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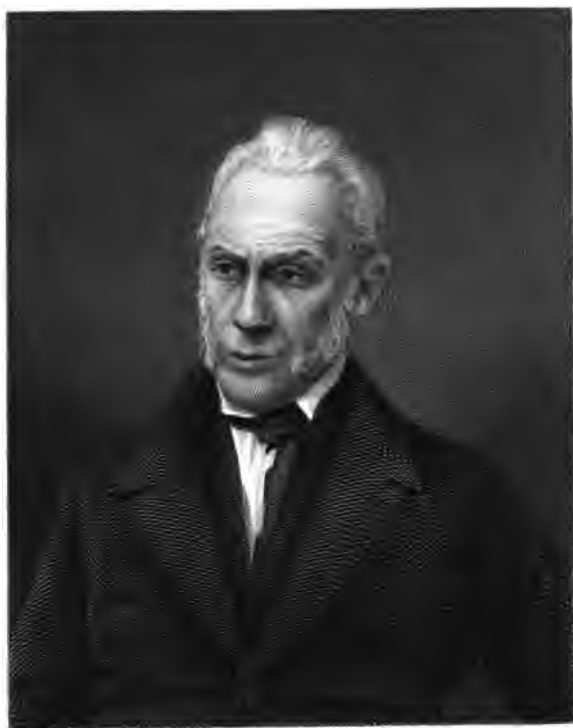
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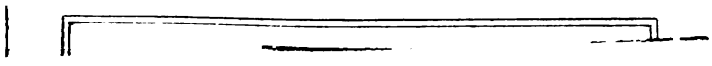
**ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**



*Engraved by R. C. Bolt from a Daguerotype*

*John Struthers*

A. Fullerton & Co. London & Edinburgh







THE  
POETICAL WORKS

JOHN STRUTHERS,

WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

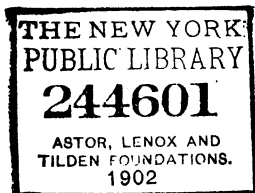
*My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be  
of understanding.—Holy Scriptures.*

VOL. I.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN:  
A. FULLARTON AND CO.

1850.

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**EDINBURGH:  
FULLARTON AND MACNAB. PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE two following volumes contain, with one or two trifling exceptions, not worthy of being particularly noticed, the entire poetical works of the author, which, in imitation of his betters, he has carefully revised, corrected, and prefaced with a rather lengthy account of his own life. This he readily admits had better been left to be done by the pen of another—and so it should have been left, had he known but one individual who possessed, or who could by any means have procured, the necessary information for performing such a labour of love.

The certain knowledge that no such person exists, and various notices, purporting to be biographical, which he has seen of himself, evidently written in ignorance or misapprehension, are the sole causes of his performing an act, which, he must acknowledge, has to him always appeared to carry something like folly or fatuity on the face of it. Autobiography, he confesses, has always been to his mind suggestive of the pillory in the market place, with all its dirty addenda—or of the witness box in the law courts, where the frosty frown of the judge is ready to freeze the word as it passes the teeth, and, if it reaches the lips, the prating advocate is at hand, with his subtle twaddling, to metamorphose it into a lie.

He trusts that no one, from what a kind of necessity has compelled him with much pain to do for himself, will

suppose him to be one of those vain talkers, whose principal pleasure it is to listen to their own sweet voices. He begs leave to assure such an one, that his voice is a very bad one—that he uses it not without some difficulty, and has often performed the duties of a rather public place for weeks running, with the use of two little words, yes and no, with the addition of Sir, or Mem, as the case might be—that he hates agitation of every description—abhors logomachies—and has often submitted to wrong rather than be put to the trouble of arguing the matter in question. To set forth his own excellencies, he begs leave further to say formed no part of his plan—if it had, he cannot but think that he has totally failed in his object.

Of the poems themselves he thinks it unnecessary here particularly to speak. They have, a portion of them at least, been nearly half a century before the public, have again and again been reprinted, and have already received their due modicum of approbation. All of them have been carefully revised—some of them, he flatters himself, considerably improved. Be this as it may, he has so far had his reward. The composing of them soothed, softened and cheered the toils and the troubles of his youth, and the revising of them has contributed to lighten some dreary hours of approaching old age darkened with clouds of irremediable sorrow. In all this, and he records it with gratitude, he feels that he has, not only so far, but, that he has had a great reward.

But this is not all; though they did not bring him wealth, or its common accompaniment exemption from toil, they brought him what he held to be of far higher consequence, they brought him the acquaintance, the friendship, and the confidence through life, of some of the greatest, the wisest and the holiest men, of the age which they blessed,

and adorned. Time has made sad havoc among the men of his standing in years, still there are a few whom he can call friends which any age or nation would be proud to own.

In conclusion, he begs leave to say that he "glories in his native land," well pleased in all *her* rivers and *her* hills; and he glories all the more in these, because he has a filial reverence for her holy and time hallowed institutions. It has been the business of his life to frame his conceptions, to regulate his feelings, and to embue his whole soul—of his success he sayeth not—with the spirit of these divine institutions, which are such as no nation on the face of the earth, one excepted, has ever enjoyed. Studied in the light of the Divine word, they are found to be founded upon the perfect law of God; and studied in the light of true philosophy, they are found to be in unison with the nature, and every way suitable to the wants of man. What, he would ask, raised her from being one of the poorest and most barbarous of all the peoples on the face of the earth, to be for so many generations, proverbially, the most wise, the most prudent, the most farseeing, the most moral, and the most religious of all peoples? What but the beautiful simplicity, and the blessed efficiency of these her institutions, which so many learned, and, generally supposed, wise and benevolent men, have long been, and now are, labouring to subvert, and to supplant by the wildest theories—theories, some of them untried, some of them fully tried and proved to be utterly worthless.

They know little of their country's history, who do not know with how much prudent, prayerful deliberation these institutions were framed, with what toil and trouble they were brought to a state of so much perfection, with how much precious blood they were cemented, and with

what solemnity they were established. They were established by all classes of the nation, in their several places as classes, and by every individual in his class, as an individual engaging by solemn oath to the Most High God to maintain and transmit, entire and unmitigated, these institutions to all succeeding posterity,—and they know as little of the immutability of God's law as set forth in the ten commandments, upon which all authority in this lower world rests, and of sound logic, as they do of history, who imagine that these oaths can be set aside or cancelled by the silly sophisms of ignorant and impudent depravity. When the obligation of these vows upon posterity can be disproved, or whenever or wherever men in general can be brought to fancy them to be disproved, there is socialism established in all its length and breadth, society is at an end, its basis is subverted, and, like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, must cast up mire and dirt.

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## MY OWN LIFE.

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### SECTION I.

THE Author of the following Poems and the subject of this Memoir, cannot boast Patrician birth, influential wealth, or classical acquirements. According to a record written on a blank leaf in his mother's Bible, he was born at Forefaulds, a cottage built upon the estate of Long-calderswood in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, on the eighteenth day of July 1776.

He was the second son and fourth child of his mother, Elizabeth Scott, and his father, William Struthers, who was for forty years and upward the principal shoemaker in that quarter of the parish; and though he has been dead nearly forty years, he is still remembered in the neighbourhood and occasionally spoken of as a man remarkable for the simplicity of his manners, and the unblemished integrity of his character. His piety was pure, earnest, and steady, but altogether unobtrusive; and its depth known only to God, and to the inmates of his own house. His helpmate was equally pious with himself, though with perhaps a little more of a leaning towards the things of this world; and she too is still remembered and spoken of as a woman of more than ordinary energy both of body and of mind.

From this very brief account of the Author's parentage, the reader will naturally infer that his education would be of a rather homely description. And it surely was so! He was taught to read by his mother from the Shorter Catechism, learning the words and the question at the same time. After getting through the Catechism he went over the Proverbs of Solomon—the usual routine even in the best schools at that period; and at a very early age could read pretty distinctly any chapter of the Bible—a degree of learning at that time supposed to be quite enough for all persons, except they were intended to be sent abroad as merchants, devoted to the work of the ministry, to the healing art, or to the study of the law.

Being in early childhood of a delicate constitution, and often little disposed to join in that boisterous revelry in which his compeers seemed so greatly to delight, his mother, to amuse him, was in the habit of writing in a very rude manner, for she herself was never taught to write, down the side of an old slate that lay casting about the house, the letters of the alphabet, which he many a long day carefully copied over and over, even before he had learned the printed alphabet, which laid the foundation of all the pencraft he has ever acquired.

The mother had, it may be noticed in passing, a powerful auxiliary as a teacher in Mrs. Baillie, widow of Dr. James Baillie, late professor of theology in the College of Glasgow, who, with her two daughters Miss Baillie and Miss Joanna Baillie since so highly distinguished for her poetical powers, lived then at Longcalderswood, and probably out of pure compassion for the *wandought* had him frequently brought in to her, conversed familiarly with him, told him amusing stories, made him frequently read to her, and frequently read to him herself; while the young ladies delighted him at times with music from a

spinet, upon which they were both performers, or made themselves merry with his premature gravity, and his no doubt overfond and childish imaginings.

This was all very delightful, but like other delightful things could not last. The seventh summer was now enlivening the convalescent boy. The herd of a neighbouring small farmer had run away; the boy was unemployed; was applied for, and sent to take that herd's place. Good Mrs. Baillie within the space of a month after sold off her furniture, and went to London to her son, the late Dr. Matthew Baillie, and her two brothers, the late Drs. John and William Hunter. The "meikle house" with its garden, supposed by the enthusiast boy to be the finest things of the kind to be met with in the universe, was shut up, and has ever since been in his imagination the beau ideal of all rural retirements. The results to the poor boy was a fever which confined him to bed for upwards of six weeks. Thus his first servitude came unexpectedly to an end; and he was set back upon his mother's instructions, and enjoyed for a few months longer the benefit of his father's example which was all but blameless.

That father talked very little about any thing, and of his own Christianity if possible still less; but he lived the Christian to a degree of perfection unimaginable to all but such as were the daily witnesses thereof, and the participators of the blessings daily flowing therefrom to all who lived within the sphere of its influence. That mother, in her instructions and admonitions, was unceasing, and the ardency of her prayers no language and no manner but her own could adequately express. Whether the effect of these prayers was equal to their fervour it would be perhaps presumption to say, but it was certainly very great. Many were the anxiously enquiring hours, and

not a few the sleepless nights, by which they were followed; and through a long, considerably varied, and sometimes not a little troubled life, their remembrance has broken many a snare, and dissipated delusive visions not a few. Will it be thought either presumptuous or unreasonable to indulge the fond hope, that they shall all be answered at last to our salvation and to the glory of God?

The succeeding winter, his eighth, saw the subject of this narrative at school, where he got on well, being, the short time he was there, generally at the head of his class—the Bible one—though his class-fellows had been years at school, and were a number of them at least twice his age.

He became also a particular favourite with the master, who frequently convoyed him home at night, and oftener than once recommended it to his father as a matter of duty and of hopeful promise to bestow upon him a classical education. This however did not comport with the plan of life which the worthy man had already formed for his son's adoption; neither did it altogether comport with his idea of the social state, to the wellbeing of which he reckoned the Apostolic precept, "Let every man abide in the same calling in which he was called," to be of great and permanent importance. Satisfied himself with the station he held in the social scale, he considered it to be the duty of all men, especially Christian men, to be the same. Far from sympathising with the rage for rising in the world, which even then began to be pretty widely felt, and has since become a general mania, he considered it as the most alarming indication of the want of moral principle, and the utter decay of religious feeling; and he frequently predicted, how truly a few more years will determine, that ultimately in the righteous judgment of God it would

be the means of dissolving our social condition both civil and ecclesiastical.

His father of course satisfied with the learning his son had acquired, and presuming from his reputed capability he might acquire more if he should find occasion for it, he was in the beginning of April transferred from his father's house to that of his grandmother's, where he occupied the place of cowherd for three years and a half. This was a change neither disagreeable to his feelings nor in any way detrimental to his best interests. His grandmother was a truly pious woman, more than ordinarily well informed, and well acquainted with the world. The better part of her life she had spent in the Gorbals of Glasgow with her husband, who there kept a horse hiring establishment, at that time said to have been the only one in Glasgow. They also kept a victualling shop and public-house, and in the course of a few years acquired as much money as enabled them to purchase a small farm in the parish of Glassford, to which they removed, and upon which, her husband being now dead, she lived as a life-renter.

The house which had been built after they took possession of the farm, some twenty or thirty years before this, was good, and considerably superior to most houses of the kind at that period. Standing, too, not far from the summit of a rising ground, it commanded a most extensive prospect to the northward, bounded by the hills of Cowal, Benlomond, the Lennox Fells, and the Ochils, here and there interspersed with snowy peaks, still more distant, the very names of which were to us and to all the neighbourhood utterly unknown. The foreground of the landscape was bare, and bleak, and barren in the extreme; consisting for the most part of black bog moss, thinly sprinkled with hillocks of gray fog and patches of

stunted heather, and at times white with cannach heads; but the distance rose alternately into beauty and grandeur, terminating, especially towards the north, in the true sublime.

Here, cut off almost from the living world, did the subject of this memoir spend in uninterrupted succession three years and a half, being, through the whole day, mostly alone in the fields; in summer looking after the cows, and in winter after the sheep. Perhaps, however, no period of his after life has passed with less of what is called ennui or weariness of existence. He found at all times, amidst the deep solitude that surrounded him, by listening to the music of the season, abundant amusement. In no situation does the lark sing earlier or sweeter than in these upland heights. The merle and the mavis, then had in that quarter no shelter, and of course were not commonly heard, but the cuckoo was always there early, the "wheuple of the whaup" was seldom wanting, nor the bitter and perpetually reiterated skirl of the pease-weep, relieved at times by the scaigh of the paitrick, the berr of the muircock, or the rusty risp of the corncaik. In defect of all these, the winds of every part of the year have their appropriate tones, strongly felt by all who have ears attuned, or nerves strung to the ordinary sensibilities of nature. Even where these may be less delicate, there are the ever-shifting aspects of the heavens and the earth, the vicissitudes of the changeful year, upon which no eye can be turned without awakening strong and heartfelt emotions, which having been once carefully observed, and fully felt, the remembrance of them is a feast through life, and a rich and inexhaustible reversion for the childhood that returns with old age.

Saving his dog, a fine colly of the true Three-stane breed, he had no companions; but during a part of the

summer he had the privilege of meeting in the afternoons with one solitary herd like himself, when they beguiled the time with the ordinary recreations of shepherds, running, wrestling, jumping, putting the stone, sometimes by keen disputes on the superior qualities of the cattle committed to their care, each stiffly maintaining the superiority of his own. Sometimes they disputed, and that with great keenness, the religious dogmas of their superiors, those of the Secession on the one side, and those of the Relief, then the newest and most popular mode of Dissent, on the other. These dogmas were by them canvassed and controverted with even more tenacity than the merits of the cattle, and, probably, with the same wisdom. Will the reader believe it, the qualities of the cattle that called forth the eulogiums of the promising youths were all of the belligerent kind, and, in the true Baconian spirit, they subjected the question to the test of experiment. One on each side was selected, and the two brought together for a pitched battle, which was contested by the poor animals with so much fury that they could not be separated, till the one, Bruckie, overthrew the other, Smitchok, to the terror of the two rascally seconders, ripping up her left shoulder with a frightful gash not less than five or six inches in length, which was not healed without great difficulty. The meeting was quietly reported as casual, and passed off as such, but it prevented any further experiments on the subject. Their polemical disputes, being incapable of being thus brought to the test of experiment, continued with increasing obstinacy, till time and circumstances separated them, in all probability never again to meet in this world.

It may be noticed in passing that the Rhymer to be had considerable advantages in this kind of warfare, from the access he had to, and the use he had, during three

successive winters, made of his grandfather's library, which contained almost all the controversial works connected with the Scottish Reformation. The histories of Wodrow, Knox and Calderwood; the history of the Indulgence, Apologetical Relation, Naphtali, Hind let Loose, Causes of God's Wrath, Banders Disbanded, Cup of Cold Water, Grapes of Esheol, Bundle of Myrrh, Informatory Vindication, &c., &c., all which he had carefully perused again and again, not only privately by himself, but he had read them over to his grandmother during the long winter evenings when they were generally left in the house by themselves, she, from the way that her family had been implicated in these dreadful doings, taking an interest almost personal, in many of the scenes narrated, which often derived additional importance from the traditional anecdotes she could tell concerning them.

These three and a half years, as they were incomparably the most pleasant in the life of our subject, were also unquestionably the most profitable. They were in fact years of promise; and had they been backed by just another three such years and a half \* \* \*

In these years, and in this sequestered situation, he acquired the elements of all that he can yet comprehend of the physical, the moral, and the religious world, without being exposed to any one of the evil influences to which all who acquire these elements in the regular and systematic order are necessarily subjected. His vanity was never tickled into restless activity, nor his pride awakened into sleepless vigilance by triumphing over a competitor; nor the ever sickly but never dying worm of envy engendered in his bosom by being triumphed over.

He knew of, and dreamed of no victory to be gained by him, but that of ruling over his own spirit, which he understood from "The Proverbs" to be greater than that



of taking a city. Nor had he then been led to think of any fame in this way to be acquired. He was simply and honestly attempting to trace the footsteps of truth, and he felt humbled to the dust when he found them so difficult to be distinguished from those of error and folly. Most cordially was he brought to adopt the words of Agur the son of Jakeh, even the prophecy the man spake unto Ithiel and Ucal, "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom nor have the knowledge of the holy." He happily found, that like a lost sheep, he was astray; and that if he was not in mercy sought and found by the great and good Shepherd, he behoved to be an eternal wanderer. With the son of Jakeh, too, he found that every word of God was pure; and with the sweet singer of Israel, that the law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. And thus, through the mercy of God, he quietly

" Escaped the wrangling crew,  
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' styte."

In the meantime his uncle got married, his grandmother retired to a cot house, and he, after roaming for upwards of a month among the wilds of Glengiel, Drumclog, Dungal, and Loudon Hill, in company with a beloved cousin, about his own age, now, if in life, a wanderer on the

shores of Lake Erie, returned to his father's house at Longcalderswood, in the last month of the year 1787.

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## SECTION II.

At the period of time to which we are now come, the muslin manufacture had become an extensive, daily extending, and lucrative branch of business, and men of all professions were deserting them to take part in its easy toils, and to share in its largely remunerating profits. The ditcher laid aside his spade, the quarryman his mells, his wedges, and his levers, and even the ploughman forsook his plough for the shuttle, to which the fly had just become a prefix, and its click had become, or was fast becoming, characteristic of every village in every part of the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Dunbarton. Villages in these counties were everywhere rising up as if by magic, all built by weavers for the accommodation of apprentices, who were everywhere offering themselves and were everywhere eagerly accepted, of all ages from nine and ten up to forty years, their earnings, the one-half their own, being from three, to five, six and seven shillings per day.

One of these villages, Maxwellton, alias Hog's Muir, in the immediate neighbourhood of Longcalderswood, was at the time in the very height of its progress, where an opening at once presented itself to the subject of this narrative. He could not, however, be brought to accept of it,—the old song of the "Weaver

" Going out upon a night  
To view the new moon,

---

Wi' a' the treddles on his back,  
An' the sowen mug aboon,"

having imbued him from earliest infancy with a childish and absurd aversion to the profession. Nor was it very heartily pressed upon him by his worthy father, who foresaw pretty distinctly the natural result of the very unnatural condition into which society was at the time progressing, and which has at length reduced a very numerous and a very respectable body of tradesmen to a state of misery beyond anything that could then have been supposed possible in a civilized country, at least so long as it professed to take its maxims and its morals from the Bible.

This great demand for the loom, however, created in the labour market a scarcity of boys for agricultural purposes, and before many days elapsed, a respectable farmer from the parish of Cathcart, who wanted a boy to red the barn in the morning, and to look after the cattle through the day, having heard of such a boy unemployed, called at his father's house and engaged him for the above stated purposes, till the next term of Martinmas, something more than three quarters of a year, the stipulated fee 16s. Less fortunate in this case than in that of the apprenticeship, the boy's consent was scarcely if at all asked, and he did not much like either the farmer's bearing or his conversation. Bread and cheese, and a bottle of whiskey, the use and wont of the time, was set before him; he ate and talked stoutly of the luxurious effeminacy of the times, and the indolence of the clergy, particularly of his own parish minister, David Dow, upon whom he made sundry very bitter remarks, which the honest cottar, with his usual good-natured candour, did his best to modify, evidently to the surprise of the burly

farmer, who, probably, expected from a Seceder an approving response to the worst things he could say of a parish minister.

While the repast and the conversation was going on, the youth's small stock of wearables was turned out and made up into a small bundle, the farmer's horse, which had been put up in a neighbour's stable, was brought forth, the farmer got into the saddle, the boy was lifted on behind him, and, with many melancholy forebodings, bade again farewell to the paternal roof.

The day was boisterous and stormy, with frequent showers of hail, and by a number of friendly calls made on the road, the short afternoon was soon exhausted. Night came down dark and stormy in the extreme, and they did not reach their destination till the family was set to supper,—a corn riddle full of boiled potatoes and a large wooden bowl full of milk being on the table before them, from which all were to appearance cheerfully and heartily helping themselves. Their new inmate to be was very wet and shivering with cold, but was set down among the rest and asked, rather needlessly as he thought, if he could eat potatoes; which he answered by eating a few, after which he was, by the two men servants, conducted across the court to the stable, in the loft of which they slept, and where he was to sleep along with them. The place was dark but warm. The bed had great rowth of blankets; he was soon asleep, and knew no more till on the back of five o'clock next morning he was roused by the stentorian voice of the gudeman, as he was always styled, who called each individual by name and returned to his bed, which was his daily practice. In less than five minutes we were all in the barn, and our bouncing flails were the first to awaken over the whole neighbourhood those echoes that were wont certainly to be the most

stirring notes that went to swell the delightful melody of the winter mornings.

By the time the six o'clock bells began to ring, the first thrieve was wellnigh thrashed out, and the bottles of straw were rising a formidable heap before the barn door, where they were always flung when the mornings were fair. In about half an hour the gudeman made his appearance, took the flail from the wee man and sent him into the stable to look after the horses. At eight o'clock we went to breakfast, which was always served up in a large wooden dish—sometimes pease brose, sometimes oatmeal brose, and sometimes plain parritch. Till far in the spring every man had a salt herring and bread after the brose or parritch; the herd and the women had to be doing with the brose. When the herrings were exhausted, cheese was sometimes substituted, sometimes only milk.

After breakfast the men went generally to work in the fields. The herd returned to the barn, which he swept up after having riddled the corn that had been thrashed out in the morning upon a heap in the chaff, where it lay till it was wanted in some way or other, when it was winnowed through the fanners and put up into sacks.

After finishing his work in the barn, the herd had potatoes to wash and the boiler to fill for the cows, the cows to drive out for air and water, the byre to clean out, then the boiler again to fill for the horses' supper, which, with perpetual calls, kept him busy the whole day. Books here were entirely out of the question. Excepting the Bible, there did not appear to be one in the house. The two serving men were brutally ignorant, filthy in their conversation, and swore most horribly. The gudeman himself was passionate in the extreme, and when the fit was on him utterly reckless of what he said. He always said grace to his meals, but it was uniformly in the

same words. He sometimes made worship in the evening, when the whole family commonly fell asleep, and he himself sometimes along with them.

Religion, of course, was at the lowest ebb with the whole family. If there was one of the family who had a little more of it than another, it was the gudewife, who was a blythe, lively body, very tender to, and very careful of her children, and bore with exemplary meekness her husband's outrageous bursts of passion. Subjected to the modern system of religious drilling, she had certainly attained to a high place among ladies of her own degree. The credit of the sex, however, if not for superior good sense, for superior piety at least, was abundantly sustained by her sister-in-law, Janet Yuil, or Sommers, who lived with her husband James Sommers, a very old man, in a cot house attached to the farm steading. Her husband, who was much older than herself, had been from his earliest years a careful, well-doing man, and had saved a considerable sum of money upon which they here lived very comfortably. They had only two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter, a spanking quean in the prime of youth and beauty, lived with them. The son, who was somewhat younger than the daughter, was in Glasgow serving his apprenticeship to the baking business, and came home only on the Sabbath days.

In all probability, anxiety about her absent son, who was not the most agreeable nor the most promising of young men, exposed to so many evil influences in a wicked city, and perhaps no one to take any notice of him, as well as other circumstances induced this excellent woman to pay rather a marked attention to the new herd, who soon learned that he was the fourth in succession since the term of Martinmas. On her clean hearth-stone, and before her bright fire, he found, so long as the dark nights

lasted, an asylum from the jargon of his fellow-servants, and the sometimes very unpleasant impertinence of the children, and could read without interruption a chapter of his Bible—the only book he had—either to himself, or more commonly to her and her worthy husband, whose eyes were so dim by reason of age that he could not read to himself without difficulty; at the same time he got his feet warmed and his stockings dried, which he found contributed greatly to his comfort in the morning. She also furnished him with needles and worsted to darn his stockings, and taught him the way to do so both neatly and well. She indeed acted towards him with all the tenderness of a mother all the time he continued in the place; and to her, as an instrument under God, he has always ascribed it, that the untoward circumstances in which he was here placed, the evil examples, and the manifold temptations to which he was exposed, did not sweep entirely away all of good that he had previously acquired. Janet Yuil has been many years in glory, and her name is remembered but by few. To these few, however, her name must ever be dear as a mother in Israel; a woman who, in her humble sphere, was willing to spend and be spent that she might advance the glory of God in his kingdom of heaven, by extending his kingdom of grace among men upon the earth. In common with many of God's dear saints, her last days were embittered by the conduct of her children. She had the unhappiness to live to see her daughter turn out a bad, and, of course, unhappy wife; and her son, after spending all that his worthy father had acquired, at last escape from the danger of starving, by getting, with some difficulty, into the situation of a town officer.

To be done with this stage of our progress it is only necessary to say, that at the Whitsunday term the two

men-servants, of whom we have already spoken, took their leave: the poor herd was left alone to battle with the rats by night, and to perform the work of a boy—sometimes that of a man—by day; being often left, besides the cows, with the charge of five horses, one of them a stallion, utterly unbroken, and, of course, very unmanageable.

How many men were engaged through the summer was to him unknown. One, only one, Malcolm Laing, a weaver from the parish of Blantyre, came home; but the first night he got terrified at the rats, which were indeed very numerous and very noisy, and threatened to be off in the morning. A few days afterwards, being sent to weed thistles from among the corn, he laid himself down in a furr, fell asleep and overslept the dinner hour, which brought him in for a lecture of no ordinary severity. He had in the meantime taken a fancy for one of the Castleton servant lasses; and a few nights after the sleeping among the corn, having gone up to see her, got locked with her into the barn, where, like a simpleton and a sump, he lay a prisoner till six o'clock next morning, which brought upon him a cursing not quite so minute as some of the pope's cursings, but every way as hearty as the heartiest of them. The whole womankind too in the house making him the subject of perpetual banter, he, in a day or two after, took himself off, and so far as is known to the writer of this was never again there heard of.

The heavy heads of the wheat were now beginning to tend earthward, and the fields generally to foretell the coming harvest, when two men were at length found who fulfilled their engagements. The one was Alexander Davidson, who died in the service of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton only a few years ago, at Hamilton, where, from a ludicrous incident in his life, he was well known



by the soubriquet of **THE DUKE'S CARTER**. The other was Archibald Mann, a tanner, from the Gallowgate of Glasgow, of whom nothing further is known to the writer but that he was a witty fellow and an excellent workman.

There was also added to the female portion of the family a Margaret Hamilton from Carmunnock, a very clever and rather beautiful young woman, who had a number of wooers that came to her in the gloamings, with whom the subject of this narrative, with the assistance of Bauldy Mann the tanner, made himself and sometimes the whole household very merry, occasionally to her mortification, but far oftener to the high gratification of her vanity. The last three months he spent here were certainly the merriest, perhaps he should say the maddest, that have been experienced by him either before or since.

Here, only a few days before leaving, he beheld, in common with the family, from the elevation on which the farm-house of Woodside still stands, the illumination of the city of Glasgow on the hundredth anniversary of the Revolution, with the meaning of which, with the exception of Janet Yuil, or Mrs. Sommers, both families were equally ignorant. At Janet's request the herd gave an account to the best of his remembrance of the Revolution, its causes, and its consequences, for which he had the pleasure of being complimented next day by his master, on his return from church, as being better acquainted with the Revolution than his minister, who had treated the same subject in his sermon, but in his opinion had come short of his herd boy. Honest Janet fell into the rear of the company, laid her hand on the poor boy's head, and, with tears flowing over her venerable face, prayed that God would bless him, perfect in him the good work she believed He had begun, and give him grace

according to what she in her simplicity was pleased to style, the large measure of knowledge he had already given. This was too much for the rather morbid modesty of the poor boy, and it has been his burden from his earliest recollections; he felt utterly lost in an overwhelming sense of his own nothingness, wept himself sick, and was ashamed even to look into the faces of the bestial that were under his charge, and which he had to see housed and suppered. His own supper he did not know how to get over, without betraying that emotion of soul which he was anxious to keep within his own bosom. Acknowledging what he really felt, a giddiness, he was allowed to go to his bed when the family sat down to supper, which he did, and before his bedfellows followed had wept himself into a feverish sleep, the sad precursor of many, many wearisome nights that have since been appointed for him.

Previously to this he had been applied to for a renewal of his services for another six months, but he had long before determined otherwise, and on Monday the second day after the old term, which he thinks was that year on a Saturday, he took his leave of the family, not without painful emotions, and returned, for the second time only since he had left in the preceding January, to his father's house, having in his pocket the stipulated sixteen shillings, the first fee he had been intrusted to carry home, and which he delivered to his father with a feeling of pleasure which he had never before experienced.

After an abode of part of a day and one night he returned to Croftfoot, the nearest farm-steading to Woodside, where he had been for the previous three quarters of a year, having been, by an agreement entered into by his father at the previous Luke's Fair of Rutherglen, engaged to serve for twelvemonths with James Dykes, who then

rented that farm from Lady Stuart of Castlemilk. Here he continued for a year and six months, during all which time he continued to be in high favour with his master, but very often the reverse with his mistress, who was one of the most capricious of women and the very impersonation of superstition—so much so that it was almost impossible to do any one thing without breaking through some fret or other that filled her with the most terrible apprehensions. Every evening to her closed with some terrific omen, and every morning awakened her with oppressive forebodings of misfortune. To her morbid imagination the whole creation seemed to have formed one grand combination to effect her ruin, more especially the hares, the crows, and the magpies. Situated on the confines of the carefully preserved policies of Castlemilk, all these creatures were superabundant, continually moving about, and it was impossible they should all move at one time or in one direction. Move, however, at what time or in what direction they would, the time or the direction was to her sickly apprehension always bad.

“They who look to frets, frets follow them,” is an old adage, and in her case this was eminently true. No spring passed away without the death of some of her bestial. No haystack could be got up with her without an accident, either carts overturned, or ropes breaking by which some one or other was thrown to the ground and taken up severely bruised, and sometimes with broken bones; and these accidents were always heralded by the appearance, in some unlucky way, of these said hares, crows, and magpies. The death of her bestial, it was evident to everybody but herself, was not occasioned by either hares, crows, or magpies, but by scriptm feeding for the purpose of saving milk. The accidents were just as unquestionably occasioned by every thing being out of

repair, carts bad, ropes rotten, &c., &c.; but then the hares, the crows, and the magpies, could not move about invisibly, and being seen, they had most undoubtedly brought on the catastrophes that followed.

Dykes himself was an easy, well-meaning, but very ignorant man; yet he bore the capricious conduct of his better half with a degree of patience that bordered on magnanimity. This was the more creditable to him that there was no calculating from her mood to-day what it would be to-morrow, or, perhaps, we should rather say, from what it was in the morning what it would be in the afternoon; for the narrator dare not say that he ever saw her for one whole day in one uniform mood; the change, however, was only of one evil mood for another evil mood, so that, like the imaginings of corrupt humanity, they were "only evil and that continually." On some rare occasions, indeed, she was disgustingly coaxing, and her kindnesses of a most smothering description; these, however, were the shortest lived of all her moods, and they were like Thomas Campbell's "angel's visits, few and far between."

One of her peculiar but very often recurring moods was to set on the breakfast table, after, or along with the parritch, no bread. "Meg," on such occasions her husband would say, "has tou nae bread?" If she deigned to answer him, which it was but at times she did, her answer was, that he had not wrought for any! To this he never made any reply, having, probably, from experience, learned that no good purpose was served by it. He only rose, went to the bread basket, took up a farle if there was one in it, tore an onion from the string which usually hung upon a nail fastened in the cyle foot, and walked back to the barn, where, with his "wee man," as he always styled his gaudsman, he divided the spoil.

He sometimes too, though not often, made an attempt to stand between the calves and starvation; but was less fortunate on these occasions. In defence of her milk she always stood up most furiously; and in the struggle to take and the struggle to keep, oftener than once the whole milking went to the floor, being at once lost both to the calves and the kirn.

The reader may easily conceive that life here had little that could be called comfortable. Every thing was harsh and barbaric. The intellectual powers of all the inmates lay dormant under a cloud of the deepest ignorance. Books there were none, the Bible excepted, and it was but rarely opened; and though there had been books there was no desire and as little capacity to read them. The herd had a few stall ballads, the history of Bold Robin Hood, John Cheap the Chapman, the Twa Havel Wives, Coal Sandy, Lothian Tam, &c., &c., purchased out of hawker's baskets with any odd pennies which were at rare times and occasions given to him, and to these, when read to them, they listened with great delight, but they could not read them themselves so as to make sense of them. The children, three in number, had not any of them been at school, nor did they know the alphabet; but the ballads behaved to be left with them that they might amuse themselves with the wood-cuts on the title-pages, and they, contending among themselves for possession, tore them to pieces generally in a day or two.

Notwithstanding of all these disagreeable circumstances every day renewing themselves, and many more, which for want of time and space cannot now be enumerated, the narrator got on in a way that was wonderful to him then, and is a wonder to him still—perhaps the explanation lies in the old adage “The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.” There were, however, occasionally occurring cir-

cumstances which, at the time, led him to soothe present pain with the prospect of future joy.

His business lay almost wholly without doors, where the aspects of the earth and sky have seldom failed to lift up his spirit to something like a divine communion with an unseen world. His master too was always kind, and generally expressed entire satisfaction with all his services. During the long winter nights too, especially his last winter there, he had the happiness of spending weekly, one of these long nights in the house of a neighbouring farmer, who had a large and a fine family of sons and daughters, all intelligent, cheerful, and good humoured, the daughters too all beautiful. This happiness he enjoyed in consequence of a want of milk at Croftfoot, the cows being all in calf and all *yell* at the same time. This want was supplied by the gudewife of this worthy neighbour proffering a canfull every week for the fetching; and for the saving of time through the day, the herd was allowed to go for it at night. This he had great pleasure in doing; the milk night being, by the young folks there, devoted to mirth-making, song singing, tale telling, &c., &c., in all of which several members of the family appeared to be particularly skilful.

At that time there was a cottage at Croftfoot, on the opposite side of the public road that led by the farm house to Carmunnock, in which lived a man with his wife and several children, together with his mother-in-law, an old and frail woman who, in Mrs. Dyke's estimation, was most certainly a witch; and on that account there had for a number of years been no communication between the families on either side. On the part of Mrs. Dykes every member of her family was forbidden, upon something like the pains of life and death, to speak to any one of them, especially the old woman, who would be sure to do them some special mischief if they did.

This poor old woman, who at home was very ill used by her daughter, wandered often, when the weather was fair, along the public roads, one of which went along the border of Croftfoot pasture grounds, and another directly through the middle of them, carrying in her arms a fat, heavy child, for which her strength appeared to be very incompetent. In these her almost daily wanderings she came very often in contact with the subject of this memoir, when he was tending the cattle committed to his care, spoke to him in passing, and he to her of course, for he had no fear of her mystic spells, and seeing that it was not without difficulty that she could even walk, he could not without contempt listen to the tales of her having, on so many occasions, outrun Sir John's beagles for a whole day, his very horses being nearly killed in vainly attempting to come up with her. He found her, indeed, after various conversations, to be a tender-hearted, motherly woman, bowed down with age and its common accompaniments frailty, poverty, and neglect, but meekly resigned to the will of God, and amidst her afflictions, which appeared to be manifold, steadily and devoutly looking for a better country that is an heavenly. By this poor, slandered, despised and neglected old woman, often was his spirit refreshed, and his thoughts recalled to what everything around him and much that he found was within him, conspired to make him forget. In short, the happiest blinks, and they were but blinks, of these wretched and profitless years, especially the latter part of them, were in casual interviews with this poor, wickedly slandered, and every way ill-used old woman.

In the way of literature there was certainly here little to be learned, and still less of anything that might be considered as having a tendency to lead the inexperienced

and youthful mind into its deceitful and delusive labyrinths; for here there was a total want of books, as there was also of time to read them. There were, however, manifold calls for the exercise of patience and self-denial; and circumstances were every day occurring that necessarily led to the most solemn reflections. Most happily the book of nature too was, and is, always open; and perhaps it may be asked with some degree of confidence, if there are fairer leaves within its volume than those that are spread out around

“Castlemilk and Cathkin's bonnie braes.”

Perhaps, too, there can be no better lessons, for this world at least, learned, than to work hard, to live upon coarse and spare fare, and to dispense with everything like personal accommodations. If all these were not learned here it was not surely for want of practice, the subject of this narrative having for weeks running dined below a bush on the burnside upon a leek head and a bit of pease scone, without so much as a grain of salt. Drink, of course, it may be surmised could not be much in demand, but if it were, the burn afforded an inexhaustible supply—and for his bed, which was straw spread upon a few sticks laid across the bauks of the byre, and to which he ascended by a ladder, except it were by accident, he was not aware of its being touched by any hand save his own all the eighteen months he slept upon it.



## SECTION III.

THE subject of this memoir had now nearly completed his fourteenth year, and, probably from the hard work and the hard fare of the two preceding years, had in his growth remained nearly stationary, having acquired besides, several of the aspects of age, combined with those of ill health. On entering his father's house, his mother, who had not seen him for a considerable time past, stared upon him for a few moments in silent astonishment, and at length, with a tear trickling over her cheek, exclaimed, where in the wide world had he been, or what had he been doing, for he had lost the very appearance of a yirthly creature, and he was so very dirty. To the washing-tub he was of course immediately sent, and a clean shirt was the first thing that was thought of.

He brought home with him also the fees for the two preceding terms, none of which had been paid before. When counted over it was found to be minus two shillings and sixpence. Mr. Dykes was of course spoken to on the subject, but he maintained that he was in the right, and as a plea at law behoved to be the only way seemingly it could be recovered, it was allowed to rest where it was.

The main consideration concerning the young man was now how he should be disposed of, and he once more proffered his often repeated request, that he might be put out to the trade of a country wright; that is, a maker of carts, and ploughs, and harrows, &c. As for iron ploughs they were not yet come into anything like general use. This request, however, could not be granted. There was no one of the profession but at a considerable distance; and to pay for bed and board abroad, was judged to be not

expedient. The weaving, though not altogether so lucrative as it had been, was still a thriving trade, and it was again urged upon him, but in vain. To that business he had still an invincible repugnance. He was, of course, by a kind of necessity, set down beside his father to make shoes. Here he continued upwards of a year, making a very coarse kind of shoes intended for the army, for which he was paid tenpence per pair making, by an export shoemaker that lived in the village of Kilbride, from whom they were obtained as a matter of favour.

These shoes being an exceedingly poor concern, besides being of a description so rough as to be of no use in teaching cordwainery, farther than in its simplest elements, he, at the end of about a twelvemonth, embraced an offer from a shoemaker in Anderston, who had had an elder brother of his in his employment for a number of years. Here he continued for a short time, employed mostly upon boys' shoes, making small progress in the mechanical part of the business, which was at this period the sole object of his ambition. Feeling, or fancying, at the same time that he was scarcely fairly dealt with in some other respects, he gave up his seat, and went into the city with the hope of finding work of a better description.

Of the ordinary forms of application in such cases he was utterly ignorant, but he was resolved to be in the way of at least seeing the best work if possible; and, not without fear, walked into the shop of Messrs. Jenkin and Smith, High Street, at that time by far the most extensive boot and shoemakers in Glasgow. When he was in, however, from his ignorance as above stated, and his timidity, he had difficulty in making the foreman comprehend his meaning; and no sooner did he comprehend it than he set up a loud and derisive laugh. Mr. Smith,

who was writing at a desk on the opposite side of the passage, looking up, enquired what was the sport. On being told, both joined in something like a legal examination of the poor boy, who had really no other object in view but to be employed where he might learn something in the way of his profession. Both, in the end, however, agreed that there was no necessity for a town officer, though neither of them had ever before seen so young, or so green a tramp. As to the granting "his poor petition," both seemed to think but very little about it. The foreman thought it needless, as he doubted if the applicant could make a shoe at all. Mr. Smith thought it worth while for the curiosity of the thing to try, the worst being only spoiling two or three small pieces of leather!

Stuff for a pair of shoes, and a last to make them on, was accordingly given him, and he came away with a very faint heart, and a feeble hope of ever getting another pair from the same quarter. He made them, however, as fast and as well as he was able; and, on returning with them, found that his case had excited an interest in the shop, far beyond anything he could have imagined. The shoes were examined, both by Messrs. Jenkin and Smith, as well as by the foreman, and pronounced to be beyond expectation, nay, taking all circumstances into consideration, good. They told him, at the same time, what he very well knew, that he had a great deal to learn, and difficulties before him that would require keen observation, close attention, and great perseverance, to overcome. They were also kind enough to enquire where, and how he was lodged—if he had any companions; expressed high satisfaction when he told them he had none, and cautioned him to be very careful how he formed any; to mind his work, and they would be always ready to befriend him; and it is here recorded to the honour of both

these gentlemen, with grateful remembrance, that they both continued to do so to the end of their lives. It may also be here recorded that the narrator has never, in God's good providence, had occasion to make an application of the same kind since.

Thus encouraged, he set to work with all the ardour of hope; but with the utmost diligence, and painstaking, could make no progress. Attempting to imitate the best work, which he never went into the shop without examining, he lost what was good in his own system, without approximating in the smallest degree to that which he admired but did not understand. This distressed him beyond measure; and he was on the point of giving up in despair. He had almost made up his mind to go to Rutherglen Beltane fair in quest of a fee as a country servant, when a first-rate workman in the shop, a brother of the foreman, gave out a proposal to take in pupils, if he could get six to sit down at once, paying him thirty shillings each. To this proposal he at once set down his name, and the number was filled up in a few days.

Hitherto he had wrought along with his brother at Anderston, which at that time was entirely separated from the city, and considered to be almost, if not altogether, in the country. The country, in fact, could nowhere afford a more delightful walk than the back road to Finnieston, nor was there anywhere to be found a more sweet retirement than Finnieston itself; yet even then the subject of this narrative cast day by day many a longing look towards the hills of Cathkin, and sighed for his native wilds. How much deeper these sighs must have become, when his seat room was transferred from an open front land in the main street of Anderston, to a rather darkish garret, up three or four pair of stairs, in a dirty close, the third or the fourth east of the Gallowgate bridge; and his

lodgings from a front land in Clyde street, Anderston, then only about half filled up, to the narrowest part of the Spoutmouth, on the edge of the Molendinar; and looking direct into a tanyard, where there were some dozen or two of pits in full occupation. He had, however, an object in view, upon which he had set his heart, and which he hoped in no great length of time to attain, and which once attained would enable him to choose his domicile at pleasure, so he cared the less.

About the end of April, or beginning of May, 1793, he sat down, with other five youths, as a pupil apprentice, in the above-described garret, where were the pupil-master himself; his father, an old burgess, who sat by himself in an adjoining light closet; a former pupil, John Dick; a lady's shoemaker, John Brodie; in all, including the new squad, nine persons. The pupil-master was a remarkably quiet man, who spoke little upon any subject. The old man, his father, was witty and waggish, and very free in his anecdotes of the olden time. In his youth he had been a shopmate in two large shoe factories, where there were from two to three hundred, sometimes from three to four hundred men at work together in one large garret, where were daily perpetrated practical jokes, more remarkable for indelicacy, not to say cruelty, than for either humour or wit, and which, if related to this refined age, would scarcely obtain credence. The pupil, whose pupilage had just closed, was, as a workman, superior to his master. Poor John Dick! he had two club feet, but a pair of better hands few men ever possessed. He had been born in the Secession church, and religiously educated, and possessed, in a high degree, what the world calls a good heart, but stood aloof from every thing like religious conversation, and latterly fell, it has been said, a martyr to free living. John Brodie was originally from

Edinburgh, and was a first-rate lady's shoemaker. He was, besides, somewhat both of a scholar and a philosopher, but, like most of the philosophers of that day, was altogether sceptical. He had also a woman who lived with him in a state of concubinage, and they had a number of children between them, all of whom were unbaptized. He was a great reader, and possessed a number of rare and curious books, some of them not of the best character, which he was a little vain of showing at times to his younger shopmates, though he had the grace not to allow them to take them into their own hands.

The remaining five were, with one exception, all regular bred crafts, full of that boastful vanity and insolent conceit which almost universally distinguishes craftsmen of the awl, not excepting even the "brethren of the mystic level" above all other craftsmen whatsoever. Their speech also was modified by the slang of the garret, to such a degree, as to be to our raw recruit from the muirs, almost unintelligible. They were all, too, according to their own statements, possessed of a great many secrets in the preparation and working of leather, had each a variety of tools of the newest construction, and, in short, appeared to be more capable of instructing the modest man, their pupil-master, than he was of instructing them. Never, perhaps, was the triumph of superior merit more conspicuous, nor the hilarity of a spreading pint more uproarious, than on this occasion. The ignorance of the poor country boy who had never seen nor heard of a tool highly esteemed among them called a *jigger*, brought up among them faces far superior to any of those with which the genius of sculpture has so happily illustrated and ornamented the Tontine; and the roars of laughter almost rent the roof of the garret, when he acknowledged his total ignorance of the one-half of the words which

they employed. Their feathers fell a little, however, as the *kit* of each passed the review of the master, and their *jiggers* were by him declared to be utterly useless for the purposes they were meant to fulfil, and the said boy was a little comforted to be told that it was well for him that he had never seen several of their boasted tools, as he would probably learn their uses sooner and better than those who had been accustomed to use bad ones. This was practically demonstrated in the course of a week, and ere a month had elapsed he was, by their own confessions, a-head of all the five.

In the course of three months, he was told by his pupil-master that he had acquired all that he could teach him, and that, with ordinary attention, he could now maintain a fair position among the foremost class in any town in Great Britain. Still, as none of the five who had sat down along with him were so far advanced, he made him welcome to sit still till some of them were ready to go along with him. He of course remained for about another month, when, being very sick of some of his shopmates, with whom he held little in common, and longing to enjoy the closing autumn in his native wilds, he bade them adieu, and returned to his father's house, taking work along with him from the shop of Messrs. Jenkin and Smith, in the month of September, or the beginning of October, seventeen hundred and ninety-three, having been resident in Anderston and Glasgow together, somewhat better than two years.

During these years, though they were upon the whole nearly as unfavourable to intellectual improvement as any that had gone before them, the subject of this memoir became in a small degree acquainted with a class of books that were new to him, such as the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, a few of the more common, and one or two of the very

best of the English poets; and he acquired what had hitherto been the great, or the one object of his ambition, an honest, though a humble handicraft, which he considered, in a due dependence on God's good providence, to carry with it the noblest kind of independence that can be enjoyed in this WORLD OF UNIVERSAL DEPENDENCIES.

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#### SECTION IV.

It was a bleak cold day in the end of September or the beginning of October, 1793, and drawing towards the gloaming, when the subject of this narrative arrived at his father's house at Longcalderwood, with the intention of making it for a time his home. His father he found at work by himself in his usual quiet way, his mother being out at harvest work, or taking up their own little patch of potatoes. As it began to darken she came in very much cheered when she saw her son, and more so when she found that he intended to live with them at least through the winter. Nor was he, the wanderer, less joyous on this occasion. His sensations, however, were of a mixed character, in which the mournful and the melancholy speedily became the predominating elements. Months had of late passed away in which he had not seen so much as the bare form of family devotion, nor, except at church on the Sabbath, heard so much as one truly christian sentiment; and now, when again breathing in this region of piety, of purity, and of peace, where so many recollections necessarily arose, he could not help thinking at what an expense he had acquired the few worldly advantages,



after which he had strained with so much ardour, and upon which he had foolishly indulged, and was still indulging, expectations which he already felt would not be realized.

Thoughts of this kind frequently through the evening forced themselves into his mind, nil he would he; and though occasionally repressed by the affectionate enquiries, and the simple anecdotes that went round the little circle, and especially by the evening worship, conducted in all its scriptural simplicity, and with prudent and appropriate references to the state of the family and of all its members, found their way to his pillow, which they rendered uneasy and sleepless, and, consequently, the night long and more comfortless than any he had passed for a long time back.

The succeeding day, which he spent solitarily, in visiting some of his old and favourite haunts in the sequestered dingles of the adjoining woods, did not tend to eject, or materially to soothe these uneasy and unwelcome visitors; who, although uncalled for, presented themselves on the scenes of his highest admiration, and insinuated themselves into the most pleasing of his reminiscences; so much so, that by the evening he seriously regretted the step he had taken, and but for the pain he knew it would inflict on his beloved and highly respected father and mother, would have shifted his domicile next day. He, at the same time, concealed, in the best manner he could, his uneasy feeling, and next morning began to his work, which, confining his thoughts so far in their accustomed channels, excluded, in some small degree, these feelings, and, perhaps, to the same extent, blunted their pungency. Still, though by degrees they were somewhat mitigated, they were by no means subdued, but continued at times painfully prevalent through the greater part of the winter.

Sometimes, indeed, his distress was very great, and it was all the greater that he was well aware it was beyond the power of man to help him. There was not indeed any one with whom he could communicate on the subject, or even to whom he could confide the secret, for a secret it was, and one that he trembled when he imagined, as he sometimes did, that he might fall under the suspicion of being so affected—and this despair of man, he believes, was the means of driving him to lay his help where the God of grace had from all eternity laid it, on the Man of his right hand, the Son of Man whom he had made strong for himself. He enjoyed, too, at this time, a powerful and pure dispensation of the gospel, under the Rev. James Punton, the Antiburgher minister at Blackswell, Hamilton, to which, in company with his father and some two or three old men, he walked every Sabbath-day, a distance of fully five miles, by which he enjoyed not only the excellent preaching of the minister, but the excellent practical remarks of these old men, who were also old and deeply-exercised Christians, which occasionally turned his darkness into light, and afforded him matter for a song in that long and very perplexing period of cloudiness and thick darkness.

In the midst of this, however, he would fain at times have been his own deliverer, and was not without contrivances for working out that deliverance. One of these contrivances was a trip to London, which he had of a while back meditated, and which he had repeatedly resolved to put into immediate effect. The strongly manifested aversion of his mother to such a movement, had made him again and again put it off; and while he was busily employed in devising means to overcome that aversion, a circumstance occurred which put an end at once to all these cogitations. In order to understand

how this circumstance was at once so effective, an incident that has been passed by in a former period of this life, must be here adverted to as a very remarkable instance of what seemingly trifling and casual incidents may, and often do, give colour and consistency to the whole lives of men and women.

While the subject of our narrative resided in Anderston, it was his custom to go home to his father's house once in the fourteen days, and, generally, these days were Saturdays. On one of these Saturdays, when he had been only a short time in Anderston, and probably two years before what we are now to relate took place, he passed, on his way home, the Kilbride carrier's cart, which had broken down between Cathkin and the Greenlees toll. The carrier himself had gone in quest of assistance, a man and three well-dressed females were standing by the cart, and had evidently formed part of its lading. The reader may smile when he hears carriers' carts and well-dressed females mentioned in the same sentence, but he must recollect that there were no coaches on the Kilbride road in those days, nor upon other roads where they might have been supposed to be in far greater demand. One of these females, a very fair, plump girl, just budding into woman, caught his eye, and his fancy at the same moment, in a way that no woman had ever before or has ever since done. He at once stood, rivetted to the spot, staring in a state of bewilderment so complete, that had not the ladies' concern for the broken cart, and their anxiety how they could be conveyed home, been considerable, he must have excited their wonder, their contempt, or their indignation, perhaps a little of all the three. Most probably, and most happily, their own state of excitement prevented them from observing his, till, ashamed of his rudeness, he walked slowly away, feeling for the first time in his life a

disposition to murmur at his humble estate ; but with an image of loveliness, the perfection of feminine beauty and benignity, impressed on his heart, which is at this moment as fresh as on the day it was made.

Though this simple and purely accidental incident, made an immediate and ineffaceable impression on the intellectual character of the young man, bringing in a moment fully out into action feelings, the very germs of which he was unconscious of having within him, he yet kept the whole matter within his own bosom. The image of the fair young woman haunted him by night and by day, yet he never once enquired after her. He knew the families she belonged to to be both respectable, but highly aristocratical. He in fact considered her as belonging to a class in society somewhat above what he had any hope of ever attaining, or even any intention of making an attempt to attain. The first idea that had been strongly impressed upon his understanding was, that he was born to labour, and long before this he imagined he had satisfied himself that, even in the humble condition of a labourer, it was perfectly possible to enjoy all that happiness of which fallen humanity can, in the midst of a world lying in wickedness, be made susceptible. He had been taught, moreover, that this most necessary caste, was in its members, beset with fewer temptations, had more special promises, and in far greater numbers had the peace of God keeping their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus, than the more elevated, and, of course, the more envied classes ; and he felt not in the least disposed to depart from the system he had adopted. At the same time he felt a something awakened within him that he had not previously felt, and which he did not well know how to explain. Ambition of some sort it certainly was ; but it was pure as the passion that had awakened it, and it was

altogether of an intellectual character. Had he been rich enough either in possession or in prospect for that grade he considered the young woman to belong to, he certainly should have been so far happy; but of her being purchasable he had not the most distant idea. That pure affection, that devoted and disinterested tenderness, that must form the inner lining of the yoke of matrimony ere it sit easy on the necks of the parties who are united by it, he was just as well aware then as he is now, "Cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." His burden was, his unworthiness of the fair object, and his aim now, was to be worthy at some future time, of some one whom he might another day wish to make happy, or hope to be happy in.

Such had been the tenor of his speculations, when, after he had been some months in Longcalderwood, passing one morning rather early the gate of the mansion-house, to which reference has been oftener than once made, he observed the young lady who had so deeply interested him, cross the road before him in the morning costume of a country lass; and in that undress she appeared to him, if possible, even more divine than he had thought her to be. He did not speak to her, for his heart beat too thick for speaking, and she glided out of sight in a moment, as if she had been taken by surprise; but he lost no time till he learned the outlines of her history, and was comforted to find that there were no such high walls of separation between her and him as he had imagined. She had come to the place along with her mother, a middle-aged, well educated, and well respected woman, who had seen better days, had enjoyed some of this world's good, and endured not a little of its evil. Having confided to her care an old lady, an invalid, she had taken the mansion-house and garden of Longcalder-

wood, for the benefit of air, exercise, and other conveniences.

Though not now wealthy, being connected with the best families in the parish, with whom they kept up at least the decencies of relationship, the ladies were generally respected, though they were too refined in their manners, and, the old lady more especially, too intellectual to have a very close intimacy with their rural neighbours, who were then, whatever they may be now, rather boorish. The young lady's company, of course, was not quite so easy to be come at as some others. The subject of our narrative, however, contrived in no long time to be in her company, on several occasions, as it were by way of accident; and was, every time he had the pleasure of meeting with her, more deeply impressed with the grace, the dignity, and the delicacy of her behaviour.

These casual meetings were carefully by him sought for, and obtained repeatedly, for a considerable length of time, but there was not one word or one act of passion put forth all the while. There were looks exchanged, and unquestionably these looks had a language, and perhaps were understood by those who exchanged them, but they happily were not observed, or not understood, by those who were lookers on, for they excited no remarks at the time, nor even afterwards. Love was a word that he could not have uttered before her, and the longer that he lived under its power the less was his ability to utter it. Love, however, will out, and as the old song sings, "It will find out the way." He contrived one day to slip into her hand, unseen by any one, a letter, wherein he opened to her all his heart, with the ardour of the purest passion and the unaffected simplicity of truth. To this she, in a few days, returned into his own hand, in the same way he had done into hers, an answer so sensible, so

cordial, so modest, so delicate, and at the same time so confiding, that upon the main matter there was no more to be said. That it would be, if the parties were spared, some day fairly and honestly consummated, was certainly concluded upon the next time they met by themselves; but the how, and the when, were left to be determined by time and circumstances. There were no vows, no protestations made on the subject. Violent opposition was anticipated on both sides, and it was resolved to provoke that opposition as little as possible. Both parties agreed to keep their secret to themselves; to meet when they could do it without being observed; but in public to be very shy of recognising one another. In this kind of intercourse four years passed away, no coldnesses intervened, no quarrels arose, not a single hour of doubt darkened their mutual affection. Theirs was indeed the love so admirably described by the first of poets and one of the noblest of men.

“ True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die.  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The young man, in the meantime, laid aside his locomotive dreaming, and became not only reconciled but wedded to the locality. He also began to be known among other young men of his standing, some of them respectable in station, tolerably well educated, and distinguished for

their talents. Among the first of these was James Pollock, younger of Little Duncanrigg, a man of the most amiable qualities, and possessed of very considerable genius. He was a mason to trade, as was his father and two of his brothers, and was deep in the study of architecture. He had also a fine taste in poetry, and, had he been spared, would probably have been distinguished in that very difficult and dangerous pursuit. Through his kindness the subject of this narrative was first made acquainted with the writings of Cowley, as also with the poems of Collins and Gray, the first modern English poets with whose works he became familiar.

This exceedingly amiable and promising young man, however, was cut off by consumption when his talents were just beginning to be developed, and his religious principles and moral worth to be appreciated. His early death made a strong impression, at the time, upon most of the young men of his standing in the parish, by the greater portion of whom he was well known, and looked up to with a considerable degree of deference, and by no individual among them was it more deeply felt than by the subject of this memoir. The loss to him, however, was in some degree made up by a younger brother, John Pollock, who, as a friend, stepped into his place,—which place he occupied, without any interruption, till he too died of consumption, some twelve or fifteen years afterward. In amiability of character, John Pollock very much resembled his brother James Pollock; but he wanted something of the element of religion by which James was rather peculiarly distinguished, and of course was a less interesting character. Still he was exceedingly agreeable, possessed a fine genius, tempered with great modesty, and a most delicate affability of disposition. Like his father and brother, he was bred a mason;



and like his brother studied architecture, of which he latterly became a teacher, but the great object of his ambition was landscape painting, which he pursued with untiring ardour, and in which he made considerable progress, till he fell into what might be said to be the family disease, consumption, with which he struggled in hope, and sometimes with an appearance of victory, for several years; but sunk under it at last, without obtaining what had been the sole object of his ambition, a niche in the temple of time's immortality.

About this period there had come to Kilbride, to take charge of a small colliery and some limeworks there, a Mr. Robert Russell, a gentleman of very general information in the literature, especially the poetry, and the arts as they had been or were exhibited in Scotland, who, having heard that the subject of this memoir was somewhat of an enthusiast in these matters, invited him to a social crack in a winter night to his own house, which came off so well, that from that night forth till the premature death of Mr. Russell, they continued to be mutual friends and happy in each other. Mr. Russell was bred a farmer, and in that capacity spent the latter part of his life at Hamilton as an overseer upon part of the extensive estates of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton. He was one of the finest specimens of the class to which he belonged. Tall and portly in his figure, with a most capacious face, considerably pitted with the small-pox, and strongly marked with the broad lines of common sense and mother-wit, the whole lighted up by a bright glow of benevolencé, his presence was at once inviting and awe commanding. To classical learning he made no pretensions, and perhaps held it rather cheap; but he was a first-rate accountant, and he had for the literature of his mother tongue the readiest conception, and the most de-

lightful relish. His skill in rural affairs was most extensive, and his knowledge of human character was intimate, searching, and expansive. He delighted in the strong common sense of Ramsay, so effectively put forth in the scenes of the Gentle Shepherd; and his contented and easy humour, so happily displayed in his Fables, Epistles, and Tales; and he was transported with the stormy passion, the broad humour, and the melting pathos of Burns; but he dwelt with a peculiar speciality on the exquisitely natural ease and simplicity of poor Fergusson, in some of his more happy effusions, 'To the Bee,' 'To the Gowdspink,' 'Hame Content,' 'Farmer's Ingle,' 'The Daft Days,' &c., &c. From this man more of the true philosophy of human life might be learned in one night's conversation than from all the contradictory and nonsensical lumber, that, under the abused name of philosophy, loads the dusty shelves of useless, because neglected, libraries. His feelings were keen and acute, but they were healthy and pure; and there was nothing that he regarded with more perfect contempt than that morbid sentimentality, borrowed from the Germans, which at that time disfigured and disgraced so large a portion of English literature. All his views of life were cheerful and full of hope, tending to encourage diligence, and to strengthen lawful and legitimate endeavours after well-doing. To a young man, little acquainted with the world, capable of, and willing to be instructed, the value of daily intercourse with such a friend can scarcely be over-estimated.

Through Mr. Russell's good offices the subject of this narrative was also introduced to the keeper of his engine, Mr. John Brown, a young man of excellent natural parts, improved by a first-rate English education. With this gentleman he has kept up an uninterrupted friendship

for upwards of fifty years; and to his superior knowledge stands indebted for much information in almost every branch of literature. Through the son, John Brown, he also became acquainted with the father, James Brown, well known, and still remembered in various parts of Ayrshire, particularly at Muirkirk, by the title of "Kate's Ha'," the name of the place where he lived, without exception the best specimen of a well-informed, contented, and happy working man that he has met with in the whole course of his life. James Brown's knowledge of natural history and of the sciences, was far above the average of that of three parts of the men whose whole lives have been devoted to scientific studies; yet James Brown wrought willingly with his hands, both that he might help himself, and give help to him that needed help; and, while he was the most knowing among workmen, he was also the most unassuming, the most docile, the most cheerful, the most modest, and the most contented among men.

A little before this, the establishing in all towns of Friendly or Benefit Societies, intended chiefly for the poorer classes of working men, had become a very general practice; nay, it had even become a kind of a hobby among theorising and sentimental philanthropists, for not only mitigating the evils of extreme poverty, but even for extinguishing the evil itself. One of these societies had been established and kept up for a number of years, previous to this, by the cordwainers of the three parishes of Kilbride, Eaglesham, and Carmunnock. On such an occasion, the father of the subject of this narrative was a man too well known for general philanthropy and Christian feeling, to be overlooked. He was, in fact, if not one of the original movers of the proposal, one of the earliest of its promoters; having been one of the

original members, and having also entered his son a member, as soon as he could be admitted. He had also been one of its office-bearers almost from its formation. One of these years he was, very much against his will, nominated as a candidate for the office of deacon, an office of honour that had often been keenly contested, and had often been the means of adding largely to the funds of the society, by the addition of new members, and by the shilling votes, which were admitted on such occasions. The old man, however, was utterly averse to this mode of procedure, and absolutely refused to move at all in the matter; which induced some of the masters who wished to improve the opportunity, to set upon the young man to take a hand in the business, offering their services to assist him. He accordingly devoted a few days to the canvassing of the three parishes, and was successful far beyond expectation. The election of the deacon was held in each of the three parishes in regular rotation, and that year it fell to be held in Carmunnock, and though the old man took no part in the canvass, he was not the less anxious that his son might end it in a manner as orderly as he had successfully carried it on. He accordingly directed him to proceed to Carmunnock at an early hour of the day, to pay in what money he had collected, and, for the convenience of the voting, to have his own adherents all entered continuously on the roll.

This he did accordingly, being there with the foremost, and had his business completed before even the masters were all assembled. Scarcely had he this finished, however, when he was sent for into another room, by a large party of those whose names he had just entered upon the books of the society, who demanded back their money, because they had been informed that some alterations were that day to be made in the regulations of the society, of which

they did not approve. With this request he was now neither able nor willing to comply; but as the alterations of which they complained, and of which he knew nothing, were, it appeared, only in embryo, he requested them to wait on the meeting, where they behoved to be debated, and where he would do what he could to prevent their adoption; as, from the representation they gave of these alterations, he felt as much averse to them as they did themselves.

They waited accordingly, and there was a more than ordinary turn out of the members, on account of the proposed alterations, which, it then appeared, had been some time in preparation; and they were proposed for the adoption of the meeting before any other business. By one portion of the society they were keenly supported, and by another as keenly opposed. Eventually they were set aside, and the main business of the day, the election of the office-bearers, proceeded with. The deacon was elected by the whole society; the next in number of votes for the deaconship, was a master without further election; the deacon chose one master for himself, the old masters chose so many, and the society chose so many more, till the number was completed. When it came to the turn of the society, our young man, from the part he had taken in the debate on the regulations, was the first put upon the list. This was strongly opposed by his father, who insisted that the regulations of the society which had already occupied so much of their time on this very day, should not be thus unnecessarily, not to say wantonly, set aside; the rule being that no member should be admitted into the master court till he had attained the years of majority, and the youth in question was still in his teens. To this it was replied, in the true spirit of red democracy, that this was the society

itself, convened in a general meeting, and it was entitled to make rules for itself, at any time, or in any circumstances, as it might find to be necessary, and in spite of all that could be urged, the boy was, by acclamation, placed in the master court with shouts of ignorant triumph, that indicated no small degree of danger to the roof of the honest man's barn in which the society was assembled, and the poor boy took his seat as a director of society among twelve of the wisest and the best men of three parishes! If regret were any atonement for folly, that folly has been amply atoned for. That boy is now an old man, but the remembrance of these scenes, and they are still fresh in his memory, never comes across him without sending a painful pang through his heart. His vanity—he supposes it must have been—excited by the urgency of the few and the plaudits of the many, led him to persevere, till he passed from master to collector, and from collector to deacon, ere he had much passed his majority; and he was retained, almost forcibly, as their clerk for a number of years afterwards, much to his own disadvantage.

The results of all these things, as they regarded the young man himself, were, to a considerable extent, an enlargement of the circle of his acquaintance, with numerous applications for assistance and advice. Advice in matters of law, in which his knowledge was very limited, in matters of literature, in which it was equally so, and in matters of business, in which it was still less than in either. But the most amusing part was, advice in matters of love, in which he knew he was consulted chiefly, because he was considered, practically at least, to know nothing of the matter. In the way of assistance, he was frequently asked to make out accounts, of which he could honestly say, as Burns has said of praying, he was "baith dead

swee and wretched ill o't." His assistance was also occasionally wanted to draw up petitions, and, especially, to write letters for men, and sometimes too for women, who could not write themselves.

By these little acts of kindness he became acquainted with different modes of thinking, and different tempers, and different phases, so to speak, of the human mind; men and women generally, on such occasions, almost necessarily letting out a little more of themselves than they are aware of. There arises also, out of such services, a pleasing familiarity of mind with mind, a kind of communion of intellect, that is, perhaps, seldom experienced but on occasions of the kind.

While the subject of our narrative was thus acquiring, in a small way, the philosophy of the human mind, he was also, in a small degree, acquiring the art of thinking, and at the same time the equally necessary art of putting his thoughts upon paper, which brought him vulgarly the reputation of being a learned man. But the last and the best benefit he derived from all the circumstances of the case, was, that it led him to a most careful and thorough investigation of all authority among men, and more particularly the grounds of his own belief, as a subject of God's moral government, and at the same time a fallen being, lying naturally under the curse of sin, cut off from God, and from all hope of communion with God, by any other than a supernatural process of God's own devising, and of his own revealing, by or through a succession of persons the most singular, of events the most wonderful, and leading to results the most inconceivable. This revelation of mercy, with all its singularities, with all its mysterious developments, and with all its incomprehensibilities, the longer and the more intensely that he contemplated it in its various aspects and bearings, appeared

to be all the more in unison with the character of God, as exhibited in his own most perfect law—and all the more perfectly adapted to the condition, and the character of sinful man.

He had been stumbled not a little by the conduct of several professors of Christianity adopting the ignorant slang of the empty sciolist in regard to civil and religious liberty; perpetually raving about the rights and the supremacy of conscience, and adjoining themselves to political clubs got up, and presided over, by the most irreligious of men, and consequently in a few months, sometimes in as many days, withdrawing from the assembly of the faithful, and declaring themselves open and avowed infidels. He had also had pressed upon his attention, by acquaintances of all classes of religionists, even by the highest toned Seceders, "The Rights of Man," by Thomas Paine, with their highest commendations, and was not a little perplexed with some of that spirited writer's plausibilities. He was now, however, convinced, by contrasting them with the holy and perfect law of God, and with the recorded feelings and actings of the most eminent of his saints, that these plausibilities were pure sophisms, the perverse inductions of an unenlightened understanding, prompted by a depraved heart; and he returned the book to a religious friend who had again and again induced him to peruse it, with a remark that it contained the germ of every proposition which that writer had afterwards put forth in his "Age of Reason," and was by far the most dangerous book of the two, inasmuch as its venom was concealed, and only insinuated; while in the other, it was openly avowed, and attempted to be forced into the reader's belief whether he would or not.

He now ceased to wonder at the apostacy of so many professors from the faith of the gospel; but he wondered,



and to this day he continues to wonder, how so many still profess to believe that gospel, while they zealously advocate, and, in the principal affairs of this life, act upon the dogmas of that most ignorant, most impudent, and most atheistical perverter of God's word. He now saw in a clearer and far less flickering light than he did before, that the commandment is exceeding broad, and that it is the alone foundation of all true authority—the alone conserving principle of society, and the eternal rule of duty. He saw at the same time that the first persecutor Cain, was also the first liberal, boldly replying to the demand of God concerning Abel his brother, I know not! Am I my brother's keeper? That the first schismatics were Aaron and Miriam, who spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married, and in their presumption and pride said, Hath the Lord spoken only by Moses, hath he not spoken also by us? That the first recorded popular or democratic agitation was headed by Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who, with 250 princes, gathered themselves together against Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them. Wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? Having seen and considered all these with their terrible results, the counsel of King Solomon has never since been far from his recollection, "My son, fear thou the Lord and the King: and meddle not with them that are given to change: for their calamity shall rise suddenly; and who knoweth the ruin of them both?" He has in consequence, and by the grace of God, been enabled to hold fast his principles, the principles of the Reformed Covenanted Church of Scotland, in all their breadth and length, amidst the wreck of contradictory and exploding sys-

tems, the tumultuary excitement of fanatical factions, and the insane ravings of civil and religious anarchists for upwards of half a century; while many men, in all respects greatly his superiors, to their great discomfort, if not to their discredit, have been whirled, like the hands of a watch wanting the balance-wheel, round the entire circle of opinion, and are yet as much upon the whirl as when they began.

In the mean time, had he been sufficiently attentive to his own interests, he might now with his father have entered upon a good country business, in which, for a while at least, he would have had no competition; but to doing business on his own account he had, for what reason, perhaps he did not know, a great aversion; the opportunity went past and it did not return.

The love concern above alluded to was also, all the while going on as there related, the parties seeing one another not oftener than once a month, sometimes not in six weeks. Most probably, however, the subject occupied much more of their thoughts than they were aware of, for both of them were of necessity obliged to live and to act under some restraint, a very small degree of which soon becomes burdensome. It was of course concluded upon, that an attempt should be made to bring the matter to a fair conclusion, and if possible, with consent of parties. An attempt was made accordingly, but to no good purpose. The refusal, however, was given, if not politely, at least not abusively; and our subject, who was greatly averse to anything like violent or irregular proceedings, entertained a hope that a little longer patience would perhaps do the business, and purposed to act accordingly. Unfortunately an old aunt resided with the young woman's mother, who had conceived some dislike to the young man, for what reason he never knew, and now be-

came more outrageously bitter than ever, so that between the aunt and the mother she was made so miserable that she felt obliged to leave the house. There was therefore now no alternative; their names were immediately given in to the session-clerk, Mr. Crichton, for proclamation, and they were proclaimed accordingly. On the succeeding Monday, the banns were forbidden by the mother, which retarded the matter for one week. They were renewed on the two succeeding Sabbaths, and the parties, having been proclaimed three separate Sabbath days, were married by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Barony Church Glasgow, on Tuesday the 24th of July, 1798 years.

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## SECTION V.

In her who had been the object of his highest admiration and unceasing solicitude for several years, the subject of this memoir had now attained the summit of his earthly desires, and at the early age of twenty-two found himself set down a married man. Married, too, with so many circumstances of unaccountable peculiarity,—circumstances having not even the semblance of any rational foundation, if a little inconsiderate prejudice excited in the bosom of a very worthy, and a very tender-hearted mother, by the causeless malice, or inherent spite of an old maiden aunt, be not accepted as such.

The marriage, however, was not the result of a childish affectation, cherished for an hour, a day, a month, or a year. It was the result of a passion that had been entertained till it had become a principle that occupied his whole soul, actuated his understanding, and filled his

heart. Often had he looked wistfully forward to its ultimate issue with the deepest concern; and, as he imagined, contemplated that issue in all its bearings, and with all its possible contingencies; yet in carrying it out he found his constancy of purpose tried to the full extent of its strength. Among its multifarious contingencies, too, there arose some he had not foreseen; while of others he found that he had considerably underrated their strength, so that like all he had previously engaged in with peculiar ardour, and like all that he has so engaged in since, the reality fell somewhat short of the anticipation.

The wedding, it may be observed in passing, was every thing that could be desired. The company was not large, but it was select. All were well dressed; all were mounted on good horses; all were in the heyday of youth and of youthful hope; all were intelligent, good humoured and witty; all were bosom friends, there was no lack of creature comforts, and all seemed to be peculiarly happy. If there was any appearance of an unhappy one in the company, it was the happy bridegroom, who was subjected to no little raillery from his friends for the gravity of his manner, and the already fatherly aspect he was prematurely, as they said, putting on. The fact probably is, that marriage itself has something of a sedative quality, and in a case like this where there had been the rending asunder the ties of natural affection, a man, by original temperament as well as by acquired principle, averse to all violent proceedings, ought, perhaps, to be excused though he looked back upon the past not without some degree of pain, and to the future not altogether without fear. Nor ought it to be wondered at though, in such circumstances, the responsibilities he had brought himself under rose up before him, in at least their full length and breadth, with a somewhat appalling influence.

At the same time, from the most oppressive portion of that influence he was entirely relieved by the conduct of his bride, which was simple, modest, courageous, dignified and noble, in the best sense of the term.

Next morning, Wednesday, the whole party, one excepted, breakfasted with them, and the day was most agreeably spent in the usual holyday fashion commonly followed on such occasions. Thursday they had their little dwelling to themselves. It was little, but they were satisfied with it for the time; and they began the day before sitting down to their now, and henceforward to be, united toil, by giving thanks to God for it; imploring that he would dwell with them in it, sanctify them through his Spirit, carry them safely through all the troubles and trials of life, and, through the merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, bring them at last to the enjoyment of himself in the mansions above, prepared for all the true fearers of his name.

Before commencing this their first morning exercise, the young gudewife had set her pot on the fire, and, their exercise finished, she was proceeding to prepare breakfast in the very homely style she was well aware her husband had been accustomed to; he, however, having felt deeply for the privations she had already submitted to on his account, besides others that might of necessity be to come, requested her to make her breakfast in the ordinary way she was accustomed to make it for her mother, which, after some little hesitation, she did, and in God's good providence was ever after able to do, never having been at any time without a cup of tea to herself, or to treat any of her friends so long as she lived.

This first day of their mutual toils they had all to themselves; and it was a pleasant day—the prototype of all that followed after, save in so far as they were on

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chance occasions brightened by peculiarly pleasing events or darkened by incidents of a contrary description, as those of all men occasionally must be. Both were happily gifted with a mutual respect for each other's understandings, and a mutual tenderness for each other's feelings. Their love, though it was young, had in it nothing of that childish levity which in a month, a week, sometimes in a day, sinks down into contempt,—it was indeed strong, but it was dignified and confiding; it was ardent, but respectful and pure, and of course it never knew decline.

On the morning of Friday, their second day, they were called upon by their mutual friend, Mr. John Pollock, who was erecting a tombstone in the kirkyard for an uncle of the young gudewife's, James Strang, of West House, Crosshill, one of the most respectable men in the parish, being among the principal of its heritors, and an elder in the kirk, as all his predecessors had been from the time of the Reformation. He was now an old man and had retired from the more active duties of life, but was still fresh, and able to walk about. Taking a deep interest in the memorial he was erecting for himself and family, he had become a daily visitant of the kirkyard from the time of its commencement; and having, in consequence of Mr. Pollock's absence on his niece's marriage-day, discovered that he was a bosom friend to the young man she had accepted for her husband, took the earliest opportunity, which was the preceding day, to find out all that Mr. Pollock knew of the standing, or general character, of the said young man; which having heard, he had been led to express a strong desire, with something like a determination to see him. All this their friend thought it to be his duty to communicate, and all this they were very well content to hear.

It was but a few days after when the good old man called, and spent with them a whole forenoon in most agreeable and edifying conversation. He was followed, at no great distance of time, by other members or branches of his family, and in the course of three or four months, the offending pair seemed to stand with all their relatives on a footing of fair equality, and to appearance, were by all concerned, fully and freely forgiven.

The subject of this narrative now found himself altogether in a new position, and that by the natural order of things a fixed one. To this view of human life, however, his feelings, from infancy, and so far as they were formed, all his habits were accommodated, and of course he was prepared in some degree to act accordingly. From his earliest youth he had been somewhat addicted to rural sports, and in some of them was a tolerable proficient; but he now relinquished them all, at once and for ever, determined that henceforth his own house should be the arena of all his exertions, and his own fireside the centre of all his pleasures.

At the first term of Whitsunday, in the prospect of an addition to his family, he removed to a larger house, which happened to be on the same stairhead with Mr. James Marshall, surgeon, then a young man, a gentleman and a scholar, just entering upon a business which he has, much to the benefit of the surrounding district, and honourably, and profitably to himself, prosecuted up to this day;—with this gentleman he very soon became so familiar as to be allowed the free use of his very valuable library all the time he remained in that house. This was a boon of no common character, as it made him acquainted with a class of books with which he had no previous acquaintance. Here he found systems of all sorts, and a worthy and intelligent friend, always able, and willing,

when he had any spare time, to lead him into, and guide him through those difficulties that in all systems appear, to the inexperienced learner, to be nothing but inextricable labyrinths.

At this time, too, he derived some benefit in the way of letters from a student, Mr. James Moffat, one of the few boys with whom he had become intimate while residing in Glasgow a few years before, and who was now tutor in the family of Mr. James Strang, Younger of West House, Crosshill. This gentleman, who had by this time gone through the gown classes in the college of Glasgow, and in his progress had carried off a considerable number of prizes, was at this time much given to Poetry; and, probably from that circumstance renewed his acquaintance with the subject of this narrative, calling at his house twice or thrice every week, consulting with him frequently on his own exercises, which were numerous both in prose and verse, and always ready to give in return any information that might be required. Their intercourse for a while, however, ended with the summer, by Mr. Moffat going at the beginning of winter to the Highlands. He will be met with again by and by.

Losing the benefit of his teacher in Mr. Moffat, he lost also the benefit of Mr. Marshall's library, by removing into the country. What he lost by the change, however, in the library of art, was in a considerable degree made up by the more unrestrained access which that change gave him to the library of nature. The cottage to which he removed was an exceedingly commodious one, constructed out of an old farm house, that of Nethermains, situated upon a small eminence on the side of the old road from Kilbride to Hamilton, a little to the east of Longcalderswood. It enjoyed (we speak in the past tense, for its foundations have been dug up long ago) before it



one of the most lovely landscapes that could be imagined, embracing part of the lands of Longcalderwood, the finely cultivated fields of Nerston, the Turnley, Crookedshiel and Letterick Hills; the western portion of the beautiful pastoral hill of Dychmont, and in the distance the fells of the Lennox, Benlomond, with the greater number of his gigantic brethren, the sky-propping family of the Bens. A walk of a few hundred yards along the road to the eastward brings the traveller to the head of the Cadgerloan brae, whence is spread out before him one of the most lovely inland landscapes to be met with in Scotland. At his feet stands Crossbasket in a deep and richly wooded dell of the Calder, extending, by the mansion house of Greenhall, all the way down to Millheugh; having on the right the broom-clad braes of Basket, the spreading woods of Achentibber, with the parish and kirktown of Blantyre; on the left the eastern peak with the fine house of Dychmont, the splendid fields of Flemington and the two Lettericks, with the hoary ruins and gorgeous woods of Bothwell Castle; while in the distance expand before him part of the parish of Campsie, Kirkintilloch, Kilsyth, the two Monklands, with the towns of Airdrie and Coatbridge, Cumbernauld, Bertram, Shotts, Cambusnethan, and Dalziel; terminating in the towering tops of the Pentlands, the glorious range of the green Ochils, and the far distant hills of the kingdom of Fife.

In addition to all this, the subject of this memoir had, from Sir William Maxwell, the liberty of all the avenues around the house, and through the charming woods and sequestered dells of Calderwood, which though then far from the state of tasteful beauty and chastened grandeur to which they have now been brought by the present proprietor of the same name, were yet, perhaps, in the

exuberant prodigality of unrestrained nature, fitted to inspire the mind with a still higher feeling of wild magnificence and savage sublimity. In all these he felt daily the full force and the delightfully substantial truth of the Poet's exclamation,

"What though not all  
Of mortal offspring can obtain the heights  
Of envy'd life, though only few possess  
Patrician treasures or imperial state?  
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
With richer treasures and an ampler state  
Endows at large whatever happy man  
Will deign to use them."

AIKENSIDE.

Of these vast expansions of beauty and grandeur, saving a small portion that he held in tack along with his cottage for a garden of herbs, he could not say of one footbreadth, "It was his;" yet he contemplated them day by day with a soothing and a growing delight, more pure and perfect than if, as a proud possessor, he had been able to say, "They were all his own." He enjoyed all that by their Creator they were intended, or that they were in their own nature fitted to bestow, without being involved in the fears, and the cares, and the conflicts, and the interminable roll of petty vexations, to which the most fortunate possessor in the wide circle was every day exposed; and had it been the will of God, he could have been well content to have *bruikit* that same situation to his dying day.

In the things, however, that belong to this world, though there is much of mercy, and love, and of heavenly magnificence, everywhere meeting the eye that is awake to behold them, and the heart that is alive to appreciate them, they have all one fatal characteristic; they are of the

earth earthy, and take them all up seriatim, there is one most mortifying sentence, which a very little experience will compel every man to write individually upon them, "This is also vanity," and he may be thankful if he is not compelled to add, "and a sore evil." A thunder cloud will in a few minutes deform the most delightful summer sky, and a drizzling rain will clothe the most lovely landscape in sables. The death, or the misconduct, of a beloved and once promising child, shall make the most beloved scene in life for ever after, not only painful to behold, but shall render it an object of irrepressible aversion.

Though the situation of our young couple here was externally all that they could wish, and more than they had ever hoped for, there was an attendant want that through continuance became a serious grievance. It was the unfortunate 1800 and 1801 when there was no food to be purchased in that part of the country sometimes for months running. Hamilton had generally some few sacks of meal in the market once a week, but it was five miles distant. There was a society at Cambuslang that had at times a small supply, and another of the same kind in Rutherglen, but both of these were nearly as distant as Hamilton. Glasgow more distant still was in fact the only place where there was anything like a certainty of obtaining less or more. Even there the bakers refused to sell more than one quartern loaf to one customer at the same time. The subject of this memoir got from the shop that employed him from ten to fourteen days work at a time, so that he was in Glasgow generally once a fortnight, when he purchased and brought home with him as much as served them for the fourteen days to come. If he wanted four quartern loaves, which he generally did, he had to go to four different bakers' shops, buy one in each, and deposit them at some place where he was acquainted,

where he put them into one bag with the other necessaries, for all had to be bought in Glasgow, and either carried them home upon his back, which he for the most part did, or sent them by the Kilbride carrier, in which case he had to walk a mile and a half for them next day.

He was also annoyed every now and then by his employers, who laughed at his rural propensities, for which he was sacrificing some shillings every week, and working at work which they considered far less agreeable than that which he would have in town; besides a great deal of toil which they held to be altogether unnecessary. As he could not deny the truth of these statements, though he had carefully considered them all and cheerfully taken the odds, yet, seeing that the crop of that year was generally held to be even lighter than that which had preceded it, he, as he has all his days been too apt to do, allowed himself to be persuaded, and on the first day of September 1801, he left his delightful cottage, his small garden of herbs with its few simple flowers, and its little rill that twinkled by its bottom—with all his shady walks, his Mount-Pisgah views, his charming Calder with its towering crags, its green acclivities and its umbrageous dells, hallowed by all the associations of the child, the boy, the man, the husband and the father, for a very small house in Anderston—which he had great difficulty in procuring, houses being at that period very scarce—in the upper flat of a large land at the head of Cheapside street, then generally known by the name of “Bauldy Fleming’s Barracks”—a name truly appropriate, for on the upper flat there were said to be located sixteen families. Of the accommodation these sixteen families possessed he knew nothing, for he was never within one of their houses, the one next to him excepted. Of that one the conveniences seemed to be of the ordinary description.

For any thing that he saw or knew of them they were all tenanted by decent, well-doing people.

The upper flat had a very long and winding kind of an entry, and the poet's corner was the very "benmost bore," where there were two doors placed together, both of which locked into the supporting pillar of a very thin lathed partition, not above two fingers' breadth or three at the most. The poet's door opened into the left hand, that beside it opened straight forward. At this last door, when the first load of furniture was brought up, a rather tallish, stout, and coarse looking woman, not overly neat in her attire, looked out and with a strong Irish accent bade them welcome with God's blessing. The welcome was acceptable, though the welcomer was not by any means promising or prepossessing, and was thankfully as well as respectfully acknowledged; the remainder of their furniture was brought up with all possible speed, a fire was hastily kindled, some refreshment as hastily prepared, and their honest friend and his cart sent away not without some regret that they had not reloaded their stuff and returned along with him.

Their friend dismissed, there was no time lost in putting their new habitation into some kind of order. The house itself was not far from being new, and the apartments, though small, had been well kept, and with a little scrubbing looked beyond expectation. The rooms stood in an angle of the building, the window of the one looking toward the east, that of the other toward the south; but the landscape of both was the same. The foreground was slates, slates, slates! The distance, part of the parishes of Cathcart, Eaglesham, Carmunnock, Rutherglen and Cambuslang, with the general aspects of which, as well as with many of the localities, they were perfectly familiar, but they had not seen them before from the

same point, nor contemplated them with the same feelings.

They had finished their toils for the day, and were wistfully looking out upon the hills whence they had just come, when the evening sun shone out brilliant and bright, across the gently ascending slope of the above parishes, from Balageich on the west, by the high lands of Carmunnock, Cathkin, Greenlees, Turnley, and the eastern peak of Dychmont, the corn fields over them all white to the harvest, all divided and subdivided by hedgerows, ornamented with clumps of trees, enlivened by farm-houses and pasture fields with herds of cattle; while the very ancient and magnificent mansion of Castle-milk, with his youthful congener of Cathkin at his right elbow, and their charming woods, and their no less charming green braes, rising behind them in the very centre of the scene, made it one of the most lovely that could well be imagined, making them almost to forget what things they had left behind them, or at least to remember them with something of less regret.

The shadows of the evening had just begun to darken the shades of the landscape they were contemplating, when behind them, through the wall, their Melisian neighbours awakened a Psalm of David to the "wild warbling measure of Dundee;" which brought to their remembrance "the brethren" that "came as far as Appii forum, and The three taverns," to meet the apostle Paul when he arrived in Italy. Like him they hailed it as a happy omen, and giving thanks as he did, felt somewhat cheered and in no small degree comforted. In fact, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, no ingenuity or painstaking on their own part, or on the part of their friends, could possibly have procured for them a more fortunate location than they thus in the good

providence of God obtained. Their psalm-singing neighbours were not long from Ireland, where they had been married just before leaving, and had now one child. They were neither of them either young or beautiful. The husband was blind of one eye, which he had lost in the small-pox, and his whole face was furrowed into ridges and ruts by that terrible distemper. The wife was a strong built masculine-looking woman, with a whisking beard that, in these days of beards and whiskers, would have excited the envy of many a wheyfaced lad, whose dry, epicene, chin maintains its sterility in defiance to all the grease of the Bear and all the oils of Macassar—yet they were a gentle and truly affectionate pair, exhibiting through life all but a perfect example of hymeneal proprieties, and enjoying all but a perfect portion of hymeneal felicities. They had both been bred Seceders of the “Judicial Act and Testimony” school, and both were more than ordinarily well versed in all the peculiarities of that school. The minds of both were richly stored with the knowledge of the Scriptures, and both had a vein of strong and steady piety, which appeared to be acquiring vigour and renewed strength with every returning year, till they were both called away from their earthly toils within fourteen days of each other.

The subject of this narrative can never forget on earth, how largely this family of strangers contributed to his comfort during the eight very happy months that he was their *next door* neighbour; and he hopes to remember in heaven with gratitude, the felicitous interchanges of an uninterrupted Christian friendship that he enjoyed with them as a family, as well as in a joint participation with them in the ordinances of the gospel, as a member of the same church, for a long length of years. It has never been his good fortune to meet elsewhere such a

happy union of imperturbable good nature, bland humour, brilliant wit and sterling piety, as were concentrated in this happy couple, Benjamin Aitcheson and Rebekah Wilkinson.

This first eight months of his city residence in a family capacity, were, as is above said, rather happy, greatly so as compared with what he had anticipated; and they were so especially from the abundant and the remunerative employment that was at his command. The population, the wealth, and the luxury of the city of Glasgow, were then rising more rapidly than those agencies that naturally follow and administer to them, which is always the case in the first flushes of social improvement. These flushes, of course, always tell, to use a very vulgar, though by no means an inapt phrase, first upon the operative portion of the citizens. This is the unheeded but never failing fact that, like Mr. Malthus's "Principle of Population" with communities, introduces, perpetuates, and ensures, the incalculable, and the incurable wretchedness and hopeless misery, that frets, and pines, and festers in the dark lanes, and the fever-breathing closes of our large cities.

This is the felon fact that keeps, in every great town, the roll of the unemployed in the tailors' houses of call, perpetually, not only full, but overflowing, whence respectable operatives of the needle may every day, in dozens, be engaged for a single hour, or hour and a half, that some fantastic or foolish customer may be fitted with a full suit of clothes at two or three hours' notice. This it is that keeps so many of the gentle craft, knights of the awl, closers and footmen, with lean and hungry aspects, hanging on from day to day about what are called wages shops, that among four of them a pair of boots may be furnished to some childish impatient



customer at a single day's warning,—and, alas, too often are four of them made glad, if they have really been called upon to finish four pair among them through the course of the whole week. This is a much overlooked, but not the less grievous and growing evil; which is equally adverse to the employer and the employed; and to the production of which, in great ignorance, it is charitably admitted, as well as from mistaken views of self-interest, both have equally contributed. Unhappily, however, like the Malthusian problem, to which allusion has already been made, it is an evil rooted in, and naturally growing out of, the selfish feelings of frail humanity; and the wisdom of both employers and employed, united may possibly fail to find out a remedy.—Indeed, till a change come over the spirit of the dream of this most sapient of all possible centuries, numbering itself xix., it would savour of something like folly, even in Trades' Unions, to attempt it.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that at the period where our narrative is now resting, this said century was but a baby, and had not yet displayed her particular peculiarities, especially her prodigious propensity for playing at the game of HIGH JINKS. It was a known fact that the pockpuddings of Cockneyland had succeeded in dwarfing the human intellect, that was framed to contemplate the universe, so that it could not go beyond the point of a pin, nay, that five or six individuals were made necessary to the fabrication of that certainly very useful, but as certainly very plain article. Such imperinencies, however boldly assumed by their perpetrators as improvements, had not yet been able to locate themselves benorth the Tweed. The country of George Buchanan, of John Knox, and of Duncan Forbes, seemed to repudiate the idea of circumscribing the range of the

immortal spirit, that its energies might be centered with the utmost effect upon mechanical niceties, of no utility whatever beyond the narrow span of this world's passing and perishing concerns. Any moderately clean-handed journeyman of this period, would have held it a foul affront to have been asked to take a fourth part partnership in the making of a single pair of boots; and bold, indeed, must that shop-trotter have been, who to such an one would have carried the proposal, especially if it was to be made in the hearing of his shopmates, for a shower of hemp clues, lasts, hammers, or lapstones, hurled at his head, or at his heels as he fled, would assuredly have been the alone reply. There was happily no splitting of work in those days. When the shoeman was employed at all, he had always one fair day's work before him, and the bootmaker at least two.

This abundant supply of work and fair remuneration for it, was, at the time, for the subject of this narrative, an exceedingly fortunate circumstance; for, besides the effects of the great dearth, which he had to underlie in common with all his neighbours, he had to bear the more serious effects of his own folly in printing a small volume, of which, after he had printed it, he felt so much ashamed, that, with the exception of a few copies recklessly given into the hands of some of his acquaintances, he burnt the whole impression; which, had he not been a willing, an able, and a rather favoured workman, would have been more than he could have got honourably over.

This apparently discouraging and certainly very foolish affair, had, for a time, a very depressing effect upon the subject of these pages, but it was surmounted, and he has still to lament, that it left too few of the happy fruits of experience behind it. Ignorant of printing, and still more so of publishing, he had not the common sense

to consult any one upon the subject. In passing the cross, which he did every time he was in Glasgow,—for the principal business he had to do there lay at the shop of Messrs. Jenkins and Smith, in the High street,—he had often observed on part of the upper flat of the Trades Land, at the head of the Gallowgate, a sign-board, “William Bell, Printer,” to whom he applied, and with whom he agreed to print his volume “on a fine cream-coloured demy 12mo.” The copy of the whole was delivered to the printer, and next Wednesday the author was to get proofs of as much as in the time could be overtaken.

Mr. Bell was a printer of the olden school of that art, a very venerable, gentlemanly looking old man upwards of threescore and ten years, and had, most probably, never in his long life met with an author so utterly unfledged. Satisfied, however, that he would be paid, he had next Wednesday the first sheet of twenty-four pages in type, which the young author, rather disappointed with its appearance, standing up to one of the cases corrected in his own way in a very short space of time. Mr. Bell went over it afterwards himself, not quite so fast, but in a way that convinced the mortified author he had undertaken a task for which as yet he was totally unqualified.

Mr. Bell then invited him down stairs, and into Mrs. Black's tavern, which stood deep in a dark close off the Gallowgate, where over a tumbler of London porter, of which he confessed being fond, he overwhelmed his simple employer with brief notices of printing and printers, from Guttenburg and Faust, down to Robert and Andrew Foulis; and of poets from Chaucer to Churchill, with a volubility that astonished him, and with a keenness of remark that made him, for his own ignorance and his presumption, blush to the backbone. Something of the

same process gone through with each of the five succeeding sheets, accompanied, as he felt, or fancied he felt, by a certain coldness on the part of his friends, now that he was acting up to what they had recommended, made the very idea of their publication unendurable, and insured their being destroyed whatever the consequences might have been.

Happily, however, for our author, the sacrifice was no very great matter, for it did not in the smallest degree answer the end for which it was made, but rather the contrary. Mr. Bell was quite a literary character, and had edited at different times, periodicals, "original and selected," particularly one entitled, "The Phoenix," extending to several volumes, which is still occasionally met with, and is certainly equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind that has yet been attempted in that now queen of cities. His Office, probably from this circumstance, appeared to the young author to be a general *houff* for critics and poetry professors, some of whom he was sure to meet there every time he called. To the more eminent of these characters he had been introduced at different times, by Mr. William Reid, of the firm of Brash and Reid, latterly of Reid and Henderson; and with the greater part of them he had oftener than once been at arm's length, for they were almost to a man, according to the slang phraseology of the day, Blacknebs in politics and infidels in religion, two rather ugly phrases, whether happily or not may with some be a matter of doubt, though not as a matter of fact, now lost in one great comprehensive generic, LIBERAL.

They were mostly great sticklers for the Sabbath day as a day of rest and recreation, and were apparently, as inclination or chance directed them, in the habit of visiting on that day all the neighbouring towns and villages,

Partick, Pollockshaws, Renfrew, and even Paisley, Rutherglen, and Cambuslang. To the two latter of these places they often pressed our author to come and meet them on the Sabbath, that they might discuss more at large the subjects of their general or more particular conversations, and they affected to despise the narrowness of his understanding, and the strength of his prejudices, when he told them that he held such practices to be just as truly desecrations of the Sabbath as if they were to follow at home their every-day employments. When, however, he referred them to the institution of the Sabbath, Genesis ii. 2. "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he rested from all his works which God created and made," and thence, by, as he then thought, and still thinks, fair, logical deduction he inferred: First, the great end and object of the Sabbath,—sanctification. The day itself was sanctified, being by God himself set apart for a special purpose, viz., his own worship. Man was to sanctify it, by resting himself from all temporal labour, and allowing it to be a day of rest to all the creatures he at any time had domesticated, and made assistant to him in his toils; and this outward rest was to them a true and proper Sabbath, suited to their natures, and to their capabilities of enjoyment. To himself, this outward external rest was only subsidiary to his own proper sanctification of the day, by keeping it holy, *i. e.*, devoting it to the devout contemplation of God, as he had manifested himself in that fair creation which, but the day before, he had finished, surveyed, and pronounced very good—and, consequently, to reverence and adore him in whatever farther manifestation of his infinite perfections, whether of holiness, power, wisdom, or mercy, he might at any time, in his sovereign good pleasure, put forth.

Secondly, he inferred from its institution another great end or object of the Sabbath, to be commemoration, "Because God had rested from all his work, which he had created and made" in the preceding six days; and this evidently with a special reference to the foreseen atheism, that was to rage and reign, so awfully and so extensively, in human hearts; as well as to be the adamantine fulcrum, on which should rest through all time the faith of his elect, even that faith by which alone they can "understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things that are seen were not made of things that do appear."

These inferences he corroborated by the commandment spoken by God himself from Mount Sinai, in the audience of all Israel, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." These brief arguments they attempted not to refute, but he was never afterwards troubled with Sabbath day visits, nor called upon to take part in Sabbath day excursions. Nor, though some of them still courted his company, and were solicitous to know his opinions, did he ever hear one of them, though they were all well enough acquainted with it, allude to his unlucky volume, except once or twice, as sufficient authority for classing him among printed poets.

## SECTION VI.

GENTLE and courteous Reader, for, if thou hast crept line by line along our creeping narrative up to section sixth, thou art certainly both gentle and courteous; and, as such, we can speak to thee with all the confiding freedom of a friend. This we do with all the more assurance, that we are well aware that by the time we have got so far, we have none other but thy worthy self to wait upon us. Readers of every other description have, probably, by this left us; some of them, it may be, still lingering at the end of section first, wondering who was Agur the son of Jakeh; or who they could possibly be, Ithiel and Ucal, to whom he uttered such a strange prophecy. Others, with mouths rather gapish, and half shut eyes, may be standing stockstill, affecting to penetrate "Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;" while the more mercenary portion of them have, higgledy piggledy, pellmell, in the elegant and pithy language of a Glasgowensian classic, of the working man's school of poetry, "Reading here and there a scart," reached the conclusion, and, perhaps, have, forgetting that anybody has feelings but themselves, pitched the whole into the coal-hole or the ash-pit, with the bold, free, and manly exclamation of the exquisite genius above quoted, "*No æ\** haet's in't worth a f—t."

We, however, gentle Reader, augur far otherwise of thee, for thou hast some sense and some small sprink-

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\* On second thoughts, we think the first word in the original of this brilliant quotation, too free, even for the most courteous reader. We have therefore substituted words that give the sense, and we trust will give no offence.

ling of the tender affections in thy constitution, or thou couldest not be what thou really art; and if thou didst feel a little heavy in reading our last section, we sympathise with thee most sincerely, for we must acknowledge that we ourselves as we crept along that section, did feel rather hippish.

There are, indeed, a few subjects with which we never willingly come in contact, and which, if our years had taught us discretion, we would by all means study to avoid. We never approach that monstrous bank of sludge, Political Economy, but we are in terror of being drowned—nor that mountain of humbug, Free Trade, but we feel as if we were at the bottom of a sand pit that is ready every moment to close upon us—nor of that dream of dreams, the millennium, without feeling as if surrounded with maniacs, and maniac-keepers, with whips, and straps and strait jackets—nor of the regnant century, numbering herself XIX., without having before us that drunken, boisterous, and bloody virago, “rinning redwood about her whisky,” conjured up by a great poet, as the representative of learning-loving, peace-pursuing, pure and pastoral Scotland.

“Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue,  
 She's just a devil wi' a rung,  
 And if she promise auld or young,  
     To take their part,  
 Though by the neck she should be strung,  
     She'll no desert.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 'An' L—d if ance they pit her till't,  
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
 And sword and pistol at her belt,  
     She'll take the street,  
 And run her whittle to the hilt,  
     I' th' first she'll meet.”



This a portrait of loyal, covenanting, reformed, presbyterian Scotland! Forbid it heaven! No, it is one of the most unhappy caricatures that ever true poet invented. But how like it is to her ladyship No. XLX., who is to herald, or is heralding in this marvellous millennium, we call upon the battered, half consumed cities, the starving millions, and the bloodsoaked valleys of continental Europe to witness.

Leaving, however, all such exciting, though doubtful subjects, we return to take up the thread of our narrative where we left it, remarking that though the removal of our subject from a country to a town life, was upon the whole less grievous than he had anticipated; still it was followed by regrets, which forty-eight long years have not yet laid wholly asleep. Of these the first, and the most painful, was his position on the Sabbath day.

In the country his Saturday was equally tranquil, rather more so than any other day of the week. He was, on the Saturday night, always early to bed, and on the Sabbath morning up at his usual hour—had his moments of secret meditation and prayer—his family devotions—his breakfast and dressing, over by nine o'clock, when his fellow-worshippers of the same congregation, who lived to the westward of him, generally called at his house. Among these was his excellent father, and one or two old men of the highest respectability as private members of the church, with whom he walked to their place of worship, Black's Well meeting-house, Hamilton, returning with them in the evening, enjoying the soothing influences of the seasons, whether breathing from the fragrant earth, or glowing from the concave of the sky; taking sweet counsel together, and holding delightful fellowship with the God of all grace, and of all consolation, and with each other, in talking over the extent, the order,

the grandeur and the excellent majesty of his kingdom.

In town, on the contrary, he found Saturday always to be a day of bustle and confusion. There was always work wanted, which could not be had without extra exertion. He was always earlier up in the morning, and later in going to bed on that day than on any other day of the week. With the extra labour of that day added to the every day toils of the week, he was often exhausted; and his hands so cut up, that it was not without difficulty that he managed to shave himself. On the morning of the Sabbath, of course, he was weary, drowsy, and listless, feeling in a very small degree that glowing delight with which he had been accustomed to hail the hallowed day. At the sound of the bell he walked into the meeting house with the crowd, an unnoticed individual, unknown and unknowing; his nobler desires clogged and slumbering; his activities unexcited, and his whole frame of mind everything but that which he had been accustomed to experience, and which it was, amidst all these evil influences his heart's desire it should have been.

All these things were to him matter of deep and painful regret; and often was his soul poured out within him, when he reflected on these brighter days and happier scenes, that were now gone, as he clearly foresaw, never to return. Often, however, did he ruminate upon them, and though he had, over the ashes of his cream-coloured 12mo, almost determined "thenceforth to be rhyme proof" his meditations upon these scenes almost spontaneously threw themselves into verse; and at the end of his first eight months' residence in town, he had a number of unconnected stanzas written out descriptive of them, while as yet he had not conceived the idea of forming them into a Poem.

Amidst these conflicts, for though they made no noise, conflicts they were, we must, though the circumstance is a little extraneous, record it, that he was nobly supported by his better half, whose invincible fortitude, imperishable hope, equanimous temper, richly instructive or delightfully amusing conversation, and her never-failing, ever-soothing sympathies, made her' to him an overflowing fountain of perpetual sweetness. Her enchanting smile of approval, too, when, at tea or supper, he communicated to her one of those stanzas, with the concocting of which he had, amidst his toils, soothed his spirit through the day, was to him the richest reward this wide world could bestow, and possessing this he cared little about any other.

Our subject now removed his domicile from Cheapside to a house in Nivens Green, that was entered either by the fore street of Anderston, or by the Finnieston road. His portion of the house was the upper story, having a rather inconvenient entry; but once entered the place was commodious and sweet. The house was on both sides surrounded by gardens. From one window, at which he carried on his work, he looked out upon Langside, Cathcart, and Carmunnock, and could distinctly see the fine village of Eaglesham, and part of his native parish Kilbride. By another window in the western gable, the evening sun shone in upon him, throughout the summer months, as sweetly as ever it did in his still regretted cottage at Nethermains. Here in the mellow beams of the evening, throughout the summer, did he arrange his unconnected stanzas, connect them by new ones where he considered it necessary, and, to the best of his skill, gave them a beginning, a middle, and an end—and, lastly, he gave them a title-page, "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and laid them aside for future consideration.

During the succeeding winter these stanzas, now in the author's estimation become a poem, were, at intervals, carefully read over with a view to correction; and such improvements as suggested themselves, or were suggested by others, according to the best of the author's judgment carefully made. From those friends who had been of his council in the "cream-coloured demy" scheme, he was separated by distance of place, and he communicated with none of them on the subject.

To one or two men of learning and taste, to whom he had more recently been introduced, it was again and again read over, and every time heard with increasing approbation. For one of these gentlemen, at his own request, a fair copy was written out that he might look over it at his own convenience. On receiving the copy this gentleman, no doubt with the most friendly feeling, astounded the author with the mortifying announcement, that he would preface it, and perhaps recommend him to a publisher. A recommendation to *any* publisher he would most thankfully have accepted, for his morbid modesty rendered him utterly incapable of seeking one for himself; but the preface he could not stomach, and would on no consideration whatever have submitted to it. To be put in *branks*, led out into the public arena, and there exhibited as a *lusus naturæ*, formed no part of his ambition. He was all along determined to stand upon his own feet, whence if he fell he was at least less liable to have his neck broken than if he fell from a more lofty elevation. At the time, however, he said not a word on the subject, probably, like all feeble-minded men, trusting to the chapter of accidents for deliverance from what he considered to be a very serious impending evil. Whether, from his manner, the gentleman conjectured the feelings of the Poet and respected them, which is a charitable and

reasonable supposition,—or whether he felt the labour of the prefacing heavier than he expected it to be, which may also be supposed without any breach of charity,—or whether he found publishers more shy and less manageable than he had hoped to find them, which is likewise a supposable case, cannot now be known. Certain, however, it is, that he never again to the Poet spoke of either the one or the other.

During the summer of 1803 little was spoken of, but Bonaparte's intention of invading Great Britain; and, in consequence of the fears, awakened by the demonstrations to that effect, made on the opposite coast of France, volunteering. Catching a small portion of that enthusiasm with which the whole nation seemed to be inspired, our author wrote and published by itself, "Anticipation," a war ode which was well-received, and is now reprinted in the second volume of his poems.

In the beginning of 1804, his attention was again recalled to his stanzas on the Sabbath, by the inquiries of one or two of his acquaintances, who were anxious to see it in print. Encouraged by the success of his Anticipation, he was now perfectly willing to print his poem; but he was sadly at a loss how to behave with his friend who had proposed to introduce him to the public. If he asked after the copy he was afraid the call would be interpreted as a demand for the fulfilment of the promise the gentleman had made; and if he printed it without letting him know, he was afraid he would be thought to have taken offence because the promise had not been fulfilled; both of which suppositions were equally remote from the truth. In the issue he wrote the gentleman a card, stating his intentions, and asking him, in case he had made any remarks upon the MS. he had by him, if he would be kind enough to communicate them. To this he received in

reply, that the gentleman was happy to learn that the poem was to be printed and wished it all success,—that he had no remarks to make, the MS. he had received having unfortunately been destroyed by an accident.

This difficulty surmounted, he carried the MS. of his poem direct to Mr. William Lang, who, having left the firm of Chapman and Lang, had just opened an office in Bell Street, and set him to work upon it with the same degree of wisdom he had exhibited with Mr. William Bell at the cross, in the case of his “cream-coloured demy,” though probably with a little more knowledge, and happily with a great deal less responsibility. Mr. Lang at the time had not a single job in hand, and in a few days had the whole printed, pressed, and stitched up very neatly in marbled paper. It was beautifully and correctly printed, on a stout and fine foolscap, extending to two sheets, or thirty-two pages, having neither preface nor note; and it was indeed a very pretty little book. The cost price, paper, folding, covering, stitching and paring, was 4½d. per copy; and, after consulting with Mr. Lang, it was concluded that sixpence was all that could be asked for it. With the whole edition formed into a small parcel, which he carried below his arm, the author went first into the shop of Messrs. Brash and Reid, with both of whom he was by this time pretty well acquainted, where he opened his bundle and handed a copy to Mr. Brash, who sat down in his chair, read a few stanzas, and starting suddenly up, exclaimed, This will do. He then asked to have two dozen copies, recommending him at the same time to call on Mr. Maurice Ogle, who, he thought, would take a quantity of them, as his shop was the general rendezvous of clergymen and students of all descriptions.

On Mr. Ogle he called accordingly, who received him

in the most ungracious manner, talked of trash, and scarcely deigned to open the book. As the chopfallen author, however, was hastening to tie up his bundle and take himself out of the way, he muttered in a kind of growl, He might leave him half a dozen copies, which, as he had come out prepared to take nothing amiss whatever he might meet with, he did. On his way home he called on a few of the master shoemakers, among whom he sold another half dozen copies, making three dozen in all disposed of the first day. In his review of the whole of this, to him rather eventful, day's transactions, he certainly found much that was pleasing, and many grounds of thankfulness, but he found also abundant grounds for the deepest humiliation; and, perhaps, to him the greatest mercy of the day was that at its close his predominating feeling was "all is vanity, and vexation of spirit."

Ten days or a fortnight elapsed before our author was again abroad, when passing Mr. Ogle's shop he accidentally looked at his window, and being called in, found that an extraordinary change had come over the spirit of that gentleman's dream. His first inquiry was, had he any more of these books? Being answered in the affirmative, he requested that he might have them all; and if any other of the booksellers had got copies and had not disposed of them, he would take them likewise; and he would take the whole impression at sixpence each. This was to our author a most agreeable surprise, and he accepted it without hesitation. No bookseller except Mr. Brash had got any copies, and upon him our author called as he went along, not by any means to take away the copies he had left with him, but to tell him the fortunate circumstance, which he knew he would rejoice to hear. Mr. Brash, with a smile, remarked to his partner, Mr. Reid, how cunning and how assiduous that man [Mr. Ogle]

was; and explained to the simple poet the whole mystery, by showing him a very flattering review of his poem, in an Edinburgh periodical that had just come out the week before. Mr. Brash had sold all his copies, and paid him down sixpence for each copy, refusing to take what he was entitled to as a bookseller, with the kind assurance that he would have been proud to have sold the whole impression for him upon the same terms.

Perhaps it may be here noticed that, through his partner Mr. William Reid, Mr. Brash had known our author from his earliest appearance among the rhyming brotherhood, and had on many occasions distinguished him by marks of particular kindness. He had not been many weeks with his family in town, when he invited him to call at his shop every Saturday evening when he found it convenient, and he would give him home with him any book he had in the shop, which he could keep and read till Monday forenoon. This was a very particular privilege, as he was almost always unemployed on the earlier part of Monday. The books he received covered in paper, which kept them clean; and he cut up the leaves only in front. By this means he read, besides many books that he could never otherwise have seen, all the Reviews, nearly as regularly as if he had been a subscriber to them.

At the same time we must on our author's part state, that, but for the circumstance of his being idle on the Monday morning, he could have profited very little by the boon, as he forbore, and still forbears, all general reading on the Sabbath-day, as utterly incompatible with its great object, its ultimate end, and its general spirit. In the composition of his works, and they have nearly all of them been of a religious character, he has studiously forborne them on the Sabbath-day. Why?



because he was, and is assured from the word of God, that the weighing of words, and the scanning of syllables, is not Sabbath sanctification. Do the men who employ the Sabbath-day to revise their English grammar, their Latin, or their Greek, or their French, or their German,—to study geology with Buckland, or Millar, or Leyell,—or astronomy with Herschell,—or political economy with Senior or Mill,—or even to write prize essays on the Sabbath-day itself, really imagine they are sanctifying the Sabbath? Alas for the obliquity of moral vision! Such men are, though perhaps not quite so sordid, as deep desecrators of the Sabbath, as the stokers on the rails, or the clerks and the runners in the post-offices, doing the world's dirty work for the sake of a few dirty shillings.

The fact is, by our careless living, and our general want of watchfulness, which have been and are every day increasingly fostered by our promiscuous and ill-directed reading, the true, living spirit of the Sabbath is gone, and without a speedy resuscitation thereof, every attempt to preserve the day holy will prove nugatory. The decently-maintained external rest of the Sabbath can only be attained through the authority of the magistrate, and woe will be to that magistrate, having the Bible in his possession, who does not do his utmost to secure it. The spirit of the Sabbath can be awakened, enlivened and strengthened only through the outpouring of the Spirit of God, by Christ the Mediator, the Prophet, the Priest, and the King of his church; and such an outpouring of the Spirit cannot reasonably be expected through the presumptive organizations of man's devising, however multifarious, and however promising they may to the eye of carnal reason appear. No; such an outpouring is to be longed for, prayed for, laboured for, and hoped for, only through the accredited ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, regularly constituted gospel

ministers, without any additional helps but those of his own appointment. In this way alone have all true and permanent revivals in the church been effected, and till we see men ceasing from their own wisdom, submitting themselves to the authority of God speaking to them in the Scriptures, and condescending to serve him in the way of his own appointment, we shall look, and hope, and labour too, in vain to effect any real and permanent reformation. So long too, as the professor of the gospel continues to conjoin books of amusement, of science or of art, with the reading of the Scriptures, on the Sabbath-day, with the hearing of the word, and with the duties of private and secret devotion, he will find his diligence unprofitable; he will feel weary and comfortless; he will appear among Christians like the tree frost-bitten, or scathed by the lightning's flash, among the green trees of the wood. He will live without comfort, and, continuing the practice, bids fair to die without hope.

With the results of this third literary adventure, our author had certainly every reason to be satisfied, though his own prudence had as certainly contributed nothing towards it. True it was that in respect of mere money he was not at all benefited. The profits of the whole impression did not amount to more than the returns of a good week's work; but money was not his object, and that he had closed the concern without a positive loss was to him perfectly satisfactory.

Though, however, the success of his little poem in a pecuniary point of view was nothing; it was in other, and in his estimation, far more important respects, every thing that he could have desired. It introduced him to the notice, and procured him the friendship of a number of great and good men, the precious ones of the earth, whose pious conversations have been to him continually

renewed fountains of delight, and, he trusts, great edification; by their judicious counsels he has been guided through many difficulties, and through their fervent prayers, he doubts not, he has received, unseen, from the good hand of God, many blessings. Nor were pecuniary means wanting, had he supposed himself able to improve them to advantage. More than one individual generously proffered him the means of entering into business, which he declined, having previously resolved to abide in that humble situation, in which he found himself comfortable, and was really happy and contented. Besides wanting every thing belonging to a mercantile education, and having no practical knowledge of the world, he was perfectly aware that he wanted, in the original composition of his mind, some of the most necessary elements for making his way to distinction among money-making men, and has for that reason from his earliest years, as far as it was possible, on all occasions avoided entering into a competition where he was sure to be distanced.

At Whitsunday this year, 1804, he removed from his delightful garret in Anderston to the old Gorbals of Glasgow, where his mother was born, and where his grandfather had rather more than half a century before acquired what was in those days considered a fortune, but where he was perfectly content to sit down a journeyman boot-maker. Here, and in that humble station, he continued till Whitsunday 1809, conflicting like every other man with the ordinary vicissitudes of life, but upon the whole enjoying much felicity.

His old friend, James Moffat, of whom we have already made mention, one of the shrewdest, far-seeing, and being, as he was, possessed of so much wit and wag-gery, one of the most intelligent, and one of the most kind-hearted of men, having fulfilled his engagement in

the Highlands, was now installed teacher in, and chaplain to the Town's Hospital; and him he could meet with every day. From his friends and relatives in the country, he had personal visits almost every week,—while among what are called the better classes of the city, he had of friends a greater number than he could propose to call upon with any thing like regularity, except he had neglected his proper business, which the coldest hearted among them would, probably, have been sorry to see him do. Many indeed did him the honour to call upon him. His house was always clean and cheerful; there was always a seat set beside him for strangers; and few forenoons passed by without some one enlivening him at his work with at least one half-hour's conversation. So much for his general course of life for these few years.

A few weeks after the publication of 'The Poor Man's Sabbath' our author received from Mr. James Brash, of the house of Messrs. Brash and Reid, by one of his boys, a card with a small volume, 'The Sabbath, a Poem,' which he stated was just out, and had that day come to hand from Edinburgh. He added, it was fortunate the 'Poor Man's Sabbath' was out first, as had it been last, the author could hardly have escaped the charge of plagiarism. Mr. Brash concluded his note by asking him to read the volume, and write him what he thought of it. He did read the volume, and from its very shabby appearance, for it scarcely equalled in that respect his own defunct cream-coloured demy, was surprised and pleased with its excellence. Coincidences he did see both in the plan and in some of the descriptions, which had his poem been then to print, it would probably never have been printed by him.

At the same time he saw nothing in these coincidences but what he thought must almost of necessity have oc-

curred in the case of any two men writing reasonably and feelingly on the subject. The volume, with his opinion in writing, our author put into the hands of a friend upon whose judgment he had great dependence, who, after a day and a night's consideration, was perfectly satisfied that it was a just and a charitable opinion. Resting upon priority of publication, and the publicity that had attended the preparation and the progress of his MS., never dreaming that from aught connected with that MS. any one would ascribe anything of the kind to the author of 'The Sabbath, a Poem,' whoever he might be, our author returned the volume to Mr. Brash, with his opinion as above stated, and but for after circumstances would never have thought more of the matter.

Not long after this, our author, on a Monday forenoon, taking his weekly survey of the Booksellers' windows, passing Mr. David Niven's, Trongate, was called in by the shopman, and by him shown a No. of the Dramatic Mirror for that month (a London Periodical), in which there was an article charging the author of 'The Sabbath, a Poem,' with having taken his design or plan from our author's poem, 'The Poor Man's Sabbath;' and referring to the MS., said to have been destroyed, and to circumstances connected with it, supported his charges with an ingenuity (he believed it to be a malicious ingenuity) that, on account of his every way excellent friend, with whom the unlucky accident fell out, pained him to the heart. Not that he thought the charges true—for he did not believe them then, nor does he believe them now; but the circumstances by which the charge was supported, are of that unhappy class, which, dovetailing themselves into one another, after the most elaborate efforts to resolve them into their simple elements, continue to bear down with their united pressure all ordinary understand-

ings; and of course are seldom successfully combated, and almost never fully set aside.

Writhing under these painful reflections, our author had scarcely reached home, when to his surprise two most respectable gentlemen called on him, one of them on the part of his excellent friend unfortunately and most innocently implicated in this affair; the other on the part of Mr. James Grahame, demanding of him a written refutation of the article he had just read, which was at that moment so painfully affecting him, and which, but a short hour ago, he did not know was in existence. Astonished at the extent of this demand, and seeing clearly its utter futility for any good purpose when complied with, our author simply wished to know how it was possible for him to refute such an article, with which indeed on his own account it did not appear to him he had anything to do. It was stated in reply that they would not put him to any trouble, they would themselves write a letter which he would sign, and they would ask no more of him. His reply to this was, that he was not in the habit of having letters written for him—and that when he saw it would be either useful, or was become necessary, he would write his own letter—but that whether they wrote or he wrote, the loss of the MS. upon which the critic seemed to hinge the greater part of his assumptions, must of necessity be admitted, and he left it to themselves to say whether this admission would tend to the confutation or to the confirmation of these assumptions?

Neither of the gentlemen were personally concerned in the matter, and both appeared to have taken a very cursory view of it; for the one remarked to the other that that was another view of the subject, and he believed it was the correct one. Both then politely took their leave with the remark that they saw he understood the matter,

and that it were perhaps better that nothing more should be written about it. Since that day, with both of these gentlemen our author has maintained occasional intercourse, and by both has been at all times treated with courtesy and kindness. One of them is, he hopes, still alive; long may he live to be happy. The other is no more, for God has taken him; but his memory is precious to all good men who knew him, and the blessing of many that were ready to perish rests upon it. With the gentleman chiefly concerned, on whose account alone he took any special concern in the matter, he continued to live on the most friendly terms to the end of his days; enjoyed much of his elegant and always edifying conversation; was comforted by him under his most painful bereavements, and, he firmly believes, had the benefit of his prayers to the last.

After what has been above related, it cannot surely be necessary on the part of our author, to state that from first to last he regarded the attempt, made through him, to annoy poor Mr. Grahame with the deepest disgust; believing that though the first object of the authors of that attempt was perhaps only to afflict that most sensitive of poets, their ultimate end was, by engaging the two Sabbath-singing bards in a senseless quarrel, to see them render themselves ridiculous, and thus bring both their poems into contempt. Should this question ever again be agitated, which he hopes it will not, he is happy to be now able to say, upon what he considers credible testimony, that the missing MS. which he believes gave rise to the whole of these uncharitable insinuations and idle surmisings, was, according to his friend's statement, really, truly, and effectually destroyed, when it had been but a short time in his possession, and that before competent witnesses, some of whom for aught he knows may

be still alive. However that may be, he most gladly states that from the first he was in his own mind fully assured of the fact, and fondly hopes that it will never again be called in question.

In the meantime, whilst these disagreeable collisions were being encountered, our author felt a necessity for doubling his diligence and taxing to the utmost all his activities. In his usual daily toils there could be no abatement, for his dependence was upon his *elshin*, not upon his pen, though a large proportion of his acquaintances seemed to think otherwise, and there were now to be met unavoidable calls upon his time, and, though he made no pretension to "Hostellerie" keeping of any kind, upon his hospitality. True, in these days the olden custom of tavern-treating was not entirely out of fashion, but he repelled intrusions of this kind by obstinately claiming his full proportion of the *lawin* as well as of the conversation, which he found to be a sufficient protection from all but *sots*, with whom common decency forbade any intercourse.

But difficult to manage above all these was the opening before him of so many sources of information, which a sense of duty as well as natural inclination prompted him to improve to the utmost of his power. Two most respectable gentlemen, who shared his confidence above almost all other men, and they deserved it, for they took more pains to obtain it, than any other men ever did, Dr. Stevenson MacGill, then of the Tron Church, latterly of the University, and Mr. afterwards Dr. Ewing, of the Tabernacle, Glasgow, offered, nay, requested him to take the benefit of their own private libraries, which were both select and ample; and they were always pressing upon him some new work, especially the latter gentleman, whose library was more amply stored with modern books than



the former gentleman's, so that he had great difficulty to read up to their expectations.

From early habit or from something in his natural constitution, our author was under a necessity of taking exercise to a certain extent every day in the open air if the weather permitted. To this end he devoted generally an hour every morning, walking seldom less than four, sometimes six miles. This hour was devoted to meditation, except when he met with some character akin to himself, in which case it generally went off in vigorous, sometimes most animated conversation. As soon as he reached home he sat down to his work, from which, except to breakfast and dinner, he never rose, if he could possibly avoid it, till his day's allotted task was fully finished, which, he having been what among the brethren of the *birse* is called a *ready craft*, was in summer always before sunset. At every meal his book was laid down along with it, and so long as he continued to eat he continued to read. At the close of his work for the day he resumed his book, and it was no uncommon thing for the morning sun to find him and his book, exactly as he had left them in the previous evening, alike unconscious that the night had passed away.

We think we hear some tender-hearted sentimentalist sighing out, Hard work that! comfortless days and weary nights they must have been. They were, indeed, days of very hard work—but they were days of dear delight and nights of divine entrancement. They were days when the Almighty was with him, and all his children were about him. They were days when, in the confiding intercourse of two minds melting into each other, and two hearts alike expanding with the tenderest sympathies and beating in perfect unison, the very quintessence of terrestrial blessedness was fully felt and perfectly enjoyed. They

were days in which it was impossible for any one to foresee the coming ones of dreary isolation and loneliness that were awaiting him, and nights that whispered nothing of their numerous successors that were to bring on their raven wings nothing to him but disjointed thoughts and sleepless anguish.

Amidst all his other pursuits his attention was again recalled to his poem; the whole impression of the first edition being sold off, and inquiries after it continuing to be made, Mr. Ogle was desirous to have a new edition printed with corrections and additions, if he had any to make. He has no copy of that edition, and cannot now speak exactly respecting it, but he thinks there were some corrections attempted, and some small additions made. The edition was to be restricted to 500 copies, but Mr. Ogle made it 750. The price was continued the same as the first edition sold by him, viz. a tenpenny bit; and the profits were to be equally divided between the author and the publisher. This edition in appearance was greatly inferior to the first, yet it was sold off in no very long time; but when the paper, the printing, and what the bookseller called his own profits, were deducted, to the author there was left a very small remainder.

Some time this year he finished 'The Peasant's Death,' a poem which he intended to be a sequel to 'The Poor Man's Sabbath,' and which had been his rhyming hobby for a considerable time past. The publication of this was also undertaken by Mr. Ogle on the same terms as the second edition of his former poem. This was equally successful as its predecessor, drew the attention of the same class of readers, and was honoured with the same kind of approbation. The result to the author was in point of pecuniary remuneration similar to that which had preceded it.

In the year 1818, our author had the high honour and the singular pleasure of being visited at his own house in the Gorbals of Glasgow by Joanna Baillie, then on a visit to her native Scotland, who had known him so intimately in his childhood, and along with whom he had now the high enjoyment of visiting in their own houses some of the ladies whom he had in his infant days met in Mrs. Dr. Baillie's at Longcalders, particularly the late very excellent Miss Grahame of Gairbraid, with whom he had been a special favourite, and whom he still distinctly remembered. He has not forgotten, and never can forget, how the sharp and clear tones of her sweet voice thrilled through his heart, when at the outer door she, inquiring for him, pronounced his name—far less could he forget the divine glow of benevolent pleasure that lighted up her thin, and pale, but finely expressive face, when, still holding him by the hand she had been cordially shaking, she looked around his small, but clean, apartment, gazed upon his fair wife and his then lovely children, and exclaimed that he was surely the most happy of poets.

Among the various communications, both by word and write, which our author had with this excellent lady during her stay in the country, the propriety of having a third edition of his poem, printed in a better style of the art than either of the former editions, was by her frequently suggested; and this, she said, she would be happy to accomplish for him, if he could add a stanza or two to the poem, a few notes, and some smaller pieces. To this he most willingly assented, and through Walter, afterward Sir Walter, Scott, received from Mr. Constable, for liberty to print one thousand copies, the offer of thirty pounds, with two dozen of copies for himself, which he most gladly accepted. This edition was beautifully printed by Ballantyne with "Third Edition" on the title-

page,— the first edition being printed something more than four years before.

Speaking of this edition Dr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, says, “Mr. Struthers’ poem was unfortunate in bearing a title so very like that of James Grahame’s *Sabbath*, which though not written sooner, had been published a year or two before,” thus leaving every reader to suppose that this was the first time Mr. Struthers’ Poem was printed. To this statement our author’s attention was very early directed, and he saw very distinctly its ambiguity; but as he could not for a moment allow himself to think it other than an oversight, not to be wondered at, amidst the immense mass of far more important facts, with which the author of that great work had to deal, in the fulfilment of that most extensive, and most awfully important duty, which he had taken up, or rather, which had been imposed upon him with all its terrible responsibilities—he chose to be silent. He, moreover, saw then—and he sees now—that even his own title-pages, amounting only to one thousand, formed really no defence against an insinuation engrossed in a book, that was walking through the length and breadth of the land, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands, so that any utterance of his was unavailing—and is and must be unavailing, with nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the reading portion of the community. He has allowed the matter to have a place here only to preserve the uniformity and the consistency of his statement, and he fondly hopes that he shall never again have occasion to advert to the subject.

Of the unfortunate title given to his poem he saith nothing; not seeing how he could, or why he should have given it any other. Neither can he speak to its success. Whether it was sold to be read by good-humoured and

grateful customers—to the paper-stainer to be marbled for covers to more saleable books—cut into lengths for lining trunks, or into squares to be *shaups* for sweeties, he knoweth not—but he knows, and he wisheth it to be recorded with gratitude, that according to promise he received from Archibald Constable, that Buonaparte of Bibliopoles, thirty pounds, and twenty-four copies of his book without a murmur, nay, with the dignity of a prince, sweetened by the complacency of the perfect gentleman—and was afterwards by himself led over his whole premises, in which the accumulations of paper printed and unprinted, to the simple author did appear *prodigious*. He was also shown into his green room, where he told him all the great men of the day, Francis Jeffrey, Walter Scott, &c., &c., were in the habit of meeting daily; at the same time adding a very cordial invitation to take a place among them at any time when he might be in town. Under all these circumstances, our author did put the thirty pounds into his pocket, as he thought, with a good conscience; and in the simplicity of his heart imagined, that no gentleman at least, would represent him either as heartlessly selfish, or meanly sordid for so doing.

To Walter Scott, afterwards Sir Walter, in the first instance, as it bears upon the whole matter, our author certainly owed no particular gratitude, as, though he had the benefit of it, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott's own favourite friend, was the person through whom, and for whom, the act of kindness was done; he yet felt it to be his duty to wait upon the gentleman, especially as through Joanna Baillie he had invited him so to do, and to thank him for the kind office he had done him. His reception was cordial and hearty in the highest degree, and to say that he was delighted would be to say nothing. Hitherto, indeed, he had met with no char-

acter at all approaching to him. He at once discovered himself to be possessed of a frank and open heart, an unclouded understanding, and a benevolence that embraced the world. Our author was never at either Ashiestiel or Abbotsford, though he had repeatedly invitations to both, but, till he ceased to have any occasion to be in Edinburgh, he never was there without having an interview with him in his house North Castle Street, and every one of these interviews gave him a higher degree of enjoyment than even the thirty pounds which some people seem so highly to value. Rest to his soul and honour to his memory; "He was a man, that take him all in all, we shall never look upon his like again."

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## SECTION VII.

DURING some of the years we having been going over, there were, in Glasgow and its suburbs, frequent interruptions to the peace and comfort of families, many of whom were reduced to absolute misery by *strikes*, as they are called, among workmen of various descriptions, for advance of wages. This was the case more especially among shoemakers, who have in this respect, if we are not greatly misinformed, been in all ages, and in all places, remarkable for restlessness, recklessness, and turbulence. Our author, however, who held the thing in principle as absurd; and detested it in practice, as destructive of the object it professes to have in view, set himself obstinately against them, and notwithstanding of all the efforts of their promoters, managed somehow or other, to get on for several years without yielding to any of their demands,

or having connexion with them either in one shape or another.

In times not far fled these combinations were, by all good and sober-minded men, regarded with a reasonable degree of jealousy, and no man could be connected with them in any shape without, to some extent, lowering his reputation—and this for good and substantial reasons. In the first place, every movement of the kind without exception, to the full and entire conviction of every man of common observation, has been the ruin of a few individuals, whom, to use a very common but very expressive phrase, it has driven entirely to the dogs. Secondly, it has reduced many families to a state of utter destitution, from which they found it impossible in the whole aftercourse of their lives to escape. And what are the mighty benefits that have been secured? They have gained their object, the masters have given in! And what else? The workmen have each some shilling, or shillings, a week more than they had before! Well; but how many months or years will it take for these extra shillings to pay up the entire weeks or months that have been lost while the struggle was going on? Or will shillings, with all their omnipotency, repay the anxiety of mind that has been endured? Will they atone for the crimes that have been committed; not to speak of the blood that has often been shed—will they be any recompence for that immense deterioration of character, that disobedience to God, and that hatred of his image, man, which the strife has induced? No. And the object, if it was reasonable, could most certainly have been attained by less dangerous and more reasonable means. If it was unreasonable, it could not long be maintained by any means. But what is all this to a red Republican who fancies that all men were made for him, and if he can carry his own particular

crotchet, thinks it a small matter to make a holocaust of a whole generation of living men? From these extreme measures, in fact, the only result that had in it the smallest semblance of benefit to any one, was that sometimes a dexterous leader contrived boldly to appropriate, or cautiously to secret, out of the monies collected for the general behoof, as much as enabled him to set up for himself—such an one being always found the hardest to please in point of workmanship, and the ablest and the most active hand in suppressing the next strike.

Imported from infidel France, an evil spirit of insolence and insubordination had long been silently progressing, and, even while its oratories were no other than tap-rooms, barbers' shops, blacksmiths' hearths, and cobblers' stalls, a large mass of working men had been perverted; and now that it was pretty freely smirking from pulpits, and becoming a staple for flashy leaders once a week in every newspaper that pretended to be liberal, what was to be expected but that employers, especially shoemaking employers, very few of whom were capitalists, behoved to give in, especially if one or two leading men among them saw, or fancied they saw, a lucky chance by this mean of augmenting their own custom, and at the same time depressing a dangerous rival.

Through this selfish, but blind and avaricious spirit there was established among them a tyranny the most absurd, insulting, degrading, and grinding that ever was attempted among civilized men. To such an extent was this tyranny carried, that no journeyman could be employed in a wages shop till he adjoined himself to a self-constituted journeyman's society with its staff of salaried officers, paid whatever was demanded of him, and carried along with him a certificate to that effect. To this our author felt it impossible for him to submit, though one



of his worthy employers insisted upon him so to do, generously proffering to guarantee, for a length of time sufficient for a fair trial, his expenses. This, if any thing could have induced him to yield, would certainly have done it; but, having had every opportunity of studying the principle upon which the system was based, knowing the men and their manner of communication who were the originators, the advocates, and the administrators of the system, generally speaking, to be all of one kidney, he had the most perfect conviction that the results would never be other than they had been, disappointment if not ruin to all honest men who were weak enough to believe in or to expect any benefit from them. Of course he gave up his seat, which he had occupied for a considerable number of years, as far as he knew, to the entire satisfaction of his employers, and very much to his own comfort.

This was a circumstance very different from a silly squabble, perhaps with as great a fool as himself, about a copy of verses from which he had never allowed himself to dream that he would ever derive one penny; it was a circumstance of the most painful kind, involving the worldly all of himself and his family; and it was a circumstance for which he was altogether unprepared. He had sacrificed much time, and been at great pains to acquire the skill necessary for holding the seat he had so long held, and from the exercise of that skill was derived all his profit and a great part of his pleasure; but that skill was the very thing that disqualified him for the kind of work that he behoved now to depend upon if he continued to be a workman. Of *slab* work, as it is technically called, he knew nothing, and, besides its disagreeable character to a workman unaccustomed to it, the pains and the patching necessary for concealing its worth-

lessness from the buyer, would, from the want of habit and practice, have taken more of his time than what he found necessary for finishing work of the best description, for which he would have received, perhaps a half, or at the very least a third part more pay, thus diminishing his means while his family was increasing, his affections and his tenderesses increasing towards it at the same time.

He was thus, through a painful necessity and with the deepest reluctance, compelled to do, what, if he had possessed but the smallest portion of this world's wisdom, he would have done in his native parish long before, saved himself much trouble, and been, perhaps, just as happy a man,—take in work on his own account, and make the most of it he could. This after all, but for an inexplicably painful aversion that he had to it, he found an easy matter. To particular acquaintances he had occasionally, though even that he always did with reluctance, made a pair or perhaps two of boots, and they were so well satisfied with them that it was no sooner known among them that their custom was now his sole dependence, than he had far more orders than he could possibly execute, and, though in that way he could not put so much work through his hands, he found his income not at all diminished. Could he have procured workmen equal to himself he might, indeed, have added to it very considerably; but this was impossible; workmen of that class being all engaged in wages shops, and, besides, they would have considered themselves disgraced by submitting to be employed by a suburban *Chamber Cork*.

In this way he continued for a twelvemonth in his small house—was beginning to be in some degree reconciled to it, and was getting on greatly beyond his expectation,

when a gentleman who had built a land of houses in his immediate neighbourhood invited him to a meeting of a party of friends, all of whom concurred in recommending him to take one of the said shops, which he was persuaded to do, being under the necessity of removing to a larger house for the accommodation of his increasing family. Here he continued one year, when he retired again to a private house, having purchased the experience of what it is to keep an open door as he thought rather dear.

Here he completed his poem 'The Winter Day,' which for some time had been his poetical hobby. A considerable portion of this poem was composed in the stanza of Spenser; but for some whim or other, which he does not now remember, that measure was laid aside for the light-horse gallop of the ballad; for which he afterwards disliked it, and he believes never read it over after it was printed, till he read the proofs for the edition included in the volumes to which this is the introduction. This poem was printed in the year 1811, and was moderately successful. Some parts of it were included in a collected edition of his poems under the title of 'Poems, Moral and Religious,' printed, to the best of his recollection, for he has no copy, 1814. In the month of October this year, 1811, died his father, William Struthers, in his seventy-first year; and in the same week died his third son, Archibald, in his fourth year, a boy of more than ordinary promise.

From this period up till 1819 there was with our author no material alteration of circumstances. Every succeeding year left him in point of comfort nearly as it found him. His business was not extensive but it was steady, his customers being for the most part very respectable. From his little knowledge of the world and a rather too easy facility of nature, he had at his outset sustained very

considerable losses, but he had gained something in the way of experience, and had been able still *to keep the shaft in the mill*. At the same time his life was too much like that of a literary man to afford any hope of his being a very successful man of business. With many of the students in the college he was as familiar as if he had been a student himself, and his associates were mostly of the learned professions. He became a member of the Literary Forum, a debating society formed by the students in the college, which, from the boldness, the freedom, and the ability by which their debates were distinguished, attained great celebrity, and attracted overflowing audiences from the most respectable classes of the citizens. What took him there, perhaps he did not know, for he had no purpose in view that he might serve by it; there, however, he was, and being there he took a deep interest in all that was there put forth.

After the strong excitement produced by the abandonment of his little island of Elba by Buonaparte, and his resumption of the throne of France, with his consequent overthrow at Waterloo, there occurred a kind of collapse in the public mind; the laurels of victory were drenched with unseemly tears, and the shouts of triumph died away in something like the wailings of regret. The opening up in the civilized world of the natural channels of communication necessarily dried up those artificial ones which the circumstances of the times had forced into an unnatural existence. Sundry branches, too, of the countless ramifications of our commerce were in consequence cut off or suspended—the retrenchment of our vast military and marine establishments at the same time poured a redundancy of hands upon every branch of industry which could not at once be taken up, and a feeling of despondency came, less or more, over all hearts.

The noble heart of Great Britain was at the same time well able to bear it all; and the government of that day wisely proposed to keep up the income tax for a year or two till the first blush of difficulty should be overcome. The true patriotic, constitutional part of the nation had nothing to say against this; those who really paid the income tax, were the far greater part of them willing to pay it still, and had they been allowed to do so much of the evil that came upon the community would have been avoided. The opportunity for annoying the government, however, was too good to be neglected. All the artifices of agitation were at once put in requisition; every element of mischief was invoked—every growler from every quarter was awakened; and every hireling demagogue was blessed with a brief. By these means a tremendous onslaught was made upon the war taxes generally, and upon the income tax in particular by immense masses of men who never were within its reach, and who would of course have been most benefitted by its continuance. The government, however, was driven from its propriety, the income tax was taken off, and the pen of impartial history will tell how many baleful effects followed.

It was not without pain that our author heard from the mouths of educated, and elegant, and, apparently, every way accomplished young men, arrayed in all the wisdom of words, and overlaid with all the flowers of the most ambitious rhetoric, the wretched sophisms, and the beggarly expedencies, with which he had been so often sickened in the workshop and in the stone-quarry; and he could not but augur ill for the true interests of society, to see and to hear the thunders of applause with which these skinkling patches of ignorance and presumption were received by large masses of most respectable citizens.

Of the utility of such institutions it is not intended here to speak. Of this one, our author's opinion was that it had no good effect on the young men themselves, and that it exercised a very evil influence on many of the hearers. For himself, his influence was nothing; and there were, beside him, only three members that held conservative principles. With these three he always voted, and, with one exception, these three were the only members with whom he maintained any intimate intercourse. The first was George Sym from Old Kilpatrick, a young man of strong natural parts, a first-rate scholar, and for his years well-grounded in both law and gospel. He was distinguished for his genuine but unostentatious piety, and possessed great amiability and sweetness of character; but died, to the deep grief of all who knew him, while his talents were yet only expanding, so that the world was unaware of the loss it sustained by that event. In the opinion of our author he was by far the ablest man in the society. The second was John Russell, of Glasgow, also a man of great natural parts, and also a first-rate scholar, having in all the classes of the college carried away more prizes than almost any student that had gone before him. He was a warm-hearted, lively, and most delightfully amusing companion. As a debater he was of the first-class, highly witty, and sometimes severely sarcastic. He, too, has been gathered to his fathers—but his memory has been, and for a while to come will be preserved by two graphic and elegantly written volumes of Travels in Germany, published in Constable's Miscellany. The third, Archibald Browning, of Strathaven Avondale, was in some respects a more singular man than either of them. As a metaphysician he was at least as acute, and as a mathematician perhaps more profound than either of them; though in the fanciful and the

ornamental he came short of both. For invincible honesty, ardent aspirations after truth, and powerful self-possession, he came behind no one whatever; and in conversation he communicated more of real mind in half an hour, than most men would do in a day. He is we hope still alive; long may he live to be happy, and to bless his friends with his most intellectual and instructive conversation. If report speaks true, our author would not perhaps support his political views with the same uniformity he once did; but he has had such intimate fellowship with him, and sympathised so cordially in his feelings and his views, both as a philosopher and as a Christian, that he is still disposed to believe that the pith and the marrow of both, do still rest in his bosom, unchanged, and unchangeable.

But there was a fourth person, and he by far the most popular member of the Society, with whom though our author never voted, he was on terms of great intimacy. This was John Young of Glasgow, afterwards Dr. John Young of Belfast, who in his boyhood had been bred a hosier, and had for some time earned his bread by that not very lucrative occupation. He was however a great reader, and manifested more than ordinary talents while yet he had no education but that which he had acquired at a common Scottish school. In this condition he had become a popular poet in magazines and newspapers, and a more popular orator in friendly societies, and at factory suppers, in those days the principal arenas for displays of this sort. He had by this time, however, resigned the stocking-frame, had for a while, in a country village, been a knight of the taws—whence he had the good fortune to obtain an excellent place in town as a confidential clerk. In this situation he had taken private lessons, carried himself through the gown classes of the college, and had now taken his place in the divinity

hall. He had the most perfect confidence in his own powers, and possessed an easy assurance that is both a cause and a consequence of success. His mind also possessed in no slight degree the power highly characteristic of a master spirit, that of bringing almost all minds with which he came in contact in some degree within the circle of its own influence.

We have stated that our author never voted with John Young, but they were on terms of great intimacy, and had several things in common. They were both Seceders, though the one was of the old, and the other of the new school; they had both made their debut as poets in the same magazine, and they had acquired the most substantial parts of their knowledge somewhat in the same way and much of it from the same sources.

Like our author, John Young was born of religious parents, and from his earliest years enjoyed an education strictly pious. His father, George Young, was, as a man, distinguished for his talents and his activity; and as an elder, in the Antiburgher congregation, Havanah Street, Glasgow, for knowledge, piety and zeal in the discharge of all the duties of his office. That congregation, the largest and perhaps the most influential in the body, was then under the pastoral inspection of the Rev. James Ramsay, one of the most learned, active, and laborious ministers connected with that once highly distinguished denomination of professing Christians. The spiritual decay, which has long ago carried off that body of faithful witnesses for Scotland's covenanted Reformation, had already begun to be both seen and felt; still there was much of true religion in the body, and its forms at least were still entire and scriptural. There were no prayerless firesides as yet to be found among them. Every proportion of a congregation had its elder, and its



weekly prayer meeting, where its elder was always expected to be present; and there were no families in it where he was not familiar.

Brotherly love and christian affection were not, among that body of Seceders, yet degraded into, and suspended upon political feelings. The public profession of the truth, and the justifying, and the dignifying of that profession by a corresponding practice were then, according to the word of God, the only acknowledged basis of these christian graces; and these graces were exercised by acknowledging one another at all times, and in all places—by a general intercourse, by a constant interchange of good offices, and, more especially, by meeting frequently at the table of the Lord in their various and often far scattered congregations.

In this way there was through the summer months, an extensive intercourse carried on over large districts of the country; sacramental occasions being in those days communions in the most extensive sense of the word, every one of them an embodiment of at least two entire, some of them the principal members of three or four congregations. The greater portion of those who attended along with their ministers on these occasions returned in the evening to their own homes, even at distances that would not now be attempted; but there were great numbers attended from distances too great for them to propose getting home. For all such, though their number was sometimes formidable, there was generally ample accommodation provided within the boundaries of the congregation where they attended. ,

The Saturday services were generally—always in places where large assemblages were common—conducted in the open air; and at the conclusion of the services—never less than two sermons—it was uniformly the custom of

the minister of the congregation, to give a short summary of the subjects that had been treated of, with the view of impressing upon the minds of the hearers more strongly their practical influence. He also very briefly stated the general principles of Seceders, with their known terms of communion—uniformly concluding with the apostolic exhortation, “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

While the congregation moved off, strangers who were unaccommodated, or who had not seen their friends, stood still, when members of the congregation who had the means and to whom God had given hearts to make use of them, were always waiting to receive them in the most affectionate manner, he being reckoned the happiest man who could carry home with him the greatest number. Their accommodations, to be sure, were such as this flippant generation would be ashamed to offer, and feel itself degraded to accept—unoccupied beds in dark *spences*, or *shakedown*s in barns upon fresh straw, with clean, though perhaps coarse sheets, and a sufficiency of blankets. Aye, but these our godly forefathers had all of them been told by their fathers how glad some of them had been of a precarious sleep on a half rotten log, in the hollow of a moss-hag overhung by a few stunted patches of heather; or in the middle of a bog under the shelter of a few well grown *threshbushes*, and to whom one undisturbed night on a dry knoll, covered with broom, would have been a luxury of the first degree.

Contrasting this the hard lot of their fathers, with this unaffected, this truly christian hospitality, bestowed upon them for the Saviour's sake whom they loved, and for His truth's sake which they professed, could their hearts feel other than melted within them? Often too, were these *spences* and these barns, through the Holy Spirit of all

grace, made to them Bethels and Bochims, where it was impossible to tell whether the smiles of a triumphant faith, or the penitential tears of a broken hearted humility were predominant. In these meetings of pilgrims and strangers on the earth, on the evenings of the Saturday and the Sabbath, often did they like Paul and Silas sing praises till midnight; and with the ardency of the sweet singer of Israel did their humble cry prevent the dawning of the day—the Spirit of God and of glory resting upon them all the while. Often too, were these their prayers, returned as it were into their own bosoms, by the great Minister of the upper sanctuary, through his own ordinances of word and sacrament, opening as it were the windows of heaven, and pouring out upon them the blessing till there was not room enough to receive it. These were legitimate, true and genuine revivals of religion, wrought by the Spirit of God, through the consecrated medium of his own Word and his Gospel preached in accordance with it. They were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, and they form bright spots in the history of the Church of Scotland, upon which it revives the drooping and the downcast heart to dwell, but which, the most splendid of her historians have not at all times been careful to particularize.

Having among Seceders a most extensive acquaintance, and being highly respected among them, both by ministers and people, George Young was to be seen through the summer at the most of sacramental occasions within his reach, and as a matter of affection as well as duty, his son, John, always along with him (besides him at the time, let it be remembered, he had neither son nor daughter), by which means he was, while a mere child, familiarized with those scenes of high toned devotion, to

which we have above alluded, made acquainted with the persons, the general views, and peculiar feelings of the principal Seceders, clerical and lay, in the west of Scotland. These stimulating scenes through the summer were, in the case of this youth, supplemented in Glasgow through the winter by meetings for prayer and conference, at the most conspicuous of which he very soon became an almost necessary assistant. Of all these facts in the history of John, afterwards Dr. Young, our author was well aware long before he came to be personally acquainted with him; and out of these facts arose that intimacy between them that terminated only with the life of the Dr. This event took place at Belfast, on Monday the 9th of March 1829, when, by the will of God, he fell on sleep, aged forty-seven years, nine months, and three days. His death produced a very great sensation. His funeral was attended by all connected with the institution; by many gentlemen, clerical and lay, and by many thousands of the inhabitants of Belfast, all of them deeply solemnised, many of them melted into genuine sorrow.

Dr. John Young was certainly a man of no ordinary character. Perhaps no man in his day, similarly situated, enjoyed such an extensive popularity. In the year 1808, with very slender preparation, he entered the college of Glasgow; and, in 1815, having been only two sessions in the Divinity Hall, when the Belfast Institution was advertised to be opened under the auspices of many most respectable names as subscribers, and a liberal pecuniary grant from the government, accompanied with the privileges of a University, with many supposed improvements, the offspring of matured experience and accumulated wisdom, he was, by the Board of Directors, through his very ample recommendations, and the weight of his own character, elected to the first chair, that of

Moral Philosophy, merely as a matter of course, though the applicants were numerous, and many of them of high standing in the world of letters. He was the first elected professor, and his influence was very considerable in the election of all his associates.

In 1820, he was, on the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, invited to stand candidate for the Moral Philosophy chair in Edinburgh, but was not successful, as he could scarcely, one would think, be supposed to have even hoped to be, considering the place where, and the persons with whom, he had to contend. In 1827, he was pressed to stand for the Moral Philosophy chair in the London University, then about to be opened with *prodigious* prospects of success; but twelve years experience in the latitude of Belfast, of the practical working of matured experiences, and cumulative wisdom, with the ultimate disparity between *prodigious* prospects, fair promises, and profitable and comfortable possession, determined him against further experiment in that way, even in the more favoured latitude of London.

Unfortunately, perhaps for the world, and especially for the perpetuation of his own fame, Dr. John Young has left no work behind him, by which either his native genius, or his literary attainments might be fairly tested and truly appreciated. His earlier essays, both in verse and prose, have certainly been equalled if not surpassed by men who neither sought for nor attained any thing like a name in literature; and his lectures prepared for the press and edited by his friend and fellow professor in the Institution, Dr. Cairns, as certainly did not come up to the expectations of his friends. It must be remembered, however, that these lectures were very hurriedly got up at the first, and the turmoil in which he was perpetually kept by the circumstances of the Institution, never al-

lowed him time thoroughly to revise, or even fully to fill them up. It must also be borne in mind, that he possessed great powers of extemporizing, and the probability is, that the most striking passages in these lectures, as they were delivered to the students, were never put upon paper, and of course could not be supplied by the editor; and, distinguished man as he was, his fame will be all but extinct, when the few, of his many friends who yet survive him shall be gathered to their fathers. How striking, and how strikingly applicable, the inspired words of the philosopher and king, "Then said I in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, this also is vanity!"

It had been matter of painful reflection to our author from his youth up, to see the country daily deserted; small farms everywhere swallowed up by their already overgrown neighbours; cottages annihilated, and the poor helpless outcasts, the more fortunate of them for the present, taking refuge in quarries, cotton mills, &c., some of them burying themselves in city lanes never more to be heard of, and a few of higher spirit, possessing a little property, taking themselves off to enrich with the arts of civilization and something at least resembling Christianity, the wilds of savage lands. He felt deafened every day with the wearisome drone of early marriages and a redundant population, while he could point out within a moderate day's journey of any one of our great cities, barren wastes, and barren only because they are wastes, where hundreds of families might be located comfortably to themselves and highly profitable to their neighbourhoods, were their minds suitably influenced, and their labours put in the right direction. Impressed with this idea he was induced, in the year 1816, when there was a very high

degree of excitement in the country, and a very great degree of suffering, to publish a short 'Essay on the State of the labouring Poor, with some hints for its Improvement.' The Essay was published anonymously, but it met with much acceptance with many good and wise men, and as it had a very considerable influence on all the after life of the author, who still thinks that the scheme fairly followed out would be crowned with the happiest results, a paragraph or two will put the reader in possession of the substance of it.

"A moment's reflection might convince the most feeble thinker, that of the multiplied evils that wring his bosom, and render every portion of his time more or less bitter, the part is very small, that can be affected by government of any kind. The earth, even in her more favoured climes, can be prepared to pour forth her bounties only by the iron hands of toil. The influences of the sun can be commanded by no authority but HIS, who at first lighted him up, and by whose ordinance he still runs his destined career. The rain acknowledges no earthly father, nor can all the thrones and dominions in the universe command one drop of the fertilizing dew. The blight of disease, which waits not for human permission, withers the bloom of beauty, and forcibly shuts up every avenue to enjoyment. The hollow friend sends the poisoned arrow of unkindness to the heart—and by what earthly power can he possibly be restrained? Death, invisible and resistless, deals his unerring arrows around us and around us, till we find ourselves solitary amidst the world of living men, and sigh for that grave where we have laid the remains of all that were dear to us on earth—and could an act of parliament relieve this most painful feeling? Even in cases which by universal consent lie more directly within the province of legislation, it were easy to give

many instances of the utter inefficacy of laws to remedy the evils against which they have been directed; and occurrences not a few might be pointed out upon which, even a British parliament, with all its omnipotency, ascribed and assumed, had no more influence than the sigh of the weary traveller on the breath of the wind.

“I am well aware, however, that Quackery and Cant, when blind self-interest is the subject to be operated upon, will always be too strong for simple truth, and with those deluded men who think that an act of parliament would remedy all their evils, I believe that all reasoning, though it were with angel eloquence, will be utterly unavailing: for they must be either so miserably ignorant as to be unable to perceive the force of an argument, or so besottedly drunk with the poisonous lees of faction, as to be altogether unable to feel it. Of such men nothing is to be expected, but that they will cling to their opinions with all the pertinacity of presumption, and with all the obstinacy of pride—that they will continue to torment themselves, and annoy the public with idle meetings, foolish resolutions, and vain petitions—to strain after the shadows of departing luxury, to beg and to starve, till by the force of sympathy public feeling be wholly perverted, and till necessity, in place of hospitals, and societies, and associations, and subscriptions, bring upon us, along with other evils from the South, the intolerable nuisance of poor rates with all their aggravations; and our hitherto happy land, which has for so many ages been celebrated for a peasantry, high in all the attributes that ennoble the human character, be made a nest of thieves, and slaves and beggars, or, till under the weight of their own follies part of them be wasted away—and the remainder—‘Society, grown weary of the load, shake her encumbered lap and cast them out.’



“But to avoid these evils, there must be a union of purposes, and a total change of plan, on the part both of the poor and the rich. The rich man must rise to something more noble than improving, though this in its own place is excellent and praiseworthy, the breeds of sheep, of horned cattle and of horses. He must look to the eminence upon which Providence has placed him, and recollect that he is a steward of the bounties of heaven, not exclusively for deer, and hares, and partridges, but for a large proportion of fellow-men whose happiness or misery is placed in his hands. He must recollect that ‘the God of the spirits of all flesh,’ is the inspector of his conduct, and will shortly call him to a strict account for every part of it—and he must train his eye, and nurture his heart, to observe and to feel not alone the beauty of hedgerows, of spreading elms, of interminable avenues, and richly ornamented lawns spotted with flocks—but also of the lowly cot, with its narrow but rich corn-field, and potato patch, and grass-plot where the cottager’s single cow, and his only ewe-lamb, pasture delightfully together. He must observe and feel, not alone the sublime of wide-spreading heaths, where desolation and silence, save for the clang of the wild duck’s wing, the cry of the plover, or the solitary step of the hunter, hold, amidst all the variety of revolving seasons, perpetual and undisturbed communion—but also the busy hum of a virtuous and active population, every day increasing its resources, and multiplying its numbers and its enjoyments, rising more intensely around him. He must observe and feel, not alone the grandeur of streams winding drearily along, far from the abodes of man—or of the thundering cataract, whose voice shakes the solitary forest, that makes its responses in mournfully hollow moanings—but more especially the true grandeur and supereminent dig-

nity of moral worth and of religious feeling, circling around him in perpetual progression, pervading, and sweetening, and endearing, and ennobling all the relations of life—giving to sorrow the sublime and celestial aspect of devotion, and to joy the radiance and the sunshine of heaven.

“The poor man, too, to show that his hopes and his fears do not all centre in the earth, must abate a little of the perpetual cry, ‘what shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?’ He must recollect the doom passed upon him, and upon all, in the person of his first father when he was driven from the terrestrial paradise, ‘Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life’—and he must rest satisfied, from all his own experience, and from the experience of all who have ever had experience, that, from this curse there is no escaping; and consequently, he will discover, that between fine clothes and happiness—splendid establishments and contentment—there is no natural or necessary connexion. If he is ambitious of distinction, let him merit it not by apeing with tawdry tinsel the gorgeous, and it may be censurable, splendour of his superiors—not by uttering and acting upon undigested scraps of doubtful philosophy, but by superior skill in the performance, and superior industry in the prosecution of his business—and above all, by a more conscientious performance of every relative duty. The honour that cometh from men is not, indeed, at all times the meed even of the most upright and praiseworthy conduct; but in this way he is sure of obtaining the honour that cometh from God, a peace of conscience, and a serenity of mind, which no earthly distinctions ever were, or ever will be able to confer. Taking the book of God for his guide, and adopting as land marks, the maxims of experience, he must

trample under foot the miserable sophisms with which a deceitful and insidious philosophy endeavours to seduce him from the path of duty; and he must avoid as his most deadly enemies these unhappy men, who, possessed with the restless demon of discontent, are like the troubled sea, perpetually casting up the mire of their extravagant and crude conceptions, and the dirty puddle of their debauched and bewildered imaginations. If he has already drunk of their intoxicating cup, and, impelled by the delusive spirit of the times, been wearying himself in the dizzying rounds of a vain ambition, let him rouse up all the man within him, and strain every nerve to escape the pollution in which he is involved, and the impending misery to which he is exposed, not by augmenting tumultuary meetings, and losing his time in hearing speeches, which have not the most distant bearing upon his true interests; not by lending his voice to swell an uproar, which the order of civilized society cannot tolerate, of which he knows not the real meaning, and cannot possibly see the ultimate end; not by sacrificing part of his already incompetent pittance in prosecuting ministers and kirk-sessions, for that which they do not possess and therefore cannot bestow. The direct tendency of all these things is to debase him more and more even in his own estimation—to destroy all those feelings of honest independence, by which alone he can be borne honourably through the difficulties that are at all times incident to his humble situation—to render his poverty not only more extreme, but far less the object of sympathy, and of that brotherly assistance which many who make no speeches for parliamentary reform, are, and will be happy and proud to bestow. If he knows nothing but a town life, and the sickly and too often debasing pursuits of commerce, patience, industry and rigid economy are his only

resources. If he has been bred to the country, can yet think with rapture on the green fields of his youth, and sigh after the days of health and vigour which he enjoyed in the cultivating of his native valley, his case is more hopeful, and with a little assistance, which all good and patriotic men will be happy to give, his circumstances may be much sooner and far more securely mended. So seconded, he has but to make one persevering effort, and the independence, and all the healthful pleasures of his youth are again his own. In the search after them there is no occasion for him to transport himself across the wide waters of the Atlantic, and to bury himself among woods, and wolves, and snakes and savages. His native mountains present him with many lone, but lovely, wastes, that may be cultivated with far less trouble and infinitely more advantage.

“Probably around the sources of his native stream, where the bright light of heaven, and the fair face of earth first warmed his bosom—where the speckled daisy and the pale primrose first caught his eye, and where the pensive song of the redbreast, and the voice of the brawling brook, first imparted the charms of music to his ear, there lie thousands of acres which, in their present state, do not bring, each to the proprietor one shilling yearly. Ten of these acres, in many places less, would be present employment for him—present keeping for a cow, and a few goats or sheep, and in less than twelve months, abundance of food for himself and his family. These ten acres would indeed require a house, but there is no necessity for its being either a large or an elegant one; a very few pounds—say fifteen or twenty, with the labour and ingenuity of him who is to possess it, I should think more than sufficient. The interest of this at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., with ten shillings, the supposed value of the ground, would

make the yearly rent of this house and ten acres of land, two pounds. But there should be no rent required for, at least, five years. Of course an arrangement would be required for paying up these years at an after period. Suppose the possessor, at the end of five years, paid three pounds yearly, fifteen years would indemnify the proprietor for rent and expences.—By that time the possessor would be in comparatively affluent circumstances, and a very moderate consideration, continued by him and his successors, would make the property many times more valuable than it now is.

“Though this proposal were addressed, only, to those feelings of patriotism that burn with more or less vigour, in every bosom, I have no doubt there are many proprietors in Scotland who would go into it most cheerfully. But being addressed not to any feeling of this kind, but plainly and directly to self-interest, generally the most steady and consistent principle of human action, I cannot suppose there is in Scotland, one proprietor of lands of this description who will not promote it to the utmost of his power. I of course say nothing of its multiplied advantages as it regards the public in general,—nothing of that glow of gladness, which would light up every eye, and warm every bosom capable of moral or physical feeling, in witnessing extensive straths, where gloomy desolation and starving sterility have, conjointly, wielded their blasting sceptre for so many ages undisturbed by the efforts of man, putting on the green garb of fertility, and the cheerful smile of overflowing plenty,—nothing of the advantages accruing to the surrounding country, from cutting up these bleak heaths, and draining those wide-spreading marshes, whence so many vapours thrown into the atmosphere, are borne continually abroad in depressing fogs, or overwhelming rains,—nothing of the vast

increase of the necessaries of life that would follow as its immediate result, and consequently a great increase to the comfort and happiness of all classes of society."

The above quoted pamphlet was certainly more ambitiously written than any of our author's hitherto published works, effect being in the first instance his object, and his success was greatly beyond his expectation. The day immediately after its publication, it was read over before him several times, among groups of his acquaintances, not one of whom had the most distant idea of his being the author, with the most unqualified commendations, and the assurance that it was from the pen of one of the most popular writers of the age, some of the individuals affirming they were as certain it was from the pen of the said gentleman as if they had seen him writing it. This he, perhaps, did not feel to be any great compliment; still he was glad of it, as the influence of that gentleman's name was calculated to procure for the scheme a fair hearing where he was well aware his own name would most probably have had a contrary effect. Had the gentleman to whom the publication was entrusted kept the secret of the authorship to himself, as he was engaged and had solemnly promised to do, the scheme might in some one locality have been brought to the test of experiment. As it was, it made a little noise, and excited a little idle speculation for a few days, and like other glittering novelties was forgotten.

The scheme, however, met with the approbation of some of the first names in the nation; and the author has been told that one of our metropolitan D.D.'s has of late gained considerable credit by promulgating some such scheme for the ameliorating of the circumstances of the humbler class of society. He has also read something of an allotment system in some places of

England, calculated, as he thinks, rather for amusement than profit. Kailyards and flower plots are delightful appendages to the cottage, when the cottager has the means of stocking them with the necessary plants, useful and ornamental, and if his daily avocations allow him time to cultivate, and leisure to admire them; but as supplementary to an inadequate rate of wages, or which is still worse, an inadequate supply of employment, they are not only useless—they are tantalizing incumbrances. In short, it is not cottagers of that description that are wanted; that class are already by the one-half too many. The half should be allowed quietly to die out, with as little pain as possible, as fast as nature in her ordinary course carries on the mortal process. Nay, it is not mere cottagers of any kind that the scheme contemplates. It is agricultural labourers that are wanted, whom we wish to elevate into small farmers; and by this mean preserve the genuine old Scottish presbyterian, the noblest character that any nation has yet exhibited, from dying out. We wish to preserve our rural population from dwindling, as it has already nearly done, into gentlemen farmers, twaddling on hard words which they suppose to be science, with each his half dozen of half-paid and ignorant dependents. We would like to see the days return when the *gudeman* sat at the head of his own table with all his domestics about him—for all and each of whom he cared as if they had been his own children—with whom every morning and every evening he sang praise to God, read to them His word, and on his knees in the midst of them, commended himself and them to God's mercy—to the protection of his providence, and to the aids of his grace—carried them all with him to church on the Sabbath, in regular rotation as they could be spared from domestic duties—convened them all on the evening of

that day, taking from them an account of what they had heard through the day, and how they were disposed to improve it—giving to each the word of encouragement, of counsel, and of admonition, as the case of each seemed to require. This was in these days considered a duty of so much importance that no head of a family could omit it with impunity, and no member of a family would have dispensed with it, both regarding it as a bounden duty, and at the same time a most precious privilege.

Most unfortunately for the whole community, during the last threescore and ten years, all merely working-men have been hankering after mechanic employments; and all men in these employments, who have had the smallest spark of ambition in their bosoms, have been as generally hankering after places, clerkships, agencies, shops, &c., till the whole community has become infected with an unappeasable avarice, and, from the least to the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness. This moral influenza—this intellectual mania, has overstocked all mechanic employments, and overpeopled all our towns—rendering them, instead of ornamental and healthful efflorescences, as they ought to be, unsightly and loathsome *wens*—vast accumulations of human beings, where pampered idleness and starving toil are daily set in fronted opposition—where shocking impurities, moral and physical, meet the eye at the turning of every street—where at one moment the ear is rent with the shouts of delirious joy; at the next, the very heart is torn by the groans of despair—where commerce itself, one of the simplest things, one would imagine, in nature, is transmuted into a mystery a thousand times more perplexing than the game of chess—a mystery which the inventors themselves, and the most extensive practitioners, do not seem to comprehend; all being alike unprepared, and



alike taken by surprise, when, ere the decadal year can elapse, the wheel of public confidence stands still, and society is re-shaken to its very centre.

One of these decadal explosions is the proper time to consider the happiness of a nation of mechanics, manufacturers, and shop-keepers. Now the gorgeous temples of mammon, the mills and the factories are closed, the furnaces are black, and the surrounding fields once more see the sun. The dunner of the engine with all its subject machinery has ceased, and an awful silence reigns over these unseemly accumulations of brick and tile, that but yesterday were overflowing with clamorous joy. Well indeed may the mouths of the thousands that served daily in these temples of mammon be closed for aught that they can in such circumstances do for themselves, or aught that even the high priests of these temples can do for them though ever so willing. Their numbers are too great to be relieved by individual benevolence. Thousands of men abundantly able and willing to work, must be public paupers, or sit quietly down to starve, who, had their labour been properly directed, and their industry aided at the proper season by a tithe of what the public is most reluctantly obliged to bestow upon them, for its own safety, might have turned the waste places of many parishes into gardens of fertility, and every year increasing sources of public wealth — while their own status in society might have surpassed that of their domineering taskmasters. Verily man is born more unteachable than the "wild ass's colt." — To a certain class, the Reform Bill was, though a mere delusion, a most soothing sop; the repeal of the corn laws, more delusive still. The extension of the franchise is now to be taken up as a last resource, and the fearful result will be felt by and by.

## SECTION VIII.

COURAGE, candid and good-natured Reader, land is at length in view! Thy weariness we doubt not is great—our own is all but intolerable. There is not, however, the smallest occasion for that questionable look, with which we see thee still regarding the few concluding words of the preceding section. There is nothing put forth in these words either rashly, enviously, or malignantly. We truly love liberty, and of course hate licentiousness, as her most deadly enemy. We loathe servility, and we abhor slavery in all its forms; but for the servile mind that submits to be dragged at the chariot wheels of designing faction, ignorant conceit, or affected philanthropy, we have a feeling of contempt, which, though it be in some degree modified by compassion, we can find no adjective in the English language whereby it may be adequately expressed.

The idea of improving the character, and elevating the condition of the working man, by encumbering him with the parliamentary franchise, is in itself a natural absurdity; directly opposed to the dictates of common sense, and to all the recorded experience of all the preceding generations of men. It is in fact imposing a burden upon him which he is unable to bear—a duty which in the nature of things he can never duly perform—a duty which no sensible working man, though he were able to perform it, from circumstances that are altogether inseparable from his natural position, would willingly undertake—a duty, besides, that no man worthy of being a nation's representative will ever, without great reluctance, call upon him to exercise.

Although, however, the elevation of the working man's

character and condition be placed foremost on the list of motives for making the franchise universal, and also on the catalogue of benefits to be derived from its adoption; it is the thing that is the last and the least thought of in the matter. The real object, now no longer disguised, is to subvert the whole existing order of things, to set aside our whole constitution civil and ecclesiastical, under which these nations have, for upwards of a century and a half, enjoyed a degree of prosperity and happiness that has had no parallel in the history of nations; and in the righteous judgment of God, these nations, for their scandalous neglect, and gross abuse of that most felicitous constitution, are in all likelihood to be scourged by a low, levelling, grovelling, dirty democracy, which in the experience of all people, who have unhappily been betrayed into it, has proved the most oppressively grinding, the most universally felt, and the most intolerable of all tyrannies. Such a consummation, candid and gentle reader, which our author considers would be the most direful of all calamities, he deprecates from the bottom of his heart; and though all the tendencies of the times, the loose and contradictory principles that are abroad; and more especially the inconceivable ignorance of divine things that pervades all denominations of professing Christians, with the every day increasing multitudes that profess nothing, seem to say that such a consummation is inevitable, he cannot cease to utter the warning voice, nor to pray in the words presented by the holy prophet, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them."

Though the popularity of our author's Essay on the State of the Labouring Poor, was no doubt flattering to his vanity; and though it introduced him to the notice, and to the acquaintance of several gentlemen of

the first respectability, it brought along with it a flood of painful annoyances, with more calls upon his time than anything he had previously known. He had requests to write letters, petitions, advertisements, and essays, &c., &c., from so many quarters as to be truly vexatious, especially as they came upon him so frequently in the shape of friendly requests preferred on behalf of the needy and the helpless, which he knew not well how to decline. The happy results, however, of some of these gratuitous labours were such as forbade him either to murmur at, or deeply to regret the time or the trouble they occasioned him. He trusts he then had, and that he has still, a true, though, alas! a weak faith in the promise, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he will repay him."

Among the influential gentlemen with whom he was in this way brought into contact was the late very excellent and benevolent Christian gentleman, Mr. Archibald Fullarton, of the firm of Khull, Blackie, and Co., &c., &c., who introduced himself to the author with a request on behalf of that firm to be allowed to publish a cheap edition for circulation among that class of the community for whose benefit it was more immediately intended. With this request the author most willingly complied, provided the publisher of the first edition had no objection. As far as is known to our author, he had none; and the pamphlet was reprinted, and reduced in price from eighteen pence to a groat. For the wise and far-seeing working-men, however, as the author clearly foresaw would be the case, it had no charms. The scene, unfortunately for its acceptability, was not laid at the far ends of the earth, but at the very door. There was not a word of either a new heavens or a new earth. There was not a single reference to the talismanic influ-

ences of the words, *The Nineteenth Century*. Nothing promised but what was to arise from the fear of God, acceptance of his grace, and reliance upon his providence, with the practice of these old-fashioned virtues, patient toil and a reasonable measure of self-denial. In short, it wanted romance, especially "distance," which "lends enchantment to the view," and so was not for them; and above all, they clearly discerned that the author was in the pay of the rascally and all-grasping aristocracy, and beyond all question "*had his loof weel creesht for the job.*" Whether the very respectable Company who published it were able to pay themselves out of the cheap edition our author knoweth not, for he never inquired, and was not told; but his belief is that they were not. His part of the spoil was an account of thirty shillings as his proportion of the loss; so that if he was fairly dealt by, as he doubts not but he was, there was a loss upon the *creeshty job*, between the author and the publisher, of three pounds sterling. So much for pamphleteering.

The plough had long before this suggested itself to our author as a good subject for a poem, and now that his thoughts were turned fully to the subject of agriculture, he amused his morning walks with turning these thoughts into verse, in which, from early habit (he supposes it must be) he either felt, or thought he felt, them flow more naturally than they did then, or than they do to this day, in prose. The poem so entitled was published in 1818. It was printed by the late Robert Chapman of Glasgow with great care; being among the last works he printed, as he shortly after retired to the Isle of Man. He was particularly friendly to our author ever after the publication of the first No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he was kind enough to lend him, on condition that he would give him an opinion of its merits, which he did

so much to the gentleman's satisfaction that he lent him the Review regularly as it was published till our author obtained it in another quarter on the day of its publication. The poem was received by the public every way to the author's satisfaction.

During this period our author, at the request of some friends, selected from the MS. of Mr. William Muir, of Campsie, a small volume of Poems, to which he added a biographical Preface, and took charge of the volume as it went through the press. There was no bookseller employed, though Mr. Turnbull's name was on the title-page, the work being dispersed privately by his friends, and, of course, it dropped dead from the press, and might have been here omitted, but that it is a fact, which, had it been altogether passed over, might have been misinterpreted. His opinion of the poems was, that they were very respectable; and of the author, that, had he attended a little more to his own concerns, and rather less to the affairs of the nation, he might have been a much happier man, and even a greater poet.—Nor has he yet changed that opinion of either the poems or their author.

During this period, also, he was introduced to two gentlemen, whose particular friendship and special confidence he had the happiness of enjoying so long as they lived, and from whose edifying and instructive conversation he derived great and special benefits. The one was a young man, Alexander Baird, from Kilsyth, who, while preparing for the ministry of the gospel, supported himself by teaching a school in Hutchesontown. He was a man of the most amiable disposition and great natural talents, heightened by a deep and most enlightened piety. He possessed an aptitude for teaching in the highest degree, and promised fair to be a tall tree in the garden of the Lord; but he was taken off the stage, by con-

sumption, ere his fair blossoms had time to be fully unfolded.

The other was Mr. James Bell, well known as the author of the Glasgow Geography, at the time it was issued one of the most complete that had yet appeared; and as the learned editor of Rollin's Ancient History, with illustrative notes, more valuable than even that very valuable history itself. His father was the Reverend and venerable Thomas Bell, minister to the congregation that assembled, or rather that assembles, in what was formerly the Relief Meeting-house, Dovehill, Glasgow, in the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century, who bestowed upon him a college education, though he had destined him to be a cotton lord. In furtherance of this great object, he had no sooner got through the classes than he was apprenticed to the weaving, as a preparation for making a fortune at the manufacturing of muslin. The apprenticeship completed, he became a manufacturer, about the year 1790, and was totally overwhelmed in the great decadal crisis of 1793. After this catastrophe he was for a while employed as a warper; which he, by and by, resigned for private teaching, in which he found abundant employment among the young men attending the University. Here he was very much at home, and breathed an atmosphere somewhat in unison with his intellectual nature; but he was still more at home when he got an engagement upon the Geography. Toiling on this he could bury himself among the mountains of the Himmaleh, dream over the sacred sources of the Ganges, or wander at will amidst the wilds of Central Asia, where his fancy found full scope, and which his almost boundless imagination seemed unable to exhaust.

Mr. Bell was an accurate classical scholar, and a pro-

found theologian. There was no author of note in that department, ancient or modern, with whom he had not some acquaintance; with the greater part of them he was perfectly familiar. He possessed at the same time a prodigious power of memory and an uncommon fluency of speech, which made him a dangerous antagonist, but a most instructive companion. Possessing a rather feeble body and an infirm constitution, in order to preserve it in some degree of equilibrium, he was in the habit of taking daily, when the weather would permit, a walk about mid-day round the green of Glasgow, which was not then totally abandoned to dog-fighters, strumpets, pickpockets, robbers, and the poor washerwomen who cannot help themselves. This brought him, almost daily, by the wooden bridge at the foot of the *Salt mercat*, within a five minutes' walk of our author's house in Hutchesontown, where he was almost certain to find him at work at that time of the day, sure to receive from him a cordial welcome, and to find him ready to discuss whatever subject he was pleased to bring up. Few days of course, when the weather was fine, passed without his having an hour or two of Mr. Bell's delightfully amusing and highly instructive conversation so long as he abode in Glasgow, for he latterly retired for the benefit of his health to Lukeston, a rural township, beautifully situated on the lower slope of the Lennox Fells, a little way to the west of the clachan of Campsie, where he died on the third day of May 1833. He was born at Jedburgh, where his father was then minister to the Relief congregation of that place, in the year 1769, and consequently was in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

For a considerable time before Mr. Bell's death circumstances had prevented our author from seeing him. In the meantime the voluntary controversy, kindled at Glas-



gow by a sermon preached on the night of a sacramental fast, was overspreading the country with the vehemency and the velocity of *muirburn* in a dry March day, induced our author to address a letter to that preacher, entitled *Tekel*, which falling into the hands of Mr. Bell, led him to write to the author a complimentary letter approving all that the pamphlet contained as entirely coincident with his own sentiments, and these sentiments he held were such as could not be set aside, till the holy law of God ceased to be the eternal rule of righteousness. This was accompanied with a special request that he would pay him a visit as soon as possible. The visit was promised, but still deferred till it was renewed as the last request of a dying friend, and of course could not longer be resisted. Accordingly the first Sabbath-day after receiving this melancholy message, our author set out in the morning for Lukeston, where he arrived between ten and eleven o'clock. His friend, Mr. Bell, he found to be in the outer man greatly decayed, but in the inner man more comprehensively vigorous than he ever saw him before. The hand, which he held out to welcome his friend, small at the best, now shrunken, and faltering, and feeble, seemed to be the very embodiment of inanity, but his small eye amid his faded features shone out bright with intelligence and radiant with hope.

Mr. Bell's first care about his friend was, after so long a journey, breakfast, after which, and family worship gone about, he felt so much enlivened that he would have his clothes, and be up at least for a little. To this Mrs. Bell, with some reluctance, consented; and set in his easy chair he descanted on the love of God manifested in the gift of his own Eternal Son, and on the inference drawn from that manifestation, by the holy apostle, "How shall he not with him also freely give us all

things," with a fluency, a fulness, a beauty, and a power, that our author has but rarely, if he ever, heard equalled. He afterwards adverted to his own death, which he considered to be just at hand; but in connexion with the death of Christ, he looked forward to it not only without fear but with high and holy hope, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ." He bewailed most feelingly the miserable condition of all the churches of the Reformation, especially that of the Church of Scotland, once by universal consent allowed to be the fairest of them all. He at the same time expressed a strong opinion, that the negation of the great principle upon which all these churches were originally based, the supreme authority of the law of God, would carry them all back, either into pure heathenism, or into what was equally delusive, and, at the least, equally damnable, union with the purple-clothed lady, sitting upon the seven hills, the "Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the earth," yet presumptuously, and falsely, arrogating to herself the title of the Holy Catholic Church. Of Voluntaryism he spoke, with tears running down his face, as a disorganizing dogma, a judicial blinding, in itself a spiritual judgment of the most alarming character, and pregnant with plagues spiritual and temporal, more than human sagacity could either apprehend or enumerate; and he particularly regretted that he himself had been represented as a voluntary, a stain upon his character which he requested our author, from all that he knew about him, and especially from what he had, as a dying man, now told him, to wipe off.—Such a request from a dying man he could not refuse—and by this short episode trusts that he has fulfilled his promise.

To return to our narrative; Mr. Fullarton (of the firm of Khull, Blackie, and Co.) having projected a Collection

of Songs, about the year 1817, applied to our author to take charge of the work as editor, which he was very reluctant to do, considering himself as not qualified to do justice to such an undertaking. Mr. Fullarton, however, still insisted, till he was persuaded to try at least one number, which he did, and continued to do, till the work amounted to three volumes 18mo, consisting in all of one thousand two hundred and fifty-two pages. It was issued under the title of 'The Harp of Caledonia,' and had a very extensive sale. To this Collection Sir Walter Scott contributed whatever of his songs the editor chose to select. Miss Joanna Baillie did the same, and wrote one song, a very excellent one, purposely for it. She, moreover, induced Mr. William Smyth, of Cambridge, to write two songs for it. Mrs. John Hunter also contributed from her very excellent works, whatever the editor chose to select, and also did him the honour to write one song purposely for the work. The Collection, in short, contains many original songs of great merit, not one of which cost the publishers one fraction, except in a very few instances a copy of the work.

These remarks are not to be interpreted as reflecting upon his publishers. Nothing can be more remote from our author's intentions. They have been made purely for his own vindication. From the very extensive distribution of the work, it was at the time said by some, and insinuated by more, that it must have been to the editor a very lucrative affair—and he has been by several of his well-wishers rather severely reflected upon for his simplicity. In not turning to account these kindnesses of his friends, which, if he did not see at the time, he ought to have seen, were intended for his own particular benefit. This he was silly enough not to understand at the time, though he saw it pretty distinctly when it was pointed out to

him. Had he so seen it at the time, he most certainly would not have asked any such kindnesses, nor would he have accepted them though they had been offered to him. The mercenary spirit of literary men, he considers to be the disgrace and the bane of human nature—an intellectual harlotry, more disgraceful, and more destructive to the immortal spirit, than that prostitution of the body, which subjects all who submit to it to self-loathing and the contempt of all men—a vice which converts one of the noblest acquisitions of human nature, and that which should be one of the principal sources of distinction in the world, **THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS**, into a curse, the most wide-spreading and morally ruinous to which our frail nature can be subjected; and he confesses candidly, that up to this day he has serious doubts whether general or miscellaneous literature, as the sole means of supporting existence, be, after all, a lawful profession.

It was while collecting and arranging these songs that our author suffered a series of bereavements of the most painful description. In the month of April, 1818, after a protracted and severe illness, which she bore with exemplary meekness and magnanimity, died his beloved wife; and within fourteen days her youngest surviving child, a daughter in her fourth year; and within a few months her eldest surviving son, a boy of more than ordinary promise. The effect of these bereavements upon his body and upon his mind we find embodied in a paragraph of the preface to the Songs dated September 1819, which we shall take the liberty to transcribe:

“The Editor is well aware that he might be thought ungrateful, were he to omit the present opportunity of thanking his numerous subscribers for that liberal patronage they have afforded him. He is sorry, for their sakes, that the work is not more worthy of being so patronised.

At the same time, he can honestly declare, that he has spared no labour to render it as perfect as his limited means and slender ability could make it. Often under the pressure of disease and despondency, and the incurable anguish of the most painful bereavements, has he toiled on at his solitary, and, to him cheerless task, with no other earthly encouragement, than the hope that he was handing round a cup, of at least innocent ingredients, that would be quaffed with delight, and prove refreshing to many a spirit, less subdued by the adverse tide of time, and happily privileged to have drunk less deeply of the bitter cup of sorrow."

In the course of the parts of the Harp of Caledonia being issued, Mr. Fullarton, who had by this time either gone or was going to Edinburgh, to take charge of the business of the company there, frequently pressed our author to come into the printing-office as a reader, or corrector of the press. This he was very unwilling to do, having been haunted from his very boyhood with a most horrific idea of the misery of the man who was reduced to the necessity of depending upon the productions of his pen for a livelihood, and from such a necessity had resolved to keep at as respectable a distance as possible. For some years back he had felt himself approaching too near to such a result, and he had determined, so soon as his songs were finished, to retrace his steps; but alas! bereaved of his better half, he felt utterly impotent, his whole inner man being as it were disorganized, so that he did not know, perhaps did not even care to know, what he was doing. He of course laid by the apron and the lapstone, which he was called to do with very little time for preparation, on account of some new work that was just commencing, his memory does not serve him to say what it was, but he recollects the burden that was laid

upon him regarding it was such as made him strongly feel the folly of the charge he had undertaken.

It was sometime in the end of the year 1818, or the beginning of 1819, that he went into the printing-office of Khull, Blackie & Co., East Clyde street, where he held the pen of a ready writer either for mending or making a paragraph, reading a proof-sheet, or whatever was necessary to be done; and whatever it was, he addressed himself to it without grumbling; not that he did not feel how foolishly he had acted, for he felt all that he had anticipated, ere he was warm on the first seat he sat down upon, but he did not think it would mend him, to turn the leaf the same day, and give all his neighbours a fair chance of having a laugh at his expense. Here, however, there occurred nothing calculated to lengthen out our narrative. Every day was a fac simile of that which preceded it. One of the principal works that passed through the Company's press in these years was an edition of Dwight's Theology, the first that was printed in Britain, of which our author corrected all the sheets, typographically, to the best of his ability; but he had no authority to correct the many flagrant heresies with which its pages are thickly overspread. Aikman's Buchanan's Scotland, with continuation, was another book that he was required to do what he could for, either in the way of suggesting facts to the Continuator, pointing out authorities where they might appear to be defective, &c. &c., all which he most cheerfully did, and was rewarded as all good deeds in this fair world generally are.

Another work of some consequence went through their press at this period, Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, which was printed from a copy that belonged to our author, and by him prepared for the press with notes, previously to the said Company

having taken up the subject at all. The first part of the first volume was edited by Mr. Fullarton himself, the rest of the first volume was edited by our author. The other three volumes were edited by Dr. Burns, then of Paisley, now of Toronto, who received from our author the volumes with all his notes, one of which, in the first volume, on the subject of our National Covenants, was commented upon by Dr. James Kidd of Aberdeen in a letter to the publishers, and by him declared worth the price of the whole work. Our author here too, at the request of Mr. Fullarton, wrote the History of Scotland from the Union 1707 to the year 1827, the year in which it was published. It was well received and has been out of print for some time. The author intends, if time and circumstances permit, to add a third volume, including the disruption, which will make it a complete History of the Scottish Church, during one of her most interesting epochs. After our author had delivered Wodrow into the hands of Dr. Burns, he laboured on Scottish Biography for some sixteen or eighteen months. He cannot now particularize the names. The greater part of them, he believes, were ultimately transferred to Chambers' Lives of Eminent Scotsmen.

The firm of Khull, Blackie and Co., about this time was broken up, and in the meantime our author, as he had anticipated, was left to shift for himself, and for a considerable time was subjected to privations of which he feels the effect to this day. Mr. Fullarton, however, had no sooner put his new premises in order than he remembered his old servant, of whom he had previously made a friend, and recalled him to his old situation. It was during this period of forced idleness that our author turned his thoughts upon the voluntary question, and published "Tekel," a pamphlet of 96 8vo. pages, to which allusion

has been already made, a copy of which, along with some other communications, he sent to Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen, who in return sent him a letter too long to be inserted entire, but we cannot but give the following short paragraph. "I have read your pamphlet and have been both instructed and profited by its contents. I would not condescend to flatter any man, but I have no hesitation in saying to you what I have repeatedly said to others—that I consider your Tekel to be the most masculine and satisfactorily argumentative treatise I have ever met with in defence of national ecclesiastical establishments."

In the succeeding year there happened to be a librarian wanted for Stirling's library in Glasgow, and one of our author's friends having commenced to canvass for it without even letting him know of it, he was laid under a necessity of getting up an application to that effect, though he really and truly did not desire the situation. This he did by the following Letters.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF STIRLING'S PUBLIC LIBRARY.

GENTLEMEN,

In terms of your advertisement in the public papers for a Librarian to Stirling's Library I have been induced to offer myself a candidate for that office. The accompanying testimonials are most respectfully submitted to your consideration, and without further apology, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN STRUTHERS.

Glebe Street, Glasgow, October 30, 1832.



Glasgow College, October 12, 1832.

I have known Mr. John Struthers for more than twenty-four years. When his admirable poem, 'The Poor Man's Sabbath,' first attracted my attention, I thought it my duty to wait on him, and to thank him for his valuable production. Since that time he has been a frequent visitor of my family; and I have enjoyed the most intimate opportunities of being acquainted with his character and principles, and of attentively estimating the various and numerous works of great merit both in verse and in prose which he has published. I know him to be better acquainted than most men, with the principal writers in English literature. To genius and taste he joins a sound and discriminating judgment; diligent application to the duties which he undertakes; grave and sober habits, with much modesty and mildness of manners. He is a man also of deep and serious impressions of religion; and all his writings are directed to promote the best interests of mankind. His principles are those of the Standards of the Church of Scotland: and while he is the friend of liberty and the enemy of oppression, he is also strongly attached to the great Institutions of his country, and opposed to every species of licentiousness and disorder.

To the office for which he is a candidate, he would bring an extensive acquaintance with books—regularity and application to his duties—an obliging disposition, and a courteous attention to every person with whom he may be called to have intercourse. I believe him to be in every respect qualified for the office of Librarian to Stirling's Library. And I fondly hope that, after having ascertained his fitness, the Directors will feel pleasure in giving their countenance to great and modest merit; which has been long struggling with difficulties—even at

the time when doing honour to the town in which he lives; and adding to the lustre of that Scotland whose virtues and whose manners he delights to delineate, and seeks to cherish and improve.

STEVENSON MACGILL, SS.T.P.

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Newton-hill, October 8, 1832.

The bearer, Mr. John Struthers, I have known intimately for many years. He is active, industrious, well-principled, and I hope pious. His talents and acquirements are of no ordinary character. He is extensively conversant with books, has read much, and written not a little. In particular, by his researches, he has illustrated several portions of our Scottish history—thrown light upon the lives of several of our distinguished countrymen—and composed several poems of no small merit. And all his writings have been on the side of virtue and piety; while his poems, particularly his ‘Poor Man’s Sabbath,’ ‘The Plough,’ and ‘The Peasant’s Death,’ have acquired for him high applause, and are calculated to confirm the religious habits of our peasantry, and to make the lower classes of society contented with their condition, and with their country. I may be allowed to add, that, as he is competent to the duties of Librarian to Stirling’s Institution, so I am confident he would discharge these with faithfulness and courtesy; and I cannot but conceive, that it would be in some degree honourable for that city, where he has composed his writings and acquired his fame, to confer upon him an office, the emolument of which, though not great, would impart comfort to his advancing years, and enable him to rear a young family without harassing

toil, as well as to give them that better sort of education upon which his heart is set.

JOHN MITCHELL, Minister.

Glasgow College, 15th October, 1832.

Understanding that Mr. John Struthers has offered himself as a candidate for the office of keeper of Stirling's Library in this city now vacant, and having been requested by some of his friends to give my testimony to his character and to his qualifications for that situation, I yield to that request with much pleasure. I have known him for several years, and I have been still longer acquainted with those works by which he has been so highly distinguished among those eminent persons of our country who with few of those advantages for rising into distinction, which are conferred by a regular and extensive education of a literary or scientific kind, have yet acquired a high place in the public esteem and favour. With the approbation that has been very liberally bestowed on his poems, particularly on the two, entitled 'The Poor Man's Sabbath' and 'The Plough,' I do entirely and most cordially concur; and I mention them especially because they happen to be those with which I am best acquainted, and because it is of them that I can most perfectly recall the impressions of delight and satisfaction which the reading of them made upon me,—impressions that were awakened not only by the poetical spirit which they breathed, but by the generous, benevolent, and truly Christian temper and character which they exhibited. Had Mr. Struthers produced no other work than these I have mentioned, they would in my estimation have given him a strong claim upon the favour and patronage of his fellow-citizens, and would have led them to regard with pleasure any

opportunity presented to them of promoting his views and his happiness—such an opportunity I imagine is now in the power of the Directors of Stirling's Library. The situation which he aspires at is one which he courts, more on account of the duties connected with it, duties so congenial to his character, his habits, his pursuits, than on account of any emolument or other advantage connected with it; and for these duties I believe him to be most perfectly qualified, by his steadiness, his sobriety, his perfect honesty and integrity, and particularly by the utter absence of any other business or occupation either now or in prospect that might withdraw him from or render him careless in the diligent and faithful discharge of them.

**JAMES MYLNE,**  
Ethical Professor, Glasgow University.

Glasgow, October 9th, 1832.

We have been intimately acquainted with the bearer, Mr. John Struthers, for more than fifteen years, during the greater part of which time we have had the most favourable opportunities of becoming acquainted with his personal character, and with his habits and talents as a man of business—and it is with pleasure and confidence that we state, that in our opinion he is well qualified to discharge the duties of Librarian to Stirling's Institution. Indeed, from what we know of his obliging and courteous disposition—his extensive acquaintance with books—and devoted attachment to literary pursuits—we feel confident that if appointed to this office, he would discharge its duties with advantage to the Institution, and to the general satisfaction of those interested in its welfare.

**ARCHIBALD FULLARTON & Co.**

Notwithstanding of these, certainly very ample, testimonials, our author was not successful. The late John Wylie, Stationer, Foreign Bookseller, and Librarian, was elected by a majority of one. This, however, was to him no disappointment. He had entered upon the canvass not because he coveted the place—for he had many doubts about it,—doubts as to his own abilities to perform the duties it required—doubts about its permanency—and, of course, doubts about its being worthy of his acceptance—but out of deference to his friend who had begun that canvass without his knowledge. He was at the same time satisfied that the electors had exercised a wise discretion in the choice they had made. Mr. Wylie having served an apprenticeship to the business of a bookseller and librarian, and for many years carried on both these businesses on his own account, had on every principle of common sense and common experience, a preferable claim to the office.

Wishing Mr. Wylie a long, and prosperous, and happy enjoyment of his new situation, our author sat down very contentedly, and very thankfully, to the work he had before him, hoping to hear no more of Stirling's library. Poor Mr. Wylie, however, did not live to enjoy his situation many months, and the Directors of the Library, without any further advertisement about the matter, made choice of our author to fill his place. He received this intelligence and the keys of the Library at the same time, with an intimation that Mr. James Maclean would wait upon him next day at the Library to deliver up to him the books, which on that and succeeding days was done accordingly, and forthwith he entered upon the public duties of that office, not without many fears and melancholy forebodings. Fears he had of being unable to accommodate himself to the class of society of which

he understood the subscribers were mostly composed—fears of the permanency of the institution, at least in its present form—and from the circumstance of the election being only from year to year, or at the longest for four years; besides the reduction of his income from sixty-five pounds a-year to fifty was itself a serious consideration. He had foreseen, however, a little of all these dangers, and many more looming in the distance, but could not now help himself. He had crossed the Rubicon, and was under the necessity of going over the Rhine. He had long been in Bypath Meadow, and not far from Doubting Castle, but he knew that he was so, and was unwilling to give himself up to the emissaries of Giant Despair.

He of course resolved to wait upon the duties of the place, as far as he understood them, and as they were pointed out to him, with all possible diligence, and to submit with patience and resignation to whatever might happen, so long as he was able; and when he was no longer able so to do, there was only one alternative. With these feelings, and acting up to these resolutions, he remained in the library for fifteen years. There was no complaint ever lodged against him as far as he knew, and for aught he knows the subscribers were satisfied with his conduct. Election, or re-election, was never spoken of in any meeting where he was present, till he was told that the library was to be put upon a different footing from what it had hitherto been, and that its duties would be too multifarious to be imposed upon a man of his years, a conclusion that he had foreseen from the first time he contemplated entering upon it. It was indeed time for something to be done with it or for it. It had upwards of four hundred subscribers when he took charge of it, and for two or three years it went on well,

a large number of subscribers coming forward every year. Changes upon the constitution, however, began to be talked of, and subscribers held back, as no one knew what these changes were to be. The old subscribers of course died out—there was a new library erected at a very considerable expense, and no subscriptions coming in there were no funds for buying new books, which occasioned dissatisfaction among the subscribers, who were reduced below a hundred when he left it.—The history or the management of Stirling's Library, however, was never intended to form any portion of this Memoir.

During these fifteen years spent in the Library, our author's life was a life of almost entire seclusion from the world. He had already outlived nearly all his old friends, and his circumstances were no way favourable for acquiring new ones. His duties called for special attention, and confined him to one spot every day throughout the year, the two first weeks of July excepted, which were allowed him for a little relaxation. With this exception, just as it was in the printing office, every succeeding day was the exact representative of its predecessor, only that at short intervals they came to be more deeply darkened by new and irremediable family disasters.

Through his own and his family's requirements he felt himself under a necessity of taking a second wife, which he did in the month of October, 1819, and by this time she had brought him six children. Her constitution, which was naturally none of the best, declined rapidly after the birth of her sixth child, and for ten dreary winters she was almost wholly confined within doors. She revived considerably during all these years through the summer months, but on the thirtieth day of July, 1847 was seized with typhus fever, and died on Sabbath the twenty-second day of August, in the full faith and hope

of the Gospel. She was in the fifty-ninth year of her age, and the twenty-eighth of her married life.

Of slender make and of homely features, there was nothing in her external appearance particularly attractive. Modesty, sobriety, and good sense, were the leading and prominent lines of her face, with a shade of dry humour lurking under them, a faculty, however, that she very seldom called into exercise. Of the fashionable world she knew little; but she had, in early life, been well grounded in the principles of the Church of Scotland, and her profiting was such, that it appeared unto all. Unostentatious but steady piety was indeed the great characteristic of her life. The delicate state of health to which she was reduced, and the painfully trying providences that passed over her in her latter years, appeared, too, to be blessed to her in no ordinary degree. Disappointed, after the most promising appearances, again and again, in what a mother's highest hopes must ever be centred, she resigned herself with meekness and magnanimity to the will of God; renewing her faith and her acquiescence in his everlasting covenant of free grace, through the one Mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—believing that all his ways are mercy and truth to them that fear him and that obey his commandments. As a wife she was truly devoted to her husband. It was her everyday study not alone to fulfil, but to anticipate his wishes. He was in sundry respects a broken-hearted man when she became his wife, and most assuredly, on earth, never was a broken heart more tenderly cared for by an earthly keeper. As a mother too, especially as a stepmother, her disinterested generosity, and her delicacy of feeling, were most conspicuous, though they were not, perhaps, at all times appreciated as they ought to have been.



After our author had undertaken the charge of the Library, he, in the hope of dispelling that cloud of despondency which he found closing over him, took up the poem of Dychmont, which he had begun in early life, and having completed it, gave it to the public in 1836. In the following year he reprinted it, in an 8vo edition of his poems, which was intended to represent the whole of his poetical works. Of this a very small impression was printed, and it was taken up in a few days. He was sorry, however, to find that the selection he had made, did not at all satisfy his friends, some of whom desiderated one poem, and some another; which made him resolve if he ever went to press with them again, which he was very far from having any intention of at the time, he would make it a complete edition. The truth upon this head appears to be, that all who take any particular interest in poets, or their works, wish to know them all.

He also, about this time, by special request, wrote for the Christian Instructor, Biographical notices of James Hogg, minister of Dalserf, afterwards of Carnock, and Principal Robertson of Edinburgh. He also published some short tracts on the ecclesiastical politics of the day; and he issued proposals for publishing a volume of Essays, some of which had been already printed, some finished in MS., and some of them only in preparation. A series of untoward circumstances, of which the details could give no pleasure to the courteous and upright reader, rendered him utterly incapable, at the time, for carrying out his proposal. Were it at all allowable for a man to hope at seventy-four years of age, he would fondly hope that the benign influences of the opening spring, and the ensuing summer months, with the kind countenance of his friends, may enable him to carry out

that proposal, upon which his heart then was, and still is much set.

In conclusion, gentle and courteous reader, Farewell! Thou hast the author's grateful thanks for the time and attention thou hast bestowed upon this his unpremeditated narrative, which for thy sake, as well as for his own, he deeply regrets has so little to recommend it. If thou hast found it tending to garrulity, thy candour will perhaps remind thee that this is the natural infirmity of age; if to be querulous, that this also belongs to length of years and their necessarily, always less or more, painful results. Thou mayest rest assured that, so far as it goes, it is a true statement of facts and feelings. He has spoken freely, and to the best of his knowledge, of all with whom he has come into contact—offensively, he trusts of none. For the accuracy of his chronology he voucheth not. He composed from memory, and sometimes rather hastily, and for that cause, in legal phrase, craves the liberty to add and to eke as he shall see cause.

MAIN STREET, GORBALS, GLASGOW,  
*March 2d 1850.*





THE  
POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

WRITTEN IN 1802.



**PREFACE**

**TO THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE**

**POOR MAN'S SABBATH.**

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**THE Sabbath, whether we advert to its origin, its immediate effects, or its ultimate end, is calculated to excite admiration, gratitude, and love, in the bosoms of all who are susceptible of religious feeling or moral perception.**

In disposing of his rational creatures, in appointing the time when, and the manner how, he will be worshipped, it sets forth the Creator as absolutely sovereign; and in accommodating the rule of duty, and the commemoration of his wonderful works to their weakness and wants, as perfect in wisdom and abundant in mercy.

Instituted by God, as commemorative, through all his wide dominions, of his having, in six days, created, out of nothing, this fair earth, with all its inhabitants, and these high heavens, with all their resplendent hosts, it was once,—may we suppose—celebrated in unison by all his rational offspring, “When,” according to the lofty language of inspiration, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

Of these sons of the morning, however, many, perhaps the brightest of them, fell from their high estate, and, “reserved in chains under darkness,” have had no more Sabbaths or Sabbath songs. Yet—“How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”—God,

in his superabundant mercy, hath, through this blessed institution, breathed balm into the wounds of a fallen world; and, constituting it a perpetual witness against their presumption, their obstinacy, and their atheism, hath yet by it, in a greater or lesser degree, blessed all the generations of men: for what nation is there under heaven, which has not, in one shape or other, some returning day of rest, which, though no proper Sabbath, is yet evidently derived from it, and affords to worn-out nature a little mitigation in the midst of its bondage; at the same time, that it sustains the dim taper of expiring hope, and whispers into the ear of exhausted expectation, that there is a Sabbath approaching, a rest and a refreshing, into which all the ends of the earth shall one day, as with one heart and one soul, enter?

If there be any exceptions to this general fact, it is among the degraded tribes, shut up for so many ages in the lonely isles scattered over the bosom of the vast Pacific, where, severed by their savage brutality, as well as by the wide waste of waters, from the rest of mankind, no doubt, the tempter and the destroyer imagined he had secured a seed that should serve him for ever; and that, when he had succeeded in extinguishing among them the last embers of traditionary truth, he had most certainly made these loveliest portions of external nature an indisputable and permanent addition to his doleful dominions. In the adorable and mysterious dispensation of Divine providence, however, these long lost portions of the creation of God, through the light of science, the spirit of modern enterprise, and the noble exertions of Christian philanthropy, have become the first-fruits of the savage world, being at once joined to civilized society and to the Church of the living God, thus giving a new and striking accomplishment to the ancient oracle, "from the utter-



most part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous."

These extended views, however, do not fall within the design of the following poem, which did not extend farther than to point out a few of the most obvious of its effects upon the child of penury and toil. Nor, perhaps, can the Sabbath be viewed in any more interesting aspect. To him whose daily employment is rather mental than corporeal, though, if he be a man of piety, it brings a blessed relief in changing the subjects of contemplation from the things of time and sense that are seen and perishing to the glories of Emmanuel which, though for the present unseen, are eternal, yet it breaks in but little upon the uniform tenor of his life; while to him whose every day is ease and recreation, it must be a day of self-denial, and, instead of adding externally to his comforts, must have an air of monkish severity, or, at least, of un-social reserve.

The Poor Man's Sabbath has, in this respect, a delightful peculiarity, growing, like many other blessings, of which he is oftentimes little aware, out of his lowly situation, the full force of which can only be known by experience. Be he ever so pious and contemplative, through the six days of the week his thoughts are, for the most part, necessarily chained to the earth. Transporting views of God, in the majesty and magnificence of his works, will sometimes elevate his mind—a humble but grateful sense of dependence will sometimes melt his heart—and his soul will occasionally breathe itself into the bosom of his dear Redeemer, in delightfully fervent aspirations; but, upon the whole, in hunger, in weariness, and in ceaseless drudgery—how much of his existence is above the dull matter upon which he is employed, or visibly superior to that of the beasts which perish?

To such a one, with what delightful attraction does the Sabbath continually return! It withdraws him from the toils of this world, except the soothing ones of necessity and mercy, and, however servile his condition, proclaims him the Lord's free man. It brings along with it, still as it revolves, a renewed remission of the original curse, and allows him to eat his bread in the peaceful tranquillity of primeval innocence. It strips him of his filthy habiliments, the badges of his humble cast, and clothes him, not in the robes of vanity and pride, but in the garments of decent propriety—and sets him, not upon a dangerous and frowning elevation, but upon the even ground of fair equality, where he breathes the free air of rationality, and can expatiate at will over the wide landscapes of imagination, of reason, and religion. On other days, his thirst for knowledge must necessarily be in some degree restrained, and even his devotional exercises are stunted and crippled by the pressure of circumstances. The call of necessity is apt to break in upon them in the morning—exertion for the bread that perisheth shuts them out through the day—and at night tired nature can often do no more, and they are cut off in the middle by oppressive slumbers; but on this blessed day he finds himself at large, and walks at liberty—in the liberty of God's holy commandment which is exceeding broad. While, however, it is a gladsome, it is a busy day with him. His is not the passive Sabbath of the ox and the ass. He remembers the Sabbath day TO KEEP IT HOLY, and he busies himself—not in gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, or nosegays among the flowery fields—not in perambulating the woods, or dreaming of health over waterfalls or among purling streams. No! These things are all good, beautiful, and profitable in their proper time and season; but that time and that season is not the Sabbath

day. That day, more particularly considered as the Lord's day, calls for, and naturally suggests,—especially to the poor man, upon whom, it must be admitted, the curse falls really and truly more heavily than upon his wealthy employer,—objects of far higher interest and infinitely deeper importance. The proper duties of the day are incumbent upon all, but specially upon the Poor Man, inasmuch as he can command no other day for such purposes.

Six days of unremitting toil and of promiscuous intercourse with the world cannot fail to have suggested doubts and awakened inquiries which require to be carefully answered and truly resolved. The most watchful of men will, in these six days, have accumulated some little rust which will require care and diligence to rub it off. The most knowing has some new degree of knowledge to acquire, and the most gracious has higher degrees of grace to attain. The most holy man on the earth has still some corrupt propensity to mortify. He who lives nearest heaven is all the more earnest to cultivate a closer intimacy with his heavenly Father—to learn more of the secrets of his everlasting covenant—to drink deeper into his love, and thus be fortified against the many temptations that may lie in his way, and prepared for the arduous toils he may have to go through before he be permitted to enter upon the rest of the Sabbath above, of which the Sabbath below is the lively emblem and the grateful foretaste.

The poem was composed originally for the author's own amusement, without even the most distant view to publication, and but for circumstances which the reader will find elsewhere stated, had certainly never been in print. It has now been in the hands of the public a quarter of a century, and has gone through several editions, to every

one of which small additions have been made, whether for the better or not it becomes not the author to say. He presumes, however, that they will be allowed to be in unison with the title of the Poem—the Poor Man's Sabbath—and it would give him no small degree of pain if they were truly found to be out of unison with the Sabbath itself.

Had the author been ambitious of a noisy popularity, or a momentary existence in the breath of the religious public, fashionable and highly popular topics have not been wanting which he could easily have introduced, and as easily have enlarged upon, with some apparent fluency, and with all but certainty of acceptance, for every man is pleased with his own fancies; and he who addresses himself to the passions and prejudices of his auditors will seldom or never fail to be applauded; but he has ever preferred the silent consciousness of integrity and truth to that of being talked of either as a great poet or a great man.

He begs leave only further to add, that the merely poetical points of view presented by the subject, were not those which he was the most anxious to exhibit. His object was to portray the Sabbath, as, according to the commandment, kept holy to the Lord, as it is still kept by the wisest and the best in our land, and as it universally was kept, when there was, if the writer is not greatly mistaken, less smoke in the country, but a great deal more heat; much less parading and speechifying, but a great deal more conscientious attending upon Divine ordinances,—a great deal more heart-searching, humble meditating, fervent praying, and holy living. Such as it is, he presents it on the altar of her literature, a humble offering to the genius of his country,—hoping that she will be disposed in some degree to overlook what is defective in the gift

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from the hearty good-will of the giver; and praying, that such may be the simplicity, the purity, and the piety of her peasants—such the high and disinterested character of her pastors—and such the sweet and peaceful flow of her Sabbaths to the latest posterity.

GORBALS, *March*, 1824.

## SONNET.

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WHILE bards illustrious, rich from learning's stream,  
That wavy winds his classic shores along,  
Inhaling strength, as heaven's resistless beam,  
Sublime the world with high heroic song,—  
I, artless, touch a less ambitious theme,  
Rude, wandering nature's solitudes among,  
What time the fires of eve begin to gleam,  
And, thickening, rise aerial voices strong  
There, giving cheerful to the passing gale  
Devotion's note, that scorns the greedy grave,  
I ask no more, could but my harp prevail,  
One single relic of the good to save;  
And if the virtuous poor man in my tale  
A while be ransom'd from oblivion's wave.

THE  
POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

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I.

AMIDST the winds that blustering, hollow howl,  
The frosts, that creep cold on the budding spray;  
The fires that glare, the clouds that deepening scowl,  
In life's low vale with soul-depressing sway;  
Say Muse, what lights the Poor Man on his way—  
Gives him to drink at cool contentment's spring—  
Sheds on his weary soul a cheering ray—  
And bids him soar on Hope's angelic wing?  
The Sabbath day divine, the Poor Man's Sabbath sing.

II.

Hail holy day! of heav'n the certain pledge,  
And pleasing prelibation here below;  
'Tis thine, the groans of nature to assuage,  
And bind with balmy hand her wounds of woe.  
Rejoicing in the morning's ruddy glow,  
The labouring ox, all wet with pearly dew,  
The clover'd dale at will traverses slow,  
While idly gleams upon the distant view,  
Far o'er the fallow field, the glittering soil-worn plough.

## III.

Yea, e'en the simple ass, the daily drudge  
Of yonder wandering, houseless, homeless train,  
The thistle champs along the common's edge,  
And lightsome ease obliterates all his pain.  
But chief, in freedom from the weary wain  
Exulting, roams at large the bounding steed;  
Light floats upon the breeze his flowing mane;  
He snorts—he paws—he skims the flow'ry mead—  
The Sabbath day to him a day of joy indeed.

## IV.

His milky charge there too, the farmer feeds,  
While yet his family lie reclin'd in sleep;  
This, on the part of labour, mercy pleads—  
Labour, that still an early hour must keep—  
And he that would to meditation deep,  
Or exercise devout, his mind apply,  
Nor blooms of hope, nor fruits of faith will reap,  
If drowsy slumbers hang upon his eye,  
And nature unrefresh'd pour forth the languid sigh.

## V.

And down the vale where yet unmelted lie  
The morning clouds around his humble home,  
With careless step, in musing transport high,  
Behold the week-worn cottar slowly roam.  
On every hand the fragrant flow'rets bloom,  
A hymn of joy in every thicket rings—  
Earth breathes a grateful off'ring of perfume;  
While, blithe, the lark extends his dewy wings,  
And soaring up to heaven, a heaven-taught sonnet sings.



## VI.

All this he ponders o'er with silent joy—  
With gratitude and love his heart o'erflows,  
Yet grieved to think, that still with base alloy  
Is mix'd the tribute which his soul bestows.  
In rev'ence deep, his head he humbly bows,  
And lifts to heav'n a supplicating eye,  
Great are his wants, but words their utterance lose,  
Dumb on his tongue his mighty cravings lie,  
And burden'd sore, his soul pours forth a broken sigh.

## VII.

And sighs are language, in th' all-gracious ear  
Of Him who sits supreme on Mercy's throne,  
Who kindly marks the penitential tear,  
And faint the broken spirit's feeblest groan.  
The meltings of the heart, will He disown?  
The heart enraptured with his goodness? No—  
A gracious answer to his sigh comes down,  
Warm on his soul the streams of mercy flow,  
And kindling in his breast, Heaven's holy ardours glow.

## VIII.

Now, in his love, his friends and family share,  
Before his God he spreads their every case,  
Implores that he would make them all his care,  
And fold them ever in his warm embrace;  
But chiefly for his little infant race,  
As yet unpractised in the world's vile ways,  
That, by the influence of his special grace,  
Conducted through life's dark and troubled maze,  
Their last end may be peace, their whole lives speak his  
praise.

## IX.

Nor end his fervours here—his native land,  
Tho' owning not a foot-breadth of her soil,  
He prays, that in the hollow of God's hand,  
She still may rest, the lov'd, the lovely isle;  
That in her valleys peace may ever smile,  
And jubilant the song her mountains raise,  
While woods, and streams, the chorus join the while,  
With active man, to swell the notes of praise,  
Till yonder orb's surcease t' admeasure nights and days.

## X.

Untutor'd he, with philosophic ken,  
Round the wide limits of the world to sweep,  
To mark the manners strange of ruder men,  
And, sage-like, tell what mystic rites they keep:  
But he has heard, that o'er the pathless deep,  
Beneath th' unbroken shade of forests brown,  
The naked tribes, save that they wildly leap,  
Like moody madness to the changing moon,  
No blissful day of rest, no sacred service own.

## XI.

That blind, at superstition's awful shrine,  
Others laid prostrate, drench'd in human gore,  
The direful fiends of hell, supposed divine,  
With fear and awful reverence adore;  
While lying flamens, boasting wizard lore,  
In vain essay to read their future doom—  
The rite abhorr'd, the harsh rhyme mutter'd o'er,  
Cheer not the lonely dwelling of the tomb,  
Which trembling doubt invests with horror's deepest gloom.

## XII.

And with th' assembly great of the first-born,  
Whose names are writ in heaven, in spirit join'd,  
He prays that God, upon their case forlorn,  
Would cast a healing look in mercy kind;  
And call his gracious covenant to mind,  
His promise from the times of old given forth,  
That in the bonds of amity combined,  
Through Him divine, the woman's wondrous birth,  
Men jubilant shall join, from th' utmost ends of earth.

## XIII.

But, from his lowly cot, a curling cloud  
Of smoke ascending, homeward tempts his way,  
To bless his family, and to serve his God,  
In all the sacred duties of the day.  
As fanciful, let none despise the lay—  
'Tis peace, the peace of heaven, Devotion brings;  
But doubly sweet her animating ray,  
When, round the social hearth, Heaven's anthem rings,  
And Hope exulting smiles, and Faith expands her wings.

## XIV.

The soothing satisfaction who can tell,  
Th' emotions dear, that warm the father's heart,  
As, rising sweet, these strains of Zion swell  
Around his little ring, devoid of art?  
Perhaps, how God beneath oppression's smart  
Beholds the poor, and listens to their sighs;  
Or, how in wilds and deserts far apart,  
To glad the thirsty soul that fainting lies,  
He bids the flowerets spring, and bubbling streams arise.

## XV.

Or what, when read,—while all attentive hear,  
Is some mark'd portion of the sacred word;  
Perhaps, in Sinai's thirsty desert drear,  
Or Arnon's brooks, the doing of the Lord.  
Or how, when 'Persecution's cruel sword  
Awoke, in fury, burning to devour,  
By Cherith's brook conceal'd, the Prophet's board,  
The ravens, mission'd by Almighty power,  
With bread and flesh supplied, at morn and evening's hour.

## XVI.

Or, when amidst the drought-consumed soil,  
Their empty urns the fainting brooks deplore,  
How the poor widow's little cruse of oil  
For many a day supplied the unfailling store;  
Or how the weeping Bard the briny shower  
Pour'd for the children of his people slain,  
While low on earth, with ashes cover'd o'er,  
Zion for help stretch'd forth her hands in vain,  
A hissing and a scorn to spiteful foes profane.

## XVII.

Perhaps, when this green earth in morning prime,  
To run its destined course had scarce begun,  
How righteous Abel fell before his time,  
By meekness, faith, and charity undone—  
And how the haughty, over-bearing one,  
Though pitying earth the ruthless deed deplored,  
Harden'd in pride and hate, in daring tone,  
Braving the anger of th' Omniscient Lord,  
From man was driven out a vagabond abhorr'd.

## XVIII.

Or how the peaceful Enoch walk'd with God,  
Amidst a world of wickedness and strife;  
And how he was not found in earth's abode,  
Caught up immediate to eternal life.  
Or how, a comfort when his cares were rife,  
And foam'd the curse in wrath's o'er-brimming horn,  
To woe-worn Lamech by his faithful wife,  
Noah, amidst the ungodly scoffs and scorn  
Of a rejected world, a Preacher bold was born;

## XIX.

Whom, when the day of slighted patience closed,  
And wrath's dark night arose in starless gloom,  
A miracle of mercy interposed  
To save amidst the all-o'erwhelming doom;  
And how, when on a lost world's closing tomb,  
Its relic, and its orphan poor he stood,  
His grateful offering's savoury perfume,  
Through precious faith in the Messiah's blood,  
Rose with acceptance meet before the throne of God:

## XX.

Who on his weakness turn'd a pitying eye,  
Resolved in such sort never to contend  
Again with sinful flesh—but wet and dry,  
In measure meet, with heat and cold to send;  
And seasons, round the rolling earth to blend  
Beauty and grandeur in successive rise;  
And day and night, until th' appointed end  
Of all within man's visive range that lies,  
The garniture of earth, the glory of the skies.

## XXI.

And how he bade him love and multiply,  
And fill the earth, yet fair for him outspread,  
And rule o'er all that run, creep, swim or fly;  
The rightful owner, and the sovereign head.  
And how, lest in his breast a secret dread  
Might harbour, and his better thoughts confine,  
Of wrath removed and reconciliation made,  
The glorious symbol, dipp'd in dyes divine,  
Bright on the rising cloud he bade the rainbow shine.

## XXII.

Or 'neath his oak reclined in Mamre's vale,  
His herd around him browsing peaceful spread,  
Abram, they see, God's Messengers regale,  
And hear him warm for Sodom intercede.  
Awestruck, they mark that careless city laid,  
Full-fed upon the wanton lap of ease,  
Fast closing o'er her wrath's eternal shade,  
Yet hoarse her tumult, rising on the breeze,  
Wild as the boreal winds, or tempest-stricken seas.

## XXIII.

Her doom how dread! The gray dawn's placid beam  
Has still'd it now, the madden'd night's uproar—  
Sloth on her pillow re-repeats her dream,  
And blotch'd intemperance, gorged, her nasal snore.  
Soft glints the rising sun on tree and tower,  
And love and joy awake the woodland quire,  
When lo! it bursts from heaven one flash of power,  
One scintillation of almighty ire!  
Which wraps them one and all up in eternal fire.

## XXIV.

Unhappy Lot! didst thou not now reflect  
Upon thy selfish choice, thy love of gain;  
Thy comfort, and thy dutiful respect  
For generous Abram sacrificed in vain?  
That rich, well-water'd, ever-verdant plain,  
So captivating to thy carnal eye,  
With all upon it, swallow'd up amain—  
Leaves thee in widow'd solitude to sigh,  
The weeping child of woe, and cheerless poverty.

## XXV.

Or Isaac meek, come forth at eventide  
To meditate at La-hai-roi well,  
By fair Rebekah met in maiden pride,  
Awakes their pious feeling's gentler swell.  
And Jacob, how they, lingering, love to dwell  
On portions of thy strangely varied tale;  
Thy patient toil, thy faith that did excel,  
Thy strength with th' angel wrestling to prevail,  
Whence came, a prince with God, thy new name Israel.

## XXVI.

Or Pisgah mount with Moses they ascend,  
The distant land of promise to survey;  
That goodly land, where hills and valleys blend,  
Woods wave, streams glide, and living fountains play.  
A land for which God careth every day—  
Refresh'd with rain and fertilized with dew;  
A land whereon his strong right hand for aye  
Shall rest conspicuous in creation's view,  
Astonishing in grace, in judgment fearful too!

## XXVII.

Or of th' Eternal One, a child of days,  
All lowly in a humble manger laid;  
Or toil-consumed in life's laborious ways,  
A man of sorrows, wanting daily bread;  
Nor having where to lay his aching head  
In his own world—by his own chosen race  
His love with heartless apathy repaid,  
His office power malign'd, and, to his face,  
Charged with demoniac aid his highest acts of grace.

## XXVIII.

Or, through the frail humanity he wore,  
How brightly to the eye of faith it shone,  
Although at times with more or less of power,  
The glory of th' alone begotten Son.  
Image express of him th' unseen One,  
He made his pathway the wide weltering wave;  
He spoke—the winds were still, disease was gone,  
And, yielding up its charge, th' oblivious grave  
Proclaim'd him Lord of all omnipotent to save.

## XXIX.

Perhaps they read, while rapture-speaking tears  
Like dew-drops o'er their sunburnt faces stray,  
How free'd from all his woes and all his fears,  
Death's bands he burst upon this hallow'd day:  
And gracious, as his friends pursued their way  
Towards Emmaus, their faith and hope nigh gone,  
Revived their spirits with a rich display  
From his own word how all that had been done  
Must needs have met on him, as from the first foreshown.



## XXX.

Foretold in Eden by the bruised heel  
The woman's seed was destined to sustain;  
Foreshown by faith's accepted sign and seal,  
Good Abel's firstlings for an off'ring slain—  
And by the door-posts sprinkled, not in vain,  
With blood, when Egypt's first-born vengeance slew;—  
And by the Serpent rear'd on Petra's plain,  
By Moses, in the congregation's view,  
On which the dying look'd, and looking liv'd anew.

## XXXI.

In David, from the haunts of man exiled,  
Pursued by Saul, and that vile Edomite,  
Doeg, God's priests who unrelenting kill'd,  
Four-score and five men in his causeless spite;—  
And by the prophets, in the sacred light  
Of inspiration rising strong and clear,  
Who hail'd the prospect with intense delight,  
And, humbly searching, as the time drew near,  
To Daniel 'twas vouchsafed to tell th' auspicious year.

## XXXII.

Then, on their knees, with fervour deep they pour  
Out all their hearts into His gracious ear,  
Who, having proved temptation's evil hour,  
Feels all the sorrows of his people here.  
And o'er their sinful lives, their wanderings drear  
From that which all their better thoughts approve,  
They deep lament, with many a bitter tear,  
Imploring, all his other gifts above,  
An increase to their faith, their charity and love.

## XXXIII.

But not to mourning nor requests alone  
Confined—their grateful adorations rise  
For countless mercies daily to them shown,  
For life and all its bountiful supplies;  
For all those tender and endearing ties  
That link them in affection's golden chain—  
For hope, that anchoring far above the skies,  
Gives them the soul's calm sunshine to maintain,  
Though daily prest with toil, with poverty and pain.

## XXXIV.

And humbled to the dust, they ardent pray,  
His promised Spirit still to be their guide,  
Amidst the snares in life's bewildering way,  
That, watchful, lurk unseen on every side.  
And in their lot, whatever may betide,  
The sunny calm—or tempest howling high,  
He in the cloudy-skirted storm may ride,  
And whisper soft, as fainting low they lie,  
“My friends, be not afraid, for see, behold, 'tis I!”

## XXXV.

Their humble morning meal is now set forth,  
No delicacies heap their simple board,  
One homely dish each morn rewards their worth,  
'Tis all they ask, and all they can afford.  
Yet still, within their frugal pantry stored,  
Some little dainty waits, to grace the day  
Of holy rest and joy, when cares abhorr'd,  
Each in its comfort-marring cloud gives way  
Before th' enlivening blaze of Hope's high-streaming ray.

## XXXVI.

Then, forth they go, for now before the door  
The short'ning shadow marks the hour of nine;  
And by the broomy hill are coming o'er  
Their village neighbours, glittering, clean and fine.  
Upon the road, with neighbours, neighbours join,  
And converse sweet beguiles the tedious way—  
Some trace in Nature's works the hand divine,  
Some through the flowery fields of Scripture stray,  
And some retail the news—the nonsense of the day.

## XXXVII.

The sun burns bright—wide through the fervid air,  
Of insect wings the hum unceasing flows;  
And stretch'd around, beneath th' oppressive glare,  
The flowery field with dazzling splendour glows.  
Adown the vale, beneath the shady boughs,  
The herd seek shelter from the sultry beam,  
Or under yon tall rock, that, rising, throws  
All hoary, through the trees a dusky gleam,  
Their panting sides they lave, deep in the silver stream.

## XXXVIII.

The peaceful valley smiles—with wanton glee  
The hare leaps, playful, in the broomy shade;  
And clear the wild-wood strains of liberty,  
All rapt'rous, sweep along the sunny glade.  
With eyes of jet, and swelling bosom red,  
The little Robin, flutt'ring, flits on high;  
The russet Wren, among the brushwood hid,  
Patters unseen, or on the careless eye,  
Comes like a falling leaf in air light wavering by.

## XXXIX.

Sweet Nature's children! these your haunts enjoy,  
Nor yet for me one sportive round decline;  
No ruffian I, your pleasures to destroy;  
No, brethren, no! the GOD ye praise is mine.  
But ah! what bands approach with fell design!  
Their faces dark, with guilty horror brown;  
Nor song, nor service is to them divine,  
Nor holy times, nor tender ties they own,  
The base, degenerate dregs of yonder smoky town.

## XL.

Within their bosoms quench'd the light of Heaven,  
In vain would Pity cross their guilty way;  
The harmless creatures fly, in terror driven,  
As, dark, they sweep along with ruthless sway.  
The warbling Linnet drops the unfinish'd lay,  
Frantic, to see her little nestlings torn  
For ever from her eyes:—full many a day,  
With feathers ragged, drooping, all forlorn,  
Her plaintive note shall flow from yonder milk-white  
thorn.

## XLI.

Nor there will wanton cruelty in peace,  
Her woe-fraught strains allow her time to pour;  
Crashes the bush, wide floats its flowery fleece,  
As, aim'd at her, resounds the stony shower:—  
Thus, oft the Bard in silence must endure  
The prideful pelting of the ruffian throng;  
Who spurn his holy flame, his feelings pure,  
And arm'd in self-adoring maxims, strong,  
Despise the charms of wit, and energies of song.

## XLII.

Ye reckless ones, why will ye scatter pain,  
And carry wailing into scenes so fair?  
Let nature plead, the barbarous act refrain,  
The toil-built nest, the little nestlings spare.  
The flood of song shall well reward your care,  
While glide the life renewing months of spring;  
Through summer leafy, many a grateful pair  
Shall cheer your lonely walks with social wing;  
Yea, there, through winter wild, the Red-breast sweet  
shall sing.

## XLIII.

But now, at length, in view the church appears,  
An ancient pile, with moss-grown turrets grey,  
The venerable work of other years,  
Which Time's swift lapse hath plac'd far away:  
There, oft the sons, to prayer on such a day,  
In troublous times, the fathers fond have led,  
Who, peaceful now, beneath the silent clay,  
Lie with the congregation of the dead,  
Their feet for aye from toil, their eyes from sorrow hid.

## XLIV.

How solemn to the eye the scene appears! [crown'd,  
The yew—the porch, with pale Death's emblems  
And sable-rail'd, bedeck'd with pompous tears,  
The rich men's tombs, that, gloomy rise around;  
Of some, the smooth-hewn slab marks out the bound,  
Preserving still the poor possessor's name,  
Perhaps his years; while level with the ground,  
Many, by friendship mourn'd, unknown to fame,  
Beneath the grass-green sod, no frail memorial claim.

## XLV.

Here, wrapt in thought, the poor man wanders wild,  
And dark the days of other years return;  
For underneath that turf, his darling child,  
His first-born son, lies in the mould'ring urn.  
He heaves a sigh, his heart begins to burn—  
The rough grey stone still marks his fav'rite's head;  
And o'er him, beauteous in the breath of morn,  
To all her children, Nature's bounteous meed,  
With scarlet gayly tipt, the lowly daisies spread.

## XLVI.

“ Child of my love, confess'd before my eye  
Thou standest, fair in all thy blooming grace;  
Wild on the wind thy sunny ringlets fly,  
And dawning goodness brightens on thy face.  
I see, I see thee in the sportive race,  
Lured by the bright son of the summer beam;—  
I see thee, panting, drop the fruitless chase—  
For, glittering, far adown the silver stream,  
He floats on air away, as fades the nightly dream.

## XLVII.

“ So fadedst thou! for never sportive more,  
Bloated, and black, upon thy bed of pain  
I see thee laid:—thy short, short span is o'er—  
A mournful proof, that earth-born hopes are vain.  
Yet, let me never pour the tear profane—  
Well hast thou 'scaped a wicked world of woe;  
The spurn of pride—Misfortune's driving rain,  
And creeping chill, the baleful blast of snow,  
From poverty's cold sky, hath never laid thee low.

## XLVIII.

"Thou hast not heard the child of deep distress  
 In bitterness pour forth the anguish'd groan;  
 Thou hast not seen, and yet couldst not redress,  
 Poor Misery, pining, friendless and alone.  
 Nor was it thine in sorrow to bemoan  
 A wandering childhood, and a wanton youth—  
 Ere sin had gather'd strength, lo, thou wert gone,  
 Devotion's first note trembling in thy mouth,  
 Raptures for aye to drink before the throne of truth."

## XLIX.

While thus he, meditative, pours the tear\*  
 Of pious resignation o'er his dead,  
 The rising psalm it swells upon his ear,  
 A psalm that made Israel's sweet singer glad:  
 Because to dwell in hades' dismal bed  
 His soul would not be left, he felt secure;  
 His flesh, besides, to rest in hope was made,  
 A joyful hope, even in death's darksome hour,  
 Placed far beyond the reach of foul corruption's power.

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\* The following five stanzas originally filled the place of the succeeding twelve stanzas in the text:—

While thus he, pondering, pours the pious tear,  
 The congregation are assembled round,  
 And, widely echoed, swells upon his ear,  
 Of praise sublime, the sweetly solemn sound.  
 He joins to sing, with reverence profound,  
 Of God the power, the wisdom, and the grace,  
 Who deep, impact, earth's strong foundations bound,  
 Heav'd huge the hills, spread smooth the valley's face,  
 And for the turbid deep barr'd strong th' appointed place.

## L.

Perhaps the song is of creative might,  
 How this huge mass in shapeless darkness rose,  
 And God said, Let light be, and there was light,  
 Till misty evening made the first day's close.  
 For thus, in wisdom infinite, He chose  
 To mark creation's age, the march of time,  
 While yet with life no creature living glows,  
 But over all the wide and watery clime,  
 Vast, on the shoreless sea, sat solitude sublime.

Who gives the Spring her robe of lightsome green,  
 Inwove with swelling buds and blooming flowers;  
 And matron Summer's florid form to screen,  
 Umbrageous, hangs with leaves the woodland bowers:  
 Who in the lap of widow'd Autumn pours,  
 Rich the collected treasures of the year,  
 And wings the sweeping blast, that angry roars  
 Round the hoar hill, or through the forest sere,  
 When drift-clad Winter stalks in gousty darkness drear.

Who in the storm, and in the pathless deep,  
 Mysterious hath his unrevealed way;  
 Whose fiat rolling worlds unnumber'd keep,  
 And myriad hosts of seraphim obey:  
 Who o'er the heavens star-paved, can yet display  
 The curtains black of horror's viewless throne;  
 And if he look on earth, in wild dismay  
 It, trembling, like the chased roe is gone,  
 Or silly, wandering sheep, whom no man cares to own.

Who Zion's friend her councillor and king,  
 Hath glorious been, even from the times of old,  
 Watering her fields from life's clear-flowing spring,  
 Whence all her blossoms burn with living gold:  
 Who back the Red Sea's roaring surges roll'd,  
 When forth he led her from the land of slaves,  
 And, roused up, Egypt's dragon, blindly bold,  
 Pursued presumptuous, through its pearly caves,  
 Till sunk with all his pride beneath th' avenging waves:



## LI.

Or how, at the same word, rock-ribb'd the hills,  
 Inlaid with iron and brass, with gems and gold,  
 Upheav'd their heads, sparkling with silver rills,  
 And splinter'd pinnacles abrupt and bold;  
 While at their feet smooth spreading vales unfold  
 Their ample bosoms, as the waters blue,  
 Beneath th' impress divine together roll'd,  
 And toiling many a tortuous winding through,  
 Into the vast abyss, their destined path pursue.

## LII.

Another word adorns the naked scene  
 With herbage green, and flowers of every dye,  
 Trees full of fruit, and of the stateliest mien,  
 Tall forests nodding o'er the mountains high.  
 He said again, and, glowing from the sky,  
 Majestic shone the ruler of the day;  
 And, all her bright attendants standing by,  
 Right opposite, the moon, with paler ray,  
 Of sober-suited night the sceptre soft to sway.

With cloud by day, by night with pillar'd flame,  
 Who in the howling desert was her guide;  
 At whose command from dry rocks rivers came,  
 And foodful dews her daily bread supplied;  
 And glorious overshadowing far and wide,  
 Upon the mount of ordinances seen,  
 Whose name is still—The Lord, who will provide  
 Strength for the weak, rich portions for the mean,  
 With sanctifying grace for hearts and lips unclean.

## LIII.

And now th' omnific word is on the floods,  
 That pregnant all with life prolific teem,  
 With fowl of every kind, to cheer the woods,  
 Or, hid in clouds, from mountain tops to scream;  
 And fish disporting in the crystal stream,  
 Freckled with silver, crimson dropt and gold;  
 Or, huge, laid slumberous in the noontide beam,  
 On far sea depths, in many a winding fold,  
 Sea monsters vast, whose names by man have ne'er been  
 told.

## LIV.

Once more He said, and from the womb of earth,  
 Minute and vast most wondrously combined,  
 All living things exultingly came forth,  
 Each fully grown and perfect in its kind.  
 But still there wanted, in the Almighty mind,  
 Th' extreme of power and wisdom shown in one,  
 Matter with spirit, soul with body join'd,  
 A somewhat to complete th' eternal plan—  
 "Come, let us make," He said, and the result was MAN.

## LV.

Man, framed of dust, but by Jehovah's hand  
 Compounded, and thy soul a breath divine,  
 Such as the love of angels to command,  
 How high and holy was that place of thine!  
 Thou wast of this magnificent design,—  
 That in the bosom of the Triune God  
 Lay forming from an unbeginning line,—  
 The consummation. Now He pausing stood,  
 Review'd the glorious whole, and all was very good.

## LVI.

He rested and refresh'd beheld, well pleased,  
His own Eternal Godhead thus display'd;  
And now, His vast idea realized,  
He ceased from making all that He had made.  
And let the day be holiness, He said,  
A weekly witness how the world began—  
A bulwark to religion—reason's aid,  
What time creation's dawn she aims to scan—  
A blest seventh day's release to labour-laden man.

## LVII.

Or, mediately, they sing, by laws imprest  
On nature, how He worketh out His will;  
Each element, beneath His high behest,  
Awake and active, or inert and still.  
And, how for promised good or threaten'd ill,  
The ready means in order rank'd they stand—  
The rain, the dew, the air have powers to kill,  
Death points the sunbeam, and if He command,  
A breeze, a worm, a fly, shall waste the wealthiest land.

## LVIII.

Or, if need be, with all his world of waves,  
The sea upon the sinful land shall rise,  
The solid earth shall gape with open graves  
Before Rebellion's fury-flashing eyes.  
From its broad base, o'erturn'd the mountain lies,  
Deep burying every monument of man,  
Or shoots an arch of fire o'er half the skies,  
That terror blanch'd through all their signs look wan,  
While rueful ruin smokes beneath its awful span.

## LIX.

Or sweeter, and with holier ecstasy,  
They sing how glorious all His name above  
Expands His mercy's vast infinity,  
The boundless riches of redeeming love;  
The flood of joy which all His creatures prove  
In instincts, passions, habits, feelings fine,  
When peaceful each in course the seasons move,  
And, all exultant in their breath divine,  
The vales flow out with milk, the hills with oil and wine.

## LX.

Or, how they joy, in meek humility,  
Once more to stand within the house of God,  
Where flows the stream of life, out-welling free,  
And He himself delights to make abode—  
Gracious from him, worn out in life's rough road,  
His hope, it may be, ready to expire,  
To lift insensibly the galling load,  
Rewaken faith, draw out the strong desire,  
Till warm'd his bosom glows intense with heavenly fire.

## LXI.

Then rising all, the minister to heaven,  
In suppliant mood, lifts up his hands on high,  
Rich with the light six thousand years have given,  
The fires of genius brighten in his eye:  
But on his brow sits meek humility,  
With ardent love and awful reverence join'd,  
In sight of Him who, bending from the sky,  
Regards the contrite heart with aspect kind,  
But spurns, with loathing deep, the self-elated mind.

## LXII.

With him their souls in adoration rise,  
With him their deep contrition they express  
For countless follies, grave iniquities,  
Abused mercy, and neglected grace;  
For churlish discontent and thanklessness  
Beneath the joy which every day renews;  
For obstinate and heartless pride of face,  
Through which th' obedient shoulder they refuse,  
Though law, and light, and love have left them no excuse.

## LXIII.

But while the power and prevalence of sin,  
With tears of genuine sorrow they bemoan,  
They think of Him their advocate, within  
The highest heaven, a priest upon his throne,  
Which by obedience to the death he won,  
With power o'er all existences conjoin'd,  
Eternal life to give to every one,  
Who, in the purpose of th' All-seeing Mind,  
For that vocation high was to his care consign'd.

## LXIV.

And now, that He would graciously shed down  
His Spirit on their souls, they humbly plead,  
That so the word from faith to faith made known,  
May prove to them the true life-giving bread;  
That, the Great Shepherd, he would stand and feed  
This day in all the majesty of God,  
Administering, to all who sow, the seed,  
Breathing of grace the fructifying cloud,  
And waking warm to blow the south wind soft abroad.

## LXV.

And as He stills the forest-rending wind,  
Of seas, and all their waves the wild uproar,  
So speak conviction to the sinner's mind,  
And bid corruption rage and rule no more:  
And on the soul, in grief afflicted sore,  
Temptation toss'd, in darkness all forlorn,  
The healing balm of consolation pour,  
While rises bright, his pathway to adorn,  
Heaven-breathing Hope, array'd in all the hues of morn.

## LXVI.

Prayer ended—now the Scripture page is read  
And brief expounded to the simple hind,  
How, by the serpent's guileful speech betray'd,  
Our first grand parents from the truth declined,  
By one rash act themselves, yea all their kind,  
To sorrow, toil, and death delivering o'er,—  
Hence wide o'er earth diffused the hateful mind,—  
Hence groans the forest track'd with living gore,  
And war with baleful breath has blasted every shore.

## LXVII.

Hence wrathful ruin sweeps the troubled sky,  
Or slumbers in the congregating clouds,  
Or in the depths of earth, from every eye  
Conceal'd, the fell resolve in silence broods.  
In cheerless gloom the face of day she shrouds,  
Her breath is thunder, or with frost burns froze,  
Beneath her feet the trembling earth explodes  
With direful crash, prelude to the hour  
When wrapt in flame the world shall sink beneath her  
power.

## LXVIII.

The love of God this painful theme relieves,—  
A love which doth all knowledge far transcend,  
Which yet the babe in knowledge, who believes,  
In some degree is taught to comprehend:  
Whence came the Lowly One, the poor man's friend,  
And from his lips snatch'd wrath's red cup of gall,  
Which drinking, he had labour'd without end,  
In direful den shut up stern justice' thrall,  
Debarr'd the light of hope or soothing mercy's call.

## LXIX.

But He, though frowning Death stood interposed,  
At one full draught the dregs unshrinking wrung,  
While round him fierce, in fiery phalanx closed,  
Princedoms and powers, rulers of darkness strong;  
Who saw him laid the long lost dead among,  
And number'd him with malefactors vile,  
Presuming to have marr'd for aye the song,  
Through life that soothed the weary mourner's toil,  
And even in death's dread hour gave him the victor's smile.

## LXX.

Presumption vain—although the insatiate tomb  
Was closed upon him with the seal of power,  
And men of war, the invincibles of Rome,  
Set sentinels to make his prison sure;  
God's angel, as it came the appointed hour,  
Another watcher, clothed in flame, descends,  
Rolls back, and sits upon the huge stone door;—  
Blood-curdling fear each soldier's breath suspends,  
While earth's foundations deep the heaving earthquake  
rends.

## LXXI.

And Jesus, self-reviving, takes again  
That life for man he in his love laid down,  
Up with him, too, he brings a glorious train,  
First fruits to gem his mediatorial crown:  
And trophies of eternal victory, won  
On that dark shore wash'd by oblivion's wave,  
Sure pledges that he holds them for his own,  
The keys of death and of the dismal grave,  
Omnipotent, alike or to condemn or save.

## LXXII.

Now, having died once, he dies no more,  
But sits a Priest and King upon his throne;  
The head of principality and power  
Throughout all worlds supreme, th' Anointed One.  
Because he made himself man's feeble son,  
Heir to his grief, his penury, and pain,  
He, by the high decree, and he alone,  
With office power is vested, to sustain  
Wrath's adamantine bars, and mercy's golden chain.

## LXXIII.

In faith of this, sublime the Sabbath song  
The ancient church raised to the Righteous One,  
Which now far lands and distant isles prolong,  
And ever shall, till time's last sands are run.  
And, when on earth the work of God is done,  
And tears, and sighs, with sin have fled away;  
The same glad notes shall rise before the throne,  
No voice discordant, and no heart astray,  
Still new, and still the same, through glory's endless day.



## LXXIV.

Stranger to this consolatory theme,  
Beware the atheist's hiss, the sceptic's sneer;  
Here plain to all, as with a sunbright beam,  
A future judgment-day is written clear.  
Yes! as he went, again he shall appear,  
With clouds and darkness round about his throne;  
His voice shall yet resound in every ear  
That lives, or e'er hath lived the earth upon,  
To him each knee shall bow, him every tongue shall own.

## LXXV.

Once, deem'd the meanest of the mean, he stood  
At Caiaphas' and Herod's partial bar;  
Was spit on by a base and brutal crowd,  
And set at nought by ruffian men of war.  
Nor did that truckling Roman, Pilate, dare,  
Though awe-struck with his spotless innocence,  
Aught better for his safety to prepare,  
Than rods and scourging, on the vile pretence,  
In sordid minds, by wrong, t' awaken moral sense.

## LXXVI.

Then he was in the greatness of his strength,  
Humiliation's dreary vale within,  
Wrath's ample winepress treading out at length,  
Beneath the burden of his people's sin.  
Now he is come in majesty to win  
The full reward of all his travail sore,  
A new career of glory to begin—  
Glory with God the Father, kept in store  
Unseen, yea, unconceived in earth or heaven before.

## LXXVII.

Now it shines out, that glory all his own  
Ere time his silent course began to run—  
That glory to the world's wise ones unknown,  
Th' eternal glory of th' Eternal Son.  
Nor comes' he glorious as the Son alone,  
With that of the Eternal Father seal'd,  
But glorious as the Economic One,  
By whom in every age have been reveal'd  
The counsels high of Heaven, and in him all fulfill'd.

## LXXVIII.

Think, thou his grace who daarest to despise,  
How thou wilt meet him on this day of ire,  
When conscience with demoniac strength shall rise  
To dash thy soul with accusations dire.  
Creation burns immense, one sea of fire,  
Worlds—suns, and stars, and systems are no more.  
Where wilt thou fly? how will thy dreams expire,  
Cast out thy boundless folly to deplore,  
Where death's dark waters lave despair's still darker shore.

## LXXIX.

For thee in vain new heavens and earth arise,  
The abodes of peace, of love, and holiness;  
This found no favour in thy blinded eyes,  
And these of course thou never canst possess.  
Ah! yet bethink thee, while with peaceful voice  
He stands, th' atoning High Priest, full in view;  
His precious blood, his sanctifying grace  
Proffering to all, with admonition due,  
To faith, repentance, love, and prompt obedience new.

## LXXX.

The preacher thus, with that impressive air  
Subjects so awfully sublime require,  
Adjures his audience all with many a tear,  
To 'scape the vengeance of eternal fire;  
To rest on God, who is the warm desire  
Of those that fear him, faithful to fulfil:  
Who oft to rapture tunes the mourner's lyre,  
Even when the rain of sorrow, falling chill,  
Hath drench'd the flowers of hope, that bloom on Faith's  
green hill.

## LXXXI.

The sermon closed—again in prayer they join,  
Prayer not preferr'd for sordid selfish ends,  
But, drinking at the fount of love divine,  
Wide as the world their soul's warm wish extends.  
And sweet the grand prophetic song ascends—  
Mercy is built for ever firm and sure;  
On God her strong stability depends,  
And still her seed, brought forth refined and pure,  
Shall, as the sun in heaven, from age to age endure.

## LXXXII.

Now westward driving far, with prone career,  
The red-hair'd sun rolls on his fiery road;  
Gay, golden hues the green-topp'd mountains wear,  
And deeper shades invest the waving wood.  
When, closed the sacred work, they come abroad,  
Devoutly raised to holy rapture some;  
Some pond'ring dark, the fix'd decrees of God,  
His awful wrath, the Sinner's final doom,  
With all the shadowy shapes that frown behind the tomb.

## LXXXIII.

Ah! Christian, cease! these dangerous themes forbear,  
Or farewell hope! farewell departed joy!  
There, Frenzy wild, a legion in her rear  
Of phantoms fell, lies lurking to destroy.  
Surrounded once, in vain shalt thou employ  
Thy powers, to force her dark entrenchments strong,  
No art can soothe, no argument annoy  
Her baleful train, that thick and thicker throng,  
Till whelm'd, thy reason falls, in darkness stretch'd along.

## LXXXIV.

Mark, yonder, where the bean-field fragrant blooms,  
Diffusing grateful odours all around,  
Woful and wan the moping maniac roams,  
Within her mazy fetters, mournful, bound.  
His looks are ever fixed on the ground,  
Despair's dark tear dim glistens in his eye;  
Now he stops short, now starts with sudden bound,  
While, from his bosom bursts the rending sigh,  
And hell and horror still accent his wailing cry.

## LXXXV.

Upon his faded form and gestures wild,  
The lowing heifer stares with wondering gaze;  
And o'er him, sweet Devotion's ruin'd child,  
Th' unconscious warbler mends his love-taught lays;  
The lark, descending in the sunny rays,  
Bends down the flowery turf with slender feet,  
His speckled breast, his rising plume displays,  
The gentle breathings of the breeze to meet,  
And pours his raptur'd strain in warblings wildly sweet.

## LXXXVI.

But what are warbling birds, or flowery fields,  
 To him whose heart still bleeds, whose spirit grieves—  
 Say, what the joy a smiling prospect yields,  
 When grim Despair the web of terror weaves?  
 Sing on, the bruised one cries; your happy lives,  
 Ye birds, are pure; arise on spotless wing;  
 Spurn earth, vile earth! 'tis but a place of graves—  
 Ah! why should death your gentle bosoms wring?  
 'Tis I—poor wretched I, have forged the fatal sting.

## LXXXVII.

Thy fires, O vengeance! in what corner hid?  
 Thy victim I, thy speedy act implore!  
 Why hangs thy red bolt, Justice, o'er my head?  
 Exact thy due, and I shall be no more.  
 In vain I call! those skies must ever lower!  
 This dreadful shade, Remorse, still crush me down:  
 O Mercy! Mercy! is thy season o'er?  
 Will God for ever, thus in anger frown,  
 And stalking terrors guard all access to his throne?

## LXXXVIII.

Yes, still to me—I see the dark decree  
 Firm as the pillars of th' eternal throne!  
 O Hope, sweet Hope! on all thy flowery tree  
 No blossom blows, to ease my dying groan."  
 Thus hapless, day by day, his life glides on—  
 Not so where Reason aids Religion's reign;  
 There, though the tempest howl, fair Hope, anon,  
 Far beaming, brightens Faith's immense domain,  
 Where free the soul expands, exults, and smiles serene.

## LXXXIX.

From church return'd, our simple cottar see,  
 His babes around him innocently smile;  
 His spouse, with looks of kind complacency,  
 Hastes to present again the frugal meal.  
 And as they eat, what text was read he'll tell;  
 What doctrines thence deduc'd, what sins reprov'd,  
 What motives given to cherish holy zeal,  
 What views to faith of Him her best Belov'd,  
 By whom upheld, she stands in fiery storms unmov'd.

## XC.

To him, their guide, they lend a willing ear,  
 While he at large instructs them as he can,  
 The path of truth to tread, their God to fear,  
 And thus fulfil the great design of man.  
 Nor sneer, ye sages—though unfit to scan  
 Your systems jarring, intricate, and wild;  
 Some precious outlines of Salvation's plan,  
 How man far, far from happiness, exiled,  
 By grace may be restored, he yet can teach his child.

## XCI.

Nor can the simplest here be at a loss,  
 Thanks to our great forefathers' pious care,  
 Who, shunning doctrines crude, and customs gross,  
 Built up our church compact, a fabric fair;  
 With formularies, rich, beyond compare,  
 In all the elements of truth divine,  
 Especially the Shorter Compend, where,  
 Concise and neat, in each perspicuous line,  
 Great thoughts with simplest words felicitously join.

## XCII.

Ranged in due order, there the little ones—  
A sight which seraphs stoop from heaven to see—  
Each in its gravest mood, and firmest tone,  
The running question answers full and free.  
Even he, the infant on his mother's knee,  
A lisping lamiter, of feeble frame,  
Distinguish'd as his elders, too, must be,  
To speak the Spirit's grace, the Saviour's fame,  
Although 'tis but by halves he can pronounce the name.

## XCIII.

And one whose life seems drawing near the grave,  
Darken'd her day, her nights with pain opprest,  
She, too, her custom'd place and say must have,  
Leaning her head upon a sister's breast.  
A psalm, too, she has got as well 's the rest,  
Though ears do now the want of eyes supply—  
How truly every humble soul is blest  
Who can, by faith, on Jacob's God rely,  
Who made and peopled earth, the sea, and heaven high.

## XCIV.

Who giveth, gracious, to the blind their sight,  
And leads them by a way they do not know;  
The bowed down doth make to walk upright,  
And the pale cheek with roseate health to glow;  
In whom compassions, never ceasing, flow,  
And mercy reigns an attribute supreme,  
Long suffering, to aught like anger slow,  
And bounteous, in the trying hour extreme,  
From all iniquity his Israel to redeem.

## XCV.

Thus, from the mouth of babes, the song of praise  
Ascends to heaven, at eve or dewy morn;  
Hence truest honour, with unborrow'd rays,  
In humble life the meanest may adorn.  
Thus taught, the hind treats with a manly scorn  
Th' ambiguous virtues of th' ignobly great;  
And true to reason, by pure faith upborne,  
Soaring o'er all the rigours of his fate,  
With dignity and grace adorns his low estate.

## XCVI.

Parental teaching closed with family prayer,  
Each seeks, for soft repose, the peaceful bed;  
The sire except, who, by the evening fair,  
To muse along the greenwood side is led.  
The setting sun, in robes of crimson red  
And purple gorgeous, clothes the glowing west;  
While sober eve, in misty mantle clad,  
One bright star, lovely, beaming on her breast,  
With feet all bathed in dew, comes slowly from the east.

## XCVII.

Now closed—the daisy droops its dewy head,—  
Hush'd are the woods, the breathing fields are still,  
And soft beneath the meadow's flowery pride,  
Creeps gurgling on its way—the mossy rill.  
Sublimely solemn rolls the mingling swell,  
At times with many a mournful pause between,  
Of streams rude, rushing down the sounding dell,  
Re-echo'd far from distant wilds unseen,  
And lambs that softly bleat far o'er the flowery green.



## XCVIII.

Fast follows on the cloud of night's dark noon,  
 And bright the fires of heaven begin to blaze;  
 While o'er the misty mountain's head, the moon  
 Pours, in a streaming flood, her silver rays.  
 White on the pool, her radiance, flickering, plays,  
 Where shadows, faintly glimmering, shadows mar;  
 And clear, the cottage window, to the gaze  
 Of solitary wanderer, gleaming far  
 Up yonder green hill side, appears a glittering star.

## XCIX.

Our Poor Man here, in converse with the sky,  
 Lone, o'er the uplands holds his wandering way;  
 His bosom swells, he heaves the frequent sigh,  
 And tears start sudden, ere he well knows why.  
 'Tis nature stirs him—verging to decay,  
 Through all her works, she pours the weary groan;  
 Even now, by faith, he hails th' eventful day—  
 He hears the trump of God—the great white throne  
 Is raised—creation melts—lo, heaven and earth are gone!

## C.

And thou, my soul! he cries, shalt thou survive,  
 When quench'd in years, these living fires shall fade?  
 Yes, in immortal vigour thou shalt live,  
 And soar and sing when every star is fled.  
 For so hath GOD—GOD thy Redeemer said:  
 A higher song than seraph's shall be thine,  
 Yea, though in mould'ring clay this flesh be laid,  
 These very lips, with energy divine,  
 Heaven's high resounding harp in holy hymns shall join.

## CI.

To God, for ever let thy song ascend,  
Though stormy howlings sweep thy rugged path;  
Though weeping woe thy straiten'd steps attend,  
And sin thy green leaves soil with burning breath;  
There yet remains a rest reveal'd to faith,  
A rest from sin and all its dire distress;  
A Sabbath sweet, beyond the realm of death,  
Bright with the beams of God's all-gracious face,  
The gift of sovereign love, the rich reward of grace.

## CII.

Sooth'd with this sweet idea, he retires,  
His brow serene with calm contentment's smile,  
To rest, till ruddy morning's glowing fires  
Again awake him to his weekly toil.  
FOUNTAIN OF GOOD! grant me to keep, the while  
My span extends, thy Sabbaths thus alway;  
My reason clear, my spirit free from guile:  
And of thy light still lend a purer ray,  
Till glory's sun arise in bright refulgent day.

## NOTES.

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*His milky charge there too, the farmer feeds."*

STANZA iv. p. 12.

THIS refers to a practice which was common in the days when the Author was conversant with these matters, but which is now, from the change of circumstances, in most places of the country but little known. From the want of enclosures, herds were then universally necessary, and they were sometimes but of very tender years, in which case it was common for the *Gudeman*, as the master was styled, sometimes the *Gudewife*, to take charge of the cattle on the Sabbath mornings, by which means the herd had the privilege of a rest like the other servants. The cattle had also a peculiar enjoyment, as the superior skill or care of the master, generally led them into corners; which, from their confined boundaries, were difficult to the inexperience of a child, and of course were hained riggs. The text gives a reason for this indulgence on the Sabbath; which he, and he alone, who has been a country labourer in the busy periods of the year, can appreciate.

*And with th' assembly great of the first-born,  
Whose names are writ in heaven, in spirit join'd.*

STANZA xii. p. 15.

The man who can calmly look around him on a Sabbath morning, beholding every thing quiet and at rest, the whole creation entering, as it were by anticipation, on that state of deliverance from bondage which an apostle hath assured us is reserved for it against another day, nor feel disposed to add a

note to the harmony that spontaneously breaks forth on every hand, has certainly but a small portion of Devotional feeling: and he that can enter upon his devotions in such a situation, without reflecting that, in the act, he is associated with angels and archangels, with the whole church militant on earth, and with the church triumphant in heaven, has views less extensive than his station ought to afford, and his privileges to inspire; and he who amidst all this can forget the millions of human beings that are sitting in darkness, bowing down to stocks and sacrificing to devils, while the sum of their misery is augmenting every hour, has but little claim to the feeling that ought to characterise the man, far less to that exalted philanthropy which is an unfailing attendant upon genuine Christianity.

*But, from his lowly cot, a curling cloud  
Of smoke ascending, homeward tempts his way.*

STANZA xiii. p. 15.

While it is matter of lamentation that many, intoxicated with the fumes of a godless philosophy, casting off fear and restraining prayer, have converted the Sabbath into a day of revelous dissipation upon which, in the haunts of lewdness, they are assimilated to the spirits who inhabit, and ripened for, the possession of that world of anguish to which, if Omnipotence prevent not, they are hastening; it is matter of rejoicing that many called to glory and virtue seek for the good old paths where their fathers walked, and, through exceedingly great and precious promises being made partakers of a divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world, find them to be indeed paths of pleasantness and peace.

It is not by this meant to be insinuated that the Sabbath should be always met in sables, or that, in order to keep it, a man must be shut up in a darkened chamber and give himself wholly to sighing and tears. No: it is a day that calls for active exertion, for lively and grateful commemoration; a day above all others when our bread ought to be eaten with joy, and our wine drunk with merry hearts, when our garments ought to be always white, and our heads to lack no ointment, seeing we celebrate not only "a world created, but a world redeemed," and, as an elegant writer has observed, "Surely an

entire day should not seem long amidst these various employments. It might well be deemed a privilege thus to spend it in the more immediate presence of our heavenly Father, in the exercises of humble admiration and grateful homage; of the benevolent, and domestic, and social feelings, and of all the best affections of our nature prompted by their true motives, conversant about their proper objects, and directed to their noblest ends. All sorrows mitigated; all cares suspended; all fears repressed; every angry emotion softened; every envious, or revengeful, or malignant passion expelled: and the bosom, thus quieted, purified, enlarged, ennobled, partaking almost a measure of the heavenly happiness, and become for a while the seat of love, and joy, and confidence, and harmony."

*The ravens, mission'd by Almighty power.*

STANZA XV. p. 16.

The miraculous manner in which Elijah was fed, during the bloody persecution carried on against the worshippers of the true God by Ahab, under the influence of the odious Jezabel, is here supposed to be a grateful subject of meditation for a poor man in ordinary cases, as indicative or corroborative of a particular providence. King James VI., of power-loving memory, found in it an irrefragable argument for passive obedience. In his 'Trew Law of free Monarchies,' which he intended as an antidote to Buchanan's *De Jure Regni*, he thus unanswerably enforces upon the people unlimited obedience. "Even when a king, as described by Samuel, takes their sonnes for his horsemen; and some to run before his charet, to care his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make instruments of warre, and their daughters to make them apothecaries, and cooks, and bakers; nor though he should take their fields, and their vineyards, and their best olive trees, and give them to his servants; and take the tenth of their seed, and of their vineyards, and of their flocks, and give it to his servants, had they a right to murmur; the king was only accountable to God; and the chiefs of the people had the example of Elias pointed out for their imitation, who, under the monstrous persecution and tyranny of Ahab, raised no rebellion, but did only 'flee to the wilderness, where, for fault of sustentation HE WAS FED BY

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THE CORBIERS.'\* This is *that* King James, who in a General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, thanked God for being "born in the time of the light of the gospel, and in such a place, as to be king of the sincerest kirk in the world. The Church of Geneva keep pasche and yule; What have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour kirk of England, their service is an evil said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen and barons, to stand to your purity, and to charge your people to do the same. And I, forsooth, as long as I bruik my life, shall do the same." When he afterwards, however, succeeded to the crown of England, and was, by the dignitaries of the English Church, complimented with the appellation of the modern Solomon, he declared that "Scottish Presbytery agreed as well with monarchy as God and the devil;" and when the English presbyterians begged to have their consciences eased from the burden of what he himself had declared to be "an evil said mass in English," commanded them to "conform, or he would herry them out of the land." He, too, by stretching prerogative, packing juries, bribing judges, &c., imprisoned and banished the most able ministers of the Scottish Kirk, for asserting her independency, and standing up for the rights of the people.† He also, for the purpose of promoting piety, and preserving purity among the people, had a Book of Sports compiled for the Sabbath, and promulgated and enforced by his royal authority, commanding it to be read from all the pulpits on the Lord's day, under pain of deprivation! This is *that* King James.

*"The short'ning shadow marks the hour of nine."*

STANZA XXXVI. p. 23.

In several remote situations where the author was once familiar, the inmates had often no mode of knowing the hours but by the course of the sun, to which the humble dwelling served as a dial-style, and by this simple expedient in a clear day, they determined the time with great accuracy.

\* King James' Works, p. 198.

† See Lord Halle's Memorials, &c.

*Upon the road, with neighbours, neighbours join.*

STANZA XXXVI. p. 23.

This is one of the most delightful parts of social intercourse, and also, when properly managed, one of the most improving. In such circumstances, many fine thoughts have been elicited, which otherwise had never been called into existence, and many rich experiences communicated which otherwise had slept for ever in the bosoms of the happy possessors. Many young minds have been excited to the search after truth, by thus learning the progress of the old; and the old have been encouraged to persevering constancy, by the docility and diligence of the young. Whoever has had the happiness, for any length of time, to make one in any of these little groups, which used to be formed principally upon the outskirts of our country congregations, and in sweet fellowship to go and come from the house of God, will be at no loss to conceive, how, in such situations, are generally, if not always, to be found the best informed, as well as the most diligent attendants upon public ordinances.

*But ah! what bands approach with fell design!*

STANZA XXXIX. p. 24.

Noisome bands of this kind are, every sunny Sabbath day, to be met with in all directions, within a day's journey of any of our considerable cities; and they may be divided into three classes.

First, the class here more immediately alluded to, consisting of prodigal sons, vagabond apprentices, and decayed sportsmen or poachers, who, as their aim is plunder, nests, wild berries, pease, turnips, &c., in their seasons, are generally first on the road, and have the most disgusting appearance.

Secondly, your city poets and politicians who take their "SABBATH WALKS" in order to lay in rural imagery; recite to one another the productions of the last week; feed the fires of genius; and display their powers of oratory in some hedge alehouse; from which they may be seen, returning in the evening, generally drunk. The members of this class have,

for the most part, a strutting consequential air, and look with great contempt upon the honest peasantry, whom they observe still keeping up, as they imagine, the foolish practice of going to church.

Lastly, your dashing clerks, shopmen, &c., generally driving threa in a gig, drawn by an old wind-broken hack, if not with the speed, with all the fury, of "Jehu, the son of Nimshi." These are altogether gentlemen, and see no person whatever upon the road; but may often be seen, when they have exhausted their finances, feeding themselves, without extending the same privilege to the horse, walking home on foot, leading, or driving on the poor exhausted animal, and cursing it and its owner in concert, but flogging it on by rotation, a drudgery they are now, or will be by and by, relieved from by the railway Sunday evening trains, of which they will unquestionably be the principal supporters.

*Ah! Christian, cease! these dangerous themes forbear.*

STANZA LXXXIII. p. 40.

Men and women have a singular itching after secrets; and not a few have the temerity to attempt prying into the hidden counsels of the Eternal. This presumptive disposition, it may be presumed, has been the fruitful source of all the metaphysical jargon which has over-run the fields of philosophy, whence it has been introduced into the more elevated regions of Divinity. Once infected with this disease, the person immediately sets about understanding all mysteries, and the consequences commonly correspond with the wisdom of the undertaking.

The practice of the late Rev. Mr. John Newton, with regard to the origin of evil, one of the most formidable of these mysteries, and one which has led not a few far beyond the limits of sober thinking, we would humbly recommend as worthy of imitation. "Many," says he, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."



*To him, their guide, they lend a willing ear.*

STANZA XC. p. 42.

This in the olden time was, in every family, the usual routine of the Sabbath, to which servants, apprentices, and children of all conditions, much to their own benefit in spirituals and in temporals, cheerfully submitted; and it was a principal mean whereby the religious and moral character of Scotland was brought to a pitch of perfection, that made her the object of wonder and of envy to all the nations of Europe.

The law of God, however, was then viewed as entire, and as the alone rule of duty. Not one of the ten commandments had as yet, in the estimation of the public, become effete, whatever it might have been in the practice of individuals; and for any one to have maintained that, conjointly or singly, they might be made subjects of human legislation, would have been considered blasphemy, warranting punishment of the most extreme character; and to have taught, as is now extensively done, that the Sabbath is the entire and sole property of every individual, and is to be used by every individual, not as God hath commanded, but as that individual, in the plenitude of his wisdom, judges to be best, would have been, to him who so taught, a direct and sure passport to bedlam. In the bright sunshine of a godless philosophy, and the dazzling vapour of pantheistic piety, these days of humble and happy ignorance have passed away, and though no legislator may interpose his authority to enforce the observance of God's commandments, except such of them as bear directly upon property, the great dagon of this world's worship, he may, with the aid of his deified majority, modify, subvert, or blot out one or all of them at his pleasure.

Such, with real grief of heart, we reluctantly admit is at present the progress of opinion in all lands—covenanted Scotland not excepted; and our heart is melted within us when we think on what is likely to be the terrible consequences. We have only to cast a glance, in the light of the divine word, on these audacious, heaven daring, judgment defying, and *sumphishly* selfish assumptions, to perceive that they are instinct with savage disorganization, and we tremble every moment for the coming explosion. Have we not beheld continental Europe

as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, turned into one vast bedlam, where the wretched inmates are pouring out each other's blood like water, they know not for what—and, pursuing the same dream of perfectability, grasping at the same intangible shadows, and, for the law of God, the eternal rule of righteousness, substituting organizations, the miserable results of the ever-shifting fancies of wicked and worthless men, who, like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, are continually casting up mire and dirt—is it possible that we can escape drinking the same or a deeper cup of calamity?

**THE**  
**HOUSE OF MOURNING;**

**OR**

**THE PEASANT'S DEATH.**

**WRITTEN IN 1806.**



## PREFACE.

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**THERE** is something in the silent prosecution of humble industry, and especially in the unambitious pursuits of rural life, that the contemplative mind dwells upon with peculiar satisfaction. These pursuits are, in such a mind, naturally associated with considerable privations, but, at the same time, with simple innocence, artless gaiety, and unsuspecting integrity, while their daily results, not only all the necessaries of individual life, but all the luxurious elegancies that ornament and enliven the social circle, give them a positive importance, before which the fictitious assumptions of vanity and pride, sink into utter insignificance.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that they should, for the most part, form the basis of all that variety of illusion, with which the imagination of the indolent, the feeble, or the dissipated victim of wealth, whiles away, in dreaming ecstasy, the sleepy hours, that would otherwise, from their leaden wings, shake poison into the very fountains of existence; for even men of the deepest intelligence, the most indefatigable perseverance, eminent in the practice of all the virtues, and honourably distinguished by success in the noblest pursuits, are often fain to refresh their weary spirits with a glimpse of this same rustic, and, to them at least, visionary felicity.

How often has the man who, putting his life in his hand, has become the saviour of his country, burdened with honours, sick of that deafening adulation which expectant sycophancy is ever pouring into his ears, and, perhaps, inwardly writhing under the cruel reproaches of causeless malice and relentless envy, been constrained to pronounce him the happy man, who shutting out day-dreams of immortality, and with a felicitous selfishness, attending to his own private interests, studying ease and personal enjoyment, has continued to handle the goad, to talk of bullocks, and to plough, undisturbed, his own paternal acres.

But it is unnecessary here to produce particular examples. Though satiety, disappointment and chagrin may make the longing more ardent, and the expression thereof more vehement, the love of simple nature is interwoven in the human constitution, and no rational plan of retired and tranquil enjoyment was ever formed, in which rural toils and rural cares, did not, in some degree, form a component portion. Hence, with the exception of ancient Egypt, where the feelings of nature were perverted by the most abominable idolatry, shepherds and husbandmen, among all nations, have ever been accounted characters of high respectability; and they certainly hold the first place in some of the finest poems of all antiquity. Greece, when she was illuminated by learning, the nurse of the sciences, and the patron of refinement, listened with rapture to the simple reed of Theocritus; and Rome, when she had spread her eagle wings over a subjugated world, smoothed her awful brows an entranced auditor, while Virgil unfolded, in all the harmony of numbers, pastoral cares and rural economy, to the applauding court of Augustus.

In our own country, this species of poetry has been

carefully cultivated; and, from the superior character and attainments of her peasantry, it has here acquired a cast of peculiar elevation. Scotland inherits, indeed, only a barren soil, and enjoys but an ungenial climate; and severe labour, with simple, it may be scanty fare, is the portion of the far greater number of her children. The mountain daisy, the heath's empurpled bell, the downy cannach, or the thistle's flexile beard, are often the only ornaments upon her verdant mantle, and the voice of the storm, joined to that of the roaring cataract, for a great proportion of the year, is her only music; but, awakened by the genial breath of Freedom, watered by the rain of Divine Influences, and invigorated by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, her wild blossoms have breathed a richer fragrance, her streams have murmured sweeter melody, and her mountains have given forth a more delightful voice than Ausonian or Arcadian vallies ever knew.

Enjoying a comparatively cloudless sky, a climate for ever breathing somewhat of the fervour of spring, a landscape glowing with the rarest and the richest products of nature, and a state of society patriarchal and pastoral, in the true sense of the terms, the ancient inhabitants of the delightful regions of Greece and Italy, in cultivating the imaginative faculties, possessed many advantages. But there was on the part of their ancient poets, one capital want, which no genius could possibly supply, the knowledge of that "life and immortality which has been brought to light by the Gospel."

Possessing nothing more than the dim light of incoherent and uncertain tradition, and that, too, clouded with a mass of impertinent and ridiculous fables, age must have been to them, indeed, "dark and unlovely," and the grave, in a great measure, the burial place of their expectations, as well as of their bodies. Even the fragments

of immortal hope, that have been saved from the wreck of that Revelation originally common to man, embodied in mystic ceremonies, in inexplicable allegories, or in bloody and expensive rites, were calculated to disquiet and distract, rather than to soothe the weary spirit, in the prospect of dissolution, and that even to the favoured few, who alone had leisure and opportunity to be acquainted with them.

From the hill of Parnassus the map of human life could be distinctly seen, and the weight and worth of merely human hopes and fears in some small degree ascertained, while the inspired voice of Genius gave a tone of temporary triumph to the tremulous song of time; but from the mount of Revelation alone, could be discovered "all the land beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." Here only it was possible to explore the windings of mortality, as leading to the land of unfailling felicity, and here alone, from the converse of prophets and apostles, was to be acquired that power of voice, which, amidst the wailings of time, could awaken the song of eternity.

The Scottish peasant, however, having already been delineated on the poetic page in so many interesting points of view, and with so much felicity, the charge of temerity can scarcely be escaped by him who attempts to add another to the number, and the author candidly acknowledges that the present has not been made without painful misgivings: yet, if there be any credit due to the Royal Philosopher, if it be "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and, if "the day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth," that which is attempted in the following pages should not be less worthy of attention than some of those that have preceded it.



Dropping into the grave in the midst of his years and his usefulness, an affectionate wife weeping over him, and his infant children weeping around him, but, in the exercise of faith, resigning his soul into the arms of his Saviour, and leaving his helpless family upon the care of a bountiful and an all-wise Providence, whatever he may be to the indifferent or the reckless scorner, to all who admit death to be the test of a man's principles and character, and who believe the great business of the present life to be to secure its happy termination,—if the representation be in some small degree true to nature,—he must be an object deeply interesting.

For the faults of this little piece, whether with regard to plan or execution—though he is fully sensible that in both these respects it has many—the Author does not attempt any apology. He might, indeed, enumerate a long list of extenuating circumstances, with as much propriety as any who has gone before him; but he is aware that such enumerations are more generally the offspring of conceit, than of humility; and that, though adventitious circumstances may give to any sort of work a temporary popularity, merit alone can be a preservative against the all-wasting influence of time. He, moreover, candidly confesses that he is unwilling to receive that from the reader's compassion which can only be valuable when awarded by candour, and, in some degree, dictated by justice.

He has only to add, in conclusion, that the end he had principally in view in composing the poem, was to impress more strongly upon his own mind the certainty and solemnity of that hour when his dust, too, must return to dust, and his spirit to God who gave it; and he cannot help entreating his reader, that, approaching the gate of the narrow house, and taking a view of that thick darkness

that overhangs the land of forgetfulness, he seriously consider whether, with the unlettered, but divinely enlightened peasant, he will take his departure with the staff of faith in the one hand, and the lamp of hope in the other, having the happy regions of promise in full prospect before him, or, blindfolded in the impervious bandage of sceptical philosophy, and linked in the iron fetters of doubt, plunge into the untried gulf in joyless apathy, or in the deepening horrors of unutterable despair.

THE  
HOUSE OF MOURNING, ETC.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOST RESPECTED  
FRIEND, THE LATE MR. THOMAS HART.

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I.

I, who erewhile in artless numbers sung  
The Sabbath service of the simple swain,  
Whence peace, content, delight for ever young,  
And heavenly Hope, rose smiling in his train;  
Now to the tremulous, sorrow-breathing strain,  
With faltering hand attune the plaintive lyre:  
How sick dejection, poverty and pain,  
And weeping sympathy, in death conspire [fire.  
To dash his high-form'd hopes, and quench his heavenly

II.

But all conspire in vain. In this cold clime,  
Though oft obscur'd the spark of grace may lie,  
Surmounting all the heavy damps of time,  
A blaze, at length, it mounts its native sky.  
Thou, who, of old, awak'st the Bard to cry  
For help, because of faithful men's decay,  
O turn on me thy light-dispensing eye,  
Teach, as I trace in tears the lonely way,  
In faith and hope resign'd to meet my dying day.

## III.

Hail January, hoar father of the year,  
Deep in the north's peculiar blue enthron'd,  
Thy piercing eye fill'd with a sleety tear,  
Thy biting breath in cranreuch falling round ;  
Thy temples, bald, with leafless osiers crown'd,  
Jewell'd with ice drops pure as orients rare,  
Thy flowing robe of mountain mist, upbound  
In radiant zone, emboss'd with frost-work fair,  
Wrought rich, beyond all art, by nature's curious care.

## IV.

How does the heart of buoyant youth expand,  
To mark thee joyous burst upon the view,  
While health and friendship, love and humour bland,  
In rich luxuriance bud and bloom anew.  
And thrifty housewives, with devotion due,  
Their parts perform'd, their household business sped,  
Blythe as the July morning breathing dew,  
And as the bounding lambkins light of tread,  
The blazing ingles heap, the festive tables spread.

## V.

And care looks gay, and drooping toil foregoes  
The accustom'd sigh, to see that cordial smile,  
The greybeard grave, by thee inspired, bestows  
On all his guests—and how he warms, the while.  
Smooth elocution, rhetoric void of guile  
From mouth to mouth around the table glows,  
And pleasure's cup, pure, sparkling, smooth as oil,  
By wisdom bless'd, in temperate measure flows,  
And still their wit expands, and still their learning grows.

## VI.

Yet there are men, and men of sterling worth,  
Yea families to the God who made them dear,  
For whom thy jovial step brings nothing forth,  
Not even a smile their solitude to cheer;  
Who, wrestling with a world to them severe,  
Find all its ills in one black band combin'd—  
Sickness and want, despondency and fear,  
The causeless foe, the faithless friend unkind,  
And last, and worst of all, perhaps a wounded mind.

## VII.

But, gracious, o'er such poor desponding ones,  
His skirt of love the dear Redeemer flings;  
And precious are the tears, the secret groans,  
Which from the heart renew'd affliction wrings.  
Drink, ye who may, among the limpid springs,  
Around the tents of mirth that pople clear,  
But know that, under grief's expanding wings,  
There are who watch beside the lonely bier, [hear.  
And from the yawning tomb truth's mandates dread must

## VIII.

One night in sympathetic mood to spend  
With such an one, in yonder cottage low,  
Across the heath my steps I pensive bend,  
And all your gay festivities forego.  
There health was wont to shed her roseate glow,  
There meek contentment show'd her placid face,  
And love, the greatest gift to man below,  
With prudence, wise to judge of time and place,  
Presided over all with dignity and grace.

## IX.

There, late at gloaming hour the ingle clear,  
The well-swept floor, the frugal table spread,  
The mother pleas'd, the prattling children dear,  
The husband and the father's heart made glad.  
Behind the door set by his weary spade,  
Water to wash the children fond would bring,  
And stockings clean—thus comfortable made,  
Down he would sit, amid the social ring,  
Ah! happier sure, by far, than either prince or king.

## X.

But chang'd, alas! for late upon the hill  
Loud roar'd the winds, with drenching sleet and rain,  
Yet there his labour he continued still,  
That so his week unbroken might remain.  
And ever since perplex'd with racking pain,  
And heart-consuming sickness, sad he lies;  
Its skill the village, too, has tried in vain;  
Unnerv'd his arm, and death-like dim his eyes,  
No strength the healing herb, nor cordial draught supplies.

## XI.

Clos'd is the door whence, eager peeping forth,  
The youngsters watch'd the darger's blyth return;  
Foxy, supine, lies stretch'd before the hearth,  
That, smouldering, dim and sickly seems to burn.  
The well darn'd hose at last day's labour worn,  
The strong gramashins, stiff with miry clay,  
Beneath the sautfat, hung upon the horn,  
Unightly, to th' observant eye display,  
That all keep undesir'd a mournful holiday.

## XII.

The table still is spread—but, ah! their cheer  
The father and the husband cannot bless;  
The mother, though she strives to hide her fear,  
All wild her looks declare extreme distress.  
Her tears to her are meat; yet not the less  
Her helpless children occupy her care;  
Often she strokes their heads, and oft will press,  
Yea oft will help them to their simple fare,  
For poor, alas! ere long, she fears must be their share.

## XIII.

The father, too, though awful in his face  
The grim and grisly King of Terrors stare,  
Yet hears their plaint, beholds their helpless case,  
And all his woes a blacker aspect wear.  
Only to die his better thoughts might bear,  
Though from the light of life untimely torn,  
But ah, his babes, abandon'd to despair,  
To toil, to hunger, nakedness and scorn,  
Rush on his bleeding heart, too heavy to be borne.

## XIV.

To hide the grief that in his bosom burns—  
The magic of their artless looks to shun,  
Round from the light his faded face he turns,  
And o'er his cheeks the tears in silence run.  
And soon, their sadly cheerless dinner done,  
The careful mother rouses up the fire,  
And trims her wheel—for something must be won;  
To independence all her thoughts aspire,  
And every effort now their pressing wants require.

## XV.

But first the children must be put to bed,  
For drowsy languors, listless, o'er them creep,  
No father's fond caress to make them glad,  
Nor artless tale, to shift the hour of sleep.  
Yet still awake her little boy will keep,  
With filial care, her company awhile,  
Will listen to her plaint, and with her weep,  
Or dwell with transport on the transient smile,  
With which her rising fears she struggles to beguile.

## XVI.

Yet soon o'ercome, he too begins to doze,  
His closing eyes confess the drowsy power,  
And, said his prayer, he hastens to repose,  
For tir'd attention can apply no more.  
Then, solitary, all the long night o'er,  
She counts the lagging moments one by one,  
Listening, at times, the wild wind's stormy roar,  
At times her poor companion's deep'ning groan,  
Which, as it rises slow, she mingles with her own.

## XVII.

Meantime, the storm more strong begins to blow,  
Behind the hearth the hail, thick, rattling, rings,  
And, rising wildly shrill, the notes of woe,  
Sweep, mournful, from a thousand viewless strings.  
And Chanticleer, unwonted, claps his wings,  
And thrice he fills the cot with echoes drear;  
Forc'd by the blast the door wide open flings,  
As raising up its voice, distinct and clear,  
Above the sick man's bed the dead-chack strikes her ear.



## XVIII.

Her task unable longer to pursue,  
She rises up to go—she knows not where,  
Walks round the floor as something she would do,  
Which yet she cannot for the blinding tear.  
Out to the night she looks—there all is drear—  
No silver moon nor starry clusters rise;  
Terrific Winter rides the groaning air,  
And, sullen, shades with sombrous wing the skies,  
While thick the shapeless drift tempestuous round him flies.

## XIX.

Back from the gloom she, shrinking, shuts the door,  
Thankful that yet a house remains her own,  
While even now some friendless wretch and poor,  
Far o'er the waste fatigued may lay him down,  
Bewilder'd, faint, and hand to help him none;  
The drift his covering, the cold earth his bed,  
The wild blast answering dreary to his moan,  
And from his view fair Hope for ever fled,  
The thick cold damps of death swift closing round his head.

## XX.

But soon recall'd her thoughts, for out of sleep  
Awaking sudden, with a feeble cry,  
The sick man starts, in spirit groaning deep,  
And staring round with wildly frantic eye.  
Yet soon compos'd, he, with a softer sigh,  
Happy to find th' appalling vision fled,  
And now, the hour of rest supposing nigh,  
Desires their night devotions should be made,  
That safe they all may sleep beneath th' Almighty's shade.

## XXI.

Oft was he wont, on such a cheerless night,  
With Israel's royal Bard, in rapture high,  
To traverse wide the fields of dewy light,  
Beholding vast the treasures of the sky,—  
The hail, the snow, the lurid clouds that fly  
Around the footsteps of th' Eternal King,  
When to the troubled earth approaching nigh,  
Envelop'd in the whirlwind's withering wing,  
And an approaching God, the good in triumph sing.

## XXII.

But troubles great against him now prevail,  
Untuned his tongue, and dim his closing eyes,  
Yet, pillow'd up his frame infirm and frail,  
Once more to lead the song divine he tries.  
Before him his delight, his Bible lies,  
With trembling hand the sacred leaves he turns,  
To find some strain that to his case applies,  
Some strain, perhaps, that pamper'd Folly spurns,  
But where the precious fire of holy fervour burns.

## XXIII.

The ardent breathings of the man of God,  
When, by the mandate of a cruel king,  
Shut out in desert drear to make abode,  
Far from the social haunt of living thing;  
Yet, borne on Contemplation's glowing wing,  
Bright scenes he nightly through the gloom descries;  
Bold notes of triumph wake the sounding string,  
God was his help; on God he still relies,  
Who counts his wanderings all, his tears and painful sighs.

## XXIV.

Or, of our God the mercy and the grace—  
A face of wrath he will not always wear;  
For, as a father doth his infant race,  
He pitieth such as truly do him fear.  
Our frame he knows, our short continuance here.  
Frail man, alas! like flower in field he grows—  
Fair in the dewy morn its leaves appear,  
Drooping at noon—the breeze of evening blows,  
And, lo! 'tis gone, its place again it never knows.

## XXV.

And let no scoffer think his labour vain,  
If in desertion's dreary gloom he pine—  
No; though compell'd the melancholy strain  
Of troubled Asaph's plaintive harp to join,  
When he beheld the wicked's wealthy line,  
Encompass'd round with violence and pride,  
Lofty and loud blaspheming power divine,  
Or digging deep their horrid thoughts to hide,  
Yet safe, from day to day, in peace and ease abide—

## XXVI.

Or with the mournful Heman, day and night  
Who lifted up to God his fervent prayer,  
Yet to his weary soul found no respite,  
Brought to the very borders of despair—  
In dreadful deeps, and dismal darkness, where,  
Boiling and black the frowning cliffs among,  
On which grim Vengeance stands with red arm bare,  
The turbid tide of terror, deep and strong,  
With hoarse horrific roar, tremendous flames among.

## XXVII.

So childlike and so soft, his very fears  
Have in them that which proves their source divine;  
And sweeter far these penitential tears  
Than smiles that rise o'er heaps of corn and wine.  
Yea, though Despair the tissue seem to twine  
Impervious to the light, full comfort proof;  
Yet all unseen, bright Faith and Hope combine,  
Though nerveless now they seem to stand aloof,  
Their golden threads so shoot across the glowing woof.

## XXVIII.

In words like these, his cry to God is sent,  
Before whose throne, found waiting he would be,  
Hear, Lord! my prayer at morn shall thee prevent,  
O wherefore hid'st thou thus thy face from me?  
Then to the page proclaiming pardon free,  
Through Christ, who came the dying to redeem,  
He turns—but this his spouse must read, for he  
No more can bear the taper's trembling beam,  
So deep before his eyes the dark mists thickening swim.

## XXIX.

With fervent heart, though broken voice, she reads,  
Pausing at times to wipe the blinding tear,  
How holy Job, in faith and patience pleads,  
Beneath the weight of numerous ills severe—  
Of sleepless nights, with mental horrors drear—  
Perplex'd with pain, of cheerless days forlorn—  
Of friends estrang'd, that once to him were dear—  
And O! most hard and grievous to be borne!  
Th' opprobrious beggar's sneer, the houseless caitiff's scorn!

## XXX.

Wide like the sea his breach, and heavier than  
Its bounding sands the measure of his woe!  
Well might his spirit fail were it to man  
His poor complaint, as all the wretched know!  
Corruption and the worm are all below,  
With whom he dares relationship to claim—  
And close they here his hopes, his prospects? No,  
Within his breast there burns, heaven-fed, a flame,  
Which earth's united woes, hell's malice cannot tame.

## XXXI.

What though, he cries, to rottenness be turn'd  
My strength, within me though my reins consume,  
And under pains derided, wallings spurn'd,  
My weary flesh longs for the peaceful tomb—  
My Saviour lives. I know He yet shall come  
In flesh, Heaven's matchless mercy to display—  
His voice of power in death's cold ear shall boom  
Instinct with life, and this oblivious clay,  
Breathing immortal bloom, shall hail th' Eternal day.

## XXXII.

Perhaps she reads of Him, th' incarnate One,  
When tabernacling in this vale of tears,  
And supplicating low at mercy's throne,  
How, weeping, he was sav'd from all his fears.  
And now, though seated on his throne, he wears,  
In highest heaven, salvation's many crowns,  
Yet still the sympathetic heart he bears—  
Still, mindful of his tears and secret groans,  
The smoking flax he fans, the bruised reed he owns.

## XXXIII.

Up to Him then, by prayer they lift their eyes,  
 For strength to bear them up in this distress,  
 When far away each earthly comfort flies,  
 And rising griefs on griefs their spirits press;  
 That, water'd by the living streams of grace,  
 Fed from the fulness of His bounty still,  
 They, even in tribulation, may rejoice,  
 Submission learning to his holy will, [skill.  
 Since all His works are good, and wrought with matchless

## XXXIV.

That, if his end be now in the decree,  
 Of them he leaves the guardian and the guide,  
 The father and the husband He would be,  
 All needed help and comfort to provide—  
 And from his present prospect, wild and wide,  
 The dreary gloom, the shades of doubt remove,  
 Bestowing, death's dark Jordan to divide,  
 The mantle of his righteousness and love,  
 True faith, and heavenly hope still anchoring firm above.

## XXXV.

Thus finish'd their devotions, he again  
 Lays down his weary head in anguish deep;  
 She, faithful by his bed side will remain,  
 Over his rest a mournful watch to keep.  
 For tremblings o'er him, chill, begin to creep;  
 His leaden looks assume a ghastlier hue;  
 Convuls'd his nerves with frequent flutterings leap,  
 And large, in drops, in her astonish'd view,  
 Stands on his pallid face death's cold and clammy dew.

## XXXVI.

His eyes are clos'd—but soothing sleep is gone,  
Scar'd by dark thoughts conflicting fierce and foul,  
His lips are silent, save the plaintive moan,  
That now and then bespeaks his troubled soul.  
Plac'd on the verge of Time's receding goal,  
The eternal world expands before his eyes,  
Yet still within him, dark, deform'd and foul,  
The motley offspring of Corruption rise,  
While far away his God the wonted smile denies.

## XXXVII.

Mock not, ye sons of ease, who never knew  
What 'twas beneath affliction's hand to lie,  
On whom Desertion's rough wind never blew,  
Nor lower'd Temptation's sable shrouded sky.  
Think, while ye riot in the rich supply  
Of all your souls can wish, or bodies crave,  
O! think on him who pours the ceaseless sigh,  
Placed on the precincts of the dismal grave,  
While darkness reigns within, and storms around him rave.

## XXXVIII.

Nor you, ye scorners bold, in whom, profane,  
The atheist fires of hell, Heaven-daring, burn;  
Who with audacious front, in folly vain,  
At judgment scoff, and mercy proudly spurn.  
Think, when with cares, with years, and sorrows worn,  
Where, or on what your feeble hopes shall rest;  
Bereav'd, alas! how will ye sink forlorn,  
When rises up, before your eyes confess'd,  
Tremendous, Truth, sublime, in all her terrors dress'd.

## XXXIX.

For who can tell th' amazement of the soul.  
 When Christ, the day-star, hides his blessed beam,  
 When long and loud, the Law's dread thunders roll,  
 And through the gloom the fires of Tophet gleam—  
 When Conscience rous'd sends forth a fiery stream,  
 That hissing, thunders wild from steep to steep—  
 When giant Doubt leads forth his dragon team  
 In Faith's fair field to draw his furrows deep, [sweep.  
 And wild, o'er Hope's green hill, Despair's dark whirlwinds

## XL.

The pangs of him, the beastly debauchee,  
 At length laid low in Horror's dismal cell—  
 Or of the crooked slave of Penury,  
 The woful end, in proof 'twere vain to tell—  
 Or his, whose heinous blasphemies excel  
 The dreadful darings of the damn'd below;  
 On whom, even here, th' undying worm of hell  
 Infuriate fastening, sometimes gives to know,  
 The gnashing of despair, th' approaching world of woe.

## XLI.

E'en he, who with the just hath come and gone,  
 Sabbaths and solemn times his chief delight,  
 Brought into deeps, where standing there is none,  
 Gropes, darkling, through temptation's dismal night—  
 Where ever rises on the doubtful sight,  
 Shadows more vast, and clouds of deeper dye—  
 Thought overturning thought in mournful plight,  
 And still 'tis at his breast the hell-born sigh,  
 "To hope is labour vain, and God's own word a lie."



XLII.

What though he oft, with ecstasy divine,  
 Hath drunk at Shiloh's soul-sufficing stream,  
 When clouds without and fears within combine  
 To prove the whole was but a pleasing dream—  
 His hope, the self-deceiver's transient gleam,  
 That, glistery, glimmers on the dazzled eye,  
 Then far and faint, in darkness fading dim,  
 Adds tenfold horror to the murky sky,  
 Where, wrathful, brooding grim, the fires of vengeance lie.

XLIII.

Forward he cannot, backward if he look,  
 His eye, in secret, pours the silent tear,  
 Rememb'ring how sweet Peace hath often shook  
 Her healing dew upon his wanderings drear.  
 And, oh! to think, his griefs howe'er severe,  
 Her gentle voice, in soothing whispers borne,  
 May never more entrance his raptured ear;  
 His soul, with horror breathing terrors torn,  
 In deeper darkness sinks, unspeakably forlorn.

XLIV.

As one benighted on the pathless waste,  
 Of fellow men far from the blest abode,  
 Toils on in hopeless agony, aghast,  
 The stormy north around him raging loud;  
 When lo! the moon, light through the opening cloud,  
 Upon him sudden pours the whiten'd blaze,  
 And straight before his eyes the wish'd-for road,  
 The distant city dim and huge, displays,  
 While all around their heads his native mountains raise:

## XLV.

So he, in darkness verging on despair,  
Roams far and wide, with unabating toil,  
In dread distraction oft—yet many a prayer,  
To Heaven for succour, breathing out the while.  
And sudden on his soul the gracious smile,  
Effulgent beams, the shadows melting fly;  
No dubious cloud the prospect to beguile,  
Faith grasps the promise, Hope unveils the sky,  
And radiant Glory bursts upon his raptured eye.

## XLVI.

Meantime, her bosom torn with anxious pangs,  
Sorrow in silence streaming from her eyes,  
O'er him his spouse in deep compassion hangs,  
And breathes into his ear the softest sighs.  
And oft, in sweet ejaculations, rise  
Their ardent wishes to th' Eternal throne,  
Where hid the hope of all the righteous lies,  
And whence, abundant, while the weary groan,  
The soul-reviving dews of grace are showered down.

## XLVII.

O exercise ecstatic, prayer divine!  
Which fools neglect, and worldly-wise men spurn,  
To feed afresh the lamp of Hope 'tis thine,  
What time its fires with faded lustre burn:  
By thee, the soul, that cleaves to dust forlorn,  
Feels secret vigour animate her wing;  
By thee, the spirit, with distraction torn,  
Drinks soothing draughts from Mercy's living spring,  
And in the very fire lifts up its voice to sing.

## XLVIII.

With hopes and fears, through this dark night of woe,  
Thus exercised, with grateful hearts they hear  
The chirping hen, the shrill cock's frequent crow,  
Declare the long, long look'd-for morning near.  
The cloudless north burns bright with frost severe,  
Blirly the blast with drift encumber'd flies,  
Far south the beams of morn yet scarce appear,  
The moon, pale, wanders o'er the western skies,  
And wild, the wailing owl her plaintive ditty plies—

## XLIX.

When forth she fares to wake a neighbouring Hind,  
But midst the drifted snow, sinks down oppress'd,  
Through rising wreaths a way unfit to find,  
Till day's glad beam illumine the trackless waste.  
So turning back, the tumult in her breast,  
Once more, with patience, labouring to still  
Her babes, arous'd untimely from their rest,  
Around the fire she finds them weeping, chill,  
Whom now to soothe and dress a while employs her skill.

## L.

Then by their father's bed she sets them down,  
His last advice and blessing to receive,  
For, though to all his diligence was known,  
No other patrimony he can leave.  
Nor you, ye children of the lowly, grieve,  
And foolishly the ways of God arraign;  
Possessions large a father's care may give,  
But can he soothe the sordid rage for gain,  
Or from the hoarded heaps God's wasting curse restrain?

## LI.

No; robbery legalized, and smooth deceit,  
May gather much, and after more aspire;  
On lazy couch may loll in silken state,  
Sooth'd with the idle chaunting of the lyre.  
But surely God will in the end require  
The cruel grinding of the helpless poor;  
Will judge the smooth deceiver, and in ire,  
Even while he laughs beneath the vernal shower,  
At once his branches green, and deep struck roots devour.

## LII.

Behold that roofless tower adown the vale,  
The storm howls hollow in the time-torn walls,  
And rushing from the hill with weary wail,  
A wizard stream behind it ceaseless brawls.  
There learn the hapless fate that pride befalls;  
Rude time, remorseless, sweeps it all away;  
In vain the turrets huge, the sumptuous halls,  
Did some designer's mighty mind display—  
A Wren, a Jones, perhaps, or Adams of his day.

## LIII.

For there Oppression's crouching lion fill'd  
His den with ravin, and his holes with prey;  
While gorged with fat, in sloth supinely lull'd,  
His lioness and strong young lions lay.  
And there, out-stretching wide with sweepy sway,  
Offended at the poor man's humble shed,  
His simple life, his children's noisy play,  
His ruthless rage, the land a ruin made,  
That streams unseen might glide, and sullen forests spread.

## LIV.

What seem'd eternal transport shook the hall,  
Where fires of grandeur, nightly wont to blaze—  
As wanton Folly, in the midnight ball,  
Led youth and beauty through her dizzying maze,  
And that too, in the dark and dismal days  
When meek Religion to the desert fled—  
Unoccupy'd were all her public ways,  
Butcher'd her sons, in fields, on scaffolds bled,  
Or with the bestial tribes, in dens and caves were hid.

## LV.

But Vengeance, though she seem'd to slumber long,  
With tenfold fury at the last awoke,  
And of its gorgeous state, its turrets strong,  
The glory wither'd with a single stroke.  
And lo! his rod of rude oppression broke,  
An outcast vile, the owner roams distress'd,  
Happy to court the hospitable look,  
Yea, happy to become the humble guest  
Of those whom, in his pride, he wantonly oppress'd.

## LVI.

And in his palace Desolation brown,  
And awful, ever-during silence dwells,  
Save when the grey owl to the cloudless moon,  
At midnight hour her rueful story tells.  
And save the hunter, wandering o'er the fells,  
Who o'er its fate will sometimes turn to muse,  
And yonder maniac wild—no footstep else  
E'er brushes there away the falling dews,  
Or on the grass-grown path the faded print renews.

## LVII.

Behind it dark the sullen yew tree weeps,—  
And shrivell'd in the blast, with branches bare,  
One solitary oak its station keeps,  
Dimly to point where other oak trees were.  
Its silver lake lies a waste puddle, where  
Is nightly heard the solitary hern,  
And wandering seamaws glean their fishy fare,  
Among the broad sedge roots and faded fern,  
What time they, dark, afar, the coming storm discern.

## LVIII.

The very heavens above it seem to lower;  
Mists hide it oft by day, and fires by night,  
Terrific on the topmost tottering tower,  
Far blazing, shakes the peasant with affright.  
And gorgeous oft, 'tis said, array'd in white,  
With tearful eye, and sallow aspect lean,  
Or terrible, as warlike vizor'd wight,  
The troubled spirits of the dead are seen,  
To round, with gliding pace, the solitary green.

## LIX.

Such felon fate is ever found to lie  
In wait for pride, on grandeur's dizzying steep;  
And thus, o'er dazzling honour's burning sky,  
The dismal shadows of oblivion sweep.  
Far happier he whose noiseless pathways creep,  
Lone, through the wilds obscure of humble toil,  
Whose patient steps integrity doth keep  
From envy free, and hatred's dark turmoil,  
Bless'd with a conscience pure, a spirit free from guile.

## LX.

This poor man, lifting up his death-dimm'd eye,  
Of those he lov'd to take a last adieu,  
And giving them, by faith, to God on high,  
Finds in his soul more satisfaction true,  
Than if he saw, with every wind that blew,  
Wafted for them, the wealth of Asia's shores;  
Than if he left them crowns, or rich Peru  
Were opening, vast, her subterranean doors,  
For them th' astonish'd world to heap with all her stores.

## LXI.

Yet still no Stoic he, with cold neglect  
To treat his own, despising nature's tie;  
Nor raving, rapt, enthusiast, to expect  
A miracle from heaven for their supply—  
No, no; the dew that moistens either eye,  
The heavy sigh he labours to suppress,  
While stretching forth his feeble hand, to dry  
The stream of grief that flows on every face,  
Compassion, love sincere, and deep regret confess.

## LXII.

My little ones, he cries, for whom e'en toil  
Was sweet at morn, at noon, or twilight grey,  
If still I found you with complacent smile,  
Around me gather'd at the close of day.  
Oft, while the silent hours have wing'd their way,  
Each shedding soft on you its soothing power,  
Watchful, have I remain'd behind to pray,  
That Heaven might long defer this trying hour,  
And kind, upon your heads, its choicest blessings pour:

## LXIII.

But Heaven denies in part—This arm no more  
Shall lend you aid, my sands of life are run ;  
Alas! I see you, worn with travel sore,  
In life's lorn pathways friendless and alone.  
But turn, O turn your eyes to Mercy's throne,  
There fix your hopes, lodge all your sorrows there ;  
He never met the suppliant with a frown,  
Though doom'd by man the victim of despair,  
O sweet! His gracious smile can every loss repair.

## LXIV.

Farewell, my babes! afar from rude alarms,  
In life's low valley be your quiet abode ;  
Around you be the everlasting arms,  
And your strong refuge still th' Eternal God.  
And, O! my spouse, the stream of woe how broad!  
A heavy, heavy charge devolves on you ;  
On Jesus lay the overwhelming load,  
His grace alone can bear you safely through—  
Let him have all the work, and all the glory too.

## LXV.

And as ye all shall answer in that day  
When melting, every element shall burn,  
When heaven and earth for fear shall fly away,  
And Time expire upon his broken urn.  
Beware from duty's path ye do not turn,  
To sport in wanton Folly's circling maze ;  
Or basely Reason and Religion spurn,  
As oft is done in these degenerate days,  
To catch the sickly gleam of Error's meteor blaze.



## LXVI.

He adds not—for beneath the frost of death,  
Heavy, life's clogged wheels can scarcely play,  
Falters his speech, and weak his fluttering breath,  
At every pause seems dying quite away:  
Yet as his help-mate shrieks in wild dismay,  
He lifts a look of pity on her case,  
And, stretching forth his hand with faint essay,  
Exclaims, while pleasure brightens on his face,  
Weep not, my woes are o'er—the path I tread is peace.

## LXVII.

Heavy, meanwhile, the long-expected morn,  
Pale, lifts upon the world her languid eye;  
Hoary the weary forests bend forlorn,  
And hill and vale one dazzling ruin lye.  
Swell'd huge around, the distant mountains high,  
Cold on the view their lofty summits raise,  
Like white clouds gleaming from the middle sky,  
And broad, the rising sun upon the gaze,  
A dark red globe of fire streams through the frosty haze.

## LXVIII.

Dim creeps along the heath the misty hoar,  
Dogs, answering dogs, a ceaseless barking keep,  
And wild, by turns, it swells the inconstant roar  
Of yonder torrent's shrilly sounding sweep.  
Scatter'd upon the hill the bleating sheep,  
And shepherd's voice, afar responsive rings;  
Cold, from his turf beneath the drift heap,  
With clamour loud, the gorcock whirring springs,  
And wild ducks, circling, shake the marsh with sounding  
wings.

## LXIX.

When cross the muir to call a Christian friend,  
Their little boy advent'rous plods his way,  
Now in the hollow of the deep wreaths penn'd,  
Now struggling o'er their tops as best he may.  
When lo! the friend he seeks, his thin locks grey,  
And bonnet blue, with cranreuch clustering hung,  
Approaches, having with the dawn of day,  
His breast with dark anticipations wrung,  
From off a restless bed and broken slumbers sprung—

## LXX.

And thus far, by a fond affection led,  
Upon his way, the best or worst to know,  
He learns the issue with a heart most sad,  
And seeks the weeping cot in silent woe.  
For as he leads the son, the Father so  
O'er this same heath of old time hath he led,  
Ere Time upon his head had shower'd his snow,  
Ere with repeated strokes his heart had bled,  
And all he prized of life, in death's cold urn was laid.

## LXXI.

And hence arose that intimacy warm,  
Which gather'd strength from every passing year,  
Where piety and passion join'd to charm,  
In friendship ardent, generous, and sincere.  
In toils united, they were wont to bear  
The scorching summer noon, the wintry morn,  
And often have they linger'd long to hear  
The redbreast warbling from the wintry thorn,  
Or soft, on May's fair eve, the beetle wind his horn.

## LXXIII.

And, soothing oft the hours of painful toil,  
Digressive they would quote from history's page,  
How kingdoms vigorous wore the beamy smile,  
Or dozed through dull Oppression down to age.  
How, in the winning garb of wisdom sage,  
Villains have, fawning, seized the rod of power,  
Then driving, headlong, with the whirlwind's rage,  
Than death more cruel, bloody, bathed in gore,  
Given war o'er earth to waste, and famine to devour.

## LXXIV.

But still more sweet, and more sublime by far,  
Redemption form'd their heart-enlivening theme;  
And Him, who doth in righteousness make war,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords his name.  
Of Providence who plann'd th' amazing scheme,  
And rolls, high lifted up, the burning wheels,  
Unerring, while the fierce devouring flame,  
Or darkness dread, their steady course conceals,  
And, struck through all her powers, astonish'd Nature reels.

## LXXV.

And of experience past, or future hope,  
Now from his dying friend he hastes to hear;  
Or, if involv'd in gloom, that he may drop  
Some soul-reviving word into his ear.  
Alas! his friend hath pass'd that portal drear,  
Whence never back shall traveller return,  
Till on the clouds of heaven the Throne appear—  
The great White Throne, with ensigns angel-borne,  
Whose glowing blaze shall melt yon bright sun's golden urn.

## LXXVI.

The body breathless lies, yet still his face  
Retains, though faint, that last triumphant smile,  
When, with himself, and with his God at peace,  
He hail'd the final end of all his toil.  
His babes amaz'd look on, and, void of guile,  
Weep loud, although their loss they do not know,  
His widow'd wife above him hangs the while,  
Pale as a marble monument of woe,  
Nor sigh to ease her soul, nor softening tear can flow.

## LXXVII.

Till, turn'd her eye upon her aged friend,  
The kind companion oft of happier hours,  
Who on her ear, in melting accents kind,  
The healing balm of tender pity pours.  
Then rous'd, her busy recollective powers  
Fly back to scenes that never can return—  
Scenes, that fond Memory purples all with flowers,  
But hides the painful thistle and the thorn,  
And flows the flood of grief while fierce her feelings burn.

## LXXVIII.

And who can blame her tears? These eyes are dim,  
That wont on her with ecstasy to beam;  
And cold that face, with livid aspect grim,  
Where every kindly feeling wont to gleam.  
And closed these lips for aye, whence many a stream  
Of wisdom flow'd persuasive on her ear,  
Powerful to sweep away the dazzling dream,  
To heal the blight of sorrow's eye severe,  
And sweet the lagging hours of drooping care to cheer.

LXXIX.

And nerveless lie these limbs, the steps of toil,  
 That, vigorous, wont with pleasure to pursue;  
 Whence, sweet, the placid look and lightsome smile,  
 The laughing hours, and winged minutes drew;  
 Whence, kindly, Competence her genial dew,  
 Diffusive, on their heads in silence shed;  
 And whence their little cot, companions true,  
 Content and independence still made glad,  
 While envy, hatred, pride, afar their presence fled.

LXXX.

And to secure these blessings still, the dawn  
 Shall find her daily at th' accustom'd toil,  
 And latest eve with her broad curtains drawn,  
 Shall leave her to consume the midnight oil.  
 And fears, and doubts, and heavy thoughts the while,  
 Shall damp her day, and scare her waukrife night,  
 And sad shall be the short and fitful smile,  
 That, like the meteor's transitory flight,  
 Sheds o'er her hectic cheek a momentary light.

LXXXI.

Long, long, alas! her wounded heart shall grieve—  
 And oft her babes shall see with secret fear,  
 As to the fields she looks at dewy eve,  
 Rush sudden o'er her cheek the silent tear.  
 And still as Spring reanimates the year,  
 She with her little flock, shall duly come,  
 On Sabbath noons, between the hours of prayer,  
 To weep anew upon his simple tomb,  
 Where green the long grass waves, and white the gowans  
 bloom.

## LXXXII.

And oft, when shut the door upon the storm,  
And eve has closed the weary winter day,  
While grows beneath each hand the stocking's form,  
Or from their laps, the spindles twining play;  
His virtues she with fervour shall display,  
His zeal for God, his Christian temper even,  
Till, each confessing one enlivening ray,  
Their hearts renew'd, their trespasses forgiven,  
A family ripe, at length they all arrive in heaven.

## NOTES.

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*But chang'd, alas! for late upon the hill, &c.*

STANZA X. p. 66.

Speculative mechanics, and theoretical philosophers, seldom take any notice of such unpleasant days in the life of the rustic. In their estimate it is all mirth and melody—fragrant fields, humming bees, warbling birds, and purling streams, being the only things they connect therewith. Hence, too often, the querulous complaints of the one, and the fine spun theories of the other. The truth is, such a hardship must be undergone by every labourer who earns his bread without doors, once, or it may be twice a-week, for at least a fourth part of the year. And though it be thus frequent, it is still disagreeable, and in its consequences often fatal, especially to persons of delicate constitution.

*Its skill the village, too, has tried in vain.*

STANZA X. p. 66.

In remote situations, such as the scene of the poem is supposed to be, it is but seldom that a physician can be consulted, and perhaps seldomer still that a desire to consult one is manifested, few things being more terrible to the simple rustic than the solemn air of the physical professor. There is never wanting, however, some sagacious blacksmith, some hereditary bone-setter, or experienced village matron, to prescribe nostrums sufficiently numerous; and, to the honour of humanity be it spoken, there is seldom wanting some person of liberality to bestow the generous cordial, which otherwise, in such situations, the sick behoved to be without.

*And chanticleer, uncoated, claps his wings.*

STANZA xvii. p. 68.

The crowing of the cock at night is, among the Scottish peasantry, generally reckoned ominous, either of some unexpected intelligence, or sudden disaster to befall some of the family.

*And raising up its voice distinct and clear.*

STANZA xvii. p. 68.

The dead chack or death watch, is a small insect, famous for a ticking noise resembling the beat of a watch, which the vulgar have long taken for a presage of death in the family where it is heard.

*And there, out-stretching wide with sweepy sway.*

STANZA liii. p. 80.

Political economy is a science, falsely so called, in which the writer of this is not ambitious to be distinguished. He is sorry, however, that truth compels him to state, that where the hamlet delightfully situated, the peaceful abode of religion and virtue, used to gladden his eye, and the noisy prattle of children, comparatively innocent and happy, to gratify his ear; in more places than one, he now sees nothing but the trees under which the rude forefathers of the hamlet were wont to screen themselves from the mid-day sun, or the gloomy enclosure of fir, over which the passing breeze whispers a dismal tale, "Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear."

To say that this conduct displays Vandalism in taste, is certainly to speak of it in the gentlest manner, and it is perhaps sometimes nothing more; but we are afraid, that it flows more especially from a bad principle, and its consequences are likely to be truly tragic.

The country, in many places, is already a wilderness in comparison of what it once was. The inhabitants are mostly shut up in great towns, or, still worse, in large manufacturing villages, where their worth, both in a moral and physical point



of view, is greatly impaired.—Grazing of cattle and rearing of trees may, for the present, be a profitable speculation; but when the grim front of battle shall lower upon our shores, or when the pitiful framework of a redundant, an ignorant, and presumptive, and wretched manufacturing population shall be shattered, by some accident from without, to which it is liable every day, or shall burst, by the ignition of its own inflammable materials, as it some day necessarily must, into ten thousand fragments, the cattle will be found but feeble defenders, and the trees, it is to be feared, very inefficient counsellors.

*And lo! his rod of rude oppression broke.*

STANZA IV. p. 81.

I am aware that this is dangerous ground, and that from the limited powers of the human mind, and the numerous and gross prejudices to which, even in its most enlightened state, it is necessarily subject, great caution is to be observed in speaking of the retributions of divine providence, but I firmly believe that they are far more numerous than is commonly imagined. Retribution is indeed implied in the very idea of a providence, is inwoven among the natural perceptions of the understanding, and seems to pervade the whole current of Divine Revelation. That divine precept, of doing by others as we would have others to do by us, knowing that "with whatsoever measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again," though, perhaps, never so clearly expressed till uttered by the Redeemer of men in his state of humiliation, was, as he himself asserts, nothing more than "the law and the prophets." As I have done, said, a wanton and merciless tyrant, some three thousand years ago,\* as I have done, so God hath requited me; and the same exclamation hath in every age been wrung from many a remorseful bosom, where there was no earthly ear to hear, nor any earthly hand to record it. It is a fearful consideration, and it ought to make every heart to tremble, that a large portion of those divine odes, which have been indited under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, for the standing use of the church, consists either of fervent implorations of

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\* Judges i. 7.

these providential retributions, or of exulting triumph in the certainty of their approach. "Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labour. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children, because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.\*—Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."† Such are the comminations which hypocritical extortioners, and, in their own little way, remorseless tyrants, are accustomed to re-echo in the assemblies of the faithful, without any particular emotion, every Sabbath day. All such, however, may rest satisfied of an awful and a speedy answer to these imprecations, however carelessly by them they have been uttered; for, "shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you," says he who is Truth, "that he will avenge them speedily."‡ Egypt and Edom, Nineveh and Babylon, and Tyre, the once fruitful land of Palestine, with its outcast proprietors, the unbelieving, vagabond Jews, and particularly that proud city, arrogantly and blasphemously styled the Eternal, so long the lady of kingdoms, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, with its millions of lordly inhabitants, shrunk into little more than one hundred thousand, and these consisting principally of beggarly priests, insignificant pipers, harpers, trumpeters, and emasculated singers, while an atmosphere of death, which by invisible but rapid gradations, narrowing its circle every year, girdles it round, and threatens at no distant date, its total and remediless annihilation, are terrible proofs of this retributive justice alluded to in the text. The tenantless and roofless towers of Scotland are less conspicuous, but not less remarkable proofs of the same thing, and ought to alarm our profligate nobility—in the most of whose skirts is to be found the blood of innocents—who give sad and unequivocal evidence that they are

\* Psalm cix. 11.

† Psalm xxxviii. 10, 35, 36.

‡ Luke xviii. 7, 8.

the children of those who killed the prophets, and are fast filling up the measure of their iniquity. How long that measure may be in filling up none can tell, for who shall presume to set bounds to the patience of him who hath declared himself to be, "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth?"\* Or who shall say, that he may not pour out a spirit of grace, of repentance, and reformation, and so be turned from the fierceness of his great anger? We know that, "when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noe while the ark was preparing," in the space of an hundred and twenty years, it came to an end, and few, that is eight souls were saved. We know that the cup of the Amorites, which was filling in the days of Abraham, overflowed, somewhat better than four hundred years afterward, to the total destruction of that people, in the days of Joshua.—We know also, that "the iniquity of the house of Eli could not be purged with sacrifice, nor offering for ever!"† We know that ancient Israel, under a moral and religious declension for hundreds of years, enjoyed many manifestations of divine mercy, none of the least of which was, that, "the Lord God of their fathers sent to them by his messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because he had compassion on his people, and on his dwelling place; but they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, till *there was* no remedy."‡—No, though he had raised them up a king, of whom the Spirit of God has testified, that "Like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him. Notwithstanding," continues the inspired historian, "the Lord turned not from the fierceness of his great wrath, wherewith his anger was kindled against Judah, because of all the provocations that Manasseh had provoked him withal."§ Who does not know that between ancient Israel and our own country at the present day, there is a remarkable similarity, both in point of privilege, and in point of improvement, though, in as much as our privilege has

\* Exod. xxxiv. 6. † 1 Sam. iii. 14. ‡ 2 Chron. xxxvi. 15, 16.  
 § 2 Kings xxiii. 25, 26.

been far higher than theirs, our failure must be more criminal. Who does not know that as a people, the vows of God are upon us? Who does not know that as a people, we have treated these vows with wanton contumely, and that the far greater part of the professedly learned and wise among us find no inconsiderable portion of their mental enjoyment, in falsifying the facts and distorting the principles upon which these vows are founded, while they spare not to vilify the characters of those great and good men who were instrumental in bringing happily these nations under them? And who is there that fearing the Lord, and loving his country, does not tremble, lest, amid all our vaunted prosperity, the word may not have gone forth against us, "Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and convert and be healed!"\* Or, lest, still further advanced on the road to destruction, the Most High may be saying to his faithful servants, "Pray not for this people, neither lift up a cry or prayer for them: for I will not hear them in the time that they cry unto me for their trouble?"† Are there not strong symptoms that he has already said unto many individuals, "I will make thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, that thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be to them a reprover; for they are a rebellious house?"‡ And might he not justly say, "Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind *could not be* toward this people: cast them out of my sight and let them go forth?"§

*While grows beneath each hand the stocking's form,  
Or from their lap the spindles twining play.*

STANZA LXXXII. p. 90.

This was a form of industry which, seventy years ago, might have been seen in every house, but the latter, "the spindles twining," is now very rarely to be met with. The rock was simply a long stick upon which the lint or tow was fastened and stuck in the bosom. The spindle was another stick formed

\* Is. vi. 9, 10.

† Jer. xi. 14.

‡ Ezek. iii. 26.

§ Jer. xv. 1.

in a particular shape with a stone whorl stuck upon it to give it a degree of weight which made it twirl more rapidly. Upon the spindle the thread was fastened, and twined by twirling the spindle with the fingers of the right hand, while it, the thread, was drawn out of the tow upon the rock by the fingers of the left. Large webs of harn, or coarse linen, have been spun in this rude manner; and it was common for the lasses of a whole township to assemble in their neighbours' houses, with the young lads of course, the former with their rocks, the latter with their stockings. Hence the phrase, A Rocking.

" On Fasting's e'en we had a yoking  
To ca' the crack and weave our stocking."

BURNS.



# THE PLOUGH.

WRITTEN IN 1816.

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**"The profit of the earth is for all: the King himself is served by the field."**

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## PREFACE.

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THE following poem, it is presumed, does not require any particular prefatory observations. The subject is simple, the illustrations such as a very small acquaintance with history will render plain, and the general doctrine which it is designed to inculcate, by the unhappy circumstances in which our beloved country is at this moment placed, confirmed beyond all possibility of being disputed.

The experience of the last thirty years has demonstrated how easily, under a peculiar combination of causes, a nation may be converted into one vast workshop, and its busy population into bustling, and skilful, and consequential mechanics; but have the effects been such as to warrant a wise and a benevolent mind to say, that such a national state is either to be desired or commended? Will it ever be possible, in such a state, to repress that unprincipled speculation, whose natural and necessary attendants, so long as successful, are unlicensed riot and misrule, and, when unsuccessful, unmitigated dejection and unbridled despair? and does not that ferocious and ungovernable spirit of insubordination, manifesting itself at one time, and in one place, and that meek and passive sigh of suffering, involuntarily bursting forth at another time, and in another place, equally call upon every friend to his species, to do what in him lies to put an end to such a system for ever?

In vain shall we parade our societies, and our speeches, and our subscriptions, and our plans for enlightening and ameliorating the state of man, if our artisans must eat their morsel from the cold hand of charity, while they are subjected to a drudgery far beyond that of the deeply lamented West Indian slave, and if the lanes of our cities send forth nothing but the cry of oppression, and our cottages become merely dens of immorality and wretchedness.

We may indeed, even in such circumstances, continue for a time without the external appearance of decay. Individuals may continue to amass wealth, and that wealth may give to these fortunate individuals something like aristocratic respectability and influence. We may continue to extend our cities, to crowd our lanes with paupers, and to ornament our streets with public buildings, but our real glory shall pass away like a vision of the night, and we shall be left an astonishment to ourselves, and a scorn to all nations.

At the same time, it is at least to be wished, if not to be hoped, that so many warnings may not be in vain, but that, profiting by circumstances, men in general will return to a wiser policy, and to a system more evidently founded in nature, which, though it possess less of splendour, is capable of bestowing a larger, and a more lasting portion of happiness.

## THE PLOUGH.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT STRUTHERS, ESQ.

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### I.

AWAKE once more, my Harp, thy artless tones,  
Though round me darkens deep the gloom of care,  
And every wind is burden'd with the moans  
Of dying hope, or agoniz'd despair.  
And why? Because, dissolving into air,  
Visions illusive vanish from the view—  
And speculation's mountain blasted, bare,  
Once more attests the voice of nature true,  
No grandeur stands secure that rests not on the plough.

### II.

How long shall man, by error's meteor gleam  
Mised, the phantoms vain of joy pursue?  
This hour be rous'd from the deceitful dream,  
And toil the next th' illusion to renew?  
To reason false, to folly only true;  
Affliction wounds, experience warns in vain;  
Life's darkening shores what dismal wrecks bestrew!  
In its dark shades, dupes to their love of gain,  
What countless swarms consign'd to poverty and pain.

## III.

Of distant lands by commerce plunged in woe,  
The historic muse need not be call'd to tell—  
Our eyes have seen her dazzling splendours glow,  
Our hearts have heaved beneath her powerful spell!  
And has she not, by each succeeding swell,  
Some joy, some virtue, buried in her wave?  
Have not her triumphs rung the funeral knell  
Of plain Simplicity, of Temperance grave,  
With all the Virtues prompt a sinking land to save?

## IV.

And at her hourly intermitting stream,  
Whose flickering wave eludes the thirsty lip,  
How many, in the oft renewed dream,  
With broken pails, hope flowing draughts to dip.  
And now and then if chance a little sip,  
Some one more happy than his peers obtain,  
To urge the desperate toil anew, they strip  
Reckless of shame, of sorrow, or of pain,  
Scorch'd with the quenchless heat, the ruthless rage for gain.

## V.

Far from this maddening strife, this wretched toil  
For ever frustrate, and for aye renew'd!  
This feverish joy that hangs on fortune's smile!  
These hopes by fear eternally subdued—  
O bear me, Fancy, in thy milder mood,  
And softly sooth me in thy woodland bower,  
With heathflowers wild, and simple daisies strew'd  
With fragrant birks enwreath'd—and, full in flower,  
The breathing hawthorn bath'd in evening's gentle shower.

## VI.

And in thy faithful mirror ever clear,  
There let me mark the seasons gliding by—  
The various labours of the circling year,  
Whence kings themselves have all their rich supply.  
And far be Envy with her jaundiced eye  
In saffron hues to shade the sylvan scene—  
Nor Affectation breathe her mimic sigh—  
Nor sentimental Folly's face be seen,  
Where free and light of heart the rustic youth convene.

## VII.

Woe was the time, from Eden's blissful bowers  
When driven with cold and hunger to contend,  
The hapless pair told o'er the guilty hours,  
Assur'd that here their case could never mend.  
But God in midst of judgment stood their friend,  
Preserving strong amidst the mental waste,  
Whence duty with delight might sweetly blend,  
The sympathetic principle of taste,  
That hears with joy the Spring, with joy the wintry blast.

## VIII.

To Labour health, to Temperance peace of mind,  
With their sweet handmaids blithe Content and Joy,  
And Competence with Industry he join'd,  
And high Refinement wrought with base alloy:  
And gay Vicissitude he bade employ  
Her active powers the lonely heart to cheer;  
And, Care and Pain's fell purpose to destroy,  
Gave Fortitude with giant strength to bear,  
And Hope o'er all to spread her hues divinely fair.

## IX.

Hence o'er the shining share who deigns to bend,  
And turn with hands of iron the stubborn soil,  
With noxious thorns, and thistles to contend,  
Though heavens of brass appear to mock his toil—  
His are the prayers, and his th' applauding smile  
Of every age and sex the world around ;  
And free from avarice, free from squint-eyed Guile,  
All lowly though his humble hut be found,  
Sweet are his frugal meals, his nightly slumbers sound.

## X.

And him the Arts, him all the Virtues hail,  
That give to social life its balmy bloom ;  
Still vigorous, as his patient powers prevail,  
The nobler thoughts their proper port assume.  
And Mercy, Truth, and Justice bright relume  
The Moral atmosphere, refined and clear ;  
And Learning's smile, and Piety's perfume,  
Love's healing balm, and Pity's soothing tear,  
Attendant all pursue his bright but calm career.

## XI.

Grim War, with prancing steeds and rattling wheels,  
May all her pomp of circumstance display ;  
But studious Art the deadly weapon steels,  
And patient Toil supports her awful sway.  
Commerce herself, with streamers blazing gay,  
In pearl and gold, like old barbaric kings  
Arrayed, may boast her liberalizing ray—  
But ask her whence her inborn vigour springs ?  
The Plough, the peaceful Plough alone can imp her wings !

## XII.

She is indeed the nuraling of the Plough,  
And playful once a helpless urchin smiled  
On Zoan's fertile field, beneath the glow  
Of genial suns, and plenty flowing wild.  
And Labour there, by drudgery unsoil'd,  
Refresh'd by Nile's invigorating wave,  
Careless with her his easy hours beguiled,  
And many a comfort, many a joy she gave,  
Till, overgrown at length, she chain'd him for her slave.

## XIII.

Then free to rove in verdant fields, no more  
Cheer'd by the various prospects of the year,  
His every day was spent in travail sore,  
His spirit crush'd by toils the most severe.  
For Vanity the splendid dome to rear!  
For Luxury the sickly loom to ply!  
For Idols vile to bid the mountains wear  
Ten thousand sculptured forms, and idly high  
The Pyramid to raise, huge heaving to the sky!

## XIV.

Avails him not, o'er all the bustling land,  
That riot rings, and florid splendours glow!  
These only deeper wreath his iron band!  
Or smile derisive on his growing woe!  
But Vengeance, though she seems to travel slow  
Heavy with foot of iron, once on the way  
Unhesitating moves, nor will forego  
One iota on her retributive day!  
Though Wisdom wake at length, and late Repentance pray!

## XV.

And all that wakes her most relentless mood,  
The poor man's cry, the orphan's weeping moan,  
All mournful pour'd, while, clamouring long and loud,  
With shameless front th' oppressor goads them on,  
Have reach'd the ear of Him that fills the throne,  
Th' eternal throne which heaven and earth obeys!  
Already forth the dread decree is gone;  
With ruin fraught the Assyrian streamer plays!  
And rising dark, behind unnumber'd banners blaze!

## XVI.

Pelusium falls beneath the whelming tide;  
Red over Tanis rolls the burning wave;  
Syene stoops with all her towers of pride,  
And, silent, Memphis fills the oblivious grave!  
Nor populous No her hundred gates can save;  
Nor idols, temples, palaces and towers!  
The mountain pyramids alone can brave  
The storm that from the boisterous North devours,  
And dry the withering wind that burning Libya pours!

## XVII.

But not destroy'd the honours of the Plough;  
O'er other lands her peaceful triumphs sped;  
And hope was felt, and joy's delightful glow,  
And the full stores of flowing plenty spread:  
And Uz, and Teman's cultured dales made glad,  
Exulting smiled beneath a glowing sky;  
And over all the blameless patriarch shed,—  
Such was his worth, his faith, his patience high,—  
A living lustre bright, on Earth that cannot die.



## XVIII.

And peaceful ploughmen once made Arnon glad,  
And Kir look proudly o'er her corn-clad vales;  
Made Heshbon, joyful, lift her flowery head,  
And Sibmah's vine perfume the summer gales.  
But Kir hath fall'n; and Arnon lonely wails!  
Heshbon and Sibmah, each is but a name!  
O'er Ar for aye the curse incurr'd prevails,  
Famine, and hate, reproach, contempt and shame,  
A parching heaven of fire and winds of burning flame!

## XIX.

Why should I speak of Canaan's promised rest,  
Of snow-white Hermon with her vales around,  
Of Carmel sweet in flowery verdure drest,  
Or Sharon's vale with roses rich imbound?  
Or Gilead, for her healing balm renowned,  
Or Eshcol, for her grapes of wondrous size,  
Or Argob, with her threescore cities crown'd,  
Or of that mount where, glittering to the skies,  
Jerusalem's sacred towers were glorious seen to rise?

## XX.

There Happiness, prolong'd for many an age,  
And Glory flourish'd founded on the Plough;  
And Mercy sooth'd the fiercer passions' rage,  
And Truth to all held up her mirror true.  
And over all Devotion's holy dew,  
In Contemplation's placid moments shed,  
Bestowed a grace and grandeur on the view,  
Which Envy with her jaundiced vision fled,  
And Change that Anarch old beheld with secret dread.

## XXI.

But a long length of comfortable ease  
Relax'd the nobler virtues' vigorous tone;  
And each subdu'd sunk down by slow degrees,  
Till unawares the powers of all were gone.  
And tawdry affectation shameless shone,  
And Pride presumptuous ruled the evil hour,  
And Discontent set up her hideous groan,  
While Misery's gathering clouds began to lower,  
And Avarice over all assumed a boundless power.

## XXII.

Then house was heap'd on house, and field to field,  
By every art with care unceasing join'd;  
And all of strange, that different climates yield,  
In gorgeous robes and luscious draughts combin'd.  
And Idleness, on splendid couch reclin'd,  
Doz'd to the lyre, or drain'd the genial bowl,  
Careless, though rising awful on the wind,  
Already with the rain of judgment foul,  
Th' oppressor's clamorous cry, the poor man's wailings roll!

## XXIII.

Prophets might threaten, Avarice is deaf,  
And to the future Pleasure still is blind;  
In ruder wrong alone that sought relief,  
And peace in deeper draughts this hoped to find.  
Till overgrown Profanity, unrein'd,  
O'er high and low with lawless license rode;  
And bursting Ruin's thunderbolt behind  
Burnt up entire their idolized abode!  
Which smokes, and still they flee before th' avenging God!

## XXIV.

Or why my unambitious lay prolong  
To tell of Greece, of Carthage, and of Rome?  
Of Greece the lively land of dance and song,  
Of cloudless skies, and fields of brightest bloom:  
But fallen, beneath the Tyrant's blasting doom,  
Suns shine, winds breathe, and showers distil in vain!  
What are the honey'd dews, the high perfume,  
Hymettus yields, and Tempe's breathing plain,  
To him who hopeless writhes in slavery's galling chain?

## XXV.

Of Carthage, whose right hand was in the sea  
While, bold, her left on lofty Atlas spread,  
With generous heat, and active industry,  
And plenty's bloom, made sunny Afric glad.  
Upon the winds whose blazing banner dread,  
Stream'd like a meteor big with nations' doom!  
And once, by peerless skill and valour led,  
With ceaseless burning, threaten'd to consume  
The adamant strength of all-subduing Rome!

## XXVI.

Of Rome, whose fire-ey'd eagles on the wind,  
From clime to clime with ravening fury flew,  
While Robbery howl'd before, and Death behind  
O'er all the shadows of oblivion threw.  
Yet, could she artful breathe o'er all anew,  
Not life's full vigour, nor the flush of health,  
But something gorgeous to the transient view  
Of casual observation caught by stealth,  
Disguis'd the rest of fear—the tinsel glare of wealth.

## XXVII.

But all was hollow. Though the skies were bright,  
 And all life's summits shone with dazzling glow,  
 The turbid stream of Misery, on the sight  
 Still deep and dark, for ever toil'd below.  
 And half suppress'd, the stifed groan of wo  
 Still rising, painful pierc'd the pensive ear :  
 And wide-extending, life-consuming, slow,  
 Inspiring coward shame and trembling fear,  
 The fires of Slavery shone for ever glimmering drear.

## XXVIII.

Why should I tell, how in a length of days,  
 With all her pillar'd strength, her turrets tall,  
 Push'd headlong from her broad ambitious base,  
 She fell, and Earth was shaken by her fall?  
 Yet firm, as in a band of brass, withal  
 Immoveable, her iron roots remain'd ;  
 Though chang'd her voice, resistless still, her call  
 The willing ear of slumb'ring nations gain'd,  
 While Cruelty and Sloth, and Lust, and Murder reign'd.

## XXIX.

Till Learning from her drowsy trance awoke,  
 And light resistless burst the cloister'd cell,  
 And, heaven-inspir'd, one mighty spirit broke,  
 With angel strength, her soul enslaving spell.  
 Nor will I stay her dark intrigues to tell,  
 Her ravings wild, her anathemas dire,  
 Which wicked men took up with frantic yell,  
 And o'er the nations, with infernal ire, [fire!  
 Pour'd mountain waves of blood, and scatter'd showers of

## XXX.

Nor how a Tyrant's appetative mood,  
 Still unappeas'd, and shifting every hour!  
 Despis'd, or over-stubbornly withstood,  
 Set England's blushing Rose beyond her power!  
 Which, though at times a cloud might darkling lower,  
 Hath ever since been brightening in its bloom,  
 And darting deep and wide its roots of power,  
 Till continents can scantily give it room,  
 And earth's remotest isles inhale its rich perfume!

## XXXI.

And thou, my country, Caledonia, hail!  
 Though bleak thy hills, and boisterous be thy shore,  
 Though towering high thy Sister's fame prevail,  
 And thou 'mong nations lift'st thy voice no more!  
 Time was, thou too couldst boast of Royal power;  
 The Patriot prince—the gifted Seer were thine,  
 Who strong, in danger's overwhelming hour,  
 Did hand to hand with dauntless ardour join,  
 Down thy wild glens to pour the light of Truth divine!

## XXXII.

And Heaven upon the high emprise did smile.  
 Thy royal splendours all have pass'd away,  
 But, in despite of either force or guile,  
 Their labours bless thee to this very day!  
 Thy simple institutions still display  
 The bright conceptions of their mighty mind;  
 And Labour smiles, and Poverty looks gay,  
 And poor Misfortune dries her tears to find  
 Truth, Mercy, Light, and Law, and Liberty combin'd!

## XXXIII.

But O beware! lest any thought of pride,  
When looking at the course which thou hast run,  
In thy own wisdom lead thee to confide,  
And claim the merit due as all thine own!  
Nor think for thee these gifts were cheaply won!  
No! they were earn'd with tears, and toils, and blood!  
Power's minions all in opposition shone,  
And on their side, defiance breathing loud,  
With dreadful tortures arm'd, gaunt persecution stood!

## XXXIV.

Though Murrays, Loudons, Warristons, Argyles,  
Knoxes and Melvilles, Guthries and Cargills,  
And Kids, and Kings, and Camerons, and M'Kails,  
And Welches, have adorned thy heath-clad hills.  
Yet thou hast had (authors of nameless ills)  
Thy Sharps and Beatons, bloodthirsty and base;  
Thy Rotheses, M'Kenzie's and Dalzels,  
Foul names, accurs'd to all succeeding days!  
And one incarnate fiend in Graham thy page displays!

## XXXV.

These, the vile tools of a perverted race,  
Whom mercy could not melt, nor judgment awe;  
For ever straining after Rome's embrace,  
And substituting headstrong will for law.  
Till pitying Heaven thy deep affliction saw,  
And from their heights the maudling miscreants hurl'd;  
Giving thee to the rule of great Nassau!  
Who Freedom's flag with royal hands unfurl'd,  
And, blessing thee, was made a blessing to the world.

## XXXVI.

And under Brunswick's venerable line,  
Thy blessings all have had a large increase;  
How bold soe'er thy foes afar combine,  
Thy vales are still th' abodes of joy and peace.  
Is there a heart from fervent praise can cease,  
Seeing thy tranquil stream of pleasure flow;  
While bleak sterility is giving place  
To all the generous labours of the Plough,  
And hills and dales reflect Industry's cheerful glow?

## XXXVII.

As yet the year, deep in her wintry trance,  
Nor sees, nor hears, nor feels th' approaching spring,  
And rudely still the boréal storms advance,  
The sleet shower shaking from tempestuous wing.  
Nor yet the lark essays to soar, or sing,  
But, feebly cowering, seeks the sounding shore,  
Where flowing tides from off their beds out-fling,  
Soft periwinkles he can quiet devour,  
Where all wild tones are lost in ocean's wilder roar.

## XXXVIII.

And congregating still, a jarring crowd,  
The linnets chattering shake the naked tree,  
And the gay merle, and mellow mavis brood  
In hedgerow sad, or round the farm-yard flee.  
O then! when all is sickening sad to see,  
On feeling hearts how powerful is the charm!  
Borne up the vale the jolly Ploughman's glee,  
On yonder sunny slope, sequester'd, warm,  
As, by the red-breast cheer'd, again he breaks his farm.

## XXXIX.

Even when the storm dark brooding on the hill,  
With languor deep weighs down the listless day,  
Uncheer'd, save by the bubbling of the rill,  
That ebbing soft, keeps trickling on its way,  
A feeling, half approaching to the gay,  
Springs up, to see the Plough advancing strong,  
Through the deep mist that up the valley, grey,  
In masses deep, sails huge and slow along,  
To hear the snorting steeds—the gaudsman's simple song.

## XL.

Nor unattended—even on such a day  
Some yet mute warbler, patient, plods along  
The new made furrow, eager for his prey,  
A few days hence to be repaid in song.  
And foraging the broken clods among,  
In ties of equal love perpetual bound,  
The hooded crow, on sable pinions strong,  
With his dull mate keeps sailing round and round,  
While to his rusty caw the echoing rocks rebound.

## XLI.

But brighter days approach—the joyous sun,  
From the gay chambers of the cloudless sky,  
Looks out with light and life. Her mantle dun,  
Rejoicing earth for living green lays by.  
And sweet the early flower, of loveliest dye,  
Blooms, odour-breathing, on the sunward slope;  
Soft wing'd abroad the westling breezes fly,  
With genial dew, mild Eve begins to drop,  
And trees, and flowers, and fields put forth the buds of hope.



## XLII.

'Tis now that pleasure waits upon the Plough,  
High Heaven resounds the lark's wild melody,  
And the bland air gives out the living glow  
Active with life and fervid energy.  
The leaves as yet but scantily clothe the tree,  
The fields but scantily yield the honey'd flower ;  
But, on the clustering palms, the busy bee,  
With eident hum, employs the sunny hour,  
To heap his hoarded bread, or swell his waxen store.

## XLIII.

Forth, to the joyous labours of the field,  
The household hasten at the master's call ;  
Some bear the precious seed, some patient wield  
The needful spade, some beat the furrow small.  
And light of heart, good humour smiles on all ;  
The soil, the season, and the labour new,  
For very joy the children noisy brawl,  
And still their ardour bursts afresh, to view  
The dogs from field to field the pilfering rooks pursue.

## XLIV.

And soon approaching gladsome, jolly May,  
With the full flush of buds, and leaves, and flowers,  
And the full choir of woodland music gay,  
From morn to even with rapture fills the hours.  
And lovely June, with dews and genial showers,  
Refresh'd the grandeur of her gay costume,  
Sportive, within her ivy mantled bowers,  
With honeysuckles bursting into bloom,  
And clustering roses hid, breathes out her rath perfume.

## XLV.

July behind, all blowz'd with native heat,  
Half breathless paces slow th' umbrageous shade,  
And scatters wide the cooling berry sweet,  
Of deepest blue, or blushing purple red,  
And in her breath matured, with heavy head,  
Earthward the wheat, full ear'd, begins to tend,  
While to the orchard fair, with fruitage spread,  
A yellow tinge her touch begins to lend,  
And bow'd by slow degrees the laden branches bend.

## XLVI.

August at length, in robes of purple dye,  
Most gorgeous over moor and mountain glides,  
And plenty flows, responsive to her sigh,  
Wide o'er the yellow vale in wavy tides.  
And while in clouds her portly form she hides,  
Or rushes hollow through the forest sear,  
With prudent care the husbandman provides,  
To save the precious products of the year,  
The solace of his toils, his hopes for winter drear.

## XLVII.

September comes, with dogs and thundering guns,  
Re-echoing to the ardent sportsman's noise,  
And keen through all her fervid spirit runs  
Resuscitating Spring's delightful joys.  
The skies are clear, and no dark thought destroys  
Creation's joy with views of future pain;  
The merle once more her mellow pipe employs,  
The lark to Heaven's gate bears her song again,  
And sweet the linnets swells the reaper's joyous strain.

## XLVIII.

Till pale October, in her robes of brown,  
 Lifts dowie on the world her weeping eye,  
 And Nature's voice, in forest, dale, and down,  
 Sinks dull into a melancholy sigh.  
 The sobbing blast, the sear leaf rustling by,  
 The distant waterfall's portentous swell,  
 The voice that sweeps responsive o'er the sky,  
 Re-echo'd far from yonder misty fell,  
 Bid to the passing year, a long, a sad farewell.

## XLIX.

Yet lingering still, most delicately sweet,  
 Flowers here and there put forth their pensive bloom,  
 And on the bank that fronts the noonday heat,  
 Still crackles on the ear the expanding broom.  
 And still the red-breast, with unruffled plume,  
 Continues wild his warblings from the tree,  
 Which cheers the simple cottar's harvest home,  
 That knows no higher feast or revelry, [free.  
 Save from the heart to heaven the warm thought rushing

## L.

Now ease and plenty smile upon the farm,  
 For all its labours for the year are done,  
 The yard with stacks is full, and each from harm  
 Secur'd by coverings carefully put on.  
 And' on that little spot his hands have won,  
 By skilful toil from the surrounding waste,  
 Cheer'd by a mild and bright October sun,  
 The cottar and his smiling inmates haste,  
 Now others' crops are saved, to save their own at last.

## LI.

The children, laid among a heap of sheaves,  
In artless pastime sport away the hours,  
Trace with delight the slowly falling leaves,  
Or re-arrange the wreath of simple flowers.  
Meantime the mother active plies her powers,  
The husband and the father's toil to aid;  
And ere the dark'ning hour of gloaming lowers,  
So happily their mutual parts are play'd,  
That safe in hutted rows the whole is fair array'd.

## LII.

And drear November finds them full prepar'd.  
For calf and cow is fodder laid in store,  
Potato bings, and corn-stack in the yard,  
Forbid lean Hunger to approach their door.  
Work lies around them, and the rainy hour,  
And long dark night, their converse gay must charm;  
Parental cares, affection's tender power,  
And meek Devotion's ardour, ever warm,  
Forbid the languid powers their peaceful hearts to harm.

## LIII.

Much do I envy thee, thou happy swain,  
Although thy toils are constant and severe,  
Thy gettings small, thy table very plain,  
Thy dwelling through the winter somewhat drear.  
Despairing wretchedness thou canst not hear;  
Perverse stupidity thou dost not see;  
The infectious breath of vice thou need'st not fear;  
Surrounded too by sweet simplicity,  
Unscath'd thy virtues bud—and bloom and ripen free.

## LIV.

The deep reverse thy heart hath never torn,  
With strangers lonely never hast thou pined,  
These very stones thy infant steps have worn,  
Thy days behind that hill have all declined.  
Splendour and wealth with mean deceit combined,  
And flaming zeal with ruthless deeds unjust,  
Have never roused thy rage against mankind;  
Nor hollow friendship plunged, with deadly thrust,  
Deep in thy aching breast the dagger of distrust.

## LV.

Acquaintance here thou claim'st with every tree,  
These winds, that stream hath always sooth'd thy ears,  
A friend thou canst in every mountain see,  
And some old thought of thine each echo bears!  
Grown with thy strength, and strengthening with thy  
years,  
Around thy heart these prepossessions twine—  
Let no low sophist, on thy casual fears  
Strong working, cause their vigour to decline,  
Or lead thee bold to scorn their voice and power divine.

## LVI.

Ah! do not thou thy equal temper lose,  
To see yon subtle huckster, soft and sleek,  
Display his portly paunch, his ruby nose,  
It may be twice a-year, or once a-week.  
He lives and thrives by arts would make thee sick;  
Has weather'd storms had driven thee to despair;  
And though he bears an outward aspect meek,  
Couldst thou behold his rotten heart laid bare,  
Thy every nerve would shake to see what labours there.

## LVII.

In embryo there, are plots t' o'erreach his friend,  
Schemes new and strange to grind the bleeding poor,  
With prayers and tears, the public eye to blind,  
And charities, his credit to secure.  
And hope aspiring glads his distant hour,  
With gold, and lands, and houses fair to see;  
Though, sometimes, conscience, by thy awful power,  
Dispers'd at once the glittering visions flee!  
And rises dark instead, the judge, the gallows-tree!

## LVIII.

A few short years have patience—thou may'st see  
This green and growing self-sufficient one,  
With downcast looks, and tremor-stricken knee,  
To want abandon'd, hopeless and alone.  
Or among menials mean, all wobegone,  
The veriest drudge, the most compliant slave,  
Eager for rest on earth, but, finding none,  
Brought on his knees, at last of Heaven to crave  
The poor man's last sad hope, that narrow house—the grave.

## LIX.

For his apparent ease couldst thou forego  
The joy and health which to thy toils are given?  
For all his fancied wealth th' entrancing glow  
That rushes on thy heart at fall of even?  
But above all, thy intercourse with Heaven,  
The powers transforming of the world unseen,  
Couldst thou exchange, though seventy times by seven  
Were stretch'd their span, for all his prospects lean?  
Thou art not sure so base, so despicably mean.

## LX.

Beware th' insidious tales of discontent,  
 Which maudlin fiction echoes to the sky,  
 Of wrested rights, of constitutions rent,  
 Exhausted art, and nature's channels dry;  
 And the wild dream of other worlds that lye,  
 For ever bright with hope's entrancing smile,  
 Beyond the vasty deep—where, mantling high,  
 The cup of joy prevents the sigh of toil,  
 And simple truth ne'er rues the thorny snares of guile.

## LXI.

So thou may'st dream, and, dreaming, may'st forego  
 All that gives balm to life's expanding bloom;  
 But when thou wak'st, thou wak'st to deeper woe,  
 And heavier toil shall surely be thy doom!  
 Immured amid the overwhelming gloom  
 Of boundless woods, to heaven outstretching drear,  
 Where sobbing winds, the river's ceaseless boom,  
 Which thy lone axe but little helps to cheer,  
 Unbroke, for ever soothes dark Solitude's dull ear.

## LXII.

Or if 'tis broke, 'tis by the condor's wing,  
 Who stoops to make thy household fowls his prey,  
 Or jaguar's growl, as with unerring spring,  
 Of thy small flock the best he bears away—  
 Or huge snake's hiss, as hollow rustling, grey,  
 Through the rank weeds, he bursts upon the sight,  
 And thou stand'st petrified a lump of clay—  
 Or the red savage, who at dead of night  
 Strikes up the warwhoop wild, the death fire's dismal light.

## LXIII.

Nor is this all—from stagnant waters vast,  
And putrid marshes steaming on the day,  
Miasma, viewless, creeps across the waste,  
And steals resistless on thy secret way.  
The breathing morn, no longer beaming gay,  
With joy and health invigorates thy frame,  
The gloom of death hangs dim on twilight grey,  
Recedes the sun blank with the blush of shame,  
Or, fired to fury, burns a life-consuming flame.

## LXIV.

But should the God whose presence thou hast fled,  
Thy father's God, with love pursue thee still,  
The balm of health around thy dwelling shed,  
And make thee blest almost against thy will.  
Should he forbid the bloated snake to kill,  
The wolf, the bear, and jaguar to devour,  
Rein the wild winds, avert the blighting chill  
Of the cold North, and, in the lonely hour,  
The savage bosom melt, or blast his arm of power,

## LXV.

Will joy for aye light up thy beaming eye,  
And Gratitude thy glowing breast inspire?  
Will cheerless silence, or the lonely sigh,  
Still keep awake Devotion's holy fire?  
The bread of life thy soul may strong desire,  
Unfed while plenty flows on every hand!  
Of sympathy and faith thou may'st require  
The soothing prayer; but vain is the demand,  
Nor prayer nor praise is heard, thro' all that dismal land.



## LXVI.

No cheerful hum of city, ether borne,  
 No village pipe is heard melodious there,  
 No silver-sounding bell, no Sabbath morn,  
 Announces sweet the coming hour of prayer.  
 No neighbours meeting kind, for church prepare,  
 With converse to beguile the tedious way;  
 No man of God is waiting to declare  
 Heaven's peace to man the sinful child of clay—  
 The rich rewards laid up for glory's coming day.

## LXVII.

No angel forms, descending from on high,  
 Gave there the pattern of the world to come,  
 No prophet's voice, with Heaven's dread energy,  
 Burst the thick cloud that overhangs the tomb.  
 But underneath the sinner's fearful doom,  
 From day to day, the sinking savage pined,  
 Still deepening round him superstition's gloom;  
 Failing each power, each nobler sense refined,  
 Till huge the growing brute absorb'd th' immortal mind.

## LXVIII.

No fields of fame, no stones of triumph there,  
 Awake the flame of glory's slumbering fire!  
 Quench'd in the ever deepening clouds of care,  
 Fine feelings fail, and nobler thoughts expire.  
 That hapless land Jehovah, in his ire,  
 For many an age kept secret as the grave;  
 What light, 'tis vain for history to inquire,  
 Tradition old, or infant science gave,  
 O'er all alike hath roll'd oblivion's darkest wave.

## LXIX.

There the poor outcast, from his native land  
By desperate fortune driven, or secret guile  
Seduced, looks wistfully on every hand,  
For images to soothe his lonely toil.  
And though nor mountain swell, nor valley smile,  
Nor river rolling like his own be found;  
Names grateful to his ear imposed, the while,  
On sluggish streams, and sullen flats around,  
Reluctant lend, but lend in vain, their magic sound.

## LXX.

These wretched huts, Saint Johnston he may name,  
That ocean stream surrounding them, the Tay,  
But all th' associations dear to Fame,  
And to his heart, alas! are far away.  
On Grampian hills 'tis other winds that stray,  
Soft whispering through Dunkelden's birken bowers;  
In Gowrie's vale far other echoes play,  
What time with dewy feet the Evening hours,  
With rural pastimes gay trip o'er the breathing flowers.

## LXXI.

Let restless discontent, or lust for wealth,  
Roam round the world on vanity's light wings,  
Burst nature's tenderest ties, sell honour, health,  
And heaven's bright hopes, for earth's decaying things.  
Give me the rest which meek contentment brings,  
My warmest thoughts the world to come employ,  
And pure outwelling from my native springs,  
Untinged with pride, or slavery's base alloy,  
With honest labour quaff the cup of genuine joy.

## LXXII.

Say, thou, who Fortune's high career hast run,  
To darling gold devoted from the womb,  
Who bold hast dar'd the poles, the burning zone,  
And 'scap'd as 'twere by miracle the tomb,—  
Can this same gold restore thy blasted bloom?  
Can townships, honour, feeling, truth supply?  
Can all thy numerous slaves again relume  
These features wan—that shrunk lack lustre eye?  
A deep despairing groan is all thy poor reply.

## LXXIII.

Creation's boldest scenes thou may'st have trod,  
Paraguay, and the vale of rich Peru,  
From high Himaleh cast thine eyes abroad,  
Where sunny Cashmere glows upon the view.  
Thou may'st have roam'd thro' ardent Afric too,  
Where Nature, ever verdant, keeps her reign;  
But stubborn, to thy wretched purpose true,  
Except they led the way to certain gain,  
Thy sordid soul beheld, and spurn'd them with disdain.

## LXXIV.

The poor inhabitant thou might'st have bless'd,  
Taught him to till the soil, to stem the wave,  
Or open'd on his eye those regions vast,  
That rise in light beyond the gloomy grave.  
But thine was not the errand meek to save,  
Thou found'st him poor, but left'st him more forlorn;  
Perhaps to be for aye thy weeping slave,  
His back with stripes, his hands with labour worn,  
From all his soul held dear relentless he was torn.

## LXXV.

Why dost thou start to hear the passing wind,  
 That lingers playful on the leafy tree?  
 Why wake thy fears, with circumspection join'd  
 Amid the peaceful peasant's harmless glee?  
 Alas! alas! 'tis now in vain for thee,  
 That the gay dawn lifts up her joyous eyes,  
 That nature bounds to her wild melody,  
 For in thy breast matur'd guilt's offspring lies—  
 His endless toils begun, the worm that never dies.

## LXXVI.

Nor long on thee shall morn reluctant smile,  
 Nor thou remain on God's fair world a blot;  
 Tho' patience pause, the grave expands the while,  
 And kindling Tophet yawns more fiery hot.  
 One little hour, behold! and thou art not!  
 Thy name, thy dwelling-place hath pass'd away!  
 And even thy very crimes, on earth forgot,  
 Have ceas'd, with foul and ulcerous display,  
 To shock the feeling heart, and blur the beams of day.

## LXXVII.

Hast thou, O England, nerves of temper'd steel?  
 Is thy iron heart in triple brass enclos'd,  
 Thy conscience sear'd compunction ne'er to feel,  
 For wretchedness on half the world impos'd?  
 With sounding names thy traffic may be gloss'd,  
 But ah! thy ever-grasping hands are foul;  
 With Vanity's vile fumes thou may'st be dos'd  
 And fearless, tho' the Heavens vindictive scowl,  
 The gloomy wastes of earth for prey insatiate prowl.

## LXXVIII.

Thy name is on the winds, and round the earth  
The glory of thy arts and arms is borne,  
And truth from thee celestial hath gone forth,  
In all the glorious attributes of morn;  
But sons of thine most cruelly have torn  
The page that should transmit thy spotless fame,  
And unappeas'd would yet defile thy horn,  
And set thee helpless, naked, blind, and lame,  
To heaven and earth expos'd a monument of shame.

## LXXIX.

And blood is in thy skirts, and in thy streets  
Th' appalling voice of violence and guile;  
In midst of thee each vile affection meets,  
And all the wasting passions ceaseless boil.  
And pamper'd Idleness, and famish'd Toil,  
In fronted opposition scowling sit,  
And Cobbets, Woolers, Hunts, and Hones, the while,  
Thy bleeding sores with venom'd caustic fret,  
And hope, and watch, and urge, the coming deadly fit.

## LXXX.

Thy loosen'd loins, O! gird them up with truth,  
With temper'd justice arm thy fearless hands,  
Let ardent zeal inspire the glow of youth,  
And mercy light thee into other lands.  
Nor laugh to scorn what nature's voice demands,  
Instruction, bread, protection for the poor;  
Relentless break th' oppressor's iron bands,  
So stable may thy mountain stand secure,  
Unshaken, unremov'd, in judgment's darkest hour.

## LXXXI.

And thou, O Scotia! dweller with the storm,  
Whom God hath yet vouchsafed peculiar grace,  
Why gadd'st thou too abroad, proud to deform  
With all thy gairish sister's blots thy face?  
The phantoms of delirious joy to chase,  
Why art thou rushing from thy pastoral hills?  
Why toil to reap a harvest of disgrace,  
Or wild afar contend with cureless ills,  
While solitary flow thy health-inspiring rills?

## LXXXII.

'Mong all thy sons of daring, is there none  
Will fearless rise the wasting plague to stay?  
Of all that wish thee well, is there not one  
Will labour to prolong thy evening ray?  
But late indeed thy bonnet's proud display,  
Thy temper'd steel, thy tartans waving blue,  
And thy bold Pibroch scatter'd wild dismay,  
O'er that red field where vengeance had her due,  
And pride was cloth'd with shame—immortal Waterloo.

## LXXXIII.

But when the war-worn veteran comes to tell,  
His hair-breadth 'scapes with all the toils he bore,  
Alas! how must his manly bosom swell,  
To find his native hamlet is no more.  
Silence is in the glen where heretofore  
The pipe was wont the gloaming hour to cheer,  
Far, far away the wand'ring inmates poor,  
Of heartless life the hopeless remnant's wear,  
By Susquehannah wild, or Ohio rolling drear

## LXXXIV.

Wild to the wind thy glories there they sing,  
Enhancing what again they ne'er can see,  
And often, borne on fancy's glowing wing,  
By thy clear springs renew their youthful glee.  
Unceasing too they toil, but unto thee  
Nor honour, no, nor profit shall redound;  
Their virtues and their talents soon may be,  
While thou sitt'st lonely humbled to the ground,  
Rich on thy rival's brow in well-earn'd laurels found.

## LXXXV.

Thy barren hills, like Judah's favour'd land,  
Have largely drunk of Heaven's refreshing dew,  
And in her paths persisting still to stand,  
Shalt thou not drink her cup of judgment too?  
And deeper far. Her splendours to renew,  
Jehovah by himself hath solemn sworn,  
Sharon shall bud, and, green upon the view,  
No more to bear the heathen's spiteful scorn,  
Bashan and Carmel blush beneath the beaming morn.

## LXXXVI.

But thou, though glorious like the Prince of Tyre,  
In wisdom great, with perfect beauty crown'd,  
Allow'd to walk among the stones of fire,  
And traverse blissful Eden's hallow'd ground.  
If, as thy wealth, thy wantonness abound,  
And rising still thy violence and pride,  
Upon thy head draw down the mortal wound,  
Who then, alas! thy failing steps shall guide,  
For thee, nor second spring, nor summer months abide.

## LXXXVII.

And is not God to judgment on his way?  
And wilt thou still the charge of guilt refuse?  
Hast thou still sacred held his word and day,  
And kept inviolate thy solemn vows?  
May he not now thy strong delusions choose,  
And give thee up to trust upon a lie;  
Leave thee still more thy mercies to abuse,  
Till, void of shame, devotion's urn run dry,  
For God all reverence fall, and forms with feelings die?

## LXXXVIII.

But, void of heart, an outcast from thy place,  
Or an encumbrance vile though thou art found,  
Still on its course shall flow the stream of grace,  
Though Forth nor hear, nor Tay return the sound.  
Far other lands with darkness deep imbound,  
As yet the abodes of cruelty and dread,  
Their solitudes with desolation crown'd,  
Shall hear the rushing waters and be glad, [spread.  
And herbs shall budding spring, and flowery verdure

## LXXXIX.

And strife shall cease, and poverty shall smile,  
And industry to idleness succeed;  
And rest shall reap respect and joy from toil,  
While healthful temperance deals her daily bread.  
And charity her healing hand shall spread,  
With liberal heart, on every form of woe;  
And competence, by warm devotion led,  
Cheer'd and supported by the peaceful Plough,  
Through every feeling heart shall pour her rapturous glow.



## XC.

Be still, my harp.—The bolt of Heaven has sped,  
And, in amazement, shakes the smitten throne,  
The loveliest form, the tenderest heart has bled,  
And the fair flower of England's hope is gone.  
And with th' illustrious stranger, widow'd, lone,  
The voice of wailing spreads from hill to hill,  
The lengthen'd vales send back the deepening tone,  
On the pain'd ear with melancholy thrill—  
Be hush'd, my feeble Harp—thy jarring tones be still.



## NOTES.

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*Woe was the time, from Eden's blissful bowers, &c.*

STANZA vii. p. 105.

I AM aware that I have here ascribed an assurance to our first parents, that has been but rarely that of their descendants, the greater part of whom have, in every age, indulged a very different feeling.

Let it be remembered, however, that there are multiplied reasons for supposing Adam to have been, mentally as well as corporeally, "the goodliest man of men yet born, his sons;" that he was a true penitent, and a believer in the promised redemption, which he must have known was to consist in being delivered from the power of sin, and in being prepared for the kingdom of glory in the world above, into which, had he kept his integrity, he would have found not an earlier but an easier admission, and by a very different entrance than the dismal gate of death. He had but just heard the divine malediction pronounced upon the earth, from which he behoved to draw his subsistence; and feeling, as he must have felt, from its terrible effect upon his own person, the awful truth of the Divine denunciation, it seems impossible to conceive, that he could have given any place to that dream of perfectibility, which, under various forms and manifold designations, has bewildered so many of his posterity.

That man may, and does subsist, both in his individual and social capacity, under very different degrees both of intellectual acquirement and of external comfort, though these are by no means inseparably connected, is obvious to all; and that this should have given to superficial thinkers some undefined, and it may be undefinable idea, of a progress in society, of a

march of mind which no power can arrest, of the high destinies of man, with a thousand *et cetera* of the same kind, by which Ignorance is accustomed to hide its folly, and Enthusiasm to conceal its want of consideration—or that a vain Philosophy, which shuns to travel in no track but that of reason, hates nothing but the face of truth, and fears no enemy but common sense, should have thence drawn forth a scheme of perfectibility, is not wonderful; but that the pupils and the advocates of Revelation, who profess to have given up the world with the life of sense which is necessary to its pursuits and enjoyments, and to have commenced that life of faith, which begins with crucifying the world with its affections and lusts, should continue to stupify themselves with the same absurdities, concealed under millennial dreams, and visions of latter days of glory, is truly astonishing.

Upon a closer inspection it will be found, if there be any truth in the Bible, that these splendid expectations, which keep so many on tiptoe, and which every age has flattered itself were just about to be realized, are totally without foundation; man, as an individual, having long ago, and frequently, too, reached the highest point of improvement of which, in his present state, he is susceptible, or which will ever be bestowed upon him in this lower world. In this respect, as well as in many others, we may safely adopt the words of inspiration, "That which is to be hath already been."

Where, or by whom, do these dreamers expect to see surpassed, or even equalled, Noah, who alone was found righteous in his generation? Abraham, who obtained this testimony, that he was the friend of God, and the high appellation of the father of the faithful? Job, who was "a perfect and an upright man, that feared God and eschewed evil," and, under unparalleled reverses and sufferings, maintained his integrity, and held forth an example of faith and of patience, that shall continue to animate and encourage the godly throughout all succeeding generations? Moses, like whom there arose no prophet after him, with whom the Lord spake face to face as a man speaketh with his friend? Joshua, at whose request the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon rested in the valley of Ajalon, and hastened not to go down for a whole day; and who could say, "Whatever others do, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord?" Solomon, who was wiser

than all men, and carried experiment upon "wisdom, and madness, and folly," to its utmost limits, "for what can the man do," says he, "that cometh after the king, even that which hath already been done?" Daniel and his three friends, who maintained purity of heart, and piety of practice, amid all the seductions of a luxurious and an idolatrous court, and in the face of hungry lions, and a devouring fiery furnace. I might add Isaiah, and David, "the sweet singer of Israel," in whose entrancing strains the aspirations of all the good will be breathed before the throne of mercy, till hope be lost in fruition, and faith has become sensible demonstration.

I have said nothing of Enoch, "who walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;" of Elijah, who was jealous for the Lord God of hosts, and was visibly, soul and body, carried to heaven in a chariot of fire: for the hope of such miracles being repeated, has, I would charitably suppose, expired with Mrs. Buchan and Joanna Southcote; and time would fail me to speak of Jephthah, of Samson, and of Samuel, and of the Prophets, who through faith wrought righteousness, obtained promises, &c., &c., though living under a dispensation, which, the men to whom I am alluding tell us, was dark and uncomfortable, legal, wanting the Spirit, and even without the knowledge of a future state.

But let us come to the New Testament, and there, too, every thing bears an unfriendly aspect to the scheme under consideration. Do they expect to see characters raised up more ardent than Peter and Jude, more winning than the beloved disciple, or more laborious than the painstaking and indefatigable Paul, who was caught up, not among millions of systems, to lose himself in absurd, or wicked, or at best useless conjectures, but into Paradise, where he heard words which it was not lawful or possible for a man to utter? Do they expect a church state more blessed than that "where the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common? And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all." Have they forgotten that the great Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, and in this way became the author of eternal salvation to all who believe? He is, confessedly,

the great pattern after which all his followers are to be formed, and they are to be conformed to him in suffering, as well as in other parts of his character. They must be planted together in the likeness of his death, that they may be found in the likeness of his resurrection. He has kindly assured them, that though in the world they shall have tribulation, in Him they shall have peace. They are not to marvel though the world hate them; for it hated him before it hated them, and this hatred is one of the proofs of their being his, "For if ye were of the world," says he, "the world would love his own, but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." And an apostle elsewhere assures us, that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution, and this assurance, the experience of eighteen hundred years has amply confirmed,—not that we have had all that time persecution of the same kind, but we have had it always of one kind or another.

"Woe unto you," says our Lord, "when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers unto the false prophets." "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. As many as I love, I re-buke and chasten." Now, keeping these plain declarations in view, let us suppose that these days of glory had arrived, and that men were actually enjoying all that has been fabled concerning them, what comes of the Bible, which, besides containing the above declarations, everywhere addresses itself to men, having to contend with hearts desperately wicked, surrounded with an ensnaring world, and attended by a tempting devil? There will be no need then for running through the mazes of sophistry, and resuscitating antiquated fables—for flying on the wings of the wind around the wide earth—for undermining the foundations of the eternal hills—for diving into the depths of the sea, or laboriously rising to the height of the stars, in order to prove its absurdity. Every man's experience will satisfy him, that the whole is not a cunningly, but a very clumsily devised fable.

There is not, however, the smallest degree of danger upon this head. After all the schemes of amelioration that have been put in practice, and all the improvements in science that have been made, Man, in a moral and political point of view, is just where he was, as restless, and as unhappy as ever, still

looking back upon the past with regret, and prying into the future with a feverish anxiety, that renders the present insipid. And he will infallibly continue to be this restless, and feverish, and unhappy being. Not because his principle of propagation has a geometrical, and his means of subsistence only an arithmetical progression, as some, with laborious impiety, have wearied themselves attempting to demonstrate, but because by his sin he has subjected the whole creation to vanity, has incurred the curse which is within him, upon him, and on every thing around him.

Though he should lay hold on the riches of the people, with the flattering homage of many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and languages,—though he should be able to say, is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty—there need but a word fall from heaven,—the kingdom is departed—he is driven from men to herd with the beasts of the field. He may cover his board with vessels of gold and silver, he may heap it with all the delicacies that Nature can yield or imagination desire.—Friendship may pledge his cup, into which Love with glowing hands may crush her most delicious clusters—but there is a hand-writing on the wall, which, though no Daniel be present to read, his fears can truly interpret—his knees smite against each other, and his short-lived joys are turned into bitterness. He may be the man whom the king delighteth to honour, and preferment may set him upon her loftiest elevation; but there is a stubborn Mordecai sits at the gate, and riches, and honour, and friends can avail him nothing. To the crown of youth, he may add the crown of power, of beauty, and of virtue; but, when all eyes are turned upon his grandeur, and every tongue employed in lauding his felicity, the finger of God touches him, his root becomes rottenness, and his blossom goes up like dust. Contemning the world, with all its noisy accompaniments, he may pursue the tranquil path of meditation, and the secrets of wisdom may be all his own; the ear that hears him, may hang with delight upon his lips, and the eye that sees him may bless him; but with all his increase of wisdom, there is a proportional increase of sorrow,—and be his length of days, his labours, and his expectations, what they may, the exclamation of the inspired philosopher shall at last be breathed from his

inmost soul, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But, do not the splendid descriptions to be found scattered on every page of the prophetic writings, which speak expressly of these latter days of glory, lay a foundation sufficiently broad for all that has been built upon them? Is not the mountain of the Lord's house to be established on the top of the mountains, and to be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it? Is not the law to go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem? Is he not to judge among the nations, and rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks—nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more? I know very well that upon this, and similar passages, our modern rhapsodists build, and no doubt think they build securely, their dreams of universal peace, with all the addenda necessary to complete the system. The very same thing did the carnal Jews, at the time of our Lord's manifestation in the flesh; and by so doing placed themselves without the pale of the visible church, filled up the measure of their iniquity, awakened God's righteous displeasure, which consumed their city and nation, and has rendered any remnants of them that remain fugitives and vagabonds for these eighteen hundred years—and fugitives and vagabonds they must remain, till they learn to interpret the prophecies more rationally, more soberly, and more consistently.

That the prophets, in these glowing and sublime descriptions, did not refer to any particular part of, but to the Gospel day, or the New Testament dispensation generally, which in the Old Testament is called the latter days, and in the New, the last times, is evident from the application made of them by inspired interpreters. The Apostle Peter in his sermon to the multitude of Jews, which the miraculous effusion of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost had drawn together, quotes, from the prophet Joel, one of the most brilliant of these descriptions, and declares, that in what they now saw and heard, it had received its full accomplishment. Nor is the broad generalization of these passages, any insurmountable difficulty in the way of this explication of them. Instances of the same general expression, where no such universality of application ever was or could be intended, are common in all writings,



sacred and profane, and every spoken language, it is believed, abounds with them. What is more common than to hear, that a whole city was moved, when there was positively one half of the city that knew nothing of the matter? and who is ever misled by such phraseology?

If the world is to be universally subject to Messiah's peace, why I would ask, is it so formally excluded in that intercessory prayer, which he put up for the benefit, and left on record, for the encouragement of all his followers, "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me?" Why, though he is the Prince of Peace, does he say, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword?" Why was it said to the prophet, when he had the beautifully descriptive vision of the healing waters that issued from under the threshold of the sanctuary, became a river that could not be passed over, went down into the desert, and into the sea, whose waters were thereby to be healed, "But the miry places thereof, and the marshes thereof, shall not be healed, they shall be given to salt?"

But this note is already extended beyond all reasonable bounds, and a volume could not contain the interrogatories that require to be disposed of, before these childish comments can have anything like authority or even plausibility. I shall only remark further, that the influence which Christianity has already had upon society, though it has neither extinguished pauperism nor moral evil, fully obviates any charge of hyperbolism that may be supposed, from the above views, to attach to these divinely inspired productions. What was the state of society and morals in Greece, the supposed birthplace of freedom, the favoured abode of genius, and the cradle of the sciences? What in Rome, the emporium of the universe, the centre of all the wealth, and all the wisdom in the then known world? Very much below that of our West India Islands, the very mention of which is sufficient to give our sentimentalists a fit of the ague, a few lordly citizens calling themselves the people, while the great mass of the population were considered as nothing more than beasts of burden. And if the state of society was such in these seats of wealth, of power, and of improvement, what must it have been in the world at large? Just what it is in Africa, and in the greater part of Asia, and among the native tribes of America, at this day. And what

has made it to differ with us, and with other Christian nations, who were once equal in barbarity to the most barbarous? What but the gracious accomplishment of the prediction,—“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the <sup>fat</sup>ling together: and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand upon the adder's den.”

How strikingly have we seen all this accomplished! There is still abundant room for the ministers of religion to exclaim, “Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?” The power of the gospel, in renovating the heart, and purifying the conscience, is experienced by comparatively few; but in softening the temper, constraining the habit, and regulating all that belongs to the outer man, its influence has been felt by all. Philosophy herself is so modified, and so bedizened with the ornaments of Christianity, as scarcely to be known by her friends, and has made her way into the most holy places, undiscovered by her enemies. We have had our Bolingbrokes, and our Humes, and our Smiths, and our Gibbons, and our Priestleys, men for whom the wolf, the leopard, the bear, the lion, and the asp, could be, in a certain point of view, the only proper hieroglyphics, yet distinguished for benevolence, urbanity of manners, and general good conduct, beyond many possessed of far better principles. What amidst the universally acknowledged decline of vital godliness, and the prevalence of covetousness which is idolatry, what continues to build, to enlarge, and support our Hospitals, our Asylums, and our Infirmarys? What to extend our subscription lists, and swell our collections for the poor? Nothing but Christianity, exerting, not her supernatural, but her natural influence upon the natural man, which in certain circumstances and to a certain extent is irresistible.

If we take to finish the view, a glance at what the special

grace of God is still in some measure operating—men patiently submitting to the privations of poverty, and the hardship of increasing toil—eating their scanty morsel with contentment and gratitude; honouring and praying for superiors, who, for the most part, more or less despise, and not unfrequently oppress them; women of the most delicate habits and feelings, distinguished for rank and refinement, coming forth to explore the receptacles of want and misery, and, unappalled by all that disgusting filthiness, and ungrateful peevishness, and unprincipled selfishness, which they have daily to encounter, from week to week, and from year to year, prosecuting the Godlike labour of relieving wretchedness wherever it is to be found; the man of God standing by the bed of anguish, and, by proclaiming the love of God to a lost world, awakening repentance, strengthening faith, stimulating hope, and changing the terrors of death into the ecstasies of joy, may we not exclaim, “Blessed are the eyes that see and the ears that hear the things that we see and hear.”

*Then house was heap'd on house, and field to field.*

STANZA xxii. p. 110.

I have no doubt but then as now, this was considered a very hopeful and promising state of society; and all who hesitated to pronounce it so would be regarded as very ignorant or very silly, or perhaps both. Those who disliked it for the miserably painful circumstances which, they could not but see, were its inseparable attendants, would be condemned for losing sight of the general good in a partial evil; those who censured it as incompatible with that law of love which, as God's professing people, they were under the strongest obligations to observe, would be instantly silenced by a charge of fanaticism; and disquisitions and declamations would not be wanting to show that, however proper or even useful the services and restraints of religion might be in a rude state, in the progressive stages of society, except as occasionally producing a little of something like stage effect, they were utterly inadmissible.

Was it the breach of the Sabbath, for instance, that was charged upon the system? or the want of respect for and at-

tendance upon the religious festivals instituted among that people? or the reducing a very great proportion of the people to a state of beggarly dependence, by the absorption of their small proportions of the soil by a few great and growing capitalists? Was it the extinction of moral feeling, and exhaustion of the national labour in the rage for foreign luxuries? Some charlatan of the day would demonstrate that, "however much he might retrench his own enjoyments, and give the fruit of all this economy to the poor, he would only be giving to one set of human beings what he was withholding from another." Some premature Malthus, with "the latent principle of population," not yet geometrically demonstrated, but glimmering before him in all the mysterious magnitude of undefined grandeur, would show, that, in the hands of these capitalists, the soil was cultivated at less expense, and likewise rendered more productive, consequently, as food always finds mouths, the poor, whatever might be their complaints, could not fail to be better provided for than ever. He would also demonstrate, that, by subduing all the passions, and suppressing all the feelings of humanity, if they were not made perfectly happy, they would at least be placed beyond the reach of pain—and if they were unable to accomplish this, or unwilling to attempt it, he surely was not to blame.

He could likewise, upon the same principle, demonstrate the Sabbath, and other days of religious observance, to be highly prejudicial to a commercial country, deducting a seventh part from the profit of all manufactured articles, and of course, shutting the merchant out of many a market, which he might otherwise have entirely at his command; and though it would have looked ill to abolish the Sabbath altogether, considering the antiquity and the high authority which it laid claim to, yet, by persuading or compelling working men to ply a little more closely through the week, it would be almost neutralised, by making it a day for taking physic, air, exercise, or amusement, as suited every man's pleasure, allowing it to retain its name, and in appearance its ancient prerogatives, all the while; and as for the men engaged in the great concern of swelling the national resources, and making their own fortunes, it would be evident to all, that the necessity of the case superseded every other obligation.

And as a set off to the whole, and a damper to those mo-

rose old men, who would no doubt be sometimes talking of national judgments, and other obsolete nonsense of a like kind, the flourishing state of the country would be very often reverted to. There would be a perpetual chime of highly cultivated districts, fine seats, beautifully adorned lawns, rich gardens, and ample parks. And then for the people—how refined in their manners! how elegant in their dress! how gay and enlivening to hear the viol, the harp, and the pipe, and to join in the sprightly dance, which all who made the smallest pretensions to taste, or even to common decency, could at any time call forth for the entertainment of a friend. So it was then, and so it is now. But what was his view of all this, who looketh not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart, and whose judgment is always according to truth? Mere political declaimers may be excused for overlooking it, but surely divines ought not to lose sight of it. “Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth. In mine ears, said the Lord of Hosts, of a truth many houses shall be desolate, even great and fair without inhabitants. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, and the tabret, and the pipe, are in their feasts; but they regard not the word of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.”

*Though Murrays, Loudons, Warristons, Argyles, &c.*

STANZA XXXIV. p. 114.

These are but a sample of a long list of illustrious worthies, whose remembrance is precious to all who fear God, and favour his righteous cause. Murray, after all the attempts that have been made to blot his memory, is still venerated by the best, and the wisest of his countrymen, as THE GOOD REGENT. She who was lately the only representative of the family of Loudon, I have seen waited for by admiring multitudes, who poured forth their prayers for her felicity, on ac-

count of the hand which her venerable predecessors had in the Reformation. Warriston's name is associated with the Reformation, and can never be forgotten by any who truly love its interests. The piety and patriotism of Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, has embalmed the name, and continues to shed a kind of sacredness upon the family, though perhaps they are not now very attentive to his pious example. John Knox has at length found a biographer worthy of him, and has had justice done to his memory, by an age that will never be suspected of undue partiality to that interest, which had all his heart. Melville has had equal justice done him by the same felicitous pen which was so happily employed for Knox. The remainder will continue, in the faithful and clear, though greatly neglected narratives of the times in which they lived, and in the useful compilations of honest Howie of Lochgoin, to form, to strengthen, and refine the moral character of our peasantry, till other M'Gries be raised up to present the faithful and attractive transcript of their lives, and poets of nobler powers, embalming their songs with their imperishable names, make them to be acknowledged, as they ought always to have been, the lights of the world, and the landmarks of public conduct.

At the very time, however, that attempts have been made to rescue these venerable names from unmerited obloquy, we have seen authors of unquestionable talents and high celebrity burlesquing the lamentable story of their sufferings for the amusement of the light-hearted, the giddy, and the frivolous; and, with singular effrontery, representing our Sharps, and M'Kenzies, and Dalzels, and particularly our Grahams, as men of fine feelings, honest principles, and commendable lives. But the attempt is as vain as it is foolish, and as impotent as it is wicked; their names have long ago been indelibly graven by the hand of Truth upon the tablet of Infamy, and so long as Liberty, Law, and Religion, find respect or reverence in one Scottish bosom, the writing is irreversible.

*And on that little spot his hands have won, &c.*

STANZA I. p. 119.

It has become fashionable to say, that our population is re-

dundant; and a theorizing philosophy, merely because foreign markets cannot take off all the muslins, and other articles, which our whole population, thus applying itself, can fabricate, assumes it to be a fact established beyond all dispute. Any thing of the kind, however, that we experience is imaginary, not real; artificial, not natural. There are in all places of the country, to be seen from the public roads, and much more from the byways, hundreds of places quite neglected, that, in the hands of an industrious and frugal set of cottagers, would be pleasant situations for families to live upon, and where, under prudent management, they might find a very comfortable subsistence.

But this is not to the taste of the present times. Noblemen and Gentlemen can see, without being moved, the best part of our peasantry driven into the city, where they are sure to lose all that renders them valuable and amiable, in the contamination that necessarily attends the lower departments of commerce, or to seek shelter and employment in Transatlantic climes, while a third part, and in some cases a full half of their own estates lie waste, which could be reclaimed with the most certain prospect of competence and content to the cultivators, and a great addition to their own incomes.

This sober view of the matter, however, is lost in the brilliancy of foreign trade, after which all are straining with unceasing ardour, and which, though it has destroyed, to an alarming degree, both public and private virtue, and has frequently brought the country at large to the very brink of anarchy and starvation, still seems to rise up with splendours more brilliant, and attractions more infatuating; and there is great reason to fear, that it will continue so to do, till, like Nineveh, and Babylon and Tyre, Britain be added to the long list of terrible examples, set up, but apparently set up in vain, for warning and instruction to unteachable man.

*Ah! do not thou thy equal temper lose, &c.*

STANZA lvi. p. 121.

No reflection is here intended upon the mercantile profession in general, though it will be allowed by all, that if a man's honesty be rather rickety at best, behind a counter is

not the place most likely to restore it to healthful activity and vigorous action—and I would have my simple countrymen, who think, perhaps a little too much, upon hard labour, high rents, and backward seasons, and look, it may be with some degree of pique, upon the fine jockey boots and elegant top coats, in which two old acquaintances, who have just gone to reap the golden harvest of the city, may choose to astonish the village, stepping from a hackney gig in a morning, ere the sun has been able to overtop its lowly roofs, and putting it in an uproar from one end to the other, for as many delicacies as furnish out their breakfast, though only twelve months ago “the parritch cog” would have been thought perfectly sufficient.—I say, I would have my simple countrymen, seeing all this, before they begin to blush for their own stupid simplicity, and to stare with envious astonishment upon their friends’ happiness, to consider, that most probably, the fine boots do in reality belong to some silly Shoemaker, the coats to as silly a Tailor, and the bank notes which they are flourishing in such a gentlemanlike style, to a Banker, upon whom the fore-named accoutrements have for a time enabled them to impose.—And before engaging in the tempting career, let them consider further, while their hearts are yet warm, and their feelings true to nature, how they will look at last, in some low-roofed, defaced, and damp shop, painted a rusty green, or a dirty yellow, and titled in large letters, “SPIRIT AND PORTER CELLAR,” while their whole stock is a pint bottle, a fourth part full of precious bad whisky, one half dozen of porter, and a cask of sour small beer—or how they will enjoy a VINTNERSHIP, and never a drop of wine, at the head of some dark close, or in the middle of some back wynd, with a brown leopard lowering, or a red lion gaping over the door, with just as much meat and drink for the day as last night’s pimping and pocket-picking will afford—and if by this time they are not trembling in prospect of the gallows, they may at least conclude upon a voyage to Botany Bay.

In short, let them consider, that three things are essentially necessary to success in any business, however lucrative—a competent knowledge of it, a capital in some degree equal to the magnitude of the transactions it involves, patient attention, and persevering diligence—and if the want of one or all of these renders them uncomfortable in their little farms, let



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them rest assured that it will render them doubly so amidst the physical filth and the moral feculence of a great city.

*Nor prayer nor praise is heard, through all that dismal land.*

STANZA lkv. p. 124.

The reader is requested to bear in mind that this description refers, not to what may be called America proper or the United States, where, it is not doubted, prayer and praise is just as common and as sincere as it is at home, but to the wildernesses of that vast continent, into which emigrants are generally invited by those interested parties, whose artful and delusive delineations it is the aim of the author to expose.













