 They said his name was—but it matters not—
 The window drew, and bawl'd the names of those
 Who had got burs'ries; do you think it meet
 To bawl one's name aloud upon the street?

XXXI.

Tom's name was call'd; and oh! how glad, poor boy!
 On feet of swiftness he up stairs was borne;
 But, well-a-day! how short is mortal-joy!
 Soon is the web of fairest prospects torn.
 He could not get his burs'ry, what a pity!
 Because he was not born within the city!

XXXII.

His tongue he mov'd not, there was no relief ;
 Another what he did not merit got ;
 You may believe Tom felt a little grief,
 Though 'tis forbid to murmur at our lot.
 He scarcely thought fair play was in this sport,
 And mumb'l'd something about " friends in court."

XXXIII.

Tom got a burs'ry, but 'twas somewhat less ;
 Indeed no weighty sum the largest was :
 His sorrow then the Provost must express,
 And say he did according to the laws.
 Tom got much praise, in sooth each Bailie spoke it—
 "Tis lang-ore praises fill a poor man's pocket."

But when he d.

XXXIV.

" Although my fall was hard," Tom oft exclaim'd,
 " Compar'd with theirs who nothing got, 'twas soft :
 " They can't proceed ; to dig or beg asham'd—
 " Alas ! these burs'ries tempt poor fellows oft
 " For College to prepare, and then how many
 " Are launch'd abroad without a friend or penny."

Have lost their time, no reward to them

It work important - but can it become them

XXXV.

Then they begin to teach some city-fry ;
 Though sometimes pleasing, still an irksome thing,
 To fix upon the page the roving eye,
 And seed upon the stony ground to fling.
 What the reward ? why, many are unwilling,
 When fees come due, to draw a single shilling.

XXXVI.

those
 Then ~~he~~ who Homer's verse with ease could scan,
 Or chase the attic bee through all his flowers,
 Or with Anacreon quaff the flowing can,
 Or with the Mantuan sport in beechen bowers,
 Must stand in Court to force a paltry debt—
 Perhaps you're thinking I my tale forget.

The trouble of debtors from the same story, etc.

XXXVII.

but
 For when he was within the chamber, what
 He heard and saw I should ere now have told—
 Well, there in order all the Bailies sat ;
 The Provost was in chains—but chains of gold—
 Each paunch was high, so much ease in their trade is—
 Just picking claws, or gnawing Findon haddies.

XXXVIII.

And who is he conspicuous for his height,
 And surly look, for which ^{no body} ~~none present~~ cares?
 Oh! that's a man who is well paid to write,
 And keep in order all the town's affairs;
 There's as much flour upon that head and coat-edge,
 As would supply ten beggar brats with pottage.

XXXIX.

"Advise them now," one of the Bailies said,
 "To put their cash to nae unseemly use."
 'I leave that to themselves,' my Lord replied;
 'And now the lads may go'—~~perhaps to~~ ^{good} *to tobacco*,
 If that meant broth, of which they were in need,
 For they departed with a hungry speed.

XL.

Soon they began their Alpha—that is, Greek—
 Learn'd each declension; ev'ry tense and mood, I say,
 Of *tupto*; soon the lads were fit to speak
 About Anacreon, Sappho, and the Odyssey—
 Start not, indeed they read not through each book,
 But hence and thence a honied morsel took.

XLI.

Perhaps you give your head a meaning shake,
And cry, "can they in five months Homer read?"
I beg your pardon, I've made no mistake,
But I shall tell you how the lads proceed;
They sputter o'er a line of Greek, and then
The Latin on the other page explain.

XLII.

Boys scarce a year beyond the leading strings
Are sent to some great grammar-school, and clamber
Upon the hills of Rome; all ancient things
Are known to those who of their English grammar
Know little more than those who cannot speak;
And thus prepar'd, they next begin to Greek.

XLIII.

That they're not fit for College I don't say;
'Twas thinking of "langsyne" that caus'd my wonder:
Some recollect (it was before my day,
Lads never thought of College-classes under
Eighteen or twenty; now how changed the case—
So much more honour to the rising race.

Be well in grammar & in spelling book
 XLIV.

I've often laugh'd to see them coming out :
 At first I thought it was a crowd of girls
 In red pelisses : this you scarce would doubt,
 If once you saw them, heard their feeble "skirls ;"
 And with their heels scarce three feet from their head,
 They strut along in gowns of mutton-red.

Things fit & proper, but
 XLV.
 To ride, to shoot, and always speak the truth,
 They taught the younglings in the days of yore ;
 Than to the two first things, I wish our youth
 Gave more attention to their English lore—
 I mean their grammar and their spelling-book,
 To which, alas ! they far too seldom look.

and famous authors since fair Best was given
 XLVI.

Some parents when they read that verse, will say,
 (Perhaps tis somewhat true,) "the bard's a fool!
 "Where would he have us send our young ones, pray ?
 "Where grammar learn but at the grammar-school ?"
 This those will say, (and they are not a few,)
 Who know not Latin has no W.

XLVII.

I have known boys, (such boys grow up to men,)
 Who could ^{write} speak Latin and could write in Greek
 "Sine errore"—yet they could not pen
 A letter to a friend—'tis truth I speak.
 Take counsel, parents, while your sons are young,
 And make them labour at the English tongue.

XLVIII.

Some sadly know the truth of what I preach—
 Why, surely no preceptor e'er design'd
 The English tongue from Latin books to teach;
 The one helps t'other when together join'd,
 I grant.—But I digress 'gainst ev'ry rule,
 So we return to College now from School.

XLIX.

Just when the session was near "breaking up,"
 A circumstance of joy, as some could tell,
 They all resolv'd to give a silver cup
 To their Greek teacher, for they lov'd him well:
 Although satirical, he ably taught
 The Grecian tongue—and that was all they sought.

In English of how little skill to speak

L.

Then came the day when they were to present
 The cup, and Tom appointed was to do it,
 And he must make a speech of some extent ;
 He did, and difficultly he got through it—
 For those who are most deeply vers'd in Greek,
~~are oft~~ In English able scarce to speak.

Their Sentiments can

LI.

From Tom alone I draw not this conclusion ;
 For when to speak the man of letters rose,
 His English words came forth in much confusion,
 Which were t'express his thanks, you may suppose :
 He said he " ne'er expected this, and thought"—
 No matter what, the silver cup he got.

LII.

Now they depart from College, and suppose
 They've had full plenty of so dry a thing ;
 Then during summer never once unclose
 Their lexicon and grammar. As the wing
 Of swallows skimming o'er the liquid glass,
 So glide the students through the Bageant class.

LIII.

I pray you, teachers, give them shorter lessons,
 And throw their vile translations on the fire :
 To these they trust ; but, ah ! the faint impressions,
 Like those on water, suddenly ~~retire~~. *expire*.
 O tell them plainly when the session's done,
 They have not ended, but the race begun.

LIV.

Tell them 'gainst sloth and idleness to guard,
 Beseech them to be constant at their toil ;
 Tell them at last how precious the reward,
 Tell, if they conquer, splendid is the spoil—
 Not merely gold and silver, but a charm,
 Which of their stings will human woes disarm.

LV.

Tell them the best translations never reach
 The Grecian " winding harmony of sound ;"
 Tell them—but whom do I pretend to teach ?
 Those who are abler far to tread this ground ?
 Yet I expect that none will take offence,
 For ~~even~~ a fool may drop a word of sense. *Sometimes*

LVI.

but three
 should have told, ~~three~~ times a-week they met
 To read the strains that dumpy Horace lilted ;
 A strange desire once seiz'd our hero's pate,
 To see how Horace would appear if kilted.
 We sent this doric picture to a friend,
 With which I ~~shall~~ this ~~present~~ canto end. *draw / to an /*

HOR. LIB. II. OD. XVI.

Whan sailors seek the moon in vain,
 An' starns concealt by cluds o' rain,
 They trimle lest the angry main
 Sud tak their lives ;
 An' wis to be at hame again,
 Aside their wives.

2.

Our troops, though brave as men can be,
 Whan they are sent ayont the sea, *surely*
 An' sleepin' on a cauldri' lea,
 In drookit plaids,
 Lang sair their highlan' hills to see,
 An' heather beds.

3.

Although ye fill our Provost's chair,
 Or ev'n the gaudy purple wear,
 Think ye your days, withouten care,
 Wad smoothly run?
 Na, nae though ye had a' that's rare
 Aneath the sun.

4.

Blest is the man that's aye content
 To tak whatever ~~God~~ has sent,
 Though cheese an' bread upon the bent,
 Aside his sheep;
 Nae cares nor fowl desires torment
 His cosy sleep.

5.

Why spen' we life, a scrimpit span,
 Pursuin' aye some senseless plan?
 Or why suppose a foreign stran'
 Can comfort gi'e?
 Wha, exil'd frae his native lan',
 Frae self can flee?

Thine swift as sleep

6.

Whan trouble comes there's nae remeed,
 Though ither suns sheen on your head ;
 Care boards the bark an' munts the steed
 In ilka place ;
 To care the win' wi' a' its speed
 Maun yield the race.

Edinburgh, 7.

At present knock your thums an' sing,
 Nor speer what ills the morn may bring,
 Nor yet expect a single thing
 Completely blest ;
 Those in life's winter an' life's spring
 Death may arrest.

Edinburgh, 7.

8.

A hunner sheep bleat on your hill,
 An' horse an' kye your pastures fill,
 An' mony a bow is at the mill,
 An' i' the yard ;
 An' ye can gang, whane'er ye will,
 As bra's the Laird.

Edinburgh, 7.

In vain you seek an earthly thing

9.

Just twa'r three fields to me belang ;
 I sometimes weave a rustic sang ;
 It keeps a chiel frae thinkin' lang
 In winter nights.
 In scornin' a' the vulgar thrang, *malice*
 My muse delights.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE COLLEGE.

CANTO II.

I.

HERE'S Canto Second; Reader, how d'you do?
How like you Horace in the Scottish tongue?
Of rhymes like these they seldom had a few;
For if a knot occurs in Horace's song, *many*
You can omit it in your rhyme, and should *be learned*
Your teacher blame you, say "'tis understood."

II.

But on the threshold we'll no longer stay—
Suppose our Hero finds his way to town,
And meets among the Bursars the first day;
The next they all assume the Semi's gown.
Children of pride! though but one step they rise,
Fear how the simple Bageants they despise!

III.

Saul-like

Now this Professor was ~~not~~ low in stature,
 But ~~how~~ ^{how less} gigantic were his pow'rs of mind !
 He also had the mildest heart that nature
 Has e'er bestow'd on any of mankind—
 Calm as the lake not ev'n by zephyr mov'd—
 And by his class he was sincerely lov'd.

Students ought to notice these

IV.

He ne'er commenc'd his lecture at the hour,
 For many students had fall far to come ;
 Lads have ~~no~~ ^{no} ears when under hunger's pow'r,
 So at the bell's first stroke they all got home :
 Like carpenters—who, though they raise their maul
 Should the hour strike before them, let it fall.

V.

Well, he began by shewing the utility
 Of speech and writing ;—thus our fathers' knowledge
 And sage experience gain a durability,
 Which makes them, " being dead," teach many a wh
 age ;—

He also lectur'd on the senses five,
 Whose use is known to nearly all alive.

VI.

He spent some time upon instinct and reason :
 This graces man ; that, those that roam the field.
 Mankind in knowledge still proceed increasing ;
 But then those swallows in my window build
 Their nests according to the very plan
 In use when " Adam carded and Eve span."

never asking thanks to grace

VII.

He told them that which you will scarcely credit—
 He told them that the sun is really black !
 A bold conjecture ! and the man who made it,
 You'll be about to say, was surely crack— *brain*
 But some ne'er think if truth supports their story,
 If they on earth can gain a little glory.

VIII.

He told them too, but *what hard it* thus you may believe,
 That not the sun, but this huge globe, moves round,
 Which some deny ; but thus our eyes deceive
 When we in ships begin to leave the ground ;
 For then we think the mountains from us flee,
 And that we move *not* on the heaving sea.

IX.

'And since we're at the sun, I here may tell
 What of the comets some wise man supposes ;
 He thinks against the sun some planets fell,
 And that the stroke depriv'd them of their noses,
 Which now rove through th' immensity of space,
 All vainly searching for their owners' face.

X.

What things sublime Astronomy can teach !
 It tells us what obscures Selene's sheen ;
 And when a bullet the fix'd-stars would reach :
 That in the moon are men, though not yet seen ;
 For there are roads, and tow'rs, and other matter,
 And therefore men ; poor souls, they have no water.

XI.

'Tis said that they began their nomenclature
 Too soon, who gave the moon the name of "*chaste* ;"
 And I may add, that they mistake her nature,
 Who say that she's a changeling, and two-fac'd ;
 For they were taught, that in her endless race,
 To us she still displays the self-same face.

But have no less how falsified her

In happy dwellers, if ^{we} knew your case

Happy, ^{only} Virgil, if we know your case

XII.

He also told them, that there are some fountains
Which boil up in the atmosphere, and have a
strange appearance; and there are some mountains
Whose craters sometimes vomit boiling lava—*fiery*
These widely pour destruction o'er the soil,
But in the fountains you an egg might boil.

XIII.

And when the lava once came streaming down,
Threat'ning t'ingulph a shepherd's poor abode,
His vines to burn, and all his flocks to drown,
He brought his gods, (some men ^{ignore not} have not a God,)
And plac'd them on his vines; but vines and sheep
Were swept away; his gods were fast asleep.

Oh to not am but in a delightful

XIV.

live not most blessed
O truly we live in a happy place,
Where sounds volcanic never reach the ear;
Of prowling wolves we find no bloody trace;
Man is the only beast we have to fear.
No happier place lies 'tween the line and pole,
Yet some ~~despise~~ *ignore* the God that gives the whole.

XV.

He also said the sea is not all green,
 And that she rolls on an uneven bed ;
 This to demonstrate some ^{great} pains have ta'en ;
 Nor is it true that any sea is red.
 What wond'rous stories are impos'd by some
 On us, when from their six months' tear they come !

XVI.

But it would take more time than we can spare
 To follow him through all his varying course,
 While he explor'd the ocean, earth, and air,
 Of much important knowledge the grand source ;
 Who on the works of nature look abroad,
 But soars " from nature up to nature's God," ?

XVII.

All tastes are suited in this wondrous field ;
 If you desire what's regular and fair,
 Behold the planets in their orbits wheel'd,
 The flow'rs in valleys, or the fowls in air.
 Or if the scenes of grandeur please you more,
 Then take your station on the rock-bound shore ;

hide at its base furious billows rave,
 but mock attempts to hew us back to save.

Oh see the friends of Freedom, crush'd by might,
 yet bravely struggle for their crown the right.

XVIII.

Behold the sea in awful tempests toss'd,
 tossing the bark upon its snowy breast;
 view the rugged cliff, whose top is lost
 among the clouds that on its bosom rest:—

But, reader, I must offer an excuse

for this digressive flutter of my muse.

These fragments soon will bestrew the furious wave
 and dash in efforts vain to save.

XIX.

mean my wheel—He lectur'd on those days

When men of tithes and taxes nothing knew,

but roam'd at large, and had no settl'd place,

and all their food from nature's storehouse drew—

mean the earth then yielded all things gratis,

and men had not begun to plant potatoes.

XX.

But herbs and beasts grew scarce, and then themselves

to form into small parties men began;

For cabbage and potatoes each man delves

a piece of ground; their wives their garments span:

From this they came to have their clans and chiefs,

and war unloos'd her awful train of griefs.

beginning with all her

XXI.

Some founded cities, and were rul'd by kings;
 The country people fed the folks in town;
 And in exchange ^{they} gave them ~~useful~~ things.
 Women were then, as now, denied the crown,
 And us'd as slaves; yet they shall have their day—
 And now our hearts confess the ladies' sway.

XXII.

The lecture not described
 And then he lectur'd on the rise and fall
 Of empires, and the early state of Egypt;
 Ev'n now we wonder at their temples tall, *columns*
 And Pyramids by clouds on ~~every~~ ^{many} edge tipt;
 'Tis thought they built those time-deriding things
 T'incarcerate the salted hides of kings.

XXIII.

"Now," said the teacher, "since I've spoke of *mummies*
 "And some of you, no doubt, would like to see 'em—
 "Start not, indeed they are as dry's a drum is;
 "They came from Egypt, and in our Museum."
 To see them then they ran with rattling noise, *whist*
 The common sign of very studious boys.

Queen Caroline

XXIV.

They saw th' Egyptians, or at least the cases,
 In which 'tis said Egyptian^{ly} lie in balm; *bodies*
 So dreadful were their artificial faces,
 That some weak spirits had a sudden qualm:
 The hieroglyphics too were painted well,
 All meaning—what? where is the man can tell?

XXV.

as;
 But there's a man now lab'ring at a key,
 By which he may undo those rusty locks;
 Who knows but by this means posterity
 May learn Egyptian hist'ry from the rocks?
 Success attend this man and his machine:—*en courage*
 Reader, attend, and learn what more was seen.

XXVI.

They saw strange weapons us'd in war's dread art,
 And many other things that would have made ye
 Awe; of the human body many a part:
 But visiting they chanc'd to have no lady.
 They saw some beasts whose names cannot be spoken,
 One of the tails of which they said was broken.

XXVII.

They saw some sable hands and a huge leg,
 Likewise an Indian Chieftain's grinning head; *tattoo*
 And eke the shell of---I ^{was} know not whose egg,
 On which ten men a breakfast might have made:
 They saw some branching horns—such, people say,
 Young ladies often give their husbands grey.
Some youthful

XXVIII. *near her*

They saw a man, I should have said his bones,
 That once was hang'd for murder's awful crime,
 Somewhere on *Castle Street, on the Plowmarket*
But that occurred long since before my time
 How many methods are by men devis'd
 To get their names or bones immortaliz'd!

XXIX.

All that they saw to tell would take much time,
 Besides the Sacrist would no longer stay:
 There were strange things from many a distant clime—
 At these they only glanc'd and came away;
 Canoes, for instance—these are seamless boats—
 Likewise the boards and horns of mountain goats.

*Seamless canoes in which the Indians
 float -*

XXX.

In studying chemistry they spent much time ;
 They gave the rainbow's tints to " cabbage-bree :"
 Immers'd in smoke they seem'd like gods sublime,
 When bursting retorts set their contents free ;
 Then gas produc'd the music of the spheres,
 And fulminating powder stunn'd their ears.

XXXI.

But only once a-week these things they saw,
 And even then they did not all succeed ;
 Sometimes the day was or too hot or raw,
 And then it was mere nonsense to proceed ;
 Then he explain'd the dry rot in the navy,
 And thy most useful lamp, Sir Humphry Davy.

XXXII.

Upon thy beauties,
 In Botany, that useful branch, they spent
 About two days, and learn'd the names of leaves,
 And roots, and pistils ; but they never went
 Into the fields, because the rustic grieves
 To see men treading down his ground, and prints
 Must did as well in giving *useful* hints. *hurried*

XXXIII.

Reader, your pardon, I've made a mistake,
 It was not prints, but drawings that they saw,
 Made by a pencil, which yourself may make,
 By my direction, if you wish to draw—
 Twist a piece paper, burn its point, in grease
 Of candle dip it, then draw—what you please.

XXXIV.

all the tobacco
 And that he farther might increase their knowledge, he
 If I mistake not, spent a whole forenoon *the previous*
 In giving some remarks upon Zoölogy;
 But as he pass'd it over very soon,
 I do so likewise; for it is my plan
 To take as little trouble as I can. *we*

XXXV.

They eke to study Mathematics go, *had been*
 For wanting this the course was thought deficient:
 But signs of trifling most began to show;
 They ne'er bestow'd the pains that were sufficient.
 Not thus with all—there were a studious few,
 Call'd *Pets*, and laugh'd at by the trifling crew.

This novelty declined to be omitted.

XXXVI.

How this Professor was somewhat severe ;
 Making blunders, dryly he would shave ye :
 Yet he kept every trifling dog in fear,
 By discipline more strict than in the navy.
 Yet in this class few scholars ^{progress} ~~good~~ were made—
 Euclid is not for ev'ry youngling's head.

XXXVII.

Men, dangling at the tail of a balloon,
 While vulgar plaudits seem the sky to rend, *Urea!*
 At first, you'd ^{think} swear, would shortly reach the moon ;
 But they, as wise as they went up, descend,
 And nothing learn, where they might learn so much ;
 How almost all the students here were such.

XXXVIII.

The teacher lov'd, and was belov'd by Tom ;
 But then Tom had a genius mathematical :
 Each dog that lov'd him not, and there were some,
 Was just a downright good-for-nothing what I call :
 'Tis true he fin'd them if they dar'd to talk—
 Sometimes his arm seem'd weary of the chalk.

They would proceed they fondly
 XXXIX.

Euclid at first did very little trouble 'em—
 That thus it would continue many hop'd ;
 But scarce had they proceeded to that problem,
 Yclept the *Pons*, when very many stopp'd :
 Tom thought them right ; since 'tis a "bridge for asses"
 Then surely none except those creatures passes.

XL.

Nor learn'd they only Euclid in that class,
 For they could also tell the time of day
 " By Algebra," as well as Hudibras ;
 Perhaps a watch is still the ~~better~~ way. *quicker*
 If this be good for aught, I do not ask ;
 At least there's little pleasure in the task.

*the better might employ his time
 in learning who the XII. facts of science*

Tom studying ^{ied thus} sat till breast and eyes were ^{pained,} sore,
 Then thought, ~~when he~~ accounted for each crime,
 He on the books would have a dreadful score,
 If it was sinful thus to waste his time ;
 Cocks roosting left him o'er the ev'ning oil,
 When twice they crew he had not clos'd his toil.

the hearing, would the streams of words

XLII.

In many things Tom was a curious lad ;
 In short he shunn'd the rabble and their noise,
 And wander'd musing by himself ; he had
 No pleasure in the sports of other boys ;
 Like a Professor, who on the stair-top
 Sat, when a student, whistling " Johnny Cope."

XLIII.

And there sat Tom, and smil'd at selfish fools
 In crowds collected round some happy wight,
 Who, deeply skill'd in algebraic rules,
 Had got the answers of the questions right ;
 And as he tells his answers, each tongue cries
 " There's a fine fellow—you shall have a prize !"

XLIV.

Next day, if he should happen to be wrong,
 He finds that all his clam'rous friends are gone ;
 Another now has gain'd the flatt'ring throng,
 Not thinking he may next be left alone.
 'Tis thus in life ; adversity we hate,
 Good fortune's house is crowded to the gate.

XLV.

Yes, when we glide along the stream of life,
 With prosp'rous breezes stretching ev'ry sail,
 On *ev'ry* quarter other boats are rife,
 Swearing assistance should it blow a gale ;
 But when adversity's black squall comes on,
 We look around and find ourselves alone.

XLVI.

I do not say they would not still assist,
 But then in squalls the surges run so high ;
 A calm succeeds, perhaps an awkward mist—
 All these, you know, prevent their coming nigh.
 Meet in fair weather, then they're all affection,
 And " they look'd for you"—in a wrong direction.

XLVII.

Some kitchen from the mathematic class
 Was separated by a flimsy wall,
 And in that kitchen was a ~~servant~~-lass,
 If cook or scullion now I can't recall,
~~The maid~~ ; Our Hero, very often thought
 That Philomel inhabited her throat.

XLVIII.

Was! the contrast (she at liberty,
 Singing and cheerful as the day was long,)
 Almost brought tears into the down-cast eye
 Of those who fear'd their answers might be wrong.
 But she sang on with heart as light as down,
 While they must tremble 'neath the teacher's frown.

XLIX.

harmonious to his study; perhaps I shall
 Tom was "of melody aye held in thrall;"
 You know he sometimes made a little song,
 As I have said already, and I shall
 Perhaps produce some further ~~proofs~~ *specimens* ere long:
 What with this maiden's song, and what with Cupid,
 When call'd upon, Tom sometimes look'd quite stupid.
might have

L.

He less observ'd his Euclid than her lay,
 And often sank in rev'ry, till some words
 Aston'd his ears, and he a fine must pay—
 'Twas just like children list'ning to some birds,
 When suddenly the sky begins to scowl,
 And through the trees the sudden tempests howl.

LI.

We all have heard,—at least have read about
“The music of the spheres,” time out of mind ;
By mathematics doctors show the route
The planets take ; so here we have combin'd
Music and mathematics ; yet we see
A maiden's song and Euclid won't agree.

LII.

I mention'd Cupid, but I do not mean
Tom lov'd the lass, although he lov'd her lay ;
In fact the singer he had never seen ;—
But whom he lov'd I'll tell some other day,
For here 'twould lead into a long digression,
So I proceed sans further deviation.

LIII.

The students were examin'd ev'ry session,
Before the Doctors in the College-hall ;
The name indeed made fear take the possession
Of ev'ry breast, but soon they found that all
The questions which the teacher would propose,
Could easily be solv'd by “ayes” and “noes.”

LIV.

He began with "Now, is it not true" —
 When they were sure the answer was an "aye;"
 "But would it be advisable, think you," —
 And then the "noes" could furnish a reply.
 And when this thing of sound is o'er, a law
 Takes each his most unwilling purse-strings draw.

LV.

Now comes the hour, and in his best attire
 Each student comes, without a trembling heart;
 The Doctors sit around a blazing fire,
 The Censor makes the dreaming echoes start;
 Again there's silence, and the man of lore
 Begins to ask the questions ask'd before.

LVI.

The Doctors leave the fire with solemn pace,
 To mark the progress ^{in the session} ev'ry one has made;
 As at the fire they soon resume their place,
 Their presence make the lads afraid:
 Then one by one they softly leave the room;
 Now far one smells a dinner's sav'ry fume!

LVII.

The session now is drawing to an end,
 And ev'ry thought is on the grand election
 Of some great man, to stand the students' friend,
 And take their rights all under his protection.
 Some say the Rector is the students' choice,
 And some think others have the casting voice.

LVIII.

Some seem'd this post as birth-rights to inherit ;
 In sooth the thing had fall'n into neglect :
 But now some man of persevering spirit
 The students were determin'd to elect ;
 And who more fit to fill the Rector's room,
 Than " Britain's benefactor," *Joseph Hunter*

LIX.

Now heav'n be blest, because this Scottish College
 Has been conducted by such able men,
 That no one, as I think, for many a whole age,
 Has had the least occasion to complain ;
 Though they *now have* enjoy uninterrupted peace,
 Is that a reason why their rights should cease ?

LX.

Against this man some us'd their interference,
 And said, but said not why, "you do not right;"
 Was it because this man with perseverance,
 Delights in bringing every thing to light? *his name*
 Be that as't may, this truth was ne'er refus'd,
 That some to change the votes their influence us'd.

LXI.

Nor us'd in vain, for at an angry frown,
 Some younglings first chang'd colour, then their vote;
 You can't conceive how much a sable gown
 Inspires with awe;—th' aforesaid "news" I quote,
 And mention, only upon its authority,
 Had all been right this man had the majority.

LXII.

him, who was independent but in spirit,
 To overcome, this method was pursu'd;

* * * * *

* * * * *

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* * * * *

LXIII.

See, who is he with paper in his hand,
 Speaking with Tom, who sadly hangs his head,
 And seems averse to answer some demand,
 And yet appears somebody's frown to dread ;
 The other says, " ye'll gain my father's anger
 " If ye remain a ~~Upric~~ ite ony langer."

LXIV.

Now let no man suppose that here I try
 To make a rebel of a single youth ;
 None ever rev'renc'd teachers more than I—
 I hate all bragging, but ~~this~~ *the truth* is ~~the~~ truth.
 Yet teachers intermeddling in this case,
 Should be, I think, sent to their proper place.

LXV.

A short space of the Session now remains,
 The good Professor gave them ~~some~~ advice :—
 " Revise each branch you've studied here, with pains
 " O let no evil ways your minds entice :
 " Whatever things you learn, in vain the whole are,
 " Unless you join the Christian with the Scholar."

*the country fellows, in your first-rate towns,
think prices too exorbitant, are surprised—*

LXVI.

How joyful now is ev'ry student's face !
Some thought already that they saw their home,
And throbb'd within their parents' long embrace ;
Another tender meeting waited some ;
Some paid their books and lodging, some their pot,
Some, eager to get off, these things forgot.

LXVII.

Some sold their books, as being of no use ;
For the same reason others sold their gowns :
A want of money plays the very deuce
With fellows living in your first-rate towns.
This is at least by country fellows thought,
And yet their fathers don't give things for nought.

For want of money, others pluck'd the gown

LXVIII.

And what did Tom ? he had no debts to clear,
For strictly he adher'd to " pay and go ;"
Said he, " I on the causeway shall appear,
And none shall say that I a farthing owe."
If others would observe this simple plan,
It would prevent much loss to many a man.

The penman and learned a long eye
 LXIX.

But I to give advice must not pretend—
 “Physician heal thyself,” some tongue may say;
 So we shall draw this canto to an end.
 Tom from the town departed the next day;
 Like her of old, he turn'd an eye upon it,
 And wrote, but it is lost, a farewell sonnet.

LXX.

Now for a while the curtain must descend,
 That you may ease your eyes and take your breath;
 But should you favour what I here have penn'd,
 Unless eclips'd within the shade of death,
 A little more of Tom's life I ~~will~~ tell; *may*
 Meantime I wish you may fare very well.

LXXI.

Two friends, sweet reader, such as you and I,
 Scarce ever sep'rate at the first “farewell;”
 Again they turn, while tears bedim the eye—
 Like me, they yet have something more to tell.
 Oh! I remember parting with a dear,
 That makes me quite forget what should be here.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

“ Alas!—he sleeps for ever.”—SHAK.

Come, muse, (though meanest of the train,
Yet thou canst drop a heart-shed tear),
Begin the sorrow-breathing strain
Above the noble Byron's bier.

His bosom now has found repose,
Far, far beyond the power of grief;
No pride-forbidden sorrow flows,
He now enjoys no false relief.

What foreign tribes could not bestow,
What the gay East could not impart,
He has obtain'd; now ev'ry woe
Forsakes his sadly tortur'd heart.

The mem'ry of his grief is gone,
 Love unrequited flames no more ;
 Nor shall he wander now alone,
 An outcast on a foreign shore.

Nor fly to wine's oblivious pow'r,
 In vain to ease his flaming brain ;
 Ah ! 'tis not for a single hour *fluctuating*
 That death suspends the exile's pain.

Can she that spurn'd him from her breast—
 That faithless breast he held so dear,
 Whose mutual love his days had blest—
 Refuse to weep, though vain the tear ?

His child, the pledge of fondest love,
 Can she appear with tearless eye ?
 Will nature fail her breast to move ?
 Will she suppress the rising sigh ?

What ! has no youth that lov'd his lay,
 And panted as the story ran,
 Yet to his daughter dar'd to say
 " His were the frailties of a man ?"

He had his faults ; but could such worth,
Without a speck to dim its sheen,
Appear upon this blemish'd earth ?
Such will not be—has never been.

THE ORPHAN.

THOUGH murmuring streamlets no longer can flow,
 And Zephyr has fled with the leaves of the tree ;
 Though one tender flow'r only pierces the snow,
 Yet winter has pleasures for sorrow and me.

Though sweet the revival of nature in spring,
 And grateful the breeze in the warm summer eve,
 And cheerful the wild notes the corn-reapers sing,
 Yet winter is dearer to bosoms that grieve.

The snow has been
 For nature ~~seems now~~ ^{shrouded} in her winding-sheet laid ;
 The silence around is expressive of woe,
 And joins in the fast-flowing tears that I shed
 For the dearest ^{lost} of ^{the} parents that slumber below.

The world they have left me to wander alone,
 Where few ever listen to poverty's cries ;
 " But he that is seated on mercy's white throne,"
 They told me, " the orphan would never despise."

*Her mother's love had been her natural joy
 & spirit*

Though winter is dreary, it passes away,
Nature starts from her tomb at the voice of the Spring;
And the time is approaching, nor distant the day,
When round my dear parents I fondly will cling.

Where sorrow and sighing shall never appear;
The widow's eye beams with the transports of joy;
The heart-rending "farewell" no more shall we hear,
And a home shall be found for the poor Orphan Boy.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

A little longer, setting beam,
Forbear to leave the western sky ;
I would that thy departing gleam
Should with a shipwreck'd sailor die.

The sea-birds now in clam'rous flocks,
In concert with the roaring surge,
And breezes howling through the rocks,
Begin the shipwreck'd sailor's dirge.

No friends my drooping head support,
My shipmates sinking in the main,
My mangl'd limbs the tempest's sport,
Increase the shipwreck'd sailor's pain.

I saw with joy thy glorious ray
Above the glitt'ring wave ascend ;
Together we have spent the day,
Together let our courses end.

Thy course will be renew'd again,
In equal splendour as before ;
But friends will look for me in vain—
My anchor can be weigh'd no more.

 THE SECRET REVEALED.

Anna, one has long conceal'd
 A secret in his tortur'd breast ;
 That secret now must be reveal'd,
 No more the truth can be suppress'd.

Why was it still his sole desire
 To please you when he tun'd his lyre ?
 And O! how well repaid his toil,
 If ~~it was~~ ^{not an} worthy of your smile !

Why sees he you in ev'ry flow'r,
 When gently moisten'd by the show'r,
 And thinks the accents of your tongue
 More sweet than sweetest warbler's song ?

When Phoebus with his morning glow
 Illumes the lofty mountain's brow,
 Why ~~says~~ ^{has} he then, that, like the dew,
 His cares ~~could~~ ^{may} be dispell'd by you ?

When not a cloud obscures the sky,
 Why thinks he of the tender blue
 Of that belov'd and lovely eye,
 Which he so much delights to view ?

When absent, why this fond desire
 Again your beauties to admire?
 And why is each amusement tried
 In vain, unless when at your side?

When there, why throbs his bosom high,
 And what awakes the frequent sigh?
 Why spreads the blush along his cheek,
 His falt'ring accents why so weak?

Ah! surely now he has reveal'd
 The secret he has long conceal'd;
 Ask you to whom his heart is true?
 Forgive presumption, 'tis to you.

ask you to whom his bosom swells?
 Think why to you his thoughts he tells.

That mould'ring clay may find a bed,

A WISH.

I wish, when from this ^{house} mortal clay
 My soul in freedom wings her way
 To regions of delight,
 My mould'ring body may be laid,
 Not by the gloomy trees that spread
 A counterfeited night—

But in yon gently swelling slope,
 Where first the modest snowy drop
 Begins to bloom alone ;

Below, the trees and shrubs among,
 The streamlet, as it glides along,

Will ever sweetly moan.

I would not have my body laid
 Where city crowds so careless tread
 Without a pause or sigh ;

But I would like to have it where
 A friend might now and then repair,
 Unmark'd by vulgar eye ;

And as he drops true friendship's tear,
 My shade will fondly linger near,
 And gently soothe his breast;
 And wish his race may soon be run,
 That he may hail the cloudless sun
 That shines upon the blest.

That, when his race prescribed is run,
 He may enjoy the cloudless sun

IMPROMPTU.

Bella

Ah! know'st thou not, my Emma dear,
That I am bending over thee;
And that upon thy snowy cheek
My tears are falling rapidly?

O why is not that hand stretch'd out,
As it was wont, to welcome me?
When did those eyes before forget
To shed the tear of sympathy?

And whither have thy roses fled?
Why lilies scatter'd over thee?
And where is now the dimpling smile,
And down-cast look of modesty?

And why so motionless those lips,
That us'd to soothe and comfort me?
And why in silence lies that tongue,
Which charm'd me with its melody?

Who could have thought that tyrant Death
 Would aim a fatal shaft at thee?
 Great God, forgive me, if I thought
 'Twas tainted with severity.

Bella
 But, ~~Emma~~ dear, thou hear'st me not,
 No joy on earth is left to me;
 Death, wing thy shaft, let ~~us~~ ^{another} ~~be~~ ^{and} join'd,
Our souls To love through all eternity.

 A DREAM.

I wander'd the winding beach in a dream,
 The billows gently kiss'd the shore ;
 But no longer was heard the curlew's scream,
 Nor the fisherman's plunging oar.

Joy kind'd my breast when I saw my love
 Beneath our wonted sea-worn cave ;
 And mildly the moon was rising above
 The glitt'ring, scarcely-heaving wave.

Here often we met on a summer's eve,
 To shun the glance of vulgar eye ;
 The murmuring billows below us heave,
 Above, the waving branches sigh.

Delighted
 I dream'd that we wander'd the lonely shore,
 And oft our mutual ^{love} vows confess'd ;
 And I did what I never dar'd before—
 My lip to hers I fondly press'd.

A FRAGMENT.

He travell'd on—'twas a summer's day,
And through wild hills his journey lay;
Oft pensive and mournful thoughts arose,
When he look'd around and thought of those
That once had plough'd each bended field,
That scarcely shew'd it e'er was till'd.
They fell in the tide of civil war—
Now heath grows o'er their fields afar;
But no where can a trace be seen,
To tell where once a house had been,
Whose inmates oft had bent the ear
The wonder-rousing tale to hear:
All signs of man are nearly gone,
As if no man the place had known.
Sometimes he paus'd and heav'd a sigh,
For as they are laid so we must lie.

But he had pass'd that way before,
But ne'er such thoughts his mind came o'er;
For Christian then was at his side,
Whom soon he hop'd to call his bride;

And while he heard her tongue's sweet sound,
 He thought not of the fields around.
 But she, alas, was no more there,
 And his heart beat under the hand of care ;
 For now within the lowly bed
 Of sound repose his love was laid,
 And he was going to drop a tear
 On the tomb of her he still held dear.

He sigh'd at her narrow home,
 And he came to the place and sigh'd alone,
 O'er days gone by—and those to come ;
 He sat him down beside her grave—
 Below him roll'd the crested wave ;
 For the place where the dead took their repose,
 Was the shelf of a rugged cliff that arose
 Tow'ring above the waves around,
 That lash'd its base with an angry sound.
 And he saw a ship on the wat'ry plain,
 She sought the neighb'ring port to gain ;
 But the wind was cross, and little way
 The vessel made to the wish'd-for bay.
 And thus was he the tempest's sport,

* * * * *

Genria

 WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

How dreary is the night to those
 Who never sink in soft repose,
 But lie in bitter pain and tell
 The tardy hours upon the bell,
 Or listen to the watchman's cry,
 Or to the tempest roaring by !
 How happy those in grandeur laid, *who lay in*
 At ease upon the downy bed ; *limbs are open*
 They sweetly dream, nor ope their eyes,
 Until the morning beams arise ;
 But Somnus never will appear
 On eyelids sullied with a tear.
 'Tis vain to change the weary side,
 The drowsy drug in vain is tried ;
 Nor change nor drug can him detain
 Upon the couch of grief and pain.
 He, like the world, on those will call,
 On whom the smiles of fortune fall ;
 But him and them we never see
 Beneath the roof of Misery.

TIES OF AFFECTION.

With pleasure I warbl'd my wild notes along,
When I knew that my Mary would smile o'er the song ;
The praises of critics I spurn'd with disdain,
Enough if my Mary commended the strain,
But now my harp sleeps, while I sink in decay,
For the ties of affection are broken for aye.

No more will I wander along the sea-shore
Impatient, expecting the maid I adore ;
As yon rock in the ocean she heard me complain,
And turn'd from my tale with a sneer of disdain.
My pleasures are gone like the wind-driven spray,
For the ties of affection are broken for aye.

Then fare thee well, Mary—to me ever dear—
Be thy cheek never stain'd by adversity's tear ;
And may thy fair bosom for ever remain
A stranger to sorrow, a stranger to pain :
Never think of the youth thou hast forc'd far away,
For the ties of affection are broken for aye.

 A QUERY ANSWERED.

O why do you ask why I sneer at mankind?
 And why do you seek for the cause of my frown?
 And why do you say I am haughty of mind,
 Though sometimes the tear trickles silently down?

Say, where is the false friend who look'd to the moon,
 And call'd her to witness he still would be true?
 Now he like that planet has turn'd him too soon,
 And prov'd that when fortune turns, friendship turns
 too.

And where is my Mary, that gain'd this fond heart?
 And did she not say that our hearts were exchang'd?
 And did she not say that we never should part,
 As we on the banks of ~~you~~ sweet river rang'd?
 The Dora

Then why dô you ask why I sneer at mankind?
 And why do you seek for the cause of my frown?
 A friend truly faithful I never could find—
 For love unrequited the tear trickles down.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

*Isabella Wylie - Daughter of the
late Major John Wylie -*

E'en thou must yield to mortal's doom ;
Oh ! could not youth in beauty's bloom
Preserve thee from the dreary tomb,
My dear departed Isobell ?

Unfeeling tyrant ! canst thou spare
The weeds, and pluck the blossoms fair ?
How cruel from my breast to tear
My dear departed Isobell !

I fondly hop'd life's troubl'd sea
In happiness to pass with thee ;
But thou hast left its storms to me,
My dear departed Isobell.

How short the time that we have pass'd !
'Twas vain to think such bliss could last ;
Each prospect now is overcast,
My dear departed Isobell.

Oh! must that lovely form be laid
Into the earth's corrupting bed?
And will the careless o'er thee tread,
My dear departed Isobell?

Does grief bedim the captive's eye,
Restor'd again to liberty?
Ah! no; 'tis those he leaves that sigh,
My dear departed Isobell.

Thou seest not thy lover's pain;
Ev'n pity's tear no more can stain
Thy cheek, and I must mourn in vain,
My dear departed Isobell.

My life will be a night of woe;
No ease my wounded heart can know,
Till plac'd where tears forget to flow,
With thee, my dearest Isobell.

TO ~~MARY~~.

I've seen the day when ev'ry song
That on my artless lyre I play'd,
Was sweetly warbl'd by your tongue,
And well my lay your smile repaid.

I've known how sweet it is to love,
Requited by a mutual flame ;
Now disappointment's pangs I prove,
Nor more aspire your hand to claim.

Was't right, since I lov'd you so well,
And all my loving heart your own,
With grief to make my bosom swell,
And dash my humble off'ring down ?

And was your breast at perfect ease,
Did no forbidden tear-drop fall,
To think my happiness would cease,
When driv'n from thee—my love—my all ?

And thought you with a careless heart,
 How deep my agony would be ?
 Have you not said, if we should part,
 The fault would wholly lie in me ?

Adieu, adieu, my artless lyre,
 No Mary now thy notes will heed ;
 My hand no more shall touch thy wire,
 Corruption now on thee may feed.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Thomas Paterson Esq. in 1712

Say'st thou that man is spotless born ?

Then hither let thy footsteps wend ;

Tell why this infant in the morn

Of life must to the grave descend ?

Say why does death the streams arrest,

That circl'd through this infant's breast ?

For never had his speechless tongue

A word against his Lord express't ;

The thought of working others wrong

Was never form'd within his breast ;

With scorn he never turn'd his éye

From widow's tear and orphan's cry.

I saw yon rose in all the pride

Of beauty, wet with silv'ry dew ;

But now decay has pierc'd its side,

Its leaves assume a sallow hue.

Thus shorten'd is our little span

By sin, the canker-worm of man.

One may for many summers bloom,
Uninjur'd still by winter's rage ;
Yet worms the buds of youth consume,
And feed upon the roots of age.
Thus even those inhaling breath,
Are walking in the shades of death.

The lustre of his eye ^{had} is fled,
Yet even in death he seems to smile,
As if the slumbers of the dead
Some pleasing dreams of bliss beguile—
Ah ! never shall the hand of care
Remove the smile that lingers there.

That flow'ret plac'd within his hand,
Like him, was cropp'd in early bloom ;
But it shall start at Spring's command,
And flourish o'er his grassy tomb.
And now I hear his mother say,
" Although we part, 'tis not for aye."

THE PILGRIM.

Pilgrim, trav'ling towards Zion,
 Why that tear-drop in your eye?
 The Lord has said, his word rely on,
 "From ev'ry face the tear I'll dry."

'Tis not that the way is dreary,
 'Tis not thorns ^{at} ev'ry pace;
 'Tis not that I'm faint and weary,
 'Tis that God conceals his face.'

Think not in that cloud before you,
 God can veil his face or frown;
 Pass the cloud, and then in glory
 You shall gain the victor's crown.

THE CROSS.

When passing through this wilderness,
Oppress'd by fear and grief,
I think of him who bore yon Cross,
And thence derive relief.

When death withdraws a parent's care,
And flatt'ring friends deceive,
The streams that flow from yonder Cross
My mourning soul relieve.

When disappointment grieves my heart,
When poverty assails,
Yon Cross reminds me of a store,
Whose support never fails.

When I approach the vale of death,
When fears on fears succeed,
I'll fix mine eyes on yonder Cross,
And then with joy proceed.

IMITATIONS.

A FRAGMENT, FROM THE WORKS OF SIMONIDES.

[Danaë, together with her infant child, being enclosed in a chest, and committed to the mercy of the waves, is supposed to address her child in the following words.]

The winds with fast increasing rage
Among the rocks begin to roar,
And mountain-waves with whit'ning edge
Dash dreadful on the midnight shore.

Each whirling surge bursts o'er the chest,
The mother's tears profusely run,
And to her deeply-throbbing breast
She fondly clasps her infant son.

And as the blast more fiercely blows,
"Alas! my darling son," she cries,
"If thou wert conscious of my woes,
"Would slumber now oppress thine eyes?"

- “ Could'st thou, my babe, so calmly sleep,
“ And would that smile thy cheek pervade,
“ If thou beheld'st the raging deep,
“ And joyless place where thou art laid ?
- “ Thou darest not the dismal night,
“ And waves that must o'erwhelm us soon ;
“ Appears no star, or friendly light,
“ Except the glimmerings of the moon.
- “ With purple mantle o'er thee cast,
“ Thou still enjoyest sleep profound,
“ Regardless of the raving blast,
“ And foaming waves that burst around.
- “ Thy guileless breast no pang torments,
“ No tear upon thy cheek appears ;
“ And to thy mother's sad complaints
“ Thou bendest not thy tender ears.
- “ O cease to rage, thou boist'rous deep !
“ My child, indulge thy sweet repose,
“ Nor let my grief disturb thy sleep—
“ Ah ! when will sleep o'ercome my woes !”

FROM MOSCHUS.

When gentle zephyr scarcely blows,
My panting bosom envies those
Who live upon the sea, and then
I hate the solitary plain.

But when the winds with black'ning sweep
Arouse the surges of the deep,
That lash the rocks with sullen roar,
And spread their foam along the shore—
Then I forsake the threat'ning main,
And seek my fields and groves again ;
There, when the waves are raging high,
My pines in pleasing murmurs sigh.

Poor Fisher ! wrapt in ragged coat,
Thy only home an open boat,
How great thy labour and distress,
And how uncertain thy success !
While I in sweet repose am laid,
Beneath the pine's refreshing shade ;
Where murm'ring rills are wand'ring near,
And nature's music soothes my ear.

 FROM OSSIAN.

Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream, but more sweet is the voice
 I hear. It is the voice of Alpin the son of song, mourning for
 his dead !

ALPIN'S LAMENT FOR MORAR.

The roe in the desert not swifter could fly,
 Nor dreader the meteor that streams through the sky
 Thy sword as the lightning flash'd bright on the plain
 Thy voice distant thunder, or streams after rain ;
 In the flame of thy wrath thou brought'st multitudes
 low,
 But oh, when returning, how peaceful thy brow !
 Thy face like the sun when the rain-clouds have fled,
 Like the moon when deep silence o'er nature is spread
 Or the breast of the lake when the tempest is laid.

O'er Morar, once mighty, how green grows the sod
 How narrow thy dwelling, how dark thine abode !
 Four moss-headed stones, with an old leafless tree,
 Are all that remain in memorial of thee ;

The wind whistles through the long grass o'er thy
head—

These mark to the hunter where Morar is laid.
No mother nor maid in the tears of love moan ;
The babe that bore thee is dead—Morglan's daughter is gone !

Who is this on his staff, with his head white with years,
With steps slowly tott'ring, and eyes red with tears ?
Tis thy father, O Morar, no son now has he ;
Weep, father, O weep, but thy son hears not thee ;
On death's dusty pillow the dead soundly sleep,
They hear not our voice, nor regard those who weep.
O when shall the morning dispel the dark gloom,
And when shall the slumb'rer arise from the tomb !
Thy vengeance no longer the daring shall feel,
Nor the wood be illum'd by the glare of thy steel ;
Thy name from oblivion the Minstrel will save—
Future ages shall hear of thee, Morar the brave !

COMAL AND GALBINA.

Young Comal own'd a hundred hills,
 His deer drank of a thousand rills,
 And to the voice of ev'ry hound
 A thousand echoing rocks resound ;
 Youthful mildness grac'd his brow,
 His pow'ful hand brought heroes low.

One was his love, and she was fair,
 The mighty Conloch's only care ;
 'Mong other women she appear'd
 Gentle as the beam of spring ;
 Her tresses were the raven's wing ;
 And to the chase her dogs were rear'd.

Her bow-string sounded in the wind ;
 On Comal she had fix'd her mind ;
 Their course was one when in the chase,
 And sweet their words in secret place.
 But Grumal, chief of Ardven's land,
 The maiden lov'd, and sought her hand ;
 He watch'd her steps upon the heath,
 And sought unhappy Comal's death.

Tir'd of the chase, while mist conceal'd
 Their friends, the lovers left the field ;
 Their haunt in Ronan's cave they sought,
 Grac'd with the spoils of fields well-fought ;
 With helms of steel, and bows unstrung,
 And bossy shields, its sides were hung—
 " Here, light of Ronan's cave, abide ;
 " A deer appears on Mora's side :
 " I'll soon return." She said, " I fear
 ' Lest Ardven's gloomy chief appear ;
 ' O soon, my love, forsake the chase,
 ' Dark Grumal often haunts this place !"

The deer on Mora's side he chas'd ;
 But she, her lover's faith to try,
 Her lovely sides with steel incas'd,
 And left the cave where she was plac'd ;
 Then Comal thought his foe was nigh,
 His colour chang'd—his heart beat high,
 And darkness dimm'd his eyes ;
 He bends his bow—Galbina falls ;
 Then he for Conloch's daughter calls,
 And runs with wild surprise.
 No voice within the rock replied ;
 " O where art thou, my love !" he cried.
 At last the lovely breast he knew,
 That bled around the shaft he threw—

Then down he fell in wild despair,
And thus the hunters found the pair.

He walk'd the hill, and often trode
In silence round his love's abode.
Then came the fleet across the main ;
He fought—the strangers fled the plain.
He search'd for death along the field,
But who could make young Comal yield ?
Away his dark-brown shield he threw,
An arrow through his bosom flew ;
And now beside the sounding deep,
The hapless lovers calmly sleep.
The sailors see their grassy grave,
When bounding o'er the northern wave.

MINVANE'S LAMENT FOR HER LOVER.

On Morven sat the wailing maid,
Around the foaming billows spread ;
She saw the youth in arms array'd,
But where art thou, my Ryno !

Our dark looks told that he was dead,
That to the clouds the hero fled ;
And in the grass, on Morven's head,
Was heard the voice of Ryno.

And is the son of Fingal slain ?
Lies he on Ullin's mossy plain ?
Must I, alas ! alone remain,
Far, far from youthful Ryno ?

But here alone I will not stay ;
Ye winds, in which my tresses play,
Not long my sighs will ye convey,
For I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not in beauty's grace,
Returning from the weary chace ;
For darkness fills the dreary place,
And silence dwells with Ryno !

No more thy hounds will scour along,
Nor wilt thou join the hunter's song,
Nor raise thy spear and buckler strong,
Nor bend thy bow, my Ryno.

When will the morning come and say,
" Away ! thou king of spears, away !
" The hunters now pursue the prey,
" The hinds are near thee, Ryno !"

Away, away, thou morning clear,
The slumb'ring king will never hear ;
Hinds bounding o'er his grave appear,
For death dwells round young Ryno.

But softly I, my king, will tread
Within the dark and lonesome shade,
And steal into the peaceful bed,
Nor wake my slumb'ring Ryno.

The maids will seek for me in vain,
For me in doleful songs complain ;
But I will never hear the strain—
I sleep with youthful Ryno.

NIGHT.

Dark roll the waves upon the lake,
 And foaming lash its rocky side ;
 The boat is brimful in the cove,
 The oars are floating on the tide.

Sad sits yon maid before the rock,
 Amid the dreary shades of night ;
 She saw her lover's little boat
 Approaching while it yet was light.

But now the flaky snow descends,
 The moon, when seen, is deadly pale—
 Is that a boat, a dismal wreck ?
 Is that a cry upon the gale ?

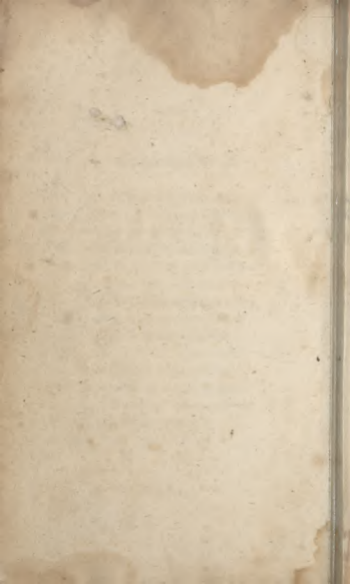
“ And art thou gone ? ” the maiden cries,
 “ And wilt thou never reach the shore ? ”
 In wild despair she beats her breast,
 Then plunges down to rise no more.

THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, star of the descending night,
'Mong western clouds how fair thy light !
Now from thy cloud thou lift'st thy head,
And mov'st along with stately tread.
What seest thou on the smiling plain,
No longer overspread with rain ?
No more the dreadful tempests blow,
The distant torrents murmur low,
Against the rock the billows flow.
Tell me, dost thou cast thine eyes
Upon the humming ev'ning flies ?
What, lovely star, dost thou perceive ?—
But with a smile thou tak'st thy leave.
To thee with joy the waves repair,
And gently lave thy lovely hair.

THE END.





These two months were the previous year
 to be the depression
 I think supports just please the
 mind. These arguments don't will fly the
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 than a better health will be p. 35

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