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POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER,

CONTAINING THE

Shipwreck and other Poems.

NEW EDITION,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

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MEMOIR OF FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER WAS a native of Edinburgh, and was born in 1730. He was the son of a barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. At an early age he went to sea, on board a merchant vessel belonging to Leith. Following closely his profession, before he was eighteen years of age he was second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Mediterranean trade, which was lost off cape Colonna, as described in the "Shipwreck," and Falconer was one of three that were saved of her crew.

A monody on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales,—his first poetical attempt—was published in 1754, during a short residence in his native city. In 1757 he was raised to the quarter-deck of the *Ramilles*, and remained in her for three years, when he again suffered shipwreck, the *Ramilles* having gone on shore during a gale, in the English Channel, while beating up for Plymouth, and of the whole of her crew, numbering 734, Falconer and other twenty-five were all that escaped.

The *Shipwreck* appeared in 1763, and by the patronage of the Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, he obtained the appointment of a midshipman on board the *Royal George*,

and subsequently that of purser on board the *Glory* frigate. He shortly afterwards married a Miss Hicks, an accomplished and beautiful woman, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness yard. After the peace of 1763, he was on the point of being reduced to distressed circumstances, but by the friendship of Commissioner Hanway, who ordered the cabin of the *Glory* to be fitted up for his residence, he enjoyed for some time a retreat for study without expence or embarrassment. He here compiled his celebrated *Marine Dictionary*, which was published in 1769, and has been always esteemed by such as are conversant with the subjects it treats, and who are therefore able to appreciate its merits. Previous to the publication of the *Dictionary* he left Chatham for a less comfortable abode in London, and commenced politician. He here wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, and others, but with little advantage to his memory. About this time he appears to have struggled with considerable difficulties, in the midst of which he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to join him in the business he had then just established. The offer was however refused, he having got the appointment of purser in the *Aurora*, East Indiaman. He embarked in that ship in September, 1769, but after having rounded the cape of Good Hope, no tidings were ever after heard of that vessel, having foundered, it is supposed, in the Channel of Mozambique, all on board having perished.

No one can peruse the *Shipwreck* without feeling that the poem is a faithful representation of some fearful reality, as both in the endeavours of the crew to rescue themselves from

their perilous position, the whole of their nautical manœuvres, and the final wreck of the ship, the truth of the whole is apparent in every passage. The loss of the boatswain and three of the sailors from off the lee yard-arm is finely pourtrayed,

“ Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
 In vain their struggling arms the yard infold :
 In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
 The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !
 Prone on the midnight surge, they pant for breath,
 They cry for aid, and long contend with Death ;
 High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
 And down they sink in everlasting sleep.

Falconer's characters are few : Albert, the commander, is brave, just, and liberal ; he is finely contrasted with the next in rank, the hardy, rough, yet kind Northumbrian, Rodmond. Palemon, the supercargo, is the lover of the poem, and he is perhaps too effeminate for the rough sea, his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy. In this poem he may be said to have added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language, as previously we had no poem of any length of which the characters and scenery were purely naval. Such a subject Falconer justly considered as “ new to epic lore,” but it possessed strong recommendations to the British public, whose national pride and honour are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have “ some friend, some brother there.”

The Shipwreck has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules are approved of by all experienced naval off-

cers. The scene of the catastrophe, though he followed only the facts of his own history, was poetically laid amongst seas and shores where the mind easily gathers romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The incidents of the poem, like to those of a well-wrought tragedy, gradually deepen, while they yet leave a suspense of hope and fear to the imagination. In the closing scene there is something that deeply rouses compassion in the picture of the unfortunate man who is struck blind by a flash of lightning while at the helm. The poet skilfully heightens this trait by showing its effect on the commiseration of Rodmond, the roughest of his characters, who guides the victim of misfortune to lay hold of the shrouds.

“ A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind ;
 And, while, around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud.
 ‘ Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !’ he cries,
 ‘ Thy only succour on the mast relies.’ ”

The truth of the poem is indeed one of its greatest attractions, we feel that it is a passage of real life ; and the whole has the effect of leaving an impression of truth and nature on the mind.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical description of Memory. Appeal to her assistance. The story begun. Retrospect of the former part of the voyage. The ship arrives at Candia. Ancient state of that island. Present state of the adjacent isles of Greece. The season of the year. Character of the master and his officers. Story of Palemon and Annà. Evening described. Midnight. The ship weighs anchor, and departs from the haven. State of the weather. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring shores. Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth. Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

The Scene is near the City of Candia ; and the time about Four Days and a Half.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms ;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,
Along his trembling wave, from pole to pole ;
Sick of the scene, where War, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land ;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death !
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain ;

But o'er the scene while pale Remembrance weeps,
 Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps ;
 Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
 And lawless floods rebel against the skies ;
 Till Hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
 Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
 To whom all science, arts, and arms belong ;
 Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
 Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name !
 If e'er with trembling hope I fondly strayed,
 In life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,
 To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
 And melt the heart with ecstacy of pain ;
 Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of Love,
 While all Elysium warbled through the grove :
 O ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
 That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;
 By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
 Whose vaults re-murmur to the roaring wave ;
 With living colours give my verse to glow,
 The sad memorial of a tale of woe !

A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
 To fame unknown, and new to epic lore.

Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine ;
 Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
 To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar ?
 Or shall a youth approach their hallowed fane,
 Stranger to Phœbus and the tuneful train ?
 Far from the Muses' academic grove,
 'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove,
 Alternate change of climates has he known,
 And felt the fierce extremes of either zone ;
 Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
 Or equinoctial suns for ever glow :

Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
 "A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," *
 From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
 To the bleak coast of savage Labrador :
 From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,
 Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
 To where the isthmus, † laved by adverse tides,
 Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
 But while he measured o'er the painful race,
 In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
 Adversity, companion of his way !
 Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;
 Bade new distresses every instant grow,
 Marking each change of place with change of woe.
 In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
 With livid pestilence afflicts the land ;
 Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
 Parent of Want and Misery severe !
 Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
 The hostile ships in flaming combat join ;
 Where the torn vessel, wind and wave assail,
 Till o'er her crew Distress and Death prevail :
 Where'er he wandered thus vindictive Fate
 Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate !
 Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
 Wintered the morn of life's advancing day ;
 Relaxed the sinews of the living lyre,
 And quenched the kindling spark of vital fire.—
 Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
 What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse !
 Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
 The harvest of his humble hope destroy !
 His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
 Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.

* Shakspeare.

† Darien.

If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound ;
Yet here let list'ning Sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale.
And lo! the power that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along ;
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light :
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began.
Her left a silver wand on high displayed,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look ; on radiant wings, that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails ; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's
shores ;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives ;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.
O first-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazoned glories spread from zone to zone ;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscured idea pours the light !
Whose wing unerring glides through time and
place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space !
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel ;

Assailed by tempests, girt with hostile shores,
Arise, approach, unlock thy treasured stores!

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held ;
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
The wayward steps of fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued ;
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanced incautious of each fatal snare ;
Though warned full oft the slippery path to shun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betrayed them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resigned.
Long absent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam :
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crowned each painful voyage with success ;
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator rolled his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail,
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had viewed,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near :

A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elapsed while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion called to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blessed with favouring winds, they soon
explore;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar,
Mark the fell track of desolating War!
Here Art and Commerce with auspicious reign,
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green;
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appeared.
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude Oppression quenched its genial fires;
But still, her fields with golden harvests crowned,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around;
What pale Distress afflicts those wretched isles,
There Hopenc'er dawns and Pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famished babes lament in vain;
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil,
A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;

No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay ;
Those charms, so long renowned in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains.

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run ;
And on th' ecliptic wheeled his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray :
The ship was moored beside the wave-worn strand,
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand ;
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
'The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
'True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;
'Th' advancing season warns him to the main—
A captive, fettered to the oar of gain ;
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;
Determined from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

'Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale ;
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
'Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew :
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?

They can ! for gold, too oft, with magic art
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart ;

This crowns the prosp'rous villain with applause,
 To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause ;
 This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode ;
 With slaughtered victims fills the weeping plain,
 And smooths the furrows of the treach'rous main.

O'er the gay vessel and her daring band,
 Experienced Albert held the chief command ;
 Though trained in boist'rous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refined ;
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
 Abroad confessed the father of his crew !
 Brave, liberal, just—the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene :
 Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attracted and by seas repelled ;
 Or point her devious track thro' climes unknown,
 That leads to every shore and every zone.
 He saw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
 And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
 While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
 Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
 Light and attraction, from their genial source,
 He saw still wand'ring with diminished force ;
 While on the margin of declining day,
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
 Inured to peril, with unconquered soul
 The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;
 His genius, ever for th' event prepared,
 Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore ;
 A hardy son of England's furthest shore !
 Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
 In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;

That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe ! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger ; proud of skilful bands :
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar * and shelf, the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm ; sagacious of the ground !
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined :
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode ;
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind ;
Boist'rous of manners, trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of Truth,
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul. [shore,
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the
With foul intent the stranded bark explore ;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
Too oft example, armed with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell :
Thus Rodmond, trained by this unhallowed crew,
The sacred social passions never knew :
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud ;

* A bar is known in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or land collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

In art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,
'Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band :
But what avails it to record a name
'That courts no rank among the sons of Fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with loud alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms.
On him fair Science dawned in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower ;
But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom withered and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea ;
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wandered, anxious to explore,
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
'To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravelled zone.
In vain—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of Hope against him closed :
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain ;
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed—
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.

This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save ;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots—tutored to divine
Th' untravelled course by geometric line ;
Trained to command and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth ; Palemon was his name :
A father's stern resentment doomed to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love—
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled ;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born ;
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale :
O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent ;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love ;
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame,
Betrayed the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest ;
Long had he listened with Suspicion's ear,
And learned, sagacious, this event to fear :
Too well, fair youth, thy liberal heart he knew,
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true ;

Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil :
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid :
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flatt'ring promise of his future joy !
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers, enchanting music ful'd,
And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assum'd a harsher strain ;
In absence now his only hope remain'd,
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a sadd'ning gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind :
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth :
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone
To him since young Arion first was known ;
Who, wand'ring here through many a scene re-
nown'd,

In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;

Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
 Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night ;
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind.
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recall'd to mem'ry by th' adjacent shore.
 The scene thus present, and its story known,
 The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
 Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore ;
 For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
 By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
 The course determine, or the commerce guide ;
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguished crew,
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
 And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
 High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida, flaming with meridian ray,
 Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more,
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black Remembrance drown in generous
 wine.

On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read ;
 Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast,
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—

But with Arion from the sultry heat
 Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects
 crowned ;*

The rampart torn with many a fatal wound ;
 The ruined bulwark tottering o'er the strand ;
 Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand.
 What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread,
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers
 assail'd,
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevailed ;
 While thund'ring mines the lovely plains o'er-
 turned,

While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
 But now before them happier scenes arise ;
 Elysian vales salute their ravished eyes :
 Olive and cedar formed a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine ;
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
 And lo! the stream renowned in classic song,
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild aleove :
 Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
 And with sweet Melancholy charmed the soul.
 Here first Palemon, with his pensive mind
 For consolation on his friend reclined,
 In pity's bleeding bosom poured the stream
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669 ; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Too true thy words: by sweet remembrance
taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:

In vain it courts the solitary shade,

By every action, every look betrayed.—

The pride of gen'rous woe disdains appeal

To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:

Yet sure, if right, Palemon can divine,

The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.

Yes, all his cares thy sympathy shall know,

And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science
grac'd,

In humble station though by Fortune plac'd,

Yet never seaman more serenely brave

Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.

Where fall in view Augusta's spires are seen,

With flow'ry lawns and waving woods between,

A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,

Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.

There live the hope and pleasure of his life,

A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.

For his return, with fond officious care,

Still every grateful object these prepare;

Whatever can allure the smell or sight,

Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid, in virtue's path to guide,

Her anxious parents all their cares applied:

Her spotless soul where soft compassion reigned,

No vice untuned, no sick'ning folly stained.

Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,

Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:

Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,

Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;

Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,

The smile of maiden innocence express'd:

While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smiled serene ;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues arrayed in vernal bloom ;
Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore :
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasures stored,
Me, with affairs of commerce charged he sent
To Albert's humble mansion ; soon I went—
Too soon, alas ! unconscious of th' event—
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw :
There wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna, who alone
Can all the cruel frowns of fate atone ;
O, while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
fraught,
My flutt'ring spirits first th' infection caught :
When as I gaz'd, my fault'ring tongue betrayed
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid :
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb, unstrung with terror, shook.
With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love ;
She strove in vain, subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine.—
Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid.
Full oft where Thames his wand'ring current leads,
We roved at ev'ning hour through flow'ry meads,

There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
To her with tender sighs, my hope appealed,
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved ;
For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was hers, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart :
My suit prevailed ; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours ! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day.
For here, the sigh that soft Affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last,
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ereast—
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice ;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind :
For love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure ;
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolved ;
At last on cruel exile he resolved.
The rig'rous doom was fix'd : alas ! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain.
His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt :

With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.

'Twas ours, in that sad period first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love :

Th' impatient wish that never feels repose
Desire that with perpetual current flows ;

The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear ;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.

Thus while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,

Hast'ning the moment of our last adieu.

The vessel parted on the falling tide ;

Yet Time one sacred hour to Love supplied.

The night was silent, and, advancing fast,

The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast ;

Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,

And led me to the nymph my soul adored.

Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning ear ;

She came confest—the lovely maid drew near ;

But ah, what force of language can impart

Th' impetuous joy that glowed in either heart.

O, ye, whose melting hearts are formed to prove

The trembling ecstasies of genuine love.

When, with delicious agony, the thought

Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;

Your secret sympathy alone can tell

What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell,

O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,

While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.

In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,

The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast ;

While hers congenial beat with fond alarms ;

Dissolving softness—paradise of charms !

Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew

Our blending spirits, that each other drew.

O bliss supreme, where Virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty pleasure never felt.
 Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire ;
 " Ah, wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries, "
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
 " For ever destined to lament in vain,
 Such flatt'ring fond ideas entertain ?
 My heart through scenes of fair illusion strayed
 To joys decreed for some superior maid.
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of Grief,
 Where never gentle hopes afford relief.
 Go then, dear youth, thy father's rage atone,
 And let this tortured bosom beat alone :
 The hov'ring anger yet thou may'st appease,
 Go then, dear youth, nor tempt the faithless seas,
 Find out some happier daughter of the town,
 With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;
 Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
 Too well thou know'st poor Albert's niggard fate
 Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
 Go then, I charge thee, by thy gen'rous love,
 That fatal to my father thus may prove :
 On me alone let dark affliction fall,
 Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
 Then haste thee hence Palemon, ere too late,
 Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate."

She ceased ; while anguish in her angel-face
 O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace :
 Not Helen, in her bridal charms arrayed,
 Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
 " O soul of all my wishes, " I replied,
 " Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide :
 Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth,
 To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;

And I, perfidious, all that sweetness see
Consigned to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb.
Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night,
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where Fate and Ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threat'ning stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands;
Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love:
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.—
O cease to weep—this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of Sorrow melt away.
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe:
The famed and great decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid, ere twice ten months are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never Interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender
grief,
Now found an interval of short relief;
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintery sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu:
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:

She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
 Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave.
 With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,
 And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear;
 While dying fondness languished in her eyes,
 She poured her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs.
 "Look down with pity, O ye Powers above,
 Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding Love!
 Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain,
 Bid every guardian minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-loved youth defend."
 With grief o'erwhelmed, we parted twice in vain,
 And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion streamed in either heart;
 Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
 She to her silent couch retired to weep,
 While her sad swain embarked upon the deep.

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief,
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.

'The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
 Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Compos'd at length, his sadly warbling strain,
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;

Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal.
Ah, may no wanderer of the faithless main
Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane,
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
O, warn'd by friendship's counsel learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone.

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
The graceful lover, formed in Nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry displayed,
And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed ;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine ;
With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May :
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene,
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Bliſſe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green ;
The crystal streams that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean, hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo, his surface, lovely to behold,
Glowe in the west a sea of living gold ;
While all above, a thousand liveries gay
The ſkies with pomp ineffable array,

Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns.
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale ;
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring,
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing ;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud ;
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane :
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen !
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he clim'd ; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love,
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—

Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
 Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung;
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle
 rung.

All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry:
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply!
 Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass arm.*
 The order given, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round;
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave:
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvass wings extend:
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
 And through inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.†
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers? in which operation, it is prevented from recoiling, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her fore part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er :
The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the
sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night,
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Preschin's woody capes arise.

With whinnying postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant
gales.

The swelling stud-sails* now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend :
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd ;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud :
Thro' the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass, plac'd to catch the rising ray, †
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey !
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.

* Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

† The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Their sage experience thus explores the height
 And polar distance of the source of light:
 Then thro' the chiliads triple maze they trace
 Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
 No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas;
 Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
 While trembling through the green translucent
 stream.

The wales,* that close above in contract shone,
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
 Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
 Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
 Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
 To yield obsequious and confess their queen.
 Th' imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
 Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
 Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
 Around whose margin rolls the watery field:
 There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
 O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
 And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
 In bloody combat met from age to age,

* The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separate the bottom from the upper works.

Tam'd into Union, yok'd in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd
main.

From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks and whirlpools, hideous to the view!
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung:
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius in the youth express,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye,
Flush'd like the meteors of her native sky;

Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a
scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song—the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corslet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft wrapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of heaven, the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing, through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise!—
These front the scene conspicuous—over head
Albion's proud oak its filial branches spread;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood;
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then tower'd the masts; the canvass swell'd on
high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
 Thus, like a swan, she cleaves the watery plain;
 The pride and wonder of th' Ægean main.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land. The gale continues. A water-spout. Beauty of a dying dolphin. The ship's progress along the shore. Wind strengthens. The sails reduced. A shoal of porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea rises. A squall. The sails further diminished. Mainsail split. Ship bears away before the wind. Again hauls upon the wind. Another mainsail fitted to the yard. The gale still increases. Topsails furled. Top-gallant yards sent down. Sea enlarges. Sunset. Courses reefed. Four seamen lost off the lee main yard arm. Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation. Resolute behaviour of the sailors. The ship labours in great distress. The artillery thrown overboard. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous sea. Severe fatigue of the crew. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert to the crew. Necessary disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed effect. New dispositions equally unsuccessful. The mizen mast cut away.

The Scenery is in the Sea, between Cape Freschia, in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.—The Time is from Nine in the Morning, till One o'clock of the following Morning.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
 Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene!
 To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
 With summer crown'd th' Elysian valleys smile!
 To me those happy scenes no joy impart,
 But tantalize with hope my aching heart.

For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of woe!
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near—
Hail, social Horrors! like my fate severe.
Old Ocean, hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid, meet the trying hour.
O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides,
Rodmond, exulting, felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
Even they th' impressive dart of love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheathed in tripled steel.
Nor less o'erjoyed, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth.
In distant bosoms equal ardours glow;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;

When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column, towering, shoot on high :
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through th' skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in Nature's lore explain !
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly ;
The guns were primed,—the vessel northward
veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fired ; and while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down the dreadful deluge from on high ;
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclosed th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan grove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aërial tide ;
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnished scales they beam'd refulgent
rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seemed to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy, near the triple prong.

Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
 Not equal beauties gild the glowing west,
 With parting beams all o'er profusely dressed;
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th' enamelled lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem'd to glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
 But here description clouds each shining ray—
 What terms of Art can Nature's powers display?

Now, while on high the freshening gale she
 feels,

The ship beneath the lofty pressure reels.
 Th' auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
 From their high station sink by slow degrees.
 The watchful ruler of the helm no more
 With fixed attention eyes th' adjacent shore;
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wond'rous magnet, guides th' wayward
 prow.—

The wind that still th' impressive canvass swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
 Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
 Till, far behind, the hill of Jove is lost;

And while aloof from Retimo she steers,
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
 That once inclos'd the hallowed fane of Jove.
 Here, too, memorial of his name! is found
 A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
 This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
 The trembling states around to slavery broke;
 Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne.
 For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
 The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn.
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'er cast;
 The blackening ocean curls; the winds arise:
 And the dark scud* in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
 Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie. †
 The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the topsails by a single reef. ‡
 Each lofty yard with slackened cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.

* Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side, on which they are situated; as the lee cannon, the lee braces, the weather braces, &c.

‡ The topsails are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Down the tall masts the topsails sink again ;
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore ;
 And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantie regions shone :
 Still blacker clouds that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
 A squall deep lowering blots the southern sky,
 Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly ;
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain :
 " Reef topsails, reef!" the boatswain calls again.
 The halliards* and top-bow-lines† soon are gone,
 To clue-lines‡ and reef-tackles next they run :
 The shivering sails descend ; and now they square
 The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
 The weather earings§ and the lee they past ;
 The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
 Their task above thus finished, they descend,
 And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
 It comes resistless ; and with foaming sweep,
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.

* Halliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes extended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady and to prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard arms.

In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
 The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
 With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
 And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
 Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
 “Brail up the mizen* quick!” the master cries,
 “Man the clue-garnets,† let the main sheet fly,”‡
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift, and fatal, as the lightning’s course,
 Thro’ the torn mainsail bursts with thundering
 force,
 While the rent canvass flutter’d in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stooping bark inclin’d.—
 “Bear up the helm§ a-weather!” Rodmond cries;
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
 The prow, with secret instinct, veers apace:
 And now the foresail right athwart they brace;
 With equal sheets restrain’d, the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o’er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 Th’ attentive timoncer|| the helm applies.

* The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen mast.

† Clue-garnets are employed for the same purpose on the mainsail and foresail as the clue lines are upon all other square sails. See note ‡, p. 31.

‡ It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the mainsail and foresail there is a sheet and a tack on each side: the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather clue of the sail down to the ship’s side, whilst the former draws out of the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side wind.

§ The helm is said to be *a-weather*, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

|| Timoncer (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmsman or steersman.

As in pursuit along the aërial way,
 With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space ;
 So, govern'd by the steerman's glowing hands,
 The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
 Again she rallies to the sudden blast.
 The helm to starboard* turns, with wings inclin'd,
 The sidelong canvass clasps the faithless wind,
 The mizen draws ; she springs aloof once more,
 While the fore-staysail† balances before.
 The foresail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
 They near the prow th' extended track confin'd ;
 Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end.
 To top-sails next they haste—the bunt-lines gone,
 The clue-lines thro' their wheel'd machinery run ;
 On either side below the sheets are mann'd ;
 Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand,
 Once more the topsails, tho' with humbler plume,
 Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
 Again the bow-lines and the yards are brac'd,‡
 And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tatter'd ruins fluttering, is unbent.

* The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

† This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-top-mast-staysail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore-top-mast stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

‡ A yard is said to be braced when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left : the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

With brails* reflex another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
 To each yard-arm the head-rope† they extend,
 And soon their earings and the roebins‡ bend.
 That task perform'd they first the braces§ slack,
 Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack :
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay. ||

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide.
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
 These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
 When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
 Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee,
 Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea :
 Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
 Rous'd from their secret deeps, the billows roll.
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid,
 From Candia's bay, th' unwilling ship betray'd,

* The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called *brails*.

† The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

‡ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins are small cords used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

§ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

|| *Taught* implies stiff, tense or extended straight ; and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling *ast* the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
 Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
 As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting, prances to the bloody fray,
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
 Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide—
 Fierce and more fierce, the southern demon blew,
 And more incens'd the roaring waters grew;
 The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
 And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 Bow-lines and halliards are relax'd again,
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
 Clued up each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
 The seamen climb aloft on either yard;
 They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
 The yard, by rolling tackles* then confined.
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
 Like a hoarse mastiff thro' the storm he cries:
 Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears;
 Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now some to strike top-gallant yards attend; †
 Some travellers‡ up the weather-backstays§ send;

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

§ Backstays are long ropes extending from the right and

At each mast-head the top-ropes* others bend.
 The youngest sailors from the yards above
 Their parrels,† lifts,‡ and braces soon remove :
 Then topt an-end, and fast to travellers tied,
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-
 stays slide,

The yards secure along the booms§ reclin'd,
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress'd,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest :
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow,
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
 New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend !

All hands on deck th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray,
 His sickening fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze :
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns.

left side of the ship to the top-mast heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

* Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

† The parrel which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

‡ Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter ; to retain it in balance ; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called *copping*.

§ The booms, in this place, imply any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;
 No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses* bear :
 To reef the courses is the master's care :
 The sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band !
 Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 "Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.
 Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd ;
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind
 Releas'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd ;
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
 But the sage master this advice declines ;
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
 The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye,
 On sure experience may with truth rely,
 Who from the reigning cause foretells th' effect,
 'This barbarous practice ever will reject ;
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale !
 And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Will never first embrail the lee-yard arm.
 The master said ;—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand†—

* The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails of their several masts ; the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† It has been remarked before in note †, p. 35, that the tack is always fastened to windward ; accordingly, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard ; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting or being torn to pieces by shivering.

Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ;*
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
 Thus all prepared " Let go the sheet!" he cries ;
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies :
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd :
 By spilling lines† embraced, with brails confin'd,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The foresail then secur'd with equal care,
 Again to reef the mainsail they repair —
 While some, high-mounted, overhaul the tye,
 Below the down-haul tackle‡ others ply.
 Jears,§ lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
 And fixed the rolling-tackle in its place ;
 The reef-lines|| and their earings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds,¶ they man the yard.

* It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

† The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle. See note *, p. 38.

§ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the halliards (note *, p. 34) are to all inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

|| Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are past in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads

Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here;
That in the van to front the tempest hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.
 Each earing to its station first they bend;
 The reef-band* then along the yard extend:
 The circling earings, round th' extremes en-
 twin'd,

By outer and by inner turns † they bind.
 From hand to hand, the reef-lines next receiv'd,
 Thro' eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
 The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
 Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post,
 While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
 Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragie tale
 Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.—
 But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
 Severer ills to suffer and relate!

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
 To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
 A sea ‡ up surging with tremendous roll,
 To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
 "O friends! secure your hold!" Arion cries;
 It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies;

downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

* The reef-band is a long piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvass in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

† The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface. See note †, p. 37.

‡ A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow: hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have *shipped a sea*.

Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
 The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels:
 The sail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
 A fearful warning to the seamen gave:
 While from its margin, terrible to tell!
 Three sailors with their gallant boatswain, fell.
 Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
 In vain their struggling arms the yard infold:
 In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
 The cords, alas! a solid gripe deny!
 Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
 They cry for aid and long contend with Death.
 High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
 And down they sink in everlasting sleep,
 Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
 The wretched victims die beneath the lee!
 With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;
 Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own.

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
 Nor can determine on the next command.
 Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
 Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
 Though still the waters by no secret wound
 A passage to her deep recesses found;
 Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
 A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore.
 Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
 Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
 Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain,
 The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
 'Too late to weather* now Morea's land,
 Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand,—
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,
 Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.

* To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

Long in their minds resolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent ;

That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try,* beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jears and topping lift † confin'd ;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles tied,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd ;
The brails relax'd th' extended sheet belay'd :
The helm its post forsook, and lash'd a-lee, ‡
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implor'd his consort lost ;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way ;
Not more adventurous was th' attempt, to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
'Than mine, to bid the unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd ;

* To try, is to lay the ship, with her near side in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward ; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in this position. See a farther illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

† The topping lift, which tops the upper part of the mizen-yard, (see note †, p. 33.) This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose (see note †, p. 34. and note †, p. 39 ;) they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope or lower edge of the sail.

‡ Lash'd a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side. See note †, p. 33.

Till Art her salutary help bestow'd,
 To guide him through that intricate abode.
 Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
 That never heard the sweet Pærian lay,
 The Muse that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string
 Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing ;
 The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
 Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
 That scatters desolation from afar,
 Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
 To sink the seaman with unmanly fear.
 Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
 They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post ;
 Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
 Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
 Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
 In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
 No future ills unknown their souls appal ;
 They knew no danger, or they scorn it all.
 But even the generous spirits of the brave,
 Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave :
 A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
 Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ ;
 Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
 In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
 And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
 In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
 The compasses to circumjacent lands.
 Ungrateful task ; for no asylum trac'd
 A passage open'd from the watery waste :
 Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
 The path to every friendly port around.
 While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
 The geometric distances survey'd,

On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
 "Secure your lives! grasp every man a shroud!"
 Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes
 When o'er the ship, in undulation vast, [aghast
 A giant surge down rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.—

As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
 Beneath the storm their shattered navies groan,
 The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone:
 Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke:
 The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke.
 Forth started from their planks the bursting
 rings,

The extended cordage all asunder springs;
 The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
 And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
 The balanc'd mizen rending to the head,
 In streaming ruins from the margin fled,
 The sides convulsive shock on groaning beams,
 And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams;
 They sound the well,* and terrible to hear!
 Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
 At either pump they ply the clanking brake,†
 And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
 Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here,
 At this sad task, all diligent appear.
 As some fair castle shook by rude alarms,
 Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall :
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend.
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard.

So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help, incessant, by rotation lend ;
But all in vain,—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone ;
The ribs, oppress'd by ponderous cannon, groan ;
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate, vindictive, all their skill defies.

One only remedy the season gave ;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave :
From their high platforms thusth' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan :
But arduous is the task their lot requires ;
A task that hovering Fate alone inspires :
For while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep,
May hurl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay ;
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away :
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart,

These only now their misery can relieve ;
 These only now a dawn of safety give.
 While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
 Broad surges roll in terrible career,
 Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
 This office in the face of death pursue,
 The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
 Rodmond descending claim'd the weather side :
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
 Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the
 deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untan'd he stood ; the stern aerial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
 Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,*
 The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crews beneath the metals plac'd.
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon threw :
 Then from the windward battlements unbound,
 Rodmond's associates wheel'd the artillery round ;
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The ponderous arms across the steep defile ;
 Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
 Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship, thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
 Such ease Alcides felt, when clogg'd with gore,
 Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore ;
 When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late,
 To stop the swift career of cruel fate.

* The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space about five feet in depth between the elevations of the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.

Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of seven-fold pangs endur'd,
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found,
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom, a pale disastrous light.
Above, all ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below,
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave, assails the skies:
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess.
For, while with boundless inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove;
'Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pump, with ever-clanking strokes resound,
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill:
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems;
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems.
Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plain attentive bends:
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But, here alas! his science nought avails,
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.

The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographie eircle laid ;
'Then the broad angle of lee-way* explor'd,
As swept across the graduated ebord.
Her place discovered by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart ;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found,
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers
bound ;
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost :
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud eity verges to her fall ;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her counsels in the dead of night—
No blazen'd trophies o'er their coneave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft their head :
But here the Queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view.
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and
shower ;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour !
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood :
Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise ;

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd.

“Ye faithful mates who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast;
These seas where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,
The hour, the occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure.
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consigned, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, Heaven, that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power.
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay,

Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
 Attempt to sail obliquely on the gale:
 For then, if broaching sideward on the sea,
 Our dropsied ship may founder on the lee:
 No more obedient to the pilot's power,
 Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame
 devour."

He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard
 And silent reverence his opinion heard.
 Important was the question in debate,
 And o'er their councils hung impending Fate.
 Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
 Had oft the master's happier skill descried,
 Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
 Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
 Of long experience in the naval art,
 Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart:
 Alike to him each climate and each blast;
 The first in danger, in retreat the last:
 Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
 From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

"Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'er-
 power!

Yet whether can we turn, what road pursue,
 With death before still opening on the view?
 Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find.
 Sore shattered by the ruffian seas and wind;
 Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
 Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea?
 For while its violence the tempest keeps,
 Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
 At random driven, to present death we haste,
 And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
 In vain the Gulf of Corinth on our lee,
 Now opens to her ports a passage free;

Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
 Full in her track unnumbered dangers rise.
 Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
 There distant Greece her rugged shelves pre-
 pares;
 Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
 The splitting bark that instant were no more;
 Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
 Beyond relief, were doomed to perish too.
 Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
 Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

“Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
 To weigh the danger with a doubtful hope,
 Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
 Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
 The crew, tho' harrassed long with toils severe,
 Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
 Shall we, incautious then, the dangers tell,
 At once their courage and their hope to quell?
 Prudence forbids!—this southern tempest soon
 May change its quarter with the changing moon;
 Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
 Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide:
 These leaks shall then decrease, the sails once
 more
 Direct our course to some relieving shore.”

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man,
 At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
 For while the vessel thro' unnumbered chinks,
 Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
 Sounding her depth, they eyed the wetted scale,
 And, lo! the leak o'er all their powers prevail;
 Yet in their post, by terrors unshooked,
 They with redoubled force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seemed to wait
 Arion's voice to close the dark debate:

Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling
taught,

Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,

It fell at last innoxious on his heart ;

His mind still shunning care with secret hate,

In patient indolence resigned to Fate :

But now the horrors that around him roll,

Thus roused to action his rekindling soul.

“ With fixed attention, pondering in my mind

The dark distresses on each side combined ;

While here we linger in the pass of Fate,

I see no moment left for sad debate.

For, some decision if we wish to form,

Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,

Her shattered state, and yon desponding crew,

At once suggest what measures to pursue.

The labouring hull already seems half-filled

With waters through a hundred leaks distilled,

As in a dropsy wallowing with her freight,

Half-drowned she lies, a dead inactive weight.

Thus drenched by every wave, her riven deck,

Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;

Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain

These fell invasions of the bursting main :

At every pitch th' o'erwhelming billows bend,

Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit end.

A fearful warning ! since the masts on high,

On that support with trembling hope rely ;

At either pump our seamen pant for breath,

In dark dismay anticipating death ;

Still all our powers th' increasing leaks defy—

We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.

One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,

To light and save us from the watery tomb ;

That bids us shun the death impending here ;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.

“ 'Tis urged, indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scene of death we haste.
But haply Falconera we may shun,
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
Less harrassed then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repelled upon her rear ;
Even then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthened cables on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd, and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.”

He said : Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art ;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High beat his bosom : with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards breathing rites abhorr'd ;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd ;
And, all awake to Friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas ! no season this for tender love ;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove.—

With Comfort's soothing voice, from Hope deriv'd,

Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.

For Consolation oft, with healing art,

Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart,—

Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,

And on their final refuge thus resolv'd ;

When, like some faithful shepherd, who beholds

Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds ;

To the brave crew whom racking doubts perplex,

The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs.

“ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !

Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;

Ye ! who unmov'd, behold this angry storm

With terrors all the rolling deep deform ;

Who, patient in adversity, still bear

The firmest front when greatest ills are near !

The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,

That long, in vain, I purpos'd to conceal.

Ingulf'd all help of arts we vainly try,

To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh.

Our crazy bark no longer can abide

The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;

And while the leaks a fatal warning give,

That in this raging sea she cannot live,

One only refuge from despair we find ;

At once to wear and scud before the wind.*

Perhaps even then, to ruin we may steer :

For broken shores beneath our lee appear ;

But that's remote, and instant death is here ;

Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain

Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;

Or sheltered by some rock, at anchor ride,

Till with abating rage the blast subside.

* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

“ But, if determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the watery grave
Our floating sailors on the surf may save.

“ And first, let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd ;
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard ;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our scamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground :
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend ;
Then each secured by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the
board ;
Let the broad axes next assail each mast ;
And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward east.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may
guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves in safety to the shore.

But as your firmest succour, till the last,
 O cling securely on each faithful mast !
 Though great the danger and the task severe,
 Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear !
 If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
 Adieu to hope ! to life itself farewell !

“ I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
 With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
 On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
 The foul reproach and scandal of our land !
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
 Who 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
 Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
 But dread not this—a crime to Greece unknown !
 Such bloodhounds all her circling shores dis-
 own :

Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress :
 Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
 Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.”

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
 Detested for a while their native land ;
 They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
 That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
 Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

“ No more remains—but now a trusty band
 Must ever at the pump industrious stand :
 And while with us the rest attend to wear,
 Two skilful seamen to the helm repair !—
 O Source of Life ! our refuge and our stay !
 Whose voice the warring elements obey,
 On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
 Thy mercy supplicate if doom'd to die !

Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death!

"Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! 'Whatever is, is just.'"

He said: and with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks th' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles and frustrates every blow:
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either side they rise; tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.*

* That the reader, who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the 'Dictionary of the Marine.'

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furl'd; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time, is to keep the

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclin'd ;
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.—

ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water ; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrium by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind is called her coming-to ; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling-off.

Veering, or wearing, (see line 35, p. 52, and line 26, p. 56) as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that 'every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed : and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seamen is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hinder part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind,

The order now was given to bear away ;
The order given, the timoneers obey.

which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces ; at the same time the foremast sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 2, p. 62. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion ; and this motion necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite end of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 13, p. 62,) the mizen mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to lee-ward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. See line 27, p. 56.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are generally a sea striking a ship's stern ; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to ; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned ; and for want of sea-room she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortured sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
 But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
 When in a thousand fitting shreds it flew!—
 Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
 And bristling grief, redoubles all his cares,
 "Away there! lower the mizen yard on deck!"
 He calls, "and brace the foremost yards aback!"
 His great example every bosom fires,
 New life rekindles, and new hope inspires,
 While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
 One desperate remedy at last he tries,—
 "Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and
 stay;

And hew at once the mizen-mast away!"
 He said: th' attentive sailors on each side,
 At his command the trembling cords divide.
 Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
 Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
 Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
 The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
 Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure
 rings!

And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter
 swings.

Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs
 of death,

Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
 Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
 The latent venom, or its course delays:
 But if th' infection triumph o'er his art,
 Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
 Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
 Severs the member, and preserves the life.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry. Applied to the subject. Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Her violent agitation. Different stations of the officers. Appearance of the island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece renowned in antiquity. Athens. Socrates. Plato. Aristotle. Solon. Corinth. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion of Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Modern appearance. Arcadia; its former happiness and fertility. Present distress, the effect of slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycenæ. Agamemnon. Mæcrobius. Læonæ. Vulcan and Venus. Debus. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. The subject resumed. Sparkling of the sea. Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors. Darkness, lightning, and thunder. Approach of day. Discovery of land. The ship in great danger, passes the island of St. George. Turns her broadside to the shore. Her bowsprit, foremast, and main topmast carried away. She strikes a rock. Splits asunder. Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten Miles to the Northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna in Attica.—The Time is about seven Hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age with blood defil'd,
 The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
 When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
 And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd:
 Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came,
 The dark and solitary race to tame;
 'Twas theirs the lawless passions to control,
 And melt in tender sympathy the soul:
 The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
 And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
 The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
 And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.

Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
 At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.
 When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
 The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
 Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
 And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
 From earth upborne, on Pegasean wings,
 Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he
 springs,

While distant poets trembling as they view
 His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
 But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell,
 What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
 The strains, meandring through the maze of woe,
 Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.

Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
 With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death;
 Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
 Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
 'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to
 stray,

Far from the light of his unerring ray.
 While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
 Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
 To me, in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
 Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire.
 Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore
 Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
 But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.

'Tis mine, th' unravel'd prospect to display,
 And chain the events in regular array.
 Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
 While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
 Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart,

Might the sad numbers draw Compassion's tear
 For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near;
 For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
 On Albion's strand beneath the wintery blast;
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
 Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
 So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
 Might sympathise with Briton's sons distress:
 For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
 Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

A while the mast in ruins dragg'd behind,
 Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind:
 The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
 But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
 The long reluctant prow began to veer;
 And while around before the wind it falls,
 "Square all your yards!"* the attentive master
 calls—

"You timoneers, her motion still attend,
 For on your steerage all our lives depend.
 So, steady! † meet her, watch the blast behind,
 And steer her right before the seas and wind!"
 "Starboard, again!" the watchful pilot cries;
 "Starboard!" the obedient timoneer replies.
 Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
 The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns!
 The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
 Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea;
 All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
 Scour'd on by surges, storm, and bursting skies.

* To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steady is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at this instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward
tide;

In vain he flies; no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes thro' the inflaming wound.

The wounded bark thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan,
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now shivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While, deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who, from Heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown.

Even so she scales the briny mountains height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds
sing,

With long vibrations round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.

Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
 With warning voice direct each timoneer;
 High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
 To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps:
 Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
 As if on him his only hope depends:
 While Rodmond, fearful of some neighb'ring
 shore,

Cries, ever and anon, "Look out afore!"
 Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
 While Falconera's rocky height they view:
 High o'er its summit through the gloom of night,
 The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful
 light.

In dire amazement riveted they stand,
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand:
 But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
 So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
 O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling
 roe.

That danger past, reflects a feeble joy;
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
 Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
 While melting in the reign of softer skies,
 Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
 Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply;
 In cooling stream th' aërial billows fly;
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentle tides the feverish pulses beat.

So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this
 isle,
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile;
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire?
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

Say, Memory! thou, from whose unerring
tongue

Instructive flows the animated song!

What regions now the flying ship surround?

Regions of old through all the world renown'd;

That once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,

Now lie in ruins; in oblivion lost!

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,

Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,

Unconscious pass each famous circling shore?

They did; for blasted in the barren shade,

Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade:

Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,

Withers the bloom of every springing flower:

Here Fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm

The generous climate of the soul deform.

Then if among the wandering naval train,

One stripling exil'd from th' Aonian plain,

Had e'er entranc'd in Fancy's soothing dream,

Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,

(Since those salubrious streams with power divine,

To purer sense the attemper'd soul refine,)

His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,

Alien to joy! sincerer grief possess.

Yet on the youthful mind, th' impression cast,

Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.

There, all unquench'd by cruel Fortune's ire,

It glows with inextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,

Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.

Great source of science! whose immortal name

Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame;

Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,

And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.

The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,

By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind;

The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's
laws.

Of all her tottering strictures, now alone,
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'er-
grown.

The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size ;
Unknown the sculpture ; marble is the frame ;
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Coriuth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies,
Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd.
Her name, for Pallas, heavenly art renown'd,*
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd ;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra, thy modern turrets stand.
Ah, who unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ?
Here once she flourished at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar ;
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanced with Persia's sunless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismayed beheld the chief draw near :

* Architecture.

He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
 His force repelled with Sparta's glorious train.
 Tall Cæta saw the tyrant's conquered bands,
 In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
 Thus vanquished Asia trembling heard thy name,
 And Thebes and Athens sickened at thy fame ;
 Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
 Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause :
 Even great Epaminondas strove in vain,
 To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
 But ah ! how low her free-born spirit now—
 Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
 A false degenerate superstitious race
 Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
 Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
 Thrice happy soil, where still serenely gay,
 Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May !
 Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
 Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield ;
 Then with some rural nymph serenely blest,
 While transport glowed in each enamoured breast,
 Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
 And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
 Now, sad reverse, Oppression's iron hand
 Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land :
 In lawless Rapine bred, a sanguine train
 With midnight ravage scour th' uncultured plain.

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus lies
 The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;
 Where fair Penelope her absent lord
 Full twice ten years with faithful love deplored.
 Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
 She, guarded only by a stripling son,
 Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repelled,
 And undefiled the nuptial contract held.

With various arts to win her love they toiled,
 But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foiled.
 True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
 The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
 Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;
 Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
 Far o'er the *Ægean* main to Dardan coasts.
 Unhappy prince, who on a hostile shore,
 Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
 And when to native realms restored at last,
 To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
 A perjur'd friend, alas ! and faithless wife,
 There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life.—
 Fast by *Acadia* stretch these desert plains ;
 And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of *Helena** is seen,
 Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen ;
 For whom, in arms, combined the Grecian host,
 With vengeance fied, invaded *Phrygia's* coast ;
 For whom so long they laboured to destroy
 The sacred turrets of imperial *Troy*.
 Here, driven by *Juno's* rage, the hapless dame,
 Forlorn of heart from ruined *Ilium* came.
 The port an image bears of *Parian* stone,
 Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
 That sacred *Phœbus* and *Diana* bore.
Delos, through all th' *Ægean* seas renowned :
 Whose coast the rocky *Cyclades* surround)
 By *Phœbus* honoured and by Greece revered ;
 Her hallowed groves even distant *Persia* feared ;
 But now, a silent unfrequented land—
 No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

* Now known by the name of *Micronisi*.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound
 Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;
 Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurled
 Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world.
 There his eternal anvils first he reared ;
 Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appeared
 Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
 And, formed by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
 There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
 And living scandal of the empyreal race,
 The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt
 In fires profane, can heavenly bosoms melt ?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
 That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
 Illustrious Troy, renowned in every clime,
 Through the long annals of unfolding time,
 How oft thy royal bulwarks to defend,
 Thou saw'st thy tutelur gods in vain descend.
 Though chiefs unnumbered in her cause were
 slain,
 Though nations perished on her bloody plain ;
 That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
 Was doomed at length to sink in Grecian flame.
 And now, by Time's deep ploughshare harrowed
 o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more :
 No trace of all her glories now remains,
 But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains.
 Silver Scammander laves the verdant shore ;
 Scammander oft o'erflowed with hostile gore.

Not far removed from Ilium's famous land,
 In counter-view appears the Thracian strand ;
 Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
 Displayed her cresset each revolving night ;
 Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
 The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore,

Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost ;
Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
Her eyes, sad gazing, poured th' incessant tear :
O'erwhelmed with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried ;
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide :
The parting tide received the lovely weight,
And proudly flowed, exulting in its freight !

Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair :
Achaian marble formed the gorgeous pile ;
August the fabric—elegant its style :
On brazen hinges turned the silver doors ;
And chequer'd marble paved the polished floors.
The roofs, where storied tablature appeared,
On columns of Corinthian mould were reared :
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flamed.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train,
Framed their oblation on the holy fane :
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed ;
With golden harps and living laurels graced.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engraved by hands divine.
Here Æsculapius' snake displayed his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast ;
While, from his eyes' insufferable light,
Disease and Death recoiled in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renowned,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found. [spread,
Contiguous here, with hallowed woods o'er-
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honoured head ;

Where from the deluge saved, by Heaven's com-
 Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [maid
 Re-peopled all the desolated land.

Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
 And aromatic flowers for ever blow.

The winged choirs, on every tree above,
 Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove ;
 While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
 Young zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions breathe.
 Fair daughters of the Sun—the sacred Nine,
 Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine ;
 Or crowned with myrtle, in some sweet alcove,
 Attune the tender strings to bleeding love ;
 All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
 Soothing to softest peace the tortured soul.
 While hill and vale with choral voice around,
 The music of immortal harps resound,
 Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy Hours,
 Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers.

Even now the strains, with sweet contagion
 fraught,

Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—
 Adieu, ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
 Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow :
 Adieu, ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
 In lucid maze the Aonian hill surround :
 Ye fairy scenes where fancy loves to dwell,
 And young Delight, for ever, oh, farewell !
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,
 And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil.
 Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream ;
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme !
 Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire—
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire !
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
 In torrents pour along the swelling strain.

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps :
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For, this assault should either quarter* feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply ;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquered host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear :
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close ;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one embodied line.
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore !
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismayed ;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before.
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress ;
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Incensed to sevenfold rage the tempest foams ;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan !
The ship's high battlements, to either side,
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :
Her joints unhinged, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side ; or that part which is near the stern.

The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom, portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp arrayed,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terrors Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
It seemed, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined ;
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks :
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes !
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge ;
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood ;
While chill suspense and fear congealed their blood.
Now in a deluge burst the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame :
Sick Earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar !

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Revealed in all its mournful shade and light ;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the electric wire :
But, ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But, lo ! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred Vision ! who on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings !

All Nature, smiling, hailed the vivid ray,
 That gave her beauties to returning day :
 All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
 No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried ;
 For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
 The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
 So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
 On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
 The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
 To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
 So to Eliza dawned that cruel day
 That tore Æneas from her arms away ;
 That saw him parting, never to return,
 Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
 O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
 Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !
 Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
 And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
 reign ;

But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
 Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
 Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise ;
 High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
 That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
 And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
 For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
 Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
 While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to :*

* Broaching-to is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst sailing or scudding before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the Second Canto.

Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore:
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where Death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismayed, Anchises' wondering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus, from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed.
The double danger as by turns he viewed,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursued.
Thus while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar;
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
raves,

And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves;
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumbered snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land:
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,

The groaning captive wastes his life away,
 For ever exiled from the realms of day ;
 No equal pangs his bosom agonize,
 When far above the sacred light he eyes ;
 While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
 For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high :
 Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed
 A range of columns, long by time defaced ;
 First planted by devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane. [rage,
 Foams the wild beach below, with maddening
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight.
 And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
 Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly ;
 A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
 Rodmond, who heard the piteous groan behind,
 Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind :
 And, while around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides the unhappy vietim to the shroud—
 " Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !" he cries ;
 " Thy only succour on the mast relies !"
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course ;
 Quick to th' abandoned wheel Arion came,
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim :
 Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
 So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
 When, mounted in the flaming car of day,
 With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
 The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly ;
Fate spurs her on :—thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand ;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror, they beheld the last :
Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seemed to bring ;
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersmen now received their last command,
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand :
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend ;
Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-press'd by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crushing rends ;
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high.
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er the lee ;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main top-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain ;
The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length,
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
 Albert and Rodmond, and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals ;
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in
 vain.

Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
 Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
 Such torments agonize the damned breast,
 While Fancy views the mansions of the blest.
 For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries im-
 plore ;

But Heaven relentless deigns to help no more !

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew
 near !

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar be-
 neath !—

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
 Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
 Had Soerates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
 His soul had trembled to its last recess !—

O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above !
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove ;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps re-
sound :

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock :
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell,
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then too severely taught by cruel Fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen elung ;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were east,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billow's rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold and sink to shades below.
Some from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown,
On marble ridges die without a groan ;
Three, with Palemon, on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving
Till one, who seems in agony to strive, [tide ;
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach a lifeless crew !—

Next, O unhappy chief ! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven, decreed thee to the briny tomb !
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses : red with human blood !
So, pierced with anguish, hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd ;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge ! Albert hugs the floating mast ;
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe,
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain,
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain ;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas ! who never shall return ;

To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen inclos'd ;
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend ;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt that flatters to betray.—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
And as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear ;
For Death bids every clinching joint adhere,
All faint to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And " O protect my wife and child ! " he cries :
The gushing stream rolls back th' unfinish'd
sound :

He gasps, he dies, and tumbles to the ground !

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along ;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
" Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious, from the wreck depart ?
Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die ;
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost ! "
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly :
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away ;

Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
 And groaning cling upon th' illusive weed;—
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar,
 Arion sinks, and Memory views no more!

Ah, total night and horror here preside!
 My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide.
 It is the funeral knell; and gliding near,
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
 Again they float incumbent on the wave!
 Again the dismal prospect opens round,
 The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd.
 And see, enfeebled by repeated shocks,
 Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
 Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
 They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!

Two, with Arion, yet the mast upbore,
 That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
 Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
 With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
 The floods recoil: the ground appears below!
 And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
 Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves retreat,
 Then climb slow up the beach with hands and
 feet.

O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
 Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
 Receive the languid incense they bestow,
 That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
 To Thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
 With trembling ardour of unequal praise.
 In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
 And hope the sickened spark of life revives;
 Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
 Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
 And oft these perils of the deep descry,
 Rous'd by the blust'ring tempest of the night,
 Anxious had climbed Colonna's neighbouring
 height;

When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
 Full to their view the scene of ruin stood :
 The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
 And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd
 ground !

Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
 Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts ;
 Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they
 hied,

Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
 The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the
 shore ;

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
 Prone, helpless, on the tangled beach he lay—

It is Palemon ;—O what tumults roll
 With hope and terror in Arion's soul !

If yet unhurt he lives again to view
 His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew !

With us to travel through this foreign zone,
 And share the future good or ill unknown !

Arion thus : but ah ! sad doom of Fate !

That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate :

While yet afloat, on some resisting rock

His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the
 shock :

Heart-piercing sight ! those cheeks so late ar-
 ray'd

In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade !

Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,

And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head ;

Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung pourtray'd ;
Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden, in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress ?
But thou, alas ! art doomed to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd,
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd :
 “ O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;
Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd !
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.

But, O thou sacred Power! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn: those friendly tears re-
strain;
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps re-
store,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Shouldst thou th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
O! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request,
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But O, to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck,
Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck:
Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggl'd life and this alone to save!
“ My soul, that flutt'ring hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee;

But strives in vain ;—the chilling ice of Death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
breath ;

Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode,
To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
O sacred source of ever-living light !

Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight !
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death are felt no more.

“ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt
hear,

That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd,
O ! then to swell the tides of social woe,
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befel :
Then, while in streams of soft compassion
drown'd,

The swains lament and maidens weep around ;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
tear ;

O ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain !”
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung ;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies !
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay :

* — sed scilicet ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini ; “ *dicique beatus*

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.” — Ovid. Met.

Transfix'd he stood with awful terror fill'd,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

“ O ill-star'd votary of unspotted truth !
 Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
 Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
 He will obey, though painful, thy demand :
 His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day.
 Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred !
 What anguish to the living and the dead !
 How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
 And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn ;
 Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
 Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
 But, O my soul ! avoid that wondrous maze
 Where Reason, lost in endless error strays ;
 As through this thorny vale of life we run,
 Great Cause of all effects, *Thy will be done !*”

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
 To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd ;
 While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
 With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead,
 Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
 In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd,
 The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
 The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
 With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
 And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear ;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspence awaits o'erwhelmed with
fear.

But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,
At once the future and the past explore,
Their harps Oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon ! if thy shade can hear,
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas ! the gentle maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom ;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless frenzy shall the father sting,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear ;
Severe remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more ;
The tempest now shall howl, unheard by you,
While Ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat ;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful maid, the sprightly strain
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome
home;

Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe:
No more behold pale Famine scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling
strain,
Unheard shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vessels of the faithless deep,
O happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,
 Like those who perish in their country's cause ;

What though no epic Muse in living lays
 Record your dreadful daring with applause :

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name ;
 And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
 The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil,
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
 And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A P O E M .

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
 FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

From the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
 And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
 Descend, my Muse ; a deeper scene to draw
 (A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe)*
 Is my intent : Melpomene inspire,
 While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre ;
 And may my lines with easy motion flow,
 Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe :
 Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
 In solemn pomp, majestic move along.

Oh ! bear me to some awful silent glade
 Where cedars form an unremitting shade ;
 Where never track of human feet was known ;
 Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone ;

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
 And hoarser winds howl murm'ring thro' the
 grove ;

Where some unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
 Deep melancholy wandering thro' the gloom ;
 Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
 And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come :
 Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
 To speak to none but with the mighty dead :
 T' assist the pouring rain with brimful eyes,
 And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When Winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
 And Spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile ;
 When rills unbound began to purl along,
 And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song ;
 When sprouting roses deck'd in crimson dye,
 Began to bloom,—————

Hard fate! then, noble Fred'rick didst thou die.
 Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
 Th' approaching Summer ne'er on earth to see ;
 In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
 Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage ;
 No cooling med'cine ean its heat allay,
 Relentless Destiny cries, " No delay."

Ye pow'rs! and must a Princee so noble die?
 (Whose equal breathes not 'neath th'ambient sky:)
 Ah, must he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
 Cut by the seythe of all devouring Time?

Yes, Fate has doom'd! his soul now leaves its
 And all are under the decree of Fate; [waight,
 Th' irrevocable doom of Destiny

Pronounc'd All mortals must submissive die.
 The Princees wait around with weeping eyes,
 And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
 With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
 With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound.

A dismal noise! Now one promiscuous roar
 Cries, "Ah! the noble Fred'rick is no more!"
 The Chief reluctant yields his latest breath;
 His eye-lids settle in the shades of death:
 Dark sable shades present before each eye,
 And the deep vast abyss, Eternity!
 Thro' Perpetuity's expanse he springs;
 And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings,
 The Soul to distant regions steers her flight,
 And sails incumbent on inferior night:
 With vast celerity she shoots away,
 And meets the regions of eternal day.
 To shine for ever in the heav'nly birth
 And leave the body here to rot on earth.
 The melancholy patriots round it wait,
 And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
 Disconsolate they move, a mournful band!
 In solemn pomp they march along the strand;
 The noble Chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
 Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
 The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
 Discons'late, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
 Abandon'd isle! forsaken and forlorn! [beats,
 With desp'rate hands her bleeding breast she
 While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threats,
 She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her
 hair,
 And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
 Well may'st thou mourn thy Patriot's timeless
 end,
 Thy Muses' patron, and thy Merchants' friend.
 What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
 What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
 T' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
 And learned science to promote, bestow?

Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
 And to the injur'd Just return his own?
 From us'ry and oppression who shall guard
 The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
 Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
 And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan.
 Impending Desolation hangs around,
 And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
 The blooming Spring droops her enamell'd head,
 Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
 The sprouting leaves already drop away;
 Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
 The bowing trees, see, o'er the blasted heath:
 Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
 Wrapp'd in th' expansive gloom the lightnings
 play,

Hoarse thunder mutters thro' the aërial way:
 All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
 And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.

Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
 And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state;
 Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul;
 May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul:
 Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
 His conduct all declare the youth divine.

Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
 Gentle in peace, but terrible in war;
 Methinks each region does his praise resound,
 And nations tremble at his name around.
 His fame through every distant kingdom rung,
 Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung:
 So sable smoke, in volumes, curls on high,
 Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky—
 Already so, his fame, methinks is hurled
 Around th' admiring, venerating world.

So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
 Laments the absence of all-cheering day ;
 Far distant from his friends and native home,
 And not one glimpse does glimmer from the gloom :
 In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
 Present, each meditation, pits of death ;
 Irreg'lar, wild chimeras fill his soul,
 And death, and dying, every step controul :
 Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam—
 His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream.
 Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
 Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day ;
 We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
 Confused and lost within th' excessive blaze !

ODE, ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR-ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

AGAIN the royal streamers play !
 To glory Edward hastes away :
 Adieu, ye happy sylvan bowers,
 Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await !
 Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
 In purple ornaments of state !
 Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
 Bids the tragic Muse complain !
 Where Satire treads the comie stage,
 To scourge and mend a venal age ;
 Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
 And melting Symphonies congenial play !
 Ye silken Sons of Ease, who dwell
 In flowery vales of Peace, farewell !
 In vain the Goddess of the Myrtle Grove,
 Her charms ineffable displays ;

In vain she calls to happier realms of Love,
 Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays :
 In vain her living roses blow,
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow ;
 The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore :
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,
 For War and Fame alone can please,
 His throbbing bosom beats to arms—
 To War the hero moves, thro' storms and wintery
 seas.

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore,
 For War and Fame alone can please ;
 To War the hero moves, thro' storms and wintery
 seas.

Though Danger's hostile train appears
 To thwart the course that Honour steers ;
 Unmoved he leads the rugged way,
 Despising peril and dismay :
 His Country calls ; to guard her laws,
 Lo ! every joy the gallant youth resigns ;
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines.
 Hark ! his sprightly clarions play ;
 Follow where he leads the way !
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their Master's come.

CHORUS.

Hark ! the sprightly clarions play,
 Follow where he leads the way !
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their Master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
 The thorny course of Virtue run ;
 When, taught by her unerring voice,
 He made the glorious choice :
 Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
 Youth's genial ardours to subdue ;
 For Pleasure Venus' lovely form assumed ;
 Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
 In all the pride of beauty bloomed,
 And struck his ravished sight.
 Transfixed, amazed,
 Alcides gazed ;
 Enchanting grace
 Adorned her face,
 And all his changing look confest
 Th' alternate passions in his breast :
 Her swelling bosom half revealed,
 Her eyes that kindling raptures fired,
 A thousand tender pains instilled,
 A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspired ;
 Persuasion's sweetest language hung
 In melting accent on her tongue :
 Deep in his heart, the winning tale
 Infused a magic power ;
 She prest him to the rosy vale,
 And shewed th' Elysian bower ;
 Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove.
 Ah ! see, o'erpowered by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

CHORUS.

Ah ! see, o'erpowered by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

Assist, ye guardian Powers above,
 From Ruin save the son of Jove!
 By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
 And checked the fatal flame.
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels;
 Inspired with awe,
 He, turning, saw
 The Nymph divine
 Transcendent shine:
 And while he viewed the god-like maid,
 His heart a secret impulse swayed;
 His eyes with ardent motion roll,
 And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his soul.
 But soon her words his pain destroy;
 And all the numbers of his heart,
 Returned by her celestial art,
 Now swelled to strains of nobler joy.
 Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
 His happy steps the realms explore
 Where guilt and error are no more;
 The clouds that veiled his intellectual ray,
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away.
 Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorned their soft inglorious reign:
 Convinced, resolved, to Virtue then he turned,
 And in his breast paternal glory burned.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorned her soft inglorious reign:
 Convinced, resolved, to Virtue then he turned,
 And in his breast paternal glory burned.

So when on Britain's other Hope she shone,
 Like him the royal youth she won:

Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
 To curb the power of Spain and France;
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
 And hark! his brazen trumpets blow.
 The wat'ry profound,
 Awaked by the sound,
 All trembles around;
 While Edward o'er the azure fields
 Fraternal wonder wields:
 High on the deck, behold he stands!
 And views around his floating bands
 In awful order join;
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
 Deep-sounding, swells along the main,
 Extend th' embattled line.
 Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
 The ships their horrid tubes display,
 Tier over tier in terrible array,
 And wait the signal to destroy:
 The sailors all burn to engage—
 Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
 And shake the vaulted skies!
 Exulting with bacchanal rage,

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
 Whose power is superior to thine;
 And, when his proud squadrons appear,
 The trident and chariot resign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
 Whose power is superior to thine;
 And, when his proud squadrons appear,
 The trident and chariot resign.

Albion, wake thy grateful voice,
 Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
 O'er remotest hostile regions
 Thy victorious flags are known;
 Thy resistless martial legions
 Dreadful move from zone to zone.
 Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
 And all the trembling globe controul:
 Thy scamen, invincibly true,
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue;
 To thy great trust
 Severely just,
 All dissonant strife they disclaim:
 To meet the foe,
 Their bosoms glow;
 Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy scamen, invincibly true,
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue;
 All dissonant strife they disclaim,
 And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward, tune your harps, ye Nine,
 Triumphant strike each living string;
 For him, in ecstasy divine,
 Your choral Io Pæans sing!

For him your festive concerts breathe,
 For him your flowery garlands wreath.
 Wake, O wake the joyful song!
 Ye Fauns of the woods,
 Ye Nymphs of the floods,
 The musical current prolong.
 Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
 To swell the grand chorus accord;
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
 Exulting, acknowledge your Lord!
 Till all the wild numbers combined,
 That floating proclaim
 Our Admiral's name,
 In symphony roll on the wind.

CHORUS.

Wake, O wake the joyful song,
 Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
 The musical current prolong.

Oh, while consenting Britons praise,
 These votive measures deign to hear;
 For thee my Muse awakes her lays,
 For thee th' unequal viol plays,
 The tribute of a soul sincere.
 Nor thou, illustrious Chief, refuse
 The incense of a nautic muse;
 For ah, to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
 But him whose arms unrivalled rule the main.
 Deep on my grateful breast
 Thy favour is imprest:
 No happy son of wealth or fame
 To court a royal patron came—
 A hapless youth whose vital page

Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
 To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
 Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.

The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.
 Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire
 Exalt to rapture every happy line!
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,
 And swell each note with energy divine.

No more to plaintive sounds of woe
 Let the vocal numbers flow;
 Perhaps the Chief to whom I sing
 May yet ordain auspicious days,
 To wake the lyre with nobler rays,
 And tune to war the nervous string.
 For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
 Though all the powers of genius he possess,
 Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
 With daring pencil can display
 The sight the thunders on the watery way,
 And all its horrid incidents express?
 To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong,
 Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong,
 Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE FOND LOVER.

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
 That native virtue gives,
 Within my bosom all-confess'd,
 In bright idea lives.

For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills;
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay;
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey.
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.

O ! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee ;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour :
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of Fate, to bar her way :
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unawed,
Or the deep lurking snares of specious fraud,
The threats of giant faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumbered brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate :
At him who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly :
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the incautious victim to destroy ;
And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name :
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings :
In vain the wretch retreats, while in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Inclosed with perils thus, the conscious Muse,
Alarmed, tho' undismayed, her danger views.
Nor shall unmanly terror now controul
The strong-resentment struggling in her soul ;
While indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each swelling vein.

By the vile fear that chills the coward's breast,
By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on Power's imperial stage ;
While o'er our country at her dread command,
Black Discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand :
While in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword Rebellion draws ;
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire ?
Honour forbid ! she fears no threat'ning foe,
When conscious justice bids her bosom glow :
And while *she* kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendship blame ;
She feels the sting of keen Resentment goad,
Tho' guiltless yet of Satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown !
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Ass thro' Gotham bray !
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces, self-explored :
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway ;
Nor murdered reputation marks his way.
True to himself, unarmed, the fearless Muse
Thro' Reason's path her steady course pursues :
True to herself, advances, undeterred
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal ;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet e'er from patient slumber Satire wakes,
And brandishes the avenging scourge of snakes ;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display ;

Let Candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
 Felt in severest danger's trying hour.
 Let Truth consenting, with the trump of Fame,
 His glory in auspicious strains proclaim.
 He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
 That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
 How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
 Chained to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
 How oft my bosom at thy name has glowed,
 And from my beating heart applause bestowed ;
 Applause, that genuine as the blush of youth
 Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth :
 How oft I blest the PATRIOT'S honest rage,
 That greatly dared to lash the guilty age ;
 That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
 Roll the full tide of eloquence along ;
 That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
 And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd.
 When from afar those penetrating eyes
 Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise ;
 Watched every motion of the faithless foe,
 Each plot o'erturned, and baffled every blow.
 A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
 I glowed in secret with congenial flame ;
 While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
 Believed all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
 If Truth with Error ever could agree :
 Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
 Pourtrayed the object she designed to brand.
 Alas ! that virtue should so soon decay,
 And Faction's wild applause thy heart betray.
 The muse, with secret sympathy relents,
 And human failings, as a friend, laments :
 But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
 Spread discord and distraction thro' the state,

Reason should then exert her utmost power,
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiments it glowed,
A stranger to Corruption's slippery road ;
There was a time our PATRIOT durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.

How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the insatiate German vulture rail ;
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore.
The mists of error that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispelled.
And lo ! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave ;
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous
weight

Drags down the struggling victim to her fate :
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze ;
For, lo ! possess'd of Power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains.

Alas ! how soon the steady PATRIOT turns ;
In vain this change astonished England mourns.
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accursed Westphalian drain,
Then ceased to flow ; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage, her bowels tore.

His magic rod transforms the bird of prey :
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away ;
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er con-
ceive.

At once, transplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
 Columbian hills, in distant Austria stand :
 America, with pangs before unknown,
 Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan :
 By sympathy she fevers with her fires,
 Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
 For ever changing, yet for ever true :
 Sworn with success, and with applause inflamed,
 He scorned all caution, all advice disclaimed,
 Armed with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
 Those patriot principles maintained before.
 Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
 Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
 He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
 He once devoted all his powers to brand.

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes
 On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise ;
 Drained of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
 And agonized as in the mortal hour ;
 Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
 Or doomed to perish in contagious soils,
 To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
 And sent to fall in battles not their own.
 Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'ercharg'd,
 With grievous burdens annually enlarged ;
 Crushed with increasing taxes to the ground,
 That suck like vampires every bleeding wound ;
 Ground with severe distress th' industrious poor,
 Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
 In secret, and with inward sorrow groans ;
 Tho' decked with tinsel trophies of renown,
 All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
 Can yet some impious parriicide appear,
 Who strives to make this anguish more severe ?

Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow?

There can; to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs.
Shameless of front, impatient of controul,
He spurs her onward to Destruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,
Still Peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns;
Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.
Some wretch'd shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
Then hearing modest Diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
And whiles big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.
But all th' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;
Betray'd her interest and abus'd her trust;
Then deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,
Rode thro' the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a Patriot out of place!

Insults his generous Prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway;
In foreign climes embroils him with allies,
And bids at home the flames of Discord rise!

She comes! from hell the exulting Fury springs,
With grim Destruction sailing on her wings!
Around her scream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick awkward and unclean,
Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene!
While with unnumber'd wings from van to rear,
Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
And ever little sting attempt to arm.

Here *Chaplains*,* *Privileges*,* mouldering round,
And feeble *Scourges** rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Keurick strives, with fruitless aim,
With Grub-street slander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the slavering, snarling cur,
But only fills his famished jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads th' assassinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless
block,

A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poet's-Corner* hangs each flimsy woof:
And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward
prance,
On Wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.

* Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but alas!—
we refer our reader to the Reviews.

Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
 Too low, alas! For Satire's whip to reach,
 From his black entrails, Faction's common sewer,
 Disgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the Muse [views;
 The thundering storms that rage around her
 Impartial views the tides of Discord blend,
 Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
 Were not her Patriot-heart with anguish torn,
 Would eye the opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
 Let Freedom's deadliest foe for freedom bawl,
 Alike to her who govern or who fall!
 Aloof she stands all unconcern'd and mute,
 While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
 While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
 Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
 Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
 His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
 To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;
 Support his slander, and his wants relieve:
 Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
 And power and wisdom all to him submit!
 Let proud Ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
 Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
 Sedition her triumphant flag display,
 And in embodied ranks her troops array;
 While coward Justice trembling on her seat,
 Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!
 Nor here let Censure draw her awful blade,
 If from her theme the wayward Muse has stray'd.
 Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
 Redundant bursting, swamps th' adjacent grounds:
 But rapid and impatient of delay,
 Thro' the deep channel still pursues his way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
 But every man and measure to oppose;

Like Æsop's cur, still snarling and perverse,
 Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
 No more at Council his advice will lend,
 But with all others who advise contend ;
 He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
 Then, swelter'd with revenge retreats to Hayes :*

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary person is characterised, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, who was also distinguished by a train of incidents pretty nearly resembling those we have mentioned above ; although he possibly never anticipated the similitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our historian informs us, that, " Luca Pitt, a bold and resolute man, being now made gonfalonere of justice,—having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balla ; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he not only treated those that were members of the council with great insolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and soon after put his threats in execution ; for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of August 1453, he called the people together in the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not so much as hear of before. Pitt had also very rich presents, not only from Cosimo and the signiory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generosity to him ; so that it was thought he had above twenty thousand ducats given him at that time ; after which he became so popular, that the city was no longer governed by Cosimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inspired him with vanity.—After this he had recourse to very extraordinary means ; for he not only extorted more and greater presents from the chief citizens, but also made the commonalty supply him with workmen and artificers." *Machiavel's Hist. Florence.* This has an unlucky resemblance to a certain great person's driving through the city with borrowed horses, and being offered to have his horses unyoked and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We shall, in due time and place, give some account of the fall of Mr Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after some particular events, he was universally regarded.

Swallows the pension ; but, aware of blame,
 Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
 The felon thus of old his name to save,
 His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But should some frantic wretch whom all men
 To nature and humanity a foe, [know,
 Deaf to the widow's moan, and orphan's cry,
 And dead to shame and friendship's social tie ;
 Should such a miscreant at the hour of death,
 To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath ;
 With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
 What nature taught them to expect as theirs—
 Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
 Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin ?
 Forbid it Heaven ! thou canst not be so base,
 To blast thy name with infamous disgrace !
 The Muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
 Dares not so black a thought anticipate ;
 By Heaven ! the muse her ignorance betrays ;
 For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
 Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,
 The vulture pounces on the shining ore ;
 In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
 And from the weeping orphan bears away.

Th' great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
 That, big with fate, strikes Expectation dumb.
 O ! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
 Thy eyes, and listen to the Muse's tale,
 That true as honour, unadorned with art,
 Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart.

Ere yet the desolating god of war,
 Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
 Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
 And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms !
 In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
 Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.

Alas ! poor country, how with pangs unknown,
 To Britain did thy filial bosom groan.
 What savage armies did thy realm invade,
 Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid.
 Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
 And the sad owner to destruction doom'd ;
 Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish
 torn,
 Or left to perish naked and forlorn.
 What carnage reek'd upon that ruin'd plain !
 What infants bled ! what virgins shriek'd in vain !
 In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
 Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
 To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
 America lift up her dying eyes ;
 To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
 To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
 She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
 Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew ;
 Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
 That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone :
 She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
 And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe ;
 Nor ceas'd, till crown'd with victory complete,
 Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet.*

* Although our author has no present inclination to enter into political controversy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in some measure is connected with this part of his subject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow subjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ship provided in time of war to exchange the prisoners of any two hostile powers ; also to carry any particular request or proposal from the one to the other : for this reason she is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a single gun for firing signals.

"Our honest Americans however, who have so sorely

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,

grieved of late for paying a small part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no scruple to disobey and despise this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual supplies of provisions to our enemies in the West-Indies, and thereby recovered them and recruited their fallen spirits, at a time when they were gasping under the weight of our arms. With so much address, indeed, did these oppressed and unfortunate traders conduct this scheme, that ten or twelve cartels, being laden at the same time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c., sailed together for the French islands, and, in order to evade the strict examination of our ships of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the same expert owners, to seize their own vessels, and direct their course to the places of their first destination; but if they were examined by our ships of war, to an English port. But this clumsy trick did not long escape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows sent aboard, by way of commanders or prize-masters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ship; and of consequence only sent to elude their scrutiny.

"The most bare-faced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the seizing an armed vessel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take these illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppose and distress. They employed a crew of ruffians, who seized his vessel openly, in the most unwarranted and lawless manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when she had only five men aboard: and so inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a stronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade.

"Whitehall, August 24, 1760.

"Gentlemen,

"The commanders of his Majesty's forces and fleets in North America and the West Indies have transmitted certain

Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
 crown'd,
 And Plenty smiling on her plains around ;
 Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
 America regards with jealous eye,

and repeated intelligences of an illegal and most pernicious trade carried on by the king's subjects in North America and the West Indies, as well to the French islands as to the French settlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Mississippi ; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are supplied with provisions and other necessaries ; whereby they are principally, if not alone enabled to sustain and protract this long and expensive war. And it further appearing, that large sums of bullion are sent by the king's subjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the British colonies themselves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the most manifest prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain : in order, therefore, to put the most speedy and effectual stop to such flagitious practices, so utterly subversive of all laws, and so highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom :

“ It is his majesty's express will and pleasure, that you do forthwith make the strictest and most diligent enquiry into the state of this dangerous and ignominious trade ; and that you do use every means in your power to detect and discover persons concerned either as principals or accessaries therein ; and that you do take every step authorised by law to bring all such heinous offenders to the most exemplary and condign punishment : and you will, as soon as may be, and from time to time transmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progress you shall have made in the execution of this his majesty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the most exact obedience. And you are further to use your utmost endeavours to trace out and investigate the various artifices and evasions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourse find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law ; in order that from such lights due and timely considerations may be had what farther provision may be necessary to restrain an evil of such extensive and pernicious consequences.

I am, &c.

And canker'd heart, the Parent who so late
 Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of Fate,
 Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
 With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
 Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
 Of cormorants that suck her vital blood ;
 Who now of her demands that tribute due,
 For whom alone th' avenging sword she drew.

Scarce had America the just request
 Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithless breast
 Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
 And, lo ! the mandate of our laws she spurns !
 Her secret hate, incapable of shame,
 Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,
 Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
 Insults our honour, and our laws defies ;
 O'er all her coasts, is heard th' audacious roar,
 " England shall rule America no more !"

Soon as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
 Stern indignation in her look appear'd ;
 Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
 From her perfidious sons who thus rebell'd ;
 Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
 Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
 Determin'd not to draw her penal steel
 Till fair Persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
 She on her darling *Patriot* cast her eye ;
 His voice like thunder will support her cause,
 Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws ;
 Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
 And bids th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes !—but where, th' amazing theme to
 hit,
 Discover language or ideas fit ?

Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and
swagger,

The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger ?

Our *Patriot* comes !—with frenzy fir'd, the muse

With allegoric eye his figure views ;

Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,

Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands !

Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,

“ A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark !”

And lo ! th' enormous giant to bedeck,

A golden millstone hangs upon his neck.

On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,

And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.

Our *Patriot* comes ;—the buckles of whose shoes

Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.

Repeat his name in thunders to the skies !

Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise !

Thro' Faction's wilderness prepare the way !

Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey !

The idol of the mob, behold him stand,

The alpha and omega of the land !

Methinks I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*

Dumb-sounding declamations disembogue,

Expressions of immeasurable length,

Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength ;

Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,

With loud theatric rage bombards the sense ;

And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,

Exasperated metaphors convey.

With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,

He bids enrag'd Seditious beat the charge ;

From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,

And lifts to guide in Insurrection's cause.

And lo ! where in her sacrilegious hand,

The parricide lifts high her burning brand !

Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
 With those infernal lungs arouse the flame !
 Tho' England merits not her least regard,
 Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward.
 Arise : embark ! prepare thy martial car,
 To lead her armies and provoke the war.
 Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
 The signal her black ensigns to display.*

* * * * *

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene ;
 Beholds the tumults that distract our scene ;
 And in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
 Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste :
 To thee, O Marius ! whom no factions sway,
 Th' impartial Muse devotes her honest lay.

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, presuming upon his late alliance, and the promises which Pietro had made him. But amongst all the changes that ensued upon this revolution nothing was more remarkable than the case of Luca Pitt who soon began to experience the difference betwixt prosperity and adversity, betwixt living in authority and falling into disgrace. His house, which used to be crowded with swarms of followers and dependants, was now as unfrequented as a desert ; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being seen with him, but durst not even salute him if they met him in the street : some of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their estates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen ; the services he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuse ; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable presents, now came to demand them again, as only lent ; and others, who before used to flatter and extol him to the skies, in these circumstances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence ; so that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. *Mack. Hist. Flor.*

In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
 Nor venal hope, assumes fair Friendship's name;
 Sooner shall Churchill's feeble meteor-ray,
 That led our foundering Demagogue astray,
 Darkling to grope and flounce in Error's night,
 Eclipse great Mansfield's strong meridian light,
 Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
 Thy generous friendship in my heart efface.
 O! whether wandering from thy country far,
 And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
 Or in the blest retreat of Virtue laid,
 Where Contemplation spreads her awful shade;
 If ever to forget thee I have power,
 May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!

Still Satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
 And throb with irresistible alarms.
 Like some full river, charg'd with falling showers,
 Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
 But rest and Silence now, who wait beside,
 With their strong flood-gates bar th' impetuous
 tide.

* * * * *

END OF FALCONER'S POEMS.

TANNAHILL'S POEMS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT TANNAHILL,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A Notice of the Author's Life and Writings.

A NEW AND CORRECTED EDITION.

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JOHN HENDERSON, CASTLE-PLACE.

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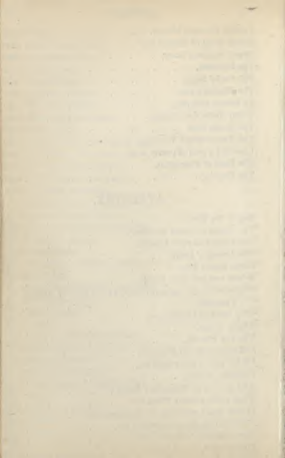
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MEMOIR OF TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was born in Paisley, on the 3rd of June, 1774, and was the son of James Tannahill, a weaver, who came originally from Kilmarnock, and Janet Pollock, the daughter of a farmer near Beith. Both parents were of respectable character, and distinguished, particularly the mother, for greater intelligence than is usually found in persons of their station. Robert was the fourth child of a family of seven, and though not remarkable, when a boy, for defective health, had a deformity in one of his limbs, the foot being slightly bent, and the leg less muscular than the other. This circumstance, however, was little observed, from his wearing several pairs of stockings, and employing other means to conceal it, which his sensitive disposition made him always anxious to do.

The early education of Tannahill consisted simply of English reading and writing, and even of this elementary instruction he got such small measure, that all his grammatical knowledge was acquired at a later period of life, from a grammar prefixed to a pocket dictionary. But even in his school-days he exhibited a propensity to verse-writing. So early as his tenth year, Tannahill began the composition of regular songs and other short pieces in verse; but when he reached the age of fourteen, his station and circumstances

obliged him to engage so actively in the working business of life, that a considerable interval, it has been generally believed from the dates of his pieces, of poetical inaction followed—a thing not much to be deplored, perhaps, when we consider how rarely the juvenile compositions, even of the greatest poets, have been possessed of intrinsic merit, or entitled to any notice except as curious trifles. Robert was put to the trade of hand-loom cotton weaving immediately on leaving school. That business was then extremely brisk in Paisley, and maintained the place in a hey-day flow of prosperity. The youth of both sexes were able to make good wages without any very severe labour, and, in consequence, youthful parties, excursions, and merry-makings, were exceedingly frequent among this flourishing community. Like others of his age and rank, Tannahill indulged freely in these pastimes, and doubtless then stored his mind with many of those fresh and lovely pictures of nature, animate and inanimate, which afterwards gave inspiration to his song. Mental gratification was his delight, the confidence of friendship was the prop on which he rejoiced to lean. The candour of his own disposition, the absence of that suspicion which an enlarged acquaintance with mankind generates, and the esteem in which he was held, precluded him from acquiring that power of discriminating character, on which man's success and respectability in society in a great measure depend.

The first of Tannahill's poems which appeared in print was a song in praise of Ferguslee wood, where he used frequently to wander in the evenings, making the echoes ring with the notes of his flute, an instrument which he played with much taste, having a very correct musical ear.

That he composed many pieces between his twentieth and twenty-sixth years, is very probable, but none of them, with the exception of the one mentioned, seemed to have passed beyond the circle of his immediate and intimate acquaintances. When he arrived at the age referred to, he was induced, in the year 1800, to visit England in company with a younger brother, in consequence of a report that the figured loom-work for which the Paisley people were celebrated, had risen into great request in the south, and yielded high wages to the workmen. Preston was the destination of the brothers; but Robert, finding that no work was executed there of the desired description, went on to Bolton, where he found abundance of employment in the line he wished. The younger Tannahill, however, did not leave Preston during the whole of their stay in England, which extended to about two years, and was terminated by the intelligence of their father's serious illness. Leaving England immediately, the brothers arrived only in time to receive their parent's last words. After his death, the younger brother married, and Robert took up house with his mother, whom he affectionately tended and supported till the day of his death. This trait in Tannahill's character was peculiarly amiable. He considered attention to his mother as a debt of gratitude, and his feelings were strongly interested by her widowed situation. The attachment increased by intercourse, and revolving years saw his attentions and affections more strikingly displayed to one who procured esteem from the worth of her character. And nothing can more interest the reader in him than his unwearied regard to his surviving parent. The admirers of his genius will contemplate with pleasure this instance of

moral worth, and others may be led to imitate this example of domestic affection.

The friendliness of his disposition was rewarded by the attachment of his acquaintance, who speak of him with warm regard, and seem to cherish his remembrance with a degree of fondness that can only arise from having found in him the valuable qualities of a sound head and a good heart.

Humanity adorned his character. He felt for human woe, and the sight of distress, which wrung his heart, called forth the liberality of his hand. Misery was never known to apply to him in vain, and what he had not in his power to remove, he did all he could to alleviate.

Increasing years had only strengthened Tannahill's poetical tendencies, and the knowledge of his habitual endeavours in this art, now spread more widely among his townsmen. He was fond of showing his compositions when finished and committed to paper, for, though modest even to excess, he had an ardent desire at heart of winning a name among his countrymen, and the first step to this end was the applause of his friends, which was very dear to him. Nor was this tribute withheld. Long before their publication in a regular form, several of his songs were popular in Paisley and its neighbourhood. In composing his pieces, Tannahill did not detract any thing from the time allotted to work. He had a small writing apparatus fixed by the side of his loom, and, as the verses came up in his thoughts, he secured himself against forgetfulness, by committing the rough draught of them to the sheet beside him. To this plan of operation he used to refer with triumph, when any of his friends challenged him for devoting his time to a profitless task.

Shortly after his return from England, Tannahill was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance, or rather to become the intimate friend, of the late R. A. Smith, a gentleman of distinguished musical reputation, and one of the few true Scottish composers of modern times. To Mr. Smith, the poet was indebted for the music of some of his finest songs, and for much, consequently, of their lasting popularity. Urged by this valuable assistant and other friends, Tannahill ventured on a step which his timidity and diffidence would have otherwise probably prevented him from taking. He published, in 1807, the first edition of his "Poems and Songs," with a simple, brief, and modest preface attached to them, of which the following sentence may be quoted as a specimen:—"When the man of taste and discrimination reads these pieces, he will no doubt find passages that might have been better, but his censures may be qualified with the remembrance that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet, extend no farther than to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of his country."

Though the public at the time was nauseated with imitations of Burns—generally styled "Poems in the Scottish Dialect," and very properly so, seeing that the dialect, and not what it conveyed, was the sole point in which they resembled their great original—Tannahill's little volume was favourably received. But its author became soon convinced of the imperfections of the work. "I am confident," he wrote to a friend, "had I waited a few years longer, I would have presented a volume less exceptionable." He did not make an idle lamentation over this error, but set assiduously about repairing it, by correcting his pro-

ductions, with a view to a second edition. At the same time, he continued unremittingly in the task, to him a labour of love, of fresh composition, commonly on occasional subjects. The degree of excellence to which he attained in song-writing, in particular, was very high. Love and nature were his inspirers, though it is understood that the fair objects of his amatory verse were generally imaginary. He at least celebrated them under imaginary names and in imaginary situations. "Jessie o' Dumblane" is an example of this; Tannahill never was at Dumblane, nor did he know any one from its neighbourhood. Though this fact takes away from his verses that charm of reality that almost uniformly attaches to those of Burns, yet we may be certain that Tannahill's colourings were drawn from existing objects, though he might mingle in one portrait the charms of many. "The Lass of Arantecnie," however, was one instance in which he painted from a single original, the poet having seen the fair one on an excursion, during which he rested at the place described as her residence in the song.

Some of the songs of Tannahill may be pronounced to be the very perfection of song-writing, as far as that consists in the simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. They are eminently distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and simplicity of diction. The lyre of Scotland, in his hand, retained its native artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognized and welcomed the Doric strain. It is almost superfluous to refer in proof of this to such strains as the "Braes of Gleniffer," "Gloomy Winter," the "Harper of Mull," and many others

that are familiar to the Scottish ear as "household words."

Social intercourse, attachment to some individuals of considerable musical attainments, and a taste for music, among the class to which he belonged, kindled, or kept alive the flame of the Poet, and gave it this particular direction. The gratification of the individual, at the moment of composition, is a powerful incentive: but an author proceeds with renewed energy when his opinion is supported by the approbation of others, particularly of those whose opinion has not influence on his habits and happiness.

The improved taste of some of his companions in music and song-writing prevented him from wasting his talents on frivolous subjects. They directed him on the road to eminence, and from their influence on his compositions of this kind, it is obvious, that, if his efforts in other kinds of poetry had been as judiciously directed, the world would have had, from his pen, poetry more worthy of admiration.

He had many advantages in cultivating this species of poetry. He had at all times access to the beauties of nature, and was well acquainted with the tender feelings of love and of domestic attachment, which form the themes of many of his lyrics.

He surveyed nature with the eye of a poet, felt a poet's rapture, and delineated her features with fidelity, elegance, and grace. The freedom of his sketches, and freshness of his colouring, cannot fail to excite a kindred feeling in every breast alive to rural scenery, and the beauties of nature. His views, drawn at all seasons of the year, and periods of the day, always please, and often delight. His individual portraits are striking and

interesting. Under his management nature is always amiable, for there is invariably some association that interest curiosity, or affects sensibility; and in no case does he overstep the limits of delicacy, or express a sentiment offensive to the ear of modesty. The variety of his delineations excites our astonishment when we consider the circumstances in which he was placed. The admiration with which they have been received, wherever known, ensures the author no inconsiderable station among those who have employed the language, and sung the loves of Caledonia.

The celebrity which the first publication of his songs brought to him, was never so pleasingly exemplified, he himself used to say, as when he heard a country girl, on one of his walks, singing a song of his to herself,

“ We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside.”

It was an elegant compliment paid him by accident, and a pledge of the rising popularity of his songs. Alas! it would have been well if his popularity had been followed only by pleasures so harmless as this. But this was not the case. Visitors crowded upon him—strangers introduced themselves to him—and too frequently the tavern was made the bond to cement the newly formed acquaintance. Modest and enthusiastic, simple and confiding, Tannahill believed that all were equally sincere in their love of song as himself, and wanted fortitude, though he made many efforts, to resist such seductive intrusions, coming, as they did, under the guise of friendly sympathy, though too often the result of mere indiscriminative curiosity. He never, at any time, was addicted to drinking, yet his mind was gradually driven from its usual quietude, and

his comfort disturbed, by the idle, and worse than idle, interruptions referred to. Besides, the slightest irregularity injured his health, and thus body and mind suffered from the same cause. He became peevish, and to imagine that his warmest friends intended him evil. The despondency to which he had been occasionally subject, became habitual, and his countenance assumed a pale emaciated look, that but too well corresponded with the feelings within.

Things were in this unhappy state when he offered a new collection of his Poems, corrected carefully by himself, and greatly enlarged, to Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, for a very trifling sum. The proposition was unfortunately declined. This was the crowning blow, and, shortly after it occurred, he came to the resolution of burning all his papers. So unsparing was he in this resolve, that he requested his friends to give him up any scraps of manuscript he might have given to them. Weakened in judgment, wasted in body, and weighed down by the bitterness of disappointed hopes, he unhappily executed his purpose. All his corrected poems, with many original ones, were thrown into the flames, and lost to his country for ever!

On the day after his papers were destroyed, poor Tannahill showed such unequivocal proofs of a deranged state of mind, that his brothers were sent for in the evening, to his mother's house, to watch over him. When they arrived, they found him sleeping, having been brought home from a considerable distance, by some friends who had observed his condition. Unwilling to disturb his repose, the brothers left the house again for a time. An hour afterwards, one of them returning, found the door open, and being

immediately alarmed, rushed into Robert's room, and found his bed empty. Search was immediately made, and in the dusk of the morning the coat of the poet was found by the side of a pond, near Paisley, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found. This lamentable event occurred on the 11th of May, 1810, when Robert Tannahill had arrived only at the age of thirty-six.

On reviewing the history of this man—one of nature's gifted children—it is impossible not to attribute his fate in some measure to a want of a due admixture of firmness and self-restraint in his temperament. The difficult and seductive position in which he was placed by his very genius and his fame, the sensitive ardour of his disposition, and the weakly constitution of his body—all these palliative circumstances ought to be taken into account, and a charitable and liberal allowance made for them; but still it would be improper, we imagine, to gloss over the failing or deficiency to which we refer, as having been instrumental in causing his sad end, for we would be thus hiding beneath the waters, as it were, the rock on which he struck, instead of placing a light upon it to be a beacon and a warning to others.

Tannahill's countenance was oval, and his brow open and well expanded. His look was more expressive of modesty than intelligence, and his whole bearing in society was reserved and diffident. He had a warm and affectionate heart, and his sympathies were ever with the poor and humble.

TANNAHILL'S POEMS.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Persons Represented.

MEN.

THE LAIRD, Colonel of a Scots Regiment.
GAFFER, The Laird's Tenant.
MUIRLAND WILLIE, An old rich dotard.
HARRY, in love with JEAN.

WOMEN.

MIRREN, Gaffer's Wife, a foolish old woman.
JEAN, Daughter of Gaffer and Mirren, beloved by Willie,
but in love with Harry.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A RANGE of hills, o'erhung wi' waving woods,
That spread their dark green bosoms to the clouds,
And seem to crave the tribute of a shower,
Grateful to woodland plant and mountain flower—
A glen beneath, frae whilk a bick'rin' burn
Strays round the knowes, wi' bouny wiauplin' turn,
Syne troolin' downwards through the cultar'd lands,
Runs by where Gaffer's humble biggin' stands,
His wife and him are at some family plea,
To hear what ails them, just step in and see.

GAFFER AND MIRREN.

MIRREN.—“Love should be free!”—My trowth
but ye craw crouse,
You a gudeman, and canna rule your house!
Had I a father's power, I'd let her see
Wi' vengeance, whether or no that love be free.
She kens right weel Muirland has ilk thing ready,
And's fit to keep her basket like a lady.

Yet soon's she hears me mention Muirland Willie
 She skits and flings like ony towmont filly—
 Deil nor ye'd broke your leg, gaun cross the hallan,
 That day ye fee'd the skelpor Highland callan,
 We've fed him, clad him, what's our mense for't a' ?
 Base wretch, to steal our dochter's heart awa' !
 "Love should be free!" Gude trowth a bonny story!
 That Muirland maun be lost for Highland Harry.
 Muirland comes down this night, to tauk's nae use,
 For she shall gie consent or lea' the house.
 Odsaffs! my heart did never wallop cadgier ;
 Than when the Laird took Harry for a sodger ;
 And now she sits a' day, sae dowf and blearie,
 And sings luv-sangs about her Highland Harry.

GAF.—Indeed, Gudewife, the lad did weel enough,
 Was eident ay, and deftly hel' the plough ;
 But Muirland's up in years, and shame to tell ;
 Has ne'er been married, though as auld's mysel' ;
 His locks are lyart, and his joints are stiff,
 A staff wad set him better than a wife.
 Sooner shall roses in December blaw,
 Sooner shall tulips flourish i' the snaw,
 Sooner the woods shall bud wi' winter's cauld,
 Than lasses quit a young man for an auld :
 Yet, she may tak' him gin she likes for me,
 My say shall never make them disagree.

MIR.—Ye hinna the ambition of a mouse,
 She'll gie consent this night or lea' the house.

Enter JEAN, in haste.

JEAN.—Father, the sheep are nibblin' i' the corn,
 Wee Sandy's chained auld Bawtie to the thorn,
 And bauson'd Crummock's broken frae the sta' ;
 Och ! a's gaen wrang since Harry gaed awa'.

[*Aside.*

GAF.—A house divided, a' gangs to the devil.

[*Exit.*

Mrs.—Dochter, come here;—now let us reason
civil,

Isn't siller mak's our ladies gang so braw?
Isn't siller buys their cleuks and bonnets a' ?
Isn't siller busks them up wi' silks and satins,
Wi' umbrellas, muffs, claeth-shoon, and pattons?
Our Lady—what is't gars us curtsey till her,
And ca' her Mam? why just 'cause she has siller;
Isn't siller maks our gentles fair an sappy?
Whilk let us see, it's siller maks foulks happy.

JEAN.—Mither ayc simple questions let me spier,
Is Muirland fat or fair wi' a' his gear?
Auld croichlin' wight, to hide the ails o' age,
He capers like a monkey on a stage;
And cracks, and sings, and giggles sae light and
kittle,

Wi's auld beard slaver'd wi' tobacco spittle—

Mrs.—Peace wardless slut; O, when will youth
be wise!

Ye'll slight your carefu' Mither's good advice:
I've brought you up, and made you what you are,
And that's your thanks for a' my toil and care:
Muirland comes down this night, sae drap your
stodgin,

For ye must gie consent or change your lodgin'.

[Exit.

JEAN.—E'en turn me out, Muirland I'll never
marry,

What's wealth or life without my dearest Harry?

Song.

Our bonny Scots lads in their green tartan plads,
Their blue-belted bonnets, an' feathers sae braw,
Rank't up on the green war' fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairst of a';
His cheeks war' as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud lookin' down on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the e'en o' the lasses war' fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
 When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',
 He bade me farewell, he cried, "O be leel."
 An' his red cheeks war' wet wi' the tears that did fa';
 Ah! Harry my love, tho' thou ne'er should'st return,
 Till life's latest hour I thy absence shall mourn,
 An' memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
 Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

SCENE II.

HARRY returned, as servant to the Laird,
 Finds, for a while, his presence may be spared,
 And here, his lane, he wanders o'er each scene,
 Where first he loved and fondly wooed his Jean;
 He sees her cot, and fain would venture in,
 But weel he mind: her mither's no his frien'.

HARRY.—Tired with the painful sight of human
 ills,

Hail Caledonia! hail my native hills!
 Here exiled virtue rears her humble eell,
 With nature's jocund, honest sons to dwell;
 And hospitality, with open door,
 Invites the stranger and the wandering poor:
 Though winter scowls along our northern sky,
 In hardships reared we learn humanity;
 Nor dare deceit here point her rankling dart,
 A Scotchman's eye's the window of his heart.

When fate and adverse fortune bore me far,
 O'er field and flood, to join the din of war,
 My young heart sickened, gloomy was my mind,
 My love, my friends, my country, all behind.
 But whether tost upon the briny flood,
 Or dragged to combat in the scene of blood,
 Hope, like an angel, charm'd my cares away,
 And pointed forward to this happy day.
 Full well I mind yon brecken-skirted thorn,
 That sheds its milk-white blossoms by the burn,
 There first my heart life's highest bliss did prove,
 'Twas there my Jeanie blushing owned her love.

Yon dark green plantins on the mountain's brow,
 Yon yellow whins and broomy knowes below,
 Bring to my mind the happy, happy days,
 I spent with her upon these rural braes—
 But while remembrance thus my bosom warms,
 I long to clasp my charmer in my arms.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Now Mirren's to the burn to slae her kirn,
 Here Jeanie waefu' sits and reels her pirn,
 While honest Gaffer, aye for peace inclined,
 Is ha'dlin' vext, and freely speaks his mind.

GAFFER.—Thy Mither's gair and set upon the
 warl,
 It's Muirland's gear that gars her like the carl,
 But nature bids thee spurn the silly tike,
 And wha wou'd wed wi' ane they canna like;
 Just speak thy mind and tell him ance for a',
 That eighteen ne'er can 'gree wi' sixty-twa;
 A mair disgusting sight I never knew,
 Than youthfu' folly 'neath an auld grey pow.

Enter MIRREN, blythely.

MIR.—Here comes our nei'bour hurrying frae
 the muir,
 Mak' a' things snod, fy, haste rede up the floor;
 The like o' him to visit you and me
 Reflects an honour on our family;
 Now, lassie, mind my high comman' is this,
 Whatever Muirland says, ye'll answer "Yes."

JEAN.—Whatever Muirland says, it shall be so,
 But soon as morning comes, I'll answer "No."

[*Aside.*]

Enter MUIRLAND.

MUIR.—Peace to the biggin'—he, he, he, (*Giggles,*)
 how's a'?

MIR.—Gayly, I think you—William come awa,
And tell us how ye fen' this night yoursel'?

MUIR.—He, he—his name be prais'd! faith,
unco weel,

I ne'er was ha'f sae strang in a' my days,
I'm grown sae fat, I'm like to burst my claes!
Nae won'er o't! I'm just now at my prime,
I'm just now five and thretty come the time!
Ho, ho, ho, ho—(*coughs*)—I pity them wha're
auld,

Yestreen I catch'd a wee bit croighl o' cauld,
GAF.—(*Disgusted*)—I might excuse a foolish
untaught bairn,

But second childhood, sure, will never learn.

[*Aside.—Exit.*]

[MUIRLAND, *half-blind with age, slips on his Spectacles secretly, recognizes Jean, advances to her, and sings.*]

Song.

AIR.—“*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

O LASSIE will ye tak' a man,
Rich in housin' gear and lan',
Deil tak' the cash that I should ban,
Nae mair I'll be the slave o't.

I'll buy you claise to busk you braw,
A ridin' powney, pad and a',
On fashion's tap we'll drive awa',
Whlp, spur, an' a' the lave o't.

O poortith is a wintry day,
Cheerless, blirtie, cauld, and blae,
But buskin' under fortune's ray,
There's joy whate'er ye'd have o't.

Then gies your han' ye'll be my wife,
I'll make you happy all your life,
We'll row in luve and siller rife,
Till death wind up the lave o't.

MIR.—Nae toilin' there to raise a heavy rent,
Our fortune's made—O lassie gie consent!

[*Aside to JEAN.*]

MUIR.—Ye'll get a gouden ring and siller brooch,
 And now and then we'll hurl in a coach:
 To shaw we're gentle, when we walk on fit,
 In passin' poor folk, how we'll flight and skit!

JEAN.—And though ye're rather auld I'm rather
 young,

Our ages mix'd will stop the warl's tongue.

MUIR.—Auld, say ye! no. Ye surely speak in
 jest,

Your Mither kens I'm just now at my best!

MIR.—The lass is blunt, she means na' as she
 says,

Ye ne'er look'd ha'f sae weel in a' your days!

Wi' canny care, I've spun a pickle yarn,
 That honest-like we may set aff our bairn;
 If gang wi' me we'll o'er to Wabster Pate's
 And see him weavin' at the bridal sheets.

MUIR.—The bridal sheets! he, he, he, he, what
 bliss!

The bridal sheets! O gies an erl-kiss.

MIR.—Fy! come awa,' and dinna think o' kis-
 sin'

Till anee Mess John hae gien you baith his blessin'.
 [Exit.

JEAN, *solo*.

Alas! my Mither's just like Whang the miller,
 O'erturns her house in hopes o' fin'ing siller;
 For soon's I see the morning's first faint gleam,
 She wakens sorrowing frae her gouden dream.

Song.

AIR.—“*Morneen I Gaberland.*”

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
 Happy war' the days when we herded thegither O,
 Sweet war' the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
 And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O;

But ah! wae me! wi' their sodg'ring sae gaudy, O,
 The Laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O;
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O,

The blae-berry banks, now, are lonesome and dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams, that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild melting strains of my dear Highland laddie, O,
 Farewell my ewes! and farewell my doggie, O,
 Farewell ye knowes! now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
 Farewell Glen-feoch! my mammy and my daddie, O,
 I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

Through distant towns I'll stray a hapless stranger,
 In thoughts o' him I'll brave pale want and danger,
 And as I go, poor weeping, mournfu' pond'rer,
 Still some kind heart will cheer the weary wand'rer.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. GAFFER'S HOUSE.

JEAN, solus.

Song.

LANG sine, beside the woodland burn,
 Among the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow:
 A' 'roun my seat the flowers were strewed,
 That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a summer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.
 I twined the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow,
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.

The crow-flower blue, and meadow pink,
 I wove in primrose-braided link;
 But little, little did I think
 I should have wove the willow.
 My bonny lad was forced afar,
 Tossed on the raging billow;
 Perhaps he's fa'n in bluidy war,
 Or wrecked on rocky shallow:

Yet, aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And often by the woodland burn
I pu' the weeping willow.

Enter MUIRLAND.

MUIR.—Faith! Patie's spool jinks thro' wi'
wondrous might,
And aye it minds me o' "the bridal night."
I've rowth o' sheets, sae never fash your thumb—
O gies a kiss afore your Minnie come.

HARRY enters—Jeanie kens him—
First he grips her till his breast—
Willie gapes, and glours, and sanes him,
Rins and roars like ane possessed;
Wild wilyart fancies revel in his brain—
They balth rin aff and lea' him a' his lane.

MUIR.—O murder, murder!—O!—I'll die wi'
fear:
O Gaffer, Mirren!—O come here, come here!

Enter MIRREN, in haste.

MIR.—The peeswip's scrighin' owre the spankie-
cairn;
My heart bodes ill—O William where's my bairn?
MUIR.—A great red dragon, wi' a warlock claw,
Has come, and wi' your Dochter flown awa'!

Enter GAFFER, in haste.

GAF.—What awfu' cry was yon I heard within?
What mak's you glowr, and what caus'd a' yon
din?

MIR.—A great big dragon, wi' a red iron claw,
Has come, and wi' your Dochter flown awa'!

[Crying.

MUIR.—Its head was cover'd wi' a black airn
ladle!
It had black legs, and tail as sharp's a needle!
A great red c'e stood stairin' in its breast!
I'm like to swarf—O, 'twas a fearfu' beast.

MIR.—The craw that bigged i' the stack-yard
 thorn,
 Scaigh'd and forsook its nest when she was born ;
 Three pyats crossed the kirk when she was christen'd,

I've heard it tell'd, and trembled while I listened :
 O, dool and wae ! my dream's been rede right soon,
 Yestreen I dream'd twa mice had hol'd the moon.

GAF.—The sword o' Justice never fa's unwrought for !

But come,—alive or dead, let's seek our Dochter.

MUIR.—I'll no' be weel this month—O, what a fright !

I'll no gang owre the muir my lane, this night.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

A BRIERY bank, shint a broomy knowe,
 Our youthfu' loving couple hid frae view,
 Their vows renew, and here wi' looks sae sweet,
 They set their tryst where neist again to meet.

JEAN.—My heart shall ever-gratefu' bless the
 Laird,

Wha show'd my dearest Harry such regard,
 Restor'd you to our hills and rural plain,
 Frae war's fatigues safe to my arms again.

HARRY.—Remote from bustling camps and
 war's alarms,

Thus, let me ever clasp thee in my arms.

JEAN.—But,—here my lad, we darna' weel be
 seen,

Dear Harry ! say, whare will we meet at e'en ?

Song.—HARRY.

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
 Whare the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side,
 Though the broomy knowes be green,
 Yet, there we may be seen,
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn side,
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burnside,
 There the busy prying eye
 Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
 While in ithers' arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa' ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side,—
 There fancy smoothes her theme,
 By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
 And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin taps are ting'd wi' goud on yon burn side,
 And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side,
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields alane,
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean ! down by yon burn side.

JEAN.—I'll jeer my ancient wooer hame, an'
 then
 I'll meet you at the opening o' the glen.
[Exit separately.]

SCENE III. GAFFER'S HOUSE.

WITH UNSUCCESSFU' search the ghaist-rid three,
 Hae socht the bourtree bank, and hemlock lee,
 The nettle corner, and the rown-tree brae,
 Sae here they come, a' sunk in deepest wae.

GAFFER.—Alas ! Gudewife, our search has been
 in vain,
 Come o't what will, my bosom's rung wi' pain ;
 I hafins think his e'en hae him mislipened,
 But O ! it's hard to say what may hae happen'd.

Enter MUIRLAND, fudding.

MUIR.—Preserve's ! O haste ye rin, mak mettle
 heels,
 I saw the dragon spankin' o'er the fiel's.

[They stop from going out when they see Jean enter.]

JEAN.—What mak's you stare sae strange ?
 what's wrang wi' Willie ?
 He roars as loud's a horn, tho' auld an' silly.

MUIR.—I'm no sae auld—my pith ye yet may brag on,

But Jeanie, love! how did you match the dragon?

JEAN.—Auld bleth'rin' wight! the gowk's possesser I ween—

GAF.—Come, Dochter, clear this riddle, whare hae ye been?

JEAN.—Father, rare news; our laird's come hame this day,

His man ca'd in to tell us by the way,
Dress'd in his sodger's elaise, wi' scarlet coat,
He is a bonny lad, fu' weel I wot.

MUIR.—The dragon! he, he, he.—I've been delier'd,

I'll wear a scarlet coat too when we're married.

GAF.—Our Laird come hame! an' safe but skaith or sear,

I'll owre and hear the history o' the war,
Us kintra fouk are bun like in a cage up,
I'll owre and hear about that place ca'd Egypt.
I lang to hear him tell a' what he's seen,
For four lang winters he awa' has been—

Wife—fetch my bonnet that I coft last owk,
Here, brush my coat; fcy, Jean, tak aff that pouk.

MIR.—Toot, snuff! 'bout news ye needna be sae thrang,

Let's set the bridal night afore we gang.

MUIR.—The bridal night! he, he, he,—that's right,

The bridal night! he, he,—the bridal night!

JEAN.—I'll hing as heigh's the steeple, in a wuddie,

Before I wed wi' that auld kecklin' body.

MIR.—Was Mither e'er sae plagued wi' a Dochter!

O, that's her thanks for a' the length I've brought her.

[Crying.]

GAF.—This racket in a house—it is a shame,
I'll thank you Muirland to be steppin' hame.

JEAN.—Auld, swirlod, slaethorn, camsheugh,
crooked wight,

Gae wa' an' ne'er again come in my sight.

MUIR.—That e'er my lugs were doom'd to hear
sic words,

Whilk rush into my heart like pointed swords—

Frae me let younkers warnin' tak' in time,

And wed ere dozen'd down ayont their prime ;

O, me, I canna gang,—'twill break my heart—

Let's hae ae farewell peep afore we part.

*(He puts on his spectacles, stares at Jean, roars ludicrously,
Exit, Crying.)*

Enter the LAIRD, attended by HARRY.

LAIRD.—Well—how d'ye do my worthy tenants,
pray,

How fares good Gaffer since I went away ?

GAF.—My noble Laird ; thanks to the lucky
star,

That steer'd you hame safe thro' the storms o' war.

LAIRD.—Thanks, honest friend,—I know your
heart of truth,

But for my safety thank this gallant youth,

He sav'd my life,—to him I owe my fame,

And gratitude shall still revere his name.

GAF.—May heav'n's post-angel swift my bles-
sin's carry,

He sav'd your life ! preserve me, it is Harry !

Thrice welcome lad, here, gies a shake o' your paw ;

Ye've mended hugely since ye gaed awa'.

HARRY.—Yes, sodg'ring brushes up a person's
frame,

But at the heart I hope I'm still the same.

GAF.—Your promise to do weel, I see yc've
keepen't,

He sav'd your life ! O tell me how it happen't ?

LAIRD.—'Twas March the eight, that memorable day,

Our sea-worn troops all weary with delay,
 For six long days storm-rock'd we lay off shore,
 And heard the en'mies' guns menacing roar,
 At length the wish'd-for orders came, to land,
 And drive the foe back from the mounded strand;
 Then each a hero on the decks we stood,
 Launch'd out our boats and speeded all we could;
 While clouds of sul'rous smoke obscur'd the view,
 And show'rs of grape shot from their batt'ries flew,
 A brother captain seated by my side,
 Receiv'd a shot—he sunk—he quiver'd—died:
 With friendly hand I clos'd his life-gone eyes,
 Our sighs, our tears, were all his obsequies.
 Then as our rowers strove with lengthen'd sweep,
 Back from the stern I tumbled in the deep,
 And sure had perish'd, for each pressing wave
 Seem'd emulous to be a soldier's grave;
 Had not this gallant youth, at danger's shrine,
 Off'ring his life a sacrifice for mine,
 Leap't from the boat, and beat his billowy way,
 To where I belch'd and struggl'd in the sea,
 With god-like arm sustain'd life's sinking hope,
 Till the succeeding rowers pick'd us up.

GAF.—Fair fa' your worth, my brave young
 sodger lad,

To see you safe return'd my heart is glad.
 Ilk cotter round will lang your name regard,
 And bless you for your kindness to the Laird.

LAIRD.—And when the day's hot work of war
 was done—

Each fight-tired soldier leaning on his gun,
 I sought my brave deliverer, and made
 An offer with what influence I had,
 To raise his fortune; but he shunned reward:
 Yet warmly thanked me for my kind regard:

Then as in warmth I praised his good behaviour,
 He modestly besought me this one favour,
 That if surviving when the war was o'er,
 And safe return'd to Scotia once more,
 I'd ask your will, for him to wed your daughter ;
 A manly, virtuous heart he home hath brought
 her.

GAF.—Wi' a' my heart, he has my free consent,
 Wife, what say ye? I hope ye're weel content.

MIR.—A mither's word stan's neither here nor
 there :

Tak' him or no', I'm sure I dinna care.

LAIRD.—Accept this trifle as young Harry's
 wife, [Gives his purse to JEAN.

Money is no equivalent for life,

And take this ring,—good mistress, here's an-
 other,

With this I 'nlist you for young Harry's mother.

JEAN.—Excuse me, Sir,—my lips cannot im-
 part,

The warm emotions of my grateful heart.

MIR.—It's goud, it's goud! O yes, Sir, I agree.
 Gaffer, it's goud! Yes, "*Love shou'd aye be free.*"

GAF.—Daft woman cease.

LAIRD.—And as for you, good Gaffer,
 My steward will inform what's in your favour,
 Mean time, prepare the WEDDING to your wills,
 Invite my tenants from the neighb'ring hills,
 Then feast, drink, dance, till each one tynes his
 senses,

And spare no cost, for I shall pay the expenses.

HARRY.—Most gen'rous Sir, to tell how much
 I owe,

I'm weak in words—let time and actions show.

LAIRD.—My dearest friend—I pray no more of
 this,

Would I could make you happy as I wish ;

From him most benefited most is due,
 And sure the debt belongs from me to you.—
 Attend the mansion, soon as morning's light—
 And now, my friends, I wish you all good night.

[*Exit.*

HARRY.—Great is his soul! soft be his bed of
 rest,

Whose only wish is to make others blest.

MIR.—I'll gang to kirk neist Sunday, odd's
 my life!

This gouden ring will vex Glen-Craigie's wife.

GAF.—Wife, fy, let pride an' envy gang the-
 gither,

This house I hope will ne'er be fash't wi' either;

Ay be content wi' what you hae yoursel',

An' never grudge to see a nei'bour's weel—

But Harry, man, I lang to hear you sing,

Ye went to mak' our glens and plantins ring.

HARRY.—My heart was never on a cantier key,
 I'll sing you one with true spontaneous glee.

Song.

AIR,—*" My Laddie is gone."*

From the rude bustling camp, to the calm rural plain,
 I'm come, my dear Jeanie, to bless thee again;
 Still burning for honour, our warriors may roam,
 But the laurel I wished for, I've won it at home;
 All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
 When far from the kind little girl of my heart,
 Now safely returned, I will leave thee no more,
 But love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement, how pleasing to me!
 Possessing all worth, my dear Jeanie in thee!
 Our flocks early bleating will wake us to joy,
 And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky;
 In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
 Till time looking back, w'll admire at his speed,
 Still blooming in virtue, though youth then be o'er,
 I'll love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

Enter MUIRLAND.

MUIR.—That's nobly sung, my hearty sodger
callan,
I've heard you a' ahint the byre door hallan;
I see my fa'ts, I've chang'd my foolish views,
An' now I'm come to beg for your excuse,
The sang sings true, I own't without a swither,
"Auld age an' young can never gree thegither,"
I think, through life I'll make a canny fen',
Wi' hurcheon Nancy o' the hazle glen;
She has my vows, but aye I let her stan',
In hopes to win that bonnie lassie's han',
O foolish thought, I maist cou'd greet wi' spite,
But it was sleeky luv had a' the wyte:
Nae mair let fortune pride in her deserts,
Her goud may purchase han's, but ne'er can
sowther hearta.

GAF.—The man wha sees his fa'ts an' strives
to men' 'em,
Does mair for virtue than he ne'er had haen 'em;
An' he wha deals in scandal only gains
A rich repay of scandal for his pains:
Ye hae our free excuse, ye needna doubt it,
Ye'll ne'er frae us, mair hear a word about it.

MUIR.—That's a' I wished—I cou'dna bide the
thought,
To live on earth, an' bear your scorn in ocht;
My heart's now hale, ye soon shall hear the banns
Proclaim'd i' the Parish kirk 'tween me an' Nanse;
I'm no' the first auld chiel wha's gotten a slight,
I'll owre the muir—sae fareweel a' this night.

[Exit.

GAF.—Of a' experieuce that bears aff the bell,
Whilk lets a body rightly ken himsel'.

JEAN.—May lasscs, when their joes are far frae
hame,
Bid stragglin' wooers gang the gates they came;

Else, aiblins, when their moonshine course shifts
past,

They'll hae to wed auld dotards at the last.

MIR.—Gudewives should ay be subject to their
men,

I'll ne'er speak contrar to your will again.

GAF.—That's right, gudewife,—I'm sure I weel
may say,

Glen-feoch never saw sae blest a day.

Young folks we'll set the bridal day the morn,

But, lucky, haste bring ben the Christmas horn,

Let's pour ae sacred bumper to the Laird,

A glass, to crown a wish, was never better waited.

HARRY.—While I was yet a boy, my parents
died,

And left me poor and friendless, wand'ring wide,

Your goodness found me, 'neath your fost'ring
care,

I learned those precepts which I'll still revere,

And now, to heaven, for length of life I pray,

With filial love your goodness to repay.

GAF.—This sacred maxim let us still regard,

That "Virtue ever is its own reward."

And what we give to succour the distress,

Calls down from heaven a blessing on the rest.

THE STORM.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

Now the dark rains of autumn discolour the brook,

And the rough winds of winter the woodlands
deform,

Here, lonely I lean by the sheltering rock,

Alist'ning the voice of the loud howling storm.

Now dreadfully furious it roars on the hill,

The deep-groaning rocks seem all writhing with
pain,

Now awfully calm, for a moment 'tis still,
Then bursting it howls, and it thunders again.

How cheerless and desert the fields now appear,
Which so lately in summer's rich verdure were
seen,
And each sad drooping spray from its heart drops
a tear,
As seeming to weep its lost mantle of green.

See, beneath the rude wall of yon ruinous pile,
From the merciless tempest the cattle have fled ;
And yon poor patient steed at the gate by the
stile,
Looks wistfully home for his sheltering shed.

Ah! who would not feel for yon poor gipsy race,
Peeping out from the door of yon old roofless
barn ?

There my wandering fancy her fortunes might
trace,
And sour discontent there a lesson might learn.

Yet oft in my bosom arises the sigh,
That prompts the warm wish distant scenes to
explore ;
Hope gilds the fair prospect with visions of joy,
That happiness reigns on some far distant shore.

But yon grey hermit tree which stood lone on the
moor,
By the fierce driving blast to the earth is blown
down,
So the lone houseless wand'rer unheeded and poor,
May fall unprotected, unpitied, unknown.

See o'er the grey steep, down the deep craggy glen,
Pours the brown foaming torrent, swell'd big
with the rain.

It roars thro' the eaves of the dark wizard den,
 Then headlong, impetuous, it sweeps thro' the
 plain.

Now the dark heavy clouds have unbosom'd their
 stores,
 And far to the westward the welkin is blue,
 The sullen winds hiss as they die on the moors,
 And the sun faintly shines on yon bleak moun-
 tain's brow.

THE AMBITIOUS MITE.

A FABLE.

WHEN hope persuades, and fame inspires us,
 And pride with warm ambition fires us,
 Let Reason instant seize the bridle,
 And wrest us frae the passion's guidal ;
 Else, like the hero of our fable,
 We'll aft be plunged into a habble.

'Twas on a bonny simmer day,
 When a' the insect tribes were gay :
 Some journeying o'er the leaves o' roses,
 Some brushing thrang their wings an' noses,
 Some wallowing sweet in bramble blossom,
 In luxury's soft downy bosom ;
 While ithers of a lower order,
 Were perch'd on plantain leaf's smooth border,
 Wha frae their twa-inch steeps look'd down,
 An' view'd the kintra far aroun'.

Ae pridefu' elf amang the rest,
 Wha's pin-point heart bump't 'gainst his breast,
 To work some mighty deed of fame,
 That would immortalize his name :
 Thro' future hours would hand him down,
 The wonder of an afternoon,

(For aye short day with them appears,
As lang's our lengthen'd hunder years.)

By chance at hand a bow'd horse-hair
Stood up six inches high in air ;
He plann'd to climb this lofty arch,
Wi' philosophic deep research,
To prove (which aft perplex'd their heads,)
What people peopl'd ither blades,
Or from keen observation, show,
Whether they peopl'd were or no.

Our tiny hero onward hies,
Quite big with daring enterprise,
Ascends the hair's curvatur'd side,
Now pale with fear, now red with pride,
Now hangin' pend'lous by the claw,
Now glad at having 'scap'd a fa' ;
What horrid dangers he came thro',
Would trifling seem for man to know ;
Suffice, at length he reach'd the top,
The summit of his pride and hope,
And on his elevated station,
Had plac'd himself for observation,
When puff—the wind did end the matter,
And dash'd him in a horse-hoof gutter.

Sae let the lesson gi'en us here,
Keep each within his proper sphere,
And when our fancies tak' their flight,
Think on the wee ambitious mite.

THE TRIFLER'S SABBATH-DAY.

LOUD sounds the deep-mouth'd parish-bell,
Religion kirkward hies,
John lies in bed and counts each knell,
And thinks 'tis time to rise.

But, O, how weak are man's resolves!
 His projects ill to keep,
 John thrusts his nose beneath the clothes,
 And dozes o'er asleep.

Now fairy-fancy plays her freaks,
 Upon his sleep-swell'd brain;
 He dreams—he starts—he mutt'ring speaks,
 And waukens wi' a grane.

He rubs his een—the clock strikes TWELVE!
 Impell'd by hunger's gripe,
 One mighty effort backs resolve—
 He's up—at last he's up!

Hunger appeas'd, his cutty pipe
 Employs his time till Two,—
 And now he saunters thro' the house,
 And knows not what to do.

He baits the trap—catches a mouse—
 He sports it round the floor—
 He swims it in a water-tub—
 Gets glorious fun till FOUR!

And now of cats, and mice, and rats,
 He tells a thousand tricks,
 Till even dullness tires himself,
 For hark—the clock strikes SIX!

Now view him in his easy chair
 Recline his pond'rous head;
 'Tis EIGHT—now Bessie raiks the fire,
 And John must go to bed!

DIRGE.

WRITTEN ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF ROBERT BURNS'
 FUNERAL.

LET grief for ever cloud the day,
 That saw our Bard borne to the clay;

Let joy be banish'd every eye,
 And nature, weeping, seem to cry,
 " He's gonè, he's gone, he's frae us torn!
 " The ae best fellow e'er was born !"

Let shepherds from the mountain steep,
 Look down on widow'd Nith, and weep,
 Let rustic swains their labour leave,
 And sighing, murmur o'er his grave,
 " He's gone, he's gone," &c.

Let bonny Doon and winding Ayr,
 Their bushy banks in anguish tear,
 While many a tributary stream,
 Pours down its griefs to swell the theme,
 " He's gone, he's gone!" &c.

All dismal let the night descend,
 Let whirling storms the forests rend,
 Let furious tempests sweep the sky,
 And dreary-howling caverns cry,
 " He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
 " The ae best fellow e'er was born !"

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

MARK what demon hither bends,
 Gnawing still his finger-ends,
 Wrapt in contemplation deep,
 Wrathful, yet inclin'd to weep.

Thy wizard gait, thy breath-check'd broken sigh,
 Thy burning cheeks, the lips black, wither'd, dry,
 Thy side-thrown glance, with wild malignant eye,
 Betray thy foul intent, infernal Jealousy.

Hence thou self-tormenting fiend,
 To thy spleen-dug cave descend,

Fancying wrongs that never were,
 Rend thy bosom, tear thy hair,
 Brood fell hate within thy den,
 Come not near the haunts of men.

Let man be faithful to his brother man,
 Nor, guileful, still revert kind heaven's plan,
 Then slavish fear, and mean distrust shall cease,
 And confidence confirm a lasting mental peace.

BAUDRONS AND THE HEN-BIRD.

A FABLE.

SOME folks there are of such behaviour,
 They'll cringe themselves into your favour,
 And when you think their friendship stanch is,
 They'll tear your character to inches:
 T' enforce this truth, as weel's I'm able,
 Please reader to peruse a fable.

Deborah, an auld wealthy maiden,
 Wi' spleen, remorse, an' scandal laden,
 Sought out a solitary spat,
 To live in quiet wi' her cat:
 A meikle, sonsy, tabby she ane,
 (For Deborah abhorr'd a he ane,)
 And in the house to be a third,
 She gat a wee hen chucky bird.

Soon as our slee nocturnal ranger,
 Beheld the wee bit timid stranger,
 She thus began, wi' frien'ly fraise,
 "Come ben poor thing and warm your taise:
 This weather's cauld, an' wet, an' dreary,
 I'm wae to see you look sae eary,
 Sers! how your tail and wings are dreeping,
 Ye've surely been in piteous keeping;
 See, here's my dish, come tak' a pick o't,
 But, deed I fear there's scarce a lick o't."

There, to disgrace for ever doom'd,
 To mourn his sick'ning woes,
 And weep that ever he presum'd
 Above the vale of Prose;
 Then, O beware! with prudent care,
 Nor 'tempt the steeps of fame,
 And leave behind thy peace of mind,
 To gain a sounding name.*

Behold—yon ready-rhyming carl,
 With flattery fired, attracts the warl',
 By canker'd pers'nal satire;
 He takes th' unthinking crowd's acclaim,
 For sterling proofs of lasting fame,
 And deals his inky spatter;
 Now, see he on Pegasus flies,
 With bluff important straddle!
 He bears him midway up the skies,
 See, see he's off the saddle!
 He headlong tumbles, growls and grumbles,
 Down the dark abyss:
 The noisy core that prais'd before,
 Now join the general hiss.

Now see another vent'rer rise,
 Deep-fraught with fulsome Eulogies,
 To win his patron's favour;
 One of those adulating things,
 That dangle in the train of k—s,
 Give guilt a splendid cover;
 He mounts, well-prefac'd by my Lord,
 Inflicts the spur's sharp wound;
 Pegasus spurns the great man's word,
 And wont move from the ground;

* The career of genius is rarely that of fortune, and often that of contempt; even in its most flattering aspect, what is it but plucking a few brilliant flowers from precipices, while the reward terminates in honour.—*D'Israeli*.

Now mark his face, flush'd with disgrace,
 Thro' future life to grieve on,
 His wishes crost, his hopes all lost,
 He sinks into oblivion.

Yon city scribbler thinks to scale
 The cliffs of fame with pastoral,
 In worth thinks none e'er richer;
 Yet never climb'd the upland steep,
 Nor e'er beheld a flock of sheep,
 Save those driven by the butcher.
 Nor ever mark'd the gurgling stream,
 Except the common sewer,
 On rainy days, when dirt and slime
 Poured turbid past his door.
 Choice epithets in store he gets
 From Virgil, Shenstone, Pope,
 With tailor-art tacks part to part,
 And makes his Past'ral up.

But see, rich clad in native worth,
 Yon bard of nature ventures forth,
 In simple modest tale;
 Applauding millions catch the song,
 The raptur'd notes the rocks prolong,
 And hand them to the gale;
 Pegasus kneels—he takes his seat—
 Now see, aloft he towers,
 To place him 'bove the reach of fate,
 In Fame's ambrosial bow'rs:
 To be enroll'd with bards of old,
 In ever-honour'd station—
 The gods well pleas'd see mortal's rais'd
 Worthy of their creation.

Now mark what crowds of hackney-scribblers,
 Imitators, rhyming dabblers,
 Follow in the rear!

Pegasus spurns us one by one,
 Yet still fame-struck we follow on,
 And tempt our fate severe :
 In many a doggrel Epitaph,
 And short-lin'd, mournful Ditty,
 Our " AHS!—ALASES!" raise the laugh,
 Revert the tide of pity.

Yet still we write in nature's spite,
 Our last piece ay the best ;
 Arraigning still, complaining still,
 The world for want of taste !*

Observe yon poor deluded man,
 With thread-bare coat and visage wan,
 Ambitious of a name ;
 The nat'ral claims of meat and cleading,
 He reckons these not worth the heeding,
 But presses on for fame !
 The public voice, touch-stone of worth,
 Anonymous he tries,
 But draws the critic's vengeance forth—
 His fancied glory dies.

Neglected now, dejected now,
 He gives his spleen full scope,
 In solitude he chews his cud,
 A downright misanthrope.

Then Brother-rhymsters, O beware !
 Nor tempt unscar'd the specious snare,
 Which self-love often weaves ;
 Nor doat with a fond father's pains,
 Upon the offspring of your brains,
 For fancy oft deceives.
 To lighten life, a wee bit sang
 Is sure a sweet delusion.

* " Still restless fancy drives us headlong on,
 With dreams of wealth, and friends, and laurels won,
 On ruin's brink we sleep, and wake undone."

But ne'er provoke the critic's sting,
 By premature intrusion,
 Lock up your piece, let fondness cease,
 Till memory fail to bear it,
 With critic lore then read it o'er,
 Yourself may judge its merit.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR, AND READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF ROBERT
 BURNS' BIRTH-DAY, PAISLEY, 29TH JAN., 1805.

ONCE on a time almighty Jove,
 Invited all the minor gods above,
 To spend one day in social festive pleasure ;
 His regal robes were laid aside,
 His crown, his sceptre, and his pride :
 And wing'd with joy,
 The hours did fly,
 The happiest ever Time did measure.

Of love and social harmony they sung,
 Till heav'n's high golden arches echoing rung ;
 And as they quaff'd the nectar-flowing can,
 Their toast was,
 " Universal peace 'twixt man and man."
 Their godships' eyes beam'd gladness with the
 wish,
 And Mars half redden'd with a guilty blush ;
 Jove swore he'd hurl each rascal to perdition,
 Who'd dare deface his works with wild ambition ;
 But pour'd encomiums on each patriot band,
 Who, hating conquest, guard their native land.
 Loud thund'ring plaudits shook the bright abodes,
 Till Merc'ry, solemn-voic'd, assail'd their ears,
 Informing that a stranger, all in tears,
 Weeping, implor'd an audience of the gods.

Jove, ever prone to succour the distress,
 A swell redressive glow'd within his breast;
 He pitied much the strangers sad condition,
 And order'd his immediate admission.

The stranger enter'd, bow'd respect to all,
 Respectful silence reign'd throughout the hall;
 His chequer'd robes excited their surprise,
 Richly travers'd with various glowing dyes;
 A target on his strong left arm he bore,
 Broad as the shield the mighty FINGAL wore,
 The glowing landscape on its centre shined,
 And massy thistles round the borders twined;
 His brows were bound with yellow blossomed
 broom,
 Green birch and roses blending in perfume;
 His eyes beamed honour, though all red with
 grief,
 And thus heaven's King spoke comfort to the
 Chief:
 "My son, let speech unfold the cause of woe,
 Say, why does melancholy cloud thy brow?
 'Tis mine the wrongs of virtue to redress:
 Speak, for 'tis mine to succour deep distress."
 Then thus he spake—"O king! by thy command,
 I am the guardian of that far famed land
 Named CALEDONIA, great in arts and arms,
 And every worth that social fondness charms,
 With every virtue that the heart approves,
 Warm in their friendships, rapturous in their
 loves,
 Profusely generous, obstinately just,
 Inflexible as death their vows of trust;
 For Independence fires their noble minds,
 Scorning deceit, as gods do scorn the fiends.
 But what avail the virtues of the North,
 No Patriot Bard to celebrate their worth,

And Fame on tiptoe, fain would blown her horn,
 But Fate forbade the blast, too premature,
 Till Worth should sanction it beyond the critic's
 power.

His merits proven—Fame her blast hath blown,
 Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known—
 But trembling doubts here check my unpolished
 lays,

What can they add to a whole world's praise?
 Yet, while revolving time this day returns,
 Let Scotchmen glory in the name of BURNS.

ODE IN IMITATION OF PINDAR.

The simile's a very useful thing,
 This, priests and poets needs must own,
 For when the clock-work of their brains run
 down,
 A simile winds up the mental spring:
 For instance, when a priest does scan
 The fall of man,
 And all its consequences dire,
 He makes him first a little sportive pig,
 So clean, so innocent, so trig,
 And then an aged sow, deep wallowing in the
 mire!

Yes, sure the simile's a useful thing,
 Another instance I will bring.

Thou'st seen a cork tost on the rain-swelled stream,
 Now up, now down, now whirled round and round,
 Yet still 'twould swim,
 And all the torrent's fury could not drown't;
 So have I seen a forward, empty fop
 Tost in Wit's blanket, ridiculed, &c.,

Yet after all the banter, off he'd hop,
Quite confident in self-sufficiency.

 Ah, had kind heaven,
 For a defencee,

Allowed me half the brazen confidencee,
That she to many a cork-brained fool hath given !

THE PORTRAIT OF GUILT.

IN IMITATION OF LEWIS.

'Twas night, and the wind thro' the dark forest
 roar'd,

From heaven's wide cat'racts the torrents down
 pour'd,

 And blue lightnings flash'd on the eye ;
Demoniac howlings were heard in the air,
With groans of deep anguish and shrieks of de-
 spair,

 And hoarse thunders growled thro' the sky.

Pale, breathless, and trembling, the dark villain
 stood,

His hands and his clothes all bespotted with blood,
 His eyes wild with terror did stare ;

The earth yawn'd around him, and sulph'rous
 blue

From the flame-boiling gaps, did expose to his
 view,

 A gibbet and skeleton bare.

With horror he shrunk from a prospect so dread,
The blast swung the clanking chains over his head,

 The rattling bones sung in the wind :

The lone bird of night from the abbey did cry,
He look'd over his shoulder, intending to fly,

 But a spectre stood ghastly behind.

“ Stop, deep hell-taught villain !” the ghost did
 exclaim,
 “ With thy brother of guilt, here to expiate thy
 crime,
 And atone for thy treacherous vow :
 ’Tis here thou shalt hang to the vultures a prey,
 Till piece-meal they tear thee and bear thee away,
 And thy bones rot unburied below.”

Now closing all round him fierce demons did
 throng,
 In sounds all unholy they howled their death
 song,
 And the vultures around him did scream ;
 Now clenching their claws in his fear bristled hair,
 Loud yelling, they bore him aloft in the air,
 And the murd’rer awoke—’twas a dream !

THE HAUNTED WUD.

IN IMITATION OF JOHN BARBOUR, AN OLD SCOTCH POET.

Quhy screim the crowis owr yonder wud,
 With loud and clamouring dynne,
 Haf deifenyng the torrentis roare,
 Quhilk dashes owr yon linne ?

Quhy straye the flokis far outowr,
 Alang the stanery lee,
 And wil nocht graze aner the wud,
 Thof rich the pastures be ?

And quhy dis oft the sheperdis dog,
 Gif that ane lameikyne straye :
 Ay yamf and yowl beside the wud,
 Nae farther yn will gae ?

“ Marvil thee nocht at quhat thou seist,”
 The trembling Rusticke sayde,

- "For yn that fiendis hauntet wud,
 Hath guytiltlessc bludde becn sched.
- "Thou seist far down yon buschye howe,
 An eldrin castil grey,
 With teth of tyme, and weir of wyndis,
 Fast mouldiryng yn decaye.
- "Twas ther the jealous Barrone livit,
 Witht Lady Anne hys wife,
 He fleicht her neatht that wudis dark glume,
 And revit hyr ther of lyffee.
- "And eir her fayre bodye was founde,
 The flesch cam frae the bane,
 The snailis sat, feistying ounne her cheikis,
 The spiders valit her ein.
- "And evir syne nae beist nor byrde
 Will byde twa nichtis ther,
 For fearful yellis and screichis wilde
 Are heird throch nicht sae drier."
- "Twas thus dark ignorance did ween,
 In fancy's wizard-reign,
 When minstrel fiction won belief,
 O'er Scotland's wide domain.

THE CHOICE.

YE vot'ries of pleasure and ease,
 Proud, wasting in riot the day,
 Drive on your career as ye please,
 Let me follow a different way.
 The woodland, the mountain, and hill,
 With the bird singing sweet from the tree.
 The soul with serenity fill,
 And have pleasures more pleasing to me.

When I see you parade thro' the streets,
 With affected, unnatural airs,
 I smile at your low trifling gaits,
 And could heartily lend you my pray'rs.
 Great Jove! was it ever design'd,
 That man should his reason lay down,
 And barter the peace of his mind,
 For the follies and fashions of town?
 I'll retire to yon broom-cover'd fields,
 On the green mossy turf I'll recline,
 The pleasures that solitude yields,
 Composure and peace shall be mine.
 There Thomson or Shenstone I'll read,
 Well-pleas'd with each well-manag'd theme,
 With nothing to trouble my head,
 But ambition to imitate them.

EPISTLE TO A. B*RL**D.—Feb. 1806.

RETIRED, disgusted, from the tavern roar,
 Where strong-lung'd ignorance does highest soar,
 Where silly ridicule is past for wit;
 And shallow laughter takes her gaping fit;
 Here lone I sit, in musing melancholy,
 Resolv'd for aye to shun the court of folly;
 For, from whole years' experience in her train,
 One hour of joy brings twenty hours of pain.
 Now since I'm on the would-be-better key,
 The muse soft whispers me to write to thee,
 Not that she means a self-debasing letter,
 But merely show there's hopes I may turn better;
 That what stands bad to my account of ill,
 You may set down to passion, not to will.

The fate-scourged exile destined still to roam,
 Through desert wilds, far from his early home,

If some fair prospect meet his sorrowing eyes,
 Like that he owned beneath his native skies,
 Sad recollection, murthering relief,
 He bursts in all the agonies of grief;
 Mem'ry presents the volume of his care,
 And "harrows up his soul" with "such things
 were:"

'Tis so in life, when youth folds up his page,
 And turns the leaf to dark, blank, joyless age,
 Where sad experience speaks in language plain,
 Her thoughts of bliss, and highest hopes were vain;
 O'er present ills I think I see her mourn,
 And, "weep past joys that never will return."

Then come, my friend, while yet in life's gay noon,
 Ere grief's dark clouds obscure our summer sun,
 Ere winter's sleety blasts around us howl,
 And chill our ev'ry energy of soul—
 Let us look back, retrace the ways we've trod,
 Mark virtue's paths from guilty pleasure's road,
 And, stead of wandering in a devious maze,
 Mark some few precepts for our future days.

I mind, still well, when but a trifling boy,
 My young heart fluttered with a savage joy,
 As with my sire I wandered through the wood,
 And found the mavis' clump-lodg'd, callow brood,
 I tore them thence, exulting o'er my prize,
 My father bade me list the mother's cries:
 "So thine would wail," he said, "if reft of thee."
 It was a lesson of humanity.
 Humanity! thou'rt glory's brightest star,
 Out-shining all the conqueror's trophies far!
 One individual act of generous pity
 Is nobler far than ravaging a city.
 Ev'n let the blood-stain'd ruffians call thee coward,
 And Alexander sinks beside a Howard.

Not to recount our every early joy,
 When all was happiness without alloy ;
 Nor tread again each flow'ry field we traced,
 Light as the silk-winged butterflies we chased ;
 Ere villain-falsehood taught the glowing mind,
 To look with cold suspicion on mankind—
 Let's pass the valley of our younger years,
 And further up-hill mark what now appears.
 We see the sensualist fell vice's slave,
 Fatigued, worn out, sunk in an early grave ;
 We see the slave of a'rice grind the poor,
 His thirst for gold increasing with his store ;
 Pack-horse of fortune all his days are care,
 Her burthens bearing to his spendthrift heir.

Next view the spendthrift, joyous o'er his purse,
 Exchanging all his guineas for remorse ;
 On pleasure's flower-deck'd barge away he's borne,
 Supine, till ev'ry flower starts up a thorn ;
 Then all his pleasures fly, like air-borne bubbles—
 He ruined sinks, "amidst a sea of troubles."
 Hail TEMPERANCE ! thou'rt Wisdom's first, best
 lore,

The sage in ev'ry age does thee adore ;
 Within thy pale we taste of ev'ry joy,
 O'er-stepping that, our highest pleasures ejoy ;
 The heart-enliv'ning friendly social bowl,
 To rapt'rous ecstacy exalts the soul ;
 But when to midnight hour we keep it up,
 Next morning feels the poison of the cup.

Tho' fate forbade the gifts of schoolmen mine,
 With classic art to write the polished line,
 Yet miners oft must gather earth with gold,
 And truth may strike though e'er so roughly told.

If thou in aught would'st rise to eminence,
 Show not the faintest shadow of pretence,

Else busy scandal, with her thousand tongues,
 Will quickly find thee in ten thousand wrongs ;
 Each strives to tear his neighbour's honour down,
 As if detracting something from his own.
 Of all the ills with which mankind are curst,
 An envious, discontented mind's the worst ;
 There muddy spleen exalts her gloomy throne,
 Marks all conditions better than her own :
 Hence defamation spreads her ant-bear tongue,
 And grimly pleased, feeds on another's wrong.
 Curse on the wretch, who when his neighbour's
 blest,

Erects his peace-destroying suaky crest !
 And he who sits in surly, sullen mood,
 Repining at a fellow-mortal's good !
 Man owns so little of true happiness,
 That curst be he who makes that little less.
 Vice to reclaim, join not the old cant cry,
 Of " Son of Sathan, guilt, and misery ;"
 One good example, more the point will carry,
 Than all the abuse in scandal's dictionary.
 The zealot thinks he'll go to heaven direct,
 Adhering to the tenets of his sect,
 E'en though his practice lie in this alone,
 To rail at all persuasions but his own.

In judging still let moderation guide :
 O'erheated zeal is certain to mislead.
 First bow to God in heart-warm gratitude,
 Next do your utmost for the general good,
 In spite of all the forms which men devise,
 'Tis there where real solid wisdom lies ;
 And impious is the man who claims dominion,
 To damn his neighbour differing in opinion.

When suppliant misery greets thy wand'ring
 eye,
 Although in public, pass not heedless by,

Distress impels her to implore the crowd,
 For that denied within her lone abode ;
 Give thou the trifling pittance which she craves,
 Though ostentatious called by prudent knaves ;
 So conscience will a rich reward impart,
 And finer feelings play around thy heart.

When wealth with arrogance exalts his brow,
 And reckons poverty a wretch most low,
 Let good intentions dignify the soul,
 And conscious rectitude will crown the whole ;
 Hence indigence will independence own,
 And soar above the haughty despot's frown.

Still to thy lot be virtuously resign'd ;
 Above all treasures prize thy peace of mind ;
 Then let not envy rob thy soul of rest,
 Nor discontent e'er harbour in thy breast.
 Be not too fond of popular applause,
 Which often echoes in a villain's cause,
 Whose specious sophistry gilds his deceit,
 Till pow'r abused, in-time shows forth the cheat :
 Yet be thy pride to bear an honest fame ;
 More dear than life watch over thy good name ;
 For he, poor man ! who has no wish to gain it,
 Despises all the virtues which attain it.

Of friendship, still be secrecy the test,
 This maxim let be 'graven in my breast—
 Whate'er a friend enjoins me to conceal,
 I'm weak, I'm base, if I the same reveal :
 Let honour, acting as a powerful spell,
 Suppress that itching fondness still to tell ;
 Else, unthank'd chronicle, the cunning's tool,
 The world will stamp thee for a gossip fool.
 Yet let us act an honest open part,
 Nor curb the warm effusions of the heart,
 Which, naturally virtuous, discommends
 Aught mean or base, e'en in our dearest friends.

But why this long unjointed scrawl to thee,
 Whose every action is a law to me,
 Whose every deed proclaims thy noble mind;
 Industrious, independent, just, and kind.
 Methinks I hear thee say, "Each fool may teach,
 Since now my whim-led friend's begun to preach."
 But this first essay of my preaching strain,
 Hear, and accept for friendship's sake. Amen.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

ENCIRCL'D in a cloud of smoke,
 Sat the convivial core,
 Like light'ning flash'd the merry joke,
 The thund'ring laugh did roar;
 Blythe Bacchus pierc'd his fav'rite board,
 The sparkling glasses shine;
 "'Tis this," they cry, "come sweep the board,
 Which makes us all divine."

Apollo tun'd the vocal shell,
 With song, with catch, and glee:
 The sonorous hall the notes did swell,
 And echoed merrily,
 Each sordid, selfish little thought,
 For shame itself did drown,
 And social love, with every draught,
 Approv'd them for her own,

"Come fill another bumper up,
 And drink in Bacchus' praise,
 Who sent the kind congenial cup,
 Such heavenly joys to raise."
 Great Jove, quite mad to see such fun,
 At Bacchus 'gan to curse,
 And to remind they were but men,
 Sent down the fiend REMORSE.

THE FILIAL VOW.

WHY heaves my Mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
 Why starts the big tear glist'ning in her eye?
 Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
 Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
 'Tis for my father, mould'ring with the dead,
 My brother in bold manhood lowly laid,
 And for the pains which age is doomed to bear,
 She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the
 secret tear.

Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
 But mostly this o'erelouds her every joy,
 She grieves to think she may be burthensome,
 Now feeble, old, and tott'ring to the tomb.

O hear me heaven, and record my vow,
 Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue!
 I swear—Of what thy providence may give,
 My Mother shall her due maintenance have.
 'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
 To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way,
 Now while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
 'Tis mine, to hand her down life's rugged steep;
 With all her little weaknesses to bear,
 Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care;
 'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows,
 From lessening an aged parent's woes.

EILD.—A FRAGMENT.

THE rough hail rattles through the trees,
 The sullen lift lowers gloomy grey,
 The traveller sees the swelling storm,
 And seeks the ale-house by the way.

But, waes me! for yon widow'd wretch,
 Borne down wi' years, and heavy care,

Her sapless fingers scarce can nip
The wither'd twigs to beet her fire.

Thus youth and vigour fends itsel' ;
Its help reciprocal is sure,
While dowless Eild in poortith could
Is lanely left to stand the stoure.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE GRAVESTONE OF A DE-
PARTED FRIEND.

STOP passenger,—here muse a while ;
Think on his darksome lone abode,
Who late, like thee, did jocund smile,
Now lies beneath this cold green sod.

Art thou to vicious ways inelin'd,
Pursuing pleasure's flow'ry road,
Know—fell remorse shall rack thy mind,
When tot'ring to thy cold green sod.

If thou a friend to virtue art,
Oft pitying burthen'd mis'ry's load ;
Like thee he had a feeling heart,
Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

With studious philosophic eye,
He look'd through Nature up to God ;
His future hope, his greatest joy,
Now lies beneath this cold green sod.

Go passenger—revere this truth ;
A life well spent in doing good,
Soothes joyless age, and sprightly youth,
When drooping o'er the cold green sod.

PRAYER UNDER AFFLICTION.

ALMIGHTY POWER, who wings the storm,
 And calms the raging wind,
 Restore health to my wasted form,
 And tranquilize my mind.

For ah! how poignant is the grief
 Which self misconduct brings,
 When racking pains find no relief,
 And injur'd conscience stings.

Let penitence forgiveness plead,
 Hear lenient mercy's claims,
 Thy justice let be satisfied,
 And blotted out my crimes.

But should thy sacred law of Right,
 Seek life a sacrifice,
 O! haste that awful solemn night,
 When death shall veil mine eyes.

EPISTLE TO J. K—G.

ON RECEIVING A MORAL EPISTLE FROM HIM, MAY, 1802.

PLEASE accept the thanks and praise,
 Due to your poetic lays,
 Wisdom ay should be rever'd,
 Sense to wit be ay prefer'd.
 —Just your thoughts in simple guise,
 Fit to make frail mortals wise,
 Every period, every line,
 With some moral truth doth shine.
 —Like the rocks, which storms divide,
 Thund'ring down the mountain side,
 So strides Time with rapid force,
 Round his unobstructed course;

Like a flood upon its way,
Sweeping downward to the sea:
But what figure so sublime
As describe the flight of time?
Yesterday is past and gone,
Just as it had never been.

—Life's a dream, and man's a bubble,
Compass'd round with care and trouble,
Like a ship in tempest tost,
Soon o'erwhelm'd, for ever lost,
Like the short-liv'd passion flow'r,
Blooming, dying, in an hour,
Like the tuneful bird that sings,
Flutt'ring high on sportive wings,
'Till the fowler's subtle art,
Drives death's message to his heart,
While, perhaps, death aims his blow,
For to lay the wretch as low.

—Now since life is but a day,
Make the most of it we may;
Not in drinking to excess,
Drink the spirits will depress.
Calm and tranquil let us be,
Still resign'd to Fate's decree;
Let not poortith sink us low,
Let not wealth exalt our brow,
Let's be grateful, virtuous, wise;
There's where all our greatness lies,
Doing all the good we can,
Is all that heav'n requires of man.

—Wherefore should we grieve and sigh,
Because we know that we must die!
Death's a debt required by nature,
To be paid by every creature,
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Fall by death's impartial blow—
God, perhaps, in kindness will
Snatch us from some coming ill;

Poor bodies scarce dou' wurk at a',
 The cauld's sae snell,
 But meet and drink their cares awa',
 Wi' Allan's Alc.

Let auld Kilmarnock mak' a fraise,
 What she has done in better days,
 Her thripenny ance her fame could raise,
 O'er muir and dale,
 But P—sl—y now may claim the praise,
 Wi' Allan's Alc.

Let selfish wights impose their notions,
 And d—n the man wont tak' their lessons;
 I scorn their threats, I scorn their cautions,
 Say what they will,
 Let friendship crown our best devotions,
 Wi' Allan's Alc.

While sun, and moon, and stars endure,
 And aid wi' light "a random splore,"
 Still let each future social core,
 Its praises tell:
 Ador'd aye, and for evermore,
 Be Allan's Alc.

EPISTLE TO J. SC-DL—K,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A SMALL M.S. VOLUME OF ORIGINAL
 SCOTTISH POEMS, APRIL, 1803.

WHEN colleg'd Bards bestride Pegasus,
 And try to gallop up Parnassus,
 By dint o' mickle lear,
 The lowe o' friendship fires my soul,
 To write you this poetic scrawl,
 Prosaic dull I fear!

But, weel I ken, your gen'rous heart
 Will overlook its failings,
 And whare the Poet has come short,
 Let friendship cure his ailings.

'Tis kin', man, divine man,
 To hide the fau't we see,
 Or try to men't, as far's we ken't,
 Wi' true sincerity.

This last observe, brings i' my head,
 To tell you here my social creed,

Let's use a' mankind weel,
 And ony sumph wha'd use us ill,
 Wi' dry contempt let's treat him still,
 He'll feel it warst himsel'.

I never flatter—praise hut rare,

I scorn a double part;

An' when I speak, I speak sincere,
 The dictates o' my heart;

I truly hate the dirty gate,

That mony a body taks,

Wha fraze ane, syne blaze ane

As soon as they turn their backs.

In judging, let us be right hooly,
 I've heard some fouks descant sae freely,

On ither people's matters,

As if themsel's war' real perfection,

When had they stood a fair inspection,

Th' abus'd war' far their betters:

But gossips aye maun hae their crack,

Though moralists should rail,

Let's end the matter wi' this fact,

That goodness pays itsel'.

The joys, man, that raise man,

To ane frae doing weel,

Are siccan joys that harden'd vice

Can seldom ever feel.

O Jamie, man! I'm proud to see't,
 Our ain auld muse still keeps her feet,
 'Maist healthy as before;
 For sad predicting fears foretauld,
 When Robin's glowing heart turned cauld,
 Then a' our joys were o'er:

(Ilk future Bard revere his name,
 Through thousand years to come;
 And though we cannot reach his fame,
 Busk laurels round his tomb.) [reed,
 Yet though he's dead, the Scottish
 This mony a day may ring
 In L-v-st-n, in A-d-s-n,
 In Sc-dl-ck, and in K—g.

“The Tap-room,”—what a glorious treat!
 “Complaint and Wish,”—how plaintive sweet!
 “The Weaver's” just “Lament;”
 “The Gloamin' fragment”—how divine!
 There nature speaks in every line,
 The Bard's immortal in't.
 Yon “Epigram on Jeannie L—g.,”
 Is pointed as the steel;
 An' “Hoot! ye ken yoursel's” a sang
 Would pleased e'en Burns himsel'!
 Let snarling, mean quar'ling,
 Be doubly d—d henceforth;
 And let us raise the voice of praise,
 To hearken modest worth.

And you my dear respected frien',
 Your “Spring's” a preeious ever-green,
 Fresh beauties budding still;
 Your “Levern Banks,” an' “Killoch Burn!”
 Ye sing them wi' sae sweet a turn,
 Ye gar the heart-strings thrill.
 “October winds”—e'en let them rave
 With nature-blasting howl,

If in return kind heaven give
The sunshine of the soul :

The feeling heart that bears a part
In others' joys and woes,
May still depend to find a friend,
Howe'er the tempest blows.

Yet, lang I've thought, and think it yet,
True friends are rarely to be met,
Who share in ithers' troubles—

Who jointly joy, or drap the tear
Reciprocal, and kindly bear

Wi' ane anither's troubles ;

Ev'n such a friend I once could boast,

Ah ! now in death he's low ;

But fond anticipation hopes

For such a friend in you.

Dear Jamie forgi'e me

That last presumptive line,

See here's my hand at your command,

Ye hae my heart langsyne.

PROLOGUE TO THE "GENTLE SHEPHERD,"

SPOKEN IN A PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

YE patronizers of our little party,
My heart's e'en light to see you a' sae hearty ;
I'm fain, indeed, and trowth I've mickle cause,
Since your blythe faces half insure applause.
We come this night wi' nae new-fangled story,
O' knave's deceit, or fop's vain blustering glory ;
Nor harlequin's wild pranks, with skin like leopard—

We're come to gie your ain auld Gentle Shepherd ;
Whilk ay will charm, an' will be read and acket,
Till time himsel' turn auld and kick the bucket.
I mind, langsyne, when I was just a callan,
That a' the kintra rang in praise o' Allan ;

Ilk rising generation toots his fame,
 And hun'er years to come, 'twill be the same;
 For wha has read, though e'er sac lang sinsyne,
 But keeps the living picture in his min';
 Approves bauld Patie's clever manly turn,
 And maist think Rodger cheap o' Jenny's scorn;
 His dowless gait, the cause o' a' his care,
 For "Nane except the brave deserve the fair."
 Hence, sweet young Peggy lo'ed her manly Pate,
 And Jenny geck't at Rodger, dowf and blate.

Our gude Sir William stands a lesson leel,
 To lairds, wha'd hae their vassels lo'e them weel;
 To prince an' peer, this maxim it imparts,
 Their greatest treasures are the people's hearts.

Frae Glau'd and Symon would we draw a moral
 The virtuous youth-time maks the canty carl;
 The twa auld birkies caper blythe and bauld,
 Nor shaw the least regret that they're turn'd auld.

Poor Bauldy! O it's like to split my jaws!
 I think I see him under Madge's claws;
 Sae may misfortune tear him spawl and plack,
 Wha'd wrang a bonny lass, and syne draw back.

But Sirs, to you I maist forgot my mission,
 I'm sent to beg a truce to criticism;
 We don't pretend to speak by square and rule,
 Like you wise chaps bred up in Thespian-school;
 And to your wishes should we not succeed,
 Pray be sac kind as tak' the will for deed;

[An' as our immortal ROBERT BURNS says,]
 "Aiblins though we winna stand the test,
 "Wink hard and say, The fo'ks hae done their
 best."
 And keep this gen'rous maxim still in min',
 "To err is human, to forgive divine!"

EPISTLE TO W. W-L-E, JAN., 1806.

DEAR kindred saul, thanks to the cause,
 First made us ken each ither;
 Ca't fate, or chance, I carena whilk,
 To me it brought a brither.

Thy furthy, kindly, takin' gait;—
 Sure every gude chiel' likes thee,
 An' bad-luck wring his thrawart heart,
 Wha snarling e'er wou'd vex thee.

Tho' mole-e-et fortune's partial hand,
 O' clink may keep thee bare o't;
 Of what thou hast, pale misery
 Receives, unask'd, a share o't.

Thou gi'est without æ hank'rin' thought,
 Or cauld, self-stinted wish;
 E'en winter-finger'd avarice,
 Approves thee with a blush.

If grief e'er make thee her pack-horse,
 Her leaden load to carry't,
 Shove half the burden on my back,
 I'll do my best to bear it.

Gude kens we a' ha'e fau'ts enew,
 'Tis friendship's task to cure 'em,
 But still she spurns the critic-view,
 An' bids us to look o'er 'em.

When death performs his beadle part,
 An' summons thee to heaven,
 By virtue of thy warm kind heart,
 Thy faults will be forgiven.

And shouldst thou live to see thy friend
 Borne lifeless on the bier;
 I ask off thee for epitaph,
 One kind elegaic tear.

SONNET TO SINCERITY.

PURE emanation of the honest soul,
 Dear to my heart, manly Sincerity!
 Dissimulation shrinks, a coward foul,
 Before thy noble, art-detecting eye.

Thou scorn'st the wretch who acts a double part,
 Obsequious, servile, flatt'ring to betray;
 With smiling face that veils a ranc'rous heart,
 Like sunny morning of tempestuous day.

Thou spurn'st the sophist, with his guilty lore,
 Whom int'rest prompts to weave the precious
 snare;
 In independence rich, thou own'st a store
 Of conscious worth, which changelings never
 share.

Then come, bright Virtue, with thy dauntless
 brow,
 And crush Deceit, vile monster, reptile-low.

EPISTLE TO J. B—RR.

WHEREVER HE MAY BE FOUND.

GUDE Pibrocharian, jorum-jigger,
 Say, ha'e ye turn'd an Antib——r!
 Or lang-fac'd Presbyt——n El——r,
 Deep read in wiles o' gath'ring siller?
 Or cauld splenetic solitar,
 Resolv'd to herd wi' man nae mair?

As to the second, I've nae fear for't;
 For sillar, faith ye ne'er did care for't,
 Unless to help a needfu' body,
 An' get an antrin glass o' toddy.
 But what the black mischief's come owr ye?
 These three months I've been spearin' for you,

Till e'en the muse, wi' downright grieving,
 Has worn his chafts as thin's a shaving :
 Say, ha'e ye ta'en a tramp to Lon'on,
 In Co. wi' worthy auld B-ch-n-n ?
 Wha mony a mile wud streek his shanks,
 To ha'e a crack wi' Josie Banks,
 Concerning "shells, an' birds, an' metals,
 Moths, spiders, butterflies, an' beetles."
 For you, I think, ye'll cut a figure,
 Wi' king o' pipers, Malc. M'Gregor,
 An' wi' your clarion, flute, an' fiddle,
 Will gar their southern heart-strings diddle.

Or are ye through the kintra whiskin',
 Accoutr't wi' the sock and buskin ?
 Thinkin' to climb to wealth an' fame,
 By adding Roscius to your name ?
 Frae thoughts o' that, pray keep abeigh !
 Ye're far ovr auld, an' far ovr heigh ;
 Since in thir novel-huntin' days,
 There's nane but bairns can act our plays.
 At twal-year-auld, if ye had tried it,
 I doubtna' but ye might succeedet ;
 But full-grown boordly chiels like you,
 Quite monst'rous man, 'twill never do !

Or are ye gane, as there are few sic'
 For teachin' o' a band o' music ?
 O hear auld Scotland's fervent prayers !
 And teach her genuine native airs !
 Whilk simple play'd, devoid o' art,
 Thrill through the senses to the heart.

Play, when ye'd rouse the patriot's saul,
 True Valour's tune, "The Garb of Gaul."
 An' when laid low in glory's bed,
 Let "Roslin Castle," soothe his shade.

“The bonny bush aboon Traquair,”
 Its every accent breathes despair ;
 An’ “Ettrick Banks,” celestial strain !
 Mak’s simmer’s gloamin mair serene ;
 An’ O how sweet the plaintive muse,
 Amang “The broom o’ Cowdenknows.”

To hear the love-lorn swain complain,
 Lone, on “The Braes of Balandine ;”
 It e’en might melt the dortiest she,
 That ever sklinted scornfu’ e’e.

When beauty tries her vocal pow’rs
 Amang the greenwood’s echoing bowers,
 “The bonny birks of Invermay,”
 Might mend a seraph’s sweetest lay.

Then should grim care invest your castle,
 Just knock him down wi’ “Willie Wastle,”
 An’ rant blythe “Lumps o’ puddin” ovr him,
 An’ for his dirge sing “Tullochgorum.”

When Orpheus charm’d his wife frae h-ll,
 ‘Twas nae Scotch tune he play’d sae weel ;
 Else had the worthy auld wire-scraper,
 Been keepet for his D—lship’s piper.

Or if ye’re turn’d a feather’d fop,
 Light dancing upon fashion’s top,
 Wi’ lofty brow an’ selfish e’e,
 Despising low-clad dogs like me ;
 Uncaring your contempt or favour,
 Sweet butterfly, adieu for ever.
 But, hold—I’m wrong to doubt your sense ;
 For pride proceeds from ignorance.

If peace of mind lay in fine clothes,
 I’d be the first of flutt’ring beaux,

An' strut as proud as ony peacock,
 That ever craw'd on tap o' hay cock;
 An' ere I'd know one vexing thought,
 Get dollar buttons on my coat—
 Wi' a' the lave o' fulsome trash on,
 That constitutes a man of fashion.
 O, grant me this, kind Providence—
 A moderate, decent competence;
 Thou'lt see me smile in independence,
 Above weak-saul'd pride born ascendance.
 But whether ye're gang to teach the whistle,
 Midst noise an' rough reg'mental bustle;
 Or gang to strut upon the stage,
 Smit wi' the mania o' the age;
 Or Scotchman-like, ha'e tramp't abreed,
 To yon big town far south the Tweed;
 Or douring in the hermit's cell,
 Unblessing an' unblest yoursel'—
 In gude's name write!—tak' up your pen,
 An' how ye're doing let me ken.
 Sae hoping quickly your epistle,
 Adieu! thou genuine son of song an' WHISTLE.

POSTSCRIPT.

We had a concert here short syne,
 L—d man! the music was divine,
 Baith plaintiff sang, and merry glee,
 In a' the soul of harmony.
 When Sm—h and St——t leave this earth,
 The gods, in token o' their worth,
 Will welcome them at heaven's portals,
 The brightest, truest, best o' mortals:
 Apollo proud, as well he may,
 Will walk on tip-toe a' that day;
 While a' the muses kindred claim,
 Rememb'ring what they've done for them.

SECOND EPISTLE TO J. SC-D-LK,

THEN AT PERTH, JUNE, 1804.

LET those who never felt its flame,
Say friendship is an empty name ;
Such selfish, cauld philosophy,
For ever I disclaim.

It soothes the soul with grief opprest,
Half-eures the care-distempered breast,
And in the jocund, happy hour,
Gives joy a higher zest.

All nature saddened at our parting hour,
Winds plaintive howled, clouds weeping dropt a
shower ;
Our fields looked dead, as if they'd said—
“ We ne'er shall see him more.”

Tho' fate an' fortune threw their darts,
Envyng their high deserts ;
They well might tear you from our arm,
But never from our hearts.

When spring buds forth in vernal showers,
When summer comes arrayed in flowers,
Or autumn kind, for Ceres' horn,
Her grateful bounty pours ;

Or bearded winter curls his brow—
I'll often fondly think on you,
And on our happy days and nights,
With pleasing back cast view.

If e'er in musing mood ye stray,
Along the banks of classic Tay,
Think on our walks by Stanley Tower,
And sage Gleniffer brae.

Think on our langsyne happy hours,
Spent where the burn wild rapid pours,
 And o'er the horrid dizzy steep,
 Dashes her mountain stores.

Think on our walks by sweet Greenlaw,
By woody hill and birken shaw,
 Where Nature strews her choicest sweets,
 To mak' the landscape braw.

And think on rural Ferguslie,
Its plantins green, and flowery lee ;
 Such fairy scenes, tho' distant far,
 May please the mental e'e

Yon mentor, Geordie Zimmerman,
Agrees exactly with our plan—
 That partial hours of solitude
 Exalts the soul of man.

So, oft retired from strife and din,
Let's shun the jarring ways of men,
 And seek serenity and peace,
 By stream and woody glen.

But ere a few short summers gae,
Your friend will mix his kindred clay ;
 For fell disease tugs at my breast,
 To hurry me away.

Yet while life's bellows bears to blaw,
Till life's last lang-fetched breath I draw,
 I'll often think on you,
 And mind your kindness a'.

Now fare-ye-well ! still may ye find,
A friend congenial to your mind,
 To share your joys, and half your woes—
 Warm, sympathising, kind.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

How seldom 'tis the Poet's happy lot,
 T' inspire his readers with the fire he wrote;
 To strike those chords that wake the latent thrill,
 And wind the willing passions to his will—
 Yes, Campbell, sure that happy lot is thine,
 With fit expression, rich from Nature's mine;
 Like old Timotheus, skilful placed on high,
 To rouse revenge and sooth to sympathy.
 Blest bard, who chose no paltry, local theme,
 Kind Hope through wide creation is the same;
 Yes, Afric's sons shall one day burst their chains,
 Will read thy lines, and bless thee for thy pains;
 Fame yet shall waft thy name to India's shore,
 While next to Brahma thee they will adore;
 And hist'ry's page exulting in thy praise,
 Will proudly hand thee down to future days—
 Detraction foiled, reluctant quits her grip.
 And carping Envy silent bites her lip.

THE CONTRAST,

INSCRIBED TO MR. J. S. ———— K, AUGUST, 1803.

WHEN love proves false, and friends betray us,
 All nature seems a dismal chaos
 Of wretchedness and woe;
 We stamp mankind a base ingrate,
 Half-loathing life, we challenge fate
 To strike the final blow:
 Then settled grief, with wild despair,
 Starts from our blood-shot eyes,
 Tho' oft we try to hide our care,
 And check our bursting sighs.
 Still vexed, sad wretched,
 We seek some lanelly wood;
 There sighing, and crying,
 We pour the briny flood.

Mark the contrast—what joys we find,
 With friends sincere and beauty kind,
 Congenial to our wishes ;
 Then life appears a summer's day,
 Adown Time's crystal stream we play,
 As sportive's little fishes.

We see nought then but general good,
 Which warm pervades all Nature ;
 Our hearts expand with gratitude
 Unto the great Creator.

Then let's revere the virtuous fair,
 The friend whose truth is tried,
 For without these, go where we please,
 We'll always find a void.

EPISTLE TO W. TH—M—N, June, 1805.

DEAR Will, my much respected frien',
 I send you this to let you ken,
 That, though at distance fate hath set you,
 Your frien's in P—sl—y don't forget you ;
 But often think on you, far lone,
 Amang the braes of Overton.

Our social club continues yet,
 Perpetual source of mirth an' wit ;
 Our rigid rules admit but few,
 Yet, still we'll keep a chair for you.

A country life I've often envied,
 Where love, an' truth, an' peace preside—
 Without temptations to allure,
 Your days glide on unstain'd an' pure ;
 Nae midnight revels waste your health,
 Nor greedy landlords drain your wealth ;
 Ye're never fash't wi' whiskey fever,
 Nor dizzy pow, nor dullness ever—
 But breath the halesome calor air,
 Remote from all that genders care.

I needna' tell how much I lang
 To hear your rural Scottish sang;
 To hear you sing your heath-clad bracs,
 Your jocund nights an' happy days;
 An' lilt wi' glee the blythsome morn,
 When dew-drops pearl every thorn;
 When larks pour forth the early sang,
 And lintwhites chant the whins amang,
 And pyats hap frae tree to tree,
 Teachin' their young anes how to flee;
 While frae the mavis to the wren,
 A' warble sweet in bush or glen.

In town we scarce can fin' occasion
 To note the beauties o' creation,
 But study mankind's diff'rent dealings,
 Their virtues, vices, merits, failings.
 Unpleasing task, compar'd wi' yours',
 Ye range the hill 'mang mountain flow'rs,
 An' view afar the smoky town,
 More blest than all its riches were your own.

A lang epistle I might scribble,
 But aibhins ye will grudge the trouble
 Of readin' sic low, hamert rhyme,
 An' sae it's best to quat in time;
 Sae I, with soul sincere an' fervent,
 Am still your trustful friend an' servant.

EPISTLE TO J. B-CHⁿ-N-N, August, 1806.

My gude auld friend on Locher-banks,
 Your kindness claims my warmest thanks,
 Yet, thanks is but a draff-cheap phrase,
 O' little value now-a-days;
 Indeed it's hardly worth the heedding,
 Unless to shaw a body's breeding.

Yet many a poor doil't servile body,
 Will scrimp his stomach o' its crowdy,
 An' pride to rin a great man's erran's,
 An' feed on smiles an' sour cheese parin's,
 An' think himsel' nae sma' sheep-shank,
 Rich laden wi' his lordship's thank.
 The sodger too, for a' his troubles,
 His hungry wames, an' bludy hubbles,
 His agues, rheumatismas, cramps,
 Receiv'd in plashy winter-camps,
 O blest reward, at last he gains
 His sov'reign's thanks for a' his pains!
 'Twas wisely said by "Queer Sir John,"
 That "honour wudna buy a scone."
 Sae yin of thanks may get a million,
 Yet live as poor's a porter's scullion;
 Indeed they're just (but, beg your pardon,)
 Priest-blessing like, no' worth a fardin'.*

Thus, tho' 'mang first o' friends I rank you,
 'Twere but sma' compliment to thank you;
 Yet, lest you think me here ungratefu',
 Of hatefu' names, a name most hatefu',
 The neist time that ye come to town,
 By a' the pow'rs beneath the moon!
 I'll treat you wi' a Highland gill,
 Tho' it should be my hindmaist fill.
 Tho' in the bustling town the muse
 Has gather'd little feck o' news,
 —'Tis said, the court of antiquarians
 Has split on some great point o' variance,
 For yin has got, in gouden box,
 The spentacles of auld John Knox;
 A second proudly thanks his fate wi'
 The hindmaist pen that Nelson wrate wi';

* Alluding to the anecdote of the sailor, who would not accept of the priest's blessing, alleging that if it was worth a farthing he would not part with it.

A third ane owns an antique rare,
 A saep-brush, made o' mermaid's hair;
 But niggard wights, they a' refuse 'em,
 These precious relics to the museum,
 Whilk selfish, mean, unlegal deeds,
 Ha'e set them a' at loggerheads.

'Tis also said our noble prince,
 Has played the wee saul't loon for ance.
 Has gin his bonny wife the fling,
 Yet gars her wear Hans Carvel's ring;
 But a' sic clish-clash cracks I'll lea'
 To yon sculdudry committee.

Sure taste refin'd and public spirit
 Stand next to genius in merit:
 I'm proud to see your warm regard
 For Caledonia's dearest bard:
 Of him ye've got sae gude a painting,*
 That nocht but real life is wanting.
 I think yon rising genius, Tannock,
 May gain a niche in fame's high winnock,
 There with auld Reubens, plac'd sublime,
 Look down upon the wreck of time.

I ne'er, as yet, ha'e found a patron,
 For scorn be till't, I hate a' flatt'rin',
 Besides, I never had an itchen,
 To slake about a great man's kitchen,
 And like a spaniel lick his dishes,
 And come and gang just to his wishes,
 Yet studious to give worth its due,
 I pride to praise the like of you,
 Gude chiels, replete wi' sterling sense,
 Wha wi' their worth mak' nae pretence.

* Portrait of Robert Burns, painted by Mr. J. Tannock, for the Kilbarchan Burns' Anniversary Society.

Ay—there's my worthy friend, M'M—,
 I'll lo'e him till my latest breath,
 And like a traitor-wretch be hang'd,
 Before I'd hear that fellow wrang'd;
 His every action shows his mind,
 Humanely noble, bright, and kind,
 And here's the worth o't, doubly rootet,
 He never speaks ae word about it!
 —My compliments and warm gude-will,
 To Mister S—mp—, B—rr, and L—e;
 Wad rav'ning time but spare my pages,
 They'd tell the warl in after-ages,
 That it, to me, was wealth and fame,
 To be esteem'd by chiels like them:
 O Time, thou all-devouring bear,
 Hear—"List, O list," my ardent pray'r!
 I crave thee here, on bended knee,
 To let my dear lov'd pages be:
 O tak' thy sharp-nail'd nibbling elfs
 To musty scrolls on college shelves;
 There with dry treatises on law,
 Feast, cram, and gorge thy greedy maw;
 But grant, amidst thy thin sown mercies,
 To spare, O spare my darling verses.

Could I but through hist'ry wimple,
 Wi' Robertson or sage Dalrymple;
 Or had I half the pith and lear
 Of a Mackenzie, or a Blair;
 I aiblins then might tell some story,
 Wad shaw the MUSE in bleezing glory:
 But scrimp't o' time,* and lear scholastic,
 My lines limp on in Hudibrastic,
 Till hope, grown sick, flings down her claim,
 And draps her dreams o' future fame.

* Time—Scottish idiom for leisure.

—Yes, O waesuck, should I be vanity?
 My muse is just a Rosinante,
 She stammers forth, wi' hilchin' canter,
 Sagely intent on strange adventure,
 Yet, sae uncouth in garb and feature,
 She seems the FOOL of literature.
 But lest the critic's birsie besom,
 Soop aff this cant of egotism,
 I'll sidelins hint—na, bauldly tell,
 I whyles think something o' mysel':
 Else, wha the deil wad fash to scribble,
 Expecting scorn for a' his trouble?
 Yet, lest dear self should be mista'en,
 I'll fling the bridal o'er the mane,
 For after a', I fear this jargon,
 Is but a Willie G—— bargain.

LINES TO W. M'L—R—N,

TO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE "BURNS' ANNIVERSARY
 SOCIETY."

KING G——DIE issues out his summons,
 To ca' his bairns the Lairds and Commons,
 To creesh the nation's mooly heels,
 And butter commerce' rusty wheels,
 And see what new, what untried tax,
 Will lie the easiest on our backs.

The priest convenes his scandal-court,
 To ken what houghmigandie sport
 Has been gaun on within the Parish,
 Since last they met, their funds to cherish.

But I, the servant of Apollo,
 Whase mandates I am proud to follow,
 He bids me warn you as the friend
 Of Burns' fame, that ye'll attend,

Neist Friday's e'en in Lucky Wright's
 To spend the best, the wale o' nights;
 Sae under pain o' half a mark,
 Ye'll come, as signed by me the CLERK.

ODE.

WRITTEN FOR, AND PERFORMED AT, THE CELEBRATION OF
 ROBERT BURNS' BIRTH-DAY, PAISLEY, 29th Jan., 1807.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Gallia's chief, with cruel conquests vain,
 Bids clanging trumpets rend the skies,
 The widow's, orphan's, and the father's sighs,
 Breathe, hissing through the guilty strain;
 Mild Pity hears the harrowing tones,
 Mixt with shrieks and dying groans:
 While warm humanity, afar,
 Weeps o'er the ravages of war,
 And shudd'ring hear ambition's servile train,
 Rejoicing o'er their thousands slain.
 But when the song to worth is given,
 The grateful anthem wings its way to heaven;
 Rings through the mansions of the bright abodes,
 And melts to ecstasy the list'ning gods;
 Apollo, on fire,
 Strikes with rapture the lyre,
 And the Muses the summons obey,
 Joy wings the glad sound,
 To the worlds around,
 Till all nature re-echoes the lay,—
 Then raise the song, ye vocal few,
 Give the praise to merit due.

Song,

Set to Music by Mr. R. Smith.

THOUGH dark scowling winter, in dismal array,
 Remarshals his storms on the bleak hoary hill,
 With joy we assemble to hail the great day
 That gave birth to the bard who ennobles our isle.

Then loud to his merits the song let us raise,
 Let each true Caledonian exult in his praise ;
 For the glory of genius, its dearest regard,
 Is the laurel entwin'd by his country's regard.

Let the Muse bring fresh honours his name to adorn,
 Let the voice of glad melody pride in the name,
 For the genius of Scotia, in ages unborn,
 Will light up her torch at the blaze of his fame :
 When the dark mist of ages lies turpid between,
 Still his star of renown through the gloom shall be seen,
 And his rich blooming laurels, so dear to the bard,
 Will be cherish'd for aye by his country's regard.

RECITATIVE.

Yes, Burns, "thou dear departed shade!"
 When rolling centuries have fled,
 Thy name shall still survive the wreck of time,
 Shall rouse the genius of thy native clime ;
 Bards yet unborn, and patriots shall come,
 And catch fresh ardour at thy hallow'd tomb—
 There's not a cairn-built cottage on our hills,
 Nor rural hamlet on our fertile plains,
 But echoes to the magic of his strains,
 While every heart with highest transport thrills.
 Our country's melodies shall perish never,
 For, Burns, thy songs shall live for ever.
 Then once again ye vocal few,
 Give the song to merit due.

Song,

Written to March's National Air, "Britons who for Freedom
 bled."

Harmonized as a Glee, by Mr. Smith.

HAIL, ye glorious sons of song,
 Who wrote to harmonize the soul !

To you our highest strains belong,
Your names shall crown our friendly bowl :

But chiefly Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee ;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth shall ever be.

Fathers of our country's weal,
Sternly virtuous, bold and free !
Ye taught our sons to fight, yet feel
The dictates of humanity :

But chiefly Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee ;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth shall ever be.

Haughty Gallia threats our coast,
We hear their vaunts with disregard,
Secure in valour, still we boast,
"The patriot and the patriot bard !"

But chiefly Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee ;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth shall ever be.

Yes, Caledonians ! to your country true,
Which Danes or Romans never could subdue ;
Firmly resolv'd our native rights to guard,
Let's toast, "The patriot and the patriot bard."

PARODY,

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE LATE MR. THOMAS WILLOUGHBY,
TRAGEDIAN, RATHER BELOW HIMSELF.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring in the ale-house,
See the god-like Rollo lie,
Drink outwits the best of fellows :
Here lies poor Tom Willoughby.

Where is stern king Richard's fury?
 Where is Osmond's blood-flush'd eye?
 See these mighty men before ye,
 Sunk to poor Tom Willoughby.

Pity 'tis that men of merit,
 Thus such sterling worth destroy;
 O ye gods! did I inherit,
 Half the power's of Willoughby.

THE POOR BOWLMAN'S REMONSTRANCE.*

THROUGH winter's cold, and summer's heat,
 I earn my scanty fare,
 From morn till night, along the street,
 I cry my earthen ware:
 Then, O let pity sway your souls!
 And mock not that decrepitude,
 Which draws me from my solitude,
 To cry my plates and bowls.

From thoughtless youth, I often brook
 The trick and taunt of scorn,
 And though indifference marks my look,
 My heart with grief is torn:
 Then, O let pity sway your souls!
 Nor sneer contempt in passing by;
 Nor mock, derisive, while I cry,
 "Come buy my plates and bowls."

* When decrepitude incapacitates a brother of humanity from gaining a subsistence by any of the less dishonourable callings, and when he possesses that independency of soul which disdains living on charity, it is certainly refinement in barbarity to hurt the feelings of such a one. The above was written on seeing the boys plaguing little Johnnie the bowlsman, while some who thought themselves men were reckoning it excellent sport.

The CARPET'S laid—PIT MONEY drawn
 All's high with expectation;
 With BIRDS bereft of nature's garb,
 The handlers tak' their station.

What roaring, betting, bawling, swearing,
 Now assails the ear!

“ Three pound!—four pound on Ph-ll-p's cock !”
 “ Done!—Done, by G—d, Sir, here !”

Now cast a serious eye around,
 Behold the motley group,
 All gamblers, swindlers, ragamuffins,
 Vot'ries of the stoup.

But why of IT thus lightly speak,
 The poor man's ae best frien' ?
 When fortune's sky low'rs dark and grim,
 It clears the drumly scene.

Here sits a WRETCH with meagre face,
 And sullen drowsy eye;
 Nor speaks he much—last night at cards
 A gamester drain'd him dry.

Here bawls another vent'rous soul,
 Who risks his every farthing;
 What d—l's the matter, though at home
 His wife and brats are starving.

See here's a father 'gainst a son,
 A brither 'gainst a brither,
 Wha, e'en wi' mair than common spite,
 Bark hard at ane anither.

But see yon fellow all in black,
 His looks speak inward joy;
 Mad-happy since his father's death,
 Sporting his LEGACY.

And mark that aged debauchee,
 With red bepimpl'd face—
 He fain would bet a crown or two,
 But purse is not in case.

But hark!—what cry,—“ He's run!—he's run!”
 And loud huzzas take place—
 Now mark what deep dejection sits
 On every loser's face.

Observe the OWNER—frantic man,
 With imprecations dread,
 He grasps his vanquish'd idol-god,
 And twirls off his head.

But, bliss attend their feeling souls,
 Wha nae sic deeds delight in!
 Brutes are but brutes, let men be men,
 Nor pleasure in COCK-FIGHTING.

TOWSER, A TRUE TALE.

“ Dogs are honest creatures,
 Ne'er fawn on any that they love not,
 And I'm a friend to dogs,
 They ne'er betray their masters.”

In mony an instance, without doubt,
 The man may copy frae the brute,
 And by the example grow much wiser:
 Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With def'rence to our great Lavaters,
 Wha judge a' mankind by their features,
 There's mony a smiling, pleasant-faced cock,
 That wears a heart not worth a custock;
 While mony a visage, antic, droll,
 O'er-veils a noble, gen'rous soul;
 With Towser this was just the case,
 He had an ill-faur't tawtie face,

His mak' was something like a messin,
 But big, an' quite unprepossessin'.
 His master caft him frae some fallows,
 Because, (such hap'd poor Towser's lot,)
 He wuldna' tear a comrade's throat ;
 Yet in affairs of love or honour,
 He'd stand his part amang a hun'er,
 And whene'er fighting was a merit,
 He never fail'd to shaw his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
 Wi' wild ill-natur'd scant o' grace,
 Nor e'er accosted ane wi' smiles,
 Then, soon as turn'd wad bite his heels,
 Nor ever kent the courtier art,
 To fawn wi' rancour at his heart,
 Nor aught kent he o' cankart quar'ling,
 Nor snarling just for sake o' snarling,
 Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
 Whilk ever shows a magnanimity of soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
 And will immortalize his name—
 "IMMORTALIZE!—presumptive wight!
 Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
 Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
 To light them through futurity."
 E'en be it sae, poor Towser's story,
 Though lamely tauld will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month of cauld December,
 When Nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
 And growlin' winter bellow'd forth,
 In storms and tempests frae the north—
 When honest Towser's loving master
 Regardless o' the surly bluster,

Set out to the neist burrow town,
 To buy some needments o' his own ;
 An' case some purse-pest sou'd way-lay him,
 He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His bis'ness done, 'twas near the gloaming,
 And ay the king o' storms was foaming,
 The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbl'd,
 The strawns gush'd big—the sinks loud ruml'd ;
 Auld grannies spread their looves, an' sigh't,
 Wi' " O Sirs, what an awfu' night !"
 Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,
 An' master grudg'd that he had taigl'd,
 But wi' his merchandizing load,
 Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
 Now clouds drave o'er the fields like drift,
 Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift ;
 And through the naked trees and hedges,
 The horrid storm redoubl'd rages :
 An' to complete his piteous case,
 It blew directly in his face.—
 Whyles 'gainst the foot-path stabs he thumped,
 Whyles o'er the coots in holes he plumped,
 But on he gaed, and on he waided,
 Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded ;
 To gang he could nae langer bide,
 But lay down by the dark dyke-side—
 Now, wife and bairns rush'd on his soul,
 He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
 An' mourning couret down aside him,
 But O ! his master couldna' heed him,
 For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
 His very life-streams maist were frozen,
 An't seem'd as if the cruel skies
 Exulted in their sacrifice ;
 For fierce the win's did o'er him hiss,
 And dashed the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
 Twa shipwreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
 If chance a vessel they descry,
 Their hearts exult with instant joy.
 Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
 The tread of trav'lers drawing near,
 He ran and yowl'd and fawn'd upon 'em,
 But couldna' mak' them understand him,
 Till tugging at the foremost's coat,
 He led him to the mournfu' spot
 Where cauld, and stiff, his master lay,
 To the rude storm a helpless prey,

Wi' Caledonian sympathy,
 They bore him kindly on the way,
 Until they reach'd a cottage bien,
 They tauld the cause, were welcom'd in—
 The rousing fire, the cordial drop,
 Restor'd him soon to life and hope;
 Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
 And antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale may see
 The worth of sensibility;
 And learn frae it to be humane—
 In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

THE RESOLVE.

"Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal."—*Beattie*.

'Twas on a sunny Sabbath-day,
 When wark-worn bodics get their play,
 ('Thanks to the rulers o' the nation,
 Wha gi'e us all a toleration,
 To gang as best may please oursel's;
 Some to the kirk, some to the fiel's,)

I wander'd out wi' serious leuk,
 To read twa page on Nature's beuk ;
 For lang I've thought, as little harm in
 Hearing a lively out-fiel' sermon,
 Even though rowted by a stirk,
 As that aft bawled in crowded kirk,
 By some proud, stern, polemic wight,
 Wha cries " My way alone is right,"
 Wha lairs himself in controversy,
 Then d——s his neighbours without mercy ;
 As if the fewer that were spar'd,
 These few would be the better ser'd.
 Now to my tale—digression o'er—
 I wander'd out by Stanley Tow'r,
 The lang grass on its tap did wave,
 Like weeds upon a warrior's grave ;
 Whilk seem to mock the bloody braggers,
 And grow on theirs as rank's on beggars.
 But hold, I'm frae the point again—
 I wander'd up Gleniffer glen ;
 There, leaning 'gainst a mossy rock,
 I, musing, eyed the passing brook,
 That in its murmurs seem'd to say,
 " 'Tis thus thy life glides fast away ;
 Observe the bubbles on my stream ;
 Like them, Fame is an empty dream,
 They blink a moment to the sun,
 Then burst, and are for ever gone.
 So Fame's a bubble of the mind :
 Possess'd, 'tis nought but empty wind,
 No courtly gem e'er purchas'd dearer,
 And ne'er can satisfy the wearer.
 Let them wha ha'e a bleezing share o't
 Confess the truth, they sigh for mair o't.
 Then let contentment be thy cheer,
 And never soar above thy sphere ;
 Rude storms assail the mountain's brow,
 That lightly skiff the vale below."

A gaudy rose was growing near,
Proud, tow'ring on its leafy brier.
In Fancy's ear it seem'd to say—
“Sir, have you seen a flow'r so gay?
The poets in my praise combine,
Comparing Chloe's charms to mine;
The sun-beams for my favour sue me,
And dark-brow'd night comes down to woo me;
But when I shrink from his request,
He draps his tears upon my breast,
And in his misty cloud sits wae,
Till chas'd away by rival day—
That streamlet's grov'ling grunting fires me,
Since no ane sees me, but admires me—
See yon bit violet 'neath my view,
Wee sallow thing, its nose is blue!
And that bit primrose 'side the breckan,
Poor yellow ghaist, it seems forsaken!
The sun ne'er throws't ae transient glow,
Unless when passing whether or no;
But wisely spurning ane sae mean,
He blinks on me frae morn till e'en.”

To which the primrose calm replied—
“Poor gaudy gowk suppress your pride,
For soou the strong flow'r-sweeping blast
Shall strew your honours in the dust;
While I beneath my lowly bield,
Will live and bloom frae harm conceal'd—
And while the heavy rain-drops pelt you,
Ye'll may-be think on what I've tell't you.”
The rose derisive seem'd to sneer,
And wav'd upon its bonny brier.

Now dark'ning clouds began to gather,
Presaging sudden change of weather;
I wander'd hame by Stanley Green,
Deep pond'ring what I'd heard and seen;

Firmly resolv'd to shun from hence,
 The dangerous steeps of eminence—
 To drap this rhyming trade for ever,
 And creep through life, a plain, day-plodding
 weaver.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

“THE western sun shines o'er the Loch,
 And gilds the mountain's brow,
 But what are Nature's smiles to me,
 Without the smile of you ?

O will ye go to Garnock side !
 Where birks and woodbines twine—
 I've sought you oft to be my bride,
 When ! when will ye be mine ?”

“Oft as ye sought me for your bride,
 My mind spoke frae my e'e ;
 Then wherefore seek to win a heart,
 That is not mine to gi'e ?

With Connel down the dusky dale,
 Long plighted are my vows ;
 He won my heart before I wist
 I had a heart to lose.”

The fire flash'd from his eyes of wrath,
 Dark gloom'd his heavy brow,
 He grasp'd her in his arms of strength,
 And strain'd to lay her low.

She wept and cried—the rocks replied—
 The echoes from their cell,
 On fairy-wing swift bore her voice
 To Connel of the dell.

With vengeful haste he hied him up,
 But when stern Donald saw
 The youth approach, deep-stung with guilt,
 He shame-fac'd fled awa'.

“ Ah! stay my Connel—sheath thy sword—
 O, do not him pursue !
 For mighty are his arms of strength,
 And thou the fight may rue.”—

“ No!—wait thee here,—I'll soon return,—
 I mark'd him from the wood !
 The lion-heart of jealous love,
 Burns for its rival's blood !

Ho! stop thee, coward,—villain vile!
 With all thy boasted art,
 My sword's blade soon shall dim its shine,
 Within thy reynard heart.”—

“ Ha! foolish stripling, dost thou urge
 The deadly fight with me ?
 This arm strove hard in Flodden Field,
 Dost think 'twill shrink from thee ?”

“ Thy frequent vaunts of Flodden Field,
 Were ever fraught with guile ;
 For honour ever marks the brave,
 But thou'rt a villain vile !”

Their broad blades glitter to the sun,—
 The woods resound each clash,—
 Young Connel sinks 'neath Donald's sword,
 With deep and deadly gash.

“ Ah! dearest Flora, soon our morn
 Of love is overcast !
 The hills look dim—Alas! my love !”
 He groan'd and breath'd his last.

“Stay ruthless ruffian!—murderer!
 Here glut thy savage wrath!—
 Be thou the baneful minister,
 To join us low in death!”

In wild despair she tore her hair,
 Sunk speechless by his side—
 Mild evening wept in dewy tears,
 And wrapt in night she died.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A GUINEA NOTE.

THOU little badge of independence,
 Thou mak'st e'en pride dance mean attendance;
 Thou sure hast magic in thy looks,
 Gives p—ts a taste for tasteless books;
 Makes lawyers lie, makes courtiers flatter,
 And wily statesmen patriots clatter;
 Makes ancient maids seem young again,
 At sixty, beauteous as sixteen;
 Make foes turn friends, and friends turn foes,
 And drugmen brew the pois'ning dose,
 And ev'n as common say prevails,
 Thou mak'st e'en justice tip the scales.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPIDER DART OUT UPON A FLY.

LET gang your grip, ye auld grim devil!
 Else with ae crush I'll mak' you civil—
 Like debtor-bard in merchant's claw,
 The fient o' mercy ye've at a'!
 Sae spite and malice (hard to ken 'em,)
 Sit spewin' out their secret venom—
 An', hear!—poor buzzart's roaring murder,
 Let gang!—na faith!—thou scorn'st my order;

Weel tak' thee that!—vile ruthless creature!
 For wha but hates a savage nature?
 Sic fate to each unsocial keber,
 Who lays a snare to wrang his neighbour.

LINES,

ON SEEING A POP PASS AN OLD BEGGAR.

HE who unmov'd can hear the suppliant cry,
 Of pallid wretch, plac'd on the path-way side,
 Nor deigns one pitying look, but passes by
 In all the pomp of self-adorning pride:
 So may some great man vex his little soul,
 When he obsequious makes his lowest bow;
 Turn from him with a look that says, vain fool,
 And speak to some poor man whom he would
 shame to know.

LINES,

ON A COUNTRY JUSTICE IN THE SOUTH.

WHAT gars yon gentry gang wi' Jock,
 And ca' him Sir, and Master?
 The greatest duncce, the biggest block,
 That ever nature cuist her;
 Yet see, they've plac'd this human stock
 Strict justice to dispense,
 Which plainly shows, yon meikle fo'k
 Think sillar stands for sense.

THE MORALISTS.

“BARB'ROUS!” cried John, in humanizing mood,
 To Will, who'd shot a blackbird in the wood;
 “The savage Indian pleads necessity,
 But thou, barbarian wretch! hast no such plea.”
 Hark!—click the alehouse door—his wife comes
 in—
 “Dear, help's man, John!—preserve me, what
 d'ye mean!

Sax helpless bairns—the deil confound your drouth
Without æ bit to stap a single mouth.”

“—Get hame,” cried John, “else, jade, I'll kick
your a—.”

Sure such humanity is all a farce.

A LESSON.

Quoth gobbin Tom of Lancashire,
To northern Jock, a lawlan' drover,
“Those are foin kaise thairt driving there,
They've zure been fed on English clover.”
“—Foin kaise!” quoth Jock, “ye bleth'rin' hash,
Deil draw your nose as lang's a sow's!
That taunk o' yours is queer like trash,
Foin kaise! poor gowk!—their names are
KOOSE.”

The very fault which I in others see,
Like kind, or worse, perhaps is seen in me.

LINES, ON A FLATTERER.

I HATE a flatt'rer, as I hate the devil,
But Tom's a very, very pleasing dog,
Of course let's speak of him in terms more civil—
I hate a flatt'rer as I hate a hog;
Not but applause is music to mine ears,
He is a knave who says he likes it not,
But when, in friendship's guise deceit appears,
'Twould fret a stoic's frigid temper hot.

A RESOLVE,

WRITTEN ON HEARING A FELLOW TELL SOME STORIES, TO
THE HURT OF HIS BEST FRIENDS.

As secret's the grave be the man whom I trust,
What friendship imparts still let honour conceal,
A plague on those babblers, their names be accurs'd
Still first to enquire, and the first to reveal,

As open as day let me be with the man,
 Who tells me my failings from motives upright,
 But when of those gossiping fools I meet one,
 Let me fold in my soul, and be close as the night.

LINES,

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN A TAP-ROOM.

THIS warl's a tap-room owre and owre,
 Whare ilk ane tak's his caper,
 Some taste the sweet, some taste the sour,
 As waiter fate sees proper ;
 Let mankind live, ae social core,
 And drap a' selfish quar'ling,
 And when the landlord ca's his score,
 May ilk ane's clink be sterling.

LINES.

RICH Gripus pretends he's my patron and friend,
 That at all times to serve me he's willing,
 But he looks down so sour on the suppliant poor,
 That I'd starve ere I'd ask him one shilling.

THE PROMOTION.—FOR MR. J. L.

WHEN the d-v-l got notice old CHARON was dead,
 He wish'd for some blockhead to row in his stead ;
 For he fear'd one with int'lect discoveries might
 make,
 Of his tortures and racks, 'tother side of the lake ;
 So for true native dulness and want of discern-
 ment,
 He sought the whole world, and gave John the
 preferment.

ANTIPATHY.

I scorn the selfish, purse-proud b—,
 Who piques himself on being rich ;

With two-score pounds late legacied,
 Sav'd by his half-starv'd father's greed—
 To former neighbours not one word!
 He bows obsequious to my Lord.
 In public see him—how he capers!
 Looks big—stops short—pulls out his papers,
 And from a silly, puppish dunce,
 Commences the great man at once.

LINES TO W——.

NOTED FOR HIS ASSUMED SANCTITY.

WHAT need'st thou dread the end of sin,
 The dire reward of evil?
 Keep but that black infernal grin,
 'Twill sear the very d-v-l.

W. ——'S RECIPE FOR ATTAINING A CHARAC-
 TER.

If thou on earth wouldst live respecket,
 In few words here's the way to mak' it—
 Get dog-thick wi' the parish priest,
 To a' his foibles mould thy taste;
 What he condemns, do thou condemn,
 What he approves, do thou the same;
 Cant scripture words in every case,
 " Salvashion, saunt, redemshion, grace."
 But controverted points forbear,
 For thou mayest show thy weakness there;
 Look grave, demure as any owl,
 A cheerful look might d—— the whole,
 Gang rigid to the kirk on Sunday,
 With face as lang's a Gothic window,
 But from these maxims, shouldst thou sever,
 Poor profligate! thou'rt lost for ever.

LINES ON A MAN OF CHARACTER.

WEE A———, self-sainted wight,
 If e'er he won to heaven,
 The veriest wretch, though black as pitch,
 May rest he'll be forgiven ;
 Wi' holy pride he cocks his nose,
 An' talks o' honest dealings,
 But when our webs are at the close,
 He nips aff twa-three shillings.

EPIGRAMS.

CRIED Dick to Bob, "Great news to-day!"
 "Great news," quoth Bob, "what great news
 pray?"

Said Dick, "Our gallant tars at sea
 Have gain'd a brilliant victory."

"Indeed!" cried Bob, "It may be true,
 But that, you know, is nothing new."

"FRENCH threats of invasion let Britons defy,
 And spike the proud frogs if our coast they
 should crawl on."

Yes statesmen know well that our spirits are high,
 The financier has rais'd them two shillings per
 gallon.

NATURE, impartial in her ends,
 When she made man the strongest,
 For scrimpit pith to mak' amends,
 Made woman's tongue the longest.

"WHAT,—spice!" said the Printer, "what good,
 do you think,
 Can arise from the mixing up spice with my ink?"
 "—Why, sir," said the Poet, "the thought galls
 my soul,
 Should they wipe with my book, it would ——."

E P I T A P H S.

ON SEEING A ONCE WORTHY CHARACTER LYING IN A STATE
OF INEBRIATION IN THE STREET.

If loss of wealth may draw the pitying tear,
Stop, passenger, and pay that tribute here—
Here lies, whom all with justice did commend,
The rich man's pattern, and the poor man's friend :
He cheer'd pale-Indigence's bleak abode,
He oft remov'd Misfortune's galling load ;
Nor was his bounty to one sect confin'd,
His goodness beam'd alike on all mankind ;
Now lost in folly, all his virtues sleep, [weep.
Let's mind his former worth, and o'er his frailties

FOR T—— B——, Esq.

A GENTLEMAN WHOM INDIGENCE NEVER SOLICITED IN VAIN.

Ever green be the sod o'er kind Tom of the wood,
For the poor man he ever supplied :
We may weel say alas! for our ain scant o' grace,
That we reekt not his worth till he died :
Though no rich marble bust mimies grief o'er his
Yet fond memory his virtues will save, [dust,
Oft at lone twilight hour sad remembrance shall
pour
Her sorrows, unfeign'd, o'er his grave.

ON A CRABBED OLD MAID.

HERE slaethorn Mary's hurchcon bouk,
Resigns its fretfu' bristles—
And is she dead?—no, reader, look,
Her grave's o'ergrown wi' THISTLES.

ON A FARTHING-GATHERER.

HERE lies Jamie Wight wha was wealthy an' proud
Few shar'd his regard, an' far fewer his goud ;
He liv'd unesteem'd, an' he died unlamented,
The KIRK gat his gear, an' auld Jamie is SAINTED.

SONGS.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o'
 Dumblane.

Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports of the city seem'd foolish and vain,
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd with young Jessie, the flow'r o'
 Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandcur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain ;
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun lea' them a', Lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gi'e Britons law, Lassie?
 Wha would shun the field of danger?
 Wha frae Fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', Lassie?
 Loudon's bonny woods and braes
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle Hope shall sooth thy waes
 When I am far awa', Lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yielding joy to thee, Laddie,
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Waefu' thoughts to me, Laddie.
 Lonely I may climb the mountain,
 Lonely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments countin',
 Far frae Love, and thee, Laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,
 And nane to clase thy e'e, Laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears, Lassie,
 Glorious Honour crowns the toil,
 That the soldier shares, Lassie;
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
 'Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 'Till the day we die, Lassie;
 'Midst our bonny woods and braes
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, Lassie.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FAR lone, amang the Highland hills,
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander :
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And's scarcely seen by ony :
 Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean ;
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion—
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw ;
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bon-
 nie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;

But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
 Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' Nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and
 cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
 dreary,
 And naething is seen but the wide spreading
 snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
 they flee,
 And chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my
 Johnnie,
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
 mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

YE sunny braes that skirt the Clyde,
 Wi' summer flow'rs sae braw,
 There's ae sweet flow'r on Lavern side,
 That's fairer than them a':
 Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
 Regardless o' the sunny ray,

And wastes its sweets frae day to day,
 Beside the lonely shaw ;
 Wi' leaves a' steep'd in Sorrow's dew,
 Fause, cruel man it seems to rue,
 Wha aft the sweetest flow'r will pu',
 Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flow'r on Lavern side,
 O gin thou'lt be but mine,
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 Wi' love that ne'er shall tyne ;
 I'll take thee to my shelt'ring bow'r
 And shield thee frae the beating show'r,
 Unharm'd by aught thou'lt bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw :
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky,
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
 And lone will be thy fa'.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

THRO' Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's,
 The wintry wind howls wild and dreary,
 Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
 Yet I hae vow'd to meet my Mary :
 Yes, Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
 But I will ford the whirling deep,
 That roars between me and my treasure :
 Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
 With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 In deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary—
 Yes, Mary, tho' stern Winter rave,
 With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

I'LL HIE ME TO THE SHEELING HILL.

AIR—*Gilly Callum.*

I'LL hie me to the sheeling hill,
 And bide amang the braes, Callum,
 Ere I gang to Crochan Mill,
 I'll live on hips and slaes, Callum.
 Wealthy pride but ill can hide
 Your runkly measl't shins, Callum,
 Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
 And beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives,
 Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum,
 Trees may keep their wither'd leaves,
 'Till ance they get the green, Callum.
 Blythe young Donald's won my heart,
 Has my willing vow, Callum,
 Now, for a' your couthy art,
 I winna marry you, Callum.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

AIR—*The Three Carls o' Buchanan.*

LET us go, lassie, go
 To the braes o' Balquhither
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;

Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain ;
 I will range thro' the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils,
 To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 'Till the dear sheeling ring
 Wi' the light liting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

ANACREONTIC.

FILL, fill the merry bowl,
 Drown corrosive care and sorrow,
 Why, why clog the soul,
 By caring for to-morrow.

Fill your glasses, toast your lasses,
 Blythe Anacreon bids you live,
 Love, with friendship, far surpasses
 All the pleasures life can give.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the enlivening bell,
 The merry dirge of care and sorrow,
 Why leave them life to tell
 Their heavy tales to-morrow.

Come, join the social glee,
 Give the reigns to festive Pleasure,
 While Fancy, light and free,
 Dances to the measure.
 Love and Wit, with all the Graces,
 Revel round in fairy ring,
 Smiling joy adorns our faces,
 While with jocund hearts we sing.

CHORUS.

Now, since our cares are drown'd,
 Spite of what the sages tell us,
 Hoary Time, in all his round,
 Ne'er saw such happy fellows.

JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary, a' my lane,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought ye would hae been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my e'en,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
 Then I was waiting by the thorn,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.
 Sae be nae vex'd my bonnie lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen,

COMPANION OF MY YOUTHFUL SPORTS.

AIR—Gilderoy.

COMPANION of my youthful sports,
 From love and friendship torn,
 A victim to the pride of courts,
 Thy early death I mourn:
 Unshrouded on a foreign shore,
 Thou'rt mould'ring in the clay,
 While here thy weeping friends deplore
 Corunna's fatal day.

How glows the youthful warrior's mind
 With thoughts of laurels won,
 But ruthless ruin lurks behind,
 "And marks him for her own."
 How soon the meteor ray is shed,
 "That lures him to his doom,"
 And dark Oblivion veils his head
 In everlasting gloom.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

Fly we to some desert isle,
 There we'll pass our days together,
 Shun the world's derisive smile,
 Wand'ring tenants of the heather;
 Sheltered in some lonely glen,
 Far removed from mortal ken,
 Forget the selfish ways o' men,
 Nor feel a wish beyond each other.
 Tho' my friends deride me still,
 Jamie, I'll disown thee never,
 Let them scorn me as they will,
 I'll be thine—and thine for ever.
 What are a' my kin to me—
 A' their pride of pedigree;
 What were life if wanting thee,
 And what were death if we maun sever!

O SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

O SAIR I rue the witless wish,
 That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,
 And sair I rue the birken bush,
 That screened us wi' its leaves sae green:
 And though you vowed you would be mine,
 The tear o' grief aye dims my e'e;
 For, oh! I'm feared that I may tyne
 The love that ye hae promised me.

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
 I wander dowie, a' my lane,
 For when I join my glad resorts,
 Their daffing gies me meikle pain:
 Alas! it was na' sae shortsyne,
 When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
 But oh! I'm feared that I may tyne
 The love that ye hae promised me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
 For I hae wair'd my winter's fee,
 I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
 To be a bridal gift for thee :
 And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
 And mountain high shall stand the sea,
 Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,
 To change that love I bear for thee.

KITTY TYRELL.

THE breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's
 breast,
 And the light bounding deer have all sunk to
 their rest ;
 The big sullen waves lash the loch's rocky shore,
 And the lone drowsy fisherman nods o'er his oar ;
 Tho' pathless the moor, and tho' starless the skies,
 The star of my heart is my Kitty's bright eyes ;
 And joyful I hie over glen, brake, and fell,
 In secret to meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah ! long we have loved in her father's despite,
 And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
 When hard-hearted Vigilance, sunk in repose,
 Gave Love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose.
 These moments of transport, to me, oh ! how dear !
 And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe !
 Altho' the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
 This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

“ Ah ! turn, hapless youth, see the dark cloud of
 death,
 Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted
 heath ;
 Deep groans the scathed oak on the glen's cliffy
 brow,
 And the sound of the torrent seems heavy with
 woe.”

Away, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
 Go tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child,
 Love guides my light steps thro' the lone dreary
 dell,
 And I fly to the arms of sweet Kitty Tyrell.

ELLEN MORE.

THE sun had kissed green Erin's waves,
 The dark blue mountains towered between,
 Mild evening's dews refreshed the leaves,
 The moon, unclouded, rose serene:
 When Ellen wandered forth unseen,
 All lone her sorrows to deplore;
 False was her lover, false her friend,
 And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
 Young Emma to her heart was dear,
 Nor weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
 But Emma ever seemed to share:
 Yet envious still, she spread the wile
 That sullied Ellen's virtues o'er;
 Her faithless Henry spurned the while,
 His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wandered down Loch-Mary side,
 Where oft at evening hour she stole
 To meet her love with secret pride;
 Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.
 O'ercome with grief she sought the steep,
 Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar;
 Oh! Pity, veil thy eyes and weep,
 A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,
 And woo the mountain flowers to bloom,
 But never can his golden rays
 Awake the flower in yonder tomb.

There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
 When moonlight gilds the abbey tower;
 There oft from eve till breezy morn,
 He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

AIR—The lass that wears green.

ONE night in my youth as I roved with my merry
 pipe,

List'ning the echoes that rang to the tune,
 I met Kitty More with her two lips so cherry ripe,
 Phelim, says she, give us Ellen Aroon.

Dear Kitty, says I, thou'rt so charmingly free!
 Now, if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the
 measure,

'Twill make all the echoes run giddy with plea-
 sure,

For none in fair Erin can sing it like thee.

My chanter I plied, with my heart beating gaily,
 I piped up the strain, while so sweetly she sung,
 The soft melting melody filled all the valley,
 The green woods around us in harmony rung.

Methought that she verily charmed up the moon!
 Now, still as I wander in village or city,

When good people call for some favourite ditty,
 I give them sweet Kitty, and Ellen Aroon.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

DOROTHY sits i' the cauld ingle neuk,
 Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae;
 Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
 Wi' smokin', her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.

And aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels
me,

Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails
me,

Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
Had charms like her nei'bours, an' lovers anew,
But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her
sauce,

They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.
Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me,
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do.

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
She thought on the braw merry days that were
gane,

And caft a wee coggie for company.
Now aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels
me,

Coggie thou heals me, coggie thou heals me,
Ay my best friend, when there's ony thing ails
me,

Ne'er shall we part, till the day that I die.

GREEN INISMORE.

AIR—*The Leitrim County.*

How light is my heart as I journey along,
Now my perilous service is o'er,
I think on sweet home, and I carol a song,
In remembrance of her I adore :

How sad was the hour when I bade her adieu !
 Her tears spoke her grief, tho' her words were
 but few,

She hung on my bosom, and sigh'd, O be true,
 When you're far from the green Inismore.

Ah ! Eveleen, my love ! hadst thou seen this fond
 breast,

How, at parting, it bled to its core,
 Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply im-
 prest,

That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
 For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
 And brav'd all the hardships of war as I ought,
 But the day never rose saw thee strange to my
 thought,
 Since I left thee in green Inismore.

Ye dear native mountains that tower on my view,
 What joys to my mind ye restore ;

The past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
 And ye ne'er seemed so charming before.

In the rapture of fancy already I spy
 My kindred and friends crowding round me with
 joy,

But my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer
 tie,
 Binds this heart to the green Inismore.

THE WORN SOLDIER.

THE Queensferry boatie rows light,
 And light is the heart that it bears,
 For it brings the poor soldier safe back to his
 home,
 From many long toilsome years.

How sweet are his green native hills,
 As they smile to the beams of the west,
 But sweeter by far is the sunshine of hope,
 That gladdens the soldier's breast.

I can well mark the tears of his joy,
 As the wave-beaten pier he ascends,
 For already, in fancy, he enters his home,
 'Midst the greetings of tender friends.

But fled are his visions of bliss,
 All his transports but rose to deceive,
 He found the dear cottage a tenantless waste,
 And his kindred all sunk in the grave.

Lend a sigh to the soldier's grief,
 For now he is helpless and poor,
 And forc'd to solicit a slender relief,
 He wanders from door to door.

To him let our answers be mild,
 And O! to the sufferer be kind!
 For the look of indifference, the frown of disdain,
 Bear hard on a generous mind.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

THE cold wind blows
 O'er the drifted snows,
 Loud howls the rain-lash'd naked wood,
 Weary I stray
 On my lonesome way,
 And my heart is faint with want of food.
 Pity a wretch left all forlorn,
 On life's wide wintry waste to mourn;
 The gloom of night fast veils the sky,
 And pleads for your humanity.

On valour's bed
 My Henry died,
 In the cheerless desert is his tomb :
 Now lost to joy,
 With my little boy,
 In woe and want I wander home.
 O never, never will you miss
 The boon bestow'd on deep distress,
 For dear to heav'n is the glist'ning eye,
 That beams benign humanity.

THE WANDERING BARD.

CHILL the wintry winds are blowing,
 Foul the murky night was snowing,
 Through the storm the minstrel, bowing,
 Sought the inn on yonder moor.
 All within was warm and cheery,
 All without was cold and dreary,
 There, the wand'rer, old and weary,
 Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,
 Suiting to his tale of pity ;
 But the master, scoffing witty,
 Check'd his strain with scornful jeer :
 " Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,
 Canst thou guide thy gains of summer ?—
 No, thou old intruding thrummer,
 Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the Bard departed, sighing ;
 Wounded worth forbade replying ;
 One last feeble effort trying,
 Faint he sunk, no more to rise.

Thro' his harp, the breeze sharp ringing,
 Wild his dying dirge was singing,
 While his soul, from insult springing,
 Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, tho' wintry winds be blowing,
 Night be foul, with raining, snowing,
 Still the trav'ler, that way going,
 Shuns the inn upon the moor—
 Tho' within 'tis warm and cheery,
 Tho' without 'tis cold and dreary,
 Still he minds the minstrel weary,
 Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

POOR TOM, FARE-THEE-WELL.

'MONGST life's many cares, there is none so pro-
 voking,
 As when a brave seaman, disabled and old,
 Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude
 mocking
 Of those who have nought they can boast but
 their gold:
 Poor Tom, once so high on the list of deserving,
 By captain and crew none so dearly were priz'd,
 At home now laid up, worn with many years'
 serving,
 Poor Tom takes his sup, and poor Tom is de-
 spised.

Yet, care thrown a-lee, see old Tom in his glory,
 Plac'd snug with a shipmate, whose life once
 he sav'd,
 Recounting the feats of some bold naval story,
 The battles they fought, and the storms they
 had brav'd.

In his country's defence he has dar'd ev'ry danger,
 His valorous deeds he might boast undisguis'd ;
 Yet home-hearted landsmen hold Tom as a stran-
 ger,

Poor Tom loves his sup, and poor Tom is de-
 spis'd.

Myself, too, am old, rather rusted for duty,
 Yet still I'll prefer the wide ocean to roam,
 I'd join some bold corsair, and live upon booty,
 Before I'd be gib'd by these sucklings at home.
 Poor Tom, fare-thee-well ! for by heav'n, 'tis pro-
 voking,

When thus a brave seaman disabled and old,
 Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude
 mocking

Of those who have nought they can boast but
 their gold.

DESPAIRING MARY.

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow ?

See a' around you the flow'rs sweetly blaw ;
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
 Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.

How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure,
 Summer may smile, but dclight I ha'e nane ;
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,

Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake !
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is
 broken,

Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.

Sighing for him I lie down in the e'ening,

Sighing for him, I awake in the morn ;

Spent are my days a' in secret repining,

Peace to this bosom can never return :

Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
 Cruel remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!

FRAGMENT OF A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Air—*Fingal's Lamentation.*

"WILD drives the bitter northern blast,
 Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
 Young lassie, turn your wand'ring steps,
 For e'ening's gloom begins to fa':
 I'll take you to my father's ha',
 And shield you from the wintry air,
 For wand'ring through the drifting snaw,
 I fear ye'll sink to rise na mair."

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way,
 Across this langsome, lonely moor,
 For he wha's dearest to my heart,
 Now waits me on the western shore.
 With morn he spreads his outward sail,
 This night I vow'd to meet him there,
 To take ae secret fond farewell,
 We may be part to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie, turn—'twill be your dead!
 The dreary waste lies far and wide;
 Abide till morn, and then ye'll ha'e
 My father's herd-boy for your guide."

"No, lady—no! I maunna turn,
 Impatient Love now chides my stay,
 Yon rising moon, with kindly beam,
 Will light me on my weary way."

* * * * *

Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart!
 Why beams with joy thy wishful e'e?
 Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
 Thy true love mair thou'lt never see.
 Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
 Among the snaw, beneath the tree,
 She soundly sleeps in death's cauld arms,
 A victim to her love for thee.

WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

AIR—*Forneth House.*

Now Winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
 Is far ayont yon mountains,
 And Spring beholds her azure sky
 Reflected in the fountains.
 Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,
 She spreads her early blossom,
 And wooes the mirly-breasted birds
 To nestle in her bosom.
 But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,
 Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
 Now lavrocks sing, to hail the spring,
 And nature all is cheery.

Then let us leave the town, my love,
 And seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,
 On ev'ry side are smiling:
 We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty mov'd me;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me.
 We soon will view the roses blaw
 In a' the charms o' fancy,
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shar'd with thee, my Nancy.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
 Saft the westling breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks of Stanley shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheery O;
 Sweet the crawflow'r's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless deary O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, with downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

WHILE THE GRAY-PINION'D LARK.

WHILE the gray-pinion'd lark early mounts to
 the skies,
 And cheerily hails the sweet dawn,
 And the sun, newly ris'n, sheds the mist from
 his eyes,
 And smiles over mountain and lawn.

Delighted I stray by the fairy-wood side,
 Where the dew-drops the crowflowers adorn,
 And Nature, arrayed in her midsummer's pride,
 Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantin's, ye green shady bow'rs,
 Your charms ever varying I view,
 My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
 Have ow'd half their pleasures to you.
 Sweet Ferguslie, hail! thou'rt the dear sacred
 grove,
 Where first my young Musc spread her wing,
 Here Nature first wakcd me to rapture and love,
 And taught me her beauties to sing.

MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.

Air—Were I obliged to beg.

WHEN gloaming treads the heels of day,
 And birds sit couring on the spray,
 Along the flowery hedge I stray
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
 The clover bloom, the dewy green,
 A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
 Let mad ambition tower for fame,
 I'm happier in my lowly hame,
 Obscurely blest with somebody.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
 The dews began to fa',
 The partricks down the rushy holm,
 Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While flitting, gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
 The mavis mends her lay,
 The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
 To charm the ling'ring day:
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren frac den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honeysuckle and the birk,
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields,
 Are dearer far to me.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE.

AIR—Let us taste the sparkling wine.

Why unite to banish care?
 Let him come our joys to share;
 Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
 When it soothes a brother's woe,
 'Twas for this the pow'rs divine
 Crown'd our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
 Who'd claim enjoyment for himself;
 Come, the hardy seaman, lame,
 The gallant soldier, robb'd of fame,
 Welcome all who bear the woes
 Of various kind that merit knows.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

AIR—Clean Pease Strae.

WHEN John and me were married,
 Our hading was but sma',
 For my minnie, canker't carling,
 Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
 I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
 As far as it wou'd gae,
 But well I wat our bridal bed,
 Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
 We're come to what you see,
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,
 Sae eydent aye were we.
 The lowe of love made labour light,^{rdT}
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down, at e'en,
 'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will lowe in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha'.
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Tho' you should make your bridal bed
 Of clean pease-strae.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

AIR—The auld wife o' the glen.

YE'LL a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade,
 And at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
 A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side,
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it
 was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava,
 Tho' the hail parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bon-
 net,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools,
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that
 will miss't.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

AIR.—*Johnnie M' Gill.*

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
 And hinna ye heard man, o' Barrochan Jean!
 How death and starvation came o'er the hail na-
 tion,
 She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky
 een;
 The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
 The taen kill'd wi' love and the tither wi' spleen,
 The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the
 mawing,
 A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and
the Forth,

Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean.

The carlins at hame were a' girning and graning,
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till
e'en,

They get naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to
sowdy,

For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their describing,
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
But they locket sae blae, and their hearts were sae
wae,

I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their
drinking,

Yet a' wudna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke-
backs,

E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan
Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu'
clean,

Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-
Brodie,

The grass owre their groffs is now bonnie and
green,

He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
And spoil'd a' the harms o' her twa pawky een.

AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

AIR—Nancy Ferny.

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
 'The golden image of my heart,
 How cheerless seems this morning,
 It brings the hour when we must part:
 Tho' doomed to cross the ocean,
 And face the proud insulting foe,
 Thou hast my soul's devotion,
 My heart is thine where'er I go:
 Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
 My heart is thine where'er I go.

When tossed upon the billow,
 And angry tempests round me hlow,
 Let not the gloomy willow
 O'ershade thy lovely lily brow:
 But mind the seaman's story,
 Sweet William and his charming Sue,
 I'll soon return with glory,
 And like sweet William, wed thee too;
 Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
 My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,
 While wand'ring by the Shannon side,
 When summer days gave leisure
 'To stray amidst their flowery pride;
 And while thy faithful lover
 Is far upon the stormy main,
 Think, when the wars are over,
 These golden days shall come again;
 Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
 These golden days shall come again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,
 Your flow'ry wilds we went to rove,

Ye woody glens and fountains,
 The dear retreats of mutual love :
 Alas, we now must sever ;
 O ! Sheelah, to thy vows be true ;
 My heart is thine for ever—
 One fond embrace, and then adieu ;
 Ah ! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
 One fond embrace, and then adieu.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

THE harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
 Their hearts lined with love and their pockets
 with money ;
 From morning till night, 'tis " My jewel, my
 honey,
 " Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my
 dear !"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet bothera-
 tion,
 And swears their is only one flower in the nation,
 " Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of crea-
 tion,
 " Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear !
 " The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the
 ocean,
 The moon to thy charms veils her face in devo-
 tion,
 And I my poor self, och ! so rich is my notion,
 Would pay down the world for sweet Molly,
 my dear."

" Tho' Thady can match all the lads with his
 blarney,
 And sing me love songs of the Lakes of Killarney,

In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles journey,
 My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear."

YE FRIENDLY STARS THAT RULE THE NIGHT.

AIR—*Gamby Ora.*

YE friendly stars that rule the night,
 And hail my glad returning,
 Ye never shone so sweetly bright
 Since gay Saint Patrick's morning :
 My life hung heavy on my mind,
 Despair sat brooding o'er me ;
 Now all my cares are full behind,
 And joy is full before me.

CHORUS.

Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
 How my heart approves me,
 Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
 Cathlien owns she loves me.

Were all the flowery pastures mine,
 That deck fair Limerick County,
 That wealth, dear Cathlien, should be thine,
 And all should share our bounty :
 But Fortune's gifts I value not,
 Nor Graudeur's highest station ;
 I would not change my happy lot
 For all the Irish nation.

CHORUS.

Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
 How my heart approves me,
 Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
 Cathlien owns she loves me !

PEGGY O'RAFFERTY.

AIR—Paddy O'Rafferty.

O COULD I fly like the green-coated fairy,
I'd skip o'er the ocean to dear Tipperary,
Where all the young fellows are blythsome and
merry,

While here I lament my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
How could I bear in my bosom to leave her,
In absence I think her more lovely than ever;
With thoughts of her beauty I'm all in a fever,
Since others may woo my sweet Peggy O'Raf-
ferty.

Scotland, thy lasses are modest and bonny,
But every Jenny has got her own Johnny,
And tho' I might call them my jewel and honey,
My heart is at home with sweet Peggy O'Raf-
ferty;

Wistful I think on my dear native mountains,
Their green shady glens, and their crystalline
fountains,
And ceaseless I heave the deep sigh of repentance,
That ever I left my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Fortune, 'twas thine all the light foolish notion,
That led me to rove o'er the wide-rolling ocean,
But what now to me all thy hopes of promotion,
Since I am so far from sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Grant me as many thirteens as will carry me
Down through the country, and over the ferry;
I'll hie me straight home into dear Tipperary,
And never more leave my sweet Peggy O'Raf-
ferty.

THE IRISH FARMER.

AIR—Sir John Scot's Favourite.

DEAR Judy, when first we got married,
Our fortune indeed was but small,

For save the light hearts that we carried,
 Our riches were nothing at all.
 I sung while I rear'd up the cabin,
 Ye pow'rs, give me vigour and health!
 And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,
 For love is Pat Mulligan's wealth.

Thro' summer and winter so dreary,
 I cheerily toil'd on the farm,
 Nor never once dream'd growing weary,
 For love gave my labour its charm.
 And now, tho' 'tis weak to be vaunty,
 Yet here let us gratefully own,
 We live amidst pleasure and plenty,
 As happy's the king on the throne.

We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Connor,
 As fine little lads as you'll see,
 And Kitty, sweet girl, 'pon my honour,
 She's just the dear picture of thee.
 Tho' some folks may still under-rate us,
 Ah! why should we mind them a fig,
 We've a large swinging field of potatoes,
 A good driminduath* and a pig.

DEAR JUDY.

DEAR Judy, I've taking a thinking,
 The children their letters must learn,
 And we'll send for old father O'Jenking
 To teach them three months in the barn.
 For learning's the way to promotion,
 'Tis culture brings fruit from the sod,
 And books give a fellow a notion
 How matters are doing abroad.

* Driminduath is a general name in Ireland for the cow.

Tho' father neglected my reading,
 Kind soul! sure his spirit's in rest,
 For the very first part of his breeding,
 Was still to relieve the distress;
 And late, when the trav'ler benighted,
 Besought hospitality's claim,
 He lodg'd him till morning, delighted,
 Because 'twas a lesson to them.

The man that wont feel for another,
 Is just like a colt on the moor,
 He lives without knowing a brother
 To frighten bad luck from his door.
 But he that's kind-hearted and steady,
 Tho' wintry misfortune should come,
 He'll still find some friend who is ready,
 To scare the old witch from his home.

Success to old Ireland for ever!
 'Tis just the dear land to my mind,
 Her lads warm-hearted and clever,
 Her girls are all handsome and kind;
 And he that her name would bespatter,
 By wishing the French safely o'er,
 May the de'il blow him over the water,
 And make him cook frogs for the core.

ADIEU, YE CHEERFUL NATIVE PLAINS.

AIR—The green woods of Trough.

ADIEU! ye cheerful native plains,
 Dungeon glooms receive me,
 Nought, alas! for me remains,
 Of all the joys ye gave me.
 All are flown!

Banish'd from thy shores, sweet Erin,
 I, thro' life, must toil, despairing,
 Lost and unknown.

Howl, ye winds, around my cell,
 Nothing now can wound me,
 Mingling with your dreary swell,
 Prison groans surround me.
 Bodings wild—
 Treachery, thy ruthless doing,
 Long I'll mourn in hopeless ruin,
 Lost and exil'd.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION.

AIR— *Will ye come to the Bower.*

Will you come to the board I've prepared for
 you?
 Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland
 blue,
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come to the
 board?
 There each shall be great as her own native lord.
 There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
 Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-an-
 dry,
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come then
 at e'en?
 There be some for the stranger, but more for the
 frien'.
 There we'll drink foggy care to his gloomy abodes,
 And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the
 gods;
 Will you, Donald, will you Callum, wont you do so?
 'Tis the way that our forcfathers did long ago.
 And we'll drink to the Cameron, well drink to
 Lochiel,
 And for Charley, we'll driuk all the French to
 the de'il;

Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, drink there
 until
 There be heads lie like peats if hersel' had her will.

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the
 sea,
 And there's fouth in the coggie for friendship
 and me ;
 Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come
 then to-night,
 Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the
 fight.

THE DIRGE OF CAROLAN.*

AIR—*Ballinmoney.*

YE maids of green Erin, why sigh ye so sad?
 The summer is smiling, "all nature is glad,"

* Carolan is the most celebrated of all the modern Irish Bards; he was born in the village of Nobber, county of Westmeath, 1670, and died in 1739. He never regretted the loss of his sight, but used gaily to say, "My eyes are only transported into my ears." It has been said of his music, by O'Conner, the celebrated Historian, who knew him intimately, that so happy, so elevated was he in some of his compositions, he attained the approbation of that great Master, Geminina, who never saw him. His execution too, on the harp, was rapid and impressive, far beyond that of all the professional competitors of the age in which he lived. The charms of women, the pleasures of conviviality, and the power of poetry and music, were at once his theme and inspiration; and his life was an illustration of his theory; for until his last ardour was chilled by death, he loved, drank, and sung. While in the fervour of composition, he was constantly heard to pass sentence on his own effusions, as they rose on his harp, or breathed from his lips: blaming and praising, with equal vehemence, the unsuccessful effort and felicitous attempt. He was the welcome guest of every house, from the peasant to the prince, but in the true wandering spirit of his profession, he never stayed to exhaust that welcome. He lived and died poor.—*Owenson.*

The summer may smile, and the shamrock may bloom,
But the pride of green Erin lies cold in the tomb,
And his merits demand all the tears that we shed,
Though they ne'er can awaken the slumbering dead ;
Yet still they shall flow—for dear Carolan we mourn,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.
Ye bards of our isle, join our grief with your songs,
For the deepest regret to his mem'ry belongs ;
In our cabins and fields, on our mountains and plains,
How oft have we sung to his sweet melting strains !
Ah ! these strains shall survive, long as time they shall last,
Yet they now but remind us of joys that are past,
And our days, crown'd with pleasure can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.
Yes, thou pride of green Erin, thy honours thou'lt have,
Seven days, seven nights, we shall weep round thy grave !
And thy harp, that so oft to our ditties has rung,
To the lorn-sighing breeze o'er thy grave shall be hung !
And the song shall ascend, thy bright worth to proclaim
That thy shade may rejoice in the voice of thy fame.
But our days, crown'd with pleasure can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in thine urn.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE ?

AIR—*Sleepy Maggie.*

CHORUS.

O ARE ye sleeping, Maggie,
O are ye sleeping, Maggie,
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry,
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Fearful songs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I darna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonny lady !
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie ;
" Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."

CHORUS.

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie !
What care I for the howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie !

O ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad with snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
 Will gar a' our plantings ring;
 Soon our bonny heather braes
 Will put on their summer claes;
 On the mountain's sunny side,
 We'll lean on us my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
 Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
 Then we'll seek the calor shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed;
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch in canty glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;
 Lowland lads hae mair of art,
 A' my boast's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride;
 O row thee in my Highland plaid!

Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
 My heart would break at our fareweel,

Lang your love has made me fain,
 Take me—take me for your ain!
 Cross the Firth, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

MY MARY.

AIR—*Intercould's Reel.*

My Mary is a bouny lassie,
 Sweet as dewy morn,
 When fancy tunes her rural reed,
 Beside the upland thorn.
 She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
 Where flowers in wild profusion grow,
 Where spreading birks and hazels throw
 Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet skirted wood,
 Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
 That gars me wait in solitude
 Among the wild sprung flow'rs;
 But aft I cast a langing e'e,
 Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
 There haply I my lass may see,
 As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonny lassie
 Coming frae the town,
 We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms
 And prest the breckans down;
 The paitrick sung his e'ening note,
 The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
 While there the heav'nly vow I got,
 That erl'd her my own.

RESPONSIVE, YE WOODS.

AIR—*My Time, O ye Musc.*

RESPONSIVE, ye woods, wing your echoes along,
Till nature, all sad, weeping, listen my song,
Till flocks cease their bleating, and herds cease
to low,

And the clear winding rivulet scarce seems to
flow.

For fair was the flower that once gladden'd our
plains,

Sweet rose-bud of virtue, ador'd by our swains;
But Fate, like a blast from the chill wintry wave,
Has laid my sweet flower in yon cold silent grave.

Her warm feeling breast did with sympathy glow,
In innocence, pure as the new mountain snow;
Her face was more fair than the mild apple bloom,
Her voice sweet as Hope, whisp'ring pleasures to
come.

O Mary, my love, wilt thou never return!

'Tis thy William who calls—burst the bands of
thy urn!

Together we'll wander—poor wretch, how I rave!
My Mary lies low in the lone silent grave.

Yon tall leafy planes throw a deep solemn shade
O'er the dear holy spot where my Mary is laid,
Lest the light wanton sunbeams obtrude on the
gloom,

That lorn-love and friendship have wove round
her tomb,

Still there let the mild tears of nature remain,
Till calm dewy evening weep o'er her again;
There oft I will wander—no boon now I crave,
But to weep life away o'er her dark silent grave.

THE DEFEAT.

From hill to hill the bugles sound
The soul-arousing strain,
The war-bred coursers paw the ground,
And foaming, champ the rein.
Their steel-clad riders bound on high,
A bold defensive host,
With valour fir'd away they fly,
Like lightning to the coast.

And now they view the wide-spread lines
Of the invading foe,
Now skill with British brav'ry joins,
To strike one final blow.
Now on they rush with giant stroke—
Ten thousand victims bleed—
They trample on the iron yoke
Which France for us decreed.

Now view the trembling vanquish'd crew
Kneel o'er their prostrate arms,
Implore respite of vengeance due
For all these dire alarms.
Now, while humanity's warm glow,
Half weeps the guilty slain,
Let Conquest gladden ev'ry brow,
And god-like Mercy reign.

Thus Fancy paints that awful day—
Yes, dreadful, should it come!
But Britain's sons, in stern array,
Shall brave its darkest gloom.
Who fights his native rights to save,
His worth shall have its claim,
The bard will consecrate his grave,
And give his name to fame.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

AIR—*Maid of Arrochar.*

THOU dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood
 of the slain.

Ah! base-hearted Treach'ry has doomed our un-
 doing,

My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
 Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of Ruin,
 And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid
 low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!

Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons of
 the brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
 On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I pon-
 der,—

Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

MY HEART IS SAIR WI' HEAVY CARE.

AIR—*The rosy brier.*

MY heart is sair with heavy care,
 To think on Friendship's fickle smile;
 It blinks a wee, with kindly e'e,
 When world's thrift runs weel the while;
 But, let Misfortune's tempests low'r,
 It soon turns cold, it soon turns sour,
 It looks sae high and scornfully,
 It winna ken a poor man's door.

I ance had siller in my purse,
 I dealt it out right frank and free,
 And hop'd, should Fortune change her course,
 That they would do the same for me.
 But, weak in wit, I little thought
 That Friendship's smiles were sold and bought,
 Till ance I saw, like April snaw,
 They wan'd awa' when I had nought.

It's no to see my thread-bare coat,
 It's no to see my coggie toom,
 It's no to wair my hindmost goat,
 That gars me fret, and gars me gloom.
 But 'tis to see the scornful pride
 That honest Poortith aft maun bide
 Frae selfish slaves, and sordid knaves,
 Wha strut with Fortune on their side.

But let it gang, what de'il care I,
 With eident thrift I'll toil for mair,
 I'll half my mite with Misery,
 But fient a ane of them shall share.
 With soul unbent, I'll stand the stour,
 And while they're flutt'ring past my door,
 I'll sing with glee, and let them see
 An honest heart can ne'er be poor.

THOUGH HUMBLE MY LOT.

AIR—Her sheep had in clusters.

WHERE primroses spring on the green tufted brae,
 And the riv'let runs murm'ring below,
 O Fortune! at morning or noon let me stray,
 And thy wealth on thy vot'ries bestow—
 For, O! how enraptur'd my bosom does glow,
 As calmly I wander alane,
 Where wild woods, and bushes, and primroses grow
 And a streamlet enlivens the scene.

Though humble my lot, not ignoble's my state,
 Let me still be content'd, though poor;
 What Destiny brings, be resigned to my fate,
 Though Misfortune should knock at my door.
 I care not for honour, preferment, nor wealth,
 For the titles that affluence yields,
 While blythely I roam, in the hey-day of health,
 'Midst the charms of my dear native hills.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.

AIR—*Mrs. Hamilton of Wishaw's Strathpey.*

FAR from the giddy court of Mirth,
 Where sick'ning follies reign,
 By Lavern banks I wander forth
 To hail each sylvan scene.
 All hail, ye dear romantic shades,
 Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
 Here oft the musing poet treads
 In Nature's riches great;
 Contrasts the country with the town,
 Makes Nature's beauties all his own,
 And, borne on Fancy's wings, looks down
 On empty Pride and State.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
 Or sober evening gray,
 I'll often quit the dinsome town,
 By Lavern banks to stray;
 Or from the upland's mossy brow
 Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
 Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
 A sweetly varied scene.
 Give riches to the miser's care,
 Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
 Give me the wealth of peace and health,
 With all their happy train.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

CHORUS.

THOU bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a eanty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
 Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiff's thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

BONNY WINSOME MARY.

WRITTEN TO A GAE LIC AIR.

FORTUNE, frowning most severe,
 Forc'd me from my native dwelling,
 Parting with my friends so dear,
 Cost me many a bitter tear:
 But, like the clouds of early day,
 Soon my sorrows fled away,
 When blooming sweet and smiling,
 I met my winsome Mary.

Wha can sit with gloomy brow,
 Blest with sic a charming lassie?
 Native scenes, I think on you,
 Yet the change I canna' rue.
 Wand'ring many a weary mile,
 Fortune seem'd to low'r the while,
 But now she's gien me, for the toil,
 My bonny winsome Mary.

Tho' our riches are but few,
 Faithful love is aye a treasure—
 Ever cheery, kind, and true,
 Nane but her I e'er can loe.
 Hear me, a' ye pow'rs above,
 Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
 While I live I'll constant prove
 To my dear winsome Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

AIR—*Lord Gregory.*

Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
 Of being false to thee,
 For I was true, would still been so,
 Hadst thou been true to me.

But when I knew thy plighted lips
 Once to a rival's prest,
 Love-smother'd independence rose,
 And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field
 Conceals the rankling thorn ;
 So thou, sweet flow'r, as false as fair,
 This once kind heart hath torn.
 'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs,
 That slighted love can feel ;
 'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
 Which bids this long farewell.

WT' WAEFU' HEART.

AIR—*Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.*

WITH wae fu' heart and sorrowing e'e
 I saw my Jamie sail awa',
 O 'twas a fatal day to me,
 That day he pass'd the Berwick Law ;
 How joyless now seem'd all behind !
 I ling'ring stray'd along the shore ;
 Dark boding fears hung on my mind
 That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
 Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew ;
 In mountains roll'd the awful main—
 Ah, hapless maid ! my fears how true !
 The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
 The wreck was seen with dawning day ;
 My love was found, and now he lies
 Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er !
 The cavern'd rock shall be my home ;

'Twill ease my burdened heart, to pour
 Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb;
 With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
 And tend them thro' the langsome year;
 I'll water them ilk morn and eve,
 With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

HARK! 'tis the poor maniac's song;
 She sits on yon wild eraggy steep,
 And while the winds mournfully whistle along,
 She wistfully looks o'er the deep;
 And aye she sings "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
 To hush the rude billows asleep.

She looks to yon rock far at sea,
 And thinks it her lover's white sail;
 The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist'ring eye,
 As she reckons his vessel to hail:
 And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
 And frets at the boisterous gale.

Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
 Till the seas robbed her heart of its joy,
 Then her reason was lost in the gloom of despair,
 And her charms then did wither and die;
 And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
 Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh.

YE ECHOES THAT RING.

YE echoes that ring round the woods of Bowgreen,
 Say, did ye e'er listen sae melting a strain,
 When lovely young Jessie gaed wandering unseen,
 And sung of her laddie, the pride of the plain.
 Aye she sung "Willie, my bonny young Willie!
 There's no a sweet flower on the mountain or
 valley,

Mild blue spritled erowflower, nor wild woodland lily,

But tynes a' its sweets in my bonny young swain :

Thou goddess of love keep him constant to me,
Else withering in sorrow, poor Jessie shall die!"

Her laddie had strayed thro' the dark leafy wood,
His thoughts were a' fixed on his dear lassie's charms ;

He heard her sweet voice, all transported he stood,
'Twas the soul of his wishes—he flew to her arms.

"No, my dear Jessie! my lovely young Jessie!
Thro' summer, thro' winter, I'll doat and caress thee,

Thou'rt dearer than life! thou'rt my aye only lassie!

Then banish thy bosom these needless alarms.
Yon red setting sun sooner changeful shall be,
Ere wavering in falsehood I wander frae thee."

WHEN ROSIE WAS FAITHFUL.

WRITTEN ON READING "THE HARPER OF MULL," A HIGHLAND STORY.

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by ;
I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang :
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come summer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my
sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane,

My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane:
 Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my de-
 spair;

With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumbering I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sac blest,
 As infancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast;
 Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
 Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequalled before;
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall
 lull,

And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

Yon poor Negro girl, an exotic plant,
 Was torn from her dear native soil,
 Reluctantly borne o'er the raging Atlant,
 Then brought to Britannia's isle.

Tho' Fatima's mistress be loving and kind,
 Poor Fatima still must deplore;
 She thinks on her parents, left weeping behind,
 And sighs for her dear native shore.

She thinks on her Zadi, the youth of her heart,
 Who from childhood was loving and true,
 How he cried on the beach, when the ship did
 depart,

'Twas a sad everlasting adieu.
 The shell woven gift which he bound round her
 arm,

The rude seamen unfeelingly tore,
 Nor left one sad relic her sorrows to charm,
 When far from her dear native shore.

And now, all dejected, she wanders apart,
 No friend save retirement she seeks,
 The sigh of despondency bursts from her heart,
 And tears dew her thin sable cheeks.
 Poor hard-fated girl, long, long she may mourn !
 Life's pleasures to her are all o'er :
 Far fled every hope that she e'er should return
 To revisit her dear native shore.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

WRITTEN TO AN ANCIENT HIGHLAND AIR.

AULD Watty of Kebbuckston brae,
 With lear and reading of books auld-farren,
 What think ye ! the body came owre the day,
 And tauld us he's gane to be married to Mirren,
 We a' got a bidding,
 To gang to the wedding,
 Baith Johnnie and Sandy, and Nelly and Nanny ;
 And Tam of the Knowes,
 He swears and he vows,
 At the dancin' he'll face to the bride with his
 grannie.

A' the lads hae trystet their joes,
 Slee Willy come up and ca'd on Nelly ;
 Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,
 She's gi'en him the gunk and she's gaun wi'
 Willy.

Wee collier Johnnie
 Has yoeket his pony,
 And's aff' to the town for a lading of nappy,
 Wi' fouth of good meat
 To serve us to eat,
 Sae wi' fuddling and feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
 The body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings,
 And flunkie M'Fee, of the Skiverton place,
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings.

For there'll be plenty
 Of ilka thing dainty,

Baith lang kail and haggis, and every thing fit-
 ting ;

With luggies of beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,

Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gacs clung frae the
 meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 That his auld gutcher bore when he followed
 Prince Charlie,

The barrel was rustet as black as the grun,
 But he's ta'ent to the smiddy, and's fettled it
 rarely.

With wallets of pouter,
 His musket he'll shouther,

And ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading,
 At ilka farm town

He'll fire them three roun',

Till the hale kintra ring with the Kebbuckston
 Wedding.

Jamie and Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
 For few like these can sit in the saddle ;
 And Willy Corbreath, the best of bows,
 Is trysted to jig in the barn with his fiddle.

With whisking and flisking,
 And reeling and wheeling,

The young anes a' like to loup out of the body,
 And Neile M'Nairn,

Tbo' sair forfairn,

He vows that he'll wallop twa sets with the how-
 die.

Sauney M'Nab, with his tartan trews,
 Has hecht to come down in the midst of the
 caper,
 And gi'e us three wallops of merry shan trews,
 With the true Highland fling of Macrimmon
 the piper.
 Sic hiping and skipping,
 And springing and flinging,
 I'se wad that there's nane in the Lawlands can
 waff it !
 Faith, Willie maun fiddle,
 And jirgum and diddle,
 And screed till the sweet fa' in beads frae his
 haffet.

Then gi'e me your hand, my trusty good frien',
 And gi'e me your word, my worthy auld kim-
 mer,
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedcen,
 And join us in ranting and tooming the timmer.
 With fouth of good liquor,
 We'll haud at the bicker.
 And lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish
 For Watty's sae free,
 Between you and me,
 I'se warrant he's bidden the half of the parish.

I MARKED A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.

I MARKED a gem of pearly dew,
 While wandering near yon misty mountain,
 Which bore the tender flower so low,
 It dropped off into the fountain.
 So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
 Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
 Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
 It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!

Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;

Thy vows were as the passing wind,

That fans the flower, then dies for ever.

And think not that this gentle heart,

Tho' in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,

Shall longer droop beneath thy art,

No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

THE BARD OF GLEN-ULLIN.

Tho' my eyes are grown dim, and my locks are
turned grey,

I feel not the storm of life's bleak wintry day,

For my cot is well thatched, and my barns are
full stored,

And cheerful Content still presides at my board.

Warm-hearted Benevolence stands at my door,

Dispensing her gifts to the wandering poor,

The glow of the heart does my bounty repay,

And lightens the care of life's bleak wintry day.

From the summit of years I look down on the
vale,

Where Age pines in sorrow, neglected and pale,

Where the sunshine of Fortune scarce deigned to
bestow

One heart-cheering smile to the wanderers below.

From the sad dreary prospect, this lesson I drew,

That those who are helpless, are friended by few,

So with vigorous industry I smoothed the rough
way,

That leads thro' the vale of life's bleak wintry
day.

Then, my son let the Bard of Glen-Ullin advise,

For years can give counsel, experience makes wise,

'Midst thy wand'rings, let honour for aye be thy
 guide,
 O'er thy actions let honesty ever preside.
 Then, though hardships assail thee, in virtue
 thou'lt smile,
 For light is the heart that's untainted with guile ;
 But, if Fortune attend thee, my counsels obey,
 Prepare for the storms of life's bleak wintry day.

THE COGGIE.

AIR—*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

WHEN Poortith cauld, and sour Disdain,
 Hang owre life's vale sae foggie,
 The sun that brightens up the scene,
 Is Friendship's kindly coggie.
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs !
 The friendly, social coggie !
 It gars the wheels of life run light,
 Though e'er sae doilt and cloggie.

Let Pride in Fortune's chariots fly,
 Sae empty, vain, and voggie ;
 The source of wit, the spring of joy,
 Lies in the social coggie.
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs !
 The independent coggie !
 And never snool beneath the frown
 Of any selfish roggie.

Poor modest Worth, with cheerless e'e,
 Sits hurkling in the boggie,
 Till she asserts her dignity,
 By virtue of the coggie.
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs !
 The poor man's patron coggie,
 It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,
 And lifts him frae the boggie.

Gi'e feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gi'e France her weel spiced froggie,
Gi'e brother John his luncheon too,
But gi'e to us the coggie.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our soul-warm kindred coggie!
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee thought groggie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires
Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glowed with true freedom's warmest fires,
And fought to save their coggie.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie!
It roused them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing coward doggie,
But bauldly stand and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her coggie.

Then, O protect the coggie, sirs!
Our good auld mother's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drained
By any foreign roggie.

APPENDIX.

The first stanza only of each of the six pieces at the beginning of the appendix were written by Tannahill. The concluding stanzas, marked by inverted commas, are the production of Mr. Alexander Rodger—a gentleman well known to the Scottish public, from his merit as a poet, and his worth as a man. The Ode for our author's birth-day was written by the same author; its merits, it is presumed will be a sufficient apology for its insertion in the present edition of Tannahill's Works.

MEG O' THE GLEN.

AIR—*When she cam' ben she bobbit.*

MEG o' the glen set aff to the fair,
Wi' ruffles, an' ribbons, an' meikle prepare,
Her heart it was heavy, her head it was licht,
For a' the lang way for a wooer she sicht;
She spak to the lads, but the lads slippet by,
She spak to the lasses, the lasses were shy—
She thocht she might do, but she didna weel ken,
For none seem'd to care for poor Meg o' the glen.

“ But wat ye, what was't made the lads a' gae by?
An' wat ye, what was't made the lasses sae shy?
Poor Meg o' the glen had nae tocher ava,
And therefore could neither be bonnie nor braw;
But an uncle who lang in the Indies had been,
Foreseeing death coming to close his auld cen,
Made his will, left her heiress o' thousand pundst en
Now, wha is mair thocht o' than Meg o' the glen?”

THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN.

My father wad ha'e me to marry the miller,
 My mither wad ha'e me to marry the laird,
 But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller,
 That brightens their fancy to ony regard ;
 The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
 The laird, tho' he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean,
 He's auld, an' he's cauld, an' he's blin', an' he's
 bald,
 An' he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

“ But O there's a laddie who tells me he lo'es me,
 An' him I lo'e dearly, aye, dearly as life,
 Tho' father an' mither should scold an' abuse me,
 Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife ;
 Although he can boast na o' land nor yet siller,
 He's worthy to match wi' a dutchess or queen,
 For his heart is sac warm, an' sae stately his form,
 An' then, like mysel' he's just merry eighteen.”

COME HAME TO YOUR LINGELS.

AIR— *Whistle an' I'll come to you my lad.*

Come hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
 You're the king of the dyvours, the talk o' the
 town ;

Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in,
 Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin.
 Gudewife ye're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,
 To the peace o' guid fallows it brings the death-
 knell,

But clack, till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
 The souter shall aye ha'e his Munonday's yill.

“ Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to
 your last,
 It's a bonny affair that your family maun fast,

While you and your crew here a-guzzling maun
sit,

Ye dais'd drunken guid-for-nocht heir o' the pit;
Just leuk, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, an' fatherless too,
An' yet, quite content, like a sot ye'll sit still,
'Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munon-
day's yill.

"I tell you gudewife, gin ye haudna your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this owre your back;
Maun we be abused, an' affronted by you,
Wi' siccan foul names as "loon," "dyvour," an'
"crew?"

Come hame to your lingels, this instant come
hame,

Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just ha'e our
fill,

As weel as yoursel' o' your Munonday's yill.

"Gin that be the gate o't, sirs, come let us stir,
What need we sit here to be pester'd by her,
For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can,
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?

Frae yill house to yill house she'll after us rin,
An' raise the hail town wi' her yelpin' an' din;
Come ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,
I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill."

THE LASSES A' LEUGH.

AIR—*Kiss'd yestreen.*

THE lasses a' leugh, an' the carlin flate,
But Maggie was sitting' fu' ourie an' blate,
The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;

Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;
 She blethered it round to her fae an' her frien',
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

"She loosed the white napkin frae 'bout her dun
 neck,
 An' cried the big sorrow tak' lang Geordie Fleck,
 D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,
 By his towsling an' kissing at me yestreen;
 At me yestreen, at me yestreen,
 By his towsling and kissing at me yestreen;
 I canna conceive what the fellow could mean,
 By kissing sae meikle at me yestreen.

"Then she pu'd up her sleeve an' shawed a blae
 mark,
 Quo' she, I gat that frae young Davy our clark,
 But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
 For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
 I wonder what keepit my nails from his een,
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.

"Then she held up her cheek, an' cried foul fa'
 the laird,
 Just leuk what I gat, wi' his black birsie beard,
 The vile filthy body, was e'er the like seen?
 To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
 For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
 To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen,
 I'm sure that nae woman o' judgment need green,
 To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.

"Syne she tald what grand offers she aften had
 had,
 But wad she tak' a man—na, she wasna sae mad,

For the whole o' the sex she cared na a preen,
 An' she hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen,
 Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,
 She hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen;
 'Twas a mercy naething mare serious had been,
 For it's dangerous whiles to be kiss'd at e'en."

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

AN OLD GÆLIC AIR.

BRAVE Lewie Roy was the flower of our High-
 landmen,

Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
 Fleet as the light bounding tenants of Fillin-glen,
 Dearer than life to his lovely *neen voiach*.*

Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
 When forced to retire with our gallant Prince
 Charlie,

Though manly and fearless, his bold heart was
 cheerless,

Away from the lady he aye loved so dearly.

"But woe on the blood-thirsty mandates of
 CUMBERLAND,

Woe on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfill'd
 them;

Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plundered land,

Where shall thy children now shelter and shield
 them?

Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,

Their prey,—the devoted adherents of Charlie.

Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hacked and
 slain,

Ah! his NEEN VOIACH will mourn for him
 sairly."

* Beautiful Maid.

O HOW CAN YE GANG, LASSIE?

AIR—*The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

O how can you gang, lassie, how can you gang,
O how can ye gang sae to grieve me?

Wi' your beauty and your art, ye ha'e broken
my heart,

For I never, never dreamt ye could leave me.
Ah wha wad hae thought that sae bonnie a face,
Could e'er wear a smile to deceive me?

Or that guile in that fair bosom could e'er find a
place,

And that you wad break your vow thus, and
leave me?

O have you not mind, when our names you en-
twined,

In a wreath, round the purse you did weave
me?

Or have you not forgot the once-dear trysting
spot,

Where so oft you pledged your faith ne'er to
leave me?

But, changing as the wind is your light fickle
mind;

Your smiles, tokens, vows, all deceive me;
No more then, I'll trust, to such frail painted
dust,

But bewail my fate till kind death relieve me.

“Then gang, fickle fair, to your new-fangled joe,
Yes, gang, and in wretchedness leave me,

But, alas! should you be doomed to a wedlock of
woe,

Ah, how would your unhappiness grieve me;
For, Mary! all faithless and false as thou art,

Thy spell-binding glances, believe me,
So closely are entwined round this fond foolish
heart,

That the grave alone of them can bereave me.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF
ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHILE certain parties in the state,
Meet yearly, to commemorate
The birth of their great "heaven-born" head,
Wha lang did Britain's councils lead;
And, in the face of downright facts,
Launch forth in praise of certain acts,
As deeds of first-rate magnitude,
Performed a' for the public good,
By this rare pink o' politicians,
This matchless prince o' state physicians;
Whase greatest skill in bleeding lay,
Bleeding the state into decay:
For—studying the great Sangrado,
There's little doubt but he got haud o'
The secret of that great man's art,
At which he soon grew most expert—
As his prescriptions, like his master's,
Still ran on lancets, more than plasters—
A proper mode, nae doubt, when nations,
Like men are fashed wi' inflammations;
But somewhat dangerous when the patient,
From being rather scrimptly rationt,
Has little blood to spare—and when,
(With all respect for learned meu)
He has much less desire, to look
To the physician, than the cook.
While thus they meet, and yearly dine,
And o'er the flowing cups o' wine,
By studied speech, or weel-timed toast,
Declare it is their greatest boast—
That they were friends o' that great pilot,
Wha braved the storm, by his rare skill o't,
And brought the vessel fairly through,
Though mutinous were half the crew.

But then, these Pitt-adoring fellows,
Are careful to forget, to tell us,
That running foul o' some rude rock,
He gied the vessel such a shock,
As shattered a' her stately hull ;
So that her owner, Mr. Bull,
So terrible a loss sustaining,
Has ever since been sair complaining—
In fact, this once brave, stout, plump fellow,
With face, now of a sickly yellow,
A constitution sadly shattered,
A frame wi' toil and sickness battered—
Wearing away by constant wasting,
Down to the grave seems fast a-hasting ;
But yet, he vows, if he be spared,
He'll have her thoroughly repaired—
Nor weary out his gallant crew
By toiling mair than men can do ;
For now, it tak's them ceaseless pumping,
To keep the crazy hulk from swamping :
Na, trowth, they tell us naught like that,
They're nae sae candid, weel a wat,
But getting a' quite pack thegither,
They bandy compliments at ither—
Sae thick and fast, that mutual flatteries,
Are playing off like bomb-shell batteries ;
Or rather to come lower down,
For that's a simile too high-flown,
It's somewhat like a boyish yoking,
At battle-door and shuttle-cocking—
For, soon as this ane gies his crack,
The next ane's ready to pay back
His fulsome compliments galore ;
And thus, is blarney's battle-door,
Applied to flattery's shuttle-cock,
Till ilk yin round gets stroke for stroke.

A different task is ours indeed :

We meet, to pay the grateful meed—

The meed of just esteem sincere,

To ane, whase memory we hold dear ;

To ane, whase name demands respect,

Although wi' nae court titles deckt ;

To ane, wha never learned tbe gate,

Of fawning meanly on the great ;

To ane, wha never turned his coat,

To mak' a sinfu' penny o't ;

To ane, wha never speeled to favour,

By turning mankind's chief enslaver ;

To ane, wha never did aspire

To set and keep the world on fire ;

To ane, wha ne'er by mischief brewing

Raised himsel' on his country's ruin ;

But humbly glided on through life,

Remote from party jars and strife—

A quiet, inoffensive man,

As ever life's short race-course ran—

A simple, honest child of Nature still,

In short, our ain dear minstrel—TANNAHILL.

O Tannahill ! thou bard revered,

Thy name shall ever be endeared

To Scotia, thy loved land of song,

While her pure rivers glide along ;

While her bleak rugged mountains high,

Point their rude summits to the sky ;

While yellow harvests on her plains,

Reward her children's toils and pains ;

And while her sons and daughters leal,

The inborn glow of freedom feel,

Her woods, her rocks, her hills and glens,

Shall echo thy delightful strains.

While "Jura's cliffs" are capt with snows ;

While the "dark winding Carron" flows ;

While high "Benlomond" rears his head
 To catch the sun's last radiance shed ;
 While sweet "Gleniffer's dewy dell,"
 Blooms wi' "the craw-flower's early bell ;"
 While smiles "Glenkilloch's sunny brae,"
 Made classic by thy tender lay ;
 While waves the "wood of Craigilee,"
 Where "Mary's heart was won by thee ;"
 Thy name—thy artless minstrelsy,
 Sweet bard of nature, ne'er shall die—
 But thou wilt be remembered still,
 Meek, unassuming Tannahill.
 What though with Burns thou couldst not vie
 In diving deep, or soaring high ;
 What though thy genius did not blaze
 Like his, to draw the public gaze—
 Yet, thy sweet numbers, free from art,
 Like his, can touch—can melt the heart.

The lav'rock may soar till he's lost in the sky,
 Yet the modest wee lintie that sings frae the tree,

Altho' he aspire not to regions so high,
 His song is as sweet as the lav'rock's to me ;

And O thy wild warblings are sweet, Tannahill !
 Whatever thy theme be—love, grief, or despair,

The tones of thy lyre move our feelings at will,
 For nature, all-powerful, predominates there.

But while the bard we eulogize,
 Shall we the man neglect to prize ?

No—perish every virtue first,
 And every vice usurp its place ;

With every ill let man be curst,
 Ere we do aught so mean and base.

Shall bloody warriors fill the rolls of fame,
 And niches in her lofty temple claim ?—

Shall the unfeeling scourgers of mankind,
 To mercy deaf, to their own interest blind ?—

Shall the depopulators of the earth,
 Without one particle of real worth—
 Whose lives are one compounded mass of crime,
 Be handed down by fame, to latest time,
 The admiration of each future age,
 They, whose vile names are blots on every page!
 And shall the child of virtue* be forgot,
 Because the inmate of an humble cot?
 Shall he whose heart was open, warm, sincere,
 Who gave to want his mite, to woe his tear—
 Whose friendship still was ready, warm, and sure,
 Whose love was tender, constant, ardent, pure,
 Whose fine-toned feelings, generous and humane,
 Were hurt to give the meanest reptile pain—
 Whose filial love for her who gave him birth,
 Has seldom found a parallel on earth;
 Shall he, forgotten, in oblivion lie!
 Forbid it, every sacred Power on high!
 Forbid it, every virtue here below—
 Shall such a precious gem be buried?—no:
 Historians may neglect him, if they will,
 But age will tell to age, the worth of Tannahill.
 When mighty conquerers shall be forgot,
 When, like themselves, their very names shall
 rot;
 When even the story of their deeds is lost,
 Or only heard with horror and disgust—
 When happy man, from tyranny set free,
 Shall wonder if such things could really be;

* It is well authenticated, that the rash act which terminated the career of the unfortunate Tannahill, was committed in a fit of mental distraction, arising from a circumstance, which the peculiar sensibility of his mind could not brook. The many amiable qualities of his disposition, which we have here endeavoured to depict, have been confirmed by his intimates, as well as by all who were in the least degree acquainted with him, so as justly to entitle him to the epithet "child of virtue."

And bless his stars that he was not on earth,
 When such destructive monsters* were brought
 forth ;

When the whole human family shall be one,
 In every clime below the circling sun,
 And every man shall live secure and free,
 Beneath his vine, beneath his own fig-tree ;
 No savage hordes his dwelling to invade,
 Nor plunderer daring to make him afraid ;
 When things are prized, not by their showy dress,
 But by the solid worth which they possess ;
 Even then our loved, our much lamented bard,
 Those times shall venerate with deep regard ;
 His songs shall charm, his virtues be revered,
 And to his name shall monuments be reared.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE.

AID,—“ Let us taste the sparkling wine.”

Why unite to banish care ?

Let him come our joys to share ;
 Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
 When it soothes a brother's woe ;
 'Twas for this the powers divine
 Crowned our board with generous wine.

Far from hence the sordid elf
 Who'd claim enjoyment for himself ;
 Come, the hardy seaman lame,
 The gallant soldier, robbed of fame,
 Welcome, all who bear the woes
 Of various kind that merit knows.

* This may seem to many, perhaps, too harsh a term to apply to human beings ; but, when we consider the atrocities and butcheries committed or sanctioned, by such characters as Nero, Caligula, Atilla, and others, in what terms can we more properly designate such individuals, than “ destructive monsters ?”

Patriot heroes, doomed to sigh,
 Idle 'neath corruption's eye;
 Honest tradesmen, credit worn,
 Pining under fortune's scorn;
 Wanting wealth, or lacking fame,
 Welcome all that worth can claim.

Come, the hoary headed sage,
 Suffering more from want than age—
 Come, the proud, tho' needy bard,
 Serving 'midst a world's regard:
 Welcome, welcome, one and all
 Who feel on this unfeeling ball.

ODE TO BURNS.

RECITED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BURNS' ANNIVERSARY
 SOCIETY, PAISLEY, 29TH JANUARY, 1840.

AGAIN the happy day returns,
 A day to Scotsmen ever dear,
 Tho' bleakest of the changeful year,
 It blest us with a BURNS.

Fierce the whirling blast may blow,
 Drifting wide the crispy snow;
 Rude the ruthless storms may sweep,
 Howling round our mountains steep,
 While the heavy lashing rains,
 Swell our rivers, drench our plains,
 And the angry ocean roars
 Round our broken, craggy shores,
 But mindful of our poet's worth,
 We hail the honoured day that gave him *birth*.

Come ye votaries of the lyre,
 Trim the torch of heavenly fire,
 Raise the song in Scotia's praise,
 Sing anew her bonny braes.

Sing her thousand siller streams
 Biekering to the sunny beams ;
 Sing her sons beyond compare,
 Sing her daughters peerless fair!
 Sing, till winter's storms be o'er,
 The matchless Bards that sung before ;
 And I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Shall join my feeble aid to swell the strain.

Dear Scotia, tho' thy clime be cauld,
 Thy sons were ever brave and bauld ;
 Thy daughters modest, kind, and leal,
 The fairest in creation's fiel'.
 Alike inured to every toil,
 Thou'rt foremost in the battle broil ;
 Prepared alike in peace and weir,
 To guide the plough or wield the spear.
 As the mountain torrents raves,
 Dashing thro' its rugged caves,
 So the Scottish Legions pour
 Dreadful in the avenging hour :
 But when Peace, with kind accord,
 Bids them sheath the sated sword,
 See them in their native vales,
 Jocund as the summer gales—
 Cheering labour all the day,
 With some merry roundelay.
 Dear Scotia, tho' thy nights be drear,
 When surly Winter rules the year,
 Around thy cottage hearth are seen
 The glow of health, the cheerful mein ;
 The mutual glance that fondly shares
 A neighbour's joys, a neighbour's cares.
 Here oft, while raves the wind and weet
 The canty lads and lasses meet ;
 Sae light of heart, sae full of glee,
 Their gaits sae artless and sae free ;

The hours of joy come dancing on,
 To share their frolic and their fun.
 Here many a song and jest goes round
 With tales of ghosts and rites profound,
 Performed in dreary wizard glen
 By runkled hags and warlock men:
 Or of the hell-fee'd crew combined,
 Carousing on the midnight wind—
 On some infernal errand bent,
 While darkness shrouds their black intent.
 But chiefly, Burns, thy songs delight
 To charm the weary winter night,
 And bid the lingering moments flee,
 Without a care unless for thee—
 Wha sung sae sweet and dee't sae soon,
 And sought thy native sphere aboon—
 Thy "Lovely Jean," thy "Nannie O,"
 Thy much-loved "Caledonia,"
 Thy "Wat ye wha's in yonder town,"
 Thy "Banks and braes o' bonny Doon,"
 Thy "Shepherdess on Afton braes,"
 Thy "Logan lassie's" bitter wacs,
 Are a' gane o'er, sae sweetly tuned,
 That e'en the storm, pleased with the sound,
 Fa's lown and sings with cerie slight—
 "O let me in this ae night."

Alas! our best, our dearest Bard,
 How poor, how great was his reward;
 Unaided, he has fixt his name
 Immortal, in the rolls of fame:

Yet who can hear without a tear,
 What sorrows rung his manly breast,
 To see his little helpless, filial band,
 Imploring succour from a father's hand,
 And there no succour near!

Himself the while with sickening woes opprest,
 Fast hastening on to where the weary rest:
 For this let Scotia's bitter tears atone,
 She reeked not half his worth till he was gone.

THE FIVE-FRIENDS.—A FAMOUS SCOTTISH SONG.

TUNE—"We're a' noddin'."

WEEL wha's in the bouroch, and what is your
 eheer?

The best that ye'll find in a thousand year.

And we're a' noddin', nid nid noddin,

We're a' noddin fou at e'en.

There's our ain Jamie Clark frae the hall o' Argyle,
 'Tis his leal Scottish heart, and his kind open smile.

And we're a' noddin', &c.

There is Will the gude fallow, wha kills a' our
 care,

Wi' his sang and his joke, and a mutchkin mair.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is blythe Jamie Barr frae St. Barchan's
 town,

When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Rab frae the south, wi' his fiddle and his
 flute,

I could list to his sangs till the starns fa' out.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

Apollo, for our comfort, has furnished the bowl,
 And here is my bardship, as blind as an owl.

For we're a' noddin, &c.

O LADDIE, CAN YOU LEAVE ME.

O LADDIE, can you leave me,
 Alas! 'twill break this constant heart,
 There's nought on earth can grieve me
 Like this, that we must part.
 Think on the tender vow you made
 Beneath the secret birken shade,
 And can you now deceive me—
 Is a' your love but art?

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.

I'LL lay me on the wintry lea,
 And sleep amidst the wind and weet,
 And ere another's bride I be,
 O bring to me my winding-sheet!
 What can a helpless lassie do,
 When ilka friend wad prove her foe,
 Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
 To wed wi' ane she canna' loe!

FAITHLESS NANNY.

FULL eighteen summers up life's brae,
 I speeded on fu' canny, O,
 Till sleeky love threw in my way,
 Young bonny fair-haired Nannie, O:
 I wooed her soon, I wan her syne,
 Our vows o' love were many, O;
 And oh! what happy days were mine,
 Wi' bonnie fair-haired Nannie, O.

AND WAR' YE AT DUNTOCHER BURN.

AND war' ye at Duntocher burn,
 And did ye see them a', man!
 And how's my wife and the bairns?
 I ha'e been lang awa', man.

This hedger wark's a weary trade,
 It doesna suit ava, man,
 Wi' lanely house, and lanely bed,
 My comforts are but sma', man.

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.

THOU cauld gloomy Feberwar,
 O gin thou wert awa',
 I'm wae to hear thy sughing winds,
 I'm wae to see thy snaw.
 For my bonnie brave young Highlander,
 The lad I lo'e sae dear,
 Has vowed to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

O HOW COULD YOU GANG, LASSIE?

O how can you gang, lassie, how can you gang,
 O how can ye gang sae to grieve me?
 Wi' your beauty and your art ye hae broken my
 heart,
 For I never, never dreamt ye wad leave me.

NOW MARION DRY YOUR TEARFU' E'E.

Now Marion dry your tearfu' e'e,
 Gae break your rock in twa,
 For soon your gallant sons ye'll see,
 Returned in safety a'.
 O wow, gudeman, my heart is fain!
 And shall I see my bairns again?
 A' seated round our ain hearthstane,
 Nae mair to gang awa'?

DAVIE TULLOCH'S BONNIE KATY.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
 Davie's bonnie blythsome Katy,
 Tam the laird cam' down yestreen,
 He socht her love, but gat her pity.

Wi' trembling grip he squeezed her hand,
 While his auld heart gaed pity-patty;
 Aye he thought his gear and land,
 Wad win the love o' bonnie Katy.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
 Davie's bonnie blythsome Katy,
 Aye she smiled as Davie wiled,
 Her smile was scorn, yet mixt wi' pity.

 HEY DONALD, HOW DONALD.

Tho' simmer smiles on bank and brae,
 And Nature bids the heart be gay,
 Yet a' the joys o' flowery May,
 Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.
 Hey Donald, how Donald!
 Think upon your vow, Donald—
 Mind the heathery knowe, Donald,
 Whare you vow'd to love me.







