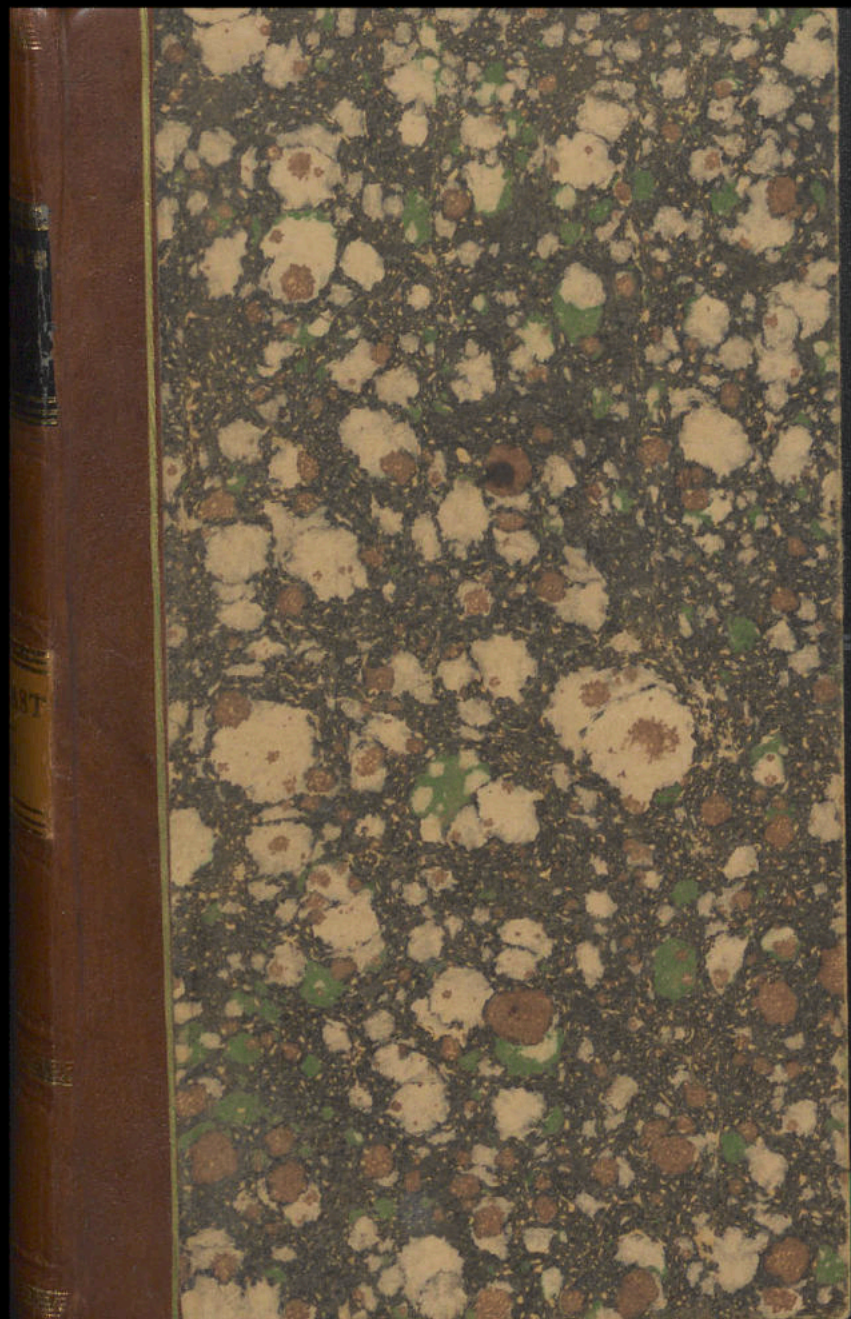


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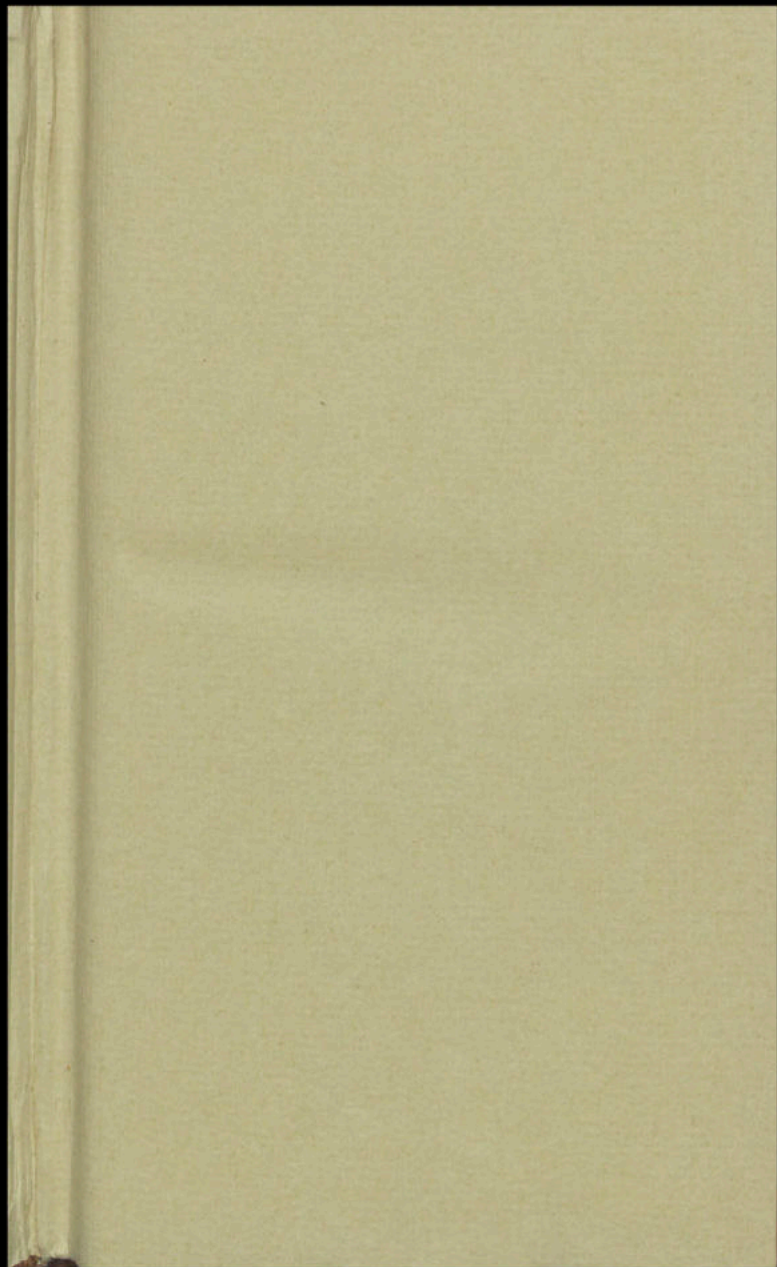
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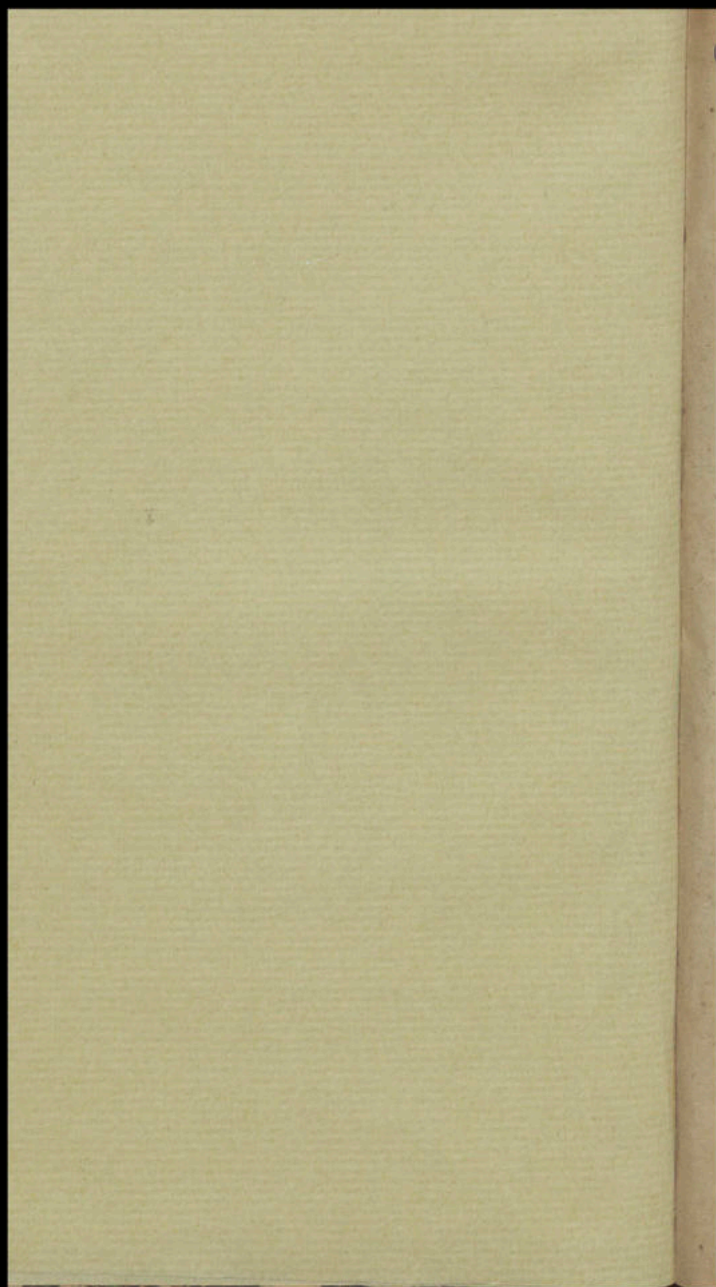
1799



B P B 1799. 4







NEW
P O E M S,

OR A

VARIETY OF DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

BY SAMUEL THOMSON.

“ O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous, I bend before thy holy shrine;
To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.
Bring gentlest *Love*, bring *Fancy* to my breast,
And if wild *Genius*, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my evening-guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray,
I ask no more:—for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer man was never born to prove;
But may my soul eternal slumber seize,
If lost to *Genius*, *Fancy*, and to *Love*.”

LANGHORNE.

Belfast.

PRINTED BY DOHERTY & SIMMS, HIGH-STREET.

1799.

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TO
SAMUEL THOMPSON, ESQUIRE,
OF GREENMOUNT.

SIR,

SOMETIMES venturing to peep out from under the skirt of obscurity, where the Fates have unluckily placed me, wrestling with Fortune in a low station, I long since was an admirer of that *independent spirit* which has distinguished THE FAMILY OF THE THOMPSONS, of GREENMOUNT. From this consideration, and the similarity of our names, arose the idea of dedicating my Poems to you. Believe me, sir, I feel particular pleasure in addressing you, especially as it affords me an opportunity of subscribing myself

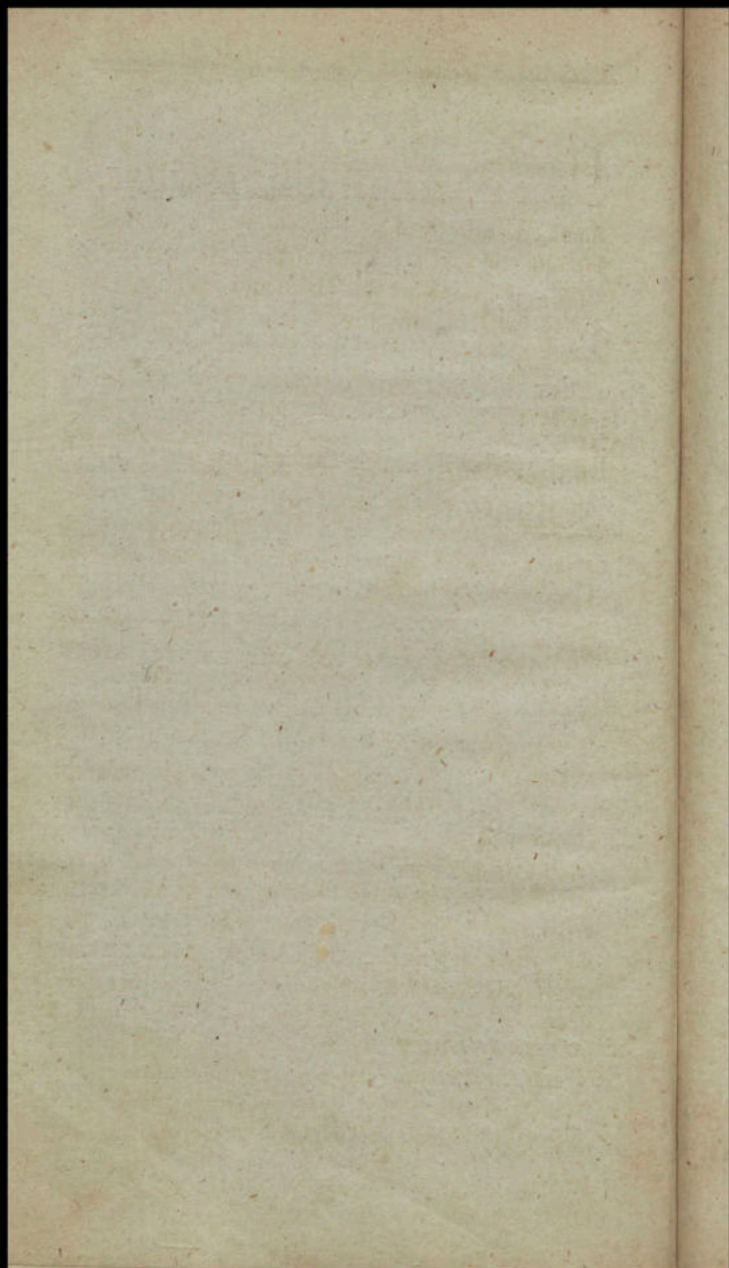
Your *namesake*,

sincere wellwisher,

and most obedient servant,

SAMUEL THOMPSON.

CARNGRANNY, ?
NOV. 1, 1799. S



P R E F A C E.

INDULGENT READER,

HAST thou ever known what it was to lie at ease on some flowery *brae*, while the gentle breeze of Summer, softly stealing o'er the bosom of Nature, brought to thy ravish'd senses, "*the wood notes wild*" of heaven-taught Harmony, and the health-giving smell of rosy Joy?—Yes, thou hast felt thy bosom swell, and thy heart dance to a *sweet melody* which no language can explain. Thou art *one* of those, I hope, who, as Mr. Heron says, can perceive "affecting beauty and sublimity, where the mere gross vulgar can see only water, earth, and sky; but animals, plants and soil." Amid the various group of groves, meadows, fields, and floods, thine eye has frequently caught the rural cot, the humble habitation of the *man of labor*: where far apart from political clamor and city bustle, the vigorous sons of Simplicity count their days of innocence beneath the bowers of Content. Sweet life! that flows as pure as the stream trickling from the lonely rock in the wilderness.

Gentle Reader, since thou hast condescended to accept my invitation, please come down from *thy eminence*, whatever it may be, and I will conduct thee to the door of *my wattled shed*. I hereby lift the latch and lead thee in. Stoop, if you please, you are rather high, and my door is remarkable low; both frail and low, so that of the multitude, few are of a dimension suitable to *cater with convenience*, being either too long, or too *Falstaff* like, and not un frequently both. Now that thou art safely moor'd within, look round and examine my furniture a little—examine all, for "here no treason lurks." I plann'd and executed it myself. Some of the articles

are a little coarse, but in general they answer the END. Being never taught it, I don't aim at fine working. A variety of *ill jointed*, worthless trifles, of which you will be at a loss to discover the use, which indeed he that made them can hardly tell, you will find in the collection. But as to a *repast*! alas! all I can offer you is a *cold one*, composed of *wild berries* and *spring water*. I fondly hope, however, that when you retire from my dwelling to mix again with the *mouthy million*, you won't give that which is the genuine property of honest, unsuspecting Simplicity, to the merciless jaws of vulgar Ridicule. This would be acting the part of a gadding, idle wife, that loves to retail her neighbour's failings, and, like the hungry gad fly, seek out and suck the sores of Character, the blackest part of which, perhaps, is perfection compar'd to the least offensive part of her own. I candidly confess that every thing is in as good order as either my time or talents wou'd allow. — BURNS erected an edifice, that, defying the tooth of Time, will stand for ages. My weakly constructed *house*, like the *shiel* of the Caledonian shepherd, in a season or two must moulder beneath the crushing foot of the hoary traveller. It now only remains that I acknowledge the great sum of thanks which I owe, “far, far beyond what I can ever pay,” to the different gentlemen, who, riding this way, have condescended to call at and smile on my lowly bower, without whose countenance and approbation, it never would have reared its head among the *cottages of the vale*. I assure them that while “memory holds a seat,” the recollection of their disinterested friendship will ever warm the sincerest gratitude of

SAMUEL THOMSON.

WHILE *some* who formerly professed themselves friends, from a penury of liberality towards the encouragement of the domestic literary exertions of Ireland, have, with a coldness, which adds little or nothing to their honor, refused their assistance to this publication, the author returns his sincere thanks to the GENTLEMEN and LADIES whose names compose the following list: and in particular to those distinguished by CAPITALS, who kindly exerted themselves in procuring subscriptions: he assures them that time shall never erase the grateful remembrance of their very disinterested friendship.

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ERRATA.

Page 15 line 17	for <i>darking</i> read <i>dark'ning</i> .
69	15 for <i>the</i> read <i>thy</i> .
90	12 for <i>beated</i> read <i>hated</i> .
101	2 } For <i>Wilson's</i> read <i>Beattie's</i> —Mr Tho. Beattie, the present respectable Land- & 139 11 } lord of this little Inn, who is a good- natur'd, merry fellow, and a parti- cular friend of the <i>Author's</i> .
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264	18 for <i>raise</i> read <i>raze</i> .

P O E M S.

TO MY BOOK.

“ A Shepherd Swain say did thee sing ?”

SPENSER.

GO, simple stranger, to the world, and try
Thy fate, as myriads have done before ;
And if thou chance to please the shepherd-boy,
I'm satisfied, nor do I wish for more.

I know the *Great* will thee and me despise,
The *little Million* too ; but what the matter—
To front contempt from brainless blockheads' eyes,
Hath been the lot of many books, far better.

From imperfections evident, and blame,
No human effort ever yet was free ;
And if the uppermost are often lame,
A large allowance will be made to thee.

What friends thou meet'st with (if thou meet'st
with any)

Submissive, waite me all their honest praise ;
But foes derision, (as thou'lt meet with many)
Forget, as thou respect'st thy father's case.—

For fame I sing not, *certes* vain it were ;

I work for bread indeed, and '*sing for fun*'
Pleas'd, independant, foe to noise and care,
I view the rising and the setting sun.

What is't to me that others darkling prowl,
And barter all for insubstantial toys?—
The charms of Nature furnish for my soul,
More real happiness than George enjoys.

A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM,

INSCRIBED TO MY DEAREST FRIEND—DAMON.

“ For what I dream'd as me thought
 “ I saw it, and I slept in nought :
 “ Wherefore is yet my full believe,
 “ That some gode spirit that ill sve,
 “ By meane of some curious porte,
 “ Bare me where I saw payne and sport.”

CHAUCER.

HARD is the fate of luckless wight, thought I,
 Whom cold Adversity benumbs the while ;
 Who trodden low beneath Fate's louring sky,
 For poor sustenance is ay bound to toil,
 Far from Prosperity, a lone exile ;
 By want fore goaded on from care to care,
 If chance, poor elf, he counterfeit a smile,
 Around he sees the vapours of Despair,
 In black'ning order rise ay darking all the sphere.

One such was I, till Friendship and the Muse,
 Perchance me found out in my lowly place ;
 Nature the latter, ah ! did not refuse,
 The former smil'd from *Damon's* honest face.—
 Yes, *Damon* dear, of all the human race,
 My friend thou art :— to thee these lines belong ;
 Rude is their structure, scant of every grace
 That warble: deftly from the classic tongue ;—
 But thou can'st well excuse thy friend's untutor'd song.

There are, no doubt, who faucily will frown,
 But what care I, if thou, with patient ear,
 In *Crambo Cave* canst sit contented down
 At evening's fall, my simple song to hear—
 And this is one which I compos'd last year,
 All lonely sitting by the *ingle cheek*.
 If thou approv'st, ne censure I will fear.
 Thy approbation is the meed I seek ;
 'Twill stimulate my Muse, and aid her well to speak.

'Twas ae night, Winter like a demon blew
 His whirling vengeance over vale and moor,
 That after dealing out the snow their due,
 I hurried in and shut my cottage door.
 There bienly shel'tred frae the choakin flour,
 Owre Spenser's page I fan' dispos'd to peep.
 I scarce had glinted o'er three page or four,
 Being much fatigued, till straight I fell asleep,
 But restless, roving Fancy still awake did keep.

Methought I wander'd o'er a desert ground,
 Down many a briery steep and fullen lane,
 Such as on Morven's highlands may be found,
 Or Scandinavia's ever drear domain ;
 At length o'ercome with meikle toil and pain,
 I fat me down upon a heathy knowe,
 Where I espy'd, far off, a shepherd swain,
 Tending his flock upon a mountain brow ;
 Thither I sped away, o'er moorland, height and howe.

With weary feet and many a longing look,
 At length I gain'd the wish'd-for mountain side,
 Where pensive set, beside a lonely brook,
 Whose limpid current down the slope did glide,
 With still amaze, my eyes I satisfy'd
 On prospects wild as ever Fancy feign'd;
 Whin-covered braes, and vales romantic wide,
 Where gloomiest Solitude with Silence reign'd,
 And wasting Ruin slept and oft unheard complain'd.]

Being very dry all o'er the fountain brink,
 I to the water reach'd my parched mouth,
 And drew thereout such a refreshing drink,
 As quite allay'd the fervour of my drouth.
 Synce bending up to where I saw the youth,
 A while before, his nibbling bleaters feed,
 And soon I found him set so *“silly sooth,”*
 Melodious piping on his oaten reed,
 Such songs as might have charm'd a “savage beast
 indeed.”

Then having clos'd the soft, bewitching strain,
 He rose upright to know what I would say;
 Quoth I, “a lonely, far-bewildered swain,
 Being by he knows not what here led astray,
 Implores your aid to put him on the way
 To some befriending, hospitable door,
 Where he may safe until the morning stay,
 And some refreshment for the time procure,
 For well I ween he can but little more endure.”

" Indeed, my friend, you have forwent your path,"
 The swain reply'd—and looking wondrous jolly,
 " You must or back by that enchanted heath,
 " Or quarter in yon dome this night with Folly.
 " Pursue your way thro' yonder *primrose valley*,
 " It will conduct you to her open gate,
 " Where you may laugh and lose your melancholy,
 " And quite forget the danger of your *state*."
 Thus said, he sprang away, and left me to my fate.

By this Dan Phœbus wain did almost reach
 His goal diurnal, in the wat'ry West,
 And sable Night her curtain 'gan outstretch,
 Shading the landscape with a dusky vest.
 Up thro' the primrose vale with haste I prest,
 Which led directly to the gate unbar'd,
 That day and night admits each vagrant guest;
 Who Virtue flies, un sanctified, unscar'd;
 No surly porter there, nor mastiff to retard.

All diffident, I entered straight the hall,
 Where much amaz'd, my wondering, watchful eyes
 Beheld a various group of great and small,
 Shaking the building with unruly noise.
 Here one delighted with a kitten toys,
 Another pipes upon a pair of long's;
 A third one shews us how a hang'd man dies;
 A fourth one murders time with wicked songs:
 So fly the hours away with these distracted throngs.

High on a many-colour'd couch reclin'd,
 The frantic Goddess caught my wondering eye,
 A-blowing bubbles of mysterious kind,
 Among this capering, wild, unruly fry;
 Who, mad with tumult and outrageous joy,
 Promiscuous scrambled for them as they fell;
 All gap'd and gaz'd—alas, the reason why,
 They could not catch them, none of them cou'd tell;
 At length the Goddess rose, and rung her potent *bell*.

Then straight obedient to her orders there,
 The rout instinctive to their feet up sprung;
 And down descending from her pye-bal'd chair,
 While all the dome with deaf'ning clamour rung,
 Away she set, forth-leading old and young,
 A motly dissonant, wild, wishing train:—
 Some sigh'd, some pray'd, while others danc'd and
 sung;
 At length we reach'd a fair stupendous fane,
 Where Drunkenness and Riot, fell pair, do ay remain.

With awful thought and much affrighted stare,
 I view'd the wonders of this magic dome,
 Till Self and Falshood, graceless waiters there,
 Escort us inward to a spacious room;
 But Folly, faithless jade, returning home,
 The swinish company forthwith forsook,
 While I with chilling terror all o'ercome,
 Sunk unperceiv'd down in a private nook,
 And like a spy *incog*, my observation took.

There I saw *Blasphemy*, all raven black,
 On harpy pinion fleeing to and fro;
 And *Fornication*, lying on her back,
 With base *Adultery*, side by side, also:
 The vicious myriads, in many a row,
 Like bats were perch'd upon the roof on high,
 While from some deep, terrific cell below,
 Fell, fell Despair was ever heard to cry,
 Where never-dying torment whips Damnation's fry.

Then *Luxury* and *Riot* first appear'd,
 A black, infernal couple, hand in hand,
 At sight of which a horrid growl was heard
 From every throat of this deluded band;
 Then in obedience to their joint command,
 Each guest was furnish'd with plate, knife and fork,
 And at the waving of a magic wand,
 This group voracious instant fell to work,
 Like hungry canibals devouring beef and pork.

At table head a *clergyman* begown'd!
 (Let none think strange that clergymen go there)
 Supplied the plates, and still he cut and frown'd,
 And gormandiz'd like any Russian bear.
 With guilt-inspiring, soul-destroying stare,
Riot and *Luxury* stood looking on,
 Till all alike, not full, but bursting were,
 And *Bacchus* rolling in a formal ton,
 The cloth washence remov'd, and they to booze began.

Now circling flow'd the fascinating can,
 While peals of clamour shook the maffy wall,
 Till by degrees out-belch'd confusion ran,
 And fullen stupefaction seiz'd them all ;
 Some puking, loathfome, 'neath the table sprawl,
 Like dirty hogs in dunghill gutters sunk,
 Then *Riot*, swollen with infernal bawl,
 Came and devour'd them as they hateful stunk,
 Like rotten carrion vile, abominably drunk !

I faw him chaf their skulls with iron jaw,
 And gobble all their reeking entrails up !
 All one by one their limbs aunder draw,
 And flesh and bone devour them, stoop and roop ;
 Then he with surfeit gave a dreadful hoop,
 The which *Destruction* heard in hell below ;
 Then instant rose of footy devils a troop,
 And up a private hatch did furious throw,
 Thro' which you might behold the fiery lakes of woe.

Then black *Destruction* in a coat of mail,
 Such brazen armour as they wear in hell,
 Approach'd, with hydra head and dragon tail,
 And thro' the hatchway gave a furious yell ;
 Whereat sick *Riotise* to puking fell,
 And her inhuman bellyful upthrew ;
 But all transformed, by some damned spell,
 To loathfome fiends of frightful form and hue,
 Like hateful toads and frogs, and hissing vipers blue.

But still as *Riot*, with infecting breath,
 Of all this various load her bowels eas'd,
Destruction catch'd them, and to racking death
 Down, down he flung them, yawning grimly pleas'd;
 Next *Riot's* self and *Luxury* he seiz'd,
 And after tofs'd them while *Damnation's* caves
 With moans redoubled, many an echo rais'd,
 That far resounded o'er broad Stygian waves,
 Where pain succeeding pain, the damn'd of rest be-
 raves.

The shrieks of Misery, in wild affright,
 My list'ning ear could still distinctive catch,
 At last *Destruction* awful left my sight,
 But first drew down the adamantin hatch;
 And placing right the harshly grating latch,
 He sunk away with all his hissing train,
 When I, a much perturb'd, and frighted wretch,
 Forsook the dome, and o'er the sullen plain,
 Till nigh the shepherd's hill I found myself again.

Then right ascending up the steep to where
 The simple Colin pip'd the day before;
 And soon methought I found his mossy chair,
 Wherein to sleep I gladly laid me o'er;
 But hardly was I but began to snore,
 When Chanticlear above the *hallan* scream'd,
 Which pilgrim fancy did again restore;
 I starting up, soon found I had but dream'd,
 But still my brain, confus'd with wild ideas teem'd.

Ye heavenly guardians of my native isle,
 Protect my brethren all from Folly's maze;
 May rosy Temp'rance o'er their tables smile,
 And Plenty cover them to latest days.
 Forever deaf to what Temptation says,
 Apart from *Luxury* and *Riot's* noise,
 May Prudence, heavenly maid, that never strays,
 Conduct them calmly to the purest joys,
 Foretastes of blifs prepar'd for them above the skies.

Long may we, *Damon*, have the health and strength,
 To laugh at Folly, and to fly from Vice,
 And may our guardian seraph, hence at length,
 When fifty Summers we have counted twice,
 To fields of ever-blooming Paradise,
 Escort, with motion soft, the *friendly pair*;
 All sweet enjoyments bought withouten price,
 For Virtue's followers, lie up-stored there;
 And songs of blifs resound thro' an eternal sphere.

JULIET :—AN ELEGY.

And eke when I am gone be bold to speak it plain,
Thou hast seen die the truest *maid* that ever love did pain.

SURREY.

THE merry lark salutes the rising morn ;
In yonder glen the tufted cottage smoaks ;
Exulting blackbirds hail the day's return,
And shepherd lads unfold their bleating flocks.

Industry issuing from her lowly bower,
Forth to the field conducts her buxom band ;
Again they cheerful hail the smiling hour,
While Health and Labour frolic hand in hand.

Where yonder hoary grave-yard meets the day,
By yew-trees fenc'd, in venerable rows ;
Where silent mouldering in their parent clay,
The rich, the poor, both young and old repose ;

There buried low among the wreck of days,
Sweet *Juliet* lies, by every friend forgot,
Save the lorn muse that oft at evening strays,
To sigh her sorrows o'er the sacred *spot*.

There as by pale moon-light she strays unseen,
She sees, or thinks she sees, the graces weep,
And shado'wy loves along the dewy green,
Around her turf their hallow'd vigils keep.

Ah, *Colin* ! how canst thou be ever gay?
 Although that innocent thou truly art ;
 For love of thee she pin'd herself away—
 For thee, alas ! she broke her tender heart.

Fell hearted father, how cou'dst thou consign,
 For love of gold, thy daughter to the grave !
 Unfeeling mother too, you did combine,
 And, hard as adamant, disdain'd to save !

What tho' the shepherd was of lineage low,
 Yet he was lovely, and esteem'd true ;
 And *worth* and *wealth* are different terms we know,
 As hath been verified, alas ! in you !

Long she in secret lov'd the smiling boy,
 And frequent, nightly, to his window crept ;
 There lonely mournful, wou'd she sit and sigh,
 While thoughtless *Colin* innocently slept.

The still encreasing, agonizing smart,
 Her burning bosom from the world conceal'd,
 Except at times, in solitude apart,
 She to the night her bitterness reveal'd.

One evening sitting in a neighbouring grove,
 Breathing her sorrows to the murmuring gale,
 The youthful *Colin* chanc'd that way to rove,
 And, unperceiv'd, o'erhear the piteous tale.

He inly sigh'd, but could not yet conceive
 Himself the object of her heavy woe ;
 Condoling Nature, thro' the bowers of eve,
 Wept tears of sympathy on every bough.

O'erspent with pain and heart-consuming grief,
 She on the dewy sod reclin'd her head,
 Where broken slumbers brought a cold relief,
 But *Colin* wond'ring much, believ'd her dead.

Then instant rushing to th' indulgent shade,
 He gently rais'd her up, and softly spoke ;
 Whereat, as thunderstruck, th' affrighted maid,
 Scarce fallen asleep, all tremulous awoke.

Ye powers supreme, that human hearts controul,
 Say what strange tumult beat in every vein ;
 What agitation shook her maiden soul,
 When she beheld her much-adored swain !

A thousand kisses, intermix'd with tears,
 She on his downy cheek all frantic prest ;
 Delight, deserting all her future years,
 Spontaneous came, to make *our hour* *blest*.

Ah ! flinty father, soon you spoil'd the bloom
 Of *Judith's* joy, and all the scene o'ercast ;
 A prey to sorrow, in her lonely room,
 The lovely mourner you imprison'd fast.

Even powerful Time, new moulding, changing all,
 On thy harsh bosom exercis'd in vain;
 Deaf to Humanity's maternal call,
 Revolving years saw thee untouched remain.

At length an easy prey to grim Despair,
 O, racking thought! the lovely Juliet fell!
 Her weary spirit wou'd no longer bear,
 But bade her *Colin* and this world farewell.

Now lowly rotting in her house of clay,
 Her body sleeps by yonder hoary spire,
 Where bats and owls, to shun the face of day,
 In solemn order sullenly retire.

O tyrant Love! how fatal are thy bands,
 Where minds unmuted bear the bitter smart!
 But most of all where frightful fortune stands,
 A fixed barrier between heart and heart!

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

WARTON.

SWEET bird! thou oft enchant'st my ear,
As from that *thorn* thy song I hear,
At morn before I rise,
By Nature taught, in her wild way,
Sweetly to hail the infant day,
Ere Phœbus cheers the skies.

Among thy many properties,
Delightful bird! thou'rt weather-wise,
And by thy song we know,
Whether we'll have a shining day,
Or drizzling, wet and windy fray,
As thou art high or low.

Like fickle friendship of a day,
The other songsters flit away,
When comes the blast severe;
While true to Nature, thou attend'st
Her every form, and her befriend'st
Alike throughout the year.

But why content with humble things,
 When Freedom, and thy active wings,
 Wou'd quickly thee convey
 To lordly domes, and princely towers,
 To nodding grove, luxúriant bowers,
 And glittering grandeur gay.

Why not on nimble pinions rove
 To *James's* park or *Windfor's* grove,
 And pipe to princely ears?
 Nor thus inglorious waste thy days,
 'Mong gloomy glens and wildring braes,
 O'er-grown with *thorns* and *breries*.

Methinks I hear thee answer make,
 " The lowly cot and shepherd's brake
 Have far more charms for me;
 Here, far apart, at early morn,
 On this thy *little garden thorn*,
 I'd rather sing to thee."

Sing on, sweet bird!—thy lay prolong;
 The soothing softness of thy song
 Delights the list'ning Muse,
 Who loves, like thee, the rural wild—
 Who far from wealth and pride exil'd,
 Her homely strain pursues.

POOR ROBIN'S ELEGY.

Blythfome he fat and sweetly fung,
 Nor dream'd of danger near;
 How cou'd he, conscious of no ill?
 The guilty only fear.

GRAEME.

'T'WAS dusk when Robin, from the cherry-tree,
 With note melodious hail'd the closing day;
 Deaf to the transport of his flowing glee,
 The catiff *Baudrons* in concealment lay.

With soft delight my heart enjoy'd the song,
 That sweetly warbled from the blooming bough,
 When, swift as thought, the hairy despot sprung,
 And brought the unsuspecting minstrel low!

Fell, in her teeth she unrelenting bore
 The dying songster, bleeding, to the barn,
 Where limb from limb the cruel mard'rer tore,
 And eat him up without the least concern!

Hard by my window grows a *little thorn*,
 With twining woodbine interwove, whereon
 My Robin, tuneful, many a smiling morn,
 Has sung his matin to the rising sun.

The softest charm that glads her dewy reign,
 No more shall Morning from his song receive;
 No more the zephyrs waft across the plain,
 His pensive farewell to the falling eve.

When rueful Winter frights the troubled air,
 No more, instinctive, shall he quit the wood,
 Nor, hopping homely, to my cot repair,
 To claim the pittance of his daily food.

Now all disconsolate, his widow'd mate,
 In low dejection round my cottage mourn,
 Left and abandon'd to the will of fate,
 She, broken-hearted, wanders thro' the thorns.

* ALLAN, † DAMON, ‡ SYLVANDER, AND § EDWIN.

A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO MY RHYME-COMPOSING BROTHER,

MR. ALEXANDER KEMP.

Awake ye west winds thro' the lonely dale,
 And fancy to thy fairy bower betake;
 Even now with balmy freshness breathes the gale,
 Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake,
 And thro' the willows fault'ring whispers wake.

MICKLE.

'T WAS on a shining day in flow'ry June,
 When mountains, groves and vales were all in tune,
 Sylvander and Edwin, twa delightful swains,
 As ever pip'd on Caledonian plains,
 Found Damon and Allan on a bonie brae,
 Sowing their sonnets to the season gay.
 Unceremonious, each being to the other
 Far nearer, dearer than the leeleft brother,
 They sat them down, while thus the kind salute
 Fell frae the mellow throat o' Edwin's flute.

* Allan Ramsay.

† Robert Ferguson.

‡ Mr. Robert Burns.

§ Dr. James Beattie.

Well met my brothers of the pipe and crook,
 I'm glad to catch you in this merry mood,
 Sith from this height we can our flocks o'erlook ;
 Say are ye all agreed, as shepherds should,
 In tuneful contest on your whistles good,
 To try who best the Arcadian strain can hit ;
 Here no hoarse goat-herd's grating jargon rude
 Will mar our mirth—your umpire I will sit
 Impartially as wont, and give decision fit.

Let Avarice bafe with meagre worldings dwell,
 And gaudy grandeur with the great reside,
 Let worthless, fawning miscreants pant to swell
 The guilty trains of insolence and pride :
 Here we my mates, simplicity our guide,
 Have found that happiness the world has lost ;
 Here far apart, our days with pleasure glide,
 To sing of Nature our unceasing boast :
 We herd and pipe and please ourselves at little cost.

Now who pipes best, companions, let me hear,
 Here in my pocket I have *Ossian's Songs*,
 Which of you trills the strain most sweet and clear,
 To him, the book of Cona's bard belongs.—
 Allan, you're prais'd among the shepherd throngs,
 Who loud from hill to hill extol your name ;
 But well I woen the noise of clatt'ring tongues
 Is oft mistaken for the voice of Fame :
 Now summon all your skill and some soft ditty frame.

ALLAN.

Had I æ drap frae *Pindus* spring,
 E'en like *Apollo* I could sing ;
 Could lure the *Muses* frae *Parnassus*,
 And gar them dance like Lothian lasses,
 Owre ilka bonie hill and shaw,
 The prettiest sport that e'er ye saw.
 But now the Gods are grown sae careless,
 That I'm turn'd stupid, dull, and prayerless ;
 Howe'er, as weel as I am able,
 I'll entertain ye wi' a fable.

THE BEE AND WASP—A FABLE.

Upon a bonie day, a *bee*
 Was rovin waaton owre the lee,
 Sucking the rich, nectareous drap,
 Frae every gem in *Flora's* lap,
 An' bearing wi' untiring toil,
 Hame to his scape the bawmy spoil ;
 Being hame wi' ae delicious lade,
 Au' back returning thro' the glade,
 He met a *wasp* upon a thorn,
 The which he thus address'd in scorn :—
 “ Ill luck betide thy poisonous race,
 Vile wasp, what brings thee to this place ?
 Nature these flowers design'd for me ;
 A dunghill's food too good for thee.”
 The wasp look'd up, and gave a scream,
 “ Proud, greedy bee, you do but dream ;

These flowers you claim, Nature assures
 Me, they are mine as much as yours."
 "How can that seem," replied the bee,
 "Vile thrawart creature, e'er to thee?
 Can you deny that honey first
 Is here within the blossom nurs'd,
 Of which, by our instinctive skill,
 We all our waxen dishes fill;
 Where nicely cur'd, we so improve it,
 As makes e'en human palates love it.
 But by some hellish kind of art,
 Your waspish stomach doth pervert
 The bawmy sweet to poison fell,
 To every creature but yerfel.
 Full sure I am that Nature doated,
 When first her handywork she bloated,
 By making your destructive race,
 Of winged tribes the foul disgrace."
 The wasp with wicked venom fum'd,
 An' thus the argument resum'd:—
 "Unthinking thing that dares to place
 Such odium on my ancient race!
 Begone!—and toil wi' care and pain,
 Collecting sweets to prove your bane.
 I know men so your gifts regard,
 In gratitude for your reward,
 They to your pebbled clan bequeath
 That frightful thing, a brimstone death:
 But we, as free as the wanton wind,

E'en from our name protection find;—
 And if the way we cook our dishes,
 Is not according to your wishes,
 What's that to you—poor senseless oaf?
 It suits ourselves, and that's enough."
 "Yes," quoth the bee, "you safety find,
 A safety Nature ne'er design'd;
 O, how I hate your thieving race!
 Your safety is your great disgrace.
 'Tis true that mankind seldom mind ye,
 But when the herd-lads hap' to find ye
 In your obscure, clandestine byke,
 Hid i' the heart o' some auld dyke,
 They to your hateful haunt set fire,
 And gar you in the flames expire.
 We die, 'tis true; but die with honour,
 Your end is just a perfect scunner."
 Thus said, poor wasp was all o'ercome,
 While bee, with a triumphant hum,
 Forsook the thorn, and gay resumes
 His talk among the scented blooms.

[*End of Allan's Song.*]

EDWIN.

Weel chanted, Allie, merry be thy heart,
 For sic a sample o' thy comic skill,
 Yet I have heard thee bester play thy part,
 At *Bessy Bell* or *Last o' Patie's Mill*,
 And I maun rede thee, dinna tak' it ill;

Keep free o' heathenish Gods the coming time,
 For well I ween they frae Olympus hill,
 Wi' rustics pair but ill i. Scotian clime ;
 They shudna show their face awa in rural rhyme.

If aerial powers you must still invoke,
 O quat the heathenish for your native says !
 Here round each ruin grey and hallow'd oak,
 That nod romantic on our highland braes,
 Unnumber'd geni dance the mystic maze,
 And nightly fernade the list'ning moon ;
 Such will with native fire light up thy lays,
 And put thy rural reed in better tune
 Than Pallas, J ve, or Mars, or onie heathenish loon.

Arise, my *Damon*, you're the next in play,
 In song you'e far thro' Scotian vales renown'd ;
 For hapless *Corrydon* your moving lay
 Has drawn the tears from rustic een around.
 † *Alexis* low lies buried in the ground ;
 Alexis young, a shepherd dear to fame ;
 Now melancholious trill the dirge-full sound,
 In memory of the much revered name,
 That long elegiac lays from Scottish herds shall claim.

DAMON.

Ye rural muses, who the live-long day,
 Sport on the flow'ry banks of winding *Tay*,
 And ye who by the cataracts of *Clyde*,
 Warbling celestial strains for ay abide :

* J. Cunningham, the Poet. † Michael Bruce.

And ye who thro' the groves of classic *Tweed*,
 The various dance of inspiration lead,
 Waft to your votary here, on Zephyr's wing,
 That heavenly glow that urg'd him first to sing.
 So may his flute, else dull, sublime arise,
 And from his fellows gain the valued prize,
 Yes, you vouchsafe, and now the warmth divine
 Illumes my soul and makes Elysium mine.
 Hail happy land, whose groves eternal green,
 Romantic mountains, silver lakes between,
 And fertile vales, extending far and wide,
 Rivals Arcadia in all its pride ;
 And that for shepherds vers'd in all the art,
 To charm and captivate the tuneful heart,
 And all the finer feelings harmonize,
 Yields to no land beneath the vaulted skies.
 Behold the power of inspiration comes,
 The aerial aid that on the willowy bowms
 Of silver Leven, strung Alexis' reed,
 To sing of Daphnis, number'd with the dead.
 Yes, heavenly powers, I'll of Alexis sing,
 Alexis cut off in his blooming spring ;
 Whom old and young with sighs and tears deplore
 In vain, for now Alexis is no more.
 In yonder hamlet*, where a few ash trees
 Break off the cottages the ruder breeze,
 The young Alexis liv'd, well known among
 Our norland shepherds for his dulcet song ;
 Yes, in yon ivied cot Alexis slay'd,

* Vide Lord Craig's paper in the Mirror.

And while consumption on his vitals prey'd,
 He pip'd such charming madrigals, that even
 Detain'd a while the flowing stream of Leven;
 It stood a while to hear the shepherd play,
 Then lash'd exulting to the foaming sea.
 But now no more his soft, harmonious tale,
 Delights the shepherds in his native vale;
 With us his aged mother sighs full fore,
 And th' muses weep—Alexis is no more!
 Where were ye sacred maids, when cruel death,
 Relentless, stop'd the sweet Alexis' breath?
 Sure thou the saddest of the three times three,
 Inspir'd to sing his own sad elegy.
 In strain pathetic, as his end drew near,
 Like a dying swan, he sung more sweet and clear.
 O how cou'd'st thou with thy fair fav'rite part,
 And suffer death to break his youthful heart?
 The Loves and Graces weep from shore to shore,
 And shepherds wail Alexis is no more.
 O how I lov'd to waste the summer day,
 With kind Alexis on yon purple brae!
 How oft by Leven's cowslip-covered seats,
 Her ozier walks and blooming broom retreats,
 Have we congenial, together stray'd,
 And artless springs the while alternate play'd.
 The bee, the butterfly, or gowdspink gay,
 Was subject ample for a roundelay;
 Then when the evening did the day o'ergloom,
 We'd fold our nibbling flocks and hie us home;
 D 2

Or I with him, or he would lodge with me,
 In friendship link'd, we cou'd not sep'rate be.
 But now these bands are all afunder tore,
 And kind Alexis is, alas ! no more !

Breathe soft my pipe the melancholy strain,
 While Memory spreads the blissful scenes again—
 Scenes to the muse and sacred friendship dear,
 That still demand the tributary tear.
 As oft at falling eve my way I take,
 To meet with *Sylvia* at the village wake,
 Viewing, attentive, each frequented spot ;
 The *fount*, the *broom-hedge*, and *Alexis' cot*—
 The *mossy chair*, and *honey suckle* fine,
 Which round his window he had taught to twine ;
 I lose my way, and wander thro' the glade,
 Forget th' appointment with my village maid ;
 I lose my way, and to the night deplore
 My heavy dirge, Alexis is no more.
 His aged mother oft I can behold,
 Revisit feebly the forsaken fold,
 Where her Alexis us'd to pen his sheep,
 And safe from harm the vagrant bleaters keep ;
 There on her son the grey-hair'd mourner cries,
 And wearies nature with incessant sighs.
 The wond'ring dog, the well-known name to hear,
 Will starting stare, and think his master near ;
 But soon, as if he knew 'twas all in vain,
 He gives an howl, and lies him down again.

Alexis, happy on a kinder shore,
 Frequents these hills and blooming plains no more.
 All wanton revelry and vulgar noise,
 He still rejected, for the purer joys
 That humble shepherds in retirement boast,
 Nor sought amusement at his virtue's cost.
 Well taught to play, he charm'd the list'ning throng
 Of shepherd lads and girls the whole day long;
 Well he cou'd imitate old Ossian's lay,
 That wild as waters that thro' deserts play,
 With grand sublimity resistless rolls
 A tide of harmony o'er tuneful souls.

Such was Alexis—such the early end
 Of my congenial brother, virtuous friend,
 Whom shepherds all o'er hill and dale deplore,
 While Echo wails—Alexis is no more.

[*End of Damon's Song.*]

EDWIN.

Well done my Damon, did Alexis know,
 Where he Elysian happiness enjoys,
 Of this thy warbling, soft, affecting woe,
 Doubtless to thee he'd wish the present prize.

I love thy music.—Now Sylvander rise,
 Although the last, yet not the least in play,
 Your song the goat-herd clamour still defies:
 Still new and strong comes your enchanting lay,
 As wild as Ossian's own, sublime it rolls away.

You mind the tale of the sagacious dogs,
 Cæsar and Luath, wha sae aft together,
 In merry mood, thro' Coila's rusby bogs,
 Wad daily sport them in sweet summer weather ;

Resolv'd to meet again wi' ane anither,
 Ye ken they parted at the bumclock's caution,
 I heard they met short fyne in *Huoc's heather*,
 And had some vera curious conversation
 'Bout simple man again, the lord o' the creation.
 What pass'd, Sylvander, now to us declare it,
 We're all impatience, b'lieve me till we hear it.

SYLVANDER.

The iither week, ae bonie day,
 On finny side o' Huoc's brae,
 Hard by the wee romantic burn,
 That fasly sings thro' monie a turn
 O' rusby fod and purple tammock,
 Where Tamie sleeps in Ruin's hammock.
 Our curs they met, in merry fort,
 To worry, howk, and snowk in sport.
 But fashin' soon at flarts and skips,
 They serious grew, licking their lips,
 And lean'd them down upon their lips. }
 Syne after trimming baith his shins,
 Kind Cæsar thus the crack begins :

CÆSAR.

Dear Luath, can ye let me ken
 What this thing *Reason* is, that men,
 Superior to us, dogs, do boast,
 By which they rule creation's host?

LUATH.

Faith Cæsar, that's a crack on which,
 We needna fash to bother much.
 But as ye're far the better scholar,
 As certify'd upon your collar,
 Ye'll answer this yerfel in short,
 And I shall be your debtor for't.

CÆSAR.

Friend Luath then let this decide,
 This boasted reason, human pride.
 'Bout which they bluster, bawl and gape,
 Is just the difference o' the shape
 'Tween us and them—nought mair ava,
 We gang on four feet, they on twa.

LUATH.

L.—d man its weel to live like you,
 At leisure, easy, het and fou;
 Nae care your *cranium* ever muddys,
 Nor vulgar din disturbs your studies.
 Nae break-dyke nowt nor naigs to keep,
 Nor deaving pigs, nor head-strong sheep:

Naithing to mind but beek and play,
 Just whar ye like the live-lang day ;
 Save now and then, for master's fun,
 When he diverts him wi' the gun,
 Ye scour the bogs and snook the sibble,
 For pastime that repays ye treble ;
 An' fin' at e'en a lodging snug,
 Beside a clean swept chimla lug.
 While I, a poor, degraded tyke,
 Wi' Cotter snoo's man feed and fyke !
 My breakfast grub, a scanty drap,
 Just frae the floor, or paritch caup
 Then a' day herd uuruly brutes,
 Girn, gabble, bark, and bite their clutes ;
 While frae their heels, right monie a skelp
 My haffis dree, that gars me yelp ;
 And wear them in at e'ening's fa',
 Wi' weary shanks and empty maw ;
 Syne creep in to a recky cot,
 And sup on seartins o' the pot :—
 Tak' what I get, but onie gloom,
 And streck me down among the coom,
 There, deav'd wi' din o' senseless kays,
 Start, nod and dream o' better days.
 Wi' nae sic like to vex or sturt ye,
 Your life's a scene o' peace and sport ay,
 I'd gie my tail, but onie strife,
 To misser hames wi' you for life.

CÆSAR.

Duce tak me, Luath, but ye doat,
 Thus to girn and wite your lot ;
 I thought ye had been as content
 As onic tyke that trots the bent ;
 Wi' little pleas'd, at halefome wark,
 As independent as a lark.
 But now I vera plainly see
 Ye're happier no ae whit than me.
 Ye'd niffer states wi' me ye say !
 And what wad that do for you, pray ?
 'Twad get you ca'd a great man's dog,
 A lick-plate, mean faul, petty rogue,
 Idle sheep-thief, and a' that,
 I'd maist as soon be Hornie's cat.
 And than by every auld compeer
 Despis'd and hooted, far and near.
 In 'twere'na' that I'm rather auld,
 Thro' Simmer's heat and Winter's cauld,
 To front the halefome toils attendant
 Upon a living independent,
 I'd gladly spang my maister's dyke,
 And to the moors—a shepherd's tyke.
 This way I think whan gien to grumble,
 And yaumering thro' reflections rumble—
 I bann my fate, an' pray wi' vigour,
 'T had been my lot to lead some beggar.
 " But then its nonsense to repine'—
 Ye're made for your place, me for mine :

And Happiness and fair Content,
 Are no to onie station pent—
 Content an' Happiness the same,
 Just in the bosom hae their hame.
 Suppose we somewhat different are,
 But a' the difference hide and hair,
 We're form'd o' ae congenial mind,
 The disinterested, social kind;
 Our friendly hearts are ty'd together,
 And live in lee o' ane anither;
 So sympathy our sorrows a'
 Wi' kind endeavour cuts in twa;
 Thus halv'd our frets are feathers light,
 Which gales soon whirl out o' sight;
 While friendless he that's left alane,
 Beneath his lade o' care maun grang.
 This, this dear Luath, is my boast,
 In which my carefu' thoughts are lost.

LUATH.

I canna say but I might do,
 An' 'twerna for a haveral crew
 O' vulgar, glutton, mungrell whelps,
 That wi' their peace-destroying yelps,
 At kirk, and market, mill and fair,
 Just persecute me every where.
 For *hus* or *shoos* I nane do prize,
 Nor di'd I ever yet despise,
 Or mak a fufs the name to blot
 O' beggar's tyke for tauted coat.

But then to listen thick-skull'd dogs,
 That lack e'en sense to lick the cogs,
 Yamph out, an' tauk o' a' kind matters,
 Affecting ay their gentle betters ;
 And, void as pigs o' onie sense,
 Would rank abrupt wi' tykes o' sense ;
 Being doom'd, I say, to mix amang
 And thole the worthless gabbling gang,
 This, this dear Cæsar, is the case
 That maks me wish for change o' place.

CÆSAR.

Luath, my friend, wi' sober care,
 Court peace of mind just where you are ;
 And as ye thrive upon the *spot*,
 Where Fate has fix'd your rural lot,
 Tak thick and thin as ye can get it,
 And never let yoursel turn petit ;
 Your station's laigh, but ye can fend in't,
 Simmer and Wiater—independent.
 Nae doubt wi' senseless curs ye're troubled,
 Insulted, sham'd, and deav'd and hubbled ;
 And dogs o' worth perhaps may shun ye
 In fairs, when sic like gather on ye ;
 But if ye'll follow my advice,
 Ye'll get them banish'd in a trice.

Be ay reserve afore sic kays,
 And still evade their filthy ways,

O' nightly raking thro' the howes,
 Tod-lowrie like, to worry yowes;
 Or at dead horse to gorge and bark,
 Or after bitches in the dark;—
 Keep ye frae a sic fashions clean,
 An here's my lug, just for a prin,
 They'll keep aloof, nor seek near han' ye,
 And in a towmond scarcely ken ye.
 'Tis just frae being familiar wi' them,
 In private liberty ye gie them,
 In public thus to huff and haunt ye,
 Yaumph, bluster, gabble and affront ye.

LUATH.

But are ye, Cæsar, now sincere?
 If sae, I think ye're full severe.
 I never shar'd in carrion strife,
 Nor kill'd a yowe in i' my life;
 Nor yet held much familiarity,
 To pick or dab wi' low vulgarity.
 Howe'er th' advice I tak' it kin',
 And lay't up careful in my mind.

CÆSAR.

'Boon a' the ills I'm doom'd to bear,
 There's ane that spites me wond'rous fair,
 That I'm made accessary to
 The bringing death and lonely woe
 On thousands o' the feather'd fort,
 For great fok's game and wicked sport.

LUATH.

Gude faith I'm no surpris'd to find
That this shou'd stang your peace of mind.

CÆSAR.

'Twas happy time before the fall,
When every creature, great and small,
In purest peace and safety fed
Along the Simmer's flow'ry bed,
Or lightly play'd owre ilka hill,
And drank, unaw'd, the cryстал rill:
Hares, dogs, and rabbits a' like brether,
Promiscuous fed and slept together:
But man nae sooner brak' the *pacition*,
Than ilka creature catch'd th' infection:
Nae mair they feed or sleep thegither,
But hunt and worry ane anither!
While man, the subtile tyrant, reigns,
And desolates the flow'ry plains,
And, contrary to a' the rest,
To his ain kind the greatest pest!

LUATH.

This human life is but a farce,
Where honest actors are but scarce,
To see each wealthy blockhead thrive,
And o'er the tap o' merit drive;
And tho' the worthy are but scant,
To see them pine in rags and want;

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To see that adoration given
 To paltry gold, man owes to heaven;
 To hear a set o' wicked fellows
 Be prais'd for what deserves the gallows;
 Being doom'd I say to see and hear
 Sic throwin' perversion far an' near,
 As now is every day practis'd,
 We needna be ava surpris'd
 To hear that heaven, since mankind fell,
 Has left the world to itself.

CÆSAR.

With this I cannot just comply;
 There's sure a ruling Power on high,
 That marks the lot o' every man,
 Wha out o' this confusion can,
 And will, bring out a perfect plan.
 What seems to us a revel'd fray,
 To him is order—clear as day.
 Howe'er 'tis curious to observe
 How mankind frae their duty swerve,
 Perverting nature's simple rules,
 To error tied—headstrong as mules.
 The great, in van o' Folly's train,
 Meek Wisdom courts, but courts in vain;
 In them sweet learning drown'd at once is,
 And hence these ronts o' coach'd awn dunces.
 The Poor, who make the multitude,
 Untaught and vulgar, squalid, rude:

The poor, who fill the piper pay;
 Are left, alas! to grope their way,
 Instinctive, thro' the cheerless fog
 Of Ignorance, in Slavery's bog!
 Immers'd in darkness, Learning's sun
 Doth never blink their minds upon.
 Yet, strange to tell, that heavenly gem,
 Sweet Virtue's ofteneft found with them.
 Their Clergy too, a greedy crew,
 Gold all the God they have in view,
 Drone-like consume the ill-earn'd store
 Wrung from the bowels of the poor.
 There are exceptions still; its true,
 But och, alas, they're owre few.
 The picture's grim, but likeness fair,
 'Tis coarsely drawn—but deel ma care.

LUATH.

The picture's grim, but not o'ercharg'd,
 I'm sure it might be much enlarg'd.
 Full often have I turn'd the thought,
 (Which o'er my nose the salt tears brought) }
 How poorfok's weans were fed and taught. }
 Few, few indeed are fit to preach,
 But fewer still are fit to teach
 The tender mind to find the way
 Where science blazes into day.
 Blockheads, just forsook their mothers,*

* This, however, by no means applies to Scotland.—
 "They order this matter better there."—'Tis the

A nuisance to themselves and others,
 Without genius—without learning,
 Common manners, or discerning,
 Prevail upon the simple hinds,
 To cultivate their children's minds:—
 Poor hinds by poverty abus'd,
 To aught but daily toil unus'd,
 With the numskulls soon agree
 To teach their sons the A. B. C.
 And spell and write forsooth a little,
 Suppose *they* can't write worth a spittle,
 Nor spell one word right out of ten,
 Yet dare to prostitute the pen ;
 Hence Science blushes, in a rage,
 And Dullness stupifies the age.
 Hence all these feuds and hellish broils,
 These conflicts that afflict our isles ;
 There are exceptions—what the matter,
 The cause is—people know no better.

By this the evening 'gan to cuir,
 Wi' shadows brown, the hill and muir,
 The green-coat fays were seen to gather
 At Tammy's tomb among the heather,
 Their wild inspiring springs to play,
 And dirge to rest the sportsman's clay,
 When mindful o' their e'ning feed,
 The canty curs to part agreed,
 So fawn'd gude night and hame wi' speed. }

miserable way in which our Irish plebeian youth are educated, that is here alluded to.

EDWIN.

Sylvander, thy name is entitled to shine,
 With the shepherd's that whilom by Avon was
 known :

Henceforth the wild *duans* of *Cona* be thine,
 No wilder, no sweeter than some of thy own.

Let college-taught pedants exult in their lore,
 And folly their labour'd effusions admire ;
 Far, far above such thou art fitted to soar,
 Impell'd by the fervour of Nature's strong fire.

Full often enraptur'd I've danc'd with delight,
 At hearing thy *Cotter* and *Hallowe'en* sung ;
 And eke at thy *vision* and *witchified wight*,
 My spirit with extacy flutter'd and sprung.

Ah ! deem not I flatter, sweet shepherd of *Coil*,
 All fullsome eulogium I know you despise ;
 Nor you, my companions, take umbrage the while,
 I give to Sylvander the praise and the prize.

Now pocket your whistles, and home we will bend,
 See the day is far spent, and our shadows grow long,
 And the next time we happen to meet, I intend
 To treat you myself to an innocent song.

A sang 'bout young Katty, the lass o' the town,
 That langel'd young Sawney wi' blin Cupid's
 whang ;

Wha whan daddy an' minny were sleeping wad down,
 And in o'er the midding to Katty wad spang.

By this the Simmer day was wearing done,
And birds began to greet the setting sun ;
The charming mavis from the hazley brae,
The simple cuckoo and the blackbird gay,
All nature's tenantry around conspir'd
To glad our shepherds, as they home retir'd,
But led by love out owre the flow'ry bent,
To meet his *Jean*, the kind Sylvander went,
Joyful to breathe again the tender tale,
" *Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale.*"

SIMKIN.

OR A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN—A TALE.

“ A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
But an honest man's the noblest work of God.”

POPE.

AULD *Sim* was fam'd for prolix' prayers,
And *tuneful* holy graces;
Weel ken'd at markets, mills and fairs,
And ither public places.

A holy man—his conscience ne'er
Wad suffer him to curse;
But softly whisper'd in his ear,
That he might jockey horse.

He held it as a crying sin,
At hant, or onie place,
To tak a morsel, thick or thin,
Without a formal grace.

This favorite o' Heaven ae day,
To a neighbouring fair wad gang:—
Favourite of Heaven, did I say?
Cude faith I'm aiblins wrang.

How'er his Bawfey to the fair,
Took crafty, sleekit Sim ;
A noble naig he did declare,
But didna answ'er him.

Soon up there comes a jockey chiel,
Sim like a Levite winked ;
He tried the horse and lik'd him weel,
And soon a bargain clinked.

Quoth Sim—"although I fay't mysel,
I'm reckon'd something clever ay ;
We'll step in here an tak a gill,
An' then yese get delivery."

They call'd a gill, 'twas quickly there,
The chiel gets't in his nieve,
When Simkin, with a holy air,
Says, 'stranger wi' yer leave.'

Thrice he gov'd up niest the roof,
As aften shook his head ;
Then clos'd his ein, an' rais'd his loof,
A holy man indeed !

The tricky callan, then, to keep
Frae laughin leareely fit,
Drank out the whiskey every seep,
And down the bicker set.

The grace being done, the fellow leugh,
The whiskey was away!

To pray, quoth he, is not enough,
Hereafter watch and pray.

Delivery gien—they part aff han,
So hame our nibour wan'ers:

Niest morn the o'erseen fellow fan'
His gelding had the glan'ers!

Neglecting to ask Simkin's name,
He's in an cirie study:

At length in passion aff he came,
Damning the *praying body!*

At lang and length he found the place,
Our Simkin's habitation;

Where entering in he kend his face,
And baul'd aloud—damnation!

Ye old infernal hound of hell!

Ye hypocrite deceiver!

A gland'red horse to me to sell—

Swith the money up deliver.

'Hooly,' quo Simkin, unco flee,

'Gie o'er sic sinfu' jargon;

Nae money ye shall get frae me—

A bargain's ay a bargain.

DAVIE AND SAWNEY.

AN ALE-HOUSE ECLÖGUE.

" Learn then the best to take from evil,
 " As Saints take warning by the Devil."

PENROSE.

'T WAS on a snell October mornin',
 When contra' folk' had a' their corn in,
 An' north-ern hills began to shaw
 Their heathy summits white wi' snaw,
 By chance or fate, it maksna whether,
 Davie an' Sawney met thegither;
 Syne after ithers weel-fare speering,
 To which the muse gied little hearing;
 Each having three'pence he could spare,
 Agreed a wee to bother care,
 An' try ae haf hour to be happy,
 Out o'er a glafs o' reaming nappy.
 So to the change house on the hill,
 Kent by the sign o' auld King Will,
 The honest social twafome stepit,
 And for a gill o' whiskey chapit:
 Which soon as smell'd the spirits rous'd,
 An' tongues miraculously lous'd;

Reserve, that hatefu' stumbling' block
 To the happiness of *fo'ler* folk,
 It kick'd aside, while friendship glow'd,
 And ilka bosom kindly sh'w'd.
 Blythe on the *Stappie* *Davie* glances,
 First priev't, and thus the crack commences.

DAVIE.

My frien', I'm glad to see ye cythe
 Sae hale, contented like, and blythe;
 I was hearing that some turns o' fortune,
 The which are at the best uncertain,
 Were threat'ning likely to unhorse ye,
 An' what I look upon as worse ay,
 Some passionate domestic hobbles,
 Had slung you 'neath a hale o' troubles.
 I hope, however, that a wrang
 Are set to rights, when clatterin' tongues,
 That waur than rank'd poison kill
 Good characters, now rest them still.
 Here's peace and plenty t'ye, boy;
 If nae one wish'd ye waur than I,
 Grim Calumny wad never crack
 Your character behind your back.

[Drinks.]

SAWNEY.

Davie, al's! I'll tell you now,
 What folk reports is o'er true,
 I saw o' last night's o' the

I hae a wife o' Satan's get,
 Frae tophet sent to keep me het;
 The heaviest losses I hae shar'd
 Are light as naething, when compar'd
 To this unfeeling strompet's clamour—
 Her ginning and eternal yawmour,
 When by my fire I'd rest a wee,
 Hath made my houfe nae hame to me.

DAVIE.

That's ae thing in which I am blest;
 I hae a-wife o' wives the best;
 Averse to jidleness and strife,
 She's just the pillar o' my life.
 Tho' sometimes here and sometimes there,
 Abroad at market town or fair,
 Yet ne'er the less when she's at hame,
 A' things are manag'd just the same.
 Sae readily as she can rin
 About her business, out an' in;
 Gude faith I aften ferlie at her,
 An' blest my fortune that I gat her.

SAWNEY.

Alas, man! I've met the reverse,
 A' idle watter for a curse;
 A noisy torment late and air,
 My fortune cast out to my share!
 If I'm frae hame, as ye remark,
 Instead o' aiding weel the wark,

She fleeks the door, and aff she sets,
 Bare leggit, to her sister Bet's,
 The hale day out to lie and clink,
 Her neighbours backbite, eat and drink.
 The ky at hame may break the dykes,
 And eat the corn; the rakin' tykes
 Destroy the lambs and eke the hens,
 While Peggy neither cares nor kens.
 Right wearied, wi' an empty wame,
 Full monie a time, when I come hame,
 The door I'll get securely locket,
 The key's forsooth in Peggy's pocket.
 Syne I maun thole till 'bout the glomin,
 Till this unfeeling, shameless woman,
 Adjourn the clatt'rin, idle din,
 An' skelpin come to let me in!
 When in, I'll out the fire see,
 An' nought ava prepar'd for me.
 She'll aiblins say—nae doubt yer hungry,
 And frown and stare at me right angry;
 So scour out lightly to the byre,
 While I, without meat, light or fire,
 Wi' care and hunger sore bestead,
 In silence graip the way to bed,
 Which aft indeed I get unmade. }
 Syne streek me down, wi' sighs an' tears,
 Beseeching Heaven, that never hears,
 To order or commission Fate,
 To ether end or mend my state.

I oft, in passion, with the jilt,
 Ungot, ay, and her father gelt;
 For sure nae man was ever vext
 Sae--tortur'd, harrow'd, and perplex'd!
 Each day brings unexpected losses,
 And every week its fretting crosses;
 So that, as ye observ'd at first,
 I'll soon be weel enough unhors'd;
 And I fall gie, whan down I fa'
 My wicked wife the wyte of a'.

DAVIE.

Trouth, nibour Sawney, I am forry,
 But can, alack, do naething for ye.
 I vow an' swear I'd rather lea' her,
 Than be thus vex'd and harras'd wi' her.
 Had careful Providence ordain'd
 That she'd haen children to maintain'd,
 I kenna how, aneath the sin,
 Ye cou'd a kept a house within;
 A' things are order'd right, and therefore
 Nae offspring ye hae got to care for.
 But as for me, an' thanks to heaven,
 O' a rising family I hae seven;
 Four charming lads, an' lasses three,
 And better bairns there canna be.
 The lasses, I am proud to find,
 Possess alike their nither's mind;
 While the others manifest already,
 The vera temper o' their daddy.

While life-blood heats my Lizie's cheek,
 I dinna value fate a leek.
 She's just the centre o' my system,
 The worth on which account I blest am.
 At times whan we together share
 A nibour's treat, or simmer fair,
 She's ay in sic a kindly wark,
 Setting my cravat an' my fark;
 My coat to brush, my shoon to hae
 As black as ink or onie slae;
 Unnotic'd till we be awa,
 My hoes she'll able spy a-thra,
 She'll quickly speak an' nae them straighted,
 And every thing about me righted;
 As vera nice I ne'er cou'd be,
 She's ay in greater fyke than me;
 And says the greatest boast she'll have ay,
 Will be to trig the weans and Davie.

SAWNEY.

Lang may she brok baith health and ease,
 An' never tint the way to please!
 May bitter canker never stare
 You i' the face, or gie you care!
 But friendly, social, and content ay,
 Count monie a day in midst o' plenty! [*Drinks.*]
 While I, wi' galling din and strife,
 Benumb'd bear up the lade o' life,
 Till poverty, in rudest garb,
 This tortur'd being quite absorb.

Perhaps kind Providence at length,
 When gane are a' my health and strength,
 Will nick the thread and gie me rest,
 Where poverty nor wives molest.

DAVIE.

Ah! Sawney bear, wi' patience wait,
 Wha kens how soon relenting fate,
 May smoothe the path o' comin life,
 And to conversion bring your wife?
 We read o' Job of early time,
 Wha frae prosperity's sublime,
 To ruin's vera brink was hur'd,
 And made the bye-word of a world:
 Beneath the Devil's brazen paw,
 He thol'd, like you, a woman's jaw.
 Compar'd to his, what troubles thee,
 Is like a dew-drap to the sea;
 And yet again he wealthy grew,
 So what the duce may hinder you?
 The darkest hour o' a' the night
 And black, is that before day-light;
 These trials sharp to man are given,
 That he may better relish heaven.
 Be patient man, hope for the better,
 Kind heaven may soon amend the matter.
 "Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and thin pair of breeches,
 Will go thro' the world brave boys."

SAWNEY.

I ance cou'd sing and rant as weel
 As onie ither countra chiel;
 To rural glee and social fun;
 Cou'd gie my hours frae fun to fun;
 At village dance or countra fair,
 Was still amang the foremost there;
 But now these laughin times are fled,
 And troubl'ous days come in their stead;
 Henceforth *incog*. I'll try to live,
 And out o' sight o' mankind grieve!
 Wi' heavy heart an' tear-wet face,
 Alone bewail my hapless case.

DAVIE.

Come, let us hae anither gill,
 An' ance mair, Sawney, tak our fill;
 Let hood-wink'd fortune smile or frown,
 Tak' aff your glass and sorrow drown;
 For whether mortals sigh or sing,
 Regardless time is on the wing.
 Some row in plenty, some in want,
 Some sigh and graen, while ithers rant.
 Pure happiness, unmix'd wi' care,
 Right fennil visitq mankind here.
 Be patient Sawney, silly man
 Is but a worm, his days a span.

Thus crack'd the twafome o'er their nappy,
The ane fair griev'd, the ither happy,
Whar nane their converse did o'erhear,
Except the mufe, that slyly near
Them fat, hard by, and a' recorded
And brought it hame to get it worded.
Ay whan she eyes the poor man's cot,
She calls to mind his bitter lot;
And frae her check, with tender han' ay,
She wipes the tear for luckless Sawney.

A NOCTURNAL.

“ For, hce the rivers sigh their groves among,
 “ And funeral murmurs, wailing, roll along.”

LUSIAD.

ONE night of late, as it was my wont, I left my bed and went out for meditation. The pale moon was sinking towards the West—The sleepy sheep lay dozing on the dewy hill, each lamb beside its mother. The woodland songsters sat dumb beneath their vernal canopies; and all around was calm and tranquil, except at times the wakerife Rail, who, courting Echo in the lonely valley, gave the scene a charm which it otherwise would have wanted. Alas! ye worldly-minded, busy fry! your growling souls can never taste the balmy sweets of solitude. Anxious returning from the toils of your careful day, Night, with all her heavenly lessons, only serves to give you lethargic slumbers, which perhaps are often interrupted by the fretting dreams of disappointment, and which at best, only serves to renew and fit your prowling frames to resume the fordid chace with Morning—All your tasteless enjoyment lies in the catch, bustle, and din of this uncertain world. Not so the serious son of Contemplation—He loves to

elip the influence of the leaden power, and often, thro' the lonely gloom of Night, converse with Quiet in the silent grove—to learn that greatest of concerns, HIMSELF, and correspond with Nature's ever-kind indulgent Author.— Thus wrapped in pleasing melancholy, I love to wander thro' the soul-enriching scenes of shadowy Night.— Hail, awful Silence! Hail thou ever-soothing power.— What time the fallen owl, from Ruin's mouldring haunt or dreary yew, the lamentable song begins, thou from the lonely mansions of the dead, comest hand in hand with Peace and Wisdom. O, come thou kind associate of the grave, and shed thy sacred influence round me! And come sweet Wisdom, come thou modest stranger, expell'd from bloody thrones and wicked rulers, whose iron hearts contemn thy goldenen precepts—who, with their goary dogs of guilt and ignorance, would hunt thee from the world: come thou to me, thou source of bliss below and guide to happiness on high.

'Twas thus I indulged in lonely reveries, till I found myself drawing nigh the bank of the river. The moon as yet was not altogether gone down. The shadows of the alder trees extended long o'er the dewy meadow. The very winds seemed as if hushed asleep—not a whisper disturbed even the slightest reed on the river, whose silver-like current stole gently away, without the least murmur. Straying thoughtfully along the water's winding margin

I was suddenly struck with something like the sound of a human voice. I started, looking timorously around, to see if I could perceive any one—When lo! to my great surprise, I beheld a woman. She was seated on a jutting rock on the brink of the river. Her coal-black hair hung loose o'er her face and shoulders. I stole near and hid myself in a bush while thus she renew'd the bitter song of her lamentation.

“ Here on this cold stone a while I'll rest me, my nightly feat of grief. Once more I'll tell the silent night my woeful tale—Thou faithful stream awhile attend—Full oft I've swell'd thy peaceful current with my tears—Full oft my sighs have met the hollow breeze, that trembled o'er the azure bosom—that thro' the bending reeds and oziers moist, convey'd my doleful dirge to dank Oblivion. Kind flood! if any such frequent thy liquid haunts, let some indulgent genii this one last time befriend me—And let it bear o'er unknown gloomy wilds, and sullen waves, to youthful Corydon my last lament.—There, silent as the twinkling beam of Evening's star, glide thro' his window, and softly stealing o'er his mid-night pillow, pour in his sleeping ear the fretful dream.

“ But why thus raving, sport with airy shadows? Corydon was false, and ruin'd me!

“ Adieu! adieu thou base deceitful world—Farewell, with all thy shifting scenes of vice and folly—Fare-

well thou wretched mother of a far more wretched daughter! and O! thou false possessor of my soul, a long farewell to thee! Like other maids, I once to joy and innocence cou'd thoughtlessly devote my youthful days. At milking hours, none more content than I--none sang more cheerful at their daily wheel, nor happier danc'd upon the evening green. Ah, Corydon, thou witching youth! full soon thou caught my eye;--full soon my heart was thine; and never was a heart so thrown away. Light heart as lambs that wanton round their mothers, would I at evening to the appointed shade, to meet my Corydon. Sweet hung the juicy hawthorn o'er our heads! The daisy and the violet prauk'd our happy seat--clear from the grove the blackbird whistled---the mellow mavis hail'd the setting sun, and all around was rural peace, delight and joy.---But alas! those fairy scenes are gone! all fled as the transient dream of the morning, and hopeless woe alone remains! Ah! falsest youth that ever won a virgin's heart, thy infant's spirit, and hers that lov'd thee, (by vows and oaths hers and no others,) in woeful willow dress will haunt thee nightly, and often rueful in thy broken slumbers, in dreams of frightful kind will start before thee, and screech for vengeance.-----Yet, ah! I could not thus torment him! False as he was, may Corydon be happy. He vow'd, he swore, that he would still be true. Alas, unable to refuse, I let him have his will! Ah! me, the doleful consequence! he fled.

and left me! straight to Columbia's shore he sped
 away, and left me here the victim of Despair. Nine
 months I went with child, unknown to any:—here at
 this stone, beneath the blast of night, I bore my baby.
 The night's cold air and pangs of nature, had brought
 me nigh unto the door of death—Some hours insen-
 sible I lay, outstretch'd—Alas! ere I recover'd
 the darling innocent was breathless cold! In all the
 rack of comfortless distress, I kiss'd the stiff'ning in-
 fant:—then careful wrapping it up in my apron,
 I trembling laid it in the river deep!—Home to our
 cot I silently return'd. Two days I kept my bed!
 nor even my mother knew what ail'd me. Farewell,
 again deceitful world, with all thy guilt and sorrow;
 Ye ruling powers protect my lonely mother! May
 lovely, faithless Corydon, where'er he stray, still have
 your kind regard! Soon, soon I'll be where guile
 can never enter. My dearest baby, thus I follow
 thee.”

This said, she plung'd into the fatal stream, that
 'bove her closing, felt a strange surprise, and quench-
 ing soon the vital spark, cut off all timely aid.

So with my soul strangely agitated with unwonted
 swells of reflection, for this time—home I returned
 to my cottage.

ELEGIAC REFLECTIONS,

ON GOING INTO A CHURCH-YARD.

"Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 "O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread."

BLAIR.

HUSH every ruder thought—here from the gate,
 O, troubling Folly! keep thy distance due;
 This is the awful residence of Fate,
 That stands between the worlds, old and new.

Methinks the bar reluctantly complies;
 The pond'rous door feels sullen discontent;
 And grating rueful, entrance half denies
 To any guests but such as Death has sent.

O what confusion on confusion here;
 Heaps laid on heaps, wife, good, bad, old and
 young,
 By Death's long labor glean'd—a motly drear,
 In Ruin's granary promiscuous hung.

Here ends the race, the goal of human life,
 Where down his load the weary pilgrim lays,
 And bids farewell to all terrestrial strife;
 This fretting world and its thorny ways.

Where are the hopes, the loves, the joys, the feasts,
 Erewhile that shar'd each anxious, throbbing breast,
 Gone, like the fairy dream of other years,
 Or traceless path of Summer's wheeling blast.

The very particles that form'd those hearts,
 Where love and hate, with every passion reign'd ;
 The blood, the bones of all the various parts,
 To feed these motly ranks of weeds are drain'd.

The very fingers of the am'rous fair,
 That with its thorn has often pluck'd the rose ;
 This primrose form, perhaps, that lonely here,
 On every wandring wind its essence throws.

Here, where this fallen yew-tree shades the place,
 The village preacher's mouldring relics lie ;
 An humble daisy blooms above his face ;
 'Twas once, for ought I know, the good man's eye.

Look here ye insolent, ye proud, ye vain ;
 Ye base contentious, who with hateful strife,
 Pour all your venom in the cup of pain,
 And to your fellows still embitter life.

Here mute and motionless you lie ere long,
 And all your puny feuds must be forgot ;
 The feeble sufferer and afflicter strong,
 Must here together be consign'd to rot.

Believe me, brethren, life has ails enow,
 And short our passage to the drear abode,
 Then why set snares, and flinty pebbles strew,
 To vex and mar each other on the road?

O Pain! the mother of us all thou art,
 By thee we're first upon the world cast,
 And when we've acted each our various part,
 Again thou tak'st us with thee at the last.

Full oft in fyren Pleasure's robe array'd,
 Thou hast deceiv'd me with thy witching lay,
 And soon, alas! I felt myself betray'd,
 And rued the rigours of thy potent sway.

Fell Grief, co-partner of thy fallen reign,
 Beholds our pleasures with a lurid eye;
 Still wooing Pity thro' life's dim domain,
 The thirsty monster drinks up all our joy.

However clear to some the day may shine,
 Serene, unruffled by the adverse blast;
 Yet soon or late their pleasures will decline,
 And melt in thy voracious maw at last.

Yet there's a land above the starry sphere,
 A clime to which the virtuous spirits fly;
 Grief, Care and Pain are utter strangers there;
 All pure delight, peace, and eternal joy.

" O thou, Great Governor of all below !"

Here from the tombs to thee I lift my voice ;
Give grace to guide us thro' this vale of woe,
That after death we may with thee rejoice.

What's mortal man ? a poor contentious worm ;
Fate's giddy play-thing on this scene below ;
Just various matter, ever-changing form,
Is all that Nature, all that Art can shew.

Even tow'ring monuments, the most sublime,
A while reluctantly on Ruin wait ;
Beneath the brazen feet of hoary Time,
All crumbling slowly seek their first estate.

LISTEN LIZIE,

LILTING TO TOBACCO.

“ Now cease your sweet pipes, shepherds; cease your lays
 Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
 With your melodious love-notes; die ye winds,
 That o'er Arcadian valleys blow; ye streams,
 Ye garrulous old streams, suspend your course,
 And listen “ *Lizie*.”

LANGHORNE.

TOBACCO dear, attend a wee,
 I'm gawn to tune my pipe to thee;
 This threty year, I'm sure, and three,
 I hae enjoy'd thee;
 Ten times a day, to gie me glee,
 Hae I employ'd thee.

Let ither poets praise the Diel,
 Rant, rhyme, an' tippie till they reel,
 Or roose potatoes or ait-meal
 In sonnet flee;
 Here, hale an' hearty, at my wheel,
 I'll craon to thee.

But och, alas! whan thou wears *short*,
 Nae thought hae I for fang or sport;
 And neebour loons, that come athort,
 Then like to taunt ay;
 Haf deaf, haf blin', my tow I ort,
 And gurn and gaunt ay.

An' whan thou'rt out, O *potent weed!*
 Our houfe gaes fairly wrang indeed,
 Cogs, pots an' pans fa' arse o'er head,
 An' lie unwashen,
 An' aften kicks an' licks succeed
 A rash expression.

Our auld gude-man haf tynes his wit,
 As by the fire he'll girn an' fit;
 His nose an' chin wad mak a nit
 In flinners see!
 Die! haet he dow but girn an spit,
 When wantin thee.

E'en *Colley* stuns the fire-side,
 An' *Baudrons* flyt within to bide,
 Maun to the stack-yard rin an' hide,
 Or to the kiln,
 Else monie a bang does her betide,
 Gien wi' gude will.

But soon as *haf-a-quarter's* come,
 Ill nature sinkin, maun sing dumb,
 That girnin pest that sticks to some
 Fok while they move,
 When ilka gab, just like a lum,
 Begins to stowe.

But why this wicked fool digression!
 Why put mysel in sic a passion?
 Rebellion's got a pretty thraffin—
 Sedition's choakin;
 When peace returns, we'll thrive in' fashion,
 So let's be smoakin.

Tobacco, monie a whang o' thee,
 Has wi'd awa the placks frae me;
 What I hae coft for æe bawbee,
 Now stans me twa;
 But siccan times as now we see,
 We never saw.

An' yet, in spite o' a' their dow,
 Auld ERIN will yet in plenty-row,
 Hæe rowth o' thee to smoak I trow,
 Baith night and day,
 Whan monie a wily wicked pow
 Stinks in the clay.

Some like to snuff thee, some to 'chow,
 While frae their jaws the flavers flow,
 Till it wad sooner onie sow,
 An' poison pigs,
 To see their beards a' laggart grow
 Like footy wigs!

ELEGIAC LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR 1796.

" All sad I ponder on the past."

LOGAN.

FROM yonder lowly cot's beivied end,
 What time the thresher's weary task was done,
 Where virtue, solitude, and peace befriended,
 The tuneful Damon eyed the setting sun.

While coach-drawn folly, and licentious fun,
 To blazing domes, and public inns repair,
 He essay'd his oaten pipe, and thus begun
 To blow a farewell to the closing year.

" Farewell with all thy scenes of guilt and woe,
 Thy every folly, and thy every crime !
 O ! had Oblivion kept thee still below,
 Thou luckless period of revolving time !

My shuddering soul, with horror here recoils,
 To think what answer will to thee be given,
 When, with the crimson journal of these isles,
 Thou stand'st appall'd before the court of Heav'n,

The burthen'd herald of a guilty world :
 But yet a little, and thou cleavest the skies ;
 Methinks I see the horrid scroll unfurl'd,
 While angel myriads avert their eyes !

While we the insects of this fleeting day,
 For acts of treason stand indicted there :
 Impatient *Ruin* howls to drag his prey,
 To the hopeless territories of *Despair* !

Methinks stern Justice, with her scales, appears,
 And turns the frightful pages o'er and o'er,
 While Mercy faintly, thro' celestial tears,
 Beholds the catalogue one volume more.

O, thou, great King, whose searching eye surveys
 The inmost corner of the human heart,
 To thee my fearful eyes I fain wou'd raise,
 And seek forgiveness ere I hence depart."

Thus far the shepherd lad his theme pursuing,
 When sinking day the snowy scene forsook,
 And vig'rous frost the fierce attack renewing,
 He to his humble fire himself betook.

THE BONNET---A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO A REVEREND MISER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Ye who have seen hell's horned knight,
 Sough owre a midnight brae,
 Can only boast o' sic a fight
 As I saw yesterday.

The following Poem, if such it may be called, had a curious fact for its foundation. A certain Rev. Gentleman, better known by the singularity of his dress than a liberal or charitable disposition, happening on the afternoon of a warm day, in the month of July, one year, to be out, either on a soul-saving or hunger-destroying excursion, passed the Author's door in the following trim, which curious sight gave rise to the rhyme:—Old black stocking-legs partly conceal'd his shins; by this 'twill be understood his feet were bare; a pair of blue linen breeches, unbuttoned at the knees, worn, rip'd, tatter'd and torn, hung over his Rev. buttocks; a waistcoat of the same cloth with the breeches, but so miserably reduced that one might conceive even the ragman would refuse, unbuttoned, hung on his shoulders. He had on no coat. Let us not forget to render justice to his careful wash-woman, he had on a very well done up shirt.

But what crowned all, was his head incased in a woman's black bonnet! As his back, apparently more from the negligence of Nature in his formation, than the effect of a burden of years, is wonderfully bent—even an unthinking stranger may figure to himself this ludicrous picture. To such as have the honour and happiness to live in the same neighbourhood with the Gentleman, this *rude draught* will be altogether superfluous. I fondly hope, however, that the singularity of the sight will plead my apology with both those that know him and those that do not. I know, as a worthy Author has said, “That Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle;” but Nature, in her freaks, hath given me such a tickleness of intellect, that when I accidentally, or otherwise, meet with any thing risible in itself, even tho’ I should be guiltined for it, ’tis altogether out of my power to keep from laughing.

“Not laugh? beasts, fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can,
That’s the peculiar privilege of man.”

THE BONNET,

“ For *that* (quoth he) let me alone,
 “ We’ve store of *such*, and all our own,
 “ Bred up and tutor’d by our teachers,
 “ The ablest of conscience-stretchers.”

HUDIBRAS.

HA! ——— ——— Whar got ye that?
 Whar hae ye flung th’ ald wool hat?
 Hae ye hung’t up, being auld and torn,
 To fright the rooks frae ’mang the corn,
 Or throw’n’t in spider neuk, to lig
 Alaig wi’ th’ auld rejected wig?
 Tho’ scoff’d and hol’d, depend upon it,
 Ye set it better than a bonnet.
 Perhaps some loon your absence watches,
 And short repasts of pleasure snatches;
 And, while stern Jealousy plants her thorns,
 Ye clap on this to hide the horns.
 Perhaps ye think, an’ ye’re nae goose,
This keeps your *Cranium* brave and loose;
 While that a hat confines the same,
 And ideas get owre het at hame.
 Reverse o’ these auld brainless bodies,
 Wha mone a’ day in dusky studies;
 With energy of mind possess, .
 When labouring out ye study best;
 An’ can contrive in a dyke sleugh,
 What may do poor folk weel enough.

Being fond to keep, to latest date,
 Your *colour*, at the cheapest rate,
 ('Tho' ane might trow, to see your buff,
 It might amairt be weather proof.)
 This *cowl* prevents the staring *fin*,
 Frae with'ring up your cheek an' chin.
 Unlike these *Macaroni* fellows,
 Wha, flaunting, spread their *umberellas*,
 Tripping, tip toe, in gaudy claithing,
 While, save what's on them, they hae naithing;
 Naithing at hame, but empty bags:
 Ye store the gowd an' gang in rags!
 I've heard ye mair than ance or twice
 Assert that all extremes were vice;
 If so, your R—— is to blame,
 O'er head and ears is *one extreme*!
 But stiff-neck still, you seem to think,
 That first an' foremost—meat an' drink,
 And any kind of thread-bare clothing,
 Not bought I mean, but got for nothing,
 Are all that's needful, straight or crooked,
 And gold was made—for what? to look at.
 While from your *rostrum* you deride
 All ostentation, pomp and pride,
 Ah! on yourself cou'd you but look,
 And see as you see other fok',
 Ye'd see your humped back support
 A turfe of pride of other fort.
 For pride exists in monie a form;

And surely there's as little harm
 In that which trips in fashion nice,
 As that which creeps in rags and lice.
 As matron Nature has took pains
 On nought about you but the brains,
 L—d, Sir, you shou'd be more exact !
 The million tauk behind your back ;
 Your shape, resembling Hudibrases,
 You render worse by these odd dresses ;
 With an old wife's bonnet on your pow,
 You'd fright the pigs from any sow.
 Twad much amend the matter, faith,
 Wad ye but gang in decent clath.

Although at you and your apparel,
 'Tis impudence in me to snarl ;
 But when I see, wi' auld or young,
 Aught odd, I canna had my tongue.
 Your graceless flock are grown sae lazy,
 An' lukewarm, they have put you crazy ;
 In trespasses and sins, they're dead ;
 For you they'll neither drive nor lead !
 While like a tug you wingle wi' them,
 Unwilling to be suar'd frae them ;
 When fleechin winna do, ye'll even
 Attempt to frighten them to heaven !
 To pass the *cut* (craving your pardon)
 Ye ken'd there woun'd a bleth'rin bard in,
 Wha keeks, *incog.* at man an' woman,
 An' whan he meets wi' aught uncommon,

In hamely, aff hand, rural rhymes,
 Sends all in print to future times ;
 For you, I say, to pass his *dore*,
 In siccan garb, mad-like as Caor,
 Your R—— was a little out,
 You might, he thinks, have gone about.

'Twas mercy, Sir, wi' siccan hood on,
 Nae breeding wife met you the road on !
 If onie had, I'll tak my aith,
 Far less has been a woman's death.

Perhaps ye read this fellow's book,
 An' there observ'd nae note is took
 Of you — ye thought, ance for a joke,
 Ye'd try his *mufts* to provoke,
 And, right or wrong, to future ages,
 Shine on his next edition's pages ;
 And so ye shall, dear R——
 Thro comin' times, wi' bonnet on ye,
 Link it along like e untra carline,
 While gaping rustics will be serlying,
 Taking ye for the witch of En-dor,
 (L—d fave's!) or some sic like pretender.

Gude faith, ye'll aiblins tak' it ill,
 That I hae thus employ'd my quill
 On you, and your concerns — but shud ye
 E'en gar me gien for't thro' a widdie,
 To see you wi' a bonnet sleek it,
 O L—d, my fire, I could not help it !

But gin ye be a holy brither,
 When ae cheek's smit, ye'll turn the ither,
 An' owre this hamely fonnnet smile;
 To rage is never worth your while.
 I fain wad think ye'll no be wroth;
 'Tis surely wholesome as four broth,
 The which, 'twas said, you us'd to love,
 As cook-maid yet can fairly prove.
 She's aften tauld, that if ye hame
 At evening came, with empty wame,
 Ye were like a blood-hound or a tiger,
 Till four broth sav'd frae heated beggar,
 Wi' pratoes cauld, allay'd the smart
 O hunger knawin at your heart;
 Or thick or thin, 'twas all the same;
 Coarse things do weel enough at hame.

Sin' that day's night (that ye fae stark,
 Had executed three men's wark,
 Ye h' lost, alack! your popularity,
 An' fa'n amailt beneath vulgarity.
 Don't let your R----- think I slaw;
 The following fact will clearly shaw,
 And corroborate, to your aversion,
 Th' existing truth of my assertion.
 Suppose to pomp and carry clashes,
 Is wark for wicked, graceless hashes;
 But if examples we can spy,
 Frae sic as you spontaneous fly,
 To tell a random clash or lee,
 Might niblins be let go free!

The ither night, as I was wa'kin
 About the dykes, I heard twa' ta'kin
 Behint a bush; I kept frae view,
 And heard what follows—about you!

* * * * *

[Here, as Tom Gray says, 500 stanzas are lost.]

Thus, Sir, you see I am not jestin;
 But wha was't spake o't?—there's the question;
 And not withstanding how I can, Sir,
 'Tis one I am not bound to answer:
 Full likely 'tis exaggeration,
 Or diabolic defamation,
 That falsely has supplanted truth,
 And prostitutes each meddling mouth.
 Be't as it will, your R—— may
 Dependence put in this I say;
 There's several gentles—fok o' fashion,
 That oft hae pang'd you like a cushion,
 Wha wi' the Devil would rather share
 Their conversation and their fare.
 If I, as you were haf as able,
 To keep an independent table,
 I'd see my guts about a thorn,
 Before I thou'd incur their scorn,
 In any such a low-liv'd way,
 Haunting them for their *drops o' tea*
 I kenna whether ye hae took note
 O this that I am gawn to quote;
 But whether ye hae observ'd or no,
 I'm sure I always found it so.

While we conveniently can get
 But keeping out o' great fok's debt,
 Accepting nought but what we find
 We can again return in kind,
 Ay whan we meet them, fitch the beaver,
 This is the way to win their favor.
 But twice or thrice a weck or so,
 Gude faith we'll soon a burden grow,
 While from the vera *flunkie's* face,
 Sojr looks will soon explain the case.

Now, Sir, lest I be thought too rude
 And impudent, I will conclude :
 While --- ---'s your name, may heaven blefs ye ;
 And earth in better cloathing dress ye ;
 May your faul ne'er sink to footy hell,
 But ye can pray for that yoursell.
 Your patience yet, an inch or twa ;
 Just ae word ere I gang awa :
 Ken whether ye occupy your wit,
 To rail at me an' all I h' writ ;
 Wrathfu' misca' me, stamp and stare,
 Keep up your nieves, I dinna care.
 Believe me, Sir, your fist or rung
 Wad hurt me far waur than your tongue.
 Henceforth I'll watch an' no gae near ye,
 And then I need na muckle fear ye—
 Keep that auld bonnet frae my view,
 And pray for me, I'll lieg for you.

CHURCH-HILL.—AN ELEGY.

——— "Musing on this worldly wealth I thought,
"Which comes and goes."

SACKVILLE.

COME muse, and view this venerable dome,
 'Yclept Church-hill—'twas *Philalæthes* home,
 Where anxious many a day the *good man* rul'd,
 And swept together an immense of gold.
 Comè let us calmly each apartment trace,
 Perhaps a fragment of his saving grace,
 Among the rubbish in some nook, we'll find,
 Not worth his bearing off, so left behind.
 How vain the thought! had it been worth a plum,
 An old door handle, or a toothless comb,
 An half-worn besom, or a lickle heft,
 It was not possible it cou'd be left.
 His *saving grace*! 'twas it like whirlwind,
 Tore all away, and left a *wreck behind*!
 Ye sheeted spectres, from the shades of hell,
 Ye hooded witches, wrinkled beldams fell,
 Philosophy is gone, you need not fear,
 To hold your dance infernal, nightly here.
 This is the room, where *Philalæthes* kept
 A range of borrow'd books, and also slept

Here he has studied too, but not to preach,
 'Twas how to labour, jockey, and get rich.
 Alas! how learning's sweets are thrown away!
 There's many a plowman whistles out the day,
 That only wants the polish to have been
 Fit to have figur'd on a higher scene;
 While many Lords and Clergymen, alas!
 Shou'd sweep the streets, or drive a tinker's ass.
 O, Philalethes! shalt thou no more here
 The rope of Avarice twine with sweating care?
 No, no, alas! the fatal word is spoke!
 You gave't a twist too much, and so it broke.
 What's this I hear! what means this bitter crying,
 'Tis lonely baudrons in the garret dying:
 After, incredible, a fortnight's fast,
 She wriggling gives it up and squeaks her last.
 O, had'st thou but surviv'd another day!
 The kelter Wabster's wife is on the way,
 With Swab, her husband, by her side, who brings
 Cogs, barrels, basketfuls of various things;
 Bread, beef, and butter, butter-milk and cheese,
 All potent antidotes to thy disease.
 To Swab thou might'st an useful servant be,
 And lick'd thy fur and purr'd at Hallowe'en.
 Ye rats and mice that burrow round all wheres,
 Us'd to the sound of formal evening prayers,
 And psalms well chanted thro' tea-moisten'd throats,
 How will you bear the woollen weaver's notes?
 His stinking flavour, and his rattling strife,

And all the clamour of his vulgar wife?
 I think I feel for you, and ere too late,
 I warn you all at once to emigrate.
 See how yon poor dejected spider creeps;
 Along the wall—the very wall it weeps;
 Tears course each other down from stone to stone,
 And *Ruin* writes—the building's now my own.
 Thou wasting power, yet a while forbear,
 Perhaps some other holy man of prayer,
 Some trusty *watchman* from the Corps of Grace,
 Will yet renew this venerable place:
 Some true descendant of the *ancient flock*,
 May yet collect the unheeded, bleating flock,
 That now divided, thro' the moors and bogs,
 Neglected stray—the game of thieves and dogs.
 None knows on Saturday what is on Sunday
 To come to pass—“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

THE ROUGHFORT FAIR.

A RUSTIC PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

"Reputation's a bug-bear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking."

PHILLIPS.

"Refreshment a'ter toil, ease after pain."

MILTON.

THE day, at length, to evening's edge is come,
And cools his axle in the western sea ;
The mellow farmers drive their heifers home,
And leave the fair to *social mirth* and me.

The glimmering candles light each festive room,
And rural transport flies from nook to nook,
Save where the drunk man tumbles o'er the loom,
And stagg'ring seeks some private place to puke :

Save that from yonder cobweb-mantled bed,
The drunk-down jockey's sullen snores resound,
Who wishful turns, but turns in vain the head,
For that repose which cannot there be found.

In farthest bed, with humble chequer hung,
Heaving the rug, two social fellows rest,
Who gay till six o'clock, carrousd and fung,
But forc'd, alas ! to give it up at last.

Of busy tongues the ever-varying roar,
 The song vociferous and wild horse-laugh ;
 Nay, all the transports of the '*random splore,*'
 Ne'er rouse these fellows from their bed of chaff.

In vain for them the blazing hearth may burn ;
 Their wives in vain the supper may prepare ;
 In vain the children wish their fire's return,
 Expecting sweets and play-things from the fair.

Poor wives ! how often are ye but deceiv'd
 With husbands' promise when they go away ;
 For thus they tell you, and are still believ'd,
 ' Upon my word, indeed, we will not stay.'

How'er, let not the shrew, with brazen face,
 In search of husband to the alchouse roam ;
 It plays the devil, and it brings disgrace ;
 Far better stay and nurse their wrath at home.

Yet there are some, to all decorum dead,
 Like fiends will after to the ale-house fly ;
 Who boast the breaking of their husband's head,
 And how they can the social scene destroy !

And neighbours will impute to such the blame
 Of all the discord and domestic strife,
 That feed, unsanctified, the wasting flame,
 Which still consumes the peace of marry'd life.

Can bitter scolding, kicks, and torn-out hair,
 Back to the mansion sweet agreement call?
 Or can Contentment visit such a pair,
 Whose every day is one eternal brawl?

Perhaps in this gay festive place may lie
 The frothy schoolmaster, ere break of day;
 Dull as a musket ball each turn'd up eye,
 That beam'd on truants the despotic ray.

But Knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Nature withheld from him the noble rage,
 And froze the current of his stupid soul.

Full many a blockhead, impudent, and fool,
 The few intelligent are doom'd to bear;
 Full many a worthless scoundrel keeps a school,
 And poisons intellects both far and near.

The stiff-neck formalist, with bigot breast,
 That vain new-light men ever keen controuls;
 The subtle deist, held Religion's pest,
 Here fall together, all as drunk as owls.

Th' applause of sober people to command,
 The 'merry roar' and bottle to despise,
 Nay, on their feet like men to go or stand,
 Or e'en when fallen, up again to rise

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Their state forbids; but holds them here *incog.*

In friendly Robin's hospitable shed;
 Forbids to wade, all fours, thro' ditch and bog,
 Or tumble, zig zag, home to wife and bed.

The strugling pangs of vomiting to hide,
 And pale face from other's eyes to keep,
 Some stragglers slip out to the garden side,
 Puke, yawn, and tumble over sound asleep.

Beyond the reach a while of grog and din,
 They sleep, and dream perhaps of wife and care,
 Till waken'd sober, they again come in,
 And help their fellows to conclude the fair.

Now rouse ye, sleepers, from the bed of chaff,
 And set your rested bones once more erect;
 This glass of stingo-stout come quickly quaff,
 'Twill heal the head and all the man protect.

Tho' sick the stomach, and sore pain'd the head,
 To join their fellows they again are willing,
 And many a plausible thing around is said,
 To make them board again the other shilling.

For who to hawk Economy a prey,
 The glee of such society would break;
 Renounce the transports of the *old-fair* day?
 But want, alas! makes worthy fellows sneak.

Yet on some friend the moneyless may call,
 And, whispering, borrow half-a crown or so;
 Then, renovated, to the battle fall,
 And rant and roar till bed-time, well or woe.

For thee who mindful of this drouthy corps,
 Dost in this crambo rhyme their tale relate,
 A hundred times, I'm sure thou hast, and more,
 With such, till day-light, kept thy-festive feat.

Haply some evil-minded folk may say,
 " Oft have we seen him drunk as drunk may be,
 While far too narrow was the broad highway,
 Such stumbling, reeling to and fro kept he.

There, at the foot of yon romantic thorn,
 Whence issuing pure, the chrystal fountain flows,
 We've seen him bathe his head full many a morn,
 And home to work, refusing all repose.

Oft o'er the sunny side of verdant *Lyle*,
 In pleasing melancholy rap'd, he'll rove,
 And rustic madrigals compose the while,
 Singing them home by *Granny's* rural grove.

One morn we miss'd him on the flow'ry hill,
 Along the mead, and at his fav'rite tree;
 A friend had ask'd him to partake a *gill*,
 So in the whiskey house safe moor'd was he.

The evening following drunk, drunk indeed,
 From Wilson's sheban house he came along,
 Still muttering as he went with little heed,
 Something resembling the following song :"

THE SONG.

Here 'lone I jog upon the face of earth,
 And on my fate tho' Fortune seem to frown ;
 Fair Nature smil'd upon my humble birth,
 And sweet Contentment mark'd me for her own.

I'm somewhat versatile, but still sincere ;
 Disdain to fawn or creep for selfish ends,
 And Heaven, to cheer me thro' this vale of care,
 Has given me *honest Damon*, best of friends.

O, let not Calumny the bard expose,
 His failings blazing in the face of day,
 Because to whiskey shops sometimes he goes,
 To warm and moistify his tuneful clay !

* I was born on the 25th of Blooming May, 1766.

LYLE'S HILL---A RHAPSODY.

INSCRIBED TO DAMON.

—————"If I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me."

DENHAM.

O HAD I Denham's classic skill !
Or Dyer's soft, descriptive quill ;
The beauties fair of verdant Lyle,
Shou'd echo round my native isle.
Come, Fancy, wanton, sportive lass,
Tripping o'er the velvet grass ;
Bee-like, wand'ring far and near,
Come and aid thy votary here.
Come, thou solitary muse,
Wet thy flute with early dews,
And o'er these fertile flow'ry braes,
In mellow notes exalt the praise
Of Lyle, paternal hill, so long,
Gay Nature's pride, forgot in song.
Great Pope had Windsor's lofty groves,
Where ample Thames meand'ring roves ;
Denham had *Cooper's Hill*, so fair,
And *Grogan* fell to Dyer's share ;
While 'twas decreed for humble me,
Delightful Lyle, to sing of thee.

Here, while I sit upon thy brow,
 What charming prospects meet my view ;
 Not haughty domes, unhallow'd towns,
 Where noisy care true pleasure drowns,
 But winding glens and stretching lees,
 Sweet waving meads and blooming trees,
 With here and there a farmer's home,
 And wilds where flocks spontaneous roam ;
 Full many a bog and purple moor,
 And many a lowly cot, obscure,
 Where gracious heaven vouchsafes to bless
 The inmates poor, with happiness.
 Here while mine eye at random roves,
 O'er spacious vales and nodding groves,
 O, fair *Carrigranny*! happy seat,
 Of Peace and Truth the calm retreat ;
 Whate'er I hear, whate'er I see,
 My heart still fondly turns to thee.
 O'erjoy'd I gaze on every bower,
 The haunts of many an idle hour ;
 Where first my "careless childhood" stray'd,
 Where first I rustic strains essay'd—
 And oft assiduous woo'd the muse,
 For shamrock wreath to busk my brows.
 Hail happy place! whose master kind,
 Blest with a strong untainted mind ;
 Consistent, liberal, warm, humane,
 Can look on sceptres with disdain,
 And laugh at all the titled clan—
 An independent, truly honest man.

See, along the furzy road,
 The rustic schoolboys thoughtless plod;
 Sportive, wanton, light as air,
 Strangers to the world and care.
 Happy youngsters, freely sport,
 Life is fleet and very short;
 Gayly spend your flowry May,
 Sorrow's train are on the way;
 Her motly group of cares and fears,
 Halte to spoil your coming years;
 Love leads the van of various strife,
 Then follow all the ills of life.
 Go, sweet youths, may learning's fun,
 Blazing brightness, shine upon
 Every bud of real merit,
 Which your little breaths inherit;
 And with warmth prolific nourish,
 Till they into flowers flourish;
 Gems of Genius, blooming clear,
 To Science, Virtue, Erin, dear.

O how I love to lie, sweet Lyle,
 Upon thy grassy brow, the while
 Dan Phœbus decks the morning dew,
 Ascending up from Slavy-true;
 And eke to sit beneath yon rocks,
 Beside the thorn, what time the flocks,
 To cooling shades indistinct run,
 To shield them from the mid-day sun.

* A hill on the eastern coast of the County of Antrim.

Nor less I love o'er thee to stray,
 When evening veils thy top with gray,
 Sweet hill, I love thee all the day.

Just now 'tis morning clear and mild,
 The blackbird, lark, and mavis wild,
 The cuckoo and the constant rail,
 Send soft delight on every gale.
 See, on the road to town, a throng
 Of village shopmen, toil along,
 Intent on gain, the fairest gem
 In Nature's lap, is nought to them—
 Stupid as stones, the vernal joy,
 Is pass'd by such, unheeded, by:
 And let them run, and let them ride,
 Come, muse, we'll to the other side,
 And see what pleasures wait us there,
 Adown the southern valley fair.
 See the landscape various spreading,
 Simplicity the ditches leading,
 Thro' mosses, fens, and woodlands hoar,
 Down to Neagh's romantic shore.
 Here in the shade of this whin bush,
 All with golden blossoms flush,
 Let us chaunt it at our ease,
 And taste the cool refreshing breeze.
 See at hand, that hoary dome
 Solemn stands, Religion's home,
 Where humble Christians weekly join,
 To sing their Maker's praise divine.

I greet the venerable place,
 Basking in the rays of grace.
 Hail, worthy man, who to the rock,
 Leadst thy little thirsty flock,
 And striking with the sacred rod,
 The flint-dividing wand of God.
 Obtains that *stream*, the sinner's cure,
 Salvation's nectar, sweet and pure.
 Happy people, thus instructed,
 And thro' error's wilds conducted,
 Fed with *Manna* from above,
 Refreshing food of Heaven's love.
 Meek and lowly, let your tongue
 Manifest that you belong,
 Not to Ashdod's foul-mouth'd race,
 But to him, the Prince of Peace.
 O, the worthy * man revere,
 Who, with holy watchful care
 For you pours his soul in ardent prayer. }
 Unlike the formal, puff'd professor,
 And hypocrite, base transgressor,
 Who all the week to Mammon pray,
 Yet dare to preach on Sabbath day ;
 Who learn'dly wander in the dark,
 Mastiffs dumb, that cannot bark.

Hush, my muse, now let's retreat,
 Mid-day Phoebus' scorching heat

* The Rev. Mr. Patton.

Flashes broad o'er hill and lee,
And sleepy languour seizes me.

Accept, dear hill, the artless lay,
Which, due to thee, I grateful pay.
May piping herds, in future time,
Throughout the North, in rural rhyme,
Descant thy praise, while Echo sweet,
Doth all the various joy repeat :
When o'er thy slopes no more I roam,
But moulder in my *narrow home*.
Meanwhile, for many a coming spring,
In sight of thee I hope to sing ;
Content my lowly shades among,
Still shielded from the vulgar throng,
And Envy's ever busy meddling tongue.

THE FAIRY KNOWE :

OR, DAMON'S BIRTH PLACE.

“ For love sincere, and friendship free,
 “ Are children of Simplicity.”

LANGHORNE,

‘ WILT thou go,’ says Damon, ‘ and behold the spot
 Where stood the cottage, wherethy friend was born;
 Indeed the place is nearly now forgot,
 But I still know it by the *hedge* of *thorn*.

It's humble site the ruthless plow has torn,
 Eraz'd and fertiliz'd the little floor;
 Where lonely *Craiks*, among the waving corn,
 Now hatch their young, and feed and cry secure.’

Well pleas'd, my Damon, I will go along,
 And on thy scene primeval muse an hour;
 There give thy friendly ear a simple song,
 And sigh with thee for the deleted bower.

Yes, upon the vernal brow
 Of the humble fairy knowe,
 We will sit and trace the spot
 Where stood thy father's tufted cot.

The dwelling where thy infant sight
 Open'd first on chearful day ;
 Now, by Time's assiduous flight,
 All o'erthrown, and brush'd away.
 While Memory essays to draw
 From Oblivion's wasting maw,
 All the little list of things
 Fluttering Fancy flaps her wings,
 And to Imagination's view,
 Builds the long loft bower anew.
 I see the little opening door,
 The useful shelf, and chest and chair,
 Then an infant, on the floor,
 Snatching play things here and there.
 I see thee to the fairy knowe
 At noontide with thy playmates ramble,
 Pluck the gowan from its brow,
 And for the yellow trifle scramble.
 I hear thy mother kindly call
 Home her son at Evening's fall,
 And telling of the *Wiricow*,
 That nightly haunts the fairy knowe :
 I see thee court thy father's smile,
 Seated on his weary knee,
 When return'd from twelve hours' toil,
 To his cottage, rest, and thee.
 The scene is fled ! the waving corn
 Now rustles o'er the *foe*,

Where by the well-known hedge of thorn,
 The lowly dwelling stood !
 Thus Ruin's beffom sweeps
 The works of man away ;
 And hoar Oblivion after creeps,
 And blots our mortal day :
 The castle and the cottage are
 Alike their crumbling prey.
 Thus simply I've berhym'd the place
 Where *Damon* had his birth,
 Who is, of all the human race,
 My dearest friend on earth.
 Long since thy honest heart and mine
 Together fondly grew :
 So *Damon* dear this verse is thine,
 And thine its Author too.

OCTOBER 13, 1797.

LINES FROM DAMON.

“ Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love.”

BLAIR.

O SAM, thou learn'd me first to mark
 The dancing glow o' Burns's fire ;
 And gied to me that dainty spark,
 That mak's me ay his fangs admire.
 Ere first my bosom to thy ain
 Was kent, I pass'd a tasteless time :
 Wi' care an' crouds I liv'd alane,
 Nor thought of Burns, nor thee, nor rhyme :
 But Friendship saw, an' gat a string,
 Ane teugher far than tug or tether,
 Which Time can ne'er assunder wring,
 And ty'd our honest hearts together.
 Now Nature's beauties glad my heart,
 Let Spring or Summer deck the land,
 Or Autumn load her patient cart,
 Or Winter whirl it great and grand.
 Aft I peruse that Minstrel sang,
 Sweet *Edwin* sung, o' bards the best ;
 The wild brook babbling down along,
 The shepherd's pipe and a' the rest.
 D'ye mind that bonie morn of May,
 As owre the hills to town we strode,

Ye tauld me scraps o' that sweet lay;
 And a' its beauties to me shew'd;
 Ere since I'm wed to poesy;
 And tho' my skill's but unco scarce,
 My crambo I can croon wi' thee,
 And vent my rustic thoughts in verse.
 Aft wand'ring pensive o'er the hill,
 I feel the wild romantic glow;
 Drink Nature's health at every rill,
 And sow a fang on every knowe.
 Here corbies spread their sable wings,
 And croaking fly from brae to brae;
 Poor lambs, defenceless, timid things,
 Are made their unresisting prey!
 Ah, Cruelty! thou bloody shark,
 Whether we roam earth, air, or sea,
 Thy crimson course we're sure to mark,
 And hear the frightful croak o' thee!

DANON.

CRAMBO CAVE.

TO DAMON.

"A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene."

THOMSON.

BENEATH the northern brow of verdant *Lyle*,
 Where fertile fields with green abundance wave,
 Apart from clam'rous cities many a mile,
 Appears a rural cot, clep't *Crambo Cave*.

Here Nature simply, in contempt of Art,
 A rustic Poet to the world gave,
 Who, wild as wood-lark, plays his *tuneful part*,
 Beneath the mossy roof of *Crambo Cave*.

Reader, if ever you shou'd pass that way,
 And curiosity sufficient have;
 Albeit you relish and approve his play,
 He'll bid you welcome to his *Crambo Cave*.

But if you know yourself to be an ass,
 A blockhead thick-skull'd, narrow, selfish knave,
 Quick on your plodding, grasping business pass,
 Nor lose one moment here in *Crambo Cave*.

The draughty *cant* of avaricious rogues,
 Whose only *motive* is to *catch* and *save*;
 Buy, sell and barter cows, sheep, horse and hogs,
 Is *antimelody* in *Crambo Cave*.

Let such for gold and gain's sake keep aloof,
 And to each other 'bout their dealings rave;
 But never dare to persecute the roof—
 The muse-lov'd roof, and walls of *Crambo Cave*.

But come ye chosen, ye *selected few*,
 Who can be wise and witty, gay and grave,
 The rustic owner doth solicit *you*,
 To come and see him oft in *Crambo Cave*.

And chiefly *Damon*, warmest heart of all,
 Thy chearful company he'd often crave;—
 O come, obedient still to *Friendship's* call!
 Thou'rt ever welcome to his *Crambo Cave*.

CRAMBO CAVE, JULY 21, 1799.

THE MUSE DISMISSED AND RECALLED :

AN IRREGULAR ODE, IN TWO FITS, OR CANTOS.

" I cha'd the Syren thro' the flowery maze."

BLACKLOCK.

FAREWELL, thou dear deceiving maid,
 That taught me first the rhyming trade ;
 That o'er my cradle, when a child,
 Bestrew'd thy fairy flow'rets wild ;

That to my unsuspecting youth,
 Thy aerial sweets would laughing bring ;
 Who taught my rustic hand uncouth,
 To touch at times the lyric string.

Ah me ! how soon, by nature wise,
 Can all thy witching dreams despise,
 And gravely keep the way ;
 Whilst other poor deluded wights,
 Pursuing thy *far off delights*,
 Thro' wilds eternal stray.

No more thy *ignis fatuus* glow
 Shall draw me to my death ;
 No more thy phantom hand shall throw
 Delusions in my path.

I hoping, and groping,
 At insubstantial wind ;
 Then smiling, beguiling,
 With Poverty behind.

Full oft on yonder green-hill's swell,
 Thy tuneful aid have I requir'd,
 And' what I felt, ah ! who can tell,
 When by thine influence inspir'd ?

All the joys that's from affluence wrung,
 Where fortune and health e'en agree,
 Were nought to the sweets of the song,
 My bosom has relish'd with thee.

Sweet as the zephyr that wafts o'er the lee,
 The balmy endearments of blossoming June ;
 More soft than the hum of the wild mountain bee,
 That wantonly wings thro' the sunshine of noon.

Outstretch'd, at ease, beside the tinkling rill,
 How have I lov'd to see thee sport and play,
 And to the cadence of my oaten quill,
 In fairy dances waste the shining day.

Oft from the fervour of the beaming ray,
 I've seen thee hide in primrose hollow cup,
 There lie secure beside some kindred fay,
 Till cooler hours advancing, call'd thee up
 To shadowy sport, around some hanging violet top.

Sometimes with thee o'erjoy'd I'd steal,
 'To where the wimpling stream,
 Thro' willows grey divides the dale,
 To hum my favourite theme.

There as in converse I wou'd seem,
 Perhaps some rustic nigh,
 That I was *wrong* would rashly deem,
 And, frighten'd, instant fly.

But now adieu thy every sweet,
 In Fancy's airy landscapes sown ;
 Such ecstacy is much unmeet,
 For humble breast of rural clown.

I thank thee kind, for every glance,
 Which hitherto my bosom fir'd ;
 So now for ever hie thee hence,
 And fare thee well—for I am tired.

If e'er again I meet with thee,
 Depend upon't I'll tell thee free,
 As critic clowns have done to me,
 Full many a time,
 Your five's no worth a Scots bawbie,
 Nor yet your rhyme.

Henceforth I'll join the toiling throng,
 And labour for my bread ;
 And never more with muse or song
 Hereafter vex my head.

FIT SECOND.

How dull the day seems, languid every flower,
 The vocal groves to me no comfort bring ;
 How low and common look the hawthorn bower,
 The waving meadow and the silver spring !

Since she, the dear delight of all my days,
 An Orphan, has my humble cot forsaken,
 And left me plodding in the world's ways ;
 Alas ! how sadly have I been mistaken !

Return, return, my simple muse,
 Again to me return ;
 The rash resolve, I pray excuse,
 Ah ! leave me not to mourn.

Despite of cold Poverty's frown,
 And the vulgar's contemptible strife,
 I'll cherish thee up hill and down,
 And brave all the hardships of life.

Shall the malice of a *Wright*,
 Or a *yellow plowman's* spite,
 Or a worthless *weaver* gabbler,
 Or a jargon-vending *Cobler*,
 All the million's various blether,
 Mans' and Womans' put together,
 Separate my muse and me ?
 No ! I swear it shall not be.

With thee still diverting about me,
 I yet have earn'd victuals and clothing;
 What more is desired? but without thee,
 Alas! I am fit to do nothing!

To Solitude now let's retire,
 Apart from vulgarity's throng,
 And from Nature extract living fire,
 To light up our innocent song.

Now winter no more dare affright us,
 With volleys of hail-stones and ice,
 And April doth sweetly invite us
 To wander abroad and rejoice.

The hills and the vales are enamel'd
 With vernal luxuriance again,
 The streams and the floods are untramel'd,
 And their gladness is borne to the main.

Ye great ones so wealthy and high all,
 Forbear on my muse to look down,
 When I tell you earth, water, and sky all,
 As far as she fees, are her own.

Far, far be it from her to covet
 An inch, or an ounce of your ground;
 Possess it till death, as ye love it,
 And then may you sleep in it sound.

Enraptur'd she looks upon Nature,
 And sweetly delighted, admires;
 Still yours be the wood, soil, and water,
 To see them is all she desires.

These crowding hawthorns and aspiring trees,
 These glens and braes, and long expanding leas,
 Where glowing beauty, on the gentle breeze,
 Dances, enamour'd, thro' a waste of flowers:
 The inspiring strains that from the forest ring,
 The pensive wail of every weeping spring,
 The misty mountains grey, and every thing
 Where beauty, harmony exists, are ours.

 BAWSEY'S ELEGY,

AND EPITAPH—ON SEEING HER SKULL IN A DITCH.

" One portion of informing fire was given
 " To brutes, the inferior family of heaven."

DRYDEN.

AFTER a life o' labour past,
 See whar my Bawsey's *cranium's* cast,
 To bleach beneath the bitter blast,
 Trod in the clabor!
 A forry recompence at last
 For useful labour!

Lang thro' the fiels wi' me she flatter'd,
 In wheel-car, plough, and harrow splatter'd,
 For whilk she freely fed unfetter'd,
 Thro' Simmer bogs:
 Now here and there her banes lie scatter'd,
 A' knaw'd wi' dogs!

When wi' a frien' it was my fate,
 To stay in market rather late,
 She'd, trottin, doufely sin' the gate,
 An' bring her master,
 Hame at her ease to waiting *Kate*,
 Without difaster.

Therefore to gratify her *mane*,
 I'll gather up her every bane,
 And hide them frae the sun an' rain,
 In yon brae-head :
 The following verse upon her stane,
 The fok' may read.

EPITAPH.

O, stranger ! whether high or low,
 Or clergyman or knave,
 Know that this foggy stane doth show
 A noble filly s grave.

As sleek a meir as ever par'd
 The daisy frae the lee ;
 Wha thro' her life was better shar'd
 O' sense perhaps than thee.

O friend ! let this engross thy thought,
 That life is but a day,
 And man an' meir alike are brought
 To moulder in the clay.

The meir no more, but thou'lt exist
 Beyond the silent cell ;
 Either in heaven with the blest,
 Or with the damn'd in hell.

SYLVANDER.—AN ECLOGUE.

“ Here lies a youth borne down with love and care.”
HAMMOND.”

ON the bank of a streamlet, beneath a lone willow,
Reposing his cheek on the cold mossy pillow,
Sylvander, the slighted, disconsolate lover,
The cause of his woe thus essay'd to discover :

“ Thou sable night in fullen form arise,
And shade the landscape from my smarting eyes :
Let gloomy silence hush the vocal bowers,
And owls be mute upon their ruined towers ;
Thou streamlet pure that oft has seen me play
Along thy margin, all the live-long day,
Well pleas'd adown thy twining course to roam,
Scaring the wild duck from her reedy home ;
Let all thy fairy Naiads here repair,
Veiling their blue eyes with their wat'ry hair,
While I to *Leda*, in her hollow cell,
My soul-tormenting tale essay to tell.
My pipe resume the broken strain of woe,
And let thy madd'ning sorrows from thee flow.
Ah ! *Sylvia* ! cruel cause of all my smart,
The unfeeling breaker of my linking heart !
May peace and happiness remain with thee,
That peace and happiness you took from me.

My simple bosom, why did you believe
 Her Syren accents, fashion'd to deceive ?
 Her tongue and eyes, sweet servants of deceit,
 Were form'd, alas ! to drive me to my fate.
 How can you, Sylvia, laugh at my distress,
 And give my rival freely to possess,
 With frigid bosom, all these sweets of thine,
 Which long ago, by vows were wholly mine ?
 Ah ! Gold, thou loadstone of the female soul,
 Thy baneful influence can all controul ;
 To thee, destructive prostitute, I owe
 This weary load of life—consuming woe !
 My weary pipe, resume the broken lay,
 Brown night now treads upon the heel of day ;
 To yonder hill the youthful shepherds throng,
 To give their vacant hours to dance and song.
 Once I, as them, could relish rural joy,
 Delight, untainted with the least alloy,
 But now thro' dreary life I darkling grope,
 Despair has swallow'd every ray of hope.
 O cou'd I find some solitary glen,
 Far, far secluded from the ways of men !
 I'd bid the busy scenes of life farewell,
 And there, with *Solitude*, an hermit dwell.
 There, haply, as by contemplation driven,
 Breathing my orisons to list'ning heaven,
 As thro' the trees taking my evening round,
 List'ning, attentive, to each distant sound
 Of barking curs, shrill horns, and constant rills,
 And merry shepherds, dancing o'er the dales—

There, if perchance my *Sylvia's* name I'd hear,
 While strong remembrance prompt'd the willing tear,
 With heavy sighs, I'd to my cave return,
 And o'er my fate in waiting anguish mourn.
 My wenny pipe, the doleful strain prolong;
 Let bab'ling *Echo*, with mysterious tongue,
 Repeat thy wild notes, as they murmuring flow,
 And give to Silence what she gets from woe.
 Hark, on the pinions of the wand'ring breeze,
 What fullen murmurs come from yonder trees;
 Methinks I hear them muttering as they blow,
 Of *Sylvia's* falsehood and *Sylvander's* woe.
 The nimble fairies, as they sportive keep
 Their nightly gambols on the briery steep,
 Do melancholious to their mates disclose
 Base *Sylvia's* falsehood and *Sylvander's* woes.
 Now cease, my pipe, the broken song of woe,
 Here will I hang thee on this willow bough;
 No more thy Doric softness shall prevail,
 To please the youngsters in the rural vale;
 No more thy wild notes glad the mirthful scene,
 Of dancing shepherds on the evening green;
 Thy sorry master, lonely, leaves thee here,
 And wanders off, alas! he knows not where.
 To the wide world, all comfortless, he'll go,
 A weeping monument of care and woe.
 Farewell, my pipe; let no presumptuous clown,
 With hand unwary, dare to take thee down;
 If this I thought, I should prefer to burn thee,
 As Nature gave thee, I to her return thee.

If chance some shepherd, by some cruel maid
 O'erthrown, should find this unrequited shade,
 Let gadding *Alus*, at Nature's 'helt,
 Breathe from thee comfort to the soul distress'd ;
 But chief let poor *Sylvander's* banish'd name,
 Be the sad burden of thy hapless theme.
 Adieu, my pipe ! already has the gale
 Blown thro' thy mellow throat the plaintive tale ;
 May soothing harmony remain with thee,
 While walking melancholy goes with me.
 Farewell, my country ; farewell friends and foes ;
 And farewell, *Sylvia*, cause of all my woes.

Thus plain'd poor *Sylvander*, disconsolate fellow,
 And left his flute hanging upon the green willow ;
 O'erladen with sorrow, away he did wander,
 And none e'er since knew what became of *Sylvander*.
 As passing that way, if in e'er such a hustle,
 An hour I can wait on the wonderful whistle ;
 Fond sympathy weeps o'er the cruel disaster,
 While it mournfully murmurs the fate of its master.

TO A HEDGE-HOG.

"Unguarded beauty is disgrace,"

BROOMS.

WHILE youthful poets, thro' the grove,
 Chaunt fast their canny-lays o' love,
 And a' their skill exert to move

The darling object;

I ekuse, as ye may shortly prove,
 A rougher subject.

What fairs to bother us in sonnet,
 'Bout chin an' check, an' brow an' bonnet?
 Just churlin like a widow'd linnet,

Thro' bushes lurchin;

Love's stangs are ill to thole, I own it,

But to my hurchin.

Thou grimest far o' grufome tykes,
 Grubbing thy food by thorny dykes,
 Gudfaith thou disna want for pikes,

Baith sharp an' rauckle;

Thou looks (L—d save's) array'd in spikes,
 A creepin heckle!

Some say thou'rt lib' kin to the fow,
 But sibber to the deil, I row;
 An' what thy use can be, there's few
 That can explain;

But naithing, as th' learn'd allow,
 Was made in vain.

Sure Nick begat thee, at the first,
 On some auld *whin* or thorn accurst;
 An' some horn-finger'd harpie nurst

The ugly nrechin;

Then Belzie, laughin, like to burst,
 First ca'd thee *Hurchin*!

Folk tell how thou, fae far frae daff,
 Whar wind fa'n fruit lie scatter'd fast,
 Will row thyself, wi' cunning craft,

An' bear awa'

Upon thy back, what fairs thee aft
 A day or twa.

But whether this account be true,
 Is mair than I will here avow;
 If that thou sribbs the outler cow,

As some assert,

A pretty milkmaid, I allow,
 Forsooth thou art.

I've heard the superstitious say,
 To meet thee on our morning way,
 Portends some dire misluck that day—
 Some black mischance;
 Sic fools, howe'er, are far astray
 Frae common sense.

Right monie a hurchin I hae seen,
 At early morn, and eke at e'en,
 Baith setting off, an' whan I've been
 Returning hame;
 But Fate, indifferent, I ween,
 Was much the same.

How lang will mortals nonsense blether,
 And faul to superstition tether!
 For witch-craft, omens, altogether,
 Are damn'd hotch-potch mocks,
 That now obtain sma credit ether
 Frae us or Scotch folk.

Now creep awa the way ye came,
 And tend your squeakin pups at hame;
 Gin Colley should o'erhear the same,
 It might be fatal,
 For you, wi' a' the pikes ye claim,
 Wi' him to battle.

ODE TO CALUMNY.

“ He that filches from me my good name,
 “ Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 “ But makes me poor indeed.”

SHAKESPEARE.

O, CALUMNY, thou bitter foe
 To peace and happiness below,
 When wilt thou hold thy tongue?
 A while forbear, thou monster foul!
 To *harrow* up my weary soul,
 And thou shalt have a song,

The poisonous sting of angry words,
 The heart-distressing, iron grasp
 Of pinching poverty;
 Thou baneful power, with harpie claw,
 Impatient tongue and nimble jaw,
 Are nought, compar'd to thee!

Grim foe to every honest name,
 Abortion vile of sin and shame,
 Begot in Error's den!
 Tutor'd in hell's infernal school,
 Thence brought, by subtle escort foul,
 On earth to buffet men!

In gloomy bosoms dark and fell,
 With lies and guilt thou lov'st to dwell,
 But issuing daily thence,
 With cunning Falsehood, hand in hand,
 And scorpion whip thou scour'st the land,
 To goad poor Innocence.

Oft smarting with thy viper stings,
 Dejected Virtue hopeless lings
 On Sorrow's thorny steep,
 Where, to evade thy baleful eye,
 Misfortune's thoughtless children fly,
 In pensive wise to weep.

Yet even there, thy damned snout,
 With cruel care, can snuff them out,
 And while, like hunted hare,
 Each wearied, ^{and} victim flies,
 Compell'd by thy pursuing cries,
 Seeks refuge in—Despair.

Tho' seeming for a while o'ercast,
 Sweet Truth will triumph at the last,
 Despite of all thy art;
 Methinks I see thee fairly foil'd,
 And back upon thyself recoil'd,
 Knawing thy hateful heart.

RHYME, IRREGULAR.

TO A RAT.

"The rat by night such mischief did."

GAY.

THOU worst of wicked things,
 That never, never rests,
 The muse to thee now sings;
 Yet think not, hated rat,
 She sings to compliment thee,
 No, rather to torment thee,
 For much she thy vile race detests.

I've often wondered much,
 If in Creation's motly throng,
 Thy sire primeval had
 A place the rest among,
 That day when bird and beast,
 A wond'rous numerous squad,
 Before our Father came,
 Instinctive to receive,
 As he thought fit to give,
 According to their nature, every one his name.

No:—rather I with those agree,
 Who think thy race was uncreate,
 Till after ours had robb'd the tree,
 And tumbled from their first estate.

Then Nature, in her idle mood,
 When every useful thing was made,
 Trying many an odd experiment,
 And knowing of the coming flood,
 In careless kind of merriment,
 As any thing to drown was good
 Enough—to the devil-making trade
 The ingenious work \bar{c} r fell,
 And how she did succeed,
 Vile rat, thy loathsome race can tell.
 The earth, they say, for man was curst,
 Which thorns and thistles since hath nurs \bar{t} ;
 So Mr. Whisker, know,
 When mankind fell a sinning,
 And not till then, beginning
 Thy kind had here below;
 With myriads more, destructive foes,
 To mankind's safety and repose.

But how thy species was preserv'd,
 During that fatal flood that fell,
 O rip me, rat, if I can tell:
 For forty days and nights it pour'd,
 And under water rose,
 That every living thing devour'd,
 Save fishes that could swim,
 And those that Noah took with him,
 The typic ark aboard;

But rat, thou could'st not live in water,
 And Noah, if he sav'd thy race,
 Was nothing over wife ;
 Yet *corbies* found with him a place,
 'Twas very little better !

Perhaps the good man drunk,
 (As well he lov'd his jug)
 Within his hammock saug,
 With resignation slept,
 When of thy noxious race a pair,
 Among the rest in crept,
 And, unknown, quartered there.

Base thing ! thy origin, how, when, or where,
 To me not signifies a single pin :
 Tho' I wish otherwise, thou now art there,
 Keeping a most confounded din.
 Tho' thou wert many times as wife
 As Father Prior's mice,
 Or Shenstone's rat sagacious of antiquity,
 I swear by Belzibub so black,
 A potent dose, and soon, I will
 Have made for thee, which in a crack,
 Will lay thee silent, snug, and st"
 As a little recompence for thy inquiry.

Last night I sat, in order to compose
 A soft love sonnet to my Delia fair,
 I scarcely had the first line wrote,
 When you gave such a squall, uncivil,

I drop'd my pen, indeed I thought
 It was the very devil.
 My fonnct stuck—I went to seek
 For refuge in my bed ;
 But tumbling and rumbling
 Among the boards and lumber,
 Denied me sleep or slumber.
 At length I happen'd in a doze,
 And straight began to dream,
 Methought I wish my Delia met,
 Down by a flowing stream ;
 You gave a hellish scream !
 The fairy vision fled !
 I slept no more till day,
 For still above my head,
 Unceasing went the fray !

So I rose in a passion, and put on my clothes,
 And, forgetting my prayers, swore a dozen of oaths ;
 By my Delia so charming, and by the sweet stream,
 In eight days or less you'll spoil no body's dream !

s that co.

611.

THE DISCONTENTED SHEPHERD.

A BURNSONIAN DIRGE.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?"

I DID it, and must do it still!
 Must still sustain the rankling smart;
 The agonizing, icy thrill,
 That festers in my broken heart.

Unheard, unpitied, lowly poor,
 Kept far aloof from joyful life!
 A weary part I must endure
 Upon this thorny stage of strife!

Now Summer's fled, and o'er the day,
 Grim Winter lifts his hoary brow;
 Wild music dies on every spray,
 And all the groves are silent now.

The cold wind beats their honours down,
 And whistles o'er the naked lee;
 Alas! let Nature smile or frown,
 Her scenes are all alike to me!

How long must I, with want and woe,
 This cruel griding anguish feel!
 Insulted, batter'd, bruiz'd below,
 The purse-proud, haughty, rich man's heel?

A luckless, ragged songster here,
 Amid December's biting cold;
 I blow my flute the day to cheer,
 And, shivering, fain would keep my hold.

So have you seen a robin set,
 Upon a stormy rainy day,
 Sore jaded, ruffled, cold and wet,
 Yet winging, keep the leafless spray.

STREPHON'S CASE.

“ Let the old mule bite upon the brydle,
 Whilst there dolys a sweeter in thine arms.”

WYAT.

TO wed, poor Strephon's in a swither,
 Whether to take old wrinkled *Jean*,
 One that might be his mother's mother,
 Or buxom Bessy of fifteen.

The matter lies here—Jean has money,
 And says she to distraction loes him,
 She ca's him sweet-heart, dear, and honey,
 And aften hugs him in her bosom.

But ay frae her auld stak embrace,
 He, cauld-rife, turns and frets uneasy ;
 Sometimes he'll curse her wither'd face,
 And owre the hill feour aff to Lizie.

Blythe Lizie's ever glad to see him,
 An' likes the laddie wond'rous weel ;
 But she has nought ava to gie him,
 But her sweet fell and spinning wheel.

Daft is the gewk that bides to bear,
 In siccan case, a moment's fyither ;
 Before I'd wed for gowd or gear,
 I'd want a wife for a' thegither.

“ * Marry for love and work for gear,”
 And never doubt whillt ye have health ;
 Gie to the winds your sheepish fear,
 Content is nought a-kin to wealth.

* A hackney'd expression of J——B——, a superannuated clattering duena, of the Author's neighbourhood.

ON HEARING THAT ONE ASKED,

WHETHER I WAS POOR ?

' By Nature formed for the calm retreat.'

BRUCE.

O, YES, he is poorer than Job,
 In gloomy obscurity cast ;
 Still bark'd at by Calumny's mob,
 That never allow him to rest.

Well-wishers, he has not a few,
 In his presence surprisingly civil,
 Who, soon as he's out of their view,
 Can wish the poor wight at the devil !

To murmur he seldom is known,
 Or fret at what heaven has sent ;
 He seldom sees gold of his own,
 But yet he is strangely content.

A friend, he has *one*^a, true as steel,
 In whom he can safely confide ;
 Whom Nature has tutor'd to *feel*,
 And despise the allurements of pride.

^a Damon.

He joys in an innocent song,
 And wishes misfortune to none:
 Ah! shame on the meddling throng,
 That never can let him alone.

Sometimes he is wonderful glad,
 And e'en to a laugh will aspire;
 Anon he'll be suddenly sad,
 And silently sit by the fire.

If more you would wish for to hear,
 Concerning this muse-ridden elf,
 At *Wilson's* come treat him to beer,
 And there he can tell you himself.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE PARLOUR OF A PUBLIC HOUSE—
 GATE-HOUSE OF FLEET,
 SCOTLAND.

" Drink here and sleep with knives
 " Of all professions."

STEPNEY.

HERE, stranger, sit down,
 And make yourself happy;
 Here Care you may drown
 In a bottle of nappy.

If your belly's capacious,
 And money is rife,
 Be pert and loquacious,
 And stay here for life.

Here *he* and *she* waiters
 Obedient you'll find,
 And, O, but the creatures
 Are wonderful kind!

How attentive each elf
 Will skip to attend ye!
 E'en the landlord himself
 Will smile and commend ye.

But soon as your *chink*
 Begins to get low,
 As it were by instinct,
 They'll get gradually flow.

And soon as you're grown
 Unable to pay,
 With a curse and a frown,
 You'll be order'd away.

The host, tho' he wears
 A character civil,
 Don't think that he cares
 You swing to the devil.

ON SEEING A FELLOW KILL A LINNET

ON THE NEST.

“ O, plunderer vile ! O, more than adder fell !
 “ More murd’rous than the cat with prudish face.”

JAGO.

RELENTLESS monster ! vile tyrannic worm !
 Thou hast indeed discovered what thou art ;
 The foe of innocence in every form ;
 Meek Nature’s butcher, with a devil’s heart.

See how the pretty little victim lies,
 Gasping for breath upon the dewy green !
 Now fleeting life forsakes her with’ring eyes,
 While pitying Nature, drooping, views the scene.

Alas ! where now the little vivid spark,
 That lit her innocent, exulting breast ?
 Gone to Annihilation’s dungeon dark,
 To the vacant mansions of eternal rest.

No more at morn her song from hawthorn bush,
 Shall, echoing sweet, assist the muse’s lyre ;
 No more at evening with the lovely thrush,
 In wild-wood melody shall she conspire.

For her, in vain, thro' every green resort,
 Her wailing mate may seek her on to-morrow
 To him no more the scenes of wanton sport,
 But weeping monitors of care and sorrow.

Go, tuneful widower, seek some distant grove,
 And pour thy woe-notes to the list'ning shades;
 There soothe the grieving heirs of hopeless love—
 Night-loving poets and dejected maids.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED AT NIGHT, IN THE FIELDS.

"Night, sable goddess, from her elon throne,

"In rayless Majesty now stretches forth

"Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

YOUNG.

HERE, all alone, among the dripping dew,
 I steal an hour from the world's noise;
 The silent scene my peaceful breast enjoys,
 Apart from Care, and all her hammering crew.

While weary Labour, in the arms of rest,
 Renews his powers with the morn to start;
 Here let me peacefully unlock my heart,
 And conscious count the follies of my breast,

I see the guilt-born deeds of many a day,
 With sable thoughts in black disorder rise;
 Hope, sickning pale, averts her fearful eyes,
 And Supplication knows not what to say.

O thou creating, uncreated Power!
 Let mercy shine upon the wanderer here;
 O teach him how the trying course to steer,
 And keep him from Temptation's Syren bower!

Those furious passions aid him to control,
 That thus torment and drive him to and fro;
 Thy saving grace, Omnipotent, bestow,
 And wash and purify his sinful soul.

And, Holy Father, when grim Terror's King
 Afunder hath his soul and body tore,
 O take him home to that celestial shore,
 Where fainted choirs their heavenly anthems sing.

ODE TO CARE.

“ With fancy wing’d, I feel the purer air,
 “ And with contempt look down on human care.”

SHEFFIELD.

STROPHE.

AWAY, thou goblin, Care,
 Home to thy foamy cell,
 Where, subject to Despair,
 Thy grisly offspring dwell;
 In light of smoking hell,
 Where hopeless demons mourn:
 Begone, I say,
 In haste away,
 And never more return!

ANTISTROPHE.

Heart-cheering Hope and balmy Joy,
 Sworn foes to thee and gloomy Grief,
 At thy unblest approaches fly
 Away to *Morpheus* for relief:
 If chance the drowsy headed chief,
 His kind oblivious *cordial* bring,
 I'll scarcely taste, alas!
 Till thou wilt snatch the glass,
 And in his very face the precious liquor fling!

EPODE.

IS there no cure for thy tormenting sting,
 Thou haggard, footy, diabolic thing?
 Yes, there's a *leaf* of a prevailing power,
 A *leaf* which grows on Virtue's sacred bower,
 That draws the canker from thy mad-dog bite,
 Restores the *patient*, and destroys thee quite.
 How vain are Bacchus's votaries to think,
 That they can drown thee in a flood of drink?
 When drunk and stupid, they lose fight of thee,
 They vainly think that them thou canst not see.
 Just so the mallard with his quacking wife,
 To save from ravens' bills their harmless life,
 Conceal their heads among the wither'd heath,
 Till on their backs they feel the beak of death.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD TEMPLE-
 TOWN, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CASTLE-UPTON,
 AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS—WITH
 A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

'Receive the present of a muse unknown.'

ADDISON.

THO' trodden low, in vale obscure,
 And stunn'd with Want's eternal yelp,
 Don't think, my Lord, because I'm poor,
 I come to supplicate for help.

N

No—if I do, may Ruin come,
 And take the little that remains;
 I come to bid you welcome home,
 To your fair seat and healthful plains.

A few of Fancy's wildest blooms,
 Such as her fairy vales afford,
 The muse, with diffidence, presumes
 To bring her much-revered Lord.

Perhaps your Lordship may, God wot,
 Despise my gift, and call me rude,
 And fling it down Oblivion's throat,
 A substitute for better food.

But should your Lordship otherwife,
 My simple offering smiling view,
 Aloft, I'll then exulting rise,
 And tour above the vulgar crew.

Howe'er it hap, may happiness,
 Thro' length of days attend you here;
 And afterwards, in heavenly bliss,
 May you a first-rate star appear.

Your Lordship's most devoted

humble servant,

CARNGRANNY,
 NOV. 1795.

S. THOMSON.

TO THE
 RIGHT HON. LADY TEMPLETOWN,
 *ON HER FIRST ARRIVAL AT CASTLE-UPTON.

'Born to fulfil the glories of her line.'

GRANVILLE.

THE servant of your *besom's* lord,
 With hat in hand I humbly come ;
 A reading, rhyming, rural bard,
 To wish you joy, and welcome home.

Once on a time I fought and found,
 Wild flow'rets in the hawthorn shade,
 Which artless I together bound,
 And simply to my Lord convey'd.

He did accept my rural gift,
 His condescension made me proud,
 And gave my lowly muse a lift,
 Above the reach of vulgar crowd.

Now to your Ladyship I turn,
 And, diffident, a *wilding* bring,
 That grew beside the muse's *burn*,
 Where fairy Fancy laves her wing.

Thrice welcome to these breezy plains,
 Where rescued from redundant wealth,
 The rosy nymphs and jocund swains,
 Prove life's best blessing—balmy health.

Here's no politic, wrangling crew,
 Thank God, to mar the simple scene,
 Where Labor's harmless tribe pursue
 Their useful toil, from morn to e'en.

My Lady here may freely take
 Her walk of health, the fields around,
 Nor dread the sting of angry snake,
 That reptile fell, in Britain found.

O would your Ladyship consent,
 With peace and us here to remain,
 Full many a heart would be content;
 That of your absence will complain !

God bless you both, and may you prove
 That happiness you wish for here ;
 The bliss that flows from mutual love,
 That sweetens life in any sphere.

And, springing from your equal flame,
 May future lords and ladies shine,
 Adorning still the ancient name
 Of UPTON's much revered line.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO MISS M'N——, OF CARNGRANNY,
ON SEEING SOME ELEGANT LINES WRITTEN
BY HER.

'May powerful Nature join with grateful Art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart.'

DR. JOHNSON.

THE other evening, as I thoughtful sought
Soft recreation, thro' the shadowing trees,
The sweetest music to my ear was brought,
Borne on the bosom of the winnowing breeze.

Amaz'd, I listen'd, and delighted caught
The dulcet melody that flow'd along ;
And blest the bosom where sweet feelings taught
A task so charming to the tuneful tongue.

S——, gentle maid, thine was the lay ;
'Twas sweet simplicity with thee apart ;
Thy lute attuning to its first essay,
That thus enraptur'd my congenial heart.

Yes, sweetest maiden, thou mayest freely sing,
 And calmly cultivate the tuneful trade ;
 From heights of Pindus aerial blossoms bring,
 To pleasure Affluence in Old Granny's shade.

Yet, ah ! reflect upon the adverse lot
 Of simple poet, in the vale below !
 The demi-dinner, and the ragged coat,
 With all his " sad variety of woe."

And mayest thou never have a cause to say,
 With him, beneath Misfortune's goading smart,
 That poetry's an *ignis fatuus* ray,
 A dear, delighting, but a dangerous art.

EPISTLE.

TO THE REV. JAMES GLASS, M. A.

"Will men of sense and taste approve my strain?"

WILKIE.

DEAR GLASS, wilt thou accept a sang,
 A simple lilt, no vera lang,
 In aulefs, Scottish style ?
 Compos'd beside a lonely thorn,
 That monie a cauldribe bla' has borne,
 Upon the brow of Lyle ;

Whar I full oft frae blockhead's din,
 To Solitude retire,
 My rustic madrigals to spin,
 And tune my humble lyre ;
 While larks fleet, frae parks fleet,
 On floating pinions rise,
 High touring and pouring
 Wild music thro' the skies.

Here I can sit in rural state,
 And smile on a' the *little great*,
 These bozzards o' the creation.

Wha chafin' modest merit still,
 Frae shore to shore, frae hill to hill,
 Extend their dévallation.

That they are rich and I but poor,
 I dinna care ava :

Yet its no easy to endure
 Their rude insulting jaw !

The ginny fee, when guineas he,
 Can jingle in his pocket,
 An' suit new, his snout how
 Provokingly he'll cock it !

What tho' sic' gude-for-nothing foes,
 To mar our innocent repose,

Full monie schemes invent ;
 Despite o' a' their power and art,
 Ay conscious o' the honest heart,
 We'll try to rest content.

Is there amang them a' can taste
 Like us, the kindling dawn,
 The raptures o' the breezy waste,
 Or *daisy sbeeted* lawn?

But wealth Sir, we've health Sir,
 An' Nature's sweets are free;
 To feel then, fae weel, then,
 Is rowth to you an' me.

What signifies blin' Fortune's frown?
 What tho' we wander up and down,
 Frae Grandeur far exil'd?
 Unpetted by the gaudy throng,
 Sweet Nature's various scenes among,
 We chant our "*wood-notes wild*."

The linnet's or the mavis' lay,
 Is sweeter I'll engage,
 When carol'd frae the blooming spray,
 Than chanted frae a cage.

Thro' woods now, whar buds now,
 On thorns begin to smell,
 We'll stray wild, and play wild
 Conceits, to please oursel.

O, fir, quat politics an' news!
 To other themes invoke your muse;
 Sic as by Leven's side,
 Ance streekit on the downy grass,
 Ye sung to please a thrawart lass,
 An' win her for your bride.

Had I your powers for rural fang,
 Here ilka stream and vale,
 Ilk hawthorn glen an' meadow lang,
 Shou'd lear my tuneful tale ;
 You'd see then, ilk tree then,
 To bloom the dykes along ;
 The bowers with flowers,
 Shou'd blossom in my fang.

Now, fir, I'll quat my roundelay,
 And whether it be found to hae
 Beginning, middle, en' ;
 Or whether downright nonsense, dull,
 Or prose run mad, or what you will,
 I neither care nor ken.
 Nae rules I heed, I rhyme awa,
 Tak' what the music gies me ;
 Sae if this may an answer draw
 Frae you, 'twill greatly please me.
 Whilst I, fir, when dry, fir,
 The whisky stoup can drain,
 Your servant, most fervent,
 An' true, I here remain.

LYLE,

S. T.

APRIL, 1796.

ANSWER,

BY THE REV. JAMES GLASS, A. M.

' Sweet are the scenes which loves of youth,
To memory recall.'

ODE TO LEVEN.

AMONG the golden broom, by Leven's side,
Whose silver waves with softest murmurs glide,
I first to love attun'd the *Doric* lay,
And sung *Myrtilla*, as the linnet gay.
Her blush more lovely than the damask morn,
Her bosom fairer than the snow-clad thorn,
Her golden locks that flow'd with matchless grace,
The heavenly smile that brighten'd on her face,
Her voice more sweet, more mild than summer's gale,
Breathing the fragrance of the daisied vale ;
Those happy scenes, to memory ever dear,
As Fancy paints, extract my heart-felt tear ;
While the sad loss of joys for ever o'er,
Makes me regret my much-lov'd native shore.
The poet's verse is coloured by his mind,
Which chiefly to those objects is inclin'd,
That thoughts congenial with his heart create,
As bright or gloomy is his present fate.
When gay, he loves the garden's painted pride,
And meadows green, where crystal streamlets glide ;

When sad, he haunts the thickest leafy wood,
 And, pensive, listens to the roaring flood,
 The sorrows of the deeply sighing gale,
 Or torrents shriek, that injur'd seems to wail.
 You wish that I the glowing tints shou'd sing,
 Which grace the various flowers that deck the Spring;
 Mix with the vocal groves my chearful strain,
 And in my song from *politics* refrain.
 'Tis true, for me, that Nature points the way,
 Thro' verdant bowers and blooming meads to stray;
 So do I never feel more pure delight,
 Than when the rural walks my verse invite;
 But so uncertain is my wavering *musè*,
 That oft what I propose she will refuse,
 Before I am aware, hath tun'd the *lyre*,
 And bid me sing of Freedom's glorious fire,
 Which leads the patriot to the hostile field,
 To conquer or to die, but ne'er to yield.

Of you, O *Thomson*, may I justly say,
 That sweetly wild is your melodious lay;
 And in a simple, unaffected dress,
 Your rural scenes you modestly express;
 Above the gaudy colourings of art,
 You speak the real feelings of your heart.
 No wonder, then, that shepherds do admire
 Your rural strains—which Nature doth inspire.

TO A MAGPIE.

ON SEEING ONE ROB A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

'Alas! alas, it will be always so.'

COWLEY.

CURSE on thy fell unnatural heart,
 Thou vile rapacious pie!
 That thus can't play the felon's part,
 And damp the vernal joy.

See how the frantic mother flies
 Around, from bough to bough,
 As stung with woe, she hopeless eyes
 The empty nest below.

Sure Nature form'd thee, at the first,
 Her system to abuse;
 Thou guilty thing—thou foe accurst,
 To music and the muse.

Tho' vernal harmony and love,
 Resound from every tree,
 The sweetest note that glads the grove,
 No pleasure brings to thee.

Thou, with thy rout all carrion fill'd,
 Wilt sit and criticise;
 And, notwithstanding how unskill'd,
 Discordantly despise.

'Tis thus in worldly ways unschool'd,
 The simple, feeling few,
 Are robb'd, disdain'd, and ridicul'd,
 By the worthless, prowling crew.

TO THE CUCKOO.

'Catch the first Cuckoo's vernal lay.'

WARTON.

AGAIN I hear thy hollow song,
 Coo'd softly from the rural grove;
 And Echo, lone, the glens among,
 Repeating wild thy notes of love.

Once more to thee I fondly pay
 The artless song, inspir'd by thine;
 But I must own thy charming lay
 Is worth a thousand such as mine.

Yet such as 'tis, O, take it kind,
 (I sing to please no critic elf;
 My simple sonnet, unrefin'd,
 Flows only to amuse myself.)

Here, as by parent Lyle I rove,
 Collecting fancy's humble flowers,
 Thy soothing song, from Granny's grove*,
 Enlivens sweet my noontide hours.

* *Carngranny Grove*, where the Author reads and
 mules with the greatest pleasure:

'Nunquam minus solus,
 Quam cum solus.'

The little minstrels fondly come,
 And perching near thee, seem to say,
 "For thee we have prepar'd a home,
 Sweet *Laureate* of the flow'ry May."

Is there, who deaf to thy soft note,
 • Can call thee worthless, clam'rous fool?

Yes, there are such, full many a goat,
 That never conn'd at Nature's school.

When from lone tree; in sunny waste,
 On day serene thou art heard to sing,
 He who the rapture cannot taste,
 Is but a cur tho' call'd a king!

While I can taste the sweets of May,
 And *rural muse* remains with me,
 Inspir'd by thy harmonious lay,
 An annual song I'll pay to thee.

TO A FLY,

THAT SUNG ABOUT MY BED IN THE NIGHT.

'Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him that muses.'

THOMSON.

THOU wanton tenant of the air,
Freely sport around my eyes;
Till Morpheus lock these doors of care,
Prolong thy fairy lullabies.

What art thou, winged wand'rer, say,
That, nightly, thus about my brows,
Softly humming, lovest to play,
And seek th' acquaintance of the muse?

Other flies, thro' beaming day,
Love to sport where flow'rets bloom;
But, bat-like, thou art only gay,
Thro' the sober evening's gloom.

Perhaps thou art some cunning fay,
Fraught with love's delusive powers;
Sent to draw my soul away,
To witched groves and fairy bowers.

Or rather Innocence, sweet maid,
 That woos my heart in form of thee ;
 Expell'd the world, deceiv'd, betray'd,
 And seeks to dwell and sing with me.

Be what thou wilt, on wanton wing,
 Fearless sport about my bed,
 For well I love to hear thee sing,
 In darkness, round my drowsy head.

ODE TO ROBERTY.

'Like you neglected stub, at random cast.'

GOLDSMITH.

TO thee, pale power, of aspect dire,
 With trembling hand, the tear-wet lyre
 I tune to strains of woe.
 Thou, meagre Queen ! thy influence lend ;
 Henceforth, I'll court thee as my friend,
 No longer as my foe.
 I'm now resolv'd—no more I fear
 Thy ragged, ruthless form ;
 Thy pale attendants, in the rear,
 No more my soul alarm.

Since left now, here'st now
 Of every kind relief;
 Obscurely and poorly
 I'll court the "*joy of grief*."

But what cou'd bring thee hereaway?
 Perhaps to hear my rural lay,
 And kindly compliment me!

Alas!—the sad reverse I know,
 To rustic bards the greatest foe,
 Thou com'st—but to torment me;

To whip me for my impudence—
 My rude, untaught presumption;
 And say I lack e'en common sense,
 And eke poetic gumption.

How'er now, you're here now,
 And means, I think, to stay;

But th' evil is—the devil is,
 I can't get thee away!

Well, since thou hast possession took
 Of all I have, grant but *this nook*,
 To hold my books and bed;

Therein, beneath thy ragged reign,
 Shut up from Folly's airy train,
 To commune with the dead;

With Shakespeare, Milton, Pope by turns;
 Old Ossian, Spenser, Young;
 With Ramsay, Ferguson, and *Burnt*,
 As good as ever sung.

With such here, I'm rich here,
 And richer by the ha'f,
 Than he who, on knee low,
 Adores his golden calf.

I saw thee pass the stately dome,
 And slowly down the valley come,
 Accompanied by *Care*;
 Where Fate assign'd my lot obscure,
 You soon found out my cottage door,
 And sternly enter'd there;
 My friends, that whilom were so kind,
 Only retain the name;
 My lowly roof, with cobwebs lin'd,
 Can boast no joys for them.
 Only *Damon*, who for common,
 Comes weekly to the bard;
 And loves still, and proves still,
 His former fond regard.

Grim Queen, to ward thee off—I long
 In prayer sincere, devoutly strong,
 The ruling fates address'd;
 Still callous to a wretch's prayer,
 The cruel, partial, powers severe,
 Gave all to thee at last.
 The hand that form'd yon sun to shine,
 Feels fit to hold me low,
 To answer some unseen design,
 That suits me not to know.

Therefore now, no more now,
 I'll canker, fret, or frown;
 Unknown here, alone here,
 I'll peaceful sit me down.

I see my fellows daily brought,
 With thoughtless ease and health unfought,
 To bask in Fortune's ray,
 Whilst I, with black *Misfortune* fell,
 And thee, lean thing! am doom'd to dwell,
 Thro' life's dim, hopeless day!
 But why, because depriv'd of wealth,
 To fret again begin?
 Since heaven allows me rhymes and health,
 To murmur is a sin.
 Cold power, then, my bower, then,
 And circumstances share,
 In peace, but dismiss that
 Detested spectre—Care.

ANSWER

TO PAINÉ'S "AGE OF REASON."

"O argument, blasphemous, false, and proud."

MILTON.

"Your ruin, Tom, I never meant;

"I'm pleas'd to hear your banishment;

"But pleas'd I'll be when you relent."

SWIFT.

DEAR TOM, I have read your production all over,
 With the greatest attention, but cannot discover,
 From the first to the last, of right reason a tittle,
 Or argument either, the worth of a spittle:
 For reason does all your assertions despise,
 As foolish conjectures, blasphemy and lies.

But what could provoke you to *write* such a babble,
 And *print* it, to poison the minds of the rabble?
 The devil—who flew to your weather-beat sconce,
 After frightening away your own dear *Common Sense*,
 (For any such lodger a damn'd deal too hot,)
 On your brain this base trifle of trifles begot.
 Contemptible trifle—O had it in wind
 Pass'd from your republican *section* behind,
 Or e'en like a bull-frog kept croaking within,
 'T wou'd have sav'd your poor soul from a world of sin.

'Tis likely, perhaps, you esteem it a farce,
 That there's any such thing as a hole in your a——
 Because that, alas! you cou'd only be told it,
 A palpable *hearsay*, you ne'er could behold it!

Sure Watfon did all his great powers prostitute,
 By endeavouring your infidel page to refute;
 The tenth of his learning it did not require,
 To discover that you were an impudent l——r;
 Which, to the author of such diabolical stuff,
 In sight of all good men, was answer enough.
 To such a dilemma of devilishness driven,
 After vexing the world, you'd next be at heaven!
 With its constitution set mortals at odds,
 Bawl out ' Revolution, and down with the Gods!'

Poor wasp of Commotion, the foot-ball of Fate,
 A fugitive driven from state unto state,
 Still panting to join the political fray;
 With horrible wars, guilt and gibbets to stay;
 Unknown in the season of peaceful repose,
 Except by exciting cross parties to blows;
 Thy life, O poor Paine! is a pitiful scene
 Of inverted philanthropy, madness and spleen.

THE AYRSHIRE ROSE :

AN ODE.

The woods thrush up to the soft gale :
 The leaves were seen to move :
 The feather'd choir resum'd their song,
 And wonder fill'd the grove.

HAMILTON OF BANGOR.

IN shire of Ayr, remote from view,
 Far in a glen, a wild rose sprung ;
 Old Genius, watchful, hail'd the hour,
 And to the *spot* exulting flew :
 Apollo danc'd—the Muses sung—
 When Nature spread the charming flower,
 There all the Graces, hand in hand ;
 The Loves and Joys, in tartan sheen,
 Flew lightly round in wanton play :
 All Fancy's fleet, aerial band,
 Attendant came with her their queen,
 And heaven on earth kept holiday.

O, Scotia ! what' delight was thine,
 That long-to-be remember'd day,
 When fair, expanding on its tree,
 This lovely rose began to shine,
 And zephyrs bear the scent away
 O'er many a mountain, moor and lee ?

The shades of bards, in *mineral-trim*,
 Forsook Elysium's golden bowers,
 And hovering round on *Cecilia's* plains,
 Drew near, and kiss'd the balmy gem;
 Hailing it as the first of flowers,
 They solemn sung seraphic strains.

There Ossian struck his noble shell,
 And Homer pour'd the deep sublime;
 Judicious Virgil touch'd his lyre,
 With Horace, Ovid, Juvenal,
 Each in degree, and all in time,
 Warbled enchanting "*songs of fire.*"

There Shakespeare led his tuneful train,
 Great Milton, Cowley, Pope, and Young;
 Old Drummond, Dryden, Collins wild;
 Lorn Shenstone, Gray, and he the swain,
 That soft and sweet the seasons sing,
 ' Meek Nature's fondly favour'd child.'

With such associates hourly near;
 This rose mysterious odours shed,
 That many a distant field perfume'd;
 And, strange to tell, throughout the year,
 When other flowers in frost lay dead,
 This favoured our unfading bloom'd.

And long its virtues were to last;
 We thought, to feed Parnassian bees;
 Poor flower-enamour'd, thoughtless throng,
 That, humming, drew the sweet repast
 From every wand'ring wild-wood breeze,
 That blew their fairy scenes among.

But, ah!—lamented be the day,
 Presumptive *Wealth*; usurping all,
 With fatal stride, found out the bower,
 And tore the sacred bush away;
 Despite of Nature's weeping call,
 And Genius' unavailing power!

The shadowy bards disorder'd flew
 Back to Elysium's blissful shore:
 Old Genius eyes the fractur'd sod,
 Then mounts aloft, and sighs—*ADIEU!*
 While sorrowing Nature, weeping fore,
 Betakes her to the fullen wood!

Now planted on a foil unblest,
 Where Muses, Graces, scorn to go;
 Enclos'd too by a lofty wall,
 The faded tree uprears its crest,
 Quite lost its former scent and show,
 While withering *Ruin* waits its fall!

Alas! who would not mourn with me,
 And execrate the hateful hand,
 That, sacrilegious, durst presume,
 By tearing of this blooming tree,
 Of pleasure to deprive the land,
 For many days and nights to come!

* * * The reader will perceive that the foregoing rustic
 Allegory is characteristic of the fate of BURNS, once the
 Ayrshire Poet and Ploughman.

A JONSONIAN FRAGMENT.

OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO MR. FURNS, IN
 SPRING, 1794.

'I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
 And pity 'tis I cannot call 'em knights.'

BEN JOHNSON.

'TWAS at that season of the turning year,
 When smiling Spring puts hoary Winter hence,
 From old Hibernia's rural fields and groves,
 Far to his frigid mansion in the North ;
 Where, o'er the icy hills, and wastes of snow,
 His meagre, cold domestics shivering dance,
 In wildly frightful measures round the pole ;
 While from the southern sky, the balmy power,
 Breathing soft fragrance o'er our fertile plains,
 Awakes the transports of the vocal grove,
 And lonely Echo, from her hollow cave,
 On fluttering zephyr, down the winding glen,
 Again, exulting, sends the song of joy.

'TWAS then, abandoning the din of business,
 That I resolv'd to see the *Land of Cakes*—
 To feast my eyes upon these fairy scenes,
 So oft by Caledonian poets sung.

But thou, sweet *Burns*, the Scottish Shakespeare,
 Of modern days, I chiefly long'd to see
 With my design, thus ripe for execution,
 By one accompanied, an *only friend*,†
 I bade farewell a while to care and cottage,
 And to the place of embarkation sped.
 Arriv'd, the remnant of that day was spent
 In fond impatience, looking o'er the ocean,
 Much wondering what the next day would produce.
 That night beneath the hospitable roof
 Of kind F——e we slept. The morning smil'd,
 And hoarse-throat sailors hail'd us straight aboard.
 Propitious gales, from Erin, land of bogs,
 In three hours took us to the other side.
 Now on the Scotian shore our feet we found,
 What strange ideas throng our busy minds,
 As *Morven's* rugged hills around us rise!
 Her oaken groves, old Nature's handy-work,
 Romantic glens, and ancient ivied ruins,
 The seats of former grandeur, here and there,
 In gloomy prospect met our wond'ring eyes.
 Away we flee from Patrick's ancient port,
 Now over-stretching deserts, gloomy, fullen,
 Where far apart from any human dwelling,
 Except, perchance, a shepherd's *heathy booth*,
 Forsaken Solitude, abruptly frowning,
 Associates ever with the nibbling sheep.
 Now thro' sweet vallies, winding picturesque,

† Damon.

Where, down descending from the hoary hills,
 Thro' fertile farms and prosperous villages,
 Clear rivers roll their tribute to the sea ;
 Sweet smiling villages, where hospitality,
 Familiar, kind, the weary traveller cheers.
 Thus two days morn and evening past ; the third
 Saw us well moor'd in Dumfries ancient town.
 Soon as I knew his Bardship liv'd convenient,
 I for him seat, nor could I wait till morning.
 I sent—he came—but O, ye heavenly powers !
 What strange emotions ran o'er all my soul,
 When I beheld the Ayrshire poet's face !
 And is it he?—I look'd and look'd again,
 And scarce could credit give my wondering eyes.
 He spoke---I listen'd with a pleasing awe,
 Attention hung on every thing he said.
 O yes, Hibernians, I beheld the *Bard*,
 Old Scotia's jewel, and the muse's darling,
 Whose matchless lays, despite of wasting time,
 Shall to the last of earthly generations,
 Remain old Nature's boast and Scotia's pride.

ELEGY---ON BURNS.

COMPOSED ON READING THE NEWS-PAPER'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THIS CELEBRATED POET.

Who now, lov'd shepherd, on thy pipe shall play?
 Still, still methinks, the melting notes I hear,
 But, ah! more faint they die upon my ear.
 Echo, still listening, roves the meads along,
 Or, near the rocks, still meditates thy song?

MOSCRUS, ON THE DEATH OF BION.

BEGONE, thou vain herald of woe!
 A sorrowful tale thou hast brought!
 Down my cheeks, ye big tears, freely flow,
 In pityful chafe, as ye ought.

Harsh messenger!--yet with me stay;
 Thy tidings, tho' woe-fraught they be,
 Shall here be put up, and each day,
 Cry *Memento Mori* to me.

O, Death! what a deed thou hast done!
 Thou merciless butcher of all!
 Ere the race of the bard was half run,
 We are left to bewail his downfall!

Ah, Burns ! and lament thee I shall,
 Till Destiny take me to thee ;
 Thee, justly lamented by all,
 But doubly lamented by me.

The strains of thy magical lyre,
 So simple, sweet, wild and sublime,
 First wrought in my soul the desire,
 To follow thee, far off, in rhyme.

Thy hand too, in friendship was given,
 Familiar, my pride, and my boast :
 Now gone ! while I murmur to heaven,
 My Poet, my Patron, lost !

O, no !—thou art only remov'd
 To the glorious mansions above,
 To join the great *chorus* below'd,
 And the joys of redemption to prove.

There the poets from Britain's green isle,
 Will welcome, approaching thee near ;
 And Shakespeare, exulting, will smile
 On Burns, his eternal compeer.

Methinks, o'er thy turf, in despair,
 Thy country's sad genius I see ;
 All frantic, she beckons to Ayr,
 And sighs this low requiem for thee :

" O, Burns! my harmonious child!
 My darling, for ever adieu!
 I found thee in Poverty's wild,
 Where Obscurity kept thee from view.

" As heaven directed, I strung
 Thy lyre to *Shakesperian sublime*,
 And Nature instructed thy tongue,
 To reach the perfection of rhyme.

" How often with thee have I stray'd
 Along by the wave-beaten shore!
 And taught thee thy musical trade,
 But now I can teach thee no more!

" Too great in this desolute age,
 With guilt and corruption to slay,
 Fame sanction'd thy ne'er-dying page,
 And bore thee triumphant away.

" Tho' insolent vulgars, profane,
 Endeavour to sully thy bays,
 Thy name shall eternal remain,
 The topic of popular praise.

" Base Calumny's minions! begone!
 Let only the faultless appear;
Perfection must throw the first stone—
 So, my son, thou hast nothing to fear.

" If I could have riches acquired,
 Thy coffers with gold had run o'er ;
 I gave thee, 'twas all was desir'd,
Sterling wit--I could give thee no more.

* Lamenting the loss of my Burns,
 O'er his tomb I will nightly complain,
 Where *Echo* the woe-note returns,
His like we shall ne'er know again.."

O, Fame ! what avails it to have
 Thy clarion's loudest report !
 Else Burns, to the gloomy, cold grave,
 Thy passage had not been so short.

As *Nature*, frequenting thy tomb,
 Shall deck it with beautiful flowers,
 Lorn *Pity* each evening shall come,
 And bedew them with sorrow-born showers.

Thy widow, too, there shall be seen,
 Grief-laden, both early and late ;
 Thy darling, disconsolate *Jean*,
 Like the turtle, bereft of her mate.

(Ye rich, who from Plenty's full cup,
 A superabundancy drain ;
 To you the lorn widow looks up ;
 Ah, don't let her look up in vain.

The feelings that taught to admire
 The *flowing delights* of the bard,
 Come, see if they now can inspire,
 From want the poor widow to guard.)

From Yarrow, Forth, Tweed and the Tay;
 Clyde, Irwin, Doon, Lugar and Ayr,
 Wild spirits, in mournful array,
 To thy cold home shall annual repair;

And encircling the place of thy rest,
 In drooping, lamentable rows,
 Bid the cold turf 'lie light on thy breast,'
 And soft be thy silent repose.

While April enlivens the plain,
 And Summer and Winter return,
 Sweet Nature for thee shall complain,
 And Genius weep over thy urn.
 AUGUST, 1796.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J----- P-----.

Inclosing the foregoing.

WITH scientific eye, exploring space,
 Pursuing far the philosophic race,
 From Mercury's disk to utmost Saturn's ring,
 Wilt thou, my P-----r, fraught with classic lore,
 And soul *Newtonian*, qualified to soar,
 Now condescend to hear thy poet sing?
 In mournful strain, the death of tuneful BURNS,
 That long as † July's fatal month returns,
 To these sad eyes the tears shall spring amain,
 And lonely *Echo* catch the woeful wail,
 In broken accents, floating on the gale,
 For him whose like we scarce can see again.
 Yes, you, with candour, will the strain attend,
 Of him who boasts that he can call you friend:

† Mr. Burns died July 21st, 1796.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED MOTHER,

WHO DIED JUNE 7th, 1798.

' Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
 ' I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
 ' And every pleasure pains me to the heart.'

YOUNG.

BE still, my heart, thy weary throbbing cease ;
 Ye smarting tears within your fountains stay :
 She's now transported to the land of peace,
 The blissful regions of eternal day.

Long, with a patient and unruffled mind,
 Affliction's anguish she unmurmuring bore ;
 At length her weary spirit she resign'd,
 And sweet affection warms my soul no more !

Yet will I seek thy influence, heavenly shade,
 To guide my wand'ring steps from Folly's path ;
 Thy admonitions shall my soul pervade,
 Till I, like thee, give up my fleeting breath.

And, O, were but a little portion mine,
 Of thy *inherent goodness, virtue pure,*
 How shou'd my little *lamp* illumin'd shine,
 And shew my *calling and election* sure.

Thy virtuous counsel, in the time of need,
 Was balmy comfort to my bosom's wound;
 Thy *approbation* was the only meed,
 Which I, assiduous, daily fought and found.

Farewell, my mother! Death's dark, dreary vale,
 All black and dreadful, glooms between us now!
 'Tis thine to triumph, freed from every ail—
 'Tis mine to imitate thee here below.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. JAMES M'NEILLY,

OF CARNGRANNY,

WHO DIED JULY 3d, 1798.

' That breath of God—that energy divine,
 ' Illum'd, inspir'd, and sanctified his soul.'

THOMPSON.

MEEK Evening's mantle shades the dewy vales,
 And westward far retreats the weary day;
 The account of Death again my ear assails,
 While tears and anguish mark his rueful way.

M'Neilly now lies stretch'd—a clod of clay !
 Where now that virtuous and exalted mind ?
 Gone with its Saviour and its God to stay,
 And scarce an equal has it left behind.

Where now shall Poverty's low victims find
 A *feeling friend*, to whom they may complain,
 Who now shall all their ails and bruises bind,
 And shield their raggedness from cold and rain ?

He did it, virtuous man—he did it long,
 Both cloth'd the naked and the hungry fed,
 Whilst lessons rational flow'd from his tongue,
 A meek improvement for both heart and head.

Farewell, blest shade ! to thy successor be
 An equal portion of thy merit given,
 That after death he may rejoice with thee,
 In full fruition of eternal heaven.

SONNETS,

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN M'NEILLY OF CARNGRANNY.

- If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
- You cannot, Sir, be too severe ;
- Expunge, correct, do what you will ;
- I leave it to superior skill.
- Exert the office of a friend,
- You may oblige, but can't offend."

LLOYD.

I.—TO SOLITUDE.

O, PEACEFUL SOLITUDE ! again to thee
 I wander pensive thro' the lonely glen,
 Where far secluded from the ways of men,
 Meek Meditation ever waits on me.

Here soothing Harmony, from every tree,
 Amuses Echo in her dropping den :
 And heavenly lessons, wrote by Wisdom's pen,
 On every leaf my curious eye can see.

Here Affectation never dare appear,
 Nor vile Hypocrisy, nor mad-cap Folly ;
 But sober SILENCE, with attentive ear,
 Catching the murmurs of sad Melancholy :
 With thee, O Solitude ! from year to year,
 Romantic reigns among the prickly holly.

II.—TO SILENCE.

COME, soothing Silence, from thy lonely seat,
 Where, far from man, thou sleep'st thy peaceful day.
 Come and receive again thy evening treat
 Of wild-wood melody and rural lay.
 Come, and unbar for me meek Wisdom's gate,
 For ever shut on Folly's troubling fray,
 Where the great UMPIRE sits in modest state,
 Weeping for all who darkling go astray.
 Oft hast thou rescued me from vulgar noise,
 From hammering care and blockhead's jargon rude,
 And kindly took me to the balmy joys,
 Which Meditation stores with Solitude,
 Thou whispering peace, and beckoning to the skies,
 Commands to imitate the great and good.

III.—TO HAPPINESS.

O, HAPPINESS! thou mild, celestial power,
 Just now methought, I saw thee sport among
 The hawthorn bushes that compose yon bower,
 Woo'd by the softness of the Cuckoo's song.
 Alas, Reality, why say'st thou so?
 Still as I run to meet the aerial queen,
 Thou draw'st the obscuring, mystic veil between,
 And sternly beckoning, ever answer'st, NO!
 Last night on Delta's breast I saw thee play,
 O, Happiness! with many a kindred grace;
 But, ah! no sooner I approach'd the place,
 Than a cold frown affrighted thee away!
 Tho' my anxious soul pursues thee every where,
 Yet most I'd love to catch thee basking there.

IV.—TO EVENING.

Again, soft Eve, thou spread'st thy shades along
 The lowly vales:—slow tolls the village bell,
 The fleeting bat forsakes his ivied cell;
 And Contemplation, the wild woods among,
 To peace and silence woos the bard away.
 Fair, smiling morning o'er the flow'ry plain,
 Exulting leads the throngs of rural joy;
 Balmy delight to every ear and eye,
 Yet nothing less, meek Eve, love I thy modest reign.
 How happy he, who, o'er a day *well spent*,
 At thy return, can cast Reflection's eye,
 However low his lot, without a sigh,
 To him belongs the cup of *pure content*,
 The only bliss which mortals here enjoy.

V.—PARTING.

SWEET maid, adieu! thy own heart-broken swain,
 His native isle and thee at last must leave!
 Perhaps in foreign lands to find a grave,
 Or lie between, beneath the roaring main.
 Ah! when you wanton sport yon woods among,
 With your coeval nymph---companions gay,
 Say, will a sigh unbidden steal away
 To absent Damon who ador'd you long?
 There you may pause, and read my humble name,
 With yours engrav'd on every blooming tree,
 Where I, unfortunate, wou'd lie and dream,
 And artless sonnets frame to love and thee.
 Yes, you will think on me, and haply say,
 ' Thus Damon sung, but Damon went away.'

VI.—GRIEF.

On Nature's bosom, here I'll lay me down,
 And court acquaintance with the little flies;
 All human friendship henceforth I'll despise,
 And all the witcheries of love disown.
 Ye fanning zephyrs blow---no more my sighs
 Shall ineffectual load your musky wings;
 Ingratitude has dried up Friendship's Springs,
 And Disappointment rent all *tender ties!*
 No more impatient shall my wishes rise,
 Nor fond affection in my bosom glow;
 Till death indifferent, my careless eyes,
 On all around me, vulgar-like, I'll throw,
 Since he deceiv'd me whom I thought had truth,
 And she disdain'd me---now adieu to both.

VII.—THE DISCONSOLATE.

Tho' far apart, in life's low sphere I move,
 'Tis not from want my discontentment springs;
 Heart-rending thought! 'tis from the cruel stings,
 The poison'd darts of unsuccessful love!
 The lambkin leaps along the sunny lee;
 And the wild bee wantons thro' the gaudy flow'rs;
 The warbling minstrels sing among the bowers;
 And all things share of happiness but me.
 As Delia's lovely, oh, were she but kind,
 And to my ardent wishes give consent,
 There's not on earth could boast of such content,
 Of such tranquillity, and peace of mind.
 Ye powers that over virtuous passions reign,
 Give me my Delia or my heart again.

VIII.—TO DELIA.

O life ! how insubstantial are thy joys !
 Each airy scene that youthful hopes pourtray ;
 The fleeting *vision* of an April day,
 Born with the blast, and with the moment dies.
 Ask not whence comes this sullen turn of mind ;
 I once was happy as the happiest swain ;
 'Tis hopeless love's the source of all my pain :
 Ah cruel maid ! how could you be unkind !
 O for a draught of *Lethe's* mystic well,
 To hide the past in an eternal gloom !
 I peradventure might myself resume,
 And be the *same* ; but, ah ! I cannot tell !
 ' Heartless I am,' you say, and you say true ;
 My heart ; O falsest maid, remains with you !

IX.—HOPE AND FEAR.

SEE how between us and fair Phœbe's face,
 The nightly vapours in confusion fly :
 Now lost in shade, and now her silent race
 She runs in splendour up the azure sky.
 'Tis thus alternately that hopes and fears,
 In wild disorder, thro' my bosom roll ;
 Perhaps the prospect for a moment clears,
 Then double darknesss, lowering, blots the *whole* !
 My soul's first object, all I ask, is this,
 To close this weary scene of care and strife,
 Either at once to smile me into bliss,
 Or frown resolv'd, and hurry me from life !
 Think at your feet your trembling lover lies,
 Waiting his fate from these all-powerful eyes.

X.—TO DELIA—FROM SCOTLAND.

Ah! silly I, to think that faces strange,
 A distant country, and connections new,
 Could e'er the passion of my soul subdue,
 And from my darling steal me into change.
 No!—If transported to the frozen pole,
 Or to where th' Arabian pants in torrid beams,
 Your image there would haunt my nightly dreams,
 The *dear idea* still afflict my soul!
 In wasting agony I hourly burn;
 Endear'd by distance, thou art doubly mine,
 And I, O *Delia*, am for ever thine.
 Relent, my love, and bid thy swain return;
 Thy heart contains, O sweet! th' important key,
 That opens either heaven or hell to me.

XI.—DISCONTENT.

With ever-anxious and perturbed mind,
 Thro' dim obscurity I devious stray;
 Unknown, unknowing, I pursue my way,
 In search of *something* which I cannot find.
 Sometimes thro' vapours of discolouring care,
 Far distant hope emits a glimmering ray,
 But soon the transient taper dies away,
 Hid in the thickest gloom of black despair.
 The sports and pleasures, which delight the gay,
 No ease nor gladness ever bring to me;
 From youthful joys and rural mirth I flee,
 To mouldy caves that bar the eye of day.
 There hid in darkness, where no mortal hears,
 I smother *Echo* with my sighs and tears.

XII.—IMPATIENCE.

Ye modern *seers*, fortune-telling dames,
 Who thro' futurity's obscure can view
 The mystic import of our midnight dreams,
 With fond impatience I appeal to you.
 Last night I dream'd, that in a mirror I
 'Stead of my own, beheld my Delia's face;
 A lovely radiance beam'd from her right eye,
 The other scornful, frown'd me from the place.
 What may I hope?—Expounders, let me know;
 Is it my fate felicity to share?
 Or thro' succeeding days to waste in woe,
 The hopeless victim of a wan despair?
Unriddlers, speak! your suppliant instant tell,
 What this can mean?—Uncertainty is hell,

XIII.—TO DELIA.

Ah! Delia dear, these accents break my heart!
 You say you love me! Ah! I know you love;
 But Fate, my darling, says that *we must part!*
 That beauteous form was never made to prove
 The pains of poverty—misfortune's smart,
 By which I am already helpless drove
 Far from thy merit; yes, the wish'd desert
 That equals thine—my virtuous turtle dove.
 Farewell! yet know, that wheresoe'er I stray,
 My heart still fondly shall remain with thee;
 Whether at home I pass my lowly day,
 Or, like a fugitive, I driven be
 To unknown deserts, distant far away,
 Thy lovely form shall ever stay with me.

XIV.—ON SEEING A FUNERAL PASS.

BEHOLD yon company, that slowly bear
 A fellow mortal to the waiting tomb!
 And think, my soul, upon the gloomy home;
 The closing scene of human nature here!
 Alas! how often do we hear the voice
 Of Mercy, whispering from all-gracious heaven,
 "Turn to your duty, turn, and be forgiven!"
 Yet, maniac like, *destruction is our choice!*
 Ah me! we're thoughtless as the bleating race,
 That brouze the hill; when one away is torn,
 Perhaps we'll sigh; another fills the place,
 Then all feed on regardless, as before!
 Poor earthly gnats, ourselves thus to deceive!
 But think or not, we're passing to the grave.

XV.—TO DEATH.

Thou frightful monster, of a thousand forms,
 That hourly roam'st this world in search of prey,
 Sweeping to glut Corruption's hungry worms,
 Whole generations from their homes away.
 Thy very name, O *Death!* my soul alarms!
 How fondly here would I prolong my stay!
 To feast my eyes on bounteous nature's charms,
 And all the sweet delights of *cheerful day.*
 Yet when I sink beneath consuming woe,
 And all my pleasures with my pains compare,
 Methinks resign'd that I might gladly go,
 Releas'd from all terrestrial joy and care.
 But when, or where, or what I then shall be,
 O God of all! is only known to thee.

XVI.---TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, rural traveller! to my pensive ear,
 Thou bring'ft again the love-inspiring call;
 But alas! sweet minstrel, how chang'd are all
 The scenes of life, since last I heard thee here!
 Full many an ear now in the clay consumes,
 That last year listen'd thy delightful song:
 Oblivion slowly draws her veil along,
 And all the solitary scene begooms!
 Even I, enamour'd, fond enthusiast,
 May sleep in dust, ere the returning year,
 The *May-day* clothing for thy haunts prepare,
 Forgot, and thrown to worms among the rest.
 Yet so I love thy hollow note, I'd have
 Thee even then to sing above my grave.

XVII.---THE COTTER'S BED.

BEHOLD the bed of simple Sawney's rest,
 With cobwebs trimm'd, in many a mazy coil,
 Where, in a *wife's* fond embraces blest,
 The sturdy clown forgets his daily toil.
 Here, lock'd in sleep, which no wild dreams infest,
 Amid his offspring, lies the brawny sire;
 While balmy Health, on every cheek impress,
 Blooms like the blossom on the wild wood brier.
 And when awaken'd by his *chanticlear*,
 That loud and fearless from the *hallan* crows,
 The *churl* arrays him in his ragged gear,
 And whist'ling cheerful, to his labour goes.
 Unknown, unknowing, thus from year to year,
 His useful life in even tenor flows.

XVIII.--TO CONTENT: *on my arrival from Scotland.*
 FROM *Morven's* lonely scenes of heath,
 With weary feet at length I come;
 Content, the shelt'ring tree beneath,
 I find thee at my rural home.
 My cobweb-roof, my humble fare,
 The little ingle, bleezing bright,
 The 'beechan bowl' and hazle chair,
 O sweet Content, are thy delight.
 Thro' Galloway's moorlands, wild and bare,
 Thy influence cheer'd the rugged road,
 But heedless how I wish'd thee there,
 Thou closer kept thy *old abode*.
 Henceforth abroad I'll no more roam,
 But court thy cheering smile at home.

XVIX.--TO A HARE, ON STARTING HER.
 Ha! tim'rous *Maukin*, what's your fear,
 That thus ye scud awa' sae fast?
 Had I but kent ye had been here,
 Sae near your den I wadna pass.
 Here on your cauldribe bed o' moss,
 Ye doz'd beneath the shelt'ring *whin*,
 And dream'd, perhaps, o' whistling Goss,
 O' Grey-hound fleet, and murd'ring gun.
 Now *Winter*, frae the frozen pole,
 Begins to shake his hoary beard,
 An' ye maun pick your scanty dole,
 Frae lee dyke side or cotter's yard.
 Then come to mine, my *hairy pet*,
 And duly tak' thy nightly meal;
 I'll bail thee I shall never fret
 At thee, for twa'r three *stocks o' kail*.

XX.---ON HEARING A ROBIN SING IN WINTER.

How sweetly wild, from yonder low-bent spray,
 All in the shelter of the leafless thorn,
 The tuneful *Robin* pours his peevish lay,
 While sweeping *winter* winds his sullen horn.
 Just so the simple bard would fondly try,
 In lone Adversity's bleak barren clime,
 To snatch, despite of Fate, a transient joy,
 And cheat the moments with an artless rhyme.
 Sing on, sweet bird---thy simple pipe affords
 Me purer happiness than gold could buy;
 Delight, surpassing far what guilty lords,
 From prostituted affluence, enjoy.
 Soft songster, purest innocence is thine;
 I'd give my all the glorious hoast were mine!

XXI.---TO MY SNUFF-BOX.

To thee I dedicate a sonnet,
 That gives me many a cheering dose,
 To whet the mind, to warm the nose,
 And blin' the een o' Care, shame on it.
 Now winter to the cottage fire,
 Brings rural labor frae the lee;
 My simple muse foregoes the lyre,
 Content a while to toy wi' thee.
 Let luxury her minions sluff,
 With reeking loads o' hoil and roast,
 I'll please myself, at little cost,
 With health and peace, and *Dublin snuff*.
 Kind box, vouchsafe another dose,
 And thus, with thee, my verse I close.

XXII.—TO ALBERT (*Mr. A. Kemp*) on his *Sonnets*.

ALBERT, thy sweet harmonious strain,
So softly warbl'd from *Colerain*,

Must every reader please;
Might even the coldest bosom warm,
And every tender feeling charm,
It flows with so much ease.

So much thy *Sonnets* I admire,
That I can read and never tire;
Even read them o'er and o'er;
Enraptur'd call thy *muse* divine,
And think, forsooth, were she but mine,
That I would ask no more.

Sing on, sweet poet, and excuse
This verse, from an inferior muse,
That longer could not wait;
Inspir'd by thy melodious lay,
Her tribute of applause to pay
For every tuneful treat.

ALEXIS.

XXIII.—ALBERT'S ANSWER.

THOU, who, in secret, twin'd the laurel wreath
For Albert's brow, thanks for thy meed of praise,
Unmeet, Alexis, for my humble lays:
My weeping muse, the chilling shade beneath
Of adverse fate, bears no poetic flame!

Her lyre, attun'd to Sorrow's mournful tone,
Breathes conscious pain, or mis'ries like her own;
And lost to Hope, she ne'er aspires to Fame!
Untimely cares have given these eyes to show
Their briny floods, and still *Affliction's* dart,
Is barb'd by *Poissy's* seductive art:

Al! dearly then the muse's lore I know!
Yet pleas'd she sings, whilst these her strains repay,
Soft Beauty's sigh; and thy approving lay!

COLERAIN, AUG. 1797.

ALBERT.

XXIV.—TO ALBERT.

Yes, Albert dear, *congenial* thou art ;
 And, tho' to each our faces are unknown,
 Beneath one horoscope, our souls were *one*,
 And *one*, perhaps, our cause of woeful smart.
 Soon as I heard thy soft complaint, my heart,
 On wings of sympathetic ardor flew ;
 Within thy bosom found the *friendly part*,
 And all thy soul, by secret instinct knew.
 How many, Albert, boast the *holy tie*
 Of *sacred Friendship*, and on form and face,
 Their whole affection, superficial place ;
 Yet greater strangers still than you and I !
 To me then, freely thy affection show :
 My soul of sympathy can share thy woe.

ALEXIS.

XXV.—TO THE SAME.

I LOVE to sit among the willow trees,
 What time still Evening's cloak embrowns the leas ;
 And when the gale of night more sternly blows,
 'Mong *sounding firs* to court a wild repose.
 What time the sun drinks up the dew of morn,
 When *Beauty's mantle* waves on every thorn ;
 I love to wander o'er the flow'ry hill,
 And pensive stretch me by the mountain rill ;
 The golden landscape spreading far in sight,
 Where every breeze is "pregnant with delight."
 Such scenes in spring and summer are my pride,
 When winter comes, give me the fire-side,
 And the social converse of my *fellows* kind.
 This, gentle Albert, is my turn of mind.

ALEXIS.

XXVI.—TO THE SNIPE.

WHAT time meek Eve bedews her mossy pillow,
 Beneath the cover of the *wat'ry willow*,
 High soaring o'er the unfrequented marsh,
 To early *Spring*, thy *bleating note* I hear,
 Which, to the Bard's enthusiastic ear,
 Is neither inharmonious nor harsh.
 Methinks thou rail'st at Folly's wicked sons,
 Who, with their filthy dogs, and murd'ring guns,
 Kind Nature's harmless tenantry destroy :
 Who barbarous pleasure find, in dealing pain,
 And death o'er all her flow'ry fair domain ;
 Exulting, brute-like in their cruel joy !
 To kill thee, Snipe, I would be much unwilling,
 Or of a single feather to bereave thee :
 Twelve like thee, dead, were scarcely worth a shilling,
 I'd rather hear thy evening bleat as have thee.

XXVII.—A SIGH.

Sacred to the memory of her who was dear to me.

Now speed your flight, ye woe-born sighs,
 Behold Zephyrus waits to bear
 You to the *sed*, where low she lies,
 That met my soul with love sincere.
 O lead me thro' the dreary gloom !
 The fallen void of cheerless Night ;
 And lay me by the silent tomb,
 Where sleeps in death my heart's delight.

There will I stretch me o'er her clay ;
The lovely form I held so dear ;
 A thousand things I have to say,
 But ah ! alas ! she cannot hear !
 Away to heaven she's gone, and left
 Her Damon here of joy bereft !

DAMON.

MAY, 1799.

 TIME.

Time, the old, grey-bearded mower,
 Limp along both night and day ;
 Mortal joy's a tender flower,
 Cut by him, and thrown away !

DAISIES, VIOLETS, AND NETTLES.

INSCRIBED TO MY BEST FRIEND, DAMON.

————— O my faithful friend,
 O early chosen, ever found the same,
 And trusted and belov'd; once more the VERSE
 Attend, indulgent?

AKENSIDE.

A BARD AND BISHOP CONTRASTED.

BEHOLD yon torpid lump of dullness,
 Upon whose belly, brac'd with fulness,
 Your nail might crack a nit;
 His head as solid as a stone,
 A wigful of an oval bone,
 With brain—no, devil a bit.
 Now cast your eyes upon the bard,
 And tho' his *outward* may be marr'd,
 With leanness, rags and patches,
 Yet his unpowder'd head contains
 A *quantum sufficit* of brains,
 Where Genius sits and hatches
 These simple, inoffensive lays,
 That fill his rural pages;
 Which yet may haply cheer the days
 And nights of future ages.
 Now, Reader, tell me which you'd be,
 The stupid, o'ergrown b—————st or —————?

TO THE RAIL.

SWEET bird of peace, the circling year
 At length has given us *May* again,
 When to my song-*enamour'd* ear,
 Is brought once more, thy well-known strain,

'Twas *May* that brought thee from exile;
 She dress'd these fields again for thee;
 How sweetly doth the matron smile,
 To find thee on her flow'ry knee!

In russet robe of brown bedight,
 A present thou to Summer given,
 To glad of June the balmy night,
 When *May* returns, sweet month, to heaven.

To pensive Poet's muse, how dear
 Thine accent, in the waving vale,
 While evening *Echo*, far and near,
 Thy note repeats to every gale!

Like me, thou lov'st to sing obscure,
 The waving fields and meads among;
 And few are willing to endure,
 Much less admire our simple song.

Ah! shame on man! for a reward,
 A leaden death; perhaps, is thine;
 While base, unfeeling disregard,
 And vulgar ridicule are mine!

Thou friend of Solitude, with me,
 Come hie to yonder garden green;
 There thou may'st lodge from danger free;
 Among the dewy tufts unseen.

To guard thee there from morn till night,
 From dogs and guns, shall be my task;
 To give my waking hours delight,
 Thy artless song is all I ask.

HINT TO A FROG.

ATTENTION, Monsieur Frog;
 There, on the dainty fog,
 Squat on thy bum so yellow,
 For two minutes sit thee still;
 But this is not thy will,
 For faith thou art a restless sort of fellow.

Thy fathers, like the Jews,
 Poor idcots, did refuse
 Without a King to dwell;
 When *Jupiter*, they say,
 Sent *one*, which in a day
 Or less, they wish'd in hell!

For, behold, this king was wood,
 Which, in a merry mood,
 Old Thunder-crack threw down!
 But mounting on his back,
 'Twas determin'd in a crack,
 That he should not wear the crown.

So once more, in croaking pother,
 They club their prayers together,
 For *one* could fight and *work* ;
 But Jupiter, now hot,
 Swore they might go to pot,
 And sent them Monsieur Stork !

Now poor deluded fok' !
 To Jupiter you croak,
 Who difregards your prayer !

But bawls, out like ———
 Go to hell and seek redrefs,
 Or live just as you are.

TO THE DEVIL.

WHETHER thou art or no,
 I'm sure I cannot tell ;
 But foks will have it so,
 And that thy home is hell.

But tho' imprison'd there,
 Amid thy rebel crew,
 Thou roam'st the world abroad ;
 Art present every where.
 O, Nick, can this be true ?
 If so, 'tis somewhat odd !

Thou, Proteus like, canst take
 Thy trips in any form ;
 Sometimes a fiery snake,
 Thou ridest upon the storm ;

Sometimes a winged pig,
 Thou ramblest thro' the mirk,
 To dance thy mid-night jig
 In eldritch glen and kirk.
 But what thy shape may be,
 Beast, reptile, fish or fowl,
 I covet not to see,
 Nor hear thee---'pon my soul.

TO A MOTH,

ON FINDING ONE ON MY SHAKESPEARE.

HA! secret thief! on mischief bent,
 From Ruin's habitation sent,
 To aid *incog.* the critic's care,
 And tell poor authors what they are.
 Sure Fame's asleep, or to the wars,
 Or trumpeting among the stars,
 To suffer a contemptuous worm,
 Her fairest boast on earth thus to deform!
 Vile thing! might'st thou not get enough,
 Beneath the bed, of other *stuff*?
 There's *Phi aethes*, and a number
 Of such prosaic worthless lumber;
 Let *that* alone, and to *them* fall,
 Nor quit them till thou eat'st them all.
 But never more upon a poet,
 Thy nasty form, presume to shew it;
 Else dread the injur'd muses' wrath,
 And irrecoverable death.

FORTUNE DISMISS'D.

WELL, Fortune, since thou wilt away,
 May witches ride him bids thee stay,
 Or ever frowns or frets about thee ;
 Henceforth I'll try to live without thee.
 I long besought thy smile in vain,
 But not as some who swell thy train ;
 To creep, and fawn, and kiss thy toe, }
 Is what I never did, I know ;
 'Twas low enough, but not so low. }
 Begone ! and now a long adieu !
 In haste go join yon motley crew,
 Where all the sordid wishes strain
 Each prostituted nerve and vein ;
 Where blockheads, fools, promiscuous stand,
 A menial, worthless, wealthy band !
 Come *Poverty*, thou guileless maid,
 In gown of country stuff array'd ;
 Bring with thee health and rural glee,
 Henceforth I'll live and die with thee.

TO AN OLD CHURL,

ON HIS EXPRESSING A WISH THAT HE HAD DIED
 IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.

THE worthless soul, in langour moans,
 Detesting cheerful day ;
 And, fluttering in its cage of bones,
 Would fondly fly away.

But batter'd, base, deform'd and foul,
 With putrifying evil;
 Go when it will, like wingless owl,
 It hobbles to the devil.

TO A BLOCKHEAD—AT SCHOOL.

O QUIT it, my friend! nor continue so foolish;
 Leave learning to those that have genius to polish.
 Why thus yourself puzzle 'bout Latin and Greek,
 When English you neither can read, write, nor speak?
 With Virgil, *et cetera*, no more vex your head;
 But if you persist, spite of Nature to read,
 With nothing mysterious your intellect numb;
 Get Friar and Boy, and the tale of Tom Thumb,
 Ballads, and pieces like Jockey and Maggy,
 Such innocent merriment never will plague ye.
 Tho' faith I would rather advise, as a neighbour,
 Quit books altogether, and strike up with labor,
 Shake hands with a shovel; a dunghill you'll find,
 A subject congenial at once to your mind.

A THOUGHT.

WHO loves not Virtue, on her own account,
 And serves her not, just for the service sake,
 Is but a poor defrauder of himself,
 A jockey in religion, and despis'd by heaven.

ANOTHER.

WHAT'S man—this vaunting empty roarer?
 In Nature's womb, a little embryo,
 Begot by time, that hoary traveller,
 And never suffered to behold the light,
 Till Death, in pity to the mother's throes,
 Allays her pains, and brings the babe to birth.

O Sin! thou frightful busy monster,
 'Tis thine to mix the soul-destroying nostrum,
 And eke to drop it in the cup of Nature,
 Which, although melting in the mouth as honey,
 No sooner swallow'd than it bitter grows
 As gall or wormwood in the loathing belly;
 Effecting agonies and dire abortion,
 With all the horrors of untimely birth.

Even Time himself must gulp down many a pill,
 And bitter draught, of thy preparing;
 Hence countless thousands prematurely born,
 Or die, according to the common phrase,
 Drop to eternity, defac'd and foul!

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

Twice fifteen annual circles round the sun,
 This twenty-fifth of flower-enamel'd May,
 Hath *terra firma* on her axle run,
 Since first I saw the chearful light of day.

Nature suggests my race is now half run;
 God knows, it may be so, perhaps, and more;
 Th' important question is, 'what have I done?'

ANSWER:

Much to lament and seek forgiveness for.

ACROSTIC—TO DAMON.

J ust such a bond of union, as of old,
 S aul's son and David did together hold,
 O ur hearts hath bound in an eternal tie,
 A nd which to loose, we time and man defy.
 H eaven withholding wealth, to make amends,
 M ore to endear our state, hath made us friends,
 N ever to separate, our names here stand,
 U nited closely by the Muse's hand.
 W hile blooms the hawthorn in the flow'ry vale,
 E nriching sweetly every passing gale ;
 I n meadows moist, while bending oziars shew
 L ove-breathing shepherds where to sigh their woe ;
 L ike as our souls in mutual friendship join'd,
 T he reader here our names enwarp'd will find.
 L ife's a short passage, down a doubtful steep,
 H ence Death, black monster, with un pitying sweep,
 I n a few fleeting years, short months, or days,
 O ur humble station from this scene will raise.
 A h, when the gloomy hour at last draws nigh,
 M ight we together up to Heaven fly,
 M ight we together but be call'd away,
 S oftly, to regions of eternal day ;
 S ecrete, we'd scorn the meagre traitor's dart,
 O ur only greatest fear, that we should part.
 O, if my soul should first from earth get free,
 N ot even in heaven could it happy be,
 N or relish bliss till thou could'st share't with me.

AVERSION.

ON stormy day I hate to hear
 The rain upon the window rattle ;
 And equally it grates my ear,
 To hear a senseless woman prattle.

ON A SPIDER.

DESPOT like, see where it hings,
 The fellest far of creeping things :
 How artfully the glewy strings
 Enwarped are !
 To thoughtless insects feet and wings
 A fatal snare !

When midges o' a merry sort,
 About the window keep their court,
 Their silly freaks, their wanton sport
 Gies him nae joy ;
 His steady aim is out to dart,
 And them destroy.

Full like to *him*, among mankind,
 The gloomy, selfish, subtle mind,
 Wha nae content nor glee can find
 In sange or whim ;
 Where interest's no wi' such combin'd,
 They're no for him.

And like to *them* the thoughtless chiel,
 Despising Prudence' precepts leel,
 Now here, now there, at random reel
 Thro' thick and thin,
 Till hard and fast he's neck and heel
 In Ruin's gin.

To fate accumulated wrath,
 This heavy hammer-head beneath,
 I'll crush thee down to instant death,
 Vile, hateful creature!
 To Ruin I thy den bequeath,
 Thou foe to Nature!

O cou'd I with an equal ease,
 All murd'ers down to mummy squeeze!
 Their tabernacles I wou'd breeze;
 Their souls I'd kick,
 To wander in what forms they please
 Away to Nick.

POVERTY.

(I cannot say who was the author of these lines. I made free to insert them here, on account of the rash kind of parody immediately following, written by myself. S. T.)

“ UPON a cold and flinty stone,
 With not a spot of earth her own,
 E'en worn and wither'd to the bone,
 Sat wretched *Poverty*, unpitied and unknown.
 Keen blew the savage blast; and as she prest
 Her shivering infant to her milkless breast,
 With pain o'ercome, with misery oppress,
 Kind heaven receiv'd her, and she sunk to rest.”

VIDE PER CONTRA-

UPON an easy bed of down,
 Just like a wool-sack, all up-blown,
 With many a rood of land his own,
 Luxurious *Wealth* lay dreaming of a crown—
 Around the monster minions fell,
 And, as he breath'd with heaving swell,
 He essay'd to turn, burst with a yell,
 The Devil receiv'd him, and he sunk to hell!

JACOB'S BEARD.

PARDON me, Jacob, I covet thy beard,
 To make—not a wig for my christian skull;
 Nor yet for a fish-line should it be prepar'd,
 The innocent mutes from the water to pull.

Not only thy beard, but thy head in a lump,
 And this, my dear Jacob, is all I desire,
 To fix for a weather-cock on yonder stump,
Pro bono publico, a top of the spire.

In winter, the *trumpet* of Boreas thy nose;
 Thy right ear the *whistle* of Eurus, in spring;
 In thy left shall the zephyr of summer repose;
 While the *Notus* of autumn behind thee shall sing.

Thus, Jacob, the winds of the seasons shall play
 On thy pate, while thy beard like a meteor will
 dance;

And even old Time, as he passes that way,
 Will lean on his scythe and laugh at thy scone.

WEDLOCK

Is just like the rivet of sheers,
 That holds the two *clippers* together ;
 But often, alas ! it appears,
 They hack, gap, and spoil one another.

When temper'd alike to the *point*,
 And *keen*, they may lop away strife ;
 But soon as they break at the *joint*,
 They are worse than a *one bladed knife*.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WIG—AN OLD CATCH
 DRESSED ANEW.

ONE afternoon a preaching prig,
 Stiff, formal, solemn, bluff, and big,
 Was riding, heedless, o'er a *brig*,
 When by a blast his *holy wig*
 Was to the current blown.
 Hodge laugh'd aloud, for Hodge was there,
 To see his reverend pate so bare ;
 And wonder'd how he thought to wear
 So much of other people's hair,
 That could not keep his own.

TO AN ECCLESIASTICAL, NONSENSICAL, WICKED
 MAGISTRATE.

Two offices your R—— doth
 Now occupy in place ;
 Unfit for both, I take my oath ;
 You want all sense and grace.

Time was, depend upon my word,
 When Justice would be heard ;
 When, at the waving of her sword,
 All falsehood disappear'd.

But now she all-forfaken sighs ;
 A hearing scarce procures ;
 You've torn the bandage off her eyes,
 And kick'd her out of doors.

“ ON RECOLLECTION—

Your want of brains is no objection ;
 No other qualities you need,
 But just to write your name, and read ;
 The trade is learn'd in half an hour,
 To spare the rich and flog the poor.”

Homer Travestie.

ON SEEING AN OLD WRETCH PUT ON SPECTACLES

AT CARD-PLAYING.

WHILE others fearful, darkling grope
 Their way to black perdition,
 Thy sullen soul descends the slope,
 A stranger to contrition.

Art, much asham'd, her head doth hide,
 To see, by miscreant fell,
 Her prostituted work apply'd
 To mark the road to hell.

EPIGRAM—TO A READING PREACHER.

With formal pomposity, how you can read,
 But meddlers scoffingly mock it ;
 For sermons, they say, there's no room in your head,
 So you bear them about in your pocket.

From your pocket it comes, but the hearer must pay,
 For the pocket-bred, pitiful jargon ;
 And, grumbling, at close of the year, he will say,
 Devil take such a profitless bargain.

EPIGRAM—TO A PROUD ARISTOCRAT.

DEAR Sir, when your spirit is summon'd away,
 And your carcase consign'd to the earth,
 The particles fat, of your pamper'd clay,
 To a crop of rank weeds may give birth.

Rich provender, faith, for a hungry pig,
 Who may find them, and so fall to work !
 Eat up every inch of 'em, root, stem, and sprig,
 What then, Sir, good God ! you grow pork !

Methinks that I see you from chimney cut down,
 And hissing with eggs in a pan ;
 Eat up by some red-hot republican clown,
 And go to form parts of the man !

Thus, Sir, this great corpulent body you have,
 Resin'd and constructed anew,
 May yet, from a haughty Aristocrat knave,
 Be made a *man*—honest and true.

EPIGRAM—DONALD.

SAYS Donald, who just at the door-step of death,
 Delay'd a few minutes, to make known his will,
 "To you, my son Gibby, I freely bequeath
 "A father's best blessing, to keep you from ill."
 "I thank you," quoth Gibby—and after a pause,
 The old man from life was just ready to pop,
 "I wish, my dear dad, you would leave me your jaws,
 "They'd make for the rats a most excellent trap."

EPIGRAM—TO HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

Wise Nature made thee handsome at the first,
 But when she saw thy wickedness—alarm'd,
 She all the fashion of thy face revers'd,
 And made the image, as the mind—deform'd.

Hereafter none with thee will be deceiv'd;
 Thy face is just an index to thy soul;
 Thy heart's contents are on thy front engrav'd,
 Thy heart where furies, harpies, vipers roll!

TRUTH AND LIES.

FAIR Truth is defrauded of what is her own,
 But Lies, by additional helps,
 From particles small, in a short time are blown
 Up to bubbles as big as the Alps.

A DREAM.

Last night I thought that in my arms,
 In all her flush of maiden charms,
 I clasp'd my Anna fast;
 Ye powers, what transports did I prove,
 Enchanting ecstasies of love!
 Too exquisite to last!

Methought I felt her beating breast!
 Methought her ruby lips I prest,
 Just as the cock did scream!
 Then all the fairy charm was broke!
 In strange disorder I awoke,
 And found it was a dream!

THE HAWK AND WEAZLE.

To town ae morn, as Lizie hie'd,
 To sell a pickle yarn,
 A wanton *Whiteret* she espy'd,
 A sportin at a cairn.
 Along the heath beskirted green,
 It play'd wi' monie a wheel:
 She stood and dightet baith her een,
 An' thought it was the Diel
 She saw at freaks!

Her doubts, howe'er were soon dismiss'd
 A gled cam whist'ling by,
 And seiz'd the weazle :—ere it wist,
 'Twas halfway at the sky.
 But soon the goss grew feeble like,
 And syne began to fa',
 Till down he daded on a dyke,
 His thrapple ate in twa ;
 Let him snuff that.

The weazle aff in triumph walks,
 An' left the bloodless glutton,
 A warning sad to future hawks
 That grien for weazle's mutton.
 Thus reprobates, that spitefu' cross,
 Decree their nibour's ruin,
 Are aften forc'd, like foolish goss,
 To drink o' their ain brewin',
 And just it is.

ADVERTISEMENT.

R—— S——'s lost! Nick look below,
 I'm sure he went to h—— ;
 If dark, the scoundrel stinketh so,
 You'll find him by the smell.

A few years more, youth to decoy
 From virtue, Nick, return him ;
 But if you find you can't comply,
 Then keep him Devil—burn him.

THE YEAR—IN 12 FITS..

TO DAMON.

I.—JANUARY.

SEE how yon lofty trees are torn,
 By vengeful Winter's wrath,
 While peacefully the lowly thorn
 In safety lurks beneath.

'Tis thus the adverse gale compells
 The wealthy man to bow;
 While snug the humble shepherd dwells
 Uninjur'd: far below.

Just now yon tall, aspiring plane
 Defy'd the angry skies,
 Now overturn'd, across the lane,
 A shatter'd ruin lies!

Just so the son of pride and pomp,
 Adversity beneath,
 Inactive lies—a cumbrous lump,
 And mars the shepherd's path.

The shivering choirs, in wild dismay,
 Forfake th' uncertain bough,
 As if assur'd their safety lay
 In birken bowers below.

When louring Fate obscures my day,
 And adverse gales contend,
 May I, like yonder willows, grey,
 With resignation bend.

II.---FEBRUARY.

'Tis bitter cold, and snow and rain,
 Alternately drive o'er the plain ;
 Th' impatient sun has found the West,
 And nightly shades the vales invest.
 As yet ye youngsters, blythe and gay,
 Frequent my cot at closing day !
 To innocence and rural glee,
 My fireside is ever free.

When Spring bedecks the smiling bowers,
 And paints the fields and meads with flowers ;
 When zephyrs kind, from every grove,
 Breathe soft the kindling soul of love,
 Thro' lonely glens then let me stray,
 And give to Solitude the day :
 But now while Winter, stern, invades
 The joyless fields, and tuncless shades ;
 When short-liv'd day but serves to shew
 The tumbling floods and half-thaw'd snow ;

Give me the sweets the fire imparts,
And talk that comes from honest hearts.

Ye powers, let me but have, while here,
A few in friendship warm, sincere,
Whose souls no views illicit move,
But such as Virtue may approve.
With wit original, and sense
To hate affected insolence.

In such society, by night,
I relish rational delight ;
With famous authors' works a store,
Sweet bards, I mean, that sung before, }
I'll be content, nor will I wish for more. }

With such who is not satisfied,
If Health allows him ease,
In winter, by an ingle-side,
Is very ill to please.

III.—MARCH.

- ' The ewes they lamb, and kye they ca'
- ' The laverocks lilt their annual sang,
- ' The silly herd his horn does bla',
- ' And a' for joy the day's grown lang,

ANON.

COLD Winter now prepares to fly ;
And March approaches, clear and dry ;
And flocks again the mountains try.

The rustics, o'er the hills and meads,
 Again resume their rural reeds,
 And th' earth receives her annual seeds.

The lark aloft his carrol keeps ;
 O'er yonder bank the *Conie* creeps ;
 Where modest primrose sweetly peeps.

Regardful of the noontide hour,
 The wild bee visits glen and bower,
 Saluting kind each bud and flower.

By Nature led, of peace in quest,
 From man afar, in wat'ry waste,
 The duck and malard make their nest.

And now, when Evening lights her lamps,
 High towering o'er the lonely swamps,
 The wild snipes blow their horny trumps.

The lapwing wallops o'er the bogs ;
 In every ditch hoarse croak the frogs ;
 And linnets pair among the scroggs.

With me, come shepherds, pipe and sing ;
 Ye maids, come join the wanton ring,
 And kindly greet the coming Spring.

IV.—APRIL.

Now hoary Winter, o'er the deep,
 Again has fled with fullen roar,
 'Mid snows and ice his court to keep,
 On Zembla's frigid, frozen shore.

Again, along the hills and vales,
 Sweet Nature starts to life and light,
 And smiling Spring, on musky gales,
 Bestows the balm of young delight.

While Beauty's dewy hand adorns
 The lawn out-stretch'd, a fairy scene;
 And simply sweet arrays the thorns,
 In pleasing shades of blushing green.

Once more, my muse, in rural strain,
 Exulting, try thy vocal shell;
 Come, let us wander o'er the plain,
 And seek some lone sequester'd cell.

On yonder bank, at ease reclin'd,
 Beside the tinkling waterfall,
 We'll pensive, to the whispering wind,
 Descant our artless madrigal.

There watch the bee, from flower to flower,
 His aerial course instinctive wing;
 And list' the thrush, from upland bower,
 Melodious hail the blooming Spring.

Behold the ever-tim'rous hare,
 Already quits her furzy shade,
 And o'er the field, with watchful care,
 Unseen to nip the sprouting blade.

Adown the whin beskirted way,
 Thoughtless plods the school-boy young,
 At times in haste—anon he'll stay,
 And thinks he hears the cuckoo's song.

On yonder hill, beside his flock,
 Piping, sits the shepherd boy,
 Whilst *Echo*, from the hollow rock,
 Oft repeats the *vernal joy*.

Woods and waters all agree ;
 Hills and vallies far and near ;
 Universal harmony,
 Bursts upon the listening ear.

V.—MAY.

SOFT, blyth and gay, now smiling May,
 Walks o'er the flow'ry dale ;
 From countless throats, delightful notes,
 Are thrown on every gale.

Hail, chearing month, whose steps at length,
 Have reach'd our vales and groves,
 Whose influence bland, along the land,
 Awakes the rural loves.

Now is the time, for sons of rhyme,
 To stray by burns and bowers ;
 Blyth o'er the dews, to woo the muse,
 And gather Fancy's flowers.

While from each tree, in warbling glee,
 The feather'd folk conspire ;
 With oaten quill, beside this rill,
 I'll join the general choir.

To the grove alone, young Jockey's gone,
 To meet his buxom Sally ;
 While from the brae, hoarse *Adie's* lay
 Wild echoes thro' the valley.

Let other wights pursue delights,
 Each in his different way ;
 Beside this brook, give me a book,
 In the merry month of May.

VI.—JUNE.

'TIS JUNE.—How sweet the balmy Summer breathes,
 Her fragrance, redolent o'er hill and vale !
 The milkwhite hawthorn gives the evening breeze
 A health-inspiring smell ; to equal which
 The spicy Araby may try in vain.
 The vernal Cuckoo yet prolongs his stay,
 Adding delight to every gentle gale,

And marks the moments when the mutual vows,
 Breath'd artless, from the lips of rural love,
 Are seal'd with kisses, in the hawthorn bower.
 The nimble swallows skim the midgy shade,
 Collecting supper for their callow young ;
 Th' incessant rail, our only nightingale,
 While lonely Echo still the note repeats,
 Cries thro' the night, the same thing o'er again.

Now *Lyle*, I love to sit upon thy brow,
 And while I mark, throughout the vale beneath,
 The tufted dwellings of my gay compeers,
 With philanthropic-soul, I fervent pray
 For lasting blessings on my rural friends ;
 And not on them alone but all mankind.

Yonder, in lap of sweet Simplicity, --
 My *Damon* lives : *Damon*, my warmest friend,
 And best associate thro' this vale of care.
 Long since we met in the sequester'd shade
 Of rural life—and soon the band mysterious,
 Such as of yore, in friendly amity
 Held favour'd David and the son of Saul,
 In holy union bound our hearts in one.

Let fools political their heads perplex
 'Bout that, which ignorant, as I of Greece,
 Indeed, they are.

It makes me lunatick almost to hear,
 Some clownish blockheads, Frenchified forfooth,
 Lisp out, affected, their exotic terms
 Of Citizen and Section—nonsense all.
 Would individuals but reform themselves,
 And represent them, each the *virtuous man*,
 Reform in Parliaments would come of will,
 And vile dissention from the land would fly.
 Ye powers, that order from confusion bring,
 Give health and peace to meditate my song ;
 Preserve my friends—and thro' the Summer months,
 I'll sing exulting from the brow of Lyle.

VII.—JULY.

Now July invites us again to the hills,
 Where Summer, in mantle of purple array'd,
 So languid reclines by the cool bubbling rills,
 And sees the long vallies beginning to fade.

Come, Betty, let's visit the haunts of last year,
 And sit in the *shiel* that we made in the hether ;
 Our colour, the nut-brown, has nothing to fear,
 From the blade-withering blaze of the dog-days
 hot weather.

Look over the valley ! what bustle and noise ;
 What cutting and tossing, and turning of hay ;
 Where, sweating, the light-hearted girls and boys,
 Enliven their labor with innocent play,

See side-ride, on fuggans, the turf-driving boors,
 Thro' far winding ways to the mofs up they canter;
 There light, load, and home, where the goodman
 secures
 The whole in a stack, 'gainst the rigours of winter.

Here wild we will wander, delighted, and view,
 At a distance, the bustle of this mortal hive;
 Mark o'er corn-cover'd vallies the ripening hue,
 Of the coming abundance, that keeps us alive.

Thus, Betty, my charmer, we'll spend the hot noon,
 And when evening descends to our cot we will steer,
 Along, hand in hand, by the light of the moon,
 The scene is delightful, at this time of year.

VIII.—AUGUST.

Now, August, we hail thy loud horn,
 That calls the blyth reapers away,
 Who, awake by the dawn of the morn,
 Exulting, the summons obey.

With their sickles laid over their arms,
 To their gladsome industry they hie;
 Simplicity leads them her charms,
 And Labor indulges in joy.

Come muse, let us pilfer an hour,
 Or two, from the rustling fray;
 To visit the mossy-floor'd bower,
 Where *Strephon* disconsolate lay,

Once more we'll recline in the shade,
 Where the shepherd would sit and complain,
 Recollect the last sonnet he made,
 And kindly repeat it again.

The evening was sweet and serene,
 And August strode over the vale,
 When here, in the bushes unseen,
 I heard the sad lover bewail.

“ Was ever a shepherd so crost,
 So torn and tormented as I?
 Kick'd aloof from the world and lost;
 I wish I was ready to die !

My Anna, for ever farewell;
 No more shalt thou laugh at my moan;
 No more, with a frown, hear me tell
 That thy heart is as hard as a stone.

Now adieu to my flock and my flute;
 My morning and evening care!
 Henceforth my sweet whistle be mute,
 For thy music was that of despair.

Some wilderneys dreary I'll seek,
 Apart from my friends and my foes,
 Where sadly each leaden-foot week,
 I may weep to a sorrowful close.

There wild berries my food, and the brook
 My beverage, and mirror so clear,
 Whereat I may drink, and then look
 At myself, if the sight I can bear.

The wild rock, beneath some hoar cliff,
 All the home I desire to have,
 That when I am breathless and stiff,
 My grot may be also my grave.

Hoarse ravens that fly to and fro',
 And Nature's wild commoners all,
 May visit the house of my woe,
 And pity poor Strephon's downfall.

There low with despondency laid,
 I'll count every lingering breath,
 And silently sink to the dead,
 Where no one shall know of my death.²²

Thus swallow'd in gloomy despair,
 Poor Strephon went over the plain;
 But what hath befallen him or where,
 As yet doth a secret remain.

Hail Autumn, thou matron of glee,
 In thy bonnet and belt made of straw ;
 But, alas ! it belongs not to me,
 Thy picture descriptive to draw !

Yet still when I see thee attire
 Thyself in thy rustling suit,
 My fanciful soul catches fire,
 And I can't, tho' a rustic, be mute.

O Thomson, meek poet, 'twas thine,
 At this season with rapture to rise,
 Inhale inspiration divine,
 And Nature exalt to the skies !

When I name thee, my muse must retire ;
 All her colours, descriptive, do fade ;
 So my pencil I fling in the fire,
 And respectfully bow to thy shade.

IX.—SEPTEMBER.

'Tis Autumn's eve—a hollow murmur creeps
 Around the hills.—Obscuring Night descends,
 Adown the braes the wailing streamlet weeps,
 Where the lofty fir, with *sough* romantic, bends.

See, o'er the steep, the booted sportsmen run,
 And the upland stubble carefully explore,
 Where *Cara-Pluma* long bewail'd her son,
 But *Cara-Pluma* now laments no more.

For as she 'cautiously,' from ridge to ridge,
 Her dole collected on the stubble ground,
 A wicked ruffian, from behind the hedge,
 From tube well level'd, gave the mortal wound.

The smoke arose—I heard the loud report,
 When straight th' instinctive spaniel, scampering
 fleet,
 Bore off the victim of their barbarous sport,
 And laid her, dying, at his master's feet.

Ah! vermin filthy! of malignant sort,
 My very soul detests your bloody joy;
 The muse abhors him, who for wanton sport,
 Can Nature's feather'd family destroy.

Now pensive *Robin*, from the fading tree,
 At morn and even tide essays to sing;
 And eke the lark, above the withering lee,
 Doth cheer at intervals inverted Spring.

O Nature, kind! how "*pregnant with delight*,"
 Are all thy foes throughout the changing year!
 Thy varied grandeur charms my ravish'd sight;
 Thy heaven-taught harmony enchants my ear.

X.—OCTOBER.

BEHOLD the leaves begin to fall again,
 And sick'ning Beauty leaves the withering plain;
 No more the lark exults on touring wing;
 And woodland minstrels forget to sing.
 The stretching night succeeds the short'ning day,
 And languid flocks o'er wat'ry pastures stray;
 While tuneful Colin, thro' the list'ning bowers,
 Pipes a short farewell to the time of flowers.
 Hark how he sings!—Adieu to every scene
 Of rural joy, upon the jocund green!
 Kind Summer flies, while in the blast I hear
 The hollow voice of gloomy Winter near.
 Now duteous shepherds, with attentive care,
 A watt'led shelter for your flocks prepare;
 Then will kind Nature, with a mother's pride,
 Give peace and pleasure to your fire side;
 Gay Health and Happiness spontaneous come,
 With sweet Content, to live with you at home.

Thus pip'd young Colin to the fullen woods,
 While Night ascending swallow'd up the day;
 Pleas'd with the dashing rush of distant floods,
 He to his homely cottage strode away.

XI.—NOVEMBER—TO DAMON.

Now hoary Winter, cauld an' keen,
 Erects his wither'd tap ance mair;
 And, shivering owre the naked scene,
 Flouts ragged rustics unco fair;
 Wha, ne'ertheless, on Hallowe'en,
 About the hearth fae trig an' clean,
 Reckless o' frost, or sna, or rain,
 Agree to burn their nits again;
 While fairies fleet their gambols play,
 Thro' mony an eldrich glen an' brae.

In pairs, before the ingle now,
 The mylic nits are laid along,
 And presently they a' tak' lowe,
 And blink and burn, some right, some wrang
 (O, Superstition! crazy fool!
 Thin, thin is worn thy silly school;
 For Learning's soul-exalting ray
 Has reseued mankind frae thy sway
 Except at times, when rural glee
 Invites thee back to laugh at thee.)

The auld gude man, indifferent, sees
 The pastime that he ance held dear;
 While younkers eye the dancing bleeze,
 Wi' counterfeited hope and fear.

An' social graunie taks her smoak,
 Laughs wi' the lave, and clubs her joke;
 Gies her auld mou the youthfu' twine,
 Waefucks, to think on a lang syne,
 And tells how happy she has been,
 A-burning nits on Hallowe'en.

O, Damon, while the minutes flee
 On silent wing, unfelt, unseen,
 Wilt thou again come down to me,
 And laugh at Folly's Hallowe'en.
 How thy auld wrinkled dow and mine,
 Wad sit and plot, and girn, and whine;
 And burn prophetic nits forfooth,
 Insulting age wi' glaiks o' youth!
 The L—d preserve us frae their clutches,
 The grey-beard, auld-smell'd, wither'd witches.

A social jug here waits my frien',
 And eke the heel o' an auld cheese,
 That's now as onie raddish keen,
 And canna fail, I think, to please.
 Here, hid apart frae vulgar strife,
 And a' the din o' married life;
 While Friendship smiles upon our lot,
 And closer draws the mutual knot,
 W e'll sit and crack till midnight hour,
 Then gae to bed and sleep secure.

II.—ON W. B.

HERE lies the clay-cot of a lively old spirit,
 Which many long years did the building inherit.
 Till three score and ten the kind tenant took care
 To sweep it and keep it in thatch and repair,
 Doing all by the rule of the *Compass and Square*.
 But however well cover'd, some where at the *top*,
 As people reported, it still took a *drop*;
 And what's something odd, he ne'er wish'd to stop it,
 Till the *principal* sailing oblig'd him to prop it,
 By adding two *posts*, one ash and one oak;
 Then it stood, you had thought, as secure as a rock.
 But Time, cruel power, with pitiless sway,
 Broke the *windows* and blew all the rigging away.
 The *tenant*, now grumbling, felt much discontent,
 For such worthless quarters to pay such a rent,
 Forsook it and went in search of a new one;
 And here it lies tumbled, a desolate ruin.

III.—ON A TINKER WIFE.

HERE lies a wife, who cherish'd life
 A while, by selling kettles:
 Her spirit's flown---her body's grown
 Behold---a bush of nettles!

IV.---ON A TALKATIVE FOP.

HERE lies an odd fellow, who, as people say,
 Took up some disgust, and from life run away ;
 Him-Death overtook or he overtook Death ;
 However, he came by the loss of his breath.
 If a spirit he had, poor talkative elf,
 'Twas hidden from others as well as himself ;
 But now its transported, none living knows whether,
 Perhaps to the moon, to keep watch o'er the weather ;
 Perhaps made a zephyr to dance thro' the flowers
 That garnish Elysium's ever-green bowers :
 I'm sure 'tis not here, if my word may be took for't,
 And those that desire may after and look for't.

V.---ON A WITTY WRETCH.

HITHER, O stranger ! come and read ;
 Behold he's number'd with the dead !
 The cock of all the *drinking corps*,
 Who oft the " table set a roar."
 Vile worms destroy the throat and tongue,
 That oft so sweetly jok'd and sung !
 If there's a state of joy and glee,
 And spirits (as they must be) free,
 I'm sure that his did thither flee.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

'Tis the last I sing.

VIRGIL.

MY little labours now draw to a close ;
 Reader, how dost thou like my simple song ?
 You call it middling, as I do suppose ;
 Sometimes nigh right, but very often wrong.

Howe'er no more the Public's eye or ear,
 Shall mark the intrusion of my rustic strain ;
 Bowing, respectfully, I disappear,
 And to obscurity retire again.

Yet, still allow me, in sweet Nature's praise,
 (By which alone my solitude is cheer'd,)
 To vent my bosom's swell in grateful lays,
 In soothing songs, not to be seen or heard.

Remov'd from walks of clam'rous, vulgar men,
 To calm retirement, where true pleasures spring,
 Healthfully wand'ring wild thro' grove and glen,
 A very statue he who would not sing.

I've often thought, but then, perhaps, 'twas wrong,
 That heaven's enjoyments were akin to this ;
 That soul-exalting joys of sacred song,
 Were balmy antepasts of future bliss.

The learned critic's penetrating eyes,
 Need never on my rustic pages peep ;
 'T would seem a whale pursuing little flies,
 Along the surface of the ' *vasty deep* .'

The little tasteless critic I despise ;
 His praise or censure is alike to me,
 Who prose and rhyme will dare to criticise,
 Tho' scarcely master of his A, B, C !

Such poor Mac-Flecnos I've already known,
 At *Burns* and *Milton* even take offence !
 Who never spoke, nor wrote it, of their own,
 A single syllable of common sense !

Would only those presume to censure song,
 Who can themselves superior song compose,
 Wou'd all but such, I say, restrain the tongue,
 Bards would be rescued from a host of foes.

My worn-out pen begins to fear the fire :
 I take my little flute, and to the swell
 Of parent Lyle, rejoicing, I retire ;
 My friend, my reader, henceforth fare thee well.

