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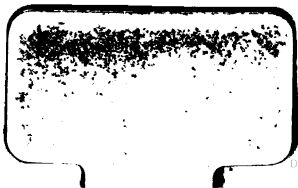
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THE  
WAY-SIDE COTTAGER;

CONSISTING OF

PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

To which are added,

MISCELLANEOUS POËMS.

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BY JAMES RUICKBIE.

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*Even in the Cottage, where the earthen floor,  
The straw-made bed, the wooden candlestick,  
Display their sober equipage—even there  
The Muse will haunt, where Pomp disdains to tread,  
And breathe the song deny'd to Palaces.*

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HAWICK:

*Printed by R. Armstrong, for the Author.*

~~~~~  
1807.





## PREFACE.

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**T**HE Author of the following sheets considers a Preface as the porch of a building, or a grace before meat: little notice is taken of either the one or the other; (especially by the curious and the hungry,) in expectation of meeting with better entertainment afterwards. And therefore, one or two reasons excepted, nothing could have induced him to write one. The first is, that he may have opportunity to return his most sincere thanks to those who have honoured him with their subscriptions, and for the countenance he has received from a generous Public, both in this and former Publications.—That some of his weak efforts are not looked on with indifference by some

## PREFACE.

whom the world dares not call injudicious, blows up the embers of that honest pride which is naturally planted in the bosom of every friend to the muse.

Another reason is, that he may intimate to the Public, and especially to the Critic, that his obscure and sequestered situation in life deprives him of the benefit of a learned or judicious friend to submit his efforts to, for criticism and amendment. He therefore hopes, that the judicious critic, like the wholesale merchant, will make large allowances.

J. R.

THE

**WAY-SIDE COTTAGER.**

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CHAPTER I.

TO write and to live, was, in the estimation of the author of *Triftram Shandy*, the same thing.—“Hold! hold!” cries the brow-beating Critic; “Tobacconists’ shops are already overstocked with unintelligible trash, and should any addition be made to such a liberal stock of nonsense, the very earth would groan under it. Besides, friend, nothing will take in this age of wisdom and learning but what is manufactured out of the pericranium of the Reverend or the Right Reverend Dr. Such-a-thing, or the ingenious and learned \*\*\*\*\*; all the rest of mankind are left to read!—So says the Critic.—If any are desirous to hear what I say,

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here it is—Write! Write! Write! ye volatile soné of the goose-wing! great things have often been effected by small means; a rich ship wafted to the shore by a small gale of wind, and a city preserved by the wisdom of a poor wise man.—And besides, Mr. Critic, who knows but the reading of such nonsense may keep the debauchee from a criminal midnight assignation, or keep Cupid's volunteers a couple of hours out of the furnace, or perhaps drive the crafty barrister past the fatal hour in which he intended to study a clause which would have ruined the whole suit?—And is not this to serve one's country?—You will naturally answer, Yes—but what is the meaning of all this preliminary stuff?—A little patience, and I will inform you:

Here sit I, with about half a ream of paper before me; quills scattered on every side of me around the table; an old fashioned inkholder full to the brim, parallel to my right hand; my house situated so near the public high-way, that a rat can hardly pass without disturbing me in my

studies.—“But who art thou?” Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a diminutive, thin-visaged, fallow-complexioned fellow-finner, sitting in the above-mentioned dilemma, clothed in a ragged great coat, a fruffy-breasted doublet, and a sea-green cap; and a cheek-bone, Sir, if fitted for any mechanical operation, would be best adapted to whet razors on!—So much for self-description; and I am persuaded that my readers will be as much out of conceit with my person as with my performance; but I have this consolation, that both my person and performance are so far out of the reach of censure, that the one is above it, and the other below it; for with regard to the former I defy any of the critics, or all of them put together, to make such another, or even to mend the old one, (for I reckon it not fair in a man to find fault with a subject, if he cannot either make a better new one, or mend the old)—And as for the latter, the gigantic sons of Erudition will never give themselves the trouble to stoop so low as to look at it.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is, I think, no very remote resemblance between the human mind and the pendulum of a clock. How often do our minds veer from one extremity of the world to another; from one supposed part of happiness to another, and from one mode of religion to another, without effecting any more than a chick?—Conscience gives a chick of warning from one corner, that is not regarded; Judgment gives a chick of caution from another corner that is not heeded—And even our actions, Madam, (for I then addressed a young lady who happened to be in company with me), I say our actions likewise resemble this restless wagtail, for we are incessantly running from one thing to another. We give a chick for riches on this side of the stage, a chick for honour on the other; and yet all our pursuits, and even matrimony itself, you know, Madam, end only with a chick.—But I am inter-

rupted with a whurr-r-r, a coach and four!—The unmerciful postillion lashes the horses as if they were made of brass, and the coachman copies his diabolical example: half a face looks out at the window of the vehicle, and cries sternly, “demme smack the ho’ses!” This is surely no gentleman, exclaimed I, for it is now quite unfashionable to swear,—here is a servant, I will ask him.—“Pray Sir, if you please, who is this gentleman in the carriage?” “Gentleman, Sir, you are miserably mistaken if you take him for a gentleman, he is nothing more than a French Cook going to prepare kickshaws for some Epicure in the Highlands of Scotland.”—“He is in haste,” said I.—“He is afraid that the fricasee be ready before he arrives,” said he.—Our conversation ended. I next threw myself down on my elbow-chair to reflect on what I had seen. What a pity it is, that man should be so void of humanity!—he has no more mercy on the poor dumb animal that draws him, that drudges for him, and (Balaam’s Ass excepted), that never complains of hard usage, than if it.



had no sense of pain, nor felt the weight of oppression. It was no bad reproof once given by a wag to one of these tyrannical drivers, when he was beating a poor animal to gratify his passion—“How now, unmerciful wretch,” cried he, “how do you know but the soul of your grandfather possesseth that horse which you scourge so cruelly?”—Although I am no friend to the Pythagorean system of transmigration, yet I think the lesson was good, for it was putting the sympathy of the wretch to the test, by bringing it comparatively from the animal to the rational part of the creation: and we may infer, on no bad foundation, that the man who shews no mercy to an useful domestic animal, will have but little to his fellow-creature on a slight provocation.—It was a part of that divine image stamped on man at his first creation to have dominion over the inferior creatures, and we see no part of that image more defaced than in this particular.—One would suppose, that since it was man’s sin that sowed the seed of discord among the animal tribes, that he would exert

his superior reason as far as possible to prevent the fatal consequences which his sin had introduced: but how surprising to see him making that reason which distinguishes him from the brutal species a stimulus to provoke, and raise that same discord which his sin had created? It is disgraceful to humanity to mention the many methods contrived by man to set the creatures at variance with one another, and to cause them to destroy one another, to gratify his savage disposition. He even delights to see them tear each other in pieces, not considering the reply of the frogs in the fable to the boys who pelted them with stones, "it is sport to you, but death to us." I next began to blame the depraved taste of my countrymen, in preferring a foreigner to dress their dinner before those of their own nation; but as I am not well skilled in the pastry line, I made but a poor job of it, but as I am always hammering at every thing, I believe I would not have so soon dropped the theme if my attention had not been called to a different subject, which you will see in the next chapter.

The only observation which I was capable of making was, that if a man sit down to dinner prepared by labour, and invited by hunger, who eats for health, and drinks for medicine, he will not be very particular in the choice of a cook. The life of that man must be burdensome which is perpetually in the hands of the cook and the doctor, the one sowing the seeds of disease in his constitution, and the other plucking them up when overgrown.

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### CHAPTER III.

• “HELP the poor, master, and God will help you,” (cried a figure opening the door.) “Your divinity is both ready and sound,” cried I, “come in, and tell me your situation.” Presently an old man shewed himself, with a ragged jacket, and a pair of blue trowsers, “may Heaven preserve you, good Sir,” said he, from the straits and hardships, d’yc see, which I have experienced : this here leg was

almost battered to a jelly with a splinter of the ship; and the booby of a surgeon in setting it, d'ye see, has made it as crooked as one of the jaws of a steel trap for catching rats; and out of ten clever fingers, which I had when I went to sea, blast my timbers, if I can now count above eight; two of them were carried off by a musquet-ball, as they were carrying me away to get my leg splic'd, so that misfortune, d'ye see, was doubled: but what arguings telling over one's misfortunes? for since Misfortune got me in tow, she has ever hauled me over shelves and rocks, and I never expect her to leave me till she land me in Davie Jones's locker."

—"Has government made no provision for you?"

—"Heaven bless you, master, I was on board a Guinea-man!"—"A merchant ship, I suppose, and pray what did you trade in?"—"We traded in men and women, master."—"How! inhuman wretches, did ye buy and sell men and women?"

"O yes, master, plump off for ready money; but pray, Sir, did you never hear of the slave-trade?"

"A cursed trade it must be friend," said I, and

popping a penny into his hand, "here," said I, "is all that my scanty income can afford, you should go to the rich, and they will give you out of their abundance." "You are much mistaken, master," said he, "for they carry so much canvass, that they will not take the trouble to throw out a rope to a poor sinking frigate.—So Heaven bless you, Sir," and away he went, leaving me in the most profound meditation on the slave-trade. "Was I," said I, "was I lately exclaiming against man for his cruelty to brutes? what greater reason have I now to hate him for his inhumanity to his own species? Babylon traded in the souls of men, but they give the body into the bargain.—I could almost with Gulliver leave the society of men, and associate with the brute beasts as less hurtful."—I was now about to make a few reflections on the condition of the poor beggar man, but I could not resist the temptation of the doggerel muse, who popped a song into my head on the occasion.

## A SONG.

Dicky and Ned went out for to beg,

With a twing twang, ding dang, derry derry  
down.

Dick wanted an arm, Ned was lame of a leg,

With a how down, row down, derry derry down.

Neddy went behind, and Dicky went before,

With, &c.

And they lifted their bonnets at every door.

With, &c.

And as on their way they began for to mump,

With, &c.

Neddy show'd his fore leg, and Dicky shonk his  
stump.

With, &c.

And when they had begged a long summer day,

With, &c.

They were five shillings poorer than when they  
came away.

With, &c.

Then Dicky turn'd round, and whispered to Ned,  
With, &c.

Good brother, we have mistaken our trade.

With, &c.

They both set them down beneath a tree,

With, &c.

And were just as demure as two beggars could be.

With, &c.

Neddy cut his hough-strings, and then did present,

With, &c.

As clever a leg as ever trode the bent.

With, &c.

Dicky loos'd his bandage, and soon was display'd,

With, &c.

As brawny an arm as e'er wielded a blade.

With, &c.

They thought they had met with hardships enow,

With, &c.

So Dicky to the cart, and Neddy to the plough.

With, &c.

If the reader should suppose, that more have mistaken their trade than Dicky and Ned, I shall not contradict him.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

It was an advice given by a sage to a certain monarch, "Never to begin any thing before he had seriously considered the end." I fear I have not had this lesson in my eye when I attempted this work.—"How Sir?" said the lady who was in company with me.—"Because you are not aware, Madam, how much danger there is in laying one's abilities open to the censure of the world.—I have this consolation, however, that the grave part of the world will never read a sentence of it; and the learned part of the world will think it below their notice; and as for your own sex, Madam, few of them ever read any thing at all except a love song.—"Who have you then to fear, Sir?"—"The

B



kitchen critics, Madam, but I mean to arm myself with Socrates's philosophy, if an ass kicks me, must I call him before a judge?

At that very instant my ears were saluted with such an infernal noise, that if all the furies of the pit had got a commission to ravage the earth, they could not (as I thought) have exceeded it.—I started up, ran for the door; but as my elbow-chair unluckily had an arm broken, and the stump accidentally had popped up through a hole in my great coat, I dragged the chair after me, which, by the velocity of its motion, overturned the table, spilt all my ink, and made all my papers fly across the floor, like a flock of pigeons lighting on the ground—and my cap, (which in its make did not embrace my head so cordially as it ought to have done), fell off; all these things did in no wise abate my perseverance. At that very unlucky moment that I reached the door, a person was entering in as great a haste, so that our heads saluted each other, much like two rams in the heat of action.

—“ Good heavens !” cried the poor fellow, and retreated about twenty paces from the door, before he had either courage or resolution to look back. By this time I had got myself disengaged from the chair, and the poor fellow looking back, was glad to see that it was only a fellow-creature he had encountered with. As I was all the while bareheaded, I ran immediately into my study to seek my cap.—My surprize was increased, the good lady was lying in a swoon, in the most remote corner of the apartment ; I cast a glance of pity on her, and another at my scattered papers ; I viewed the two dear objects alternately, not knowing which to relieve first ; at length nature prevailed, she was a fellow-creature.—I ran immediately to her assistance, and applying my smelling bottle to her nose, soon brought her into a state of sensibility. I next gathered up my papers, set up my table, and restored every thing to its original order, excepting my inkholder,—it was broken to pieces !—The reader’s curiosity I suppose, will be raised by this time to know the cause

of all this confusion,—but be not alarmed, Sir,—it was nothing more than—*a Drove of Swine!*—which, by the smart lashes of the driver's whip on the posteriors of the hindermost, sent forth the hideous yell which alarmed us, and the poor driver having lashed the thong quite off the handle of his whip, was running into the house for a piece of twine to tie it on again, when he had the misfortune to break his head against mine.

All however was got to rights again, except my inkholder and the lady's bonnet; the first was reduced to atoms, and the last was so far marred by her fall, that it had to undergo the discipline of the milliner before she could appear with it in public.

Trifling incidents sometimes create great alarm; how often have we seen a stranger in a tea-cup inspire the superstitious mortal with the most sanguine expectations? A single word dropt by accident, which we mistakenly have applied to ourselves, puts all our nerves in a titter? and a single ribband, Madam, you know, if it did not concord.

with its fellow-ornaments, has often cost the trouble of changing the whole suit—And a woman you know, Madam, cost once ten year's war. "Do you call a woman a trifle, Sir?"—"Yes, Madam, when compared with so many brave men who lost their lives in the quarrel which she kicked up."—"May heaven open your eyes, and let you see the value of its gift bestowed on you, Sir, —You have a wife."

As I am naturally musically inclined, I happened then to be souging over a well-known tune, called "Fairly shot of her;" and when the good lady pronounced the last sentence, I could not help raising it to a downright noisy whistle.—The emphasis, however, with which she pronounced the words, raised in my mind a kind of reverence towards the sex, and I resolved from henceforth to consider a wife, as a gift from heaven.

## CHAPTER V.

HEAVEN pity the studious! for little rest is allotted for them; the rest of the family are all gone to bed; but I have just lighted a candle, and I have a good mind to see it to the wick's end before I quit my study.—Now the busy world is hushed to rest, a profound and solemn silence succeeds the noise of the day, and the balmy restorer of nature broods over the weary limbs of the slave, seals the lascivious eye, and lays an embargo on the tongue of the shrew.—When I had finished this short rhapsody, I devoutly laid my cap on the table, and began to write this

## HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL Solitude! thy mansion ever dear  
 To studious man. Far from the busy hum:  
 Of a distracting world, the fancy plays  
 At large and unmolested. Scenes appear,

Thro' thy perspective, hid from juggling life.  
 'Tis here Imagination poureth forth  
 Her vagrant legions, which, with winged speed  
 Her fairy ettants run; and quick traverse  
 Th' aerial summits of the tow'ring clouds,  
 And wing their way to the celestial worlds;  
 Survey the stars, and skim the milky way,  
 Immergè the ocean of the wat'ry moon,  
 Descend the briny caverns of the deep,  
 And fly where earth is bounded by the poles.  
 They ope th' avenues of the pliant soul,  
 Egrefs and regrefs unmolested find  
 Or to disload their freight, or to return  
 In search of new adventures: sometimes Truth  
 They find at random, and conduct her home,  
 Which, with the rest of their ideal spoils,  
 Are try'd at Reason's bar, and made to pass  
 Thro' Judgment's sieve, and carefully laid up  
 In Mem'ry's store-house, to improve the mind.  
 'Tis here the muse in gentle whispers pours  
 Upon her fav'rite bard the soul of song,  
 And by her smooth, insinuating smile:

Steals all his heart and soul. O Solitude!  
 My life of sad vicissitude patch'd up,  
 Gall'd by the weight of stern Oppression's yoke,  
 Blunted by the fell hope-destroying sweep  
 Of Disappointment, fill'd with blasting grief,  
 Corroding care, vain hope, and useless toil  
 Would have been unsupportable, and sunk  
 Beneath the load, but for the muse and thee.  
 Sweet Solitude! how often have I stole  
 From giddy life, when labour's rugged talk  
 Was finish'd, to converse with thee a while?  
 The winged moments then flew quick, an hour  
 Seemed but a minute. Often night's black veil  
 Me circumvented ere I was aware.  
 Here the lascivious eye no entrance finds  
 To rob the soul of virtue; boiling oaths,  
 Deep cast in hell's black mint, and grimly stamp'd  
 With image dev'lish, blush in solitude  
 To introduce their miscreated shape.  
 Here too, Religion with her heav'nly charms  
 Unveils her naked beauties to the soul:  
 Who never met her here, ne'er saw her face

But in disguise, and, in mistaken zeal,  
 Embrac'd an empty phantom in her stead.  
 Men's diff'rent tempers, various turns of mind,  
 Their dissimilitude in heart and soul  
 Drive serious minds from life's impertinence  
 To seek repose, blest Solitude, in thee.  
 But time will come, or rather at its end,  
 When all the human race by social bond  
 Shall be unite, and, as it were, two souls  
 Shall actuate the whole; one part complete  
 In social bliss shall strike the laudant key  
 Of heav'nly harmony: the other part  
 Consummate Mis'ry's sons shall hiss and yell:  
 In concord dev'lish. Cheering Solitude!  
 Thy name shall then be an eternal blank  
 In being's scale! two social classes then  
 Shall all mankind unite, to praise and howl.

When I had finished my hymn, I judged that a  
 nap would not be amiss; and, making preparation  
 for bed, I fell into the arms of balmy sleep.



## CHAPTER VI.

A RAP at the door, and a hilloa awakened me. I opened the door, and a poor creature of my acquaintance staggered in, who had got himself completely fuddled ; he had lost his hat, and his clothes were all bedaubed with dirt, his stockings hanging down over his shoes, and his shirt-tail hanging over the waist-band of his breeches. Such an object excited my compassion ; I desired him to take a bed, which he absolutely refused to do, he insisted for liquor, which I as absolutely refused him, and away he staggered, swearing and finging alternately.—I shut the door, threw myself down on my bed side, and indulged the following soliloquy.

What a mother-sin is drunkenness ? besides the abominableness of its own nature, I believe it is the parent of more vices than any single sin which man is capable of committing. I remember of reading a story somewhere of the devil's laying

three sins before a certain person, and of giving him his choice which of them to commit ; two of them were capital crimes, and the other was to get drunk. The committing of the other two startled the tempted man, but to get drunk he thought but a small offence, and therefore chose that ; but the consequence was, that after he got drunk, he committed both the other crimes proposed. Drunkenness is so abominable in its own nature, that if it were possible for a sober man to see himself drunk, I believe it would be the best antidote against that vice for the future. When a man gets drunk, he is as defenceless as a soldier without his armour, he is ready to fall before every temptation that presents itself, his reason is benumbed, and his passions inflamed. Profane swearing is another of the horrid concomitants of drunkenness ; some men who are never heard to swear when sober, can scarcely open their mouths when drunk, without vomiting out the language of the infernal regions : these do the devil's work

for nothing; for swearing brings no gain, but infinite loss.—'Tis a pity but our legislature, so wise in providing remedies for many evils, should take some notice of drunkenness and swearing; if some pecuniary fine was imposed for every drunken ramble, and for every profane oath and imprecation, it might for a time bring in no inconsiderable revenue to the crown, it would at least make society more tolerable to sober-thinking men.—There are a few lines which I have somewhere read, though I cannot tell who is the author; allow me to quote them.

—————“ There are, I think,  
 Ten reasons why men should not drink,  
 It hurts the health, depraves the taste,  
 And sinks a man below a beast.  
 It melts the purse, dissolves the tie  
 Between my dearest friend and I.  
 It shuts out reason, lets in folly,  
 And paves the way to melancholy.  
 Excess in drink inclines to rambling,  
 And opes a door to vicious gambling.

Excites to whoredom, vice, and riot,  
 And banishes all peace and quiet.  
 Excess in drink destroys our souls,  
 Our death beds turn our flowing bowls."

Nor do I think any the less of these lines although a wag has wrote the following lines against them.

—————" There are, I think,  
 Ten reasons why men ought to drink.  
 It brightens reason to dispute,  
 And lifts the man above the brute.  
 In friendship's tie, binds soul to soul,  
 O'er the nectarine gen'rous bowl.  
 Makes poverty look blithe and jolly,  
 Dispels the gloom of melancholy.  
 Inclines to think with life and spirit,  
 And opes a door to splendid merit.  
 It lifts the gen'rous mind above  
 Base pleasures and inclines to love.  
 Drink warms our hearts, and cheers our souls,  
 We live when we enjoy our bowls."

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But here comes the post : I will go to the door and ask the news.—“ Well, Sir, what face do public affairs put on now ? ” —“ Great hopes are entertained of a peace through the mediation of Prussia ; the articles are expected in the next paper. ” —I threw my cap about fifteen feet perpendicular up in the air, and gave such an obstreperous huzza-a-a, as brought my wife and children to the door, my wife led me in by the arm, thinking I was out of my wits ; but I begged of her to let one of the children go out and see where my cap lighted, for I supposed it to be still flying in the air, but I was soon convinced of the contrary, by being told that it had lighted on the top of the house, and that there was no hopes of getting it down again without a ladder. “ Down it must be,” cried I, “ if we should cause a ladder to be made for the purpose,—or I must give over writing, that’s all. My children, however, were more successful than I imagined, for they had got it down by throwing stones at it ; one stone more fortunate than the rest, happened to rest in the inside and caused it to

lose the equilibrium, and come tumbling to the ground.—As soon as my head had got quiet possession of my cap, the demon of rhyme took possession of my brain, and I could not help anticipating the joys of peace, and writing a few verses to her welcome home.

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## CHAPTER VII.

THIS chapter begins with peace—Heaven grant that it may not end in war, human affairs stand on such a tottering basis; who knows but the army of bull-dogs with which France threatened to invade Britain are embarked, and under sail with their instructions, and may not, alas! understand the language of men?—Is there not a sagacious bull-dog in all Britain to send to treat with them? But I have forgot my verses to Peace.

## TO PEACE.

HAIL, tranquil Peace! with thy complacent smile,  
 Once more thy olive branch is seen to wave  
 Above Britannia's long war-wasted isle,  
 To shut the jaws of the insatiate grave.  
 While erst were nothing seen but bloody fields,  
 The horrid scenes of slaughter, blood, and death;  
 Now at thy nod the grizzly tyrant yields,  
 And leaves thee to enjoy the laurel wreath.  
 Farewell, ye fields, made rich with human gore,  
 Where glutted death smil'd grimly o'er his prey,  
 The voice of war on you is heard no more,  
 But harmless lambs and sportive bullocks play.  
 Now in thy scabbard rest, insatiate sword,  
 Huge engines belching smoke and dismal fires,  
 Forbear your deathful sound, Peace gives the word,  
 Which every bosom with new life inspires.  
 Is there a heart that beats within a breast  
 Of one of Britain's sons, which wisheth still,  
 (By grow'ling, narrow, puny int'rest prest)  
 That war may rage, his wretched bags to fill?

How shall I name the wretch who for his food  
 Would mangle human flesh ? whose ruthless hand  
 Would wring his treasure from his brethren's blood,  
 And for his sordid int'rest waste a land ?  
 O cursed thirst of gain ! unhallowed root  
 Of numerous ills, can thy infernal art  
 Hell's magic, turn the worse than savage brute  
 To wish a dagger in his country's heart ?  
 Philanthropy ! true patriotic fire,  
 That warm'd the Briton's heart, and arm'd his hand,  
 With one convulsive groan wilt thou expire,  
 And write the heathen on our favour'd land ?  
 Forbid it, Heaven ! may this devoted breast  
 For ever cease to beat if it betray  
 A thought that's hostile to my country's rest,  
 Or for her peace and safety cease to pray.  
 Now, glitt'ring spear, let the industrious share  
 Be pointed with thy steel ;—devouring blade,  
 Prune Britain's peaceful trees, her children spare,  
 The sacred sons of Liberty and Trade.  
 How mild thy aspect, Peace ! when from afar  
 Thy cheering sound extends from shore to shore.



But we have some things lost by cruel war  
 Which thy sweet smiling face can ne'er restore.  
 Say, canst thou smooth the widow's furrow'd cheek,  
 Suppress the starting tear, the heaving sigh,  
 Fond nature's sluices silently which speak  
 Expressive from the bosom and the eye?  
 Canst from the clay-cold urn restore to life  
 War's victims, raise from an outlandish tomb?  
 Give the lost husband to the tender wife,  
 Or bring the feeling mother's darling home?  
 Ah no! thy arm's too short for such a task.—  
 Peace to the shades of our departed friends  
 Who bled in our defence, we can but ask,  
 Nor can our useless sorrow make amends.  
 Peace be the bulwark of our native isle,  
 A peaceful sceptre may our monarch sway!  
 Peace make a loyal people round him smile,  
 And taste its blessings on a future day!

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Two gentlemen happening one day to meet on  
 the highway on horseback, the one addressed the

other thus : " Sir, I would give an hundred guineas to have as well a built leg as you." " And I," returned the other, " would part with the same sum to have such a leg as you have." " Then we are pretty much on a footing," answered the first, " but pray, Sir, can you tell me why we are never content with what Heaven sends?"—I beg your pardon, Sir," replied the other, " Heaven did not send me this leg which you admire ; I got it in a present from a friend, for it is made of cork!" —I am afraid the reader will think the same of my head, for leading him so far from the subject of peace ; but it is no great matter, for the account of peace which gave me so much joy, was contradicted in the next paper. I was about to blot out my verses on peace, but as I considered that the end of all wars has, as yet, been peace, and unless this war be carried on from generation to generation, peace must follow, and the verses will answer the event when it shall come.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It is a saying of one of the sages that "Custom is a second nature." I believe that there is more truth in this than is generally taken notice of: I have heard of a certain person who accustomed himself to take poison by little and little, until he took it for his whole food, and his body became venomous; the practice of using tobacco and snuff, and even spirituous liquors confirms the point; and I have heard of a bag-piper, who was so addicted to playing, that he would have arisen in his sleep, and played his accustomed tunes with as much dexterity as if he had been quite awake. The bag-piper would have got his quarters kept for all this (as music has rather a tendency to provoke to sleep, than to awake the sleeper) had not an unlucky dancing master taken up his lodging in the same apartment; and when the piper began with his sleeping tunes, the dancing-master was as ready

with his somnical dances, which made such a confounded noise as awaked all the family, who ran naturally to where the noise led them.—To attempt to describe their consternation at seeing a piper playing, and a tripping dancing-master performing both in their shirts would rather mar than mend the comical ideas which will present themselves to the reader's mind.—Figure to yourself, gentle reader, the whole scene of action.

The consequence, however, was, that the piper was obliged to seek a new lodging, the dancing-master was permitted to stay, for they thought that when the music was removed, that he would then have no temptation to dance,—but they were deceived, for he had such a merry bout the night before, and some of his favourite hornpipes coming into his mind, he practised with much more noise the next night, so that they were obliged to put him away likewise.—The unlucky adventure had such bad effects on the family, that some of the female part of it durst not enter the room of action alone, for a twelvemonth!—I my-

self have of late been so accustomed to sleeping transactions, that I have been often sorry when I awoke, for I found my wit more ready, my memory more retentive, and my body more agile than when awake.—Whether I performed my sleeping exploits with my body, or only mentally, will not be easily determined, as my wife sleeps so sound, that the united noise of the bag-piper and dancing-master would do nothing at awakening her. But however this may be, my memory like Noah's ark, keeps clean and unclean, and if I am engaged in a jumping match, I can spring fifteen feet with more ease than two when awake; and I can, when occasion serves, join the volatile tribes and fly!—I happened last night before I went to bed, to be in company with two English tailors, and a Scotch miller; after some very agreeable conversation we went to rest. When I fell asleep, my three companions again presented themselves, and after the tailors had entertained us with some chit chat on the fashions, they were like to fall foul on one another about the mode of cutting breeches. The

miller, however, not favouring such discourse, promised, if they would lay aside their difference to tell us a story which he had lately heard.—My attention was so roused at these words, that I urged the miller to perform his promise.—He, on the other hand, alleged, that it was impossible to proceed, so long as these two brothers of the cloth contested so strenuously.—I told him to leave that to me, I arose, threw my coat, and swore that I would squeeze them both into a thimble, if they would not sit quiet; this had some effect, for the poor creatures sat down cross-legged at the side of the table, while the miller began thus:—“The day was near a close, the setting sun gleam’d faintly on the tops of the eastern mountains, not a breeze to shake the tremulous leaf of the timid aspen, the lowing herds had retreated to their well-known folds, and the bleating flocks had betaken themselves to rest among the rural ferns, each dam with her lamb at her back; when the beautiful Anna, fair as the morning, fresh as the vernal flower, and innocent as the turtle dove went to-

wards the jessamine alcove, to meet her much-loved Sandy.—Sandy was the pride of the valley, and long had kept a neighbouring flock. Anna was a wealthy shepherd's daughter whose ancestors had possessed their humble cot, time immemorial; her aged parents lived only for her; if a lamb had appeared among the shepherd's small stock, with a distinguishing black spot in it,—it was mark'd for Anna; if the bees were successful in their industrious labours, the virgin hive was always kept for Anna.—Good reason had the indulgent parents for their kindness.—Anna was the support of their old age.—In Anna was centered every wish of their declining years.—With a slow step, and modest aspect, Anna approached the well-known bower; it was the happy place of their endearing meetings; it was the witness of their mutual loves.—Entering, and expecting to fall into the arms of her lover—Sandy was not there! Sandy was always punctual in their appointments, and often waited half an hour on Anna; never till this night was Sandy's well-tried love called in question.—A

long hour had elapsed,—no sound of Sandy's tread was heard.—Why carries my love? have the bright eyes of any of the village nymphs attracted the tender heart of Sandy? how is it that he has forgot his Anna, and for the first time been unfaithful to his word? during these reflections Anna was resting on the green turf bespangled with flowers.—The howling of a dog disturbed her soliloquy, his complaint was mournful, and if he could have spoke seemed to have said, Alas! I have lost my master.—Anna, whose mind was a little disturbed, approached the place where she heard the sound, and found the well-known dog, which belonged to Sandy, in a dejected posture, mourning for his lost master. She called him by his name, he came and licked her fair hand, but seemed much disturbed. Anna, with trembling and unequal steps, hied her home to her cottage, the sagacious dog following her. Tell me, said she, thou faithful servant, where is thy master? but, alas! the question is needless, thou canst not answer me. She sat her down disconsolate by the

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fire-side—her parents were locked in the arms of sleep ; she heard a foot at the door ; her heart was moved.—It was Sandy's master.—Sandy was an orphan ; his parents died when he was a child ; a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood took him and brought him up. Sandy behaved himself well, gained the love and esteem of his master, who was now in the decline of life, and having no children, he entertained a secret resolution to make Sandy his heir. Sandy had long kept his sheep, and had the sole management of his domestic concerns.

A merchant had come late to look at some of his stock, which he intended for sale ; Sandy was a-missing, and his master knowing that he had a partiality for Anna, naturally came to her father's cottage in quest of him. I thought, said he, that Sandy would be here : I beg pardon for disturbing you at so late an hour, but Sandy is a-wanting, and I took the liberty to see if he was here. You are extremely welcome replied the fair Anna, (not a little disturbed) but I have not seen him this day ; his dog is here, and seems to have lost his

master. Scarce had she finished these words when a neighbouring boy entered with looks of concern, and seeing Sandy's master, said, with a faltering voice, Make haste, and run to the relief of Sandy, while there is hope! What is the matter, said the good old man, with emotion?—While Sandy was walking in the evening, he was attacked by the press-gang, the disgrace of a free nation—noble was the resistance which he made—his valour laid three of the desperadoes at his feet, but being overpowered by numbers, was obliged to yield, and was hurried on board the tender.

These words struck Anna as a thunderbolt—she was now no longer able to conceal her tears. The venerable farmer perceived her confusion.—Dry up your tears, tender-hearted virgin, said he, Sandy shall not be long a captive; I will go to the captain of the vessel, and purchase his freedom. Anna thanked him with her looks, and offered to bear him company. Away they went for the shore, when the dull shades of night yielded to the rosy morning, the sky was bespangled with red streaks,

the pleasant prelude of the rising sun; the stars were growing dim; and the light of day seemed to triumph over the shades of night. When they approached the shore, they perceived something moving upon the surface of the waters—they stood still to see what it was.—As it was then the flow of the tide, in a few minutes the waves drove the body of a man on the sand. Alas! exclaimed Anna, perhaps some widowed poor creature is left to mourn the husband of her youth, or some fond mother to deplore the loss of a beloved son,—or, perhaps, a faithful lover to weep for the untimely death of him who was dear to her bosom!—They approached the body,—the well known ribband betrayed the secret.—It was Sandy!—he wore the ribband on his breast,—he got it from Anna, and was now lying lifeless on the beach.—Extremity tries affection:—O my son! and O my lover! was alternately repeated eagerly by the two afflicted sufferers.—Anna smote her breast, and tore her hair, and after some frantic expressions, dropped down in a swoon on the body of her

Sandy. The afflicted farmer stood motionless, and for a few minutes was petrified with grief, at last recollecting himself a little, he removed Anna from the body, laid her down in an easy posture, and laid the body in an attitude proper for discharging the water with which it was filled, and examining the body more minutely, he found it warm; a ray of hope shot across the breast of the compassionate farmer, he watched with unremitting vigilance, and at last perceived the vermilion hue to tinge the pale lips of Sandy.

Transported by the discovery, He lives, he lives, flew from his tongue, before he was sensible what he said. The cheering words brought Anna out of her swoon.—A pardon to the condemned criminal in the fatal moment preceding execution, could not give more joy than the signs of returning life in Sandy gave to his Anna. She started up, took him gently in her arms, laid his head on her fair bosom, chafed his temples with her fair hand; and used a thousand little kind offices, which can only be supplied by lovers. When Sandy returned to

a state of sensibility, and opened his eyes, he found himself in the arms of his Anna. Ye powers! exclaimed Sandy, in a feeble tone, is this Elysium?— To be here is to be blest! The cautious farmer by this time had appointed a carriage to come and convey Sandy home, and did not think proper to stay any longer than till Sandy was in a state to depart.— Tell me, said the affectionate farmer, how was you cast into the sea? In my state of confinement under hatches, I made a shift to grope my way to the deck; and as the greatest part of the crew was asleep, and my master and my Anna running in my mind, I knocked down the centinel and jumped over board, and swam till I got within, as I thought, a small distance of the shore; but being fatigued, and losing my strength, I gave myself up to the mercy of the waves, and if heaven had not sent you to preserve my life, I must inevitably have perished.

His master, after a gentle rebuke for his rashness, took him home, acknowledged him as his heir.— Anna had the happiness to be joined in marriage

to her Sandy, with the mutual consent of all concerned."—Although I was all attention while the story was repeating, I perceived that the two tailors were otherwise employed, they were chalking out the figure of the debateable breeches on the table; and though they durst not open their mouths, they talked hieroglyphically.—I awakened, and committed the story to writing, with this reflection; "What a clog of a body do we drag about with us!"—I am convinced that we would learn more in one hour out of it, than in twenty years with it.—But the time will come when we shall get free.

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## CHAPTER IX.

There is such a striking contrast between folly and seriousness, that I have often wondered how two such opposite principles could be reconciled in one and the same person. Do we not see many

who to-day will act the Merry-Andrew, and to-morrow the staunch religionist?—One day at the stage, and the next at church; one hour at cards and the next at prayers? We can, I think, trace this conduct to no other source but to the levity of the human mind, and that those who are more steady in their conduct have a larger stock of prudence, which acts as a regulator to temper every action by; which prudence must either proceed from a sense of religion on the mind, or from a foundation of good manners laid in our education, or perhaps from the bashfulness, timidity, or humanity of the natural temper and disposition of mind. But whatever it is that makes one man more steady than another, we may, I think, allow, that if every thought were to be committed to writing that occurs to the best regulated mind, it would be the strangest medley that ever appeared in the world, and would rather look like the incoherent production of the brain of a bedlamite, than the deliberate actions of a sound mind. I cannot help blaming myself, and not without reason,

for being possessed of this levity of mind ; for since I began to write, I have for the most part had on the fool's cap, and now I would wish to be serious.—If I would presume to be serious in prose, the world would censure me, and say that I was assuming an office far above my character, and I believe there are some who do not believe that a man can be serious in verse.—The world must just think its own way, and I mine.



### SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and hail the serious song,  
 And let the muse in humble numbers tell,  
 If mortal man without presumption may  
 Contemplate heavenly things ? or if his views  
 Must be confin'd to the terrestrial ball  
 On which he treads ? Maa's nature gives the an-  
 swer,  
 If suffered to speak out ; his compound mould,



Celestial and terrene confirms the point.  
 To heav'n and earth related, gives him right  
 To think of both ; to turn his eyes to heav'n  
 And hail his native skies, or downward bend  
 His looks to earth, and see his mother there.  
 Heav'n join'd with earth compos'd his sinless frame,  
 When perfect launch'd from his Creator's hand  
 Into a perfect world ;—hell join'd with both  
 Seduc'd him from obedience, he threw off  
 Allegiance to his Sovereign, and incur'd  
 His just displeasure. But lo ! heav'n again  
 Join'd with the earth to pluck him from the paw  
 Of the devourer, and to re-instate  
 Him into favour lost. Then well may man  
 Contemplate Him who rules the wheeling globes,  
 And makes each willing star its circle keep,  
 Obedient at his nod ; that Pow'r Supreme !  
 Who at Time's birth did back the curtain draw  
 Of non-existence, and whose pow'ful word  
 Spoke Nature into being ; when the stars  
 Pour'd forth their matins o'er an infant world.  
 Well may he him adore who stretch'd out

The heav'n's immense unmeasurable space,  
 And did its azure face adorn with stars,  
 Which, as resplendent crystal, grace the night,  
 And charm the far far distant eye of man  
 Who by his mandate brought into existence  
 This stately fabric, our terraqueous globe,  
 With all its beauty and utility ;  
 Infinite Wisdom's plan, the work of Power  
 Omnipotent, where creature above creature  
 Rational, animal, inanimate,  
 Their stations hold, in just gradation plac'd,  
 Rank above rank, from insect up to man,  
 From lifeless matter up to reas'ning pow'r.  
 Yet not one single jarring link is found  
 In the harmonious chain ! O Providence !  
 How nice to admiration is thy texture  
 Unto the studious mind ! an ample field,  
 Teeming with wonders is by thee held up  
 To the observant eye. But mortal sight,  
 Blunted by passions, miserably dimm'd  
 With sensual mist, and by gross earthly film  
 So deep encrusted, it cannot observe thee.

How great thy Author, Providence! who turns  
 Thy massy wheel; which, with incessant whirl,  
 All nature regulates; makes ev'ry creature  
 In heav'n, earth, sea, and air, proclaim his pow'r,  
 And preach his goodness to a sleeping world.

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Scarce had I finished the last line, when my ears were saluted with, "Knives, and shears, and razors to grind, to grind, to grind, to grind." Presently a poor cutler made his appearance, driving a clumsy machine before him. Scarce had the cutler unyoked himself from his machine, until an elegant coach drove past him with a considerable retinue of servants. I was about to make some observations on the different appearance of the nobleman in his coach, from that of the cutler driving his machine by the strength of his arms, but was interrupted by the entrance of the cutler, who asked if I had not a pair of razors to grind. Although I was perfectly pleased with the edge of

my razors, yet I handed him a pair, merely to be delivered from his importunity, and to get my meditation indulged a little; but I had scarcely composed myself when the cutler returned and asked me whether my razors were from Birmingham or Newcastle. I told him it was no matter which, and desired him to do them well. "Sir, said he, the knowledge of this is so essential to grinding, that if I do not know it, it is ten to one but your razors will be entirely spoiled; for, you must know, that there is a very great difference between the two places in point of temper, and as I have stones and straps of every description, I must know whether to lay them on a hard stone, or a soft one;—and whether to set them on emery dust, or a smooth hone,—or"—My patience could hold out no longer,—“Grind one of them as a Birmingham, and the other as a Newcastle one, said I, and then (if all razors be made at these two places) one of them must be right.” He returned in about a quarter of an hour—“Here, said he, are your razors,—one of them may shave, but the other is as

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soft as a cabbage.—I paid him for his trouble, and was glad that he enlarged no farther on the subject.

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## CHAPTER X.

“THE rich and the poor meet together” (says a sacred writer) “and the Supreme Being is the maker of them all”—Why then appoint one to drive through the world in a carriage, and another to drudge through it at the shovel, the ax, or the oar? The reasons for this are best known to the Great Manager, neither is he obliged to give reasons to his creatures for his different ways of governing them; this procedure of Providence, however, leaves ample room for presupposing a future state of rewards and punishments, even to those who are not privileged with revelation, and lets us also see the sovereignty of the Great Governor, that he has a right to dispose of his creatures as

he pleaseth. He makes the poor servant to the rich, "the borrower servant unto the lender," and the wise man often servant to the fool. Money is the test of distinction among mankind, and a man is estimated according to the quantity of this bewitching metal which he possesseth, no matter whether he be a good man or a bad man—if he be a rich man, he is a great man.—The reader will, I hope, indulge me while I write a few verses on Riches.



### THOUGHTS ON RICHES.

O RICHES ! thou sole source of human grandeur,  
 Thou prop of pride, thou flatterer of man,  
 Thou demi-god whose pow'r attracts the hearts  
 Of thousands ; nor can the Athenian goddess  
 Boast of so many votaries as thee :  
 What art thou but the entrails of the earth ?  
 And placed down below the feet of man.

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Yet such the growelling, fordid, human mind,  
 When stupified by thy fallacious blaze,  
 Their hearts, alas ! they place beneath their feet ;  
 Dishonour to the dignity of man.  
 But Riches, art thou not a Dagon-god ?  
 Thou must be made before thou canst beworshipp'd,  
 And to thy vot'ries thou couldst never give,  
 When standing on the trembling precipice,  
 A day, an hour, or yet a moment's licence,  
 To lengthen out the feeble thread of life ;  
 Thy value cannot purchase peace of mind,  
 Nor quench the pangs of an awaken'd conscience.  
 Yet so thou rulest o'er the soul of man,  
 When by thy love he is intoxicate,  
 He'll venture soul and body both to grasp thee.  
 So the young infant on the nurse's lap,  
 When his small play-thing tumbles to the ground,  
 With eager eye the glitt'ring bauble sees,  
 And straightway he from off the nurse's knee,  
 Would leap precipitant upon the ground ;  
 Which, if it did not end his infant life,  
 At least would issue in a fractur'd skull,

A broken bone, or dislocated joint,  
 Ev'n fo vain men to grasp the gilded toy  
 Of riches, fall as victims at its altar.  
 Witness, ye scaffolds, gibbets, places where  
 The dismal scene is but too often view'd.



My thoughts were called off by the entrance of an old man, clothed in a thread-bare coat, an old fashioned hat, and a pair of shoes rent, and clouted; his face was meagre and pale, as if hunger-bitten, and his look eager and demure. "Will you take a seat, and rest yourself a little, said I, you seem to be fatigued with travel?" "I cannot complain of the fatigue, said he, but I have good reason to complain of the expence of travelling; I have travelled only about fifty miles, and how much do you think it has cost me?" "I cannot be a proper judge of your expences, said I; according to the appearance which you make in the rank of life, your travelling fifty miles cannot be



supposed to have cost you very much. If you have not spent your money in unnecessary drinking, not a great sum would support the body that distance, if you have been in health." "Think what you will of it, said he, it has cost me no less than eight-pence ! I have seen the day when I could have travelled it for half the sum ; but every thing is now two prices, at my first night's lodging the landlord had the assurance to charge two-pence for my bed, and I could not prig him a halfpenny down : but bought wit is best, as the saying is, for next night I crept into a hay-stack, and covered myself over with hay, and lay very snugly, and had my two-pence in the morning, which maintained me all the day ; for you know that a penny sav'd, is a penny got." "You are very frugal, said I, but pray how do you time yourself in your diet at twopence a-day ?" "Why, I buy a half-penny worth of milk in the morning, and a half-penny loaf, and am at the same expence at night, and when I cannot get milk, I take a penny loaf morning and evening, and wash it down with water, which is

you know the promised food." "Your circumstances must be but low, said I, when you travel upon such poor allowance?" "Not so low neither, as you may perhaps imagine, said he, I was depositing five hundred pounds in the bank just now, which was the cause of this journey, and I can tell you, that I can lay out shilling for shilling with many who ride in their coach; but I know the value of money better — A parcel of ignorant spend-thrifts! who will think nothing of sitting down, and swallowing five shillings in a tavern—no wonder to see such wasters want! But I am now returning home, and have got my money safely lodged, or I would not have told the cause of my journey to the Apostle Paul himself; for thieves and robbers are now so common, that an honest man is never sure of himself."

I by this time found that my guest was one of those wretches, who, according to Blair would starve himself in this world, and risk damnation in that to come for the love of money.—When he was departed, I sat down and wrote the following lines :

BUT see the **MISER** hugging in his arms  
 The precious metal ; all its value lost  
 Upon his niggard soul. His life is spent  
 In anxious thought, and to increase his store  
 Is the important bus'ness of his life.  
 And yet the wretch life's comforts never tastes,  
 While he denies himself its proper support.  
 Can such a man have bowels to impart  
 Some of his store the needy to relieve ;  
 Or can his heart for the afflicted feel  
 A sympathetic pity ; can his hand  
 Cramp'd by the love of gain, pour in the babe  
 Of consolation to the wounded heart ?  
 Ah no ! he cannot with his idol part,  
 But when constrain'd by sad necessity ;  
 And when his hand must seize the darling bag  
 To pull but out a penny, how it trembles !  
 Long in his hand he holds it, and with grief  
 Surveys both sides ; his heart strings bleed to parts  
 And when half forc'd from his reluctant hand,  
 This loadstone of the devil draws his eye

With strong magnetic force, till from his fight  
 Evanish'd—ah! a member of his god  
 Torn off, and with it pulls out half his soul,  
 And leaves the wretched relics of the poor  
 Idolater to scream a hopeless pray'r!  
 Even so the sailor's new espoused bride,  
 When her lov'd partner must set out to sea,  
 Unwilling to be widowed so soon,  
 She clasps her arms around her new-made hus-  
 band,  
 And by a close embrace her grief expresseth  
 That they so soon must part, and there she dwells  
 Until the fatal cry is made "Hoist fails."  
 With what reluctance are her tender arms  
 Prevail'd upon to quit the lovely hold?  
 And as the ship with full spread streamers sails,  
 Her wishful eye her wat'ry course pursues,  
 Until she seem to mingle with the sky,  
 And to the eye is lost among the waves.

## CHAPTER XI.

IT was a custom, I think, among the Egyptians to write by hieroglyphics. If this custom were still to be observed, I think we might find a variety of the animal tribes not very unfit emblems to represent many of the human species by :—for instance, a lion for a strong man, an ox for a patient man, a bee for an industrious man, a fox for a subtle man, a game cock for a hero, a hare for a coward, a serpent for a wise man, a gander for a block-head, a porcupine for a man of business, and a jack-ass for a lover ;—also in the feminine gender a pea-hen for a beauty, a turtle for a faithful and virtuous woman, a duck for a coquette, a wren for a prude, a magpie for a scold, and a monkey for a jilt.—I had almost forgot among the male hieroglyphics to mention the sensualist, but as he scarcely can be represented by one single animal, I would mark down a monster for him, with the fore

parts of a swine, and the hinder parts of a goat. — There is not, I think, upon earth a more pitiable character than the voluptuary ; the temperate man useth all means in his power to preserve his life, but the voluptuary useth all means in his power to destroy his ; every intemperate and illicit act which he indulgeth is a species of suicide, for the dregs of his pleasures at last drink up his vitals, and often bring the man to a premature death.



Ye filken sons of ease who careless loll  
 Down pleasures soft-run tide, and gather flow'rs,  
 Tho' ye should pull them on the brink of ruin ;  
 Think that the rose sometimes conceals the thorn ;  
 Who eat the honey sometimes feel the sting.  
 Forbidden apples, tempting to the eye,  
 When pluck'd expose our nakedness to view.  
 Who sleep in pleasure's lap, expose their locks  
 Of strength to fall before the poison'd edge  
 Of sensual razor, whose benumbing sweep

Steals imperceptible, nor wakes the mind,  
 'Till watchfulness and fortitude o'erpow'r'd,  
 Their posts abandon, leave the hopeless field,  
 And broken ranks to stand the fierce attack  
 Of lawless passions, which, stirr'd up, emit  
 More than Philistian rage; these seize the man,  
 And put out Reason's eyes, and drag their captive,  
 Not into Dagon's, but the Devil's temple,  
 To make them sport, and few return again  
 Till buried in its ruins; a fair prospect  
 By pleasure is held out, great things are promis'd,  
 But when enjoyment comes, ye fools, bear witness,  
 Your joys are crush'd in the very grasp.  
 As when a summer morning all serene,  
 Adorned with the early sun springs forth,  
 When in the night had fall'n the gentle dew;  
 Whose easy fall will not so much as break  
 The tender thread spun from the insect's bowels;  
 When by a thorny hedge the school-boy walks,  
 And with surprise surveys the spiders's web  
 Expanded curious on the tender shrub,  
 So nicely wrought its texture, far surpasseth

The curious gauze wrought in the artist's loom,  
 And being cover'd all with pearly dew,  
 And gilded by the sun's delightful rays,  
 The web seems ting'd with silver, and invites  
 The curious eye of the mistaken boy,  
 Who now with fixed purpose rusheth in  
 Among the thorns, to catch the curious toy,  
 That therewith he his fellows may amuse,  
 And please himself, and nothing will him stop,  
 Although his hands and face with thorns are  
 scratch'd,  
 Yet still he presses on till he arrives  
 At the blest spot, and reacheth up his hand,  
 That he the jewel may make all his own.  
 But who can now describe his sad surprise,  
 When at the summit of his sanguine hopes  
 Thus to be disappointed; lo! the pearl  
 Evanishes when grasp'd, and quickly turns  
 Among his fingers to a liquid nothing.



I have for some weeks past, occasionally been poring on Buchan's Domestic Medicine, and nothing will go down with me since, but the study of the human frame, the diseases incident to it, and the cures proper for carrying them off. Every man that I meet with, I address by the appellation of doctor, and if I have but a broken chair, I order it to be sent to the doctor. In short, I am grown such a valetudinarian as to convert my meat into physic, my drink into juleps, and even snuff and tobacco into imaginary medicines.—I confess indeed that I am entirely ignorant of the *os pubis*, the *os sacra*, with the arterial and ligamental theory of modern anatomy; but I have a system peculiar to myself, and in my anatomical dissections, I divide the man into three parts, viz. the BODY, the PURSE, and the WATCH.—These I reckon to be the principal constituents of the man—the body is the chief agent which performeth all the operations, the purse the grand regulator, under the influence of which every action is performed, and the watch is that by which time is measured for business, for amuse-

ment, and (if any is allowed) for devotion. Now the doctor of physic feels the pulsation of the body, and prescribes for its health; the lawyer feels the pulse of the purse, and gives it a copious purge, if too corpulent; and therefore may be called a purse-doctor; and the watchmaker hears and observes the pulse of the watch, and regulates it accordingly, and may be called a doctor of machinery. There is, indeed, another part, which some will have to belong to the man, called *SOUL*; but it is so little taken notice of, that it rather seems to be an appendage to, than any principal part of the man. There are doctors appointed for this part of the man also, called *soul-doctors*, or, *doctors of divinity*, but I confess I never hear of any making application to them, though numbers are daily running with their bodies to the doctor of physic, with their purses to the lawyers, and with their watches to the doctor of machinery.— We have, I think, but one of two conclusions to draw from this observation,—That either such men have no souls, or if they have, they are very healthy ones.

## CHAPTER XII.

I happened the other day to be in company with two gentlemen ; after talking a considerable time on various subjects, I perceived one of them frequently to confirm what he had advanced, by swearing by Saint Luther ; the other scorning to be behind his companion, and thinking it below him not to have a faint to swear by, swore by Saint Martin ; the first was a little startled at hearing a faint brought upon the carpet which he knew nothing of, and insisted on hearing his history. The other being either unable, or unwilling to give a satisfactory description of his faint, told him only that he was among the greatest faints that ever lived on the face of the earth. His companion, who hated to be out-fainted, told him, that let him be who he would, he was but a dunce of a faint when compared with Saint Luther, and he could prove it.

After a smart verbal conflict about the magnitude of their faints, they both agreed to refer the business to me to decide. I told them that I was not skilled in the history of faints, but if each of them would give a description of the life and actions of his faint, I would give my judgment accordingly. The first insisted, that if it had not been Saint Luther, every soul in the church of England would have gone to hell, and challenged his antagonist to bring forward a faint who had done so much good. The other replied that the festival of Martinmas was observed in honour of Saint Martin, and that no such day was named after Saint Luther. After I had heard both speak in behalf of their faints, I told the gentlemen, that in my opinion it was one and the same faint, which they both swore by, namely, Martin Luther. The gentlemen both blushed at their ignorance of their faints, and they were never more mentioned during our conversation, after making one observation, viz. that they were both happy in being on the same footing.

After the two gentlemen were departed, I

found a religious impresson on my mind ; perhaps on the account of so much mention being made of saints : be this as it will, I happened to lift a book on divinity, and after reading the title page, I found added, “ Adapted to the use of Common Christians.”—After reading a page or two I fell into a profound sleep in my elbow-chair ; and the book seeming still open to my imagination, an old gentleman presented himself, and looking on the book, asked me if I could explain the meaning of the words that were subjoined to the title-page : I answered no. He told me that if I would have a little patience, he would repeat an ode that would perhaps throw some light on the matter.— I thanked him for the instruction he meant to give me, and after a short pause he began thus.

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### AN ODE.

Say honest muse did e'er a tailor,  
A blacksmith, cobbler, or a nailer,

Set up his face to heaven and say a grace,  
 O'er flagons of Madeira wine,  
 Or rich plumb-pudding dressed fine,  
 With haughty wrist begirt with Flander's lace?  
 As every man of sense may well suppose,  
 Such meat would blush to meet a vulgar nose.

A Glasgow herring, and a cabbage,  
 Are reckon'd precious common gabbage,  
 And sent by heav'n to line the poor man's ribs.  
 Why not? you'll say, when horse and cow,  
 And ev'n a Cannoby brood-sow,  
 Would be content with worse to fill their cribs!  
 Ha! cries the learned reader, this is fine,  
 To write of horses, cows, and Cannoby-brood-  
 swine!

Reader, 'tis neither here nor there,  
 Whether a wig, or natural hair,  
 Or night-cap; ornament thy learned phiz;  
 Wouldst thou thy wig or cap lay down,  
 And naturalize thy honest crown,  
 And shew to heav'n thy visage as it is,

And take a chair, see, there it stands before ye,  
 And rest a while, till I relate a story.



### A STORY.

When John o' Nokes, and Tam o' Stiles  
 Had travell'd some fatiguing miles,  
 Their bellies, Sir, on them made some demands:  
 For man is made of flesh and blood,  
 And not of marble, brass, or wood,  
 By nourishment the tabernacle stands.  
 To speak more plain in honest, English verse,  
 Their hunger, Sir, was now grown very fierce.

Their tongues did for their bellies feel,  
 They talk'd about a loin of veal,  
 And verbally devoured mutton pies.  
 But as a steep they walked down,  
 Before them rose a stately town,  
 Whose lofty spires seem'd half-way to the skies.

No wonder, Sir, their hunger wing'd their feet,  
Which in short time did press the paved street.

They did not stop to read the signs  
Of British spirits, foreign wines,  
And all the glaring stories which they tell us ;  
The utmost aim of all their hope,  
Was levell'd at a past'ry shop,  
For to fill up the vacuum in their bellies.  
When lo ! an ample row of past'ry shops,  
With pots and ladles did invite their chops.

Now, Sir, their characters to paint,  
John was devout, an humble saint,  
And when he ate, did ne'er forget the grace ;  
And was as affable and kind,  
Unto the tradesman, or the hind,  
As to a prince that fills the highest place ;  
And always was content with homely cheer,  
A slice of bacon, or a pot of beer.



But Tam was made of finer dust,  
 Was come of blood, and therefore must  
 At every place associate with the gentry ;  
 And when good stuffing he had seen,  
 Sometimes forgot with stomach keen,  
 To ask his Maker's blessing at the entry ;  
 And yet for all that, Sir, he was prodigious,  
 What some people call, quality-religious.

But here was food for ev'ry palate,  
 The pamper'd lord, the servile valet,  
 For Brownists, Methodists, and Trismegistians.  
 But John sometime had fix'd his eye  
 Upon a sign that hung near by,  
 Entitled " A Dish for Common Christians."  
 And wrote in glaring characters below,  
 Prepar'd by T——r, W——n, & Co.

O W——n ! when thou didst nod  
 Thy phiz above the word of G——,  
 Thou little thoughtst to be collegued here ;

Or patronize so base a sample,  
 Who merit turns into example,  
 Thy flock were always fed with better cheer ;  
 But thou (as we must do) art fled away,  
 And every dog can only have his day.

John of this shop made choice at last.  
 To go into for a repast,  
 And with some food to stay his hunger's craving,  
 But Tam thought it below his rank  
 To whittle at a porker's shank,  
 And deem'd his fellow little less than raving ;  
 And counsell'd John at the head inn to dine,  
 To drown a partridge in a glass of wine.

In short, Sir, the contest grew hot,  
 The one would go, the other not,  
 John was for common, Tam for gentle feeding ;  
 John would the Common Christian join,  
 Although he was not worth a coin.  
 Tam swore that none but gentle faints had breed-  
 ing.

But to relieve them both from great vexation,  
They told their case to Mr. O—rv—n.

This gentleman was right sagacious,  
Fitted to solve each case vexatious,  
And both sides of the question fairly knew ;  
For when he argued *pro* and *con*,  
Conviction flew to every one,  
If he could but distinguish black from blue ;  
When twice he hemm'd, and had his forehead  
stroke,  
With conscious eloquence he silence broke.

“ The case is nice, I plainly tell ye,  
“ Since both the conscience, and the belly,  
“ Are deeply interested in the choice ;  
“ They govern'd are by different laws,  
“ Different provision fills their maws,  
“ Both these consider'd, ye may give your voice ;  
“ And in few words I'll make you both acquaint,  
“ Both with the common, and the gentle saint.

" The Common Christian in his cottage,  
 " Sits humbly down to bear-meal pottage,  
 " And says his grace before he lifts his spoon;  
 " And though he should have nothing got  
 " To wash' his morsel o'er his throat,  
 " He gives his Maker thanks when he has done;  
 " And if his purse can reach the oat-meal wallet,  
 " He's doubly thankful, and a feast doth call it.

" This done, away to work he trudges,  
 " And plys among his fellow drudges  
 " At plough, or cart, pick, shovel, ax, or hammer;  
 " By this, his honest undertaking,  
 " He keeps the thread of life from breaking,  
 " Procures coarse bread to still his children's clamour,  
 " For what man, Sir, whose heart is not of stone,  
 " Will sit and eat, and see his babes look on.

" At dinner-time he treats his stomach,  
 " With lopper'd milk, or barley drammock,  
 " A good fat haggies, if his purse can spare it;

" If not, he's forc'd to be content,  
 " And to observe an annual lent,  
 " His scanty stock takes caution's hand to ware it.  
 " When supper comes, instead of better meat,  
 " He feeds upon potatoes, peel and eat,

" Besides, he is oblig'd to pray,  
 " And read the scriptures twice a-day,  
 " And to the church to trudge on foot each Sun-  
 day,  
 " And stand the bellum of the weather,  
 " Thro' moss, and moor, and bent, and heather,  
 " Tho't should unfit him for his work on Mon-  
 day :

" A piece of paper read him from the rostrum,  
 " Contains for souls the universal nostrum,

" And if he through a sensual start,  
 " Should chance to taste an apple tart,  
 " Or snatch a morsel when it wants the blessing,  
 " He is by public penance sham'd ;  
 " If he refuse he's surely d—'d,

“ And nothing heard from every tongue but hissing.

“ Each one will the poor sinner's presence shun,

“ 'Till his repentance be entirely done.

“ And then another sad vexation,

“ Is what they call examination,

“ Hard learned questions by the querist giv'n ;

“ Which if he cannot well pronounce,

“ He's counted but a silly dunce,

“ And told he's in a climate far from heav'n ;

“ The learned doctor him so smoothly chides,

“ His words would pierce a man through ten bull-hides.

“ As for the gentle Christian's food,

“ It will not pass unless 'tis good ;

“ As boil'd and roasted, partridge, powt, and pullet ;

“ His bread the finest of the wheat,

“ And butter'd scones, soft, blessed meat :

“ Peace pannocks would injure his holy gullet ;

“ And for his drink he guzzles rum and claret,  
 “ And counts't next to a mortal sin to spare it.

“ His ghōstly father to his hands,  
 “ Clips off a few of the commands,  
 “ Such as the third, and seventh, and tenth to please  
   him ;  
 “ And if he chance to play the thief,  
 “ And steal a bit forbidden beef,  
 “ A guinea of both sin and shame will ease him ;  
 “ For you must know, 'tis far below his rank,  
 “ To clap his breech on a repentance plank.

“ The old enthusiastick scrawl,  
 “ Wrote by the sage, and dwarfish P—l,  
 “ Is less esteem'd than two tobacco stoppers,  
 “ We modern P—l's have greater merit,  
 “ We're wiser than thy Master's Sp—t,  
 “ So spare your jaw, P—l, we will turn the cop-  
   pers ;  
 “ 'Tis not our int'rest now, in modern times,  
 “ Publicly to rebuke for public crimes.

" 'Tis not the gentle Christian's sentence,  
 " To make a public, low repentance,  
 " His money, Sir, can screen him from d—n—n;  
 " No stigma on his name they fix,  
 " Because he has a coach and six  
 " Whene'er he will to wheel him to f—v—n.  
 " And, Sir, when greedy dogs would snarling  
     come,  
 " A bone will make the fullen mastiff dumb."

Here Mr. O—rv—n ended ;  
 Said " Gentlemen, ye're not offended,  
 " That I so long have kept you from your dinners?  
 " But here ye may both pick and choose,  
 " Accept the good, the bad refuse,  
 " For well, I'm sure, ye are two hungry sinners.  
 " But I must leave ye now, for I'm in haste,  
 " Let each of you fulfil his diff'rent taste."

When he had ended all he said,  
 Tam sidg'd and laugh'd—John shook his head,  
 And said, " Sir, answer me a single query :

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“ Suppose there is another world,  
 “ When out of this we’re fairly hurld,  
 “ For in it we have but few years to tarry ;  
 “ Will there no diff’rence be from what is here,  
 “ And neither one nor other change their cheer ?”

Then Mr. O—rv—n smil’d,  
 Said, “ Sir, you’re loath to be beguil’d ;  
 “ But of these matters I know very little.  
 “ Some talk of an old fashiōn’d book,  
 “ Full of such stuff from nook to nook,  
 “ But hang me if I ha’nt forgot the title ;  
 “ It tells, that such as get their good things here,  
 “ Shall in the world to come, have sober cheer.

“ It tells, if we may trust the clatter,  
 “ Such cannot have a cup of water,  
 “ When they are fore a-thirst to dip their tongues  
     in ;  
 “ Bad news to every jolly soul,  
 “ Who sets the cask beside his bowl,  
 “ And till ’tis empty scorns to put the bung in ;

“ But few believe such stories to be true,  
 “ So gentlemen I bid you both adieu,”

Then John o' Nokes without a word,  
 Stepp'd up to taste the common board,  
 And ne'er so much as once peep'd o'er his shoulder,  
 But Tam o' Stiles, with pamper'd taste,  
 To the grand hotel flew with haste;  
 Whose elegance makes human nature prouder;  
 Where both their jaws did for their bellies work,  
 'Till hunger fled before the knife and fork.



Now learned Sir, put on your wig,  
 The story's done, and I'm a whig,  
 If I its fellow ever read in hist'ry;  
 But you, Sir, who with learning deep,  
 Into each syllable can creep,  
 Do not you think tis like prophetic myst'ry?  
 I know you'll say, which may perhaps be true,  
 The writer has had nothing else to do.

## CHAPTER XIII;

WHAT makes a man ? and what makes a Christian ? were two questions once asked at a wise man.

The answers of the sage were short, but pertinent—"Honesty makes a man, and piety makes a Christian."

While I mused on the wisdom of the sage, and the justness of his answers, I fell into a sound sleep, and the following dream presented itself to my imagination.—Methought I saw a person of distinguished figure, and dress sitting on a magnificent seat, to whom all ranks of people, male and female, came running from all quarters with difficult questions, which he answered to the admiration of all. The first who presumed to interrogate him was a young man, elegantly dressed ; he walked in a fine pair of boots, the waist-band of his breeches came up to his breast ; his vest not above a span long,

and a superfine coat. He came forward with a silver-mounted cane in his hand, and asked at the wonderful person, "What makes a gentleman?" To which he answered "Money."—The gentleman made a low bow, and retired with seeming satisfaction. The next was one of the fair sex, who asked at him "What makes a fine lady?" To which he answered, "Dress."—The lady retired, looking on her different ornaments, by turns, all the way. A mixed company next presented itself—it was composed of men in all the variety of dress, from the gold-laced coat, to the coarse rufflet frock; their sentiments, however, seemed not to be so different as their garb: for one asked in the name of the whole company, "What make a successful lover?" Their answer was, "Money and impudence."—A part of the company which I understood to be rich, went away very well pleased, but the rest were rather a little dejected: when one of their number turning about to his fellows, said, "Courage, friends; I hope all will go well with us; as for my part, though I have got no

money, I have, thank heaven, a pretty good stock of impudence, and I will not yet despair of success." The next that came forward was a merry fellow, dressed much like a harlequin, he came briskly forward, and, throwing his cap carelessly at his feet, said, "An't please your worship what makes a fool?" "Poverty," said the sage. Then answered the fellow, "I am one; in every sense of the word, for there has not been coin in my pocket these three weeks; but if I be spared until Saturday night, I have a fair prospect of receiving two pounds; and then, I hope, I will be a great deal wiser, and if heaven would but bless me with two or three more, I would venture to write a system of divinity, although, I believe, Tom Thumb's play-book would be too hard a task for me at present." A poor countryman came next, with a very dejected countenance, and asked in a mournful tone, "What is the best remedy for a scolding wife?" His answer was "a halter." The poor fellow's legs could hardly perform their office, as he retired, and it was whispered among the multi-

tude that he was actually looking at some ropes in his way home.—My attention was next roused by a great stir which I saw among the multitude, who were all making way for a certain person who was pressing fast forward to this oracle of admiration; but what astonished me most was, that whenever this person appeared, the wise man who sat on the magnificent seat dismounted, and ran away as fast as he could. This person next mounted the seat, and looking around him, had something so striking in his countenance, that many who looked at him had to turn their eyes another way, and could not stand the splendour of his countenance. He then addressed the multitude thus:—“How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity; and the scorners delight in their scorning; and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye at my reproof: ye have all this while been hearing an impostor, who answers your questions only according to the degenerate taste of a depraved world: his name is *False Opinion*, the offspring of riches and flattery, and as great an enemy to truth and seriousness as is in the world.

“ My name is the *Genius of Truth*, and I am sent into the world to warn men of this impostor ; but he has gained so much ground that the generality of mankind shut their ears at my counsel. Think not that I am ignorant of the answers which he gave to your questions ; I heard them all ; but I did not discover myself until he had gone a certain length, that I might have an opportunity of showing the world the fallacy of his answers.— And you, Sir, who came first forward, and wanted to know, What makes a gentleman ; let me tell you that there is not a word more abused, hackneyed, and prostituted, than the word gentleman. Can that man deserve the name of gentleman who is void of all the feelings of humanity ? who steels his heart against the groans of misery, and who is proof against the cries of injured innocence, and wretched poverty ? No Sir, though he were possessed of all the wealth which a thousand mines can yield, he would be no more than a civilized savage. In this depraved age, every fop supposes that he puts on the gentleman with a suit of fine

clothes; although vanity should be the only quality he is possessed of. I knew one who called himself a gentleman of the stage, and a comedian of some note; these epithets he was pleased to give to himself to his landlord with whom he was lodged; but when the day of his departure came, this accomplished gentleman happened to have no money to pay for his lodging, and though the landlord had so much good nature as to take only the gentleman's word of honour in place of payment, which he was sure not to keep, yet he had the civility to wonder at the landlord's refusing to lend him some money to carry him forward on his journey; and I suppose that he acted this scene with as little remorse of conscience, as he would have done the character of Filch in the Beggars Opera. Such gentlemen are not only the disgrace of the stage, but they are the disgrace of the stage of human life.—And you, Sir, for all your riches, are far from being a gentleman: you are an oppressor to your tenants, a tyrant to your servants, and a scourge to the poor. There is one standing

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on your right hand, who indeed is a gentleman in every sense of the word; he is blessed with riches, but he husbands them as one who must give an account. All his connections are happy, the blessings of the poor and the afflicted are daily showered upon him, so that his leaf is ever green. He bestows that upon them, which you lavish on a fowling party, a stable of unnecessary horses, and a pack of useless hounds.—But I have orders and power to punish you.” Then beckoning to one behind a screen, he jumped a brawny fellow named Bealston, who, after he had been enjoined to mind his duty, seized the fine gentleman by the nape of the neck, and carried him as if he had only been a kitten, and threw him into a limestone quarry; he next put a whip into the hand of one of the meanest of his servants, and said, “See that you keep this fellow at work; he has often required a task from you which it was impossible for you to perform; now is your turn, put the heaviest bar into his hand, and if he refuses to work, apply the whip.” At this the gentleman stormed

at the servant, and asked if he knew who he used  
 so ; but the fellow regardless of either his threats  
 or entreaties applied the whip of retaliation with  
 such convincing energy, that he was glad to fall  
 to work. My attention was next called to a  
 country wench, who came forward and asked at  
 at the Genius of Truth, "What is the best beauty-  
 wash?" To which he answered, "Modesty." The  
 young lady first mentioned, seeing the gentleman  
 handled so roughly, and fearing that she would  
 share the same fate, ran away as fast as possible,  
 and in the hurry of her flight, not perceiving me  
 in her way, she tumbled quite over me, at which  
 I awoke, and was glad that it was but a dream.

~~CHAPTER XIII.~~

#### CHAPTER XIV.

ONE night late as I was preparing for bed, a  
 middle-aged, grace looking man, knocked at the  
 door, and desired lodging. I told him, that as it

was late, and as he was a stranger, he was welcome to such accommodation as I could give him. He told me that it would be a great obligation besides payment. I told him there was little obligation in the case, when a man paid for his lodging; and asked of what country he was. He told me that he was from Fife, and had at present been at the South with some cattle which belonged to a friend and was now returning home. I told him that I had heard that Fife was famous for religion some time ago. "Yes," said he, "it was so, but it is much altered for the worse.—Oh, the degeneracy of human nature!" exclaimed he, "it will be no wonder if a visible judgment light on the land for the sins committed in it. I myself have a brother who is a minister of the gospel, but both ministers and people fall far short of their duty, when compared with those of the last century: these were burning and shining lights, and the people were zealous for religion, and honest to one another; but now, where shall we find a man that we can trust? and where can we find a man that takes

any care to be religious?" I rejoiced that I had found such a religious guest; and thought that the Apostle Paul could not have surpassed him for piety. He staid all night, and the next day being Sabbath, he took breakfast before he set out. After breakfast he hung down his head, as if indisposed, and said that a sudden quagm had seized him, and that he thought he would be much the better of the air a little; accordingly he went out to take the air, but had the civility never to return to thank me for his lodging. I pitied the poor man for his hypocrisy, who, under the specious pretence of religion, made it his business artfully to deceive his neighbour. An hypocrite, I think, is the most dangerous character that we can meet with in the world; for he borrows the appearance of a saint to deceive, and, like Satan, transforms himself into an angel of light, that he may promote the interest of the prince of darkness.—Such, if they die impenitent, must surely have a distinguished place of punishment assigned them in the other world. What Blair says of the suicide, I.

think we may say of the hypocrite, "The common damn'd shun their society." It is impossible but the hypocrite's conscience must sometimes sting him; there is such a glaring inconsistency between his profession and his practice; and it is as impossible that his real character can be long concealed from those conversant with him, his selfish actions will betray him; in spite of all his whitewashing and artful colouring, some black spots will appear here and there upon him, when he is not sensible that the world observes them.—And at times he may have a kind of reasoning with himself, when he is disposed to think freely, especially if ever he should chance to be intoxicated with liquor, (in which state, in my opinion, a man's behaviour is a true index to the natural bent of his inclination), he may be supposed to reason with himself in a strain much like the following.

THE HYPOCRITE'S SOLILOQUY  
WHEN HALF DRUNK.

I've drunk too freely of the cask ;  
To cheat the world's a dev'lish task,  
But here I may throw off the mask,  
An' at mysel',  
A few important questions ask  
'Bout heav'n an' hell.

De'il hae me but I'm sometimes erie,  
When priests 'bout hell make sic a steerie,  
It makes me dowie, fad an' fearie,  
To hear them preach ;  
While I am hearty, blythe, and cheery,  
When out o' reach.

But what if all their whinging gam'  
Be naething else but tick an' sham ?  
If sae, I dinna gie a d—mn  
For a' the asses,

If I can get but belly-bam,  
 An' bonny lassies.

Transform'd may I be to a stirk,  
 If bonny Meggy's wanton snirk,  
 When she comes trippin' to the kirk,  
 Don't please me better,  
 Than a' Mefs John's religious jerk,  
 An' solemn clatter.

For me, I fit wi' solemn face,  
 Wi' visage lang, an' sad grimace,  
 I lift my hand, an' drone the bass,  
 Among the fingers,  
 But read maist on a bonny lass,  
 Out through my fingers.

Leeze me on a religious cloak,  
 It ranks ane aye wi' decent fo'k,  
 An' hides ilk wee bit secret troke,  
 An' sma' transgression,  
 If we keep but without the troke  
 O' kirk an' session.

But now I'm pitch'd on for an elder !  
 O ! how can I my conscience spelder !  
 In dooming Meggy down to h-ll door,  
     By vote o' fession ;  
 For that which I have often tell'd her,  
     Was nae transgression ?

But stop ;—I'll make a few reflections ;  
 The elders wait on the collections,  
 And nane dare charge wi' imperfections,  
     The haly baud ;  
 This conquers some of my objections—  
     I'm at at a stand.

He should be strang up in a halter,  
 Who serves and lives not by the altar,  
 Though foul an' conscience baith should kecker,  
     I'll cleck a shillin',  
 When Meggy's coy, 'twill help to melt her,  
     An make her willin'.



When placed in my new vocation,  
 Sure sic a lib'ral, rich donation,  
 When maist part of the congregation  
     Their filler thud in,  
 May well afford my servile station,  
     A Sunday puddin'.

I count him but a filly sot,  
 Who lets religion go to pot,  
 If by it he can steal a goat,  
     Or catch a plack ;  
 I'm ha'f resolv'd to tak' the coat,  
     Tho' it be black.

I'll say a grace as lang's a tether;  
 An' screed aff pray'rs like Jacob's ladder;  
 An' hiss at sin like ony adder,  
     Till I be breathelèss ;  
 An' scripture anathema's gather,  
     To flag the faithlèss.

L—d how I'll rail at drink an' w—ing,

An' coas't them cyls past enduring;

Tho' whyles mysel' I tak a pouring,

A wee bit gill;

An' whiles wi' Meg—but there's nae outing,

O' ilka ill,

I'll sigh, an' whinge, an' cant, an' grane,

An' mak the godly use fain,

Till cramm'd wi' fanetity an' gain,

My name will swell,

But oh! that conscience breeds me pain,

No' unlike ball!

## CHAPTER XV.

It hath been said (and I believe not without reason) that every man hath some particular object which his inclination pursues with more vehemence

than any thing else. Such is called by divines, "his predominant sin;" by the fashionable world "his favourite foible;" and by Sterne "his hobby-horse." I do not deny that there may be some things which some persons may be addicted to which are innocent in their own nature: but when we are immoderately attached to any thing, however innocent, there is a certain degree of criminality in our conduct. Hence, too much indulgence in eating or drinking is turned into intemperance; and so in every lawful and necessary enjoyment.

The seeds of mortality were sown in, or commixed with our frame at our formation, and I believe that the gratification of those particular inclinations tends to foster those seeds, and promote their growth, until the man is reduced to his primitive dust.—I wonder much that divines or physicians (at least as far as I know) have never taken notice of this. Numbers of instances might be adduced to throw light on this opinion. We are laid, as it were, under a natural necessity of destroy-

ing ourselves, I would only be understood to mean by this destruction, the dissolution of the body; and that there are certain appetites concreated with man, or otherwise infused into his nature, the gratification of which hastens his dissolution. Self-preservation is said, and very justly, to be one of the first dictates of nature; we shudder at the sight of the uplifted sword, and use all means in our power to evade the stroke; we shrink at the thought of hurling down the dreadful precipice, or plunging into the unfathomable abyss. What is the reason that we do not equally fear the intemperate act, and the illicit indulgence? The plain reason is, that the first is doing violence to nature, and the last is only obeying her dictates, although both tend to promote the same end. We will put the poison cup from our mouth with horror, but we will indulge the intoxicating draught with pleasure; with reluctance we swallow the necessary emetic, while we voluntarily drink the stupifying potion until we vomit it up again.—All the criminal vices to which men are addicted, give

the argument more weight ; some of them bring the man to the gibbet, the block, or the rack, which instantaneously terminate his existence ; others do their work more slowly, by confining him to the house of correction, chaining him to the bar, or banishing him to a clime hostile to his constitution. The sordid miser, (sworn enemy both to his back and his belly), by withholding clothes from the former, and food from the latter, lays a foundation for a complication of disorders, and exhibits the ridiculous portrait of chill penury riding on the back of usels riches!—The immoderate gratification of all the appetites which we enjoy in common with the brute creation, and which are too gross to be particularly described, have the same tendency.—I am aware that some will impute all these vices and inordinate appetites to the corruption of nature, and maintain that if we indulge our innocent appetites moderately no harm will befall our constitution by such means.—I confess the charge, but I would desire such persons to show me the man who, in every instance, confines

himself within the bounds of moderation, in every, perhaps in any of them? and if those who act under the strictest regimen, do not feel a struggle in confining their appetites within the proper channel? Whether sin created any new appetites in man, or only enlarged those concerted with him, we will leave to divines to investigate. However this may be, we are certain that our first parents had appetites to gratify in paradise, even in a state of innocence, and that they were allowed to gratify them, and that it was absolutely necessary so to do.—I apprehend that eating was necessary to preserve the lives, and to nourish the bodies of our first parents, as well as it is still to their posterity; and this, of course, throws down the opinion of some, who maintain, that during the innocence of our first parents, their bodies were in a state of immortality; for, to be nourished by material food implies corruption, both in the food and the feeder; and it seems probable, that if our first parents had stood their state of probation, a change must have been made on their bodies before they had entered heaven.

But we need not perplex ourselves with unnecessary enquires about events which were never determined to come to pass, one thing we know, that whether the appetite for eating the forbidden fruit in our first parents was concreated with them, or created by the devil, the gratification of it proved mortal both to them, and to us. Rachel's predominant desire seems to have been for children; and we find that she lost her life in the gratification of it.—Sampson seems to have been passionately fond of women; and through the means of a woman he lost his two eyes, and at last his life.—Absalom put a great value upon his hair; but had he cut it off, and worn a periwig, he would not have been hanged in the oak, and exposed to the deadly darts of David's general. But it is needless to bring scripture proof, in this *age of reason*; I shall content myself with two instances more; the one is, of a certain person who was so fond of a childish game, called "*Leapfrog*," that he at last broke his neck in the performance. The other is of a gentleman who seemed to place

all his attention on horses, and formed to value them more than if they had been rational creatures. He lost his life by a stroke from one of those creatures which he overvalued.



## CHAPTER XVI.

JUPITER, tired with celestial perambulations, and sated with the reiterated beaten tract of Juno's embrace, took it into his godship's head to descend to our nether world, on a wenching errand, accompanied by Mercury his pimp. The first halt they made in their terrestrial peregrination was at the metropolis of ———, in the figure of countrymen. The first house they honoured with their presence, happened to be that of a pepper manufacturer. Half a dozen lusty fellows were plying as many grinding machines, which kicked up such an acrimonious dust, that the noses of the two heavenly strangers, soon suggested to them that there was a



mighty difference between the ambrosial effluvia of the upper world, and the suffocating pepper dust which now attacked them.—“Heavens,” cried Jupiter, running to the door, and as soon as a violent fit of sneezing permitted him to speak, “what mean these mortals to contaminate the air with such abominable stuff? Mine eyes are so full of water that I cannot see a foot before me; and I do not wish as yet to arm myself with my Omnipotence.—Come, and let us try another door, perhaps we will succeed better.”—Taking the other side of the street, they entered the door of an elegant house, where a company of reviewers were assembled to criticise a new publication; it was entitled “*De Natura*,”—the author unknown. They heard the following sentence pronounced upon it, before they entered the door, “Why, you see Mr. Catch-wit, that both the style and the sentiment of this piece are quite unfashionable; though it be filled with obsolete truth, it can never tickle a modern fancy; therefore, as our judgment is reckoned the standard of truth, our decision is,

that d—mn—n is too gentle a sentence for it ; a bitter philippic, and an obstreperous halloo to the tail of the author, will, we hope, stop his career in such unpopular attempts.”—Jupiter turned about and whispered to Mercury, “ By my hot flaming thunderbolts, Mercury, I think we are got into another pepper manufacture ! however, let us venture forward. As soon as they had opened the door, one of the reviewers said, “ well gentlemen, what is your business ? ” another added, “ some paltry author and his patron I presume. ” “ Pray, gentlemen, said a third, are ye authors ? ” *Jup.* Yes, I am one.—“ And, pray, Sir, what are you author of ? ” *Jup.* I am the author of Nature, Sir.—“ Nature ! said one, why I thought that such an illiterate, vulgar like fellow as you, was author of such a piece ! we have just now been examining it, and find it a disgrace to the literary and fashionable world, which you know are the same.—But we will naturalize your worship by and by.”

“ Wretches, said Jupiter, by whose authority

do ye erect a tribunal to try and pass sentence on every man's works, as if all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge were confined to your storehouses? But ye shall repent it—here, Mr. Mercury, with your wand!" Mercury shook his wand in the air, and pronounced some words, unintelligible not only to these prodigies of learning, but to every mortal wight.—When lo! the room shook! hats, and wigs, and superfine clothes were exchanged for coarse caps, and ruffet frocks!—writing desks, book-cases, inkholders, &c. were converted into an ample apparatus for grinding pepper! and each reviewer, in his new metamorphosis was set to drive a separate machine. When Jupiter wishing them success in their new vocation, told them, "*That they who pretended to enter into the spirit of every man's labour, should now have opportunity for the spirit of their own labours entering into them.*"

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### HABBY O' THE HILL.

LANG syne, whan decent gude grey clai<sup>th</sup>,  
Did hap the laird an' tenant baith,  
Whan cotters liv'd on cogs o' brose,  
An' wi' stow-fruntin \* tied their hose;  
A calf-skin doublet grae'd their breast,  
Just rough as it cam aff the beast ;  
To keep them hale trae cramps an' cleeks,  
They sheath'd their thighs in gun-mou'd brecks.

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\* Stow-fruntin, a species of coarse garters, which the inhabitants of a village called Stow were famous for manufacturing.

As for the place we darena name,  
 'Twas just a slit down frae the wame ;  
 Twa gude claith buttons barr'd the door,  
 An' held a' warm an' sang afore.  
 Whan bonny lassies blush'd at kiffin',  
 Nor took a bite afore the blessin' ;  
 An' if a poor thing chanc'd to blunder,  
 She just was made a wayld's wonder ;  
 Black-burnin' shame thought at the session ;  
 L—d help us ! now 'tis nae transgression :  
 For brazen hiffies show their shame,  
 As they had husbands a' at hame.—  
 Whan farmers had nae place to feed,  
 But at their kitchen table head ;  
 An' threw ilk servant down a scone,  
 Whose thump gart a' the table groan.  
 Nae knives nor forks war then in vogue,  
 Nor ilka ane a diff'rent cog ;  
 But a great bowie on the table,  
 An' ilk ane supp'd what he was able.  
 As for the meat, if it was caul',  
 The gudeman rave it spaul frae spaul ;

If it was het, the langkail gully  
 Play'd smash amang't to end the tulzie.  
 Ilk ane his portion on his bannock  
 Gat handed by, baith Jock an' Sannock ;  
 An' whan their bellies a' were pang,  
 The grace was said, to wark they sprang.

'Twas in thae blest an' happy days  
 Whan poor fo'k could get meat an' claes,  
 That honest Habby o' the hill,  
 A wee bit west a-yeat the mill,  
 Held thretty towmonts frae his laird  
 A cozy house, an' dainty yard ;  
 Which fair'd his house o' meal an' groats,  
 An' farm'd it a' for sax pund Scots ;  
 Wer't now a settin', there's my thumb,  
 It wad bring in three times the sum.  
 Whan hares about his cabbage flocked,  
 His rusty blunderbuss he cocked,  
 An' auld field piece like a wee cannon,  
 Made in the days o' George Buchanan ;  
 Which, whan the lock was out o' tune,  
 Hefir'd wi' a kindled broom ;

An' never mis'd in time o' need,  
 To tumble pouffie heels o'er head,  
 Thus his fire-side, like kings an' queens,  
 Contented fed on soup an' greens.  
 But human blifs, alas ! how short !  
 Poor mortals are made fortune's sport !  
 For honest Habby's usefu' yard,  
 Nae langer to him maun be spar'd ;  
 But overrun wi' curfed hares,  
 Which of his kail took two full shares ;  
 Left him scarce ane, nor durst he cock  
 His trusty gennet ; for grit fo'k  
 Had now found out by college lair,  
 That God had giv'n them ilka hare ;  
 An' that poor devils had nae claim,  
 To touch a hair, on mankin's wame.  
 Frae Lunnin town an act they shaw,  
 To summon men by dint o' law,  
 An ilka hare an' patrick killer,  
 War fin'd an' bilked o' their filler.  
 Poor Habby's kail gat mony a nibble,  
 De'il haet was left but runts an' stibble ;

Till late ae night the cannie man,  
 To his dear wife this speech began.—  
 “ Dear Grizzy, how shall we get fendit,  
 Whan a’ our crop an’ kail are endit?  
 This is the worst day e’er we saw;  
 Fecks, I’ve a mind to try the law,  
 An’ birly-men set on the yard;  
 Some shall pay for’t, if I be spar’d.  
 I mind whan neighbour Hewie’s sheep,  
 Through Wattie’s cundy-holes did creep,  
 An’ eat the corn an’ tread the hay.  
 That Hewie had the skaith to pay:  
 An’ why not kail as weel as corn?  
 I’ll to Lord Justice trudge the morn,  
 An’ curl my wig, an’ cast some airs,  
 My Lord will tell whae aught the hares.”  
 Thus Habby an’ his loving spouse  
 Concerted matters in the house,  
 While Grizzy at the fire was blaffin’,  
 An’ Wattie’ aff his claes was castin’.  
 Neist mornin’ honest Habby raise,  
 An’ drest him in his Sunday claes;



An' pretty early took the road,  
 (He ken'd my Lord was aft abroad);  
 But ae bit failin' stuck to Habby,  
 He was fac furthy, blythe, an' gabby,  
 An' fac put aff the road wi' claver,  
 My Lord was mounted on his aiver,  
 An' ready just to ride away,  
 Whan Habby gave him time o' day,  
 Took aff his bannet, looked grave;  
 My Lord said, "Hab, what would you have?"  
 "My yard's destry'd wi' curf'd cattle,"  
 Quoth Habby, wi' an unco brattle,  
 "The los has vert me to distraction,  
 An' I'm resolv'd on satisfaction;  
 Because your worship kens the laws,  
 I hope you'll help to plead my cause."  
 My Lord said, "Habby say nae mair,  
 But to the court with me repair,  
 I'll dress the villain who has done it,  
 So honest Hab, put on your bonnet."  
 But now the court's conven'd an' thrang,  
 The bench is fill'd, the house is pang;

*Noli prosequi's* flew like hail;  
 Some paid the cash, and some saed bail;  
 The powder'd pows to work war willin',  
 Their plack that day was made a shillin';  
 Some poor things standing at their back,  
 Their guinea was turn'd to a plack.  
 L—d help the poor unhappy sinner,  
 Whase purse maun gang to pay their dinner!  
 I'll lay my gude Kilmarnock cap,  
 A better never grac'd a nap,  
 That, Ephraim-like, you'll never find  
 Their bellies fill'd wi' empty wind.—  
 But to proceed—ilk cause was handled,  
 An' Habby at the bar was pannel'd.  
 My Lord said, "Habby tell your cause,  
 We here have just an' wholesome laws;  
 The meanest subject of our king,  
 We will not wrong in any thing."  
 Then good, your worship, hear my tale;  
 The hares hae eaten a' my kail;  
 They loup the dike that's round about them,  
 An' now ye'll no let poor fock shoot them.

If in my yard again I find them,  
 By Mahomet, I swear I'll pind them ;  
 Or catch them in a net or girn,  
 Till I find out the booft or birn ;  
 An' if the owners winna herd them,  
 By Aaron's beard, I'll shoot an' yird them."

" Ha ! " cry'd my Lord, " if that be 'a',  
 Hab, ye need ne'er hae tried the law ;  
 You'll find the hares but lawless cattle,  
 Wi' them ye're sure to lose the battle."

" 'Tis not the hares that I'm for fighting,"  
 Quoth Hab, " my wrangs I'm but for rightin' ;  
 To hurt the creatures I'll be laith,  
 Gar but the owner pay the skaith.  
 Whose are the hares ? " cry'd Hab in anger,  
 His patience could haud out nae langer.

" Whose ? " said my Lord, — " now let me see,  
 Whose ? — whose the devil should they be ? "

The question nonplus'd all the bench.  
 " They are the devil's," cried a wench :  
 " For witches play their dev'lish prats,  
 Transform'd in shapes o' hares an' cats."

"They are the Lord's," the Justice cried,  
 And all beasts of the field beside."—  
 "No,—they're the king's," baul'd out the clerk,  
 An' brak his inkhorn, wi' a jerk,  
 An' cut his thumb wi' broken glass.  
 Threw a' his ink in Habby's face.  
 The court was in a hurly burly;  
 But Hab was now grown thravn an' furly,  
 An' heav'd his neise aboon his head,  
 To knock the puny scribbler dead.  
 The court brak up, it was divided,  
 An' till this day 'tis ne'er decided.  
 But Habby into a' his losses,  
 Paid the expence of a' the process.  
 He lost his kail, his time, his clink,  
 His face made black as h-ll. wi' ink;  
 Nought left but a bare skin to claw;  
 'Tis thus that poor fock win the law.  
 Now ye who on the ~~fields~~ run poachin',  
 An' on the laws of game encroachin',  
 Who spend your time, ~~in the man's~~ a' ~~the~~ ~~man's~~ ~~and~~  
 An' make nae bones to break the law;

Afore ye cock your gun to kill,  
Pray think on Habby o' the hill.

~~~~~

ALEXIS.

Inscribed to Mr. G—— B——, B——n.

=====

*Attend O B——n! to the muse's lays,  
Perhaps a portrait of thyself she draws;  
While she in unembellish'd stile displays  
The feeling heart espousing mis'ry's cause.  
Happy the man of wealth whose noble soul,  
To meet the plaint of grief, can downward bend;  
Who can the selfish tide of pomp controul,  
And gain the first of names—the poor man's friend.*

=====

In Britain's happy clime Alexis dwelt,  
Ample his fortune larger still his heart.

For human woes his gen'rous bosom felt,  
 And pity from his soul refus'd to part.

His lowing cattle fill'd the grassy vale,  
 Their udders swell'd with rich domestic fare ;  
 While cheerful maids bare home the flowing pail,  
 Their daily nourishment, and daily care.

His nodding harvest on the fertile plain  
 Wav'd rich ; his flocks upon the mountain's brow  
 Claim'd the attention of the shepherd swain ;  
 While sturdy rustica drove the crooked plow.

The groan of mis'ry never reach'd his ear,  
 And miss'd the av'nue leading to his heart ;  
 He never fail'd to wipe misfortune's tear,  
 Nor comfort in affliction to impart.

As once he walk'd o'er the flow'ry lawn,  
 While nature did her varied sweets display,  
 The purpled morn had just begun to dawn,  
 And hail the distant flaming god of day.

He went, but not accompanied by hounds,  
 Bred up to carnage, nor with sulphur arm'd ;  
 The timid hare possess'd his peaceful grounds,  
 And on his flow'ry dales fed undarm'd.

When wandering careless down a sylvan steep,  
 Beneath the branches of a spreading yew  
 He spy'd a youth lock'd in the arms of sleep,  
 His yellow locks deep silver'd o'er with dew.

His countenance display'd a languid air,  
 And broken and disturbed seem'd his rest,  
 His every feature deeply mark'd with care,  
 And heavy sighs swell'd in his heaving breast.

Awaking straight he upward turn'd his eyes,  
 And cried, " Ye Powers, that rule the fate of man,  
 " Pity a wretch, who every effort tries  
 " To acquiesce in your correcting plan.

" Press'd by the unrelenting hand of power,  
 " By persecution's ruthless fury driven,

“ I’ve wandered friendless many a dreary hour,  
 “ Without a guard but innocence and heaven !”

The glow of pity fill’d Alexis’s breast,  
 Himself discovering to the stranger’s eye;  
 He kindly ask’d what thus his mind oppress’d,  
 That forc’d the bitter groan and mournful sigh.

The stranger said, “ Great Sir, I had my birth  
 “ From one whose mem’ry ever shall be dear ;  
 “ Heaven’s will he taught on a perverted earth,  
 “ A preacher, zealous, fervent, and sincere.

“ Too good for earth,—it was the will of heav’n  
 “ To take him ere my studies were complete.  
 “ I bare the loss with mind compos’d and even,  
 “ And kiss’d submissive correcting mercy’s feet.

“ Deprived now of every object dear,  
 “ (As my dear mother had few years before  
 “ Paid the great debt to nature), just a tear  
 “ Shed to rememb’rance dear, I could no more.”



" A wealthy merchant did with me prevail,  
 " (My father's friend) to come to him a while ;  
 " Superintendant made me of his sale,  
 " The gloomy hours of sorrow to beguile.

" He had a daughter, blooming, young, and fair,  
 " His only child — possess'd of ev'ry grace.  
 " Who daily made it her peculiar care,  
 " To come and shew me her delightful face.

" When more familiar grown she told me plain,  
 " That in her breast an advocate was plac'd  
 " Which firmly stood my int'rest to maintain,  
 " And that without me she could not be blest.

" I all my reason us'd to let her see  
 " What such a match was likely to bring forth,  
 " And humbly begg'd her not to think of me,  
 " Below her, both in fortune and in birth.

" But all my arguments were us'd in vain ;  
 " She still persisted in her first design ;

“ And one day told her father, flat and plain,  
 “ That she would be no other man’s but mine.

“ This fatal step—fell source of all my woe,  
 “ Inflam’d her father’s fury like a flame ;  
 “ Who with his daughter straight away did go,  
 “ And left me cloth’d with sorrow, grief, and shame.

“ Three days elaps’d, when I receiv’d by post  
 “ A letter from the fair ; which charg’d me  
 “ Instant to flee, or else my life was lost ;—  
 “ Her cruel father meant to murder me !

“ And that she in a dungeon was exil’d,  
 “ Far from her friends, and from all comfort driv’n,  
 “ Such usage from a parent to a child,  
 “ Cannot be overlook’d by righteous heav’n.

“ With conscious innocence my ground I stood,  
 “ Nor slept, but in my chamber sat alone.  
 “ At midnight hour two armed ruffians rude  
 “ Beset my bed, but thought that I was gone.

“ Chance gave the hint,—behind their backs I  
stood,

“ With two smart blows I brought the villains  
down,

“ Who meant, with wicked hands to shed my  
blood—

“ Secur’d their persons, made their arms my own.

“ Disarm’d, and at my mercy, they fell down,

“ Implor’d my pity, and confess’d the whole :

“ Two hundred pounds was promis’d and a crown,

“ If from my flesh they would dislodge my soul.

“ They told me farther that I was not safe

“ Except by flight, for that the bloody man

“ A thousand snares was laying for my life,

“ Tho’ I escap’d their own infernal plan.

“ As the first dictates of our nature teach

“ Us to preserve our lives, so I by flight,

“ Have travell’d to evade the tyrant’s reach,

“ And in your sylvan shade have pass’d the night.”

Alexis took the stranger by the hand,  
 While tears of pity flood in both his eyes ;  
 They walked both across his pleasant land,  
 Mutually pleas'd, like angels in disguise.

At length the hospitable home they saw ;  
 " Now," said Alexis, " thou must stay with me,  
 " I'll screen thee from the cruel tyrant's paw,  
 " And fortune may again declare for thee."

The stranger bow'd, while torrents from his eyes  
 Pour'd grateful at his benefactor's feet ;  
 His soul was fill'd with pleasing sweet surprise,  
 And compliments returned as was meet.

His sweet behaviour and his modest air,  
 Secur'd Alexis his unfeigned friend,  
 And oft they walked out to take the air,  
 While mutual friendship and good nature reign'd.

As on a pleasant ev'ning, hand in hand  
 They walk'd, a splendid coach they did espy ;

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When it came up it quickly made a stand,  
And the two wand'ring friends approached nigh.

Alexis wonder'd what uncommon fate  
Had brought a coach to such a pathless place,  
When straight a lady springing from her seat,  
Did clasp the stranger in a close embrace.

“Ye Powers!” she cry'd, “I've fought, nor  
fought in vain,

“For him who long has held my youthful heart,

“Long have I dragg'd th' inhospitable chain,

“But now again we'll never—never part.

“Thy precious life, dear, inoffensive youth,

“Was hunted by a fierce—but I forbear,—

“He was my father!—the disgraceful truth

“Must still be told, tho' grating to the ear.

“The stern assassins, by your valour foil'd,

“Came, and demanded their unrighteous hire,

“ But as the fatal project had been spoil’d,  
 “ My father would not yield to their desire.

“ Grown fierce with disappointed rage, and ire,  
 “ (O that such words could ne’er have been ex-  
 prest),

“ One of the ruffians, who did rage like fire,  
 “ Did plunge his dagger in my father’s breast !

“ The noise alarm’d the servants—straight they  
 ran,—

“ Disarm’d the villains, dragg’d them to the jail ;  
 “ My father was dropt down—a mortal man,  
 “ And his revenge and life at once did fail.

“ If further information you demand,  
 “ Fit time and place shall give description due,—  
 “ My father thus, by Heaven’s avenging hand  
 “ Did meet the death which he design’d for you.

“ His death has made me mistress of his store,  
 “ Too much for my enjoyment when alone ;

“ Thy company obtain'd, I ask no more,  
 “ Nor will envy a monarch on his throne.”

She said,—and straight embrac'd the youth again,  
 While falling tears depriv'd them both of sight ;  
 Alexis wept to see the tender scene,  
 And begg'd their company to spend the night.

Next day they begg'd their hospitable lord  
 To go along and share their happiness.  
 Their union gave what virtue can afford,—  
 Connubial happiness, and lasting peace.



To Mr. A—— R——, N——.

*My Dear Friend,*

Parted from thee, the tedious, cheerless day,  
 Seems stript of half its lusture. That bright orb,  
 Displaying wide his fructifying rays,

Seems half eclips'd, unaided by the light  
 Of friendship's sacred fire: The warbling hymns,  
 Pour'd thro' the little throats of feather'd choirs,  
 Seem languid, unassisted by the note  
 Which sung the language of the unmask'd soul,  
 Whose artless accents ready found admittance  
 Into my easy heart. The gurgling rills  
 Have lost their music, and in harsher strains  
 Of jarring discord strike my lonely ear ;  
 Nor is the fault in nature ; but in me.  
 I am transplanted in a richer soil,  
 Where nature's lavish hand profuse has strew'd  
 Luxuriant beauties. Here the Teviot winds  
 Her easy course, meand'ring round the vales ;  
 Fertile by nature, and made richer still,  
 By useful agriculture's painful hand.  
 Here Ceres takes the lead, pastoral Pan  
 Is banish'd from the inland ; all his claims  
 Confin'd to the unculturable brows  
 Of stubborn mountains, proof against the share.  
 All rich with grain surrounding vallies wave,  
 Oats, barley, wheat, and rye, promiscuous shoot



Upward their bearded stalk, which when mature  
 Bends underneath a load more precious far,  
 For worth intrinsic, than Peruvian mines.  
 Here the green turnip, nurs'd with tender care,  
 Spreads forth her humble leaf, while underneath  
 Her moist terrestrial pulp, with gradual swell,  
 Advances to perfection. Farming here,  
 " Like Aaron's master serpent," swallows all  
 In its capacious vortex ; tracts of land,  
 Possess'd by individuals ; here and there  
 A straggling handicraft, whose bread depends  
 On keeping in repair the cart and plough.  
 The lab'ring poor are likewise here reduc'd  
 Into a state of wretched vassalage ;  
 They cannot have a house to screen their heads  
 From an inclement sky, but justly may  
 Be call'd a house of bondage ;\* it recalls

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\* Alluding to a custom that obtains in that part  
 of the country ;—a farmer will not let a house to  
 his servants or cotters without providing a maid to  
 be at his call whenever his work requires her assist-  
 ance, which work is very properly called *Bondage*  
*Work*.

Back to my mind the state of Egypt's sons,  
 When famine, canker-like, consum'd their gold,  
 They sold their persons to maintain their lives.—  
 Or Israel's brick-makers, who groan'd and toil'd  
 Beneath a task-master's unpitying rod.

I feel for thee, my dear, my native land !  
 Forbid it Heaven, that my foreboding heart  
 Should prophesy aright, when it suggests  
 That scenes like these may one day make us bend  
 Our free-born necks beneath a foreign yoke  
 Less dreadful ; or like desp'rate lepers choose  
 Assyria's camp to flee domestic ills.

He who cried out, " The world was made for  
 Cæsar,"

Would here cry out, " The world was made for  
 farmers."

Here agriculture, like a giant, rears  
 His vast prolific bulk, assumes all shapes  
 To fructify the soil. The farmer plys  
 All seasons, plows, and sows, and builds, and plants,  
 As if possess'd of an eternal lease.

A lesson this to us, my dearest friend ;

No lands are given us to improve, but time  
 More precious than the rich Egyptian plain,  
 Fed by the Nile, is put into our hands.  
 Our life our lease, and our immortal part  
 Our farm, and this our seed time.—Let us ply,  
 And careful husband every passing hour—  
 The harvest is eternal ! What tho' tears  
 Accompany our sowing ? These will tend  
 To moistify the soil, promote the growth,  
 And swell our sheaves to be brought back with joy.  
 Here stands Mountiviot, opening to the eye  
 A second paradise for rural sweets,  
 Superlatively gay, and charms the eye  
 In spring and summer. Here the rapid Jed  
 Throws in her friendly waters to augment  
 The Teviot's rolling flood ; these sweetly glide  
 In silent concord, and receive more strength  
 From every kind assisting rivulet ;  
 'Till into Tweda's silver flood disgorg'd,  
 At once they lose their waters and their name.  
 So may our friendship as we glide along



His study door wi' care he closes,  
 An' said, "as fure as God made Moses,  
 " We carry on a drudgin' process  
     " 'Gainst hell an' sin,  
 " An' yet in spite o' a' our noses,  
     " Some still plop in."

When frae temptation bolted snug,  
 Wi' commentators at his lug,  
 Which he from shelves in thraves did rug,  
     Sweet occupation!  
 An' in his hand the whisky jug  
     For inspiration.

The haly page abread he hieft,  
 An' popp'd just on the splendid feast  
 Of a heave shouter, an' wave breast,  
     An' sic decorum ;  
 The portion of the langsyne priest  
     Allotted for him.

He read the text with haly anger,  
 Till he could fit nor read nae langer,  
 Dame Appetite, he thought to bang her,  
     But flesh is frail !  
 That day—bad luck, (misfortune hang her),  
     Brought lentrin kail.

“ My study is not worth a button,  
 Quoth he, “ without a leg of mutton,  
 “ If sic a man as I be put on,  
     “ He’s fair to blame ;  
 “ Without a sappy spawl to cut on,  
     “ To fill his wame.

“ O for the three-teeth’d flesh-hook now !  
 “ By Aaron’s beard, I swear an’ vow,  
 “ I’d plunge the boiling liquid through,  
     “ Wi’ haly mettle ;  
 “ Till little should be left but broo,  
     “ In a’ the kettle.

" O happy days in Levi's line,  
 " When Priests in haly graith did shine!  
 " An' on fat flanks an' collops dine,  
     " By Heaven's appointment,  
 " Weel skill'd in a' the arts divine  
     " Of haly jointment!

" My curse light on the awkward brother,  
 " Did sic a glorious custom smother,  
 " We might hae laid our heads thegither,  
     " An' wrought the mob,  
 " The kirk will ne'er get sic another  
     " Sweet, blessed job.

" For we maun gang in sackcloth trailin',  
 " The congregation's sins bewailin',  
 " An' if we hae a wee bit failin',  
     " Or slip an aith,  
 " We mauna ca' another nail in  
     " The haly graith."

An honest carrier who did bear  
 The mutton leg, did now draw near,  
 The priest wi' joy his crest did rear,  
     A' sidgin' fain ;  
 His clouded brow began to wear  
     A smile serene.

“ Now I will hae my belly cram'd,  
 Quoth he, “ wi' roast, an' nobly flam'd,  
 “ Tho a' my hearers should d—d,  
     “ Like silly geese ;  
 “ I carena how the flock be sham'd,  
     “ Gie me the floece.

“ But left the carrier should exact  
 “ A carriage for the haly pack,  
 “ I'll wisely on him turn my back,  
     “ And send a boy ;  
 “ The kirk cannot afford a pack,  
     “ For sic employ.”

M



The boy ran out, an' loud did bawl,  
 " I'm come to get my master's spaul',  
 " He's bufy prayin' for your faul,  
     " Wi' pious care ;  
 " An' fends his bleffin', that is all  
     " He has to spare."

The carrier smil'd an' faid, " Gae foot on,  
 " An' tell the gormandizing glutton,  
 " If he fuch frefs his pray'rs can put on,  
     " The only way  
 " Is to pray home his leg of mutton,  
     " Next market day."



### ON READING DR. COTTON'S FIRE-SIRE.

HAPPY the man, in humble lot,  
 Poffeffing the fequefter'd cot,  
     The matrimonial kifs ;

Who can like Cowton tune his lyre,  
 And sing his family and fire,  
     Wrapt in domestic bliss ?

Blest with the kind, endearing names  
 Of husband, father,—tender claims !  
     His heart exults with joy.  
 His greatest care in social life,  
 To rear his offspring, cheer his wife,  
     And guard them from annoy.

That peace-destroying canker, pride,  
 Ambition with gigantic stride,  
     May run their giddy round ;  
 Quite banish'd from the blest retreat,  
 Nor shall such sacrilegious feet  
     Profane the hallow'd ground.

Ye poor rich men, whom Heaven has lent  
 Great store of gold, but no content,  
     Alas ! what can ye do ?

Not all the treasures in your chest,  
 Can purchase what in Cotton's breast  
 Makes him more blest than you!

'Tis not the splendid lofty dome,  
 That holds in its capacious womb,  
 The truest joy and peace;  
 Beneath the cotter's humble pile,  
 Is often found the sweetest smile,  
 Of purest happiness.

Such happiness expands the soul,  
 While tides of comfort inward roll,  
 By conscious virtue giv'n;  
 Which from religion takes its birth,  
 'Tis social bliss begun on earth,  
 Which never ends in heaven.

## TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

HAIL, Disappointment, demon drear,  
 Fell scourge of ev'ry coward's heart,  
 Thy snaky crest let others fear,  
 My soul disdains th' illusive smart.

When dazzled by the lucid beams,  
 Which eager prospect holds so dear,  
 'Tis thine to sweep the golden dreams,  
 And fate's unerring task to clear.

Intruding monster ! when we reach  
 Near to the clime of promis'd bliss,  
 Thy hidden power and malice teach  
 How short the arm of mortals is.

How hard thy fate, O human wight !  
 When verging on enjoyment's brink !

M. 3.

To have the object torn from fight,  
While hope and all her handmaids sink.

The soul alone that's firm and even,  
Is proof against thy blasting frown,  
For disappointments come from heaven,  
To pull the pride of mortals down.

Still thou must reign while ages roll,  
To blast the foolish hopes of man,  
Whose lot is under the controul  
Of a divine, unerring plan.

When Hope leads forth her martial'd toys,  
To combat Reason on the field,  
Thou robb'st us but of promis'd joys  
Which fond enjoyment ne'er could yield.

## HAPPINESS PURSUED.

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*Return, O Happiness! celestial maid,  
Return, and cheer the drooping soul of man.*

---

O for the raptur'd bard's seraphic lyre!  
 Who sung of happiness unmixt with gall;  
 Primeval happiness, which our first fire  
 Enjoy'd in Paradise, where nature bloom'd,  
 Creation smil'd, man worshipp'd, heaven approv'd.

O Innocence! thy aspect, how benign!  
 Earth only saw thy child-like features twice;  
 And, blasted to her centre, shook when thou  
 In Paradise and Calvary expir'd.

Heaven only knows thee now, since that first  
crime

Of disobedience, when the cursed earth  
Lost thee and happiness; the sister pair  
Deplor'd the fatal shock, and wing'd their way  
To the celestial clime, left fallen man  
To mourn the loss, with shame and sorrow seiz'd.  
Return, O Happiness! celestial maid,  
Return, and cheer the drooping soul of man,  
Which follows thee with bridegroom-like desires,  
And which without thee never can be blest.  
Though fled, yet man thee gives not up as lost,  
But seeks thee in a world where sorrow dwells.  
What methods to obtain thee, in what paths  
He treads to overtake thee, be my theme.  
The road to happiness is sought by some  
In brute enjoyment, which can never yield  
In all its various shapes, a single drop  
Of satisfaction to the panting soul.  
The jaded appetite amid the flood  
Of saturating blandishment recoils,  
And, blunted by reiterated acts,

Of keen enjoyment, leaves the mind unstrung ;  
 Unsatisfied, unable to pursue  
 The fav'rite chase, till fresh recruits repair  
 Round the brute-standard, and provoke th' attack  
 Afresh, nor more successful ; the same round  
 Pursued, and repursued, the same effect  
 Leaves on the mind, the diff'rence only this  
 Repeated acts familiarize the mind  
 To the oft beaten tract, and blunt the edge  
 Of appetite ; the half-worn dear pursuits  
 Lose half their zest ; new-born ideas rise,  
 False appetites intrude ; the sickly mind,  
 Pall'd by unsatisfactory fruition,  
 Sighs for a something new ; which, when enjoy'd  
 Dear bought experience witness, David's son  
 Set to your seal, can these yield happiness ?  
 Alas ! the motto, " Vanity," appears  
 To check the ev'ry wish of him who pores  
 Upon the sacred volume, after joys  
 Which only leave a sting.—But faithless man  
 Omnipotence discredits,—he must buy,  
 And dearly too, the truth, like his first fire.



Since happiness evades the sensual grasp,  
 A higher road is fought, and more refin'd ;  
 Let Reason take the reign.—Behold the sage  
 Well vers'd in science, deep in learning soak'd ;  
 There's not a star in all the brilliant train  
 Observable, hung by Almighty Power  
 In heaven's illumina'd concave which escapes  
 His notice.—God gave eyes to view his works,  
 The naked, simple prospect he disdains,  
 And borrows strength from art to the weak nerve ;  
 With artificial optics arm'd, exults  
 In new discov'ries.—The enquiring mind  
 Descends to earth, and not a single atom  
 Lies unexamined ; climate, soil and produce ;  
 Herbs, trees, flowers, vegetation's ample store  
 Of variegated species, opens wide  
 The yawning gulf, with subterranean force,  
 And from the earth extracts her very soul,  
 Exchanged by the miser for his own.  
 Still discontent, he rifles every page  
 Where knowledge seems to dwell, or language  
 teach ;

Ascends as high as human fight can soar,  
 Descends as low as mortal force can lead.  
 Is happiness attain'd? alas! the sage  
 Stands on the earth, the philosophic eye  
 With all its help-mates, can be only rais'd  
 A few poor feet or yards above the surface.  
 New wonders still remain beyond his ken,  
 New pages seal'd, which all his boasted art  
 Can ne'er disclose; new proofs of his weak skill  
 Appear below his feet, when a few steps  
 Are measur'd on the flow'ry lawn,—even there  
 Myriads of features of Almighty Power  
 Display themselves incomprehensible.  
 The scutinizng mind is forc'd to stop,  
 Lost in infinitude, and deep deplore  
 The weakness of its powers.  
 The hot-brain'd hero strides the bloody field,  
 Burning for glory, shakes with horrid pride  
 The deadly weapon, dreams of seas of blood,  
 The cries of vanquish'd, and the palm of vict'ry;  
 A name immortal, and a happy exit.  
 Alas! -the first discharge from bellowing throat

Of mortal engine may, for ought he knows,  
 Bear his death-warrant, lay the warrior low,  
 And mix his promis'd glory with the dust.  
 And though he should survive the fatal shock  
 Of many conflicts, conquer warlike powers,  
 And drag whole kingdoms at his chariot wheels,  
 Ev'n then would happiness evade his grasp,  
 And dire ambition tear his restless soul ;  
 Till Alexander-like he would deplore  
 His short-arm'd power, and wish to be a god.

Ill-tim'd ambition, resolute to wade  
 To empire through a sea of human gore !  
 When nature groans her last when time expires,  
 And the impartial scale is lifted up  
 To weigh the actions of the sons of men,  
 By justice pois'd, how deep ! immensely deep,  
 Must be the score to those whose pow'r and pride  
 Combin'd have slaughter'd thousands ! war is just,  
 And only so when life, when liberty,  
 Religion, property, demand defence.

How poor is Royalty, with all its pomp !  
 Its gilded trappings, formidable power !  
 Its thousand vassals cringing in the dust,  
 And bending prone the pliant knee, ne'er can  
 Keep from their monarch's cheek the tear of woe,  
 Nor chase the groan of anguish from his heart.  
 The crown falls off, the flattery soon is o'er,  
 The monarch falls, and leaves an empty throne !  
 The tomb stands by the palace ! shocking sight !  
 Must kingly dignity be brought to this ?

The chase thus far pursued, thus far in vain ;  
 Another effort still remains.—O Hope !  
 How sweet thy prospect when our wishes burn  
 With ardour for the object thou hold'st up !  
 Hail, golden cord of hope ! thou brilliant gem,  
 Without thee, what would be the life of man ?  
 A scene of dreadful darkness : thou alone  
 Canst dissipate the gloom by mis'ry hugg  
 Impendent, brooding o'er the human mind.  
 How deep thy anchor sinks, even in the sand  
 Of human prospect ! But how deeper still

N

Must be its hold, when cast within the veil,  
 And on the rock of ages firmly fix'd !  
 The trembling soul so closely to thee clings,  
 That all the formidable ills of life  
 Are inadequate to dissolve the tie.  
 Ev'n Death, the King of Terrors, here is foil'd ;  
 Immortal Hope is proof against his dart ;  
 Passes through death unhurt, and hugs the soul  
 In mutual, kind embrace, beyond the grave ;  
 Its name and nature to fruition chang'd.  
 Ev'n so, the prating child laid down to sleep,  
 Close in his arms hugs his beloved toy.  
 Nor will he let it go,—but falls asleep  
 In the embrace ; and, when he wakens, finds  
 With joy, the jewel in his bosom still.

Thus far I've wander'd from the beaten tract.— X  
 I now return again, to cast the eye  
 Of contemplation on the last and best  
 Effort, in quest of happiness by man.

Early the infant dawn of young desire  
 For happiness appears. When on the knee,  
 And hanging at the breast, the wish'd for toy,  
 The dandling song, and the maternal kiss,  
 Demonstrate the strong wishes of the soul,  
 (Though operating through a tender frame),  
 To be more blest. When youthful vigour paints  
 The strong brac'd nerve and baw; conscious  
 strength

Assumes a bolder aspect, ransacks life  
 For something unenjoy'd, which, when attain'd;  
 A something still remains beyond the grasp  
 Of human effort.—Feeble age looks back  
 To the pursuits of youth as to a dream,—  
 A dream of vanity!—A dream of worse—  
 A dream of dire misconduct!—Nothing done  
 That should have been accomplish'd; nothing left  
 To do that was forbid. Thus age on youth  
 Looks back, and shudders at the dread retrospect.  
 What now remains? The youthful days are fled.  
 The days of mirth,—no taste for pleasure now,  
 Which formerly engross'd the whole desire :

The mind looks forward to a passing few  
Of years; or months, or days, or hours of woe.

How awful to stand tott'ring on the brink  
Of dread eternity! Ye young, ye gay,  
Ye rebel scoffers, who, with impious mouth,  
Mock every thing that's sacred,—trembling think,  
The day, the hour, the moment must be yours!

Religion now must pour her healing balm,  
Or what alternative has man to try?

Of almost ev'ry nation under heav'n,  
This is, for happiness the last effort.  
The Pagan flees devoted to his temple;  
The Turk his mosque, the Jew his synagogue,  
The Christian—to his what? his chapel, church,  
His meeting, new-light, old-light, high, and low,  
His tabernacle, anti, pro, and contra;  
Divisions, subdivisions!—Gracious Heav'n!  
Is Christ divided? Can the heavenly ray  
That thus illumines mankind, tend to sow

Divulge zeal, and deeply rooted schism?  
 The rule is perfect; mankind only err;  
 Prompted by too hot zeal, some grains of pride,  
 Mix'd with enthusiastic self-conceit,  
 Stifle convictions, hold the fav'rite theme  
 Tenacious.—Numbers never take the pains  
 To think, but careless and implicit run;  
 Their steps pursue, whose judgment they esteem  
 Superior to their own. Hence different roads  
 To heaven are shown, and clearly pointed out;  
 And guide-posts fix'd at every parting street,  
 And each inscrib'd, "*This is the way to bliss.*"

O human Literature! how debas'd!  
 Bane of Theology! What dreadful seeds  
 Of dire contention; ignorant dispute,  
 Hast thou not sown? friendly indeed thou art  
 To art, and science;—these alone can boast  
 Thy kind assisting aid. One task alone  
 Thou for Religion hast indeed perform'd,—  
 A task inestimable! brought to light  
 Obscure religious truths to vulgar ken.



Well hadst thou stopt but here, and made a pause,  
 And left the unsophisticated mind,  
 To drink the wholesome potion ; 'twas enough  
 To know the simple gracious manifesto,  
 And lie, and wait the angel at the pool,  
 Content with knowledge which concerns our all,  
 Our duty, interest, temporal, and eternal.

But who consider'd now as a Divine,  
 Or as a Christian who has not drunk deep  
 At learning's fount ? as if this armament  
 Were only proof.—Can learning make a Christian?  
 Or a Divine ? As soon can proper tools  
 Make a mechanic,—equally as soon  
 Can a good pencil constitute a painter ?  
 Learning is like a pencil, or a sword,  
 Which, put in skilful hands, may do some good,  
 But in the hands of fools, what will they do ?

A learned fool !—I beg the reader's pardon,  
 If such a character does not exist ;  
 But what creates the endless, eager quibbles.

'Bout texts of Scripture and obnoxious terms?  
 What tears the bowels of the church afunder  
 And quenches ev'ry spark of love fraternal  
 Which should exist in universal nature?  
 But, curbed by a superstitious zeal,  
 Confines its prayers and wishes to its party.

Religious zealots! Sons of Superstition,  
 Who would confine the mode of divine worship  
 To a devoted few, by you selected  
 From the less-worthy world, and by man's wisdom  
 Train'd up, and taught mechanically wise  
 To teach the rest. Observe, by Nature's laws,  
 How ev'ry work of God proclaims to men  
 His wisdom, power, and goodness.—~~Dead~~ things  
 preach

In silent eloquence; and shall not man,  
 And ev'ry son of man take up the lay,  
 And vocal sound his praise from pole to pole?  
 Shall any tongue be mute in heav'nly choirs?  
 No. On the harp the plebeian there shall strike  
 As high a key as his pedantic teacher.

Then why tongue-tied here ! does heav'n forbid  
 An individual to proclaim his goodness  
 To the whole world ? where in his blessed word  
 Of light and life proclaim'd to fallen man  
 Is giv'n the interdiction ? can a sect,  
 Tenacious of punctilios, e'er make up  
 The countless millions which surround the throne,  
 Array'd in white, displaying victory's palm ?  
 Narrow of soul indeed must be the man  
 Who deems his fellow-worshipper accurs'd,  
 Because his eyes and ears cannot take in  
 His ev'ry sentiment. — Bigoted fool !  
 Who told thee that thy judgment was the test  
 Of truth ? Have not thy neighbours eyes, and  
     ears,  
 And hearts, and heads, and brains, as well as you ?

Religion is a noble, generous aim  
 At universal good : nor looks demure,  
 Nor straining at the superstitious goat,  
 And swallowing the immoral camel, can  
 Be countenanc'd by the celestial dame.

'Tis not the lengthen'd hypocritic prayer,  
 The glaring alm; the long drawn countenance,  
 That constitute a Christian: hidden springs  
 Thro' hidden conduits influence his walk,  
 Constrain him to his duty; hidden paths  
 He treads in, and, (if not too bold a sketch),  
 A hidden traffic carries on with heaven.  
 He shines with native, not with borrow'd light;  
 Sincerely speaks the language of his heart;  
 Uses his tongue for profit, not to rail,  
 Condemn, and censure ev'ry worshipper,  
 Whose views are not exactly like his own.  
 The pious, like the philosophic eye,  
 Takes in an universe—the lib'ral heart  
 Expands to take the whole creation in;  
 Nor enemies left out;—The lab'ring mind  
 Works for its fellow-creature.—Filial love  
 To the great source constrains the ritulets  
 Of love fraternal to pursue their course,  
 And flow and overflow the narrow banks  
 Of self and party.—On this fertile soul  
 The seeds of happiness are sown, nor can

Nor earth, nor hell, with their united force,  
 E'er mar their progress.—True his reaping time  
 Is at a distance; faith and hope must ply  
 The tasks assign'd them: but his charter's seal'd,  
 His rights made out, his evidences clear'd  
 In heav'n as impartial court.—A P'lgah view  
 Sometimes he gets in his minority  
 To keep his spirits up; and, lest he faint  
 In this inhospitable wilderness,  
 His father kindly sends him for support,  
 Of Eschol's grapes a cluster; these the fruits,  
 The growing fruits, of happiness begun,  
 Never to end. 'Tis true that Jordan flows  
 Between him and the land of promis'd bliss,  
 Perhaps o'erflowing all his banks,—what then?  
 Evasion is impossible.—No bridge  
 To bear across, no bark to waft him o'er.  
 Well, when his feet begin to touch the brim  
 Wrapt in his great Elijah's mantle, then  
 The waters will divide; his Mighty King  
 Before him stemm'd the torrent raging high,  
 In all its formidable terrors arm'd,

And smooth'd the passage. His great, "Peace,  
be still!"

Pronounc'd, can calm the turbid wave, and hush  
Each hostile terror till his servant pass.

When on the other side his feet stand firm;

He treads the land of bliss; the cup brim full  
Of happiness, (which then deserves the name)

Shall be presented to his willing lip,

Undrainable; the scanty rivulets,

Which, drop by drop, maintain'd his station here,

Are now exchanged for the fountain head,

The fountain of eternal happiness,

Which in proportion as his happy powers

Shall be enlarged, so much happiness

Shall still be added; the capacious soul

Shall still be full, nor ever sorrow more,

While an eternal round rolls endless on.

But, O how diff'rent is the dreadful fate

Of him who never seeks for happiness

Beyond the precincts of a present world!

In Jordan's wave, how terrible the plunge!

'Tis but a prelude to a deeper sea,—  
 A sea of wrath, nor bank, nor bound, nor bottom  
 Shall e'er be found—dragg'd to the dread tribunal  
 Of his incens'd Judge, the guilty felon,  
 Shall self-condemn'd stand trembling. That bold  
 mouth,

Whose impious tongue did imprecate damnation  
 Upon the very soul by which it utter'd  
 The horrid prayer, shall then be palsy struck!  
 Stern conscience, as a faithful notary,  
 Mark'd down the fatal charge, now spreads its book  
 Before his wildly rolling, guilty eyes,  
 Shows him the dreadful voluntary sentence  
 He past upon himself; it only needs  
 Th' Omnipotent Amen! which shall transfix  
 The inmost marrow of his hopeless soul,  
 And plunge him in the torrent of despair;  
 Whose rapid wave impetuous shall convey  
 Its wretched burden to perdition's gulf,  
 And tofs him headlong in the yawning waste  
 Inextricable! So was Dathan's band  
 Deep punish'd by just heaven's avenging hand,

Th' obedient earth the heavenly signal knew,  
 Open'd her mouth, and swallowed the rebellious  
 crew.



*Verses sent along with a Piece of Cloth, to Mr.  
 W—— B——, Dyer, L——m.*

Sir, you'll receive, by Jamie Veitch,  
 A wee bit claiith for dresfin',  
 And of my need I'll gie a sketch,  
 Because my wants are pressin'.

The coat I wear, (right fair I grieve  
 To tell the dismal matter)  
 Is frae the elbow to the sleeve,  
 Nought but a downright tatter.

My doublet too, has nought to boast,  
 I'm sure it has few matches,





Its nat'ral colour quite is lost  
In diff'rent clouts and patches.

'Tis true I have a muckle coat,  
But how can I depend on't?  
For deil a button's frae the throat,  
Down to the nether end on't!

O happy days in Paradise!  
When poor folk could gang naked!  
The tempting fruit—Eve was na wife  
When she ptesum'd to take it.

Besides the complicated fin,  
Which in itself was shamefu',  
Her daughters a' were d~~and~~ to spin,  
For her unhallow'd wamefu'.

They try'd the fig-leaf breeks 'tis true,  
After their great transgression;  
But lucky, Sir, it is for you,  
That now they're out of fashion

Had Providence establish'd that  
 The garb of after nations,  
 Your trade need ne'er hae set a fat  
 Throughout a' generations.

But troth I think we're better aff,  
 For let me tell you ae thing.  
 What modesty wad now be safe  
 Beneath sic shabby clathing?

When a' the power of gude braid claithe  
 Frae blunders scarce can free us,  
 I'll let you judge how muckle skaith,  
 Sic aprons now would gie us.

Your pardon, Sir, for sic a string  
 Of uselefs observations,  
 But when it takes me I mawn sing  
 Tho' it should tire folk's patience.

*To Mr. —, at —, on being fined for selling  
Ale without Licence.*

Sir, you'll receive my twa pund ten,  
Wi' what you call expences,  
Sometimes misfortunes humble men  
And bring them to their senses.

For now I'm by experience taught,  
(The schoolmaster of asses),  
What 'tis to quaff the illicit draught,  
And touch unhallow'd glasses.

Deil thank your pot to wallop brown,  
While mine boils thin and bluely,  
When ilka scrawl ye gie's a crown,  
But law does a' things truly.

Leeze me on law! when we gang wrang  
It keeps us aye in order,

And never suffers us to gang  
O'er the forbidden border.

The lawyer watches for our wealth,  
The patriot for our nation,  
The doctor watches for our health,  
The priest for our salvation.

When guarded by this fourfold fence,  
Auld Nick can never fang us ;  
Nor Bonapart' e'er drive us hence,  
Nor villains mint to wrang us.

God save the King ! and bless the Law,  
With crime-detesting vigour ;  
May villains underneath its paw,  
Be punished with rigour.

And here's ilk *bonest* lawyer's health,  
Upon my knees I toast it,  
In that same ale I had by stealth,  
But now hae paid the cost o't..

O. 3.

*To the Rev. Mr. ———, ———,*

On hearing him preach a SERMON from these words, "*Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, &c.*" ISAIAH, xlv. 22.

*REVEREND SIR,*

I.

As late you taught us from the sacred book,  
 The soul-reviving words of love divine,  
 That we might have salvation for a look,  
 Both rich and poor to earth's remotest line ;  
 The pleasant theme did with such lustre shine,  
 Salvation deeply mark'd in every beam,  
 That when to sleep I did myself resign,  
 The words to sound still in mine ears did seem,  
 And my hard lab'ring mind brought forth the fol-  
 lowing dream.

## II.

I thought I stood upon a rising place,  
 Above a vale which reach'd from pole to pole,  
 Where were collected all the human race,  
 And big with expectation seem'd the whole.  
 When lo! he spoke, beneath whose dread control  
 All nature bends, said, " Sons of frailty hear,  
 " Let each express the language of his soul,  
 " By viewing that which is to him most dear,  
 " But look and have, for soon the objects will  
 appear."

## III.

When sudden straight before them seem'd to rise  
 A varied scene, all that the world can yield,  
 Power, honour, riches, struck my wond'ring eyes,  
 And soothing pleasure gambol'd on the field;  
 Fame held a trumpet, Valour grasp'd a shield,  
 And toys and trinkets scatter'd here and there,  
 Where airy drefs in sprightly measures wheel'd,  
 And gaudy trappings wanton'd in the air,  
 With all that bounteous Nature gives, or Art. can  
 spare.

## IV:

A glorious Personage appear'd above,  
 Who seem'd to be suspended on a tree,  
 And cry'd in accents of eternal love,  
 " O take a stedfast look at bleeding me !  
 " I bare the curse, I suffer'd shame for thee ;  
 " I paid thy ransom but it cost me dear,  
 " Died for thy life, was bound to set thee free,  
 " Pull'd out death's sting to free thy soul from fear,  
 " A free salvation's bought, look, and receive it  
 here."

## V.

Soul-cheering words ! but what was my surprisè,  
 To see the thoughtless sons of men's employ ?  
 On bags of gold some cast their eager eyes,  
 Some grasp'd at honour as their only joy,  
 One look'd at fame, another at a toy,  
 Some counted pleasure's soul-benumbing charm ;  
 The show of dress did female hearts decoy,  
 Some look'd with ardour at a well stock'd farm,  
 While some lay down and slept which nothing  
 could alarm.

## VI.

There were, indeed, a poor despised few,  
 Whose hearts above the fleeting scene did rise,  
 With looks directed heav'nwards these did view  
 The glorious Personage with streaming eyes ;  
 These truly happy were, and truly wise,  
 While all the rest who made a diff'rent choice,  
 His offer'd grace and mercy did despise,  
 And did in corn, and wine, and oil rejoice.  
 With consternation seiz'd, I cry'd with quiv'ring  
 voice,

## VII.

" Eternal God ! and can the rebel man,  
 " Fed by thy bounty, quicken'd by thy breath  
 " So basely spurn thy ever gracious plan,  
 " And heedless run to meet eternal death,  
 " And ne'er look up to deprecate thy wrath,  
 " Nor at thy throne of mercy bend to pray."  
 The heaven's grew black above, earth shook be-  
 neath,  
 Mine eyes burst open, slumber fled away,  
 And left my anxious thoughts to wish the coming  
 day.



*On reading an Act of Parliament for doubling the  
Toll DUTIES, 1807.*

When man in innocence was fram'd  
His path was smooth and even,  
Nothing his pure attention claim'd,  
But just the will of heav'n.

The flow'ry carpet smooth and green,  
By Nature's hand extended,  
Serv'd Adam and his peerless queen  
Till innocence was ended.

But when by sin, with heav'n at odds,  
The earth was fill'd with ditches,  
He had to work at turnpike roads,  
Ev'n in his fig-leaf breeches.

The practice still is carried on,  
To make our passage quicker,

But we pay toll, while he paid none,  
The laws are now grown stricter.

For oh! a double duty now  
By parliament imposed  
Is to take place, and quickly too,  
The matter is disclosed.

Each honest toll-man now may stand,  
His humble station filling.  
And sigh, and long look o'er the land,  
Before he catch a shilling.

For he whom heav'n has blest with strength,  
Who us'd to pay three ha'pence,  
Will trudge on foot a whole day's length  
Rather than pay his threepence.

The coach will take the mail for ease,  
When things are thus arranged,  
Chaises, and gigs, and what ye please,  
For horseback will be changed.

New roads and cheaper will be fought,  
 They'll travel keen and hearty,  
 Though ten miles round they should be brought,  
 In roads both deep and dirty.

The toll-man will get nothing now,  
 But what cannot get by him,  
 But thanks to heav'n what is his due  
 Doth always satisfy him.

'Were heaven's admittance double toll,  
 To pass the narrow wicket,  
 I'm sure that many a niggard soul,  
 Would grudge Saint Peter's ticket.

The miser who to nature's calls  
 On earth paid no attention,  
 Would surely risk to scale the walls,  
 And bless the new invention.

Suppose that Peter keeps a flask  
 For each departed bibber,

The good Apostle's whiskey cask,  
 Would grow but little ebbier.

So high a price paid for their pass,  
 As on the road they're joggin',  
 Would bring them from a cheerful glass,  
 Ev'n down to half a noggin.

With such a change, how could the prig  
 Maintain his servile station?  
 I leave to each sagacious wig,  
 To make the application.



*On the DEATH of LORD NELSON.*

If, when a hero falls, we ought to mourn,  
 If glory when a signal victory's gain'd,  
 Of both, O Britain, now thou hast thy turn,  
 In Nelson lost, and Trafalgar obtain'd.

P

But yet while we our joy and grief display,  
 Alternate from the victory to the tomb,  
 Our hopes look forward to a future day,  
 For Nelsons, and for Trafalgars to come.



*On the DEATH of the R. H, WILLIAM PITT.*

If ever Britain shed the patriot-tear,  
 Now is a proper time for her to mourn,  
 To see her Pitt lie lifeless on his bier,  
 Nor to her senate ever to return.

But yet his memory on her heart imprest,  
 His shining worth by keen remembrance grav'd,  
 Shall, uneras'd, remain while ages last,  
 And be from dark oblivion ever sav'd.

## ON BOTH.

Valour and Wisdom, side by side,  
 By chance did land in Britain ;  
 Valour in NELSON took a pride  
 With him embark'd the fleet in.

But Wisdom dwelt secure with PITT,  
 And lent her patient shoulder,  
 To prop the state, provide things fit,  
 As soldiers, balls, and powder.

At length a sad report did see,  
 And came to Scotland running,  
 That Valour was shot dead at sea,  
 And Wisdom died at Lunnin.

But when the truth arriv'd by post,  
 Confirm'd in steady page,

'Twas found that we had only lost—  
A hero and a sage!

For Valour still pervades our fleets  
To stand for our salvation,  
And Wisdom shall adorn our fleets,  
While Britain is a nation.



EPISTLE TO Mr. J—— Y———,  
MERCHANT.

Fell, stormy Boreas; wing'd & wi' frost,  
Blaws whittin' fras the norlan' coast,  
While I am station'd at my post,  
Afore the ingle,  
Thrang makin' verse, half pleas'd & half cross'd,  
In rustic jingle.

When mindin' neither wind nor weather,  
 I fat an' coin'd the hamely blether,  
 The Muse cry'd, " Jamie, mind the pether,  
     " That bears the pack ;  
 " Tho' ye should stretch your rhimin' leather,  
     " Until it crack."

" Mind ye his verse which gart you smile,  
 " Drest in the true Parnassian stile,  
 " Above your genius to compile,  
     " But dinna start ;  
 " Do as you can, and I the while  
     " Will help impart."

" Content," quoth I, " tho' want should lunge me,  
 " An' deep in poverty should plunge me,  
 " An' frae a' fortune's smiles expunge me,  
     " While I hae breath ;  
 " I'll thee obey,—or sorrow swinge me,  
     " I gie my aith."



My worthy friend, while youthfu' pleasure  
 Jumps round your heart in sprightly measure,  
 Afore auld age can mak a seizure,

    An' cramp your pow'rs,

Wi' joy improve the precious treasures,

    While it is yours.

While mind an' body are in vigour,

Your talents ply like ony tiger,

Ere stormy age, exact wi' rigour,

    His cauld<sup>er</sup>rife lash ;

Now, now's the time to mak a figure,

    In wat an' cash.

But if the warf be like to wuang ye,

Its frowns will fear, its smiles will fang ye,

But L<sup>o</sup>rd fate never let it bang ye,

    Wi' scrimpit care ;

Or ye may then say, " Muse gae bang ye,"

    Ye'll rhyme aae mair.

My cauldrie muse, wi' age decrepit,  
 Looks e'en right lean, and happer-hippit,  
 Wi' neither masts nor sails equippit,  
 Like some auld cobbie,  
 Wi' labour worn, wi' poortith nippit,  
 She scarce can hobble.

But tho' I get my hurdies whankit,  
 An' wi' the hare-brain'd core be rankit,  
 An' by ill fortune's forces flankit,  
 I will be laith,  
 To quat the muse, while ae auld blanket,  
 Can hap us baith.

May ilka thing that's good attend ye,  
 May fortune hug, and ladies friend ye,  
 To answer these few lines I fend ye,  
 Ye winna grumble ;  
 Mean time, I'm now, and since I kend ye,  
 Your servant humble.

*ON the DEATH of a LAP-DOG, called VENUS.*

Ye messins a' o'er muirs an' dales,  
 Ye pointin' dogs that snuff the vales,  
 Send forth your yowls in mournfu' peals,  
                     Frac Jed to Tweed,  
 An' wi' black ribbons tis your tails,  
                     For Venie's dead.

A neater messin ne'er was tippet,  
 Nor on a parlour carpet trippet,  
 Wi' a curl'd tail she was equippet,  
                     An' han'some head,  
 But death her thread of life has clippit,  
                     For now she's dead.

For kindness aye the wee thing fawn'd,  
 An' jump'd about, an' lick'd your hand,  
 On her hin' legs wad upright stand,  
     For bits o' bread,  
 But now she's gane to muck the laird,  
     An' fairly dead.

While ginnin' messins fought an' snarl'd,  
 An' through the dirt their fellows bark'd,  
 If she could get herself but carl'd,  
     In time o' need,  
 She wi' her din ne'er dear'd the world,  
     But now she's dead.

She was a kindly, broody creature,  
 As e'er partook of doggish nature,  
 For har'ft or hay-time made nae matter,  
     When she did breed,  
 She brought her young without a waiter,  
     But now she's dead.



'Twas past the art o' man to cure her,  
 Tho' ladies' laps did oft secure her,  
 Yet nane could e'er frae death infure her,  
     Or save her head ;  
 Ilk year the crown's sax shillin's poorer,  
     Sin' Venie's dead.



: THE EPITAPH.

Here Venus lies—and dead!—Ye fair don't weep,  
 But if the goddess ye alive would keep,  
 She lives while she inspires the breast and eyes,  
 But if ye bring her to the lap—she dies.

## EPISTLE TO ANDREW,

A TOFT.

A thousand bleffins wi' a row,  
 Light, canty Andrew, on your pow,  
 E'en crune your lang as lang's ye dow,  
     Let grief an' care,  
 Be by the neck strung in a tow,  
     To wam'le there.

While health an' you do keep the field,  
 A gude fu' wame, a rozy biel,  
 The crimson current no congeal'd  
     Wi' frozen age;  
 Then we may Pleasure's gouf-club wield,  
     Athwart the stage.

Dame Pleasure, hail! ye're fought by a',  
 Baith young an' auld, and grit an' sma',  
 Ilk ane wad kick your filken ba',  
                                     But few can tell ;  
 The right road to the bonnie ha',  
                                     Where thou dost dwell.

Some seek thee in the sensual fash,  
 Some row thee in amang their cash,  
 Some gi'e themsel's a hantla fash,  
                                     The worldly race,  
 Thro' thick an' thin unwearied plash,  
                                     To see thy face.

But Andrew, lad, the friends o' rhyme,  
 Will seek her in another clime,  
 Like you an' I, whan we hae time,  
                                     A while to think ;  
 She comes an' gars our numbers chime  
                                     Wi' tunefu' clink.

Q





Nae doubt ye'll think ye're wife indeed,  
 An' shake your grave, prose-ridden head,  
 A line o' verse ye winna read ;

But, ance a-week,  
 May gi'e a psalm an awkward screed,  
 Wi' tuneless beek.

Till now I never could get time,  
 To thank ye, Andrew, for your rhyme,  
 Sic chieks as you wi' wit sublime,  
 To slack the graith,  
 Wad border on a muckle crime,  
 Forby the skaith.

Your friendly verses surely claim,  
 Baith my applause, an' that o' fame,  
 But in ae point ye're fair to blame—  
 Ye ken yoursel',  
 Ye neither did set down your name,  
 Nor where ye dwell.

I hear—if I'm informed right,  
 Your offspring soon will see the light,  
 O may he come genteel an' tight,  
     A strappin' lad,  
 An' mak his daddy unco right,  
     An' blythe an' glad.

We'll ablin's sometime meet thegither,  
 An' taste the juice wi' ane anither,  
 Then we'll at crambo hae a swither,  
     In hame spun dress;  
 Till then, fareweel, my rhymin' brother,  
     I wish success.

~~~~~

AN ADDRESS TO THE CARRIERS OF  
 H—K.

Ye H—k Carriers, grit an' sma,  
 Wi' joy flee to your stations,

An' graith your ponies ane and a',  
 An' tak the road wi' patience ;  
 Cheap corn an' hay now fill the sta',  
 T' atone for past vexations,  
 This cannie year will mak ye braw,  
 Throughout a' generations,  
                     Baith night an' day.

Now oil the wheels to mak her gleg,  
 Mak a' your tackle sterlin',  
 An' gar the filly streck her leg,  
 An' drive like Jehu's berlin ;  
 An if ye meet wi' Whisky Meg,  
 That honest hearted carlin,  
 Gude faith your cares will get a fleg,  
 Though baith the deil an' Merlin  
                     Ye meet that day.

When H——k bonnie brig ye cross,  
 An' up the muirlan' striddle,  
 Ye canna lang be at a los',  
 Ca' in to R——e R——l,

Where ye will get a whisky fofs  
 To moistify your middle,  
 For now nae langer at H—em—fs  
 You'll hear auld R——ie's fiddle.  
 By night or day.

An' if ye taste auld Reekie's ale,  
 Whan ye dislade your boxes,  
 Nae doubt your worships winna fail  
 To ca' at Lucky Knox's ;  
 An' may be tak' a lawless meal,  
 Amang the painted doxies ;  
 Aye, faith, tho' they should fire your tail,  
 As Sampson did the foxes,  
 Some luckless day.

C——bie and T—dh—pe, honest core !  
 Lang may ye casks be corkin',  
 Lang may John Barleycorn's gore,  
 Amang your thumbs be chorkin ;  
 This cursed duty gars us roar,  
 Just barm wi' water workin',

Now we may p—fs for evermore,  
 An' never dry our forkin,  
 By night or day.

Lang may your liquors oil life's wheels,  
 An' paint health's cheeks wi' roses,  
 An' cheer the hearts o' decent chieks,  
 Whan they receive your doses ;  
 The smeddum o' your barmie pills,  
 Gars miser's loose their poses,  
 But wi' your carts ye send twa deils,  
 Like to rive aff folks noses,  
 An' tear away.

Hard is the fate of that poor wight,  
 Wha wad be unco willin'  
 To send a bottle out o' fight,  
 Could he command a shillin' ;  
 Sic fappy callan's ne'er are right,  
 But whan the glafs is fillin',  
 Then, swirly fortune, frown and fight,  
 Their joys are past your killin',  
 On sic a day.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

O ye lang nebbit pryin' race,  
 Who kittle words an' letters trace,  
 Up to their vera rifin' place,  
   An' not a point,  
 But ye maun put it to disgrace,  
   If out o' joint.

Ye're unco wise, as ye suppose,  
 An' 'mang poor scribblers deal your blows,  
Slap dash ye rin thro' verse and prose,  
   Wi' piercin' look,  
 An' never spit, nor blaw your nose,  
   But by the book,





Troth, Sirs, ye're but wanchancy foes,  
 Whene'er it comes to handy blows,  
 For in your wild convulsive throes,  
                                   Ye're whiles fae stout,  
 As take the scripture by the nose,  
                                   An' throw't about.

As for poor rhymers let them spin  
 Their hame-made thread wi' little din,  
 For if ye hae a broken skin,  
                                   They're sure to rub it;—  
 Ay faith tho' they should get their skin  
                                   For't foundly drubbed.

Gae pluck their beards wha bauldly screed,  
 Wi' seven or aught tongues i' their head,  
 Sic birkies may crack weel indeed,  
                                   By chiels like me,  
 Who never win ayont the creed,  
                                   Or A, B, C.

I carena tho' your worships kend it,  
 A doggerell piece I just hae endit,  
 O wad ye fend but ane to mend it,  
   I swear an' vow,  
 My Dedication—I intend it  
   For none but you.



### THE DEDICATION.

I need nae trumpet forth your praise,  
 For that's weel kend, nor shall my lays,  
 Wi' foul-breath'd flatt'ry strive to raise  
   Ye to the moon,  
 But may ye just live a' your days,  
   An' wear your shoon.

An' if ye'll tak sàe laigh a look,  
 As patronize this little book,  
 Sure it may scour thro' ilka nook  
                                   O' Scotlan' a,  
 An' never get a furling look,  
                                   Frae grit or sma'.

For if your worships deign to smile on't,  
 Baith rich an' poor will read a while on't,  
 Regardless o' the stuff or file on't,  
                                   If ye protect it,  
 Ye can put sic a bonnie pike on't.  
                                   They'll a' respect it.

Lang may ye grow in beard an' stature,  
 An' what sets maist out human nature,  
 That's—may your purses aye grow greater,  
                                   As ye could wish them;  
 For wit an' sense it makes nae matter,  
                                   Ye'll never miss them.

## THE GHAIST, or CRAFTY BETTY.

Ae night it came in Johnny's head  
 To gang and see his sweetheart,  
 He dander'd down the banks o' Tweed,  
 When he had loos'd his peat-cart.

Twae dainty lasses blithe an' braw,  
 Wi' checks like ony roses,  
 He left behind him in the ha'  
 To look o'er baith their noses.

Sweet Tibbie's chestnut tresses war'd  
 Around her heaving bosom,  
 Her neck as if wi' lilies pav'd,  
 Obsvied the hawthorn blossom.

Blithe Betty's jetty locks hang down,  
 An' curling were fae pretty,

R

That a' the beauties i' the town,  
Were but a joke to Betty.

Twae een she had as black as slaes,  
An' like twae diamonds glancin',  
An' gaed fae neat aye in her claes,  
Gart a' the lads rin dancin'.

But Tibbie's charms, nor Betty's eyes,  
Could Johny's fancy alter,  
For Nelly had, wi' former ties,  
Fast bound him in her halter.

Four tedious weeks wi' lazy pace,  
The creepin' hours fulfilled,  
Since Johny saw the bonnie face,  
Which a' his peace had killed.

Now blithe he skipp'd among the trees,  
Clad o'er wi' verdant blossom,  
An' a' his faul was in a bleeze,  
To bless her faithful bosom.

Soft tales of love run in his head,  
 Expressions bold an' witty,  
 To whisper to the lovely maid,  
 An' melt her into pity.

Now he had but to walk a mile,  
 His heart with love was swelling,  
 But he must pass the lone kirk stile,  
 Before he reach'd her dwelling.

As he wi' courage walkéd on,  
 With heart like ony feather,  
 He thought he heard a disnal groan,  
 Which put him in a fwither.

A stately ghaist, fraeneath a tomb,  
 Rose up, and slowly stalking,  
 Wi' easy glide did forward come,  
 An' join'd poor John in walking.

Poor Johny's heart began to dunt,  
 He thought the ghaist uncivil,

But love can stand a desp'rate brunt,  
And whiles outbraves the devil.

But Johny's courage, love, and pride,  
His feeble heart deserted,  
For down he fell at the dike side,  
We fear he was fae started.

The phantom gave a ghaistly smile,  
Said, " Johny fear nae evil,  
" But stand an' crack wi' me a while,  
" I'm no the horned devil.

" This silent night I heard you tread,  
" An' knew you went a-wooing,  
" An' left the mansions of the dead  
" To keep you frae your ruin.

" Know then, I am your mother's ghost,  
" Still for your good I'm bizzie,  
" And come to stop your being lost -  
" On sic a lightsome bizzie.

" Your Nelly whom you think upon,  
 " I solemnly declare it,  
 " She lies fu' snug wi' Carter John,  
 " Up in the stable garret.

" Then, think, what dool an' muckle strife,  
 " To marry sic a strumpet,  
 " Would happen between man an' wife  
 " When scandal blows her trumpet !

" Besides, the jade, in time o' need,  
 " Would never care a copper,  
 " Wi' lusty horns to grace your head,  
 " When you was not to stop her."

Then Johnny heav'd an eldrich grane,  
 Said, " Mother, ye ken a' things,  
 " Say, am I doom'd to live my lane,  
 " Amang sae mony braw things ?

" An' if I be to get a wife,  
 " You surely can direct me



“ Unto a lass, that a’ my life  
 “ Wi’ kindness will respect me.”

“ Weel, Johny, ye shall hae a bride,  
 “ Fair as an April morning,  
 “ Chaste as the turtle in her pride,  
 “ Mark weel, I am not scorning.

“ Your neighbour Betty, you will find,  
 “ Behind the cows a-praying,  
 “ An’ if to you she is not kind,  
 “ Ne’er trust your mother’s saying.

“ But for your life disturb the lass  
 “ Till her devotion’s ended,  
 “ Then slyly bring the thing to pass,  
 “ Just as ye hadna ken’d it.

“ Prefs her next week to be your wife,  
 “ For as I am your Mother,  
 “ If two you live a single life,  
 “ You ne’er will get another.

" But first kneel down at the dike side,  
 " And pray for heaven's bleffin'."  
 This said, the ghaist away did glide,  
 Lest she should be a-miffin'.

Poor Johnny pray'd wi' pow'r an' pith,  
 A full half hour an langer,  
 Till of his body ilka lith  
 He fand aye turnin' stranger.

Then up he gat, brimful of hope,  
 He ran an' did na tire,  
 Nor ever made the smallest stop,  
 Till ance he reach'd the byre.

He laid his lug to the door hole,  
 Heard Betty at her duty,  
 His beating heart could hardly thole,  
 For thinking on her beauty.

Then Betty by the hand he took,  
 And for some hours they tarried,

Made up the match in the hay nook,  
An' next week they were married.

O women's wiles! what tongue can tell,  
Their crafty deep invention?  
For Betty was the ghast' herfel',  
An' gain'd her whole intention.

Long had she seen in John a sweet  
An' a becoming carriage,  
An' row'd her in the sawin' sheet  
To fright him into marriage.

But Betty did conceal the joke,  
Till she a child presented,  
She then the cat loos'd frae the pock,  
An' Johnny was contented.



THE END.













