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THE

PLEASURES OF TEMPERANCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE

THE  
PLEASURES OF TEMPERANCE,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

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Ah! did the votaries of Intemperance know,  
How much of real pleasure they forego,  
Down from their lips they'd dash the charmed cup,  
And long as life should last, ne'er lift it up;  
Peace and composure, happiness and rest,  
Once more would fill the sad deserted breast.

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## ARGUMENT.

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The happiness of Ancient times, compared with the present state of Britain.—Newspaper Press censured.—Invocation.—Publicans censured.—Address to Britain.—Address to the Total Abstinence Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and others.—The happiness of a reclaimed Family.—Ministers of Religion, their duty.—Medical Practitioners.—The pains of Intemperance.—Dissipation, not a cure for low spirits.—The danger of Moderation.—Christ's miracle at Cana.—Emigrants.—A youth leaving home.—His Mother's request on Temperance remembered.—Temperance favourable to success in life—Franklin.—Woman, her influence.—Poetical genius compatible with strict Temperance, exemplified in the lives of Milton, Young, Cowper; and favourable to literature and the arts.—A Mother's happiness in having a Temperate Son.—A summer morning near the Sea Coast.—The Pious Peasant.—Discovery of America.—Self-Reform, the best indication of approaching Liberty.—Distress best sustained through Temperance.—Allusions to the Author's History.—The Profligate Collegian.—The Burning of Moscow, and the retreat of the French army.—Banishment not a preventive of Crime.—The state of Ireland.—The success of Father Matthew.—Adieu to Poesy.



THE  
PLEASURES OF TEMPERANCE.

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A Poem.

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Happiness of Ancient Times compared with the present state  
of Great Britain.

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YE STATESMEN, and ye rulers of the land,  
Who serve your country with a willing hand,  
Survey with me, the woes which I bewail,  
And let not prejudice o'er truth prevail ;  
From thee, our public peace and pleasure spring,  
At your command they stretch each airy wing ;  
And every hope, and fairer prospect flies  
From Britain's stormy coast, and clouded skies.

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Happiness of Ancient Times compared with the Present.

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When Wisdom first devised, the social plan,  
For human weal, and happiness of man,  
To all the sons of earth, she did dispense  
The best of blessings known, plain common sense ;  
While on a favour'd few, by Heaven design'd,  
To guide, to rule, to elevate mankind,  
She shed her choicest gifts, with liberal hand,  
And raised them up, as Rulers of the land.  
Blest was the land, in Patriarchal times,—  
Blest were the natives, in those Eastern climes,  
When that dread, wonder-working power—the  
    Press,  
Spread not around, its blessings and distress ;  
When the Two Tables, from the sinless pen  
Of God, conveyed their truths to wondering  
    men.

And such was Britain once, her peasants bred  
To healthy toil, a life of pleasure led.  
When o'er their misty mountain-tops, the sun  
Arose their lightsome labour had begun ;  
When o'er their fertile fields, his orb declin'd,  
The weary rustics, homeward straight did wend,

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Happiness of Ancient Times compared with the Present.

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To share the plenteous meal, and amply crown'd  
With home brew'd ale, the glass went circling  
round ;

Thus cheer'd, assembled on the smiling green,  
Old age, and happy sweet-hearts, might be seen ;  
While in the neighbouring grove, the minstrel's  
lay,  
Breath'd his soft notes, upon the closing day.

Ye scenes like these, where peace and virtue  
dwell,—

Ye scenes of artless innocence, farewell !  
The lingering genius, of those peaceful times,  
A slighted guest hath fled to other climes.  
No more, when Evening draws her curtain round  
The woods and vales, are youths and maidens  
found ;  
Sweet Woman's charms, despis'd, neglected pine,  
No slave to bend at Beauty's witching shrine ;  
But the full tankard, and the flowing bowl,  
And deadly politics enslave the soul.

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 Newspaper Press censured.
 

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Ye ministers of danger and distress,  
 Who fill that still disgorging maw—the Press,  
 Survey with me, the deadly triumph won,  
 Behold your country by your toils undone.  
 See Treason, stalking o'er the guilty land,  
 And sly Sedition, link'd in either hand;  
 See Blasphemy and Perjury unite,  
 Against the sacred cause of Truth, to fight;  
 See dark misrule, without one blush of shame,  
 Mask'd under Liberty's fair name,  
 While discontent and woe usurp the place,  
 Where peace sat smiling on the peasant's face.

Blest were those times,—but all those times  
 are fled,

When these four folio pages were less read;  
 When tales of wars and rumours reach'd the ear  
 At random, or by pedlar once a-year.  
 Swift to the farthest corner of our Isle,  
 These fire-flies blight, where beauty once did  
 smile.\*

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\* The Author would be sorry to stand charged with illiberality towards the Press. He considers its liberty the great

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Invocation.

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God of that sacred mount, Olympus-Hill,  
From whence all Poets fain would drink their fill,  
Vouchsafe to send a humble dreamer here,—  
A draught of Inspiration from thy clear  
Exhaustless fountain, while I try to sing  
The Pleasures which from peaceful Temperance  
spring.

Homer and Virgil, bards of Greece and Rome,  
Made it their duty to thy grace to come ;  
And copious, on these suppliants, didst thou  
shower,

Poesy and riches,—all that's in thy power ;  
For which they well repaid thee in a strain,  
We ne'er had heard before, or will again.  
But, ah ! too oft thy followers have been seen,  
To drink at other founts than Hippocrene ;—  
They, in their verses, still invoke thy aid,  
As wont to be, by the poetic trade.

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bulwark of the rights of the British nation. It is only that portion of the Newspaper Press, which has for its object the sowing of discontent and sedition among the people, which he condemns.

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Publicans censured.

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Whether upon these bards thou wilt not deign  
To shed one shower, at least, to all 'tis plain,  
These worshippers to other streams apply ;  
And since their prayers avail not, Poets buy.  
Calvert's, and Meux, and Whitebread's black  
champagne,

Produce at times a tolerable strain.

Ah! how unlike the clear Pierian spring,

At which the elect Poets drink and sing!

Ah! how unlike the drops, that down distil

From thy pure fount—thy ever sacred Hill!

Thus have I seen a Connoisseur in wines,  
Who down the humble vale of life declines,  
Content to stimulate his madd'ning brain  
With Calvert's butt, or gin polluting drain ;  
Or, when these fail, a willing victim made  
To the curs'd pleasures of the opium trade.

Ye licensed plund'ers—avaricious knaves—  
Who lust for gold—who dig untimely graves ;  
Who with unhallow'd hands, convey the draught  
To thy poor brother—man, with poison fraught ;



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Publicans censured.

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Say, can ye ask the God of heaven, to deign  
To bless thee, in thy projects—so profane ;  
Say, can ye, impious, bend the knee to Him,  
While death, in all its forms, corrupting stream,  
From thy fell haunts, where misery and woe,  
From morn to midnight hours, incessant flow ?  
Woe to the man, who holds the deadly cup  
To his brother man, and bids him sip it up ;  
Parents and husbands, wives and childrens' curse,  
Rest on each coin of thy increasing purse.  
If ye have peace, in such a calling—rest,  
And in thy riches, be supremely blest !\*

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\* These lines allude to those unprincipled dealers who hand out the deadly drug to persons in a state of intoxication. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other populous cities, many of the low dram-shops open so early as four in the morning, and continue their destructive business until midnight ; and through the favour of our vigilant police, some of them are allowed to be kept open, at all hours, for the reception of the intemperate and dissolute of both sexes ! Quarrels often ensue, and the parties are arraigned next morning at the Police bench for breaches of the peace, and other crimes, which might, to a certain extent, have been prevented. Such a lax system of Police, deserves the attention of those in office, and a speedy reform. Fewer of those disgraceful scenes

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*Address to Britain.*

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Britain, awake, arise! wide o'er the land,  
A deluge spreads, O stretch thy powerful hand!  
Thy hand almost omnipotent to save,  
And snatch thy erring sons, from misery's wave.  
Wild as the surge, with her black flag unfurl'd,  
Intemperance rides triumphant thro' the world;  
Death in his front, and Ruin in his rear;  
Arise, stay if thou canst, his dread career.  
Let broken hearts, let parents' burning tears,  
Let sever'd ties, let early followed biers,  
Let desolated hearths and homes proclaim  
Thy guilt, responsibility, and shame;  
Let one concentrated voice ascend,  
To bring this worst of tyrants to an end;  
Else on some day, that day, no distant date,  
Heaven will take vengeance on thy guilty state;

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which are so common in this, and other cities, would then come before our worthy magistrates for punishment. Prevention is better than cure. Other places of business and amusement close in proper hours; the impropriety of allowing Schools of Intemperance and Vice to remain open all night for the sale of poison, is too plain to require any observation, except those of condemnation.

## Address to Britain.

Historians shall record to future times,  
Thy incorrigibility and crimes :  
Each crowded square, and commerce covered  
street,  
Where all the wealth of worlds together meet,  
May yet become another Greece or Rome,  
And pilgrims, to survey thy ruins, come ;  
Poreing o'er tombs and temples of the dead—  
O'er scatter'd columns, around at random spread ;  
Where learned antiquarians find, I ween,  
One only trace, that Britain once had been.  
This is no vain, imaginary dream,  
With which Poetic minds are apt to teem ;  
Poetry and prophecy though once conjoin'd,  
Are seldom gifted now to human kind :  
Yet minds of common structure, oft can trace,  
A nation's rise and fall, without disgrace  
Of failure ; and though neither bard nor seer  
May mark approaching changes coming near.  
O Heaven ! if ere a humble Poet's prayer,  
Thou deign'st to grant, my country, Britain spare ;  
Long may her sons, within her much lov'd Isle,  
Be blest with Thy benignant fostering smile ;

## Address to Britain.

But let her know, in God's all righteous plan,  
He deals with nations, as with single man.  
If, after chastisements, and strivings still,  
Nations, like individuals, have their will ;  
He leaves them in their stubbornness and sin,  
More dark without, and all a void within ;  
Living, yet dead, a mass of inert dust,  
Degenerating downwards, as they must.

Britain, surrounded by the beating wave,  
My country, O my country ! who can save ?  
Thro' storm and tempest, thou hast stood sublime,  
Though oft assail'd by foes from every clime ;  
Thou dread'st no open foe, thy danger lies,  
In friends at home, who weaken all thy ties ;  
As the fond mother nurses on her breast,  
The harmless infant, tenderly carrest,  
Smiles on his beauteous face, and, 'midst her tears,  
Surveys the promise of his future years ;  
Arrived at manhood, passion takes the sway,  
The world deceives him, and his friends betray,  
On Guilt's dread shoals his hapless bark careers,  
No more to virtue's coast the vessel steers.

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Address to Britain.

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And the fond hope—the mother's boast and  
pride,

Compels the wish, that he in youth had died.

Land of the brave ! thou dread'st no foreign foe ;

Thou ne'er didst bend, nor ever yet shall bow.

Land of the free ! and yet thy sons are slaves,

Worse far, than e'er was wafted o'er the waves.

In deeper thralldom, lies this groaning Isle,

Than aught on which the sun bestows a smile ;

Ev'n Afric's sable sons, compared with thee,

With all thy splendid arts and arms are free.

Self-shackled, onward to destruction driven,

Ten thousands shun the path that leads to heav'n,

While wild Intemperance lifts his hydra head,

And laughs at the dread conquest he has made.

Happy those times ! soon may those times arrive,

When all at Self-reform shall nobly strive—

When each shall look with scrutinizing art,

Into his own, and not his neighbour's heart ;—

Then may reform be said to be begun ;

Then is the rising dawn of Freedom's sun ;

Then shall the Tyrants from their thrones be

hurl'd,

And Freedom reign triumphant thro' the world !

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Address to the Abstinence Societies.

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Friends of mankind, alive to human weal,  
We hail thy blest endeavours, and thy zeal,  
Who scorn the taunts of base designing men,  
And toil with ceaseless power by voice and pen.  
Unnumber'd hearts, thy generous deeds proclaim,  
To raise degraded man—thy glorious aim;  
From the bleak North, to Thames fair classic  
stream,  
The Torch of Temperance spreads her cheering  
beam:  
And still unquench'd, its burning light shall shine,  
'Till all her foes confess her power divine.  
Hail, MASON, hail; and WIGHT, we proudly own,  
A wreath of honour shall thy labours crown;  
RITCHIE, a dauntless champion in the cause,  
And FINCH, deserves a country's just applause;  
DUNLOP and BREWSTER, with untiring love  
Of human kind, thy labours nobly prove,  
True patriotism doth your breasts inspire,  
A nation's good—thy chief, thy great desire.  
Numbers unnamed around thee, take their stand,  
To check this pest which deluges the land.

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The Happiness of a Reclaimed Family.

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Go on ye great, ye Heaven-directed band,\*  
Till Temperance reigns triumphant through the  
land ;  
Till every nook of this once happy Isle,  
In renovated grandeur wears a smile.  
Though hell, with all its powers 'gainst thee  
combine,  
Fear not, thy glorious object is divine ;  
On the wide wilderness of social life,  
Where rages rampant, dissipation,—strife,  
Fair Temperance yet shall shed her choicest  
flowers,  
And Love and Beauty build unfading bowers !  
At renovation's touch, this blighted scene  
Shall bloom and flourish in eternal green ;  
While all the perilous past shall only seem,  
As the strange fictions of a passing dream.

Britain, awake ! ten thousand prayers arise  
To Heaven from all the various social ties

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\* The Total Abstinence Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and others.

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*The Happiness of a Reclaimed Family.*

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Of human life ; the father, husband, friend,  
Invoke on thee a blessing to descend.  
Where misery, once with all her harrowing train  
Made her abode, Love, Peace, and Plenty reign ;  
Where the loud oath on Sabbath morning rose  
In vengeance up to heaven, there breathes repose ;  
Ev'n the same room now wears a different air,  
And tells that Temperance, is presiding there.  
On the fair face of her he loves, where tears  
Once pal'd her cheek, calm cheerfulness appears ;  
The prattling infants, pleas'd, with pleasure see  
The soft'ning change, and venture on his knee.  
Blest scene ! behold him, as each little lamb  
Sweetly repeats the well-conn'd Sabbath psalm.

Happy the man, who wisely can employ  
A leisure hour, without intemperate joy ;  
A book, or friend, by the domestic hearth,  
Where all is innocence, and social mirth—  
Leave in their flight no painful sting behind,  
To discompose the pure and placid mind.  
There nought is heard to ruffle and annoy,  
The quiet, calm current of domestic joy.



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Ministers of Religion, their Duty.

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In life's departing strife—in life's last hour,  
A sacred band invested with the power  
Of hope and comfort—know the patient's heart,  
When the fast sinking breast would all impart.  
'Tis theirs to warm, and in a Saviour's name,  
The death-bed of th' intemperate to proclaim.  
The pulpit, not less powerful than the press,  
Should sound a nation's misery and distress ;  
Should thro' the land the gospel trumpet swell,  
To rouse the slumberers on the brink of hell.  
Awake, arise, thy duties are not done,  
(Six days to rest, when sets the Sabbath sun !)  
In streets, forego thy sacerdotal pride,  
And tell, to erring men, their Saviour died ;  
To corners, lanes—by hedges deign to go,  
And tell the blessings which from Temperance  
    flow :  
Then shall your hands of souls—of blood—be  
    clean ;  
Then may ye hope to change this mournful scene ;  
Then shall this beauteous world renew'd impart,  
A heavenly joy to each believer's heart.

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The Pains of Intemperance.

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Ah! did the votaries of Intemperance know,  
How much of real pleasure they forego,  
Down from their lips they'd dash the charmed cup,  
And long as life should last, ne'er lift it up;  
Peace and composure, happiness and rest,  
Once more would fill the sad deserted breast.

Ah! who can tell the tortures of the mind,  
Which midnight revelry oft leaves behind.  
Where is the mirth, that through yon splendid  
room  
Rang joyous,—nought but melancholy gloom.  
Stretch'd on his couch, the brightest of her train,  
Wakes from his fever'd dream, but wakes to pain.  
Where is the flashing wit, the manly sense  
That charm'd the ear, the subtle eloquence?  
Like summer brooks, beneath a fervid sun,  
Exhausted, dried, it ceases now to run.  
The morning air, and heaven's all-cheering ray,  
That thro' his lattice finds its piercing way,  
Cheers not his heart; the mansion of distress,  
Which words can ne'er reveal, nor tongue ex-  
press;

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Physicians' opportunities of observing Intemperance.

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Vapid and spent, the tortures of the wheel  
Is ease, compared with what such patients feel.  
Sons of Intemperance, let me ask of you,  
Say, is this fearful picture, faithful, true?

Ye friends of human kind, who silent tend  
The sick man's couch, and watch his coming end,  
Who smooth, with lenient hand, the bed of death,  
Feel the faint pulse, and watch the quivering  
breath.

Have ye not heard the expiring patient tell  
His friends around, to whom he bids farewell,  
The fears which o'er him cast a midnight gloom,  
The slow disease which leads him to the tomb,  
The hopeless prospect which before him lies,  
Of worlds beyond, *all* took their fearful rise  
From the First Cup—the mad inspiring bowl,  
Falsely call'd "feast of reason, flow of soul."  
Yes! ye can tell, could fashion boldly dare  
To lay the secrets of a death-bed bare;  
Yes! ye could tell of scenes of deeper woe,  
Than e'er from tragic numbers, deign'd to flow.

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*Dissipation not a Cure for Low Spirits.*

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Friends of mankind, we ask you not to lay  
Disclosures made in secret, into day ;  
We would not wound surviving friends' distress :  
Ah ! were it mine to make their sorrows less ;  
Yet still ye might, without infringing aught  
Of sacred home, reveal to us, how fraught  
Is human life, of woe, by the insidious draught.\*

O sacred Temperance, in temptation's hour,  
Come in thy strength, and shield me with thy  
power ;  
When firm Resolve begins to yield away,  
And all His strongholds lean to passion's sway,  
Come in thy might, and save the sinking mind,  
And like Lot's angels leave me not behind.

Vain is the refuge which the weary mind,  
Seeks in the mingling tumults of mankind ;  
In vain the wearied spirit seeks repose  
In Dissipation's haunts, at evening's close.

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\* *Diary of a Physician.*

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Dissipation not a Cure for Low Spirits.

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The babbling, never-ending, dull debate,  
Of all the grave affairs of Church and State,  
Say, can they ease the spirit of its woe,  
Or blighted sorrow, joy e'er make to know ?  
Mirth, falsely called, by wine's inflaming power,  
May speed, with swifter wing, the passing hour,  
May wreath her phantoms round the victim's  
    head,  
And dazzling dreams of happiness outspread,  
Till life, divested of its thorns, appear  
A flowery path, with scarce a prickle near,  
May blot from Memory's half-forgotten page,  
The fearful forms which waking thoughts engage :  
But Nature vindicates each outraged law,  
On all who have the hardihood to draw  
Too largely from her liberal fount, that pours  
Enough to sweeten life, and all its hours ;  
" Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,"  
Which all her faithful followers understand ;  
While all her scorers feel the painful smart,  
Could they but half the pangs they know, impart.

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Abstinence a complete Remedy. - The Danger of Moderation.

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Sons of Intemperance! would you break the  
chain

By which you'r bound to slavery? ABSTAIN,—  
There lies thy safety; 'tis a strong built tower,  
To which ye all may fly from Ruin's power;  
From past experience, learn the rock to shun  
On which ten thousands split, and are undone.  
What nameless dangers lurk in deep disguise,  
On the smooth Sea where Moderation lies;  
What numbers now ingulph'd in deepest woe,  
May date their fall from that insidious foe;  
Deceived, destroyed, by Moderation's charms,  
How many sleep in Death's remorseless arms.  
Thus, in the garden, Eve, a tempter found,  
Tho' from one tree, by strict injunction bound;  
The serpent's wiles deceiv'd her list'ning ear,  
And softly whisper'd of no danger near;  
Advancing, cautious, to the luscious fruit,  
She pluck'd, and tasted of that deadly root;  
Earth shook, and Adam, from his throne was  
hurl'd,  
And sin, and misery, ruin'd all the world.

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Christ's Miracle at Cana. - Emigrants.

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At Cana, once, our Saviour, though Divine,  
To cheer his friends, made water into wine ;  
No grape, that ever grew on sunny hill,  
So luscious e'er as did those vessels fill ;  
Nor ne'er was present at a marriage-feast,  
So humble, yet so dignified a guest ;  
God for a guest !—God entertaining men,—  
A miracle !—none shall behold again.  
Let none infer from this, that Christ hath giv'n  
A license to Intemperance, under heaven :  
No ; there His high divinity was prov'd,—  
He lov'd his people, and his heart was mov'd ;  
Before each wond'ring, and astonish'd guest,  
He stood their Saviour, and their God confest !

Hark ! thro' the windings of yon hollow glen,  
Comes the mix'd sound of music, and of men ;  
Piercing and shrill the bag-pipe's thrilling sound,  
Wakes all the trembling echoes far around ;  
Nearer it bursts upon the list'ning ear,  
And, lo ! a band of Emigrants appear—  
Maidens, and youths, and dogs, and drooping  
age are here.

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Emigrants.

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Sons of the brave, who seek a foreign shore,  
Thy slighted virtues, Scotia must deplore;  
Yet ere ye, from your native land depart,  
Let me breathe out a blessing from my heart,—  
A heart to liberty, and nature true,  
That shares in all the griefs that trouble you.  
Though in thy native land denied to toil—  
Still venerate the emblem of her soil.\*  
In Memory's page for ever let her live;  
A mother hard, but thou as sons forgive:  
Still persevere, in noblest acts proceed,  
In heaping coals of fire upon her head.

Hail, Temperance, hail; with this adventurous  
band,  
In thy benignant influence, deign to land;  
Whether to Sidney-Cove they plough their way,  
Or thro' Australia's upland deserts stray,  
Still let thy guardian genius all attend,  
Thou best Protector, and the poor man's friend;

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\* The Thistle



## Emigrants.

Thro' every heart, infuse a generous zeal,  
And clothe each wand'rer in thy treble steel.  
Proof 'gainst temptation, let them spread around,  
And each new pilgrim in thy ranks be found ;  
Imagination, with her piercing eye,  
Thro' Time's long silent course, can yet descry  
The bright achievements yet to be reveal'd  
In science, senate, and the tented field ;  
Poets, and warriors famed, shall yet arise,  
And all thy splendid land immortalize ;  
And maidens fair, with sunny looks inspire,—  
Bards, yet unborn, with more than seraph's fire.

From whence do all this want and misery  
spring,  
By which life's fairest comforts take their wing ?  
Profusion grinds the landlord, in his turn  
The peasant 'neath his tyranny must mourn ;  
From prince's palace, to the peasant's shed,  
All feel the woes from dire profusion bred ;  
The splendid halls, with woods encircled round,  
Retain the family name,—a barren sound ;

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A Youth leaving Home, . His Mother's request remembered.

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And even the faithful menial, born and bred  
On the same soil, must find another shed,  
When his great-grand sires, humble, yet not poor,  
In the same hut had lived, and died secure.  
With indignation burning in my breast,  
I see the wrongs of thousands unredrest ;  
I see the wealthy upstart's gold subdue,  
The maid, who else to virtue had been true ;  
I see the parent's aged form, descend,  
Who liv'd to toil for gain, for him to spend ;  
I see his orphan, turn'd away to roam  
Without one friend, a father, or a home ;  
Lost to the world, to virtue, and to fame—  
The child of misery, of sin, and shame.

Ask the lov'd youth, who leaves his native Isle  
For Indian scenes, in quest of Fortune's smile,  
If in his plans to woo the fickle dame,  
Pure Temperance 'mong the number has a name !  
Yes, the last words which from his parents fell,  
That morn he parted, of its virtues tell :  
When the fond mother clasp'd him to her breast,  
And said, " Be temperate, and I shall be blest—  
Give me thy promise, and in peace I'll rest."

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Temperance favourable to success in Life. . . Franklin.

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Oft in his hammock, as he lies reclin'd,  
Rock'd by the waves, and the inconstant wind.  
Her gentle form, and voice so skill'd to please,  
The eye, and ear, at midnight hour he sees ;  
And ev'n in visions of distracting sleep,  
Repeats his Sacred Promise on the deep.  
Thro' the rough world he works his noiseless way,  
Proof to her charms, for Temperance has the  
    sway.

Industrious, frugal, see a FRANKLIN rise,  
To guide the senate, or to pierce the skies,  
From the thick clouds, the forky lightnings dart,  
A triumph o'er the elements by art.

Happy the man, who with his earliest choice,  
(The one he loves) shuns the world's senseless  
    joys,

Who seeks fair wisdom in his own sweet home,  
Nor ever feels a wish from her to roam ;  
Who consecrates each silent peaceful hour,  
In hallow'd converse, and affection's power ;  
While on each parent-knee, a pledge of love,  
The best affection of the heart doth move.

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Woman's influence in Society.

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When great MELANCTHON sought, with pious  
zeal,

The road to truth, which bigots never feel,

And found it, say, did victory ever pour,

A softer charm, along his heart before,

As in that hour, when with his book beguil'd,

He rock'd the cradle of his infant child.

Sweet woman, nature's fairest work! to thee

We look for aid—we ask thy sympathy;

Thine is the power—thy charms have eloquence;

Exert around thy sacred influence:

Sent to refine and cheer the lot of man,

Perform thy part in Heaven's Almighty plan.

On none thy favouring smiles, thy heart bestow,

Who haunt Intemperance Schools of weary woe;

Though graceful flatterers, flutter in thy ray,

And humbly bend, submissive, to thy sway,

Short o'er such hearts will be thy transient reign,

And shorter, still, should they thy hand obtain.

Tho' blest with manly sense, and every grace,

To charm a female breast let all give place

---

Poetical Genius compatible with strict Temperance.

---

To deep reflection, that this favour'd one,  
May prove the means by which thou art undone ;  
Possession, e'en upon the warmest heart,  
In time, from love, too oft subtracts a part.  
How then shalt thou expect regard from him,  
Whose love was never bas'd upon esteem.

Ah ! still, if such has been thy hapless lot,  
Let not thy sacred promise be forgot ;  
Though faithless to his vows, be true to thine,  
Win him with love, to thee he'll yet incline.  
The ruin'd wanderer, yet thou may'st reclaim—  
To love, and bless thee, and thy gentle name.

Hail, Temperance, hail ; thy virtues when  
combin'd

With genius, high exalts the human mind,  
To deeds which bear to distant times, the name  
Of many a humble candidate for fame.  
With thee the Poet wastes the midnight oil,  
Tho' not one glimpse of fortune on him smile,  
Darts thro' the tide of Time his eager eye,  
Anticipating immortality.

---

Poetical Genius compatible with strict Temperance,

---

When his remains lie mould'ring in the dust,  
Believes that future times will yet be just.  
With thee the pale Historian, calm surveys,  
The rise and fall of Empires' former days ;  
See the long glories of majestic Rome,  
And Greece, with all her heroes, sweeping come.  
Rous'd by his touch with his talismanic pen,  
They live, they breathe, they act, like living  
men ;  
Depicts with graphic art the combat's strife,  
And all the gentler charities of life ;  
Whilst all the deeds of twice two thousand years,  
In panoramic grandeur re-appears.  
By thee the Sculptor with experienc'd eye,  
Directs his hand to forms that never die ;  
Breathing creative genius—godlike power,  
All the rich labours of a temperate hour.

Perish the thought, the half-exploded dream,  
That all who make sweet poesy their theme—  
Who with fine sensibilities endued,  
Are by these heavenly gifts, bestow'd, subdued.

---

and favourable to Literature and the Arts.

---

Dread blasphemy, against Deity's high throne,  
Which had been well the world had never known.  
Hence, ye profane, who boast by error driven,  
"The light that leads astray, is light from  
heaven."

Ah! no; will the great Power who rules above,  
Upon His chosen, pour such marks of love—  
Did He, who form'd in man the living soul,  
And knew its various springs, deny, control?  
Hold out the beacon's light, but to allure,  
And to life's voyager ruin makes more sure?  
As the fell pirate on some distant coast,  
Beholds a bark by storms and tempests tost,  
High on the neighbouring mountain spreads a  
blaze,  
Which on the Ocean's foaming surface plays,  
To catch the trembling sailor's anxious eye,  
While night, with all her terrors, shrouds the  
sky.

Cheer'd by the light, his hapless bark careers,  
Hope on her prow, half banish'd is his fears,—  
Till late, too late, the vain deception found,

---

Poetical Genius compatible with strict Temperance,

---

She strikes the fatal rocks, with reeling sound,  
Scattering the mariners, pale, and woe-struck  
all around.

Around God's throne, unnumber'd angels string  
Their golden harps to heaven's Eternal King,  
Tho' high their song, and higher be their praise,  
Yet the same spirit which inspires their lays,  
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire,  
To all who worship rev'rently the lyre.  
Tho' not so strong in melody and force,  
Yet in degrees, and from the self-same source.  
Know your vocation ; God's high-priests are ye,  
And Nature's all is thine—heaven, earth, and sea.  
The lofty mountains, and the distant woods,  
The vernal vales, and ever-pouring floods,  
Create within thy mind unnumber'd themes,  
Of which its vain possessor never dreams,  
Tho' poor on earth, yet in your bosom shine  
An essence, which, in virtue, makes them thine,  
Burns in thy breast, and runs throughout thy lay,  
Which worlds can neither give, nor take away.



---

and favourable to Literature and the Arts.

---

Come, then, ye sons of temperance, of song,  
And prove that hand in hand ye go along :  
First in thy train, majestic MILTON sweeps  
Thro' heaven's circumference, and thro' hell's  
    wide deeps,  
On wild Imagination's daring wing,  
Reveals the seat of the Eternal King.  
Pure as his Eve, in Paradise, his song,  
In high majestic numbers rolls along :  
The courser which he rode was not of earth,  
His race proclaim'd, he was of heavenly birth.

Mourning for fallen man, like Hope, in tears,  
Time, Death, and Immortality appears.  
Solemn and sad, as if an angel sung,  
Comes the slow, pensive, sombre muse of YOUNG ;  
With a severe and stern chastising smile,  
He looks on man's pursuits, and drivelling toil,  
Quest of that graspless phantom,—happiness,  
Too often ending in despair,—distress.  
At midnight hour, I hear his solemn tread,  
Thro' the thick peopled regions of the dead,

---

Poetical Genius compatible with strict Temperance,

---

Where tatter'd 'scutcheons mock the slumbering  
dust,  
And vain inscriptions—faithless to their trust.

Behold approaching, thro' yon leafy glade,  
(For sacred sorrow ever loves the shade)  
One whose sedate, and more than pensive air,  
Proclaim too well, I meet a mourner there ;  
That gait unequal, and that troubled eye,  
Which glances on me as he passes by,  
Tell to the stranger's sympathising heart,  
That sorrow there has fixed her deepest dart.  
That breast by anguish, and by sorrow torn,  
Alas ! for sin had ne'er less cause to mourn.  
Virtue, and love of God, adorn his song,  
And human weal, though his satiric thong  
Against delinquents swift, and sharply fall ;  
Truth, Love, and Mercy, yet pervades it all.  
No harp to heaven, was e'er so close allied,  
Or sung in sweeter strains—Christ crucified.  
The lyre to him was a most sacred trust,  
And Poesy's self, laments o'er COWPER's dust.

---

and favourable to Literature and the Arts.

---

These, and more than the mindful muse could  
name,

Made virtue their pursuit—their only aim ;  
Their lives as sacred as the lyre they strung,  
As sweet as seraph's, or an angel's tongue.

O blissful Temperance, may I ever still  
Obey thy precepts, and subdue my will  
To thy restraints ; no master hard art thou,  
Like him to whom his abject vassals bow.  
Thy path is easy, and thy burden light,  
As all thy followers feel who walk aright.  
When wants assail, or when my woes increase,  
Thy ways are pleasantness—thy paths are peace.

O, if there be one joy above the rest,  
Which fills an anxious mother's trembling breast,  
'Tis when she looks upon a duteous son,  
Dispos'd a virtuous course of life to run ;  
High hopes are hers, and bright'ning visions  
beam,  
Of joys she yet shall realize in him ;

---

*A Mother's happiness in having a Temperate Son.*

---

The wither'd waste of life more bright appears,  
Through the perspective of her coming years ;  
The world's applause, in which he shares a part,  
She feels with all a mother's pride of heart :  
While every joy which fortune showers on him,  
Reflected in her kindling bosom gleam.  
When age appears with rev'rend tresses grey,  
The sadd'ning symptom of her slow decay,  
Upon that son she still can fondly lean,  
And tranquil, wait, life's calmly closing scene.  
When dark disease announce her coming end,  
On him a mother's blessing doth descend ;  
Mildly she leans her languid head on him,  
While from her closing eyes affection beam,  
Bright, purified, and holy as the sky ;  
The happy home of all who calmly die.  
Happy the son, who, dutiful and wise,  
Receives a mother's blessing ere she dies ;  
And happier still, when she is laid at rest,  
If in this life he ne'er had wrung that breast,  
Or caus'd untimely sorrow to descend  
Upon that best—that still forgiving friend.

---

A Summer Morning near the Sea-Coast.

---

Remorse, with all her furies, shall not rise,  
Pointing out all her long past agonies,  
Peace and composure, happiness and rest,  
Ere long, shall fill the mourner's silent breast.

Fresh for his race, ascends the summer sun  
O'er the green vallies, and the mountain's dun,  
Exhaling fast, with his returning power,  
The pearly drops that linger on each flower.  
Wakes into life the world from drowsy sleep,  
And flings his golden radiance o'er the deep,  
Where the tall vessels, urged by gentle gales,  
In morning ray, spread out their snowy sails,  
Moving across the waters in their flight,  
Like angels bath'd in heaven's eternal light ;  
Spirits ethereal, wand'ring o'er the sea,  
Fair messengers of Love and Immortality.

From the green fields, the early milk-maid's  
song

Comes indistinct the morning breeze along,  
Mixt with the lowings of the distant kine,  
While in the concert, woods and waters join.

---

The Pious Peasant. - Discovery of America

---

On the calm air, how soft the distant hum  
Of busy bees, that forth to labour come,—  
Joyous to heath and hill, they circling soar,  
To add fresh nectar to their honied store ;  
While oft times in their wild and hurried flight,  
Against the pensive wanderer chance to light.

Sounds sweeter far, yet greet the list'ning ear,  
Sounds even which seraphs deign at times to  
hear.

From yon low cot, what holy breathings swell,  
Where Temperance and deep devotion dwell ;  
From humble hearts such melting music springs  
Too seldom heard in palaces of kings—  
Around the humble hearth, the peasants kneel,  
To pour out all their hearts, and all they feel ;  
While the fond father breathes his ardent prayer,  
That God would bless each little cherub there.

When great COLUMBUS sought a western world,  
And Spain, her streaming standards high unfurl'd,  
The simple Natives of those regions found  
The direful influence which soon spread around.

---

Distress best sustained through Temperance.

---

Then lust of gold, and dire Intemperance spread,  
O'er every valley, main, and mountain-head.  
Ill-fated day, when first a Spanish sail  
Spread her broad banners to the stormy gale ;  
When wondering crowds a generous welcome  
gave,  
To those who came to spoil them, not to save.  
'Twas then fair Temperance felt a dreadful shock,  
Through the New World, from which she's just  
awoke.  
Columbia, hail ! immortal, just, and free,  
Long may thou flourish in thy liberty ;  
'Twas thou, who first undaunted, took thy stand,  
Against this pest which rages thro' the land.

And you, ye friendless children of distress,  
Who to thy lips the tempting goblet press,  
Though fortune on you shed her bitterest frown,  
Still unsubdued, in duty travel on ;  
The day drives on, tho' not a sun-beam pour,  
One ray through all the irksome twenty-four.  
Sooner the sailor, 'neath the wintry blast,  
When all the heavens, by storms and clouds  
o'ercast,

---

Allusions to the Author's History.

---

Should, if he might obscure the moon's pale ray,  
That thro' the struggling tempest finds its way,  
Than ye, to seek in Sorrow's darkest hour,  
Lethean draughts, when all thy reason's power,  
Can scarcely keep thy drifting vessel free,  
From the thick clouds which round encompass  
thee.

Welcome, ye stormy paths of life, and blow  
Full on this bared head, untimely snow ;  
No phantom dreams of happiness I'll rear,  
In the charmed cup, my path however drear :  
Life's sternest ills, in mercy let me feel,  
And bare my bosom to its piercing steel ;  
Welcome disease and death, and care and pain,  
And let thy vials be pour'd on me.—Amen.

Even he who sings this rude imperfect lay,  
Was once a wand'rer far from Virtue's way.  
Hard was his fate, for Fortune's sternest frown,  
As Misery's child had mark'd him for her own.  
No father's tender care he ever knew,  
To nip the opening buds of ills that grew ;  
Like the wild weeds upon the mountains cast,  
He rose, he grew, beneath misfortune's blast.



---

Allusions to the Author's History.

---

O'er his young mind, pale melancholy threw,  
Her deepest shade ;—a soul to nature true ;  
Blighted and joyless was his infant years,  
An injur'd mother, nursed him in her tears ;  
While at her breast, another claimed a share,—  
A Brother—a twin Brother—nestled there.  
Faithless tho' Memory's childhood be my lot,  
From her first dawning, ne'er can be forgot,  
Oft from her holy cell returns the strain,  
That cheer'd my infant years, and sooth'd my  
    pain ;  
Oft yet I hear the lullaby she sung,  
Perhaps when deepest woe her bosom wrung ;  
Sad contrast, mournful with pale sorrow prest,  
She warbled touching music from her breast.  
'Twere well if this were all which Memory brings  
Back from the past upon her willing wings.  
Time in his flight, far deeper traces left,  
Though robbed of all, of woe I'm not bereft.  
Though other claims I had, as some well know,  
I still was spar'd my heritage of woe,  
Spite of perverted justice, faithless friends,  
This sure entail from Sire to Son descends ;

---

Allusions to the Author's History.

---

Secure while woods do grow, or water run,  
My Lordship grief's predestinated son.  
Yet to the God of heaven, who reigns on high,  
Ascends the widow's, and the orphans' cry,  
And thine, my mother, if that record's true,  
Cries for revenge, which one day will pursue  
Thy faithless friends, and unrelenting foes,  
Till back on their own heads, return thy woes  
Unmerited, which thou art doom'd to bear  
Thro' many a long and changing scene of care.

Can I forget the day—the fatal morn,  
When all our stay, by death, from us was torn?  
Can I forget the loud, portentous knock,  
Of the rough Postman, and our spirit's shock?  
Can I forget the moment when the seal,  
Then broke, which did the rending truth reveal;  
When thou, and us in speechless sorrow stood;  
While from our eyelids gush'd, the briny flood?  
Imperishable, on my burning brain,  
Indelible that red heart-rending rain,  
Fast as they fell, have left their deep eternal  
stain!

---

The Profligate Collegian.

---

Yon marble tablet, near yon moss-grown aisle  
Of Pleasure's votary, tells a piteous tale.

Ah! had his life been spotless as its hue,  
That record ne'er had met the gazer's view,—  
There sleeps a youth, from pain and trouble free,  
Who quench'd life's little spark in agony.

Ah! who can tell the workings of despair,  
Before the uplifted arm had laid him there;  
Ah! who can tell the spirit's dread distress,  
Which ev'n Philosophy can only guess;  
Let truth unfold her tale, and o'er his bier,  
The sternest moralist e'en may drop a tear.

There lies a parent's blasted hopes, and there,  
Duly as evening falls, they still repair,  
To shed the premature—the unavailing tear.

An only son to fame and fortune born,  
With talents high, his station to adorn;  
Gave a fair promise of life's opening spring,  
Beyond his parents' fond imagining.

Till to Edina's academic bowers,  
He went to gather Learning's lasting flowers;  
Docile and free, affectionate and kind,  
He left his father's ancient halls behind.

---

The Profligate Collegian.

---

Homer and Virgil, untranslated lay,  
A smoother road he found than Learning's way.  
Alas ! his teachers, and instructors were,  
The ruin'd spendthrift, and deluding fair.  
There, in Intemperance schools he took degrees  
In love, in vice,—and lavish were the fees.  
Home he returned, alas ! that faded frame,  
Spoke from what hall of science he had came.  
The sunken eye, and the belabouring breast,  
To a parent's eye the fearful truth confest.  
'Twas seen to many, and he also knew,  
That death was fast approaching on his view.  
But, ah ! the dreadful sorrows which affright  
The soul, when sins appear in clearest light ;  
And his was such, in sternest colours clad,  
They scorch'd the yearning spirit of the lad.  
By his bed-side, his pious parents knelt,  
On Bible promises insisted,—dwelt,  
'Twas all in vain, hope had deserted him ;  
The rigid muscle, and cold quivering limb,  
Told fearfully his melancholy tale,  
O'er which the feeling mind would drawn a veil.

---

The Burning of Moscow, and Retreat of the French Army.

---

One morn they found him dead by the bed-side,  
A phial stood, and opium there inscribed.

At midnight hour, when Moscow wrapt in  
flames,

Illumin'd the heavens, and all its wealth became  
The spoiler's prey, loud shrieks of wild despair  
Rose in the blast, and shook the troubled air :  
Intemperance reel'd, while domes and temples  
burn'd,—

While maids defil'd, and matrons, childless  
mourn'd.

There the rough soldier bared his gleaming sword  
O'er helpless age : death on his shining board ;  
There the same battle blade which oft had shone  
Victorious, and in noble field had won  
Renown, o'er tender maids, and children wav'd,  
And smote the lovely heads they once would  
sav'd ;

Where was thy sword, Omnipotence, O where  
Was thy red vengeance, that Thou thus should  
spare,

---

Banishment not a Prevention of Crime.

---

When all the tender ties of human life  
Fell undistinguish'd in this dreadful strife?

Yes, vengeance followed; in their dread retreat,  
The elements conspir'd to their defeat;  
Hail, frost, and snow, with all their powers combine,  
To cast confusion on their straggling line;  
Like the destroying angel, Death came past,  
And breath'd destruction on the northern blast;  
One winding-sheet of deep untrodden snow,  
Receiv'd the remnant of the unvanquished foe.

In vain, in vain, the law with all its force,  
Attempts to arrest Intemperance in its course;  
In vain fair Justice wields her powerful sword,  
Against these stubborn rebels of the Lord.  
Ship after ship with baneful freights of woe,  
May o'er the waves, to new-found regions go;  
And shall Australia these bequeathments hail,  
And shout with joy to mark another sail?

---

The State of Ireland.

---

Alas! the compliments that Britain sends,  
Will prove she will not thank them for such  
friends.

A change from one locality on earth,  
To some new scene to give more evil birth.  
Like prodigals who won't their lives amend,  
Are given in charge, a pest to some poor friend.  
Kind, generous Britain, full of tenderness;  
A mother country, say, could ye do less.  
Thus to the top, fermenting liquors rise,  
Ascending upwards, as it purifies,  
The watchful Chymist eyes the rising scum,  
And skims, and skims again, while aught doth  
upwards come.

On Erin's dark and blood-bestained page,  
One deed stands out in bold relief to engage,  
The admiration of her every son,  
While truth's progressive course doth onward run.  
When bigotry, and misdirected zeal,  
Made freemen slaves, 'twas thine, O generous

PEEL,

To burst the fetters of Green Erin's Isle,  
And o'er their mental wilderness to smile;

---

Father Matthew.

---

To pass the line of demarcation drawn,  
 By partial laws, and selfishness of man.  
 Ah! yet the woes that Ireland doth endure,  
 Are those Emancipation cannot cure.

Ah! Ireland, with regret the Muses mourn,  
 Simplicity hath fled ne'er to return.

The village ale-house, where the rustics met,  
 But once a-week their labour to forget,  
 Hath changed—hath now become the noisy  
 school

Of vile incendiaries, and of Faction's tool.

'Tis there the assassin plans the unrighteous deed,

'Tis there the innocent are doom'd to bleed;

'Tis there the virtues wither and decay,

And Ireland's sons, and honour, melt away.\*

MATTHEW, thou great Apostle of that Isle,  
 Heaven on thy blest endeavours deigns to smile;

---

\* More than two-thirds of the crime in Ireland originates in Public-Houses. The same may be said of Scotland, and of England also.



## Adieu to Poesy.

No solitary converts spot the land,  
But thousands pledged, around thee take their  
stand,  
Sworn foes to dark Intemperance's sway ;  
Their iron fetters yield, their bands give way—  
Blest prelude to a brighter, happier day.  
Yes, Ireland's poor oppressed sons shall burst  
The bands by which their country has been  
curs'd ;  
The mud-wall'd cabin, and its inmate's gloom,  
Ere long shall yet a brighter look assume ;  
O'er the green mountains of her land shall spread,  
Freedom's fair torch, from main, to mountain-  
head ;  
No longer want and misery shall prevail,  
And all shall MATTHEW as their saviour hail.

Adieu, my lyre, how oft hast thou beguil'd,  
My darkest hours, and on my prospects smil'd,  
Yet still deceived, thy visions melt away,  
Like morning dreams before the opening day.  
Oft have I hastened from the deaf'ning hum  
Of life, to bid calm Inspiration come

---

Adieu to Poesy.

---

And take possession of my willing breast,  
And yield me to its influence, and to rest.  
In every grievous movement of my state,  
Exposed to cold neglect, and more from hate,  
Thou still hast been my fond, familiar friend,  
And pleased when thou my fortune could not  
mend ;—

And shall I now thy wonted charms forego,  
And break my thriftless harp for ever? No.  
Though distant lands my wand'ring feet should  
trace,

Where never human form I might embrace ;  
Where savage monsters roam the gloomy wild,  
Where ne'er an Autumn mourn'd, nor Summer  
smiled,

Yet, should thy voice disdain to silence keep,  
And every note should with the tempest sweep,  
Till the dark ruler of that drear domain  
Should stop his thundering ear, to listen to my  
strain !

THE  
SICK CHAMBER.

---

---

The Bed of Sickness.

---

RETURN, fair HEALTH! O yet once more return,  
To glad this languid breast. Thy cheering smile,  
Thy sunny looks, thy light steps debonnaire,  
That led me oft, o'er Summer's verdant fields,  
Thro' Autumn's fading woods, and russet plains,  
For many a dreary day, hath absent been,  
From this pale, sallow cheek—this sunken eye.  
No more at Summer's earliest dawn, I wake,  
From dewy slumbers, mounting with the lark,  
To hail the opening day, and silent join  
The general hymn that gratefully ascends,  
To Him, the source of Joy, of Health, of Life;  
But to my chamber's narrow bounds, confin'd,

---

The Blessings of Affliction.

---

Invoke thy lingering aid—thy long delay.  
O thou Great Power, who guides this earthly  
    scene,  
And all those worlds on high, to Thee I bend  
These feeble knees; to Thee my humble prayer  
I would direct; to Thee I now confess,  
Thy ways are just, and kiss thy chast'ning hand.  
Back as I cast my eye, when Memory first  
Asserts her power, I see Thy tender care,  
Watching each step from helpless infancy  
To blooming youth, to manhood's glowing prime;  
And tho' the way thro' which I have been led,  
Hath oft seem'd dark and dreary, strewn with  
    thorns,  
And woe-perplexing paths, and labyrinths wild,  
From which I look'd in vain to find escape,  
Thou led'st me with a Father's tender care,  
To fairer prospects; chased the lowering clouds,  
And prov'd that Thou wert better than my fears.  
O let me still repose my trust in Thee;  
These sorrowing days, these melancholy nights  
Of sleepless watching, are not sent in vain;  
Thou dost not willingly afflict, or grieve

---

The Sabbath Bell.

---

The sons of men : Some stubborn powerful sins,  
Wrapp'd round the windings of the subtle heart,  
Resist all milder means, and forces Thee  
To strike their deadly roots, with harsher hand ;  
Thy purpose then fulfilled, these lingering days  
Of dark distress, will fade before the rays  
Of heaven-restoring peace, and health, and joy.

Borne on the Summer's gale, the Sabbath bell  
Comes with impressive sound upon my ear,  
While on this bed of sickness, sore reclin'd.  
There was a time when these inspiring tones,  
Call'd forth my willing feet (gladly I went)  
To yonder venerable pile, to pour  
My morning offering, with the saints who join  
In meek simplicity, to worship God ;  
Yet one consoling truth remains secure  
To cheer the sick man's couch ; his gracious God  
Is not confin'd to temples rear'd with hands.  
His Omnipresent Spirit fills all space :  
The universe His temple ; even he deigns  
Within the humble Christian's heart to dwell.  
O ye, who languish out the Sabbath-day,

---

The Death-Bed of the Peasant.

---

On beds of sickness, or in prison cells,  
Deem not thou art forgot—thy liberal share  
Of mercies shall be sent thee ; in thy heart  
His Spirit shall its softest influence pour :  
His chosen saints, and ministers of grace,  
Send their petitions to the throne on high ;  
Presented by thy Saviour for thy weal ;  
His angels watch around thy lonely bed,  
Instilling thoughts divine into thy breast ;  
Cheering the drooping soul with views sublime,  
Of future glory, or prepar'd to guide  
Thy trembling spirit to its blest abode.

The sick man's chamber is a sacred spot,  
If blest with resignation—there the heart  
Is purified from all its dross and sin.  
This grace doth seldom dwell in lordly halls,  
Or prince's palaces.—In the low cot  
I've seen it shining on the peasant's brow ;  
While round his humble couch, his faithful wife  
And children dear, stood silent, bathed in tears.  
With many a precious promise from the Book  
Of Inspiration, he essays to cheer

---

Comfort to Parents.

---

Their drooping hearts.—“ Thou partner of my  
care,

When I am laid in dust, the God of heaven  
Will be thy guide, and His Almighty arm  
Thy faithful shield :—His word is ever true.  
Ye helpless pledges of our mutual love,  
For you I grieve—unpractised in the world,  
And strangers to its snares ; who then shall guide  
Thy feeble steps ? Yes, there is One above,  
Who hath declared,—He is the orphan's stay,  
To Him, I thee commit, and well assur'd,  
Of his protecting, and unceasing care.”

Ye tender parents, as ye mourning hang,  
O'er the expiring innocent, fear not  
To yield that little flower into the hands  
Of its Creator ; though its beauteous eyes  
Hath scarcely yet beheld the cheerful sun,  
Or the green earth, or lisp'd a father's name,  
Endearing word ! its happy home is heaven.  
Away, ye fierce disputants of the schools,  
Who doth deny, this little bud may bloom  
In fairer climes ; indulging thoughts severe  
Of God's eternal justice, and his grace.

---

*Maternal Love consolatory to the Sick.*

---

There is a fountain open'd, where the stain  
Of sin original is all wash'd away—  
A faithful Saviour's efficacious blood.  
Suffer these little children to come  
To me; forbid them not; of such is heaven.  
These flowers transplanted to a fairer clime,  
Shall bloom, and flourish through eternal years,  
Beneath their gracious Planter's heavenly hand.

My mother, O may Heaven, its richest showers  
Of blessing send upon thy reverend head!  
Misfortune and distress, a numerous train,  
From earliest life have followed every step  
Of thine, down through thy weary pilgrimage:  
Methinks, when I thy venerable face,  
And silvery hair, survey, some follies past,  
Of heedless youth, though now by me forgot,  
May have hastened thus their premature decay;  
Changed thy once raven locks, of glossy black,  
To snowy white; be it my purpose now,  
In my maturer years, when passions wild  
Doth yield to reason's sway, to smooth the road  
Down which thou art descending to the grave.



---

The Duty of Children to their Parents.

---

When health forsook this breast, and many a day  
And mournful night, I pined without a friend  
To tend my restless couch, thou sat and watch'd  
With all a mother's care—a mother's love ;  
To the parch'd lip, the precious cordial thou  
Attentively applied ; my languid look  
With love maternal read ; and cheer'd me oft  
With hope of health, restored, and better days.  
Roll on, ye days of dark distress, roll on ;  
Come poverty, with all thy harrowing train ;  
Let health depart, and riches flee away,  
One bliss remains, secure to virtuous hearts,  
The interchange of love and fond affection ;  
False friends who followed when fair fortune  
    smil'd,

May now forget the path, (familiar once)  
That leads to mine abode ; I care not, there  
Is one, who all this falling off supplies ;  
In poverty or sickness, still the same ;  
A mother's unextinguishable love.

Ye sons and daughters, when a father's arm  
Hath lost its power, and slow declining age  
Wears on apace, or mother's feeble frame,

---

The Cholera.

---

Fade unperceived away, be thou their shield,  
Their comfort and support ; Ah, not forget  
Their sleepless nights, and days of anxious toil,  
Their hopes and fears, and never-ceasing cares,  
Exerted for thy weal ; their pious prayers,  
That thou might'st be as good as thou art fair  
And beautiful ; who knows a parent's love ?  
And deem not, that thy gratitude and care  
Will unrewarded go ? From heaven a shower  
Of blessings will descend upon thy head ;  
God marks the filial deed of kindness, with  
A most approving eye.—Thy temporal good  
And prospect in the world, will be enlarged,  
And favour thou shalt have with God and man ;  
With health, and length of days, thou shalt be  
    bless'd ;

And when life's weary pilgrimage is o'er,  
In fairer climes, thou shall thy parents meet,  
To part no more—to dwell for aye in heaven.

A time there was, when God in vengeance  
    pour'd,  
O'er this devoted land, a dreadful scourge,

---

The Cholera.

---

From farthest India, crept insidious on,  
And reach'd our gates ; proud Esculapius' sons,  
In panoply of art, stood full prepar'd  
To meet the coming foe—His livid look  
Struck deadly terror in the sinking hearts  
Of young and old ; of wondering multitudes,  
And thousands at his name grew sick and died,  
Ere he had crossed their threshold : oft the maid  
On whose fair cheek at morn the roses bloom'd,  
Ere evening, lay a livid, bloated corpse.  
The Bridegroom on his marriage-day, was smote  
Amidst his friends, and the despairing maid  
Was bride, and wife, and widow, on one day.\*  
The Merchant at his desk, unbalanc'd left  
His ledger, and the Minister of God  
Unfinish'd closed his sermon, and went home,  
Death-stricken there to die. The sturdy hind,  
Unfinish'd left the furrow, and his team,  
Warm reeking, in the fresh forsaken field.

---

\* The Author knew a case of this description in the country. The entertainment provided for the marriage-day, served for that of the funeral.

---

The Death of the Emigrant at Sea.

---

The drunkard died blaspheming o'er his cups,  
Mocking at those who in the temple join'd  
To deprecate the wrath of an incensed  
And angry God,—so impious were these men.

Ah! hapless is the emigrant who lies  
In the ship's crowded hold, where vapours foul,  
Noisome and dank, obscure the twinkling ray  
Of lamp, suspended near his narrow berth.  
With wakeful eye, lists to the beating wave,  
That breaks tremendous o'er the vessel's side ;  
No tender friend, with love's assiduous care,  
Sits watchful by to wipe that pallid brow ;  
Down which distil the sickly fever dew.  
Back to his dear, lov'd, now forsaken home,  
His anxious mind reverts, and sadly rues  
He e'er was tempted from its bowers to stray  
In quest of worthless, base, alluring gold :  
Restless he turns, and longs to mark the first,  
Faint streaks of light break o'er the trembling  
wave.

Eager he asks if port be yet in view ;  
Alas! that sinking frame shall ne'er arrive,  
Columbia's promis'd land—Yon rising sun

---

Howard, his Love to Mankind.

---

That breaks in splendour o'er the western deep,  
Ere it declines, shall light him to his rest—  
A dreamless rest: the ocean for his grave,—  
In vain his beauteous wife, and parents dear,  
Anxious, at home, expects the well-known hand,  
And faithful seal, its motto apropos  
To friends at distance,—“ Love, unchanging  
Love.”

Months roll along, and still their trembling heart  
Indulge, amidst their fears, the pleasing hope  
That all may yet be well: Alas! he lies  
Full many a fathom down 'mid tangling weeds,  
And coral shells; while on some sea-green rock  
The Mermaid sings his melancholy dirge.

Immortal HOWARD, for thy name on earth  
Is now immortal—thou hast rear'd thy fame  
On the broad basis of Humanity;  
Thou didst not rush thro' seas of human blood,  
'To win the glory of thy high renown.  
No widowed mother sat with streaming eyes,  
To curse thee from her heart, of sons bereav'd;  
No orphan child a father's loss deplored,  
By thy ambition slain. Thy field of fame

---

Howard, his Love to Mankind.

---

Was in the prison-hall, or lazer-house,  
Conquering the numerous ills of want or woe.  
Thy bloodless sword was thy unconquer'd love,  
Of friendless man, and human happiness.  
Go, read his deeds, ye warriors of the earth,  
And hide your shameless heads; the trodden  
    plains,  
And burning hamlets, and their inmates slain—  
Say, will they grace thy coroneted brows,  
And shine like HOWARD'S on the Judgment-day?  
    Ye faithful few, ye followers of the Lamb,  
Who prove by deeds of mercy and of love  
That ye are Christ's; pursue your noble work  
Though here unnoticed in thy labours, there  
Is one above who notes within the Book  
Of His remembrance, every deed of thine;  
He marks thee seek the narrow close pent lane,  
The low sunk cellar, and the garret high,  
Where the pure air of heaven ne'er finds access  
To the poor pallid wretch, stretched on the straw  
Or worthless bed, unsalable or saved  
From wreck of public sale; He hears thee pour  
The balm of consolation to the heart

---

The History of a Suicide.

---

Of mourning want, and marks thy liberal hand  
Empty thy purse, and bid the wretched live.

Remov'd afar from consecrated ground,  
And near yon broomy knowe where cross-roads  
meet,  
Shun'd by the villagers, at dewy eve,  
With superstitious dread, a hapless wretch  
Lies buried ; with a rash and impious hand  
He quenched the spark of life ; a sacred trust,  
God's great prerogative. Ah ! still forbear  
To pour on his dishonour'd grave, thy curse  
With unforgiving haste. Ah ! who can tell  
The history of his mind ; its workings dire,  
Ere tempted to the rash and fatal deed ;  
What dark communings—what unnumbered  
dreams,  
Tempestuous and conflicting, all are hid.  
Full many a day in Summer's fervent heat,  
He stretched him on yon promontory's height,  
And gaz'd with fixed eye upon the waves  
That grumbled far below ; or converse held  
With supernatural visitants, that rose

---

The History of a Suicide.

---

Before him ; fruitful coinage of the brain.  
The long deserted ruin on the cliff,  
The pride of former days, his favourite haunt ;  
The sea-fowl, as they wheel'd around its towers,  
Scarce shun'd him ; their grey wings would often  
fan  
His broad and ample forehead ; and he seem'd  
Unconscious or indifferent to their sport :  
Sometimes he rov'd through the deserted halls,  
Spared by the spoiler's rage, where dance and  
song,  
And barons bold, and beauty, held their court.  
He seem'd within that tower, the Genius wild  
Of Desolation, or its former lord,  
Retracing former scenes, or Ghosts unlaid  
For evil deeds, long done ; and seeking rest  
Unceasing, and yet none can ever find.  
Conjecture did its worst ; it found a crime  
By words repeated oft,—“ I see that hand.”  
His father was a fisherman, and oft  
The son was with him at his midnight toil.  
One morn the boat was found upon the beach,  
And near it lay his father's body, yet,



---

The Pleasures of Poetry.

---

Without one mark of violence ; from that day  
A change came o'er the spirit of the son ;  
He fished no more, but wander'd up and down,  
A harmless, but a melancholy wretch.

One morn, he came not back to share the meal  
With his heart-broken mother, and she went  
Through all his haunts, the castle, cliff, and  
wood :

At last she found him in a narrow creek,  
Floating upon his back, his eye unclos'd,  
As if he gaz'd at heaven, as he was wont  
To do, when in his lurid dreaming moods.

Sweet Poetry ! thou soother of my care ;  
Divinest gift of heaven, to thee I paid  
My early vows, while yet a stripling, oft  
I woo'd thy pleasing influence in the groves  
Of ELCHO'S rich domain, and winding Tyne,  
Not unrenown'd in song,—can witness too  
How oft upon his flowery banks I lay,  
Wrapp'd in Imagination's wildest dreams ;  
Thy charming inspiration o'er me threw ;  
Gay visions of delight, a fairy land,

---

The Pleasures of Poetry.

---

Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,  
In fair enchantment rose, in which I rov'd,  
Culling the flowers of poetry and song,—  
Far from the strife and din of busy men,  
I worshipp'd thee unseen ; one only friend,  
A brother, a twin brother, dearer still,  
Would often deign to praise my artless lays :  
Our souls were knit in one, our taste the same ;  
How oft when leisure blest us with a day,  
Of relaxation from our usual toils,  
We climb'd thy steep, Skidhill, and on thy brow  
Crown'd with fresh Summer flowers, we lay re-  
clined,  
Pored o'er immortal MILTON's lofty page,  
Or COWPER's Task ; less grand but sweeter far.  
Ye deathless bards, at your inspiring strains,  
The latent love of Poetry first took flame  
Within this humble breast ; mean though I am,  
And destin'd ne'er to tread thy sacred steps,  
Like thee I would attempt to raise the lyre,  
To its legitimate and proper use,  
In virtue's cause, from which 'tis oft profan'd.

---

The Pleasures of Poetry.

---

Ye gifted few, on whom the power of song  
Hath been bestow'd, by that Eternal mind,  
(Author of Love and Harmony Divine)  
Know thy vocation, reverence the lyre ;  
Ere the foundations of the world were laid,  
Or man called into being, far remote,  
Beyond all mortals ken, bright seraphs sat  
On burnished thrones, and struck their golden  
    harps  
To Great Jehovah's praise, who heard, well-  
    pleased,  
Thro' Heaven's circumference their music roll ;  
In ravishment unspeakable ; on you  
He pour'd a portion of celestial fire,  
For the same purpose, to resound his praise.  
Thy mind, thy powers, are his ; from thee he  
    claims  
Devotions' holiest flame, and one day will  
Demand a strict account of every song,  
And Heaven-illumined talents misapplied.  
Thou Being, great and good, teach me to lift  
A bolder note, and purify my strain,—

---

*The Pleasures of Poetry.*

---

Ye Delias, and ye Cleos, all adieu ;  
Redemption be my theme—the cross of Christ,  
My inexhaustible, immortal source,  
From which I still may Inspiration draw.

## HARVEST SCENES.

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### Invocation.

---

I SING the various scenes of Harvest-home ;  
And Thou, Great Power, who first inspir'd the  
    lays,  
I sang in former hours, inspire me now,  
While I attempt, in Doric strains, to paint  
The scenery which around me spreading lie ;  
And, Oh ! that I may still retain the love  
Of nature, which I had in youthful years,  
When powerful passions warr'd not in my breast ;  
When still as yet the world had not begun,  
To dull the finer feelings of my soul,—  
Or ere, by its unkindness, taught me guile.  
To thee, dear brother, partner of my fate,

---

A Rural Walk.

---

Belongs this tribute of my grateful muse ;  
Poets, too oft, alas, have sought a name,  
Illustrious for its title, or its wealth,  
To grace their pages with a meaner aim,—  
Be mine a nobler, and more pleasing task,  
To obey alone the dictates of the heart.

Now, when the days are short'ning, and the air  
Is mild, and mellow with the Autumn sun,  
I fly the smoky city where the sound  
Of its vast population's heard no more—  
Where sounds of milder import strike the ear.  
A few short months ago, where lately bloom'd  
In rich abundance, all the coming pride  
Of harvest, fenc'd so carefully from harm,  
The jovial band of huntsmen, I perceive,  
Now heedless of the devastation done,  
To hedge or pailing that obstructs their way.  
Attentively no more the farmer stalks  
Round his enclosures, if he can discern  
Aught that requires the helping of his hand.  
He, now, secure from danger views his sheaves  
Safe, close compacted in his ample yard ;

---

A Rural Walk.

---

And with his heart exulting at the sight,  
Joins in the revels of the sportive train.  
Mild and more temperate are the joys I feel,  
When happily escap'd from business, and  
Its sure attendant, care, I trace the path,  
Familiar grown to me, that every bush  
Of various shape and hue, distinguish'd soon.  
Quick startles from my side, the hare, alarm'd  
At my sedate and inoffensive step ;  
Fearful and timid yet, as if within  
My reach, resumes unnecessary flight.

How many proofs have we yet of the fall,  
Even independent of the Sacred Page !  
Nor is that want of confidence the least,  
Which strangely shews itself in brutes to man.  
The Lion bold, that roams in Indian wilds,  
Whose very roar the stoutest heart can shake,  
And shuns not even the fiercest of the plain,  
Seeks a retreat, when he beholds his face,  
As if he knew the nature of Man's breast,  
And all the evil passions working there.  
Even those tamed by our kindness, still retain

---

The Virtuous Gleaner, her History.

---

A portion of suspicion, which our care,  
And tenderness, can never wear away.

In homely weeds, yet clean, and with the air,  
Which tells that she had seen far better days,  
Gleans, silent and industrious, Maiden ANN.  
While other herd together, to enjoy  
The scandal of the field, from town or farm ;  
She seeks the farthest corner from them all,  
Where least annoyance, she may chance to find  
From tongues that spare not, even the very  
dead :

There she revolves within her musing mind,  
The various crooks and changes of her lot—  
Her miseries and misfortunes, griefs and joys,  
And providential mercies, wisely mixt.  
Within the parish poor-house once she lived,  
And found it all a prison, but the name ;  
To eat the frugal morsel at the hour  
Appointed, by the stern rude overseer ;  
To breathe a few short minutes, the fresh air,  
So precious to a wasted, feeble frame,  
And then commanded to return, and ply,



---

The Virtuous Gleaner, her History.

---

With ceaseless sound, the melancholy wheel  
Ill suited her, who, in her youthful years,  
A dairy-maid had been, and knew the joys  
Which nature, and sweet liberty, bestow.  
Oft when the labours of the day were done,  
And night had stop'd her busy, working hand,  
Between the hour of supper and repose,  
(I mean such suppers as a door-house yield,)  
In a brown study, wrapp'd in visions, she  
Look'd through the vista of departed years,  
And thought on the transition of the scene,  
From verdant fields, and meadows spotted o'er,  
With nibbling sheep, and distant lowing kine,  
That gazing wait, the milker's near approach,  
To the dull sameness of the poor-house room,  
Where neither rural sight, nor rural sound,  
Gives pleasure to the eye, or soothes the ear;  
Charm'd in imagination, with the view  
Her fancy conjur'd up, she long'd to taste  
Again the liberty she was denied,  
And rather choose to eat the bread she won  
In simple freedom, than protection crave,  
By yielding up the choicest gift of life.

---

*Boyish Rambles in the Country.*

---

Guileless ambition, and deserving praise ;  
Be still industrious, and your toil shall not  
Pass unrewarded ; a few harvests more  
Gone o'er thy head, then shall the generous  
    Lord  
Of a far richer harvest, gather thee,  
And keep thee, as the finest of the wheat.

Few can look back upon their boyish days,  
Without a painful sadness of the heart.  
With no associates of congenial mind,  
And partly wishing none, I now beguile  
The languor of my melancholy hours,  
And oft look backward with a vain regret,  
When I was once a gleaner in the fields  
Of Coalstone, or of rural Saggarsdean,  
Or Moreham-moor, or Barefoot dearer still ;  
Names, which to other ears, convey no charms,  
But once repeated unto me, recal  
A bright succession of enchanting scenes,  
Which long have slumbered in sweet Memory's  
    cell.

---

Boyish Rambles in the Country.

---

Ye powers who give to all whate'er is best  
Adapted for their good ; grant me the same,  
Sweet, pure contentment, which I felt when I  
Reclin'd, my youthful limbs, on wheaten sheaf ;  
And cheerfully partook the frugal meal  
At the accustom'd hour of needful rest.  
No splendid table stood before us, charged  
With costly preparations, to corrupt,  
By vicious combinations simple taste,  
And hurt the palate which they gratify ;  
No powder'd lacquey stood to watch the eye,  
To anticipate our wishes, and supply,  
Quick serving, what we then might next demand ;  
Nor powerful stimulant ; we needed none  
To help digestion, but laborious toil.

O what extatic happiness I felt !  
When with a chosen band of trusty youths,  
Equal in years to me, and closely knit  
In kindred sympathy, and same pursuit,  
We sallied forth, just as the sun arose,  
Rich in imagination, with the sport  
We would enjoy, before his orb declined

---

An Aged Guide.

---

To seek repose, behind the western deep.  
Our flask of milk, and oaten-cake, were all  
The dainties which we needed or desired ;  
And our desert, the bramble or the sloe,  
Pull'd from the seldom-visited lone cliff,  
Tempting the wandering school-boys' longing  
eyes.

Peace to the memory of my earliest friend,  
The guide and guardian of my tender years ;  
The world may have forgot thee, and thy name,  
Quite perish'd from the earth, so that the spot  
That knew thee once, shall never know thee  
more ;

But thou hast found a place within this breast.  
How oft hath my companion, and thyself,  
Together traced the course of winding Tyne,  
And pull'd, with undissembled joy, the flowers  
That sprung luxuriant on its sedgy banks ;  
Or with an ozier twig, and slender thread,  
And twisted pin, instead of hook, enjoyed  
A Fisher's pleasures ; yet without the pains  
Attendant on the man who wastes the day

---

Death and Funeral of a Highland Reaper.

---

In expectation of a rich repast,—  
How keen the appetite with which we then  
Return'd ; and loaded as the busy bee  
With the extracted sweets of various flowers ;  
So we, with fish and flowers, and all the spoil  
Of our adventurous ramble ;—precious store,  
Rejoicing, clamorous, brought them safely home.

Within yon village church-yard green, behold,  
The grave just open'd to receive the corpse  
Of one who left his native hills in Skye's  
Lone barren Isle.—He reach'd the Lothian coast ;  
The white fields waving round him, but, alas !  
God's providence is dark, for he was ne'er  
Allowed to use the sickle, he so oft  
Had waved successfully in former years.  
He sicken'd, and the barn in which he had  
Enjoyed sweet sleep, received the pining guest.  
Not long he languish'd, for the fever's power  
Consum'd his strength ; his reason too had fled ;  
Yet ere the spirit left the wasted clay,  
A lucid interval, beam'd o'er his mind,  
Just like the sun that has all day been wrapp'd

---

Death and Funeral of a Highland Reaper.

---

In clouds, ere he descends, shines in the west,  
Fair and unspotted with his yellow beams :  
His benediction, and his last command—  
He, Jacob-like, gave to his kneeling son ;  
The poor youth promis'd, and the good man  
died.

But see yon straggling train approaching slow  
Into the field of death—funereal pomp  
And splendour are not there ; the coffin black—  
No gilded letters bright record the years  
Which this sojourner has pass'd in the vale  
Of woe,—nor name to tell to villagers  
Assembled round to mark the moving scene :  
Thrice happy, if his name hath been enrolled,  
In God's pure (Blessed) Book of Life, where he  
Shall ever in remembrance be held.  
No mournful weeds of sorrow clothe the band  
That bear him to the narrow house of rest.  
The dark-blue tartan of their clan, and tongue  
Of strange accent, tell to the gazer's eye  
And ear, that they are strangers in the land.  
In solemn silence, slowly, down descends  
The coffin, while they still retain the cords

---

The Shepherd Boy.

---

In hand ; as loath to part with what they deem  
The last link, that doth bind them still to him ;  
At last they fall, and the dark dust rolls down  
On the black lid,—a dreadful sound returns,  
Proclaiming loudly,—Dust return'd to dust.  
Yet oft in Winters' evenings shall they tell  
His fate, and place of rest, (remember'd long ;)   
And oft the aged seer shall tell he saw,  
For many a month before he left the Isle,  
His funeral train move darkly up the glen.

Deserted now is every lonely field,  
Save where the Shepherd Boy is seen to keep  
His scatter'd flock,—where late the reaper's song  
Swell'd jocund on the soft autumnal breeze.  
The grey-sky, and the scarcely moving air,  
Accord well with the melancholy face  
Of Nature, and the slowly fading year ;  
No sounds are heard around, save the far bleat  
Of some stray lamb, or lapwing's cry, or brook  
That bubbles by, besprinkled with brown leaves.  
There in his loneliness he spends the day :  
Amusement he has none, save from the leaves

---

 Harvest-Home, the Feast described.
 

---

Of Chevy-Chase, Blind Harry's feats, of Bruce  
 Or Wallace, or of Robinson Crusoe.  
 More precious still than all, is that thumb'd  
     bunch  
 Of ballads, one by one, selected from  
 The limbless sailor, or lone widow, who  
 Went regularly their accustom'd rounds;—  
 In these sequestered paths, he oft inquires,  
 With anxious look, the wish'd-for time of night :  
 At last the shadows of the evening fall,  
 Darker and deeper, and the hour draws on,—  
 The welcome hour, that bids him drive them  
     home,  
 With slow, calm step, into the wattled fold.

But, hark ! what merriment is that which  
     comes  
 From yonder spacious barn ; the dancers' heel  
 Beats time to the sweet fiddle's silvery sound ;  
 Nearer as I approach, the more distinct  
 The music swells upon my ravish'd ear,—  
 'Tis Harvest-Home, the most heart-cheering  
     scene



## Harvest-Home, the Feast described.

Which meets the villagers' rejoicing eye.  
Behold the master of the field, with heart  
Elated at the happiness around ;  
Majestic manliness, ingenuous looks,  
And rural grandeur, with simplicity,  
Speak him the owner of the fruitful soil,  
Great source of the festivity and joy,  
And all the boundless plenty scattered round.  
With arm link'd close in his, his faithful wife,  
Still in her charms, attends to grace the scene ;  
And round them skip the pledges of their love,  
Their blooming daughters, fair as Summer morn,  
With auburn ringlets, tastefully array'd,  
Or 'scap'd the silken fillet, down descends  
The soft pure neck, and beauteous snowy breast,  
Like the white swan upon some Summer lake,  
Beneath a placid, clear unruffled sky.  
Gay bands of youths, and maidens from the  
    huts  
And hamlets round, deck'd in the gaudy robes  
Of red and purple, from the pedlar's pack ;  
The produce of their savings and their toil ;  
Their harmless, simple features, all embrown'd

---

Harvest-Home, the Feast described.

---

By the hot beams of the Autumnal sun.  
There fast declining age upon this day,  
Feel a new vigour in their veins, and dare  
Sometimes to lead the dance; while jocund  
    shouts,  
Through the assembled rustics far resound.  
But more delightful, and in unison  
With slow declining age, on form to sit,  
With their once happy, youthful, gay compeers,  
Now fading, yet still garrulous like themselves;  
And while the foaming tankard circles round,  
Recounts, with happy hearts, adventures wild,  
When life was young; of boyhood's daring deeds,  
When 'scap'd from school, and parents' watching  
    eye;  
Of love, for rural maiden, long since laid  
In her cold grave; or dreaded rival's flame,  
Tormenting to the anxious lover's breast;  
Of daughters married, and of prosperous sons,—  
Relations, all endearing, form'd to cheer  
And sweeten all the joys of human life.  
Sometimes the harmless joke, thro' all resounds,  
At maiden as she drops the scarlet tape

---

Harvest-Home, the Feast described.

---

From shapeless leg ; who bashfully retires  
To corner snug, to bind the faithless band ;  
Then to the dance returns well-pleas'd again.

But all this is preparatory to  
A more substantial feast ; for, lo, command  
Is given to all assembled, to repair  
Instanter to the clean-swept loft, where stands  
A ponderous coarse constructed deal, and meant,  
By way of table, stretching from one end  
Of the apartment to the other wide.

Upon it lies the ponderous smoking ox,  
Cleft in two grand divisions, luscious streams  
Arising fast, soon find their wandering way  
To rustic's nose ; and fast and thick they pour  
In throngs to occupy the forms that run  
In two lines parallel, with the long board ;  
Seated, at length, no long protracted grace  
From grave and rigid elder, keep these swains  
In dire suspense and restlessness, with eye  
Fixed on the yet unconsecrated food :  
A custom decent, if performed with due  
Devotion, and heart-feeling gratitude ;  
But often huddled o'er with formal grin,

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Harvest-Home, the Feast described.

---

And solemn face, repeating parrot-like,  
The same old lengthen'd tale, with thankless  
heart.

At once the keen-edged knife is plunged  
within

The smoking sirloin, well prepar'd and rich ;  
All tongues resound at once with praises loud,  
In the cook's skill, who stands well-pleas'd, and  
sees

The dreadful havoc made on every side ;  
Anon, the tankard charged with cheerful ale,  
Takes its unbending course, fast threading up  
The file of happy rustics, well supplied ;  
The hogshead, unexhaustible, stands  
At will of every swain, and sometimes drops,  
The tankard charg'd full, on the swimming floor,  
And dangerous often to the fuddl'd foot.

Perchance some maiden fair unwary treads  
This slippery path, and down she quick descends  
With heavy fall ; her garments all bestain'd ;  
While loud through all the company resound,  
The laugh rejoiceful, at the dire mishap ;  
With face o'erspread with blushes, she retreats

---

Harvest-Home, the Dance described.

---

To neighbouring cot-house, where the housewife  
finds

Utensil fit to purify the stains ;  
Meanwhile, her partner feels the pointed wit  
Of his compeers ; oft broad allusions fly  
Of sight obtained, bewitching, seldom seen ;  
While he retorts in vain, his powerless voice  
Drown'd in the clang of knives, and keener  
tongues.

Thus, pass the afternoon, until the keen  
Demands of Nature are supplied, and well,  
Each rustic's stomach fitted to withstand  
Effects inebriating of the bowl.  
Forthwith the vestiges, and bare remains  
Of ox devour'd, are swept from off the board,  
To hungry mastiffs, wandering 'mong feet  
Of careless reveller, while they often turn  
And snap at swain, unhuman, as he treads  
On the poor paw, securing some rough bone,  
Gnawing, untir'd, with ever-watchful eye.

A welcome sound returns ; the fiddle now  
With life-awakening power, breaks on the ear.  
Already doth the dancers' feet resound,

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Harvest-Home, the Dance described.

---

With sportive tread, all science put to flight ;  
Pair follows pair ; each swain with arm around  
His fair one's neck ; and oft the hasty kiss  
Is snatch'd, half yielded by the blushing maid.  
High seated on his throne above the rest,  
The blind performer plies his joyous task :  
Fast following at the close of every reel,  
He takes with trembling hand the tempting  
draught,

At Reason's cost ; for oft his gude bow-hand  
Forgets the strain, demanded, and strikes up  
In solemn tone, some melancholy air  
Uncall'd for, which procures him many a curse,  
From loud, vociferating, angry swains.

Thus pass the hours, till midnight dark and  
deep,

And softly moaning winds that sweep in fits  
Along the rolling sky, them warn, that now  
Sweet Harvest-Home is ended : to their homes,  
By many an unfrequented path, they take  
Their tiresome way to their obscure abodes,  
Through dreary church-yards, and unhallowed  
ground ;

---

Highland Reapers Returning Home.

---

Where oft a slayer of himself is seen,  
To cross the lonely traveller's, dreary path ;  
Others, o'er dangerous ways, have oft to pass  
By bridge of oak, laid o'er the rapid brook,  
And oft the swain, in crossing, slips his foot,  
Full in the stream, unable more to rise,  
Powerless by drink's destroying deadly force.

'Tis done; for many a band of reapers now,  
With pipes loud screaming, homeward wend their  
    way  
To the bleak North, Land of dark heaths and  
    storms ;  
And oft by the way-side, and foggy bank,  
These wandering groups lean gladly, while they  
    share  
The miserable morsel ; bread at best,  
Or Swedish turnip, sweet, from neighbouring  
    field  
Purloin'd, a petty theft, deserving mild  
Forbearance from the lordling of the lands.  
Meanwhile some aged dame, with blacken'd tube,  
Emits, at intervals, a cloud of smoke ;

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Reflections on Harvest.

---

Wide-spreading, scenting the Autumnal air.  
Unclean'd, from mouth to mouth it circles round,  
Replenish'd oft with the pernicious weed,  
From leathern pouch ; a precious hoarded store.  
This done, again their journey they pursue,  
Cheer'd with some melting simple Gaelic air,  
Which makes the forest scenery all resound.

The Muse would tenderly regret how oft  
This soul-inspiring season slides away,  
Improv'd not : picture of our fleeting life.  
Already doth these moaning Autumn winds,  
And the red leaf, whirl'd swiftly thro' the air,  
Speak Winter's desolating, sure approach ;  
And yet we eye these wither'd emblems fly  
Across our path, with listless unconcern,  
Deeming our fallen season far away ;  
Or if such themes, unpleasing, dare intrude,  
We soon dispel them, by unnumber'd ways,  
Gay books, and gayer company ; perhaps  
The more destructive, soul-destroying bowl :  
That potent remedy 'gainst thought and care.  
'Twere wiser far, when ere our mind recurs



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Reflections on Harvest.

---

To such important thoughts, to give them play ;  
To attend this unseen monitor within :  
A time will come, when with resistless force,  
Bearing down all the opposition we  
Can muster up, when the awaken'd mind  
Will plead those hours neglected, with a voice  
Which will demand a hearing, though we now  
May dam the sluices of reflection up.

Let others praise the beauties of the Spring,  
The flowering hawthorn, and the Summer rose,  
And the profusion of delicious scents  
That breathe around, borne on the gentle breeze.  
Green woods and blooming fields, and the lark's  
song,

Accord not with a mind, that ill at ease,  
Or touch'd with grief, at loss of health or friend,  
Escaped before us to a better world.  
But these will find amidst the fading year,  
And yellow woods, a soother to their care.  
Where'er he casts his eye, all nature mourns  
With sympathetic sadness ; in the far  
And desert woods, the Robin sits forlorn,  
Pondering his wonted visit unto man ;

---

Reflections on Harvest.

---

The bees with hum less loud, yet taste the few  
Fast-fading flowers that linger on the bank,  
Or scentless hill; the squirrel in the woods  
Enjoys his harvest without care or toil;  
Or climbs with haste the yet nut-laden tree,  
Alarm'd at sight of man; these scenes delight  
All who prefer sweet Nature's solitudes.

The last rejoicings of sweet Harvest-Home  
Are o'er, and all the produce of the fields  
For man and beast, are stor'd beyond the reach  
Of rain, or deeply penetrating frost;  
But say, ye Lords of human-kind, who dwell  
By wealth surrounded, safe from coming storms,  
Say, dost thou know no helpless widow near  
Thy residence, who pines in her abode,  
Unwilling to make known her modest wants?  
She sees the short'ning days, and dreary nights  
Approaching fast, and keenly the sharp cold  
Feels, piercing all her ill-supported frame;  
Severer still, perhaps, but meanly clad:  
Presaging sad distress, her honest heart,  
In deep despondency, consumes the hours,  
Musing upon the darkness of her fate,

---

Reflections on Harvest.

---

And all the pinching wants she must endure,  
Ere lengthened days and Summer comes again,  
When she can earn a pittance in the fields,  
Or to the woods retire to gather twigs  
To warm her, or prepare her frugal meal.  
Oh! how much more delicious would your fare  
Feel to the taste, to know that there is one  
Who daily thanks the God of heaven for thee,  
And calls down blessings on thy generous heart ;  
Or dost thou know no orphan, whom thy care  
Might snatch from infamy and idleness,  
To pluck him, as it were, a burning brand  
From poverty's contaminating snares ;  
The friendless wanderer, in after years,  
Might well repay thee for the generous deed,  
By flourishing industry ; thy joy  
Of having saved him from the shoals of life.

## THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

---

Al! me! how oft doth modest merit pine,  
Neglected, and unknown, withouten praise;  
Against them every evil star combine  
    To darken and embitter all their days;  
    Dame fortune sheds on them nae kindly rays,  
Of sweet prosperity, to cheer the gloom:  
Pain, poverty, their company always;  
    They seem by heaven's unalterable doom,  
    Decreed to weep and wail from cradle to the  
    tomb.

Yet oft times have these weary wights of woe,  
Some strange, peculiar gift, on them bestow'd,  
Marking them out as vessels here below,  
    Elect and precious in the sight of God,  
    To lift from sickness, sore, the heavy load;

(For punishment or mercy wisely given)  
To cheer the sad desponding on the road  
Of life, and point them to the joys of heaven,  
To heal the heart by anguish or by passion  
riven.

The wight whose calling mean I to describe,  
Liv'd in a little village north the Tweed ;  
Great store of learning he did there imbibe,  
For well he blister could, and also bleed.  
Yet to Phlebotomy he had indeed  
An indescribable aversion ; he  
Would hold his lancet, doubting to proceed ;  
Ah me ! how different from the Faculty  
Who blister, bleed, and purge for dirty guinea  
fee.

Close by the Common's edge, his hut arose,  
And near it, in his little garden grew  
The sleepy poppy, and the blushing rose,  
With pungent peppermint and thyme and rue,  
And hyssop mild, and berries not a few ;  
With bitters to restore the stomach's tone,  
And many a flower delightful to the view ;

And all their virtues were to him well known,  
For he in Botany, and skill, would yield to none.

Within his cottage you might there behold  
Around the walls, in bundles dried full well,  
Maid-of-the-Meadow, and sweet Marigold,  
And flowers for uses which I need not tell,  
Oft times resorted to by City Belle,  
With which I shall not here my pages stain.  
Ye youthful maids, may no resources fell,  
Like these, your guileless bosoms e'er profane,  
To make it the abode of anguish and of pain.

One little shelf his stock of books did hold,  
Neatly arrang'd, and very plainly bound,  
All save one little vol. that shone in gold,  
And with superb embellishments was crown'd,  
Gilt edges, and gilt back, the boards around,  
With many strange devices were enshrin'd ;  
And very appropos they all were found,  
Shewing engravers' taste, and the refin'd  
Conceptions of the wight who did that volume  
bind.

With every dame you may this volume see :  
Hail to the Herbal, and Culpepper Gent.  
The world is much indebted unto thee ;  
Surely thou hast from heaven been to us sent ;  
How many a maid and matron might have  
spent  
Their life in single blessedness, or pined  
In marriage state, without one cherub sent ;  
Had not thy great and penetrating mind  
Cures found, which thou hast told in language  
most refin'd.

Full many a blooming virgin, who before,  
In melancholy loneliness would sit,  
With colour green, and yellow, and full sore  
At heart, and wrapp'd in deep distressed fit,  
Have found a cure within thy Herbal writ ;  
Nae sad hysterical tormenting now,  
But sweet complacency and playful wit  
Sport on her smooth and finely arched brow,  
And loves and graces which to paint I know  
not how.

Ye tender dames, when Phœbus' rays doth break  
Into your chamber, with his golden beams,

Let not the sleepy god your beauty wreck,  
Uneasy tossing through distracting dreams ;  
While rosy morning gilds the Summer streams,  
Arise, and breathe the morn's refreshing air ;  
Stray thro' the meads, or fields, where rustling  
teams  
Are led by ploughmen, whistling without care ;  
Ah, fly the tempting bed ! ye beauteous maidens  
fair !

At School or College he took nae Degrees,  
" The fields his study, Nature was his book."  
Nor did he ere insist for meikle fees,  
And have them paid him too by hook or crook :  
When on the pining mortal he did look,  
And saw the Pale Horse, and his rider near,  
The Sacred Volume speedily he took,  
And read, right rev'rently, with godly fear,  
Those promises, so precious to the dying ear.

Ah, many an M.D. might a lesson take  
From this practitioner of the healing art,  
Nae dirty, sordid guineas e'er did make  
His object, to relieve a sickening heart ;  
For that was but a secondary part ;



Happy was he, and deem'd him richly paid,  
If able to extract the rankling dart,  
Which on the helpless victim's vitals prey'd :  
Too oft beyond the reach of drug or doctor's aid.

His figure, mien, and air, did well bespeak  
The useful function which he did pursue ;  
In height he was none of the tallest folk ;  
His length might be, perchance, 'bout four  
feet two,  
Or five at farthest, but to stranger's view  
He shorter seem'd, he being so very thick  
And corpulent ; his cheek of rosy hue ;  
He always bore a silver-mounted stick,  
When he went out to pay his visits to the sick.

When he a visit paid at lordly hall,  
Though seldom paid he visits there, I trow,  
Save when some lady fair had chanced to fall,  
And sprain'd a joint, or broke an arm, or so ;  
By which they were brought downwards very  
low,  
Yet ere he parted from the bed of pain,  
Straightway he to his marrow-bones would go,



---

Beseeching, Great Physician, that he'd deign  
To bless the means employed to make them  
well again.

For he of sprains and fractures had great skill,  
And knew right well how to reduce a bone ;  
And when the case was desperate and ill,  
    Could substitute with ease a wooden one ;  
    But such a feat he ventur'd ne'er upon ;  
Maiming the helpless wretch, for insight rare,  
When he by proper treatment might have gone  
    On his own shanks ; ye bloody doctors, spare  
    The tender limb, if hope, the smallest hope,  
    be there.

## THE MINISTER'S MAN.

---

THE Minister's Man, he can delve, he can plough,  
And at barn or byre, wi' his wark can get thro';  
He can shear, he can bind, he can fork, he can  
stack;

He can build up a dyke, or a cottage can thack;  
He can maw down the meadow, or go wi' the  
grain

To the market, and sober return hame again:  
In the village there's few can pretend what he  
can;

He's a wonderfu' body the Minister's Man.

The Minister's Man, tho' he's now got a wife,  
To be the torment and the plague o' his life,—  
He's as welcome to widow, as welcome to maid,  
As if he had still been a bachelor staid.

He can kiss them, and clap them, and ca' them  
his ain,  
And to meet him there's nane but are fidging fu'  
fain ;  
And mony a scheme they hae laid to trepan,  
The gleesome bit heart o' the Minister's Man.

When a wedding takes place, he is sure to be  
there,  
In gayest apparel and favours so fair ;  
He can jibe we the bridegroom, and smile wi'  
the bride,  
And seat himsel doon by her sidy for side ;  
When dancing commences, and light on the heels,  
The bonnie young couples trip light through the  
reels,  
Their highest ambition's to get if they can,  
A dance wi' the light-footed Minister's Man.

The Minister's Man, when a christ'ning's to be,  
Is often invited to share in the glee ;  
The baby he dandles, the mother can praise,  
While the husband, rejoicing, quite happy sur-  
veys ;

He blesses the stranger, that's newly come hame,  
And repeats, with great fondness, his new-gotten  
name ;

If a laddie, the neist, their resolv'd on the plan,  
To hae it nam'd after the Minister's Man.

When death, at the cottage, keeks in at the door,  
And snatches some pair body aff at four score,  
There's nane in the village can look half so grave,  
Though the lang blads o' crape frae their hat's  
solemn wave.

And when they have got him laid under the clay,  
And hame to the dredgie they hasten their way,  
The best o' them there cannot tipple the can,  
Or find their way hame like the Minister's Man.

The Minister's Man can dispute with the priest,  
'Bout the Popish religion, and Mark of the Beast ;  
Of knowledge, fore-knowledge, and free-will and  
fate,

Of heaven and hell, and a separate state ;  
Of the period that's coming—that grand jubilee,  
When the devil himself shall once more be set  
free ;

The priest hath declared his opinion aff han',  
He might be dub'd, Doctor, the Minister's Man.

The Minister's Man, when the clergy do meet,  
On a Thanksgiving Monday their wizens to weet,  
Assists at their orgies, and lists to their glee,  
For the Blackcoats, like laymen, can sometimes  
be free;

He can wink at their follies, and laugh at their wit,  
And when he's permitted, lend in a good hit:  
Yet none of that merry, good eating divan,  
Play a knife and a fork like the Minister's Man.

The Minister's man, in these days of Reform,  
Prays hard that the Kirk may be saved in the  
storm;

He pitys the narrow, sectarian views,  
Of the rabble that fill up the Meeting-House  
pews;

By the Church and the State he's resolved for  
to stick,

And wishes the Chartists were aff to Auld Nick:  
For should they succeed in their levelling plan,  
We may bid fareweel to the Minister's Man.

## H O M E.

---

My Native Land! how oft I cast  
A longing look to thee!  
Sweet memory pictures up the past,  
And all thy scenes to me.

How oft when sleep hath clos'd mine eyes,  
Though oceans roll between,  
I see thy dark-blue hills arise,  
And fields of pleasant green.

I see each friend's familiar face;  
I see their welcome smile,  
And every feature fair I trace,  
Though distant many a mile.

Ah, Home! sweet Home! thou hast a charm,  
That binds thee to my heart;

Which vain Philosophy can't harm,  
Or tear me from that part.

There is a magic in thy name,  
Which savages e'en know ;  
In every breast there burns a flame  
To Home, where'er we go.

Let some, with more extended views  
Embrace the world around ;  
Give me some little spot I choose,  
To call my Native Ground.

FINIS.









