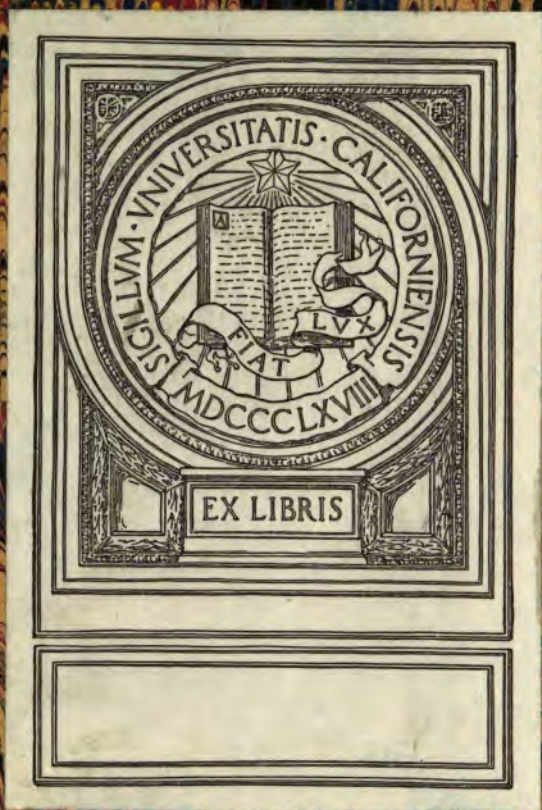


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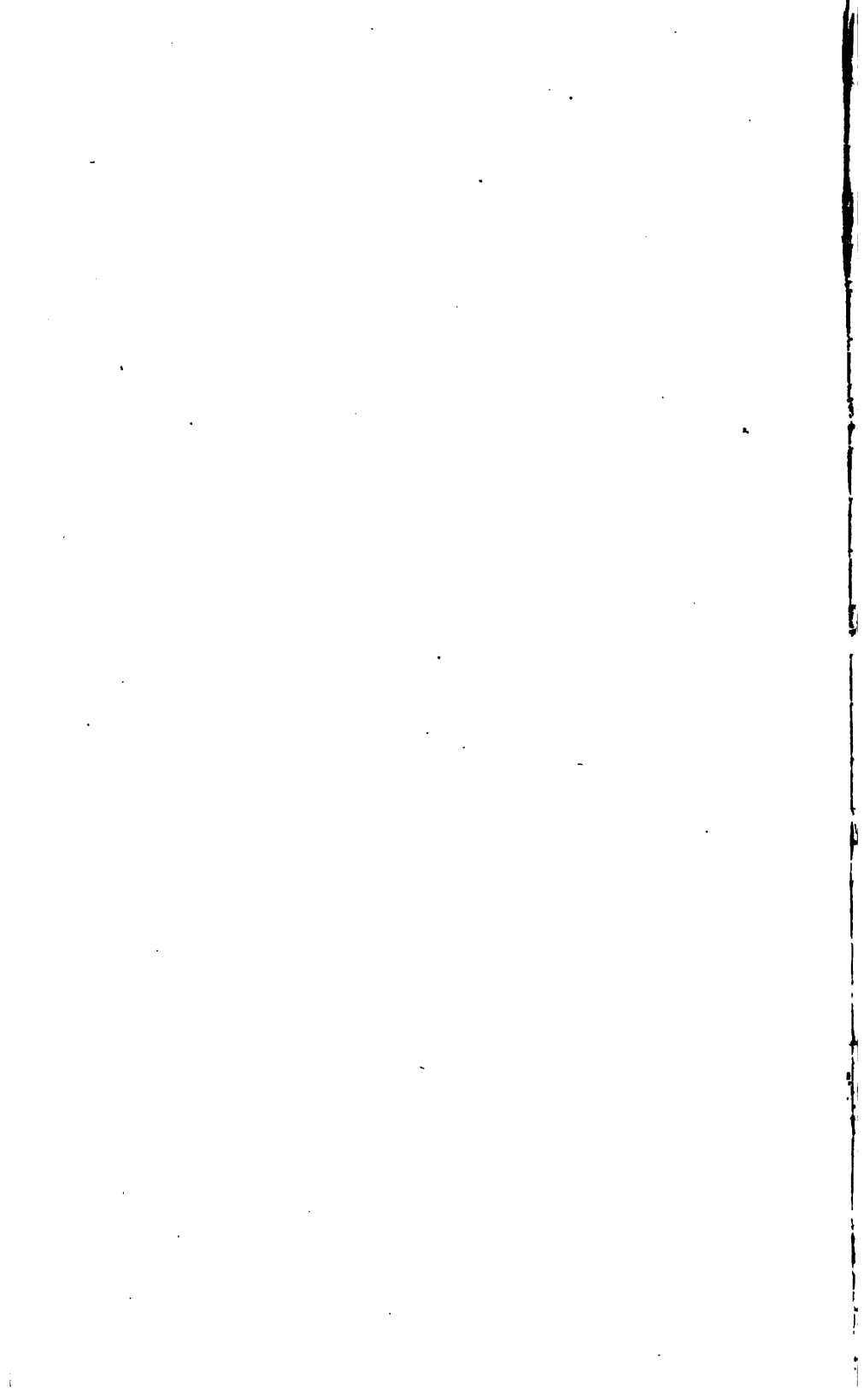




present copy
from author

Mr John A. Fullerton
With best wishes
From the Author

THE
POOR MAN'S SABBATH, &c.



THE
POOR MAN'S SABBATH,
AND
OTHER POEMS,

BY
JOHN STRUTHERS.

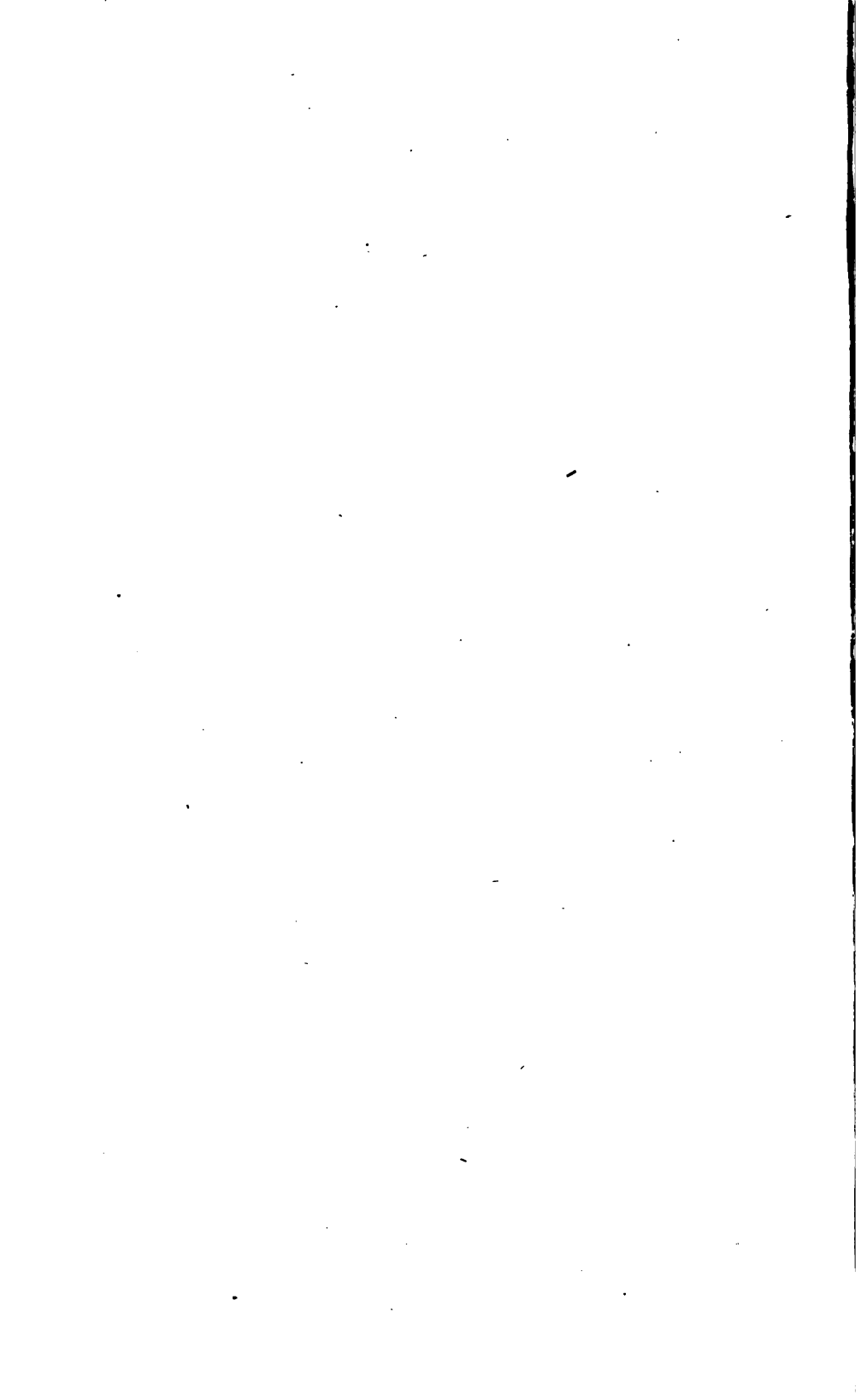
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer.

Holy Scriptures.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY G. RICHARDSON, 35, MILLER STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages contain all the poetical compositions of the author, that, in his present mood of mind, he considers worthy of being submitted to the notice of the reader. The most of them have been repeatedly before the public, and have already had their modicum of approbation. All of them, however, have been carefully revised, some of them, he flatters himself, considerably improved. Be this as it may, he has so far had his reward. The composing of them soothed the toils and softened the trials of his youth, the revising of them has contributed to lighten some weary hours of approaching old age darkened with clouds of irremediable sorrow. To the gentlemen, not numerous but highly respectable, by whose patronage he has been enabled to print this edition, especially for the manner in which that patronage has been bestowed, he returns his best thanks. Their kindness has been to his failing spirit like the tranquil beam of the purple evening, shining out upon the closing shadows of a dark and cloudy day.

GLASGOW, Dec., 1838.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
POOR MAN'S SABBATH, - - -	1
Notes to do. - - -	44
HOUSE OF MOURNING, &c. - - -	49
Notes to do. - - -	93
THE PLOUGH, - - -	99
DYCHMONT, - - -	135
Dedication, &c., - - -	137
Canto I. - - -	139
Canto II. - - -	140
Canto III. - - -	166
Canto IV. - - -	181
Laura, - - -	190
Jamie Gray, . - - -	206
To the Blackbird, - - -	213
On the approach of Winter, - - -	217
To April, - - -	221
On Visiting some scenes of my Infancy, - - -	224
Sick Child, - - -	229
Fragment, - - -	231
To Calder Water, - - -	233
Time, - - -	240
Epistle, &c. - - -	241
A Day-Dream, - - -	249
Epitaphs, - - -	255



PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION OF THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

THE Sabbath, whether we advert to its institution, its present effects, or its ultimate end, is calculated to excite admiration, gratitude, and love. Instituted by God, as commemorative, through all his wide dominions, of his having, in six days, created, out of nothing, this fair earth, with all its inhabitants, and these high heavens, with all their resplendent hosts, it was once—may we suppose—celebrated in unison by all his rational offspring, “When,” according to the lofty language of inspiration, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

Of these sons of the morning, however, many, perhaps the brightest of them, fell from their high estate, and, “reserved in chains under darkness,” have had no more Sabbaths or Sabbath songs. Yet, “How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!” God, in the manifestation of his mercy, hath, through this blessed institution, breathed balm into the wounds of a fallen world; and, constituting it a perpetual and irrefragable witness

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

If there be any exceptions to this general fact, it is among the degraded tribes, cut off as it were from the rest of mankind, and shut up in the lonely isles scattered over the bosom of the vast Pacific, where, no doubt, the tempter and the destroyer imagined he had secured a seed that should serve him for ever; and that, when he had succeeded in extinguishing among them the last embers of traditionary truth, and, by their physical situation, secluded them for ever from the benefits of Revelation, he had most certainly made them an indisputable and permanent addition to his doleful dominions. In the adorable and mysterious dispensation of Divine providence, however, these long lost portions of the creation of God, through the light of science, the spirit of modern enterprise, and the noble exertions of Christian philanthropy, have become the first-fruits of the savage world, being at once joined to civilized society,

and to the Church of Christ—thus giving a new and striking accomplishment to the ancient oracle, “from the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the Righteous.”

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

The Poor Man's Sabbath has, in this respect, a delightful peculiarity, growing, like many other blessings, of which he is oftentimes little aware, out of his lowly situation, the full force of which can only be known by experience. Be he ever so pious and contemplative, through the six days of the week his

thoughts are, for the most part, necessarily chained to the earth. Transporting views of God, in the majesty and magnificence of his works, will sometimes elevate his mind—a humble, but grateful sense of dependence will sometimes melt his heart—and his soul will occasionally breathe itself into the bosom of his dear Redeemer, in delightfully fervent aspirations; but, upon the whole, in hunger, in weariness, and in ceaseless drudgery—how much of his existence is above the dull matter upon which he is employed, or visibly superior to that of the beasts who perish!

To such an one, with what delightful attraction does the Sabbath continually return! It withdraws him from all the toils of this world, except the soothing ones of necessity and mercy, and, however servile his condition, proclaims him the Lord's free man. It brings along with it, still as it revolves, a renewed remission of the original curse, and allows him to eat his bread in all the peaceful tranquillity of primeval innocence. It strips him of his filthy habiliments, the badges of his humble cast, and clothes him, not in the robes of vanity and pride, but in the garments of decent propriety—and sets him, not upon a dangerous and frowning elevation, but upon the even ground of fair equality, where he breathes the free air of rationality, and can expatiate at will over the wide landscapes of imagination, of reason, and religion. On other days, his thirst for knowledge must necessarily be suppressed; and even his devotional exercises are stunted and crippled by the pressure of circumstances. The call of necessity is apt to break in upon them in the morning—exertion

for the bread that perisheth shuts them out through the day—and, at night, tired nature can often do no more, and they are cut off in the middle by oppressive slumbers. But, on this happy day, he is at large, and walks at liberty. And, though a gladsome, it is a busy day with him. He has the doubts and inquiries of six days to resolve and satisfy—he has the accumulated rust of these days to rub off—he has some new degree of knowledge to acquire, and some new degree of grace to attain—he has some corrupt propensity to mortify—he has to cultivate a closer intimacy with his heavenly Father—to drink deeper into his love—learn more of the secrets of his everlasting covenant—and thus be fortified against the temptations that may be in his way; and prepared for the toils that he may yet have to go through, before he be permitted to enter upon the Sabbath above, of which this is the lively emblem and the grateful foretaste.

The Poem was composed, not with the most distant view to publication, but as a memorial of scenes that had been, to the Author, really scenes of enjoyment, and from which he was likely to be separated, as he feared—and, as time has demonstrated, feared justly—for ever. The warm approbation of some individuals, to whom it was shewn in whole or in part, led to its publication; and having been upwards of twenty years before the public, and in that time gone through several editions, these few prefatory remarks may perhaps be considered as coming too late, whether in the way of explanation or apology.

The present edition, as it is the last which, in all probability, will pass under the eye of the Author, has been prepared with some care. Correction has, in a few instances, been attempted, and additions made, which, without altering either the plan or spirit of the Poem, will, it is presumed, be found to be improvements.

He begs leave only further to add, that the merely poetical points of view presented by the subject, were not those which he was the most anxious to exhibit. His object was to portray the Sabbath, as, according to the commandment, kept holy to the Lord, as it is still kept by the wisest and the best in our land, and as it universally was kept, when there was, if the writer is not greatly mistaken, less smoke in the country, but a great deal more heat; much less parading and speechifying, but a great deal more conscientious attending upon divine ordinances,—a great deal more heart-searching, humble meditating, fervent praying, and holy living. Such as it is, he presents it, on the altar of her literature, a humble offering to the genius of his country—hoping that she will overlook what is defective in the gift, from the hearty good-will of the giver; and praying, that such may be the simplicity, the purity, and the piety of her peasants—such the high and disinterested character of her pastors—and such the sweet and peaceful flow of her Sabbaths to the latest posterity.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

WRITTEN IN 1802.

SONNET.

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

THE
POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. MACGILL,
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF GLASGOW.

I.

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

II.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Her doom how dread ! the grey dawn's placid beam
 Has scarcely still'd the madden'd night's uproar,
 Sloth on her pillow grasps the feverish dream,
 And gorg'd intemperance deep begins to snore.
 The rising sun glints soft on tree and tower,
 And love and joy awakes the woodland choir—
 When lo ! it bursts one sulphurous flash of power,
 And, in a tempest of eternal fire,
 In one dread moment whelm'd the ungodly race
 expire.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

The humble meal is now in haste brought forth,
 No dainties smile upon their humble board,
 One homely dish each morn rewards their worth,
 'Tis all they ask, and all they can afford.
 Yet still, within their frugal pantry stor'd,
 A savoury cheese remains, to grace the day
 Of holy rest and joy, when Care abhorr'd,
 Wrapt in his cloud of darkness, shrinks away
 Before the radiant rise of Hope's high-streaming ray.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

L I.

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

L II.

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

L III.

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

LIV.

Once more He said, and from the womb of earth,
 Minute and vast, most wond'rously combined,
 The beastial tribes, exulting, bounded forth,
 Each fully grown and perfect in its kind.
 But still there wanted, in the Almighty mind,
 Th' extreme of power and wisdom shown in one,
 Matter with spirit, soul with body join'd,
 A somewhat to complete th' eternal plan—
 Come let us make, he said, and the result was
 man.

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

Thus, from the mouth of babes, the song of praise
 Ascends to heaven, at eve or dewy morn;
 Hence honest honour, with unborrow'd rays,
 In humble life the meanest may adorn.
 Yes, oft the hind, thus taught, can laugh to scorn
 The varnish'd vices of the vulgar great,
 And, on the wings of faith and reason, borne
 Above the mists that cloud his mean estate,
 Turn them to blessings rare the rigours of his fate.

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

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

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

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

NOTES.

“ His milky charge there too, the farmer feeds.”

Stanza iv. p. 10.

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

The ravens, mission'd by Almighty power.

Stanza xv. p. 14.

The miraculous manner in which Elijah was fed, during the bloody persecution carried on against the worshippers of the true God by Ahab, under the influence of the odious Jezebel, is here supposed to be a grateful subject of meditation for a poor man in ordinary cases, as indicative or corroborative of a particular providence. King James VI. of power-loving memory, found in it an irrefragable argument for passive

obedience. In his Trew Law of free Monarchies, which he intended as an antidote to Buchanan's *De Jure Regni*, he thus unanswerably enforces upon the people unlimited obedience. "Even when a king, as described by Samuel, takes their sonnes for his horsemen; and some to run before his charet, to eare his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make instruments of warre, and their daughters to make them apothecaries, and cooks, and bakers; nor though he should take their fields, and their vineyards, and their best olive trees, and give them to his servants; and take the tenth of their seed, and of their vineyards, and of their flocks, and give it to his servants, had they a right to murmur; the king was only accountable to God; and the chiefs of the people had the example of Elias pointed out for their imitation, who, under the monstrous persecution and tyranny of Ahab, raised no rebellion, but did only 'flee to the wilderness, where, for fault of sustentation HE WAS FED BY THE CORBIES.'"^{*} This is that King James, who in a General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, thanked God for being "born in the time of the light of the gospel, and in such a place, as to be king of the sincerest kirk in the world. The Church of Geneva keep pasche and yule; What have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour kirk of England, their service is an evil said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen and barons, to stand to your purity, and to charge your people to do the same. And I, forsooth, as long as I brik my life, shall do the same." When he afterwards, however, succeeded to the crown of England, and was, by the dignitaries of the English Church, complimented with the appellation of the modern Solomon, he declared that "Scottish Presbytery agreed as well with monarchy as God and the devil;" and when the English presbyterians begged to have their consciences eased from the burden of what he himself had declared to be "an evil said mass in English," commanded them to "conform, or he would herry them out of the land." He, too, by stretching prerogative, packing juries, bribing judges, &c. imprisoned and banished the most able ministers of the Scottish Kirk, for asserting her independency, and standing up for the

^{*} King James' Works, p. 198.

rights of the people.* He also, no doubt, to preserve and promote piety and purity among the people, had a Book of Sports compiled for the Sabbath, and promulgated and enforced by his royal authority, commanding it to be read from all the pulpits on the Lord's day, under pain of deprivation. This is that King James.

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

Stanza xxxvi. p. 21.

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

Upon the road, with neighbours, neighbours join.

Stanza xxxvi. p. 21.

This is one of the most delightful parts of social intercourse and also, when properly managed, one of the most improving. In such circumstances, many fine thoughts are elicited; and many rich experiences communicated, which otherwise had never been called into existence, or had lain dormant in the bosom of the happy possessor. Many young minds have been excited to the search after truth, by thus learning the progress of the old; and the old have been encouraged to persevering constancy, by the docility and diligence of the young. Whoever has had the happiness, for any length of time, to make one in any of these little groups, which used to be formed principally upon the outskirts of our country congregations, and in sweet fellowship to go and come from the house of God, will be at no loss to conceive, how, in such situations, are always to be found the best informed, as well as the most diligent attendants upon divine worship.

* See Lord Hall's Memorials, &c.

“Till misty evening made the first day’s close.”

Stanza l. p. 25.

The man who through faith understands that the world’s were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear, has no difficulty in receiving the record of God, given by Moses, respecting the generation of the heavens and the earth. He who has not this faith, understands nothing of the matter, and though he please himself with strange fancies and hard words, may rest satisfied that he has not received the divine testimony concerning it. To such an one the words of the Lord Jesus Christ:—“If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?” are big with the most important meaning. Philosophising divines flatter themselves, no doubt, with an idea of superior wisdom, by extending these days of Moses into periods containing more years than they contained minutes; but have they, by so doing, added anything to the credibility of the creation? No! not the weight of a feather. They have only detracted, so far as their influence extends, from the dignity and the authority of the sacred narrative. Some of them, ashamed of the periods, have of late taken refuge in “the beginning,” which, bolstered up with the chaos of heathen philosophers and heathen poets, they conceive they may make as long as they please. And what is this beginning? Neither more nor less than the evening which preceded the morning of the first day,—a day not different in point of length from any that have succeeded it; that one excepted, when the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Beyond this first day there is nothing comprehensible by man, or, may I not add, by created intelligence,—nothing but eternity and the awfully mysterious Father of eternity, unmanifested Deity.

“To him, their guide, they lend a willing ear,
While he, at large, instructs them as he can.”

Stanza xc. p. 39.

This was universally the mode of religious tuition formerly practised in Scotland, to the neglect of which may be attributed great part of the evils that afflict and deform the moral aspect

of the country, and for which the present fashionable mode of teaching in schools upon the Lord's day, is, to say the least of it, a very poor substitute. By this means, the parents themselves became proficient in the knowledge of divine things, they became more thoroughly acquainted with the powers and the dispositions of their children, and more deeply attached to them in religious, as well as in natural affection; while the children, at the same time, taught to venerate superior knowledge, joined with so much earnest anxiety and labour, so much affectionate counsel and importunate prayer, drank deep into their spirit, and felt no higher ambition, nor desired other honour, than to follow their pious and upright example.

THE
HOUSE OF MOURNING;
OR
THE PEASANT'S DEATH.

WRITTEN 1806.

“ The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning.”

“ Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

P R E F A C E.

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

It is not, therefore, wonderful that they should, for the most part, form the basis of all that variety of illusion, with which the imagination of the indolent, the feeble, or the dissipated victim of wealth, wiles away, in dreaming extacy, the sleepy hours, that would otherwise, from their leaden wings, shake poison into the very fountains of existence; for even men of the deepest intelligence, the most indefatigable perseverance, eminent in the practice of all the virtues, and honourably distinguished by success in the

noblest pursuits, are often fain to refresh their weary spirits with a glimpse of this same rustic, and, to them at least, visionary felicity.

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

But it is unnecessary here to produce particular examples. Though satiety, disappointment and chagrin may make the longing more ardent, and the expression thereof more vehement, the love of simple nature is interwoven in the human constitution, and no rational plan of retired and tranquil enjoyment was ever formed, in which rural toils and rural cares, did not, in some degree, form a component portion. Hence, with the exception of ancient Egypt, where the feelings of nature were perverted by the most abominable idolatry, shepherds and husbandmen, among all nations, have ever been accounted characters of high respectability; and they certainly hold the first place in some of the finest poems of all antiquity. Greece, when she was illuminated by learn-

ing, the nurse of the sciences, and the patron of refinement, listened with rapture to the simple reed of Theocritus; and Rome, when she had spread her eagle wings over a subjugated world, smoothed her awful brows an entranced auditor, while Virgil unfolded, in all the harmony of numbers, pastoral cares and rural economy, to the applauding court of Augustus.

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

Enjoying a comparatively cloudless sky, a climate for ever breathing somewhat of the fervour of spring, a landscape glowing with the rarest and the richest

products of nature, and a state of society patriarchal and pastoral, in the true sense of the terms, the ancient inhabitants of the delightful regions of Greece and Italy, in cultivating the imaginative faculties, possessed many advantages. But there was on the part of their ancient poets, one capital want, which no genius could possibly supply, the knowledge of that "life and immortality which has been brought to light by the Gospel."

Possessing nothing more than the dim light of incoherent and uncertain tradition, and that, too, clouded with a mass of impertinent and ridiculous fables, age must have been to them, indeed, "dark and unlovely," and the grave, in a great measure, the burial place of their expectations, as well as of their bodies. Even the fragments of immortal hope, that has been saved from the wreck of that Revelation originally common to man, embodied in mystic ceremonies, in explicable allegories, or in bloody and expensive rites, were calculated to disquiet and distract, rather than to soothe the weary spirit, in the prospect of dissolution, and that even to the favoured few, who alone had leisure and opportunity to be acquainted with them.

From the hill of Parnassus the map of human life could be distinctly seen, and the weight and worth of merely human hopes and fears in some small degree ascertained, while the inspired voice of Genius gave a tone of temporary triumph to the tremulous song of time; but from the mount of Revelation alone, could be discovered "all the land beyond Jordan, that

goodly mountain, and Lebanon." Here only it was possible to explore the windings of mortality, as leading to the land of unfailing felicity, and here alone, from the converse of prophets and apostles, was to be acquired that power of voice, which, amidst the wailings of time, could awaken the song of eternity.

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

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

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

He has only to add, in conclusion, that the end he had principally in view in composing the poem, was to impress more strongly upon his own mind, the certainty and solemnity of that hour, when his dust, too, must return to dust, and his spirit to God who gave it; and he cannot help entreating his reader, that, approaching the gate of the narrow house, and taking a view of that thick darkness that overhangs the land of forgetfulness, he seriously consider whether with the unlettered, but divinely enlightened peasant, he will take his departure with the staff of faith in the one hand, and the lamp of hope in the other, having the happy regions of promise in full prospect before him, or blindfolded in the impervious bandage of sceptical philosophy, and linked in the iron fetters of doubt, plunge into the untried gulf in joyless apathy, or in all the horrors of unutterable despair.

THE
HOUSE OF MOURNING, &c.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

But gracious, o'er such poor desponding ones,
 His skirt of love the dear Redeemer flings,
 And precious are the tears, the secret groans,
 Which from the heart renew'd affliction wrings.
 Drink, ye who choose, among the limped springs,
 Around the tents of mirth that pople clear,
 There are, who, under grief's expanded wings,
 Feel pleas'd to sit beside the lonely bier,
 And from the yawning tomb truth's awful mandates
 hear.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

Clos'd is the door whence eager peeping forth,
 The youngsters watch'd, the darger's blyth return ;
 Foxy, supine, lies stretch't before the hearth,
 That smouldering, dim and sickly seems to burn.
 The well darn'd hose at last day's labour worn,
 The strong gramashins, stiff with miry clay,
 Beneath the sautfat, hung upon the horn,
 Unsign'tly, to th' observant eye display,
 That all keep undesir'd a mournful holiday.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

With hopes and fears, through this dark night of
woe,

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

" And as ye all shall answer in that day,
 When melting, every element shall burn,
 When heaven and earth for fear shall fly away,
 And Time expire upon his broken urn.
 Beware from duty's path ye ever turn,
 To sport in wanton Folly's circling maze,
 Or basely Reason and Religion spurn,
 As oft is done in these degenerate days,
 To catch the sickly gleam of Error's meteor blaze."

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

NOTES.

But chang'd, alas! for late upon the hill, &c.—*Stanza x. p. 69.*

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

Its skill the village, too, has tried in vain.—*Stanza x. p. 69.*

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

And chanticleer, unwonted, claps his wings.—*Stanza xvii. p. 71.*

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

And raising up its voice distinct and clear.—*Stanza xvii. p. 71.*

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

And there, out-stretching wide with sweepy sway.—*Stanza liv. p. 83.*

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

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

The country, in many places, is already a wilderness in comparison of what it once was. The inhabitants are mostly shut up in great towns, or, still worse in large manufacturing villages, where their worth, both in a moral and physical point of view, is greatly impaired.—Grazing of cattle, and rearing of trees may, for the present, be a profitable speculation; but when the grim front of battle shall lower upon our shores, or when the pitiful framework of a redundant, an ignorant, and presumptive,

and wretched manufacturing population shall be shattered, by some accident from without, to which it is liable every day, or shall burst, by the ignition of its own inflammable materials, as it some day necessarily must, into ten thousand fragments, the cattle will be found but feeble defenders, and the trees, it is to be feared, very inefficient counsellors.

And lo! his rod of rude oppression broke.—*Stanza lv. p. 83.*

I am aware that this is dangerous ground, and that from the limited powers of the human mind, and the numerous and gross prejudices to which, even in its most enlightened state, it is necessarily subject, great caution is to be observed in speaking of the retributions of divine providence, but I firmly believe that they are far more numerous than is commonly imagined. Retribution is indeed implied in the very idea of a providence, is inwoven among the natural perceptions of the understanding, and seems to pervade the whole current of Divine Revelation. That divine precept, of doing by others as we would have others to do by us, knowing that "with whatsoever measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again," though, perhaps, never so clearly expressed till uttered by the Redeemer of men in his state of humiliation, was, as he himself asserts, nothing more than "the law and the prophets." As I have done, said a wanton and merciless tyrant, some three thousand years ago,* as I have done, so God hath requited me; and the same exclamation hath in every age been wrung from many a remorseful bosom, where there was no earthly ear to hear, nor any earthly hand to record it. It is a fearful consideration, and it ought to make every heart to tremble, that a large portion of those divine odes, which have been indited under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, for the standing use of the church, consists either of fervent implorations of these providential retributions, or of exulting triumph in the certainty of their approach. "Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labour. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children, because that he

* Judges chap. l. 7.

remembered not to shew mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.—Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.” Such are the comminations which hypocritical extortioners, and, in their own little way, remorseless tyrants, are accustomed to re-echo in the assemblies of the faithful, without any particular emotion, every Sabbath day. All such, however, may rest satisfied of an awful and a speedy answer to their imprecations, however carelessly by them they have been uttered; for, “shall not God avenge his own Elect, who cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you,” says he who is Truth, “that he will avenge them speedily.”* Egypt and Edom, Nineveh and Babylon, and Tyre, the once fruitful land of Palestine, with its outcast proprietors, the unbelieving and vagabond Jews, and particularly that proud city, arrogantly and blasphemously styled the Eternal, so long the lady of kingdoms, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, with its millions of lordly inhabitants, shrunk into little more than one hundred thousand, and these consisting principally of beggarly priests, insignificant pipers, harpers, trumpeters, and emasculated singers, while an atmosphere of death, which by invisible but rapid gradations, narrowing its circle every year, girdles it round, and threatens at no distant date, its total and remediless annihilation, are terrible proofs of this retributive justice alluded to in the text. The tenantless and roofless towers of Scotland are less conspicuous, but not less remarkable proofs of the same thing, and ought to alarm our profligate nobility—in the most of whose skirts is to be found the blood of innocents—who give sad and unequivocal evidence that they are the children of those who killed the prophets, and are fast filling up the measure of their iniquity. How long that measure may be in filling up none can tell, for who shall presume to set bounds to the patience of him who hath declared himself to be, “the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious,

* Luke xviii, 7, 8.

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

Exod. xxxiv. 6.

† 1 Sam. iii. 14.

‡ 2 Chron. xxxvi. 15, 16.

|| 2 Kings xxiii. 25, 26.

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

* Is. vi. 9, 10.

† Jer. xl. 14.

‡ Ezek. iii. 26.

|| Jer. xv. 1.

THE PLOUGH.

WRITTEN IN 1816.

"The profit of the earth is for all: the King himself is serv'd by the field."

P R E F A C E .

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

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

and in another place, equally call upon every friend to his species, to do what in him lies to put an end to such a system for ever.

In vain shall we parade our societies, and our speeches, and our subscriptions, and our plans for enlightening and ameliorating the state of man, if our artisans must eat their morsel from the cold hand of charity, while they are subjected to a drudgery far beyond that of the deeply lamented West Indian Slave, and if the lanes of our cities send forth nothing but the cry of oppression, and our cottages become the caves of wretchedness? In such circumstances we may continue for a time without much external appearance of decay. Individuals may continue to amass wealth, a lordly aristocracy may extend its influence, and feel highly flattered by a fancied respectability—we may continue to extend our cities, to crowd our lanes with paupers, and to ornament our streets with public buildings, but our real glory shall pass away like a vision of the night, and we shall be left an astonishment to ourselves, and a scorn to all nations.

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

THE PLOUGH.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT STRUTHERS, ESQ.

I.

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

II.

How long shall man, by error's meteor gleam
Mised, the phantoms vain of joy pursue?
Each hour be rous'd from the deceitful dream,
Yet labour still th' illusion to renew?
To reason false, to folly only true;
Affliction wounds, experience warns in vain;
Though thousand wrecks the shatter'd shore bestrew,
The first bright sunbeam lights his hopes again,
And bold he trusts his all to the devouring main.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX

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

XX.

There happiness, prolong'd for many an age,
 And Glory flourish'd, founded on the Plough ;
 And Mercy sooth'd the fiercer passions' rage,
 And Truth to all held up her mirror true.
 And over all Devotion's holy dew,
 In Contemplation's placid moments shed,
 Bestowed a grace and grandeur on the view,
 Which Envy mean with jaundic'd vision fled,
 And cold Corruption saw and shook with secret dread.

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

Or why my unambitious lay prolong
 To tell of Greece, of Carthage, and of Rome?
 Of Greece the lively land of dance and song,
 Of cloudless skies, and fields of brightest bloom:
 But fallen, beneath the Tyrant's blasting doom,
 Suns shine, winds breathe, and showers distil in
 vain!

What are the honey'd dews, the high perfume,
 Hymettus yields, and Tempe's breathing plain,
 To him, who, hopeless writhes in slavery's galling
 chain?

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

But O beware! least any thought of pride,
 When looking at the course which thou hast run,
 In thy own wisdom lead thee to confide,
 And claim the merit due as all thine own!
 Nor think for thee these gifts were cheaply won!
 No! they were earn'd with tears, and toils, and
 blood!

Power's minions all in opposition shone,
 And on their side, defiance breathing loud,
 With dreadful tortures arm'd, gaunt persecution stood!

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

While yet the year, deep in her wintry trance,
 Nor sees, nor hears, nor feels th' approaching spring,
 While rudely still the boreal storms advance,
 The sleet shower shaking from tempestuous wing:
 Ere yet the lark essays to soar, or sing,
 But, feebly cowering, seeks the sounding shore,
 Where flowing tides from viewless caverns fling,
 The shell-clad morsel he can quiet devour,
 Where all wild tones are lost in ocean's wilder roar.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

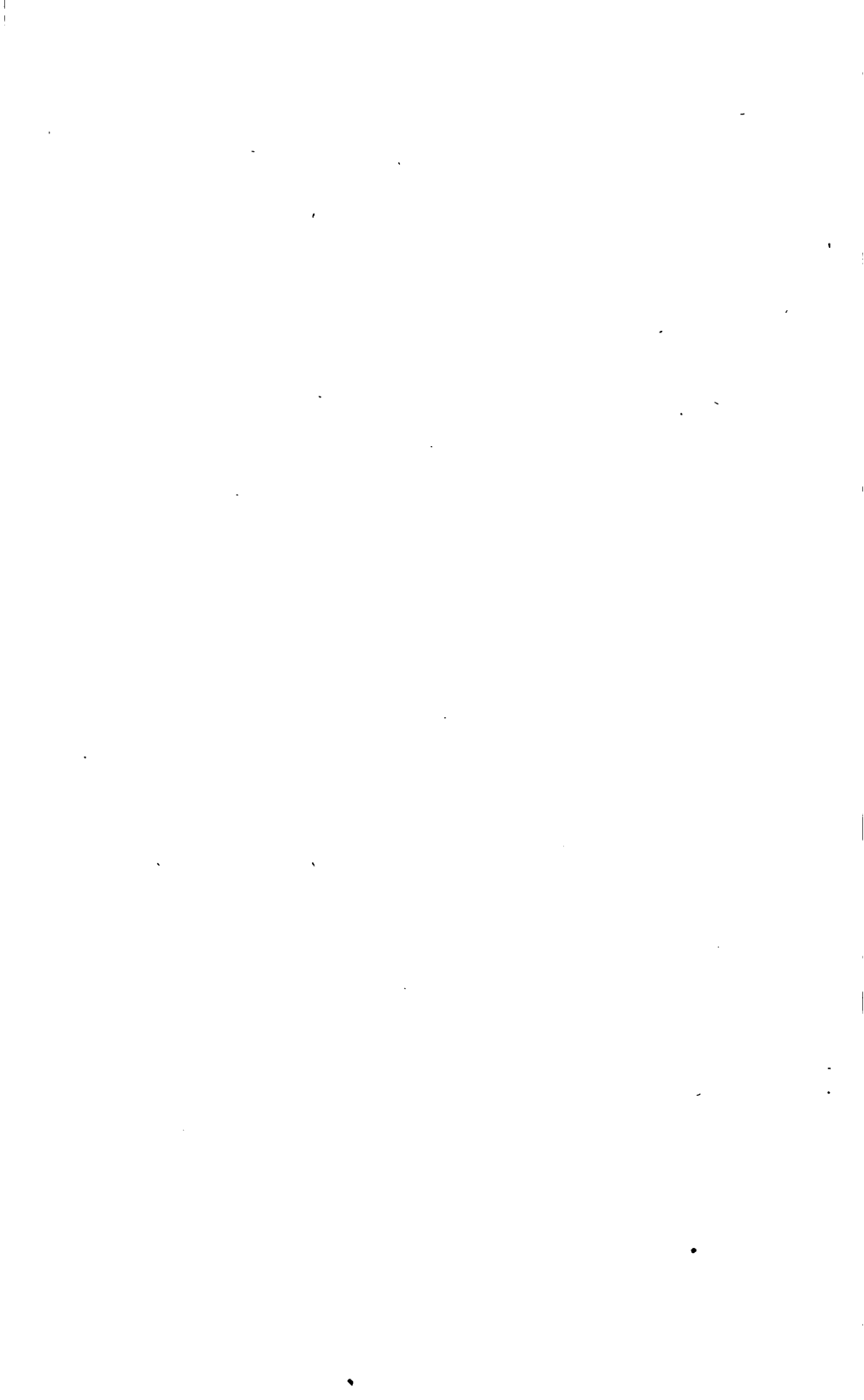
But void of heart an outcast from thy place,
 Or an encumbrance vile though thou art found,
 Still on its course shall flow the stream of grace,
 Though Forth, nor hear, nor Tay return the sound.
 Far, other lands with darkness deep imbound,
 As yet th' abodes of cruelty and dread,
 Their solitudes with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

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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



DYCHMONT

1896.

How glory I in thee, O native land,
Well pleas'd in all thy rivers and thy hills.

Albania, a Poem.

TO
THE MOST NOBLE
WILLIAM ALEXANDER ANTHONY ARCHIBALD,
MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE.

MY LORD,

Your prospective propriety in the principal, and in many of the subordinate localities of the following poem; the interest you may consequently be supposed to feel in some of its delineations, with the influence you must necessarily exercise upon most, if not all the subjects it embraces, appear to me to point you out as the only person to whom it could with propriety be inscribed.

Allow me then, my Lord, most respectfully to place it under the protection of your noble name; not with the servile sycophancy of the rhyming suppliant, who has framed his lay to flatter the vanity, to foster the prejudices, it may be to eulogise the follies, of his patron, but with the straight forward simplicity of an honest Scotsman, who, thinking for himself, has written to the dictates of his own judgment, and who, in giving to superior worth and exalted rank all due honour, is at the same time solicitous for the preservation of his own.

My Lord, the aspect of our times is ominous. The elements of disorganization have been industriously disseminated, extensively diffused, and are at this moment in a state of high fermentation. To preserve for ourselves and for our posterity those peculiar privileges we have attained, will require the cordial co-operation of all ranks in society; in the upper more especially, great firmness of purpose, profound wisdom, exemplary prudence, and conciliating moderation. Possessing pre-eminent rank, the vigour of ardent youth, with the high stimulus of a line of ancestry the most chivalrous in Europe, you cannot think it strange that the eyes of your country are turned full upon you, as among the most favoured and the most influential of her sons. That her unconquerable spirit may be yours—that he who is king of nations may be to you for a spirit of judgment when you sit in judgment, and for strength should you be called to turn the battle to the gate; and that you may transmit, unimpaired, your name and honours to your sons, and your sons to their sons to the latest posterity, is, my Lord, the prayer of

Your Lordship's

Obedient Servant,

JOHN STRUTHERS.

GLASGOW, JAN. 6th, 1836.

R



DYCHMONT.

CANTO I.

'Tis gone ! a weary length of years,
Perplex'd with care, bedim'd with tears,
Since, Dychmont, I, in nature's joy,
A poor, untutor'd, aimless boy,
With tentless step was went to roam
Thy labyrinths of waving broom,
To pore upon thy brawling springs
With endless wild imaginings,
Or on thy heavy top to lie,
And see it stretch'd from sky to sky,
Its hills so rude, its vales so bland,
My dearly lov'd, my native land !

From me I may not, must not say,
What these long years have borne away ;
What ardent toils they have made void,
What harvests of rich hope destroy'd ;
What blooms immortal they have shorn,
What tender ties most rudely torn,
Were long to tell, both sad and true,
Yet neither rare, alas ! nor new.

What though these years my raven hair
Have blanch'd ; and toil, and ceaseless care,
And sorrow's fires, consuming slow,
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;

Why should I droop with childish fears,
 Or whine for sympathetic tears?
 'Tis but, as earth and heaven assure me,
 The lot of all who've gone before me;
 And shall, despite of young men's laughter,
 Be that of all who follow after.

Nay, even on thee, these years so stern,
 Thee, Nature's everlasting bairn.
 Have, in their sweep of chance and change,
 Accomplish'd transformations strange.

Fir'd with the wealth-amassing rage,
 Which moulds the spirit of our age,
 And, by this spirit's impulse moving,
 Strong in his purpose of improving,
 Thy gay possessor, in his scheming,
 Most fondly fell at length a dreaming,
 That, were thy broomy shag but shorn,
 Thou mightst be made to wave with corn;
 And for fat lambs, and calves, and beeves,
 Yield heaps on heaps in golden sheaves.
 Delightful thought! at once his eye,
 In raptur'd vision, saw them lie,
 By skilful labour eithly won,
 Of harvests, waving to the sun,
 The embyro treasures sleeping cosie,
 More rich than those that swell Potosi.

Frankly it was by all allow'd
 Thy bield was prime, thy pasture good,
 And weel ken'd ilka Glasgow glutton
 That King-street couldna match thy mutton;
 Thy weel fed stots, of stots the pride,
 Excel'd all other stots beside;

And then thy lambs had lang been clarkit
 As baith the best and first at market.
 But what was beef, or lamb, or veal,
 In thae blythe days, when gude aitmeal,
 As fleets were victual'd camps were form'd,
 Rivers were cross'd or cities storm'd,
 Or snaw showers, in the end of May,
 For speculation pav'd the way,
 Or mad embargoes took effect,
 Brought three and tenpence every peck ;
 Or wheat, which was consider'd now
 Dirt cheap at three pound ten the bow.
 In such a time, with half an e'e,
 The weakest couldna fail to see,
 Though some might treat the thought with scorn,
 Few things on earth could equal corn,
 So, after many a pro and con,
 'Twas finally resolv'd upon,
 Thy hairy garment thou shouldst yield
 Henceforth to shine a rich cornfield ;
 A job, the owner didna doubt of,
 Which glorious things should yet come out of.

To second these high thoughts anon,
 Camè he, fallen nature's eldest son,
 Toil, with his mattock and his hoe,
 And his twin-brother with his plough,
 Improvement height, a pert grim knave,
 A pliant, fawning, cringing slave,
 Still ready with his service, sure
 To bless the rich, but to the poor,
 A vile taskmaster, cruel, stern,
 Awing them with a rod of iron.

Now up thy wild glens, ether borne,
 No more was heard the echoing horn,
 Nor, long resounding, shook thy sod,
 As on the mighty hunters rode ;
 Nor baid in bass the yearning dam,
 To the sharp treble of her lamb ;
 Nor bellow'd short, thick, deep, and full,
 For very wantonness the bull,
 Tearing with burning hoof the soil,
 And butting at the wind the while,

Crooning his tuneless, endless stave,
 Half wit, half mad, half fool, half knave,
 Thin heather Tam no more was seen
 Bundling his broom sae lang and green ;
 Nor toom Jock Sparrow with his odd jinks,
 And curious trantlums snaring gowdspinks ;
 Nor Ruglen rake-hells, wi' their bonnets,
 Beating the whins in search of linnets ;
 Thou wast not now a place for play,
 'Twas toil, toil, toiling every day.

Here, with his what-you-will, Sir, smile,
 Fresh from the lordship of Argyle,
 M'Dougal with his freckled feres,
 A band of breakless mountaineers,
 Uptore thy broom o'er height and howe,
 Nor left one single standing kowe ;
 There, from the bogs of Connaught wild,
 With thin whey beard, O'Connors child,
 Against thy whins, with bill and brand
 Well armed, led on a lusty band
 All redolent, the darling dawties,
 Of butter milk and mealy praties,

And rolicking as lith as leeches,
 In stockings brown and leather breeches.
 Against the grey stones, peering out
 Like warts upon thy snubby snout,
 Rob Riddell and black Jock Arnel
 Brought up their airts weel laid wi' steel,
 With powder, and as mony pinches
 As might hae torn thee a' to inches.

What eager now, what fond forecasting,
 What cutting, grubbing, boring, blasting!
 Blast following blast came thundering anon,
 Like Carron Ironworks proving cannon,
 While every blast sent up on high
 Of stones some cartloads through the sky.
 Thy broom, as is already sung,
 E'en kowe by kowe was all up wrung;
 Thy furze field, that a thousand years
 Had bloom'd in gold, the hob up tears,
 And of its dark recesses, where
 The hill-fox safely made his lair,
 Left not a remnant floating free,
 So much as shade a humble bee.

Of all thy glories thus despoil'd,
 Fern, furze, and broom high o'er thee pil'd,
 To be, the first dry wind that came,
 Given up to the devouring flame,
 Thou shouldst, if feeling be in hills,
 Have learn'd to feel for human ills.

Oft had of old thy beacon dread
 Th' alarm of fire and murder spread,
 But never did it stream so bright,
 As on that breezy, bleak March night,

When thy fair locks thus rent and riven,
 Burning into the midst of heaven,
 Illumin'd far, from side to side,
 From end to end, the trough of Clyde,
 Red tinging all th' old turrets hoary,
 Those remnants of baronial glory,
 Startling the grey owls in the eaves,
 Beneath the ivy's glossy leaves,
 Where hoarse they hooted for the moon,
 From lone Carnwath to bleak Dunoon.
 Leapt to the light ten thousand rills,
 And bounded all the little hills ;
 The Lennox Fells, the Ochils green,
 Astounded, scarce believ'd their een ;
 That giant brotherhood, the Bens,
 Cowered low behind their lakes and fens.
 Till, from their mist-wreaths peeping forth,
 They saw the wind was from the north ;
 Scard, Balageich threw back his head,
 And in his fear had surely fled,
 But that he thought, in time discreet,
 The Brother Loch lay at his feet ;
 The Kype and Elrig swat together,
 Each trembling for his coat of heather ;
 The Pentlands shook through all their bounds,
 As if they felt their unclosed wounds,
 Or heard again his frantic swell,
 That murderous miscreant, old Dalzel ;
 And Tinto, in thy red beam glaring,
 Benum'd with fear, stood breathless staring,
 Until he saw, with glimmering dazzle,
 Thee sinking white one mighty aisle.

And now the arduous task was done,
 The field was fought, the prize was won ;
 Through fickle April gleam'd the plough,
 Each morning from thy lofty brow ;
 And May beheld thee as her queen,
 With bonnie braird sae fresh and green,
 Without or fern, or broom, or whin,
 As smooth as Chapel Jeanie's chin.

But nature will be nature still,
 And thou, though shorn, wast yet a hill,
 Commerc'ing freely with the skies,
 Unheard, unseen by mortal eyes.
 Still round thy hoary eastern peak
 The grey dawn flung his earliest streak,
 And, lingering there, the dewy even
 Show'd all the varying dyes of heaven ;
 There too, with earth-appalling frown,
 The thunder in his cloud came down ;
 And there the spirit of the storm
 Shrouded in mist his demon form,
 Whilst shrieks prelusive, wild, and wide,
 Roll'd down the Calder and the Clyde.

And sometimes of an afternoon,
 November there would meet with June :
 Or, what he relish'd better fully,
 Her blyth successor, buxom July,
 With whom disporting through the night,
 She found when dawn'd the morning light,
 The dry old dog, in his embraces,
 Had sear'd with frost her glowing tresses,
 And over thee her gay green bed,
 A cranreuch covering hoary spread.

Yea, heavier still, there old December
 Sometimes encroaching on September,
 Sans ceremony, came to throw
 Across thee cold his cloak of snow,
 Which, though it hurt not cattle rearing,
 Did not so well agree with shearing ;
 Nor did it prove a happy mean,
 Of mending crops when thin and green.
 'Twas but, of course, a little while,
 When thy improver found his toil,
 So scientific, well-a-day!
 And great expenses thrown away,
 Which made him ban thy paltry sheaves,
 And wish them back thy broom and beeves.

But credit once begun to crack
 Is seldom cur'd, nor come they back,
 Howe'er their absence may be mourn'd,
 Neglected means, occasions scorn'd;
 To these th' irrevocable sentence
 Attach'd, is sure, oft vain repentance ;
 A fact confirm'd beyond denial,
 Who doubts it let him make the trial.

Beeves still were to be bought, 'tis true,
 And thick thy fair locks budding new,
 To flow with more than pristine prime,
 Only required a little time;
 But with th' incumbent time was gone,
 He must depart, his lease was run,
 And all wherein he had been wise,
 His varied plans of high emprise,
 He leaves them to a stranger's rule,
 Whether a wise man or a fool :

And, verifying sacred lore,
Must of his place be known no more.

Yet shall these rude and rough hewn rhymes,
If spared by moths, to aftertimes,
When, Dychmont, men shall wondering view
The traces of the painful plough,
Still running with continuous sweep
Adown thy sides so rough and steep,
Midst mill and smiddy groups, proclaim
To eager ears his honest fame,
By distance hallow'd, and by time
Encrusted with the true sublime.

END OF CANTO I.

DYCHMONT.

CANTO II.

Ah! where, ye unrelenting years,
Where is M'Dougall with his feres?
Where is O'Connor's whey-faced child,
With all his sour milk darlings wild?
Rob Riddell, where's the senseless hash?
Where's Jock Arniel's lang witty pash?
Thin heather Tam, what now engages?
Where's Sparrow with his curious cages?
And grinning arch, with teeth so white,
So lith of limb, of heart so light,
Where are the imps of coal and coom,
Dychmont, that tempested thy broom,
Dash'd through thy whins pursuing linties,
Or hew'd thy alders down for shinties?

Bow'd down with age, with cares, and fears,
Frail tenants in this vale of tears,
Outbrave they still in mortal strife,
The ever deepening storm of life?
Or, claiming kindred with the worm,
The battle ended, hush'd the storm,
Where lie th' oppressors with th' opprest,
Forgot, in darkness do they rest,
Having no part in aught that's done,
Or said, or seen, beneath the sun?

Ah ! thus, on Time's fast flowing tide,
 Proud men, with all their labours glide,
 Borne by relentless destiny
 Into Oblivion's waveless sea,
 Where sleep they till that hour of dread,
 When Death himself shall yield his dead.
 But fresh, as from her vigorous birth,
 Nature her plastic power puts forth,
 Ceaseless, by shade, by sun and shower,
 In rock, in stream, in tree, and flower,
 With unseen hand, repairing wide
 Th' effects of folly, time and pride—
 Who, dress'd in self complacent looks
 Reflection's voice, but rarely brooks—
 And while these years, so ruthless, have
 Heap'd with their dead the silent grave—
 Dychmont ! she has, in sober truth,
 Most splendidly renew'd thy youth,
 And given to wave, thy hafts hoary,
 With more than even pristine glory.

Often, afar, has my young eye
 Traced thy huge shadow on the sky,
 While my sick heart, unused to roam,
 Yearn'd for the cot I call'd my home,
 Whence pleas'd, my little feres at play
 Could sport upon thee every day ;
 That cot I call my home no more,
 My feres have sought another shore,
 Or pass'd that melancholy bourn,
 Whence traveller finds no return ;
 Yet, in that recollected light,
 I hail thee with intense delight,

And scenes so rich, so passing fair,
I cannot hope to meet elsewhere.

In thy deep rifts, how soft it rings,
The tinkle of thy dribbling springs,
Whence flow, in mazy windings sweet,
These silver rills that lave thy feet,
O'er which the weeping birch-trees bend,
And alders their broad arms extend,
While, rising from its mossy pillow,
Embower'd beneath the silvery willow,
Where winds the bee its little horn,
The primrose greets the rising morn.
O'er thy broad sides, the waving broom
Floats yellow, one wide sea of bloom ;
And bristling strong, with healthful glow,
A field of furze enwreaths thy brow,
Which, turn'd upon the dark north-west,
Bids bold defiance to the blast.

As up thy shelving side I bound,
The landscape wide expanding round,
Hallow'd to me, in all directions,
By strangely mingled recollections,
They rise once more, the misty years,
With all their cares and all their fears,
And, wild, the pulse it throbs again
Of young delight in every vein.

Enraptur'd, once again, I view,
Far in the depths of either blue,
Their hoar heads burrowing in the skies,
Like distant isles yon huge hills rise,
From Mahrahanish, sounding far,
By the lone wilds of bleak Braemar ;

All o'er yon sea-indented coast,
 Till in the haze of distance lost.
 Broad lakes I see them shimmering, play
 Like fire fields in the glare of day,
 While living streams, from dell to dell
 Awaken far th' entrancing swell,
 Wild as the notes of angel choir,
 Breathing deep on Nature's viewless lyre.

But feeble is descriptive art,
 The flood of joy pour'd on the heart,
 The fancy overpowering spell
 Of such a varied scene to tell.
 What shall be first, or what be last,
 Where all is splendid, all is vast?

Here stands out bold each native feature,
 Of rough, untutor'd, simple Nature ;
 Spreckled with flocks, heaths spreading wide,
 Woods waving dark in stately pride,
 Bleak wilds with fertile spots enwoven,
 Hills by the force of torrents cloven,
 Dwellings with poverty imprest,
 Orchards unpruned, gardens undrest,
 Fields overgrown with thistles, some
 With rushes, dockens, furze, and broom,
 Some by unskilful labour spoil'd,
 And some from sheer neglect run wild ;
 Yet, agriculture's heaven-taught art
 Performs nowhere a nobler part,
 And Clyde's rich vale, her toils rewarding,
 Seems on the whole but one vast garden,
 Adorn'd by art, by nature blest,
 Laid out with skill and trimly drest.

But who the landscape wide may reach
 And, bold, the mighty outline sketch ?
 Far west by Cowal's rugged dells,
 And round by Campsie's lovely fells,
 By the bleak Shotts, and dimly seen,
 With Tinto's towering height between,
 The weary Pentlands, sad to see—
 Still weeping wounded liberty,
 With shield cut through and banner torn,
 Left on them in her blood to mourn,
 While her best friends on scaffolds bled,
 Or in dark dungeons pined and died—
 By hoary Douglas' pastoral hills,
 And Lesmahagow's weeping rills
 In fancy's ear, that murmur still
 The wrongs of Cameron and Cargill,
 And Bruce, and Shields, and Renwick, good,
 For Scotland's faith who shed his blood ;
 And by yon dark and narrow stripe,
 The rugged ridge of barren Kype,
 To lofty Loudon o'er his bog,
 Still smiling proudly on Drumclog,
 Where Clavers, in his mad career
 Of lawless murder, learnt to fear
 A bold, though simple, peasantry,
 Who stood for God and liberty ;
 By bare Drumduff and Hairshaw wide,
 And Elrig brown in bent array'd ;
 By watery wilds, extending far,
 From Balageich round green Dunwar,
 Where haunted Croilburn's head-streams twine,
 Through the bleak fields of lone Lochgoin,

To where the sea-born breezes roam,
 O'er Largs far-famed, and Kilmalcolm,
 How lovely, midst the bent, are seen,
 Far up the hills, in living green,
 Rich fields of oats, outspreading wide,
 The Scotsman's hope, old Scotia's pride,
 Whence, honour'd far, the name she takes,
 All lands above, THE LAND OF CAKES.

There, less remote, the bean-fields lie,
 With fragrance filling the wide sky,
 While side by side, the wheat is seen,
 Blushing afar a deep dark green,
 And straths of ryegrass on the e'e,
 Heave like the undulating sea.
 Already, ting'd with autumn's glow,
 The plots of early barley show,
 And vocal with the buoyant glee
 Of health, and mirth, and industry,
 Beneath the careful hand and hoe,
 Potato fields are all a-glow,
 To be, with th' aid of fostering showers,
 Some few days hence one blush of flowers,
 And a few more, if time hold good,
 Teeming with sweet nutritious food.

Flowery and soft, these crops betwixt
 Rich pasture fields are intermixt,
 With kine full-udder'd spotted over,
 Up to their knees in fine white clover,
 Or oxen huge that, battening, lie
 In ruminating luxury.

Vast, too, on every hand they rise
 Th' effects of wealth and high emprise;

There, pyramidal piled, they shine,
 The products of the dark deep mine,
 Rich iron and steel rough in the ore
 And coal, in which there sleeps the power
 Which all the useful arts require—
 The power, the sovereign power of fire.
 Here, amidst smoke and ceaseless clamour,
 Roars the red forge, rings the sledge hammer,
 Beneath whose well-directed blows,
 The red son of the furnace grows
 Into his destined shape, a bar,
 To serve all arts of peace or war
 On yonder broad lawn's smooth expanse,
 The palace of the merchant prince,
 The boast of modern architecture,
 A simple but a splendid structure,
 By peaceful arts of saving won,
 Its bold Greek front lifts to the sun;
 And here, like veteran from the wars,
 Imbrown'd by toil and seam'd with scars,
 Green-ivy-bound amidst his woods,
 A Goth, th' old baron's castle nods.
 There, with its rising clump for field,
 Its broad, run-rig, potato field,
 Its narrow gardens flush'd with roses,
 Where many a rich bee-hive reposes;
 Its barn-like church, with mimic tower,
 Whence a new clock proclaims the hour;
 Its school-house, rather past its prime,
 But newly wash'd with Irish lime;
 Its well-thatched inn, where shines in full
 Two keys across, or large black bull,

With th' owner's name, and eke, of course,
 Refreshments or for man or horse,
 Its braw shot window, where to th' e'e
 Shines SNUFF, TOBACCO, and BOHEA ;
 Its smithy, famed for nightly news ;
 Its wright's yard, cram'd with logs and ploughs ;
 Its dwellings neat, with, use and wont,
 Jawhole and dunghill full in front,
 With knocking and with lazy stanes,
 Rests, canny rests, for wives and weans ;
 With ducks, and hens, and pigs o'errun,
 And lank curs sleeping in the sun,
 Who, could they hear the muse her tread,
 Would bite, or rather bark, her dead—
 Laughs lovingly amongst the road,
 The ancient Clachan spreading broad :
 While round and round, on every side,
 Prim hamlets rising far and wide,
 In modish economic style,
 Glitter in slate, in tar, or tile.
 Closed in with stacks and one old ash,
 Farm steads across their fields look gash,
 And the lone cottage, sweet to see,
 Smiles underneath its hawthorn tree.

Collecting yonder all his floods,
 Clyde thunders through the Corehouse woods,
 Takes Dundaff with a placid leap,
 And, rounding with voluptuous sweep
 Old Lanark's towers, delighted plays,
 Kirkfield, beneath thy verdant braes,
 And with stern majesty inspires
 The rugged caverns of Stonebyres ;

Thence, sooth'd with the bloom-breathing gale,
 He slow meandering cleaves the vale,
 Now turning here, now there again,
 As loath to leave the lovely scene.
 Such lovely scenes who would not tarry on,
 As Milton or the knols of Garion,
 Towering Dalserf, or Mauldsly's bowers,
 Or Cambusnethan's Gothic towers?
 Is there on earth aught can excel
 The bosky dingles of Dalzel,
 Or that rich vale, expanding wide,
 Where Evan meets thee, father Clyde?

My Lord of Hamilton, your grace's
 Lines have been cast in pleasant places;
 Well may you say, "On Nature's page
 I have a goodly heritage;"
 But, in these itchy days of change
 Amid so many movements strange,
 Undoubtedly, some questions higher
 Much it imports you to inquire;
 Such as, Have I the special grace
 Belongs to my exalted place?
 That place, is it usurp'd, unjust,
 Or given of God, and held in trust,
 As part and parcel of his plan
 For rightly ruling social man?
 Do I upon the world below,
 Of course, shake tempests from my brow?
 Am I a mount, seen far and wide,
 Dark smoking with the fire of pride,
 And, through self-will with power combin'd,
 Red ashes showering on the wind,

Thus showing fair, to all men's sight,
A mark for wrath's red bolt to smite.

Or do I, soft, a shadow throw
Protective o'er the world below ?
The scatter'd gifts of providence,
Do I collect and rich dispense,
In gentle fructifying rains,
Afar upon life's arid plains ?
And limpid streams do I send forth,
Of charity and moral worth,
The woes, the wants, of all redressing,
Blessed myself by all men blessing :
Thus lending firm, though folly prate,
Both strength and beauty to the state ?

Thee, Bothwell, can I pass, nor yield
A tear to thy ill-fated field,
Where valour came, but wisdom not,
And common prudence was forgot ;
Where fell the banner of the just,
And truth was trampled in the dust,
Freedom o'erwhelm'd in wild disorder,
And victory lost in downright murder ?
Yet healing time has every trace
Erased of all this foul disgrace,
And, Bothwell, o'er the peaceful river,
Thy bank it blooms as green as ever.

Sickly and sad, the breeze-note falls
Around the Priory's old walls,
And mournful is its weary plaint
Through these long aisles unroof'd and rent,
Where, in his pride, once Randolph stood,
And many a Douglas stout and good.

Yet, Blantyre, if the truth we tell,
 Thy well-conducted works excel,
 An hundred boasted priories,
 With all their dozing sanctities ;
 And he of mild pacific sway,
 The noble Douglas of the day,
 Although no crouching slaves adore him,
 Is worth the best who've gone before him.

Now through his far-famed fields of coal,
 By furnace-blazing Boggleshole,
 By old Dalmarnock's haughs so wide,
 And Ruglen's royal burgh decay'd,
 With dye vats chock'd, with engines deav'd,
 And countless nuisances mischieved,
 In clouds of smoke his blushes hiding,
 The Clyde, is seen, all silent, gliding,
 Till, in the classic Kelvin's wave
 And Cart, his azure locks he lave ;
 Thence, by the Dryfe and silver Leven,
 Enlarged, he lifts his face to heaven,
 And, sweltering in his waves of pride,
 Bounds into ocean's foamy tide.
 Lone as I muse, I hear it come
 Up the green glen, the distant hum
 Of yonder city's eager crowd,
 Conceal'd beneath that murky cloud,
 Through which shoot up rich domes and spires,
 Afar that glow like meteor fires.

Are these the sounds of triumph? No!
 Of grinding toil or hopeless woe?
 Of buoyant hope or trembling fear?
 Of ardour or of blank despair?

Or, are they bursts, amid the press,
 Of pure, unmeaning nothingness ?
 No ! they are neither one nor t' other,
 But all pour'd jarring out together,
 What zeal, what self-command is there !
 What energy and what despair !
 What toils, with desperate aim renew'd !
 What harassing solicitude !
 What eagerness in every face !
 What hurrying on from place to place,
 As if on every step the dye
 Were casting for eternity !
 And all for what ? A little dust,
 Hard to be gain'd, and easy lost,
 And, by the longest lived of men,
 Enjoy'd scarce three-score years and ten.

Fair city, thou that sitt'st confest
 By all, the lady of the west,
 Much would I grieve, should verse of mine
 E'er scathe one blooming wreath of thine ;
 Well do I know, beneath that cloud
 Breathe forms as fair and hearts as good,
 Benevolent, and warm, and true,
 As ever drank life's balmy dew.

Happy, and let him have his meed
 Of fair respect, is he, indeed,
 Upon whose birth is given to shine
 The light of an illustrious line
 Of ancestry, skill'd in debate,
 Or strong the battle to the gate,
 What time the rage of foes did burn,
 With Valour's fiery hands to turn ;

But let him also have his share,
 Whose vigorous mind and frugal care,
 Triumphant o'er a lowly birth,
 Among the great ones of the earth,
 With honour, hath enrolled his name,
 Pre-eminent in wealth and fame.
 And where's the city found, pray where,
 For such that may with thee compare ?

But then thou hast, 'tis said, a few,
 It may, or it may not be true,
 Who rank themselves as great and good,
 Altho' they live and thrive on blood,
 Which, all remorseless, they devour,
 The hearts blood of the labouring poor,
 Whom they oppress, from day to day,
 With extra work and scanty pay.
 Alas ! for him, or her, who moans,
 O'er the hard task with aching bones,
 And, spite of toiling, meek, desert,
 Sits hunger-bitten at the heart.
 Say are ye men, who drive a trade
 That cannot yield the workman bread ?
 Are ye not rather demons fell,
 On this fair earth enacting hell ?
 Pillow'd on wealth, and swoln with pride,
 Humanity ye may deride ;
 But let this truth alarm your fears,
 When poor men cry, Jehovah hears,
 And, by himself, hath solemn sworn,
 The scorners to repay with scorn.

Thou hast, in vanity exceeding,
 Some, too, whose zeal has quenched their breeding ;

And some as saints, demanding place,
 By no means overrun with grace,
 Nor with what might be whiles in season—
 Its, falsely thought, opponent, reason.
 Thy darken'd purlieus, too, infold
 The dupes of sin grown poor and old,
 To whom there is no longer given,
 Nor joy in earth, nor hope in heaven.

Now, had I but the gust of gab,
 Erewhile thy gift, most Reverend Crabbe,
 And my bauch muse, could I but time her,
 Like him, the meek-mouth'd Corn Law Rhymer,
 A feast is here spread out before me,
 And wreaths, unfading wreaths, of glory.

The street, the narrow dirty street,
 Low squalid drabs with naked feet ;
 In sunny nooks, on soot bags dozing,
 Sweeps, scamps, and thieves, supine reposing :
 Yon bloated wretch of changeful hue,
 Not black, but red, not red, but blue,
 With three crack'd jars, in damp dark cellar,
 Who dubs himself a spirit dealer ;
 That thin and red-eyed fiery-vixen,
 That big swollen frow of look perplexing
 And brats in rags, inch thick with snotter,
 And heads, ah me ! a perfect hotter,
 I here might paint, not quite seraphic,
 Yet in a style should pass for graphic,
 Then, with a patriot's generous practice,
 Damn governments, and towns, and taxes.

But this, though an approved style,
 A prudent mode of spurting bile,

Besides to other themes I haste,
 Suits not with my untutor'd taste,
 Nor, with plain facts, bold standing out,
 In sight of all, defying doubt.
 Like men who make them, towns have blots,
 But the great sun himself hath spots.

Ask ye where science brightest shines,
 Where elegance with art combines,
 Where learning deepest strikes her roots,
 Where knowldge shakes her fairest fruits,
 Where love her loftiest labour plies,
 Where charity's effiience lies,
 Where merit sometimes meets her meed,
 And genius finds a crust of bread ?
 Where, but beneath the murky sky
 Of towns, which canting bards decry.

Affected gravity may mock
 At crowded alleys dark with smoke,
 And, canting, cry that all within
 Is poverty, and filth, and sin,
 Objects of reprobacy dire,
 Already ripe for penal fire :
 And truly here are manners rough,
 And shame, and poverty enough ;
 But Truth must also tell that there
 Are faith, and penitence, and prayer,
 And vigorous minds, though lowly born,
 Superior to the base world's scorn,
 Who live and love, beneath the smile
 Of meek content, though endless toil,
 The fountain whence their means must flow,
 Be all they hope for here below.

Far, far from all their souls held dear,
 The mountain blue, the streamlet clear,
 How many gentle spirits there,
 All but the victims of despair !
 Nor youth, nor health, nor credit left,
 Of fortune and of friends bereft,
 Yet earning, in their humble way,
 An honest penny day by day,
 Conversing with themselves and God,
 Find here a pleasing solitude,
 Whence their orisons to the skies,
 At morn and evening duly rise,
 And, heard by Him on mercy's throne,
 Return, in showers of blessing, down
 On these dark lanes which know them not,
 That land by which they are forgot.

Fair city of the wise and free,
 Rich mart of honest industry,
 May heaven still keep thee in its care,
 Is mine and every poor man's prayer.
 Wide spreading, may thy Tree be seen
 For ever clothed in vernal green ;
 Thy sprightly Bird and sounding Bell,
 Truth's sacred triumphs ever tell ;
 Thy Fish, in undecaying prime,
 Glide silvery down the stream of time,
 While He, throughout all worlds ador'd,
 The First, the Last, th' Eternal Word,
 Preach'd freely unto all and some,
 With this give thee the world to come.

And may, beneath thy fostering care,
 Thy many daughters rising fair,

Around thee far for many a mile,
 Still work and thrive, and thrive and toil,
 While joy their every valley fills,
 And culture creeps o'er all their hills.

And every day, with more effect,
 Thy energies may heaven direct,
 In spreading, with renew'd increase,
 Taste, order, industry, and peace.
 Already has thy cheering smile
 Diffus'd itself o'er half the isle,
 And, flowing, like thine own fair river,
 Thy wealth, its channels deepening ever,
 Shed competence, and worth, and ease,
 O'er all the stormy Hebrides ;
 Thence, far th' Atlantic wafted o'er,
 Give it to bless lone Labrador ;
 To sweep the dense Canadian woods,
 Where lonely by her ocean floods,
 Beneath the sultry summer's glow,
 Or midst her boundless wastes of snow,
 Where winter spreads her stern empire,
 Out-breathing frosts, that scorch like fire,
 Old Scotia's son, a poor exile,
 Works hard, and sings, and weeps the while,
 His fond imagination dwells
 Upon her heath-empurpled fells,
 Her blaeberry banks, her gowany braes,
 Her dingles white with budding slaes,
 Her mountains green with hairbells blooming,
 And purple thyme the air perfuming,
 And more than all, his darling theme,
 The little limpid mountain stream,

That sparkled down the broom-clad dell,
 Where rose the church with tree and bell,
 Whose silver tones ilk sabbath day
 Call'd all his fellow hinds to pray—
 Careless with whom he oft hath gone,
 Which melts him now to think upon.
 Let thy munificence plant there
 The man of God, the house of prayer,
 Whence supplications meet may rise,
 And praise a grateful sacrifice,
 To Him who sheds a cheering grace
 Upon the solitary place,
 And streaks with lines of loveliness
 The vast and savage wilderness;
 Whence the rude red man yet may prove
 Th' extent of the Great Spirit's love,
 And, wash'd and pardon'd through the Son,
 Worship in faith the Great Three One—
 Whence truth and freedom, hand in hand,
 May make their own that wide spread land,
 And grateful thanks, by millions given,
 Rising on thy behalf to heaven,
 Long ages hence be found to lie
 Thy rich reversion in the sky.

END OF CANTO II.

D Y C H M O N T.

CANTO III.

HAPPY the man, who, to his lot,
Whate'er it be, his mind hath brought,
And, whether great or small his measure
Of joy, is pleas'd with God's good pleasure.
Small and despis'd may be the part
Assign'd him ; but, with upright heart,
Where duty leads, prepared to go—
Or with ten talents, or with two ;
Or with loud plaudits onward borne,
Or vilified and laugh'd to scorn—
Not hope alone of future bliss,
But a pure, perfect peace is his ;
A peace nor tongue nor pen can tell—
The peace of God unspeakable !

By such an one, plain, honest toil
Is welcom'd with a cheerful smile,
And felt a gift of God's own giving,
A special mean of happy living.
Sour discontent may round him growl,
And sneering pride contemptuous scowl ;
Sloth may hang down her nerveless hands,
And folly point to distant lands,
Where, without human care or toil,
Trees rain down bread, rocks pour forth oil,

And streams with milk and honey swell,
 As rumour's hundred tongues can tell;
 He, knowing that this world at best,
 Was never meant man's place of rest,
 Is satisfied with native ills,
 To grapple on his native hills,
 Where every stream, and rock, and tree,
 Has its wild lay of liberty
 Inlaid in law, whose sacred charters,
 Embalm'd are with the blood of martyrs;
 The savour of whose gracious names
 The ardour of his zeal inflames,
 Like them, supremely to regard
 "The recompence of the reward,"
 The grace that in the promise lies,
 To be reveal'd when sun, and skies,
 And earth, and sea, one destin'd day,
 Like morning clouds have pass'd away,
 Such were the characters sublime,
 Thy teachers in the olden time,
 Scotia, who led thee out and in,
 Nor fear'd nor hated aught but sin—
 Who freed thy once dark valleys from
 The wolves, iron-tooth'd, of mystic Rome:
 And for the Lord, who did deliver,
 Engag'd thee and thy sons for ever.
 And when, to please a worthless thing,
 As ever folly titled king,
 A venal, turncoat, drunken crew,
 With treason charg'd their own free vow;
 Such were the hinds thy hills who trode,
 Strong in the love and fear of God,

Of well-try'd worth, and genius free,
 And of unrivall'd industry ;
 Nor distant his, the wizard wild,
 Sweet Fancy's own inspired child,
 Who erst sang, blythe, of the bauld bangster,
 Who won her matchless Mag of Anster.

And, with his dog, his staff, and plaid,
 On that tall cliff I see him laid,
 Glow'ring right down on Dollar college,
 That splendid reservoir of knowledge,
 The shepherd, with some shame, perchance,
 Musing on his own ignorance—

Or, may be, strong in native gumption,
 He smiles upon the vain presumption
 Of empty heads, for brains who seek,
 By wasting time murgullyng Greek ;
 Which done, they shake their jobbernowls,
 And claim th' immediate care of souls,—
 A charge they'll promise fair to keep,
 Who ne'er could learn to smear a sheep.

Perhaps, a more delightful theme
 Laps him in an Elysian dream ;
 With the dear May he's laid his love on,
 A bonnie flower by winding Devon,
 Become his own, no longer coy,
 He sums the long, long years of joy,
 In ranked raw that rise before him,
 Nor fears, nor woes, nor wants, to shore him.

Ah ! why should old Experience, rude,
 His rugged presence here intrude,
 And in the rays of doubt, perplexing,
 Show this dear May a drab or vixen ;

Conjure them up, disease and death,
 Or frosty years, with shrivelling breath ;
 Fill deep the vales, or feed the knowes
 With snaw-smoord hogs, or rotten ewes.
 The darling May may be as good
 As e'er was bone, and flesh, and blood ;
 Life may be long, and health assuage
 The fears, the weaknesses of age ;
 Rosy and rich may roll the years,
 Fleeces unbroken cross the shears ;
 And numberless the snow-white lambs
 Leap yearly round their bleating dams ;
 Yet, prove they shall,—alas! that sigh,—
 Vexation all and vanity.

Perhaps in wondering Fancy's thrill,
 He hears it clack the Devil's Mill,
 Of the Rumbling Bridge, the brawling din,
 Or thundering loud the Caldron Lin ;
 Or Harvieston he cons with care,
 For her the blooming bud frae Ayr ;
 Or Castle Campbell's mouldering pile,
 Wakes his regrets for good Argyle.

Lone Castle Campbell, once the pride
 And glory of the Ochils wide,
 Who can behold thy fortune's close,
 Nor execrate the mad Montrose !
 Yet, Castle Campbell, how sublime
 Thy fire-scath'd ruins frown on time,
 All hoary, while the burn of Care
 Thy wrongs till doom's-day shall declare.

Montrose, although a pedant's pen
 Engross'd thy name with generous men ;

And Genius, with a perverse care,
 Has toil'd t' adorn and fix it there ;
 Facts, stubborn facts, with all the good,
 Have mark'd thee out a savage rude,
 Servile, and selfish all the while,
 Rav'nous for power, for blood, and spoil.
 And, verily, thou hadst thy hour
 Of spoil, and blood, and lawless power ;
 As Tippermuir did well display,
 And Inverlochy's fatal day ;
 Alford, Auldearn, and Moniaburgh,
 Where no sword said it was enough ;
 Nor pitying sigh, nor hankering swither,
 Where thousands fell, said, " Ah ! my brother."

But retribution quickly came,
 To Leslie's star succumb'd thy fame ;
 And to a still inferior sword,
 Thou quail'dst upon the hill of Ord,
 Where Strauchan, with a paltry levy,
 Show'd what should have been done at Fyvie.

Perhaps in fervent patriot mood,
 While hot it boils his rising blood,
 On old Clackmannan's hoary towers,
 He gazing fond, recalls the hours
 So bright, that gleam in ancient story,
 With streaks of Royal Scotland's glory ;
 Ere the base Baliol sat him down
 Upon her foul, dishonour'd throne ;
 Or he, the doom'd, in fate's dark path,
 Th' anointed heir of quenchless wrath,
 The Stewart, in an evil hour,
 Assum'd that thorny seat of power.

Wild, wimpling round his green-sward knowes,
 He marks how soft the Carron rows,
 As if the heart's-blood of the brave,
 Had never stain'd his limpid wave.
 But oncè in terror's deadly throes,
 Carron, appal'd by shouting foes,
 Sought, on yon mountain's cavern'd side,
 Among his brawling springs to hide ;
 For, Carron saw the Stuart vain,
 Treat peerless Wallace with disdain ;
 Whence his pure wave with patriot blood,
 Roll'd to the sea, a crimson flood,
 And, glorying in his lawless might,
 Proud Edward triumph'd over right,
 While drooping Scotia sunk forlorn,
 Her bright lamp quench'd, her lion torn.
 Yet shall that lion, rudely torn,
 Once more arouse the breezy morn ;
 That dying lamp, relumed anew,
 A pillar'd flame afar shall shew ;
 And glory, victory, shall return,
 On the red field of Bannockburn.

Bannock, to free men ever dear,
 Was thy cold current chill'd with fear ?
 Or, rushing swift, in Ocean's tide,
 Sought'st thou thy huge dismay to hide,
 As on thy banks in dread array,
 The strength of mighty England lay,
 Exulting in her prospects clear,
 And flush'd in Victory's proud career ?
 Or melting, mournful, didst thou weave,
 On that still summer sabbath eve,

Big notes of deep funereal gloom,
 Prophetic of the mighty doom,
 That ere another eventide,
 Awaited all that pomp and pride.
 Weep, England weep, through all thy rills,
 Let wailing sweep o'er all thy hills ;
 Let Severn tell the silver Trent,
 Her yardlong shafts are vainly spent ;
 Let Humber tell the silver Thame,
 Her loftiest, mightiest men of name,
 Mix'd with the meanest, drench'd in gore,
 Lie heaps on heaps by Bannock's shore.

Yet, quail not England! soon the Bruce
 Is gather'd to his narrow house ;
 The good Sir James afar in Spain,
 On foolish pilgrimage is slain ;
 Randolph and Murray follow fast,
 And David—David reigns at last ;
 Durham begins th' atonement meet,
 Which fatal Flodden sees complete.

'Twere long, in Stirling's royal bowers,
 To note the soft voluptuous hours,
 That light of foot have tript along,
 With jest, and dance, and jovial song :
 My hamely muse would ergh to tarry
 On beauty's pink, the peerless Mary,
 For whom yet critic loons are sweating,
 And Reverend grey-beards bleert wi' greeting ;
 And to portray 'twere far owre driegh,
 The wild Gudeman of Balingiech.

With equal brevity I pass
 Thy royal ruin's hoary mass,

Linlithgow, for mad doings crown'd,
 And drunken royalty renown'd.
 O'er thee the curse, a darkening cloud,
 Impends, the curse of guiltless blood,
 Shed in malicious wantonness—
 The blood of war pour'd out in peace,
 With perjuries most heaven-defying,
 Aloud for vengeance, hourly crying.

Alas! that maddening mirth of thine,
 Thy fountains flowing o'er with wine;
 Thy scoffing prints, thy bonfires blazing,
 Thy rabble rout in wonder gazing;
 With idiot shouts that, swelling high,
 Tore the wide concave of the sky;
 What served they all, but to proclaim
 Thee lost to truth, and dead to shame;
 And wait they not in dread array,
 To crown the coming judgment day,
 A day which may repentance, sent
 Through heaven's infinite grace, prevent.

I pass Falkirk, thy fatal valley,
 T'avoid the ghost of hangman Halley,
 Nor stay I o'er the good who sleep
 In thy dull bogs, Kilsyth, to weep—
 For as I scan the landscape wide,
 Mine eye hath caught the fair Langside;
 A rushing sound is in my ears,
 I see the seried ranks of spears,
 For law and liberty uprearing—
 I mark Kirkaldy's noble bearing;
 I see the Regent, great and good,
 Burst on the hill a thunder cloud,

While to the crash the rocks reply,
With echoing shouts of victory.

Ah! Mary, what was then thy look,
What fears thy daring bosom shook,
When instant down to earth were borne
Thy new furl'd banners, soil'd and torn?
Now in this hour of desperate need,
Thy broken lines will no one head?
For thy bright crown, thy love, thy life,
Will not one troop renew the strife,
And stem the rout a moment's space,
Till thou hast found a resting place?
Not one, alas! the die is cast,
The fatal die, thy hour is past.

Ah! why wilt thou, in wild disorder,
Thus rush across that treacherous border!
Think on the homely apothegm,
"Ill bairns are aye best heard at hame."
Think what may be the fell contrival
Of her, thy haughty, jealous rival,
When thou hast made her power complete,
And liest, a suitor at her feet.
Why thus avert thy weeping eyes?
Behold, how slow, how sad they rise,
Thy future years, array'd in gloom,
Clos'd with the block, the traitor's doom.
Peace to thy shade—the tragic close
Of thy poor life, thy many woes,
Forbid thy faults that we should rail on,
Thou lovely fair, but deadly frail one,
And ye who in th' adventurous strife,
Embark'd pour all, and peril'd life,

Your pious hands preserv'd the root,
 Whence we have ate our pleasant fruit ;
 And still your record is on high,
 And your reward above the sky.
 The knave in grain, the drivelling fool,
 Papist, and Infidel may scowl,
 And o'er your fame-recording page,
 Gnash their foul teeth in jealous rage ;
 What reck's it ? the decisive day,
 Burning with wrath, is on its way,
 When wicked men of every name
 Shall be for fuel to the flame,
 And cast out, by contemptuous feet
 Trodden like ashes in the street.

Are there, who, with the love of youth,
 Have yet a word, a tear for truth—
 Mourners in Zion ! as for you,
 Ye prayerful, ye afflicted few,
 With ignorant contempt oppress'd,
 The Spirit saith, " In patience rest,
 The souls of your dear brethren slain
 Beneath the altar, see, remain ;
 And ye may join their prayer strong,
 And ardent cry, O Lord ! how long,
 Holy and wise, and just and true,
 Dost thou withhold the vengeance due ?"
 But patience.—With reproach ye're fill'd,
 And what if ye too must be kill'd ?
 Are ye prepared to prove it good,
 Your testimony with your blood ?
 If so, 'tis well.—In evil hour
 Has she not gain'd the seat of power ?

She, for adulteries, murders, famed,
 And for her witchcraft 'Mystery' named—
 'Mother of Harlots, Fornications,'
 With earth's most vile abominations—
 All soft and smoothly beaten up
 In one delusive devilish cup,
 From which, in her embraces sunk,
 She makes the madden'd nations drunk :
 She, in Britannia's evil hour,
 Hath gain'd it all but sovereign power—
 And can she fail again to sate
 With blood her ravenous appetite?

Remounted on her monstrous beast,
 New names on all its heads impress'd
 She comes in meretricious dress,
 Full prank'd from the dark wilderness,
 Where she hath slept it off, the load
 Of whoredom, sloth, and fat, and blood,
 For ages drain'd from earth's four quarters,
 The spoils of kings, of saints, and martyrs ;
 And sober, self-possess'd, and bold,
 She sings as in the days of old.

What though her double doings rude
 Are every where deep writ in blood,
 And the foul stream of her misdeeds
 In depth and breadth all thought exceeds,
 While paralyzed, so many lands
 Yet rue the grasp of her iron hands—
 She, all assured, defies disgrace,
 With matchless impudence of face
 Scouting each fact with this reply,
 " What's history but one mighty lie."

Lost in astonishment, the wise,
 Distrusting both their ears and eyes,
 Are for the moment stricken dumb,
 While quiet the rabble rout succumb;
 And pietests, a page who claim
 Upon the book of vulgar fame,
 Rush boldly, with unblushing faces,
 Headlong into her foul embraces:
 To her all liberals bend the knee,
 Whate'er their name or their degree;
 Philosophers and bards adore her,
 And B——ms and Ml——nes dance before her;
 While, under various state pretences,
 Soft lords destroy these legal fences
 Which wisdom, by experience guided,
 For our best blessings had provided.

Hold, hold your sacrilegious hands,
 Ye recreants! ours are God's own lands,
 And by your wise forefathers given,
 Their bonds have all been seal'd in heaven,
 And he who holds them sees it thence,
 With scorn your wrathful impotence.
 For shame! look on that crimson flood—
 What says it? your own father's blood!
 Of Smithfield see the reeking ashes,
 And spare these martyrs, spare their blushes;
 Your folly see what follows after,
 Nor move even hell itself to laughter.

Avaunt! ye visions of despair,
 My aching sight, my feelings spare—
 The consummation now I see,
 It surely must not, cannot be;

Thou canst not, Scotland! surely no,
 The hope of heaven on earth forego;
 Thou canst not, in thy full-blown bloom,
 Bow thy stiff neck again to Rome;
 Her shameless spewings lick them up,
 And, reckless, quaff her poison cup,
 In brooding darkness meekly sit,
 The darkness of th' infernal pit,
 By trembling superstition sour'd,
 And, by her locust swarms devour'd;
 From gospel faith and practice pass
 To the foul mummery of the mass;
 Abjure thy creed, and learn to patter
 Of shrines, saints, beads, and holy water;—
 No! heavenly truth, for all thy ills,
 Shall sound along thy echoing hills,
 And praise, a grateful sacrifice,
 From all thy vales, through grace, shall rise,
 Till day sink on his broken urn,
 And every star has ceased to burn.

END OF CANTO III.

DYCHMONT.

CANTO IV.

DYCHMONT! forgive th' excursive muse,
Nor with my reader clinch thy brows,
My liberal reader, wha nae langer,
Can carry on for downright anger ;
For Liberalism is, waes me !
But a new name for Bigotry ;
Wha, trim in philosophic dress,
Wi' skinkling patches co'er'd his face,
Thus cunningly spurts out his venom,
And, crawling crouse, thinks nane can ken him.
But, watch—ye'll see his cranks and quips,
Ere lang, exchanged for chains and whips;
And when, through time, his whip-hand tires,
He'll blaw ye up braw rousing fires.
The grim auld rascal— how I grue!—
But, Dychmont! to our theme anew.

Hadst thou a tongue, as well as een,
To tell what thou hast heard and seen,
The gist of a' thy deep digressions
Would be to never trust professions,
Especially when nor form nor feature
They recognise of corrupt nature,
But jump, in fanciful projection,
At once from folly to perfection.

Such is the strangely twisted line,
 The thread of providence divine,
 That oft, amid the ceaseless strife,
 The dark turmoil of mortal life,
 Even to superior worth and skill
 No choice remains but choice of ill;
 And truth compels us oft, of course,
 To say 'tis well that is not worse.

Forgetting this important fact,
 How childishly do wise men act;
 When, for some feckless circumstance,
 They swell, with all their influence,
 The tide, in visionary days,
 Which shakes, even to their very base,
 Or given of God, or framed by man,
 The pillars of the social plan.

Millennial dreamers, scorning facts,
 Twopenny sages, movement quacks,
 Who see a saint in every slave,
 A patriot stern in every knave,
 Whose fingers, or whose tongue can reach,
 To pen a lie, or spit a speech,
 Who Rome or Turkey never read on,
 But strait they dream of Armageddon,—
 Though heaven's best gift they thus abuse,
 May each, perhaps, plead some excuse,
 Pure hunger some, in sober sadness,
 Some native spleen, some downright madness:
 But he, who, with the least pretence,
 To sanity and sober sense,
 By an inconstant, chattering rabble,
 Expects to carry up his Babel!

Secure, into the highest heaven,
 May not, nay, must not be forgiven.
 Arrested, as he lifts his hand,
 In his own brass, there, let him stand,
 To men—to ages yet unborn,
 A monument of endless scorn.

Ye proud contemners of degrees,
 Revilers rude of dignities!
 Ye pulling, sentimental dreamers!
 Ye ever-restless reckless schemers!
 Know these crude fancies ye confide in,
 These novelties ye place your pride in,
 These certain balms for every woe,
 Were old five thousand years ago.

Form'd t'improve upon the past,
 And the dark future to forecast,
 Instead of soberly reflecting,
 Why are men always found projecting,
 And why should each succeeding age
 Display the same delirious rage,
 Dear-bought experience to put down
 All wisdom scorning but its own?
 Why, but through prejudice and pride,
 With self-love for its doting guide,
 Shown up in whose distorting mirror,
 The past seems one vast mass of error,
 The present, as it comes in view,
 Blushing immaculate and true.
 Tis never once indeed denied
 That, hitherto, all men have sigh'd
 For somewhat that is still unfound
 In human travail's ample round,

But has it not been clearly shown
 The fault remains with man alone.
 Who, though he eager urge the chase,
 Errs, or in mode, in time or place;
 Hence, have his mightiest leaps been vain,
 And all his labours clos'd with pain.
 But now, the bush beat fairly round,
 The coy thing has at last been found;
 In that dark dingle search has set her,
 And next full moon we shall be at her.
 So say projector's sanguine, sage,
 Full of the spirit of the age,
 And, in their own opinion, strong
 To rectify all moral wrong,
 Nor physical shall long resist them,
 Would all men kindly but assist them.

'Tis true, for this regeneration,
 Or, if you will, this new creation,
 Few have at any time agreed
 On the best method to proceed,
 Though no one entertains a doubt
 But he himself has found it out.

'Twere endless to recount the schemes,
 The vast variety of dreams,
 Which even wise men gravely tell,
 As for this end infallible :
 More endless still to scan their rules,
 From Infant up to Normal schools.

Some, though they deal in wondrous fancies,
 And work them up in strange romances,
 Yet frame to found them on the Bible,
 Which frankly we allow is able,

God blessing it, in every nation,
 To make men wise unto salvation.
 But ere it prove this general good,
 It must be read and understood.
 Endow'd with wisdom from above,
 The living messenger of love
 Must open up, explain, apply
 Its truths authoritatively,
 Else it will be in every land
 Like rain-drops quench'd in burning sand.

And even where honestly received,
 And all its leading truths believed,
 Even there the Bible's only given
 As a preparative for heaven—
 Whither the Christian, rising up
 On wings of faith, and love, and hope,
 Holding with God communion sweet,
 Treads the base world beneath his feet :
 Yet from its ills, in many a shape,
 He knows he never can escape,
 Till, through his failing house of clay,
 Upon him rise eternal day.

More daring some, this blessed Bible
 Regarding as a lying libel,
 Of purpose framed, in every feature,
 To vilify our godlike nature,
 And lay it prostrate in the dust,
 Beneath the tyrant's raging lust,
 Would, as the fruitful source of evil,
 Dismiss it with its own dark devil.
 Talk of restraining bonds !—For shame !
 To thinking man of law !—for them

Reason, pure reason, nothing else—
 They are a law unto themselves—
 Through which they fond anticipate
 A fast approaching perfect state,
 Which neither law nor rule shall own,
 And property shall be unknown.
 A state how glorious! how divine!
 Where none can say of aught, “ ’tis mine!”
 But all on earth, even lovely woman,
 Possess’d shall be by man in common;
 Who thus sublimed, shall forthwith wage
 Successful war with hoary age,
 And, acting with true energy,
 Shall death himself at length defy.*

Thus, human weal the high pretence,
 They belch out shame and ignorance—
 Their own vain fancies blind believing,
 Fondly deceived and deceiving—
 Till, toppling on their crags of hope,
 Death smites, and darkness shrouds them up;
 Their dreams they leave, most melancholy!
 T’ augment the standing stock of folly.

And such is th’ unnatural flow,
 The vanity of all below,
 The fact we must admit, alas!
 Too often thus even good men pass;
 Subjected to the common lot,
 Alive traduced, when dead forgot.

Yet, let no truthful heart despair,
 Nor pamper’d folly cease to fear—

* Vide Gadwin’s Political Justice, &c.

It comes, th' appointed judgment-day—
 The Judge himself is on the way!
 A few sands more—and then commences,
 Eternity, thy recompences.

Dychmont! since time began, thy sod
 How many a gallant foot hath trod?
 How many a glowing heart and tongue
 Here, where I sit, hath sat and sung?
 Yet that inconstant, faithless Fame,
 Hath saved, alas! nor song nor name.

Here, Gilbertfield! was subject meet
 For thy bright genius, soft and sweet,
 Which might have rivall'd, through thy skill,
 Grongar, or even Cooper's Hill.
 Peace to thy spirit! On my ear
 Even the light summer-breeze sounds drear
 Around thy ruin'd castle-walls,
 And through thy lone, deserted halls,
 Where Cheerfulness should laughing stray,
 The Muses and the Graces play.

Might I, in winsome Willie's name,
 Unblam'd request thee, honest Graham,
 That his auld house, sae lang neglect it,
 Now its thine ain, thou wouldst protect it,
 Attend a wee to the auld wa's,
 Sair sought by winds and winter snaws,
 Fling twa three slates upo' the roof,
 And make the doors and winnecks proof
 To wind and rain, and sheep, and nowt,
 That wont to bleat, and vilely rowt,
 On the same hearth, where laid along
 Willie made mony a bonnie sang,

So may for aye thy honour'd name,
 Be wreath'd with Hamilton's fair fame,
 And still thy sons, while bright they shine,
 A happy, and an endless line,
 In virtue as in wealth excelling,
 Keep Gilbertfield, with Craigengillan.

Days, months, and years, how quick ye fly!
 An age, how soon it passes by!
 But yesterday to me it seems,
 When, on these hills, by these clear streams,
 And in these cheerful dwelling-places,
 I found them all familiar faces—
 Now all are gone, some here, some there,
 Many, man cannot tell me where.

There smile they cheerful, side by side,
 Rich Aikenhead and fair Woodside;
 But where's the great man of his day,
 That princely merchant, Houston Rae?
 Where is he, Scott, the saint-abhorr'd one?
 Where the polite and friendly Gordon?
 Where's he, sae fierce and fu' o' fire,
 Woodside's gudeman, bauld Boon-the-myre?
 And rules he still amang the foals,
 Tam Pirrit wi' the great braid soles?
 Wakes he, or is he slumbering yet,
 Lang dreaming Dykes o' the Craft-fit?
 Is Meg still yelping in the breeks,
 And clanking wi' the spoons his cheeks?
 Deals she her morsels still by halves,
 Hungering the herds, starving the calves?
 Ah, no! her memory's clean red rotten,
 And a' her schemes o' thrift forgotten.

Lovely it rises, Castlemilk,
 But where's the Stuart of that ilk,
 The worthy Captain Stirling where?
 A man these times but ill could spare.
 Cathkin smiles sweet through rising trees,
 So do the East and West Greenlees;
 But Cumings, Thomsons, Peacocks gay,
 And Hamiltons, are all away.

The Turnley has, sagacious, cool,
 One worthy of the olden school,
 In honest R—t D —k remaining;
 But where is he, so entertaining,
 D—h—k styled, that stirring one,
 So fu' o' frolic, fire, and fun,
 The foremost in all mad parading,
 At rous, at raffles, fairs, and weddings;
 Right deft at runklng lasses' gowns,
 And a run diel for cracking crowns?

There, finely hedged around, deep green,
 Nerston's expanding fields are seen;
 But where's the fathers of the village,
 The founders of her now rich tillage?
 The elder A—rs cautious,
 The gash M'M—h, of speech veracious,
 And, helping Leezie's household matters on,
 Where is he, sploring Geordie Paterson?
 Where in their wealth, the Cooks, confiding?
 The Youngs their wit and farthings hiding?
 Gude auld John Anderson sae simple?
 And, in his means and patience ample,
 Soft, slipping as if catching hens,
 Douse Robin Hamilton, his mens,

For obvious wrong—or what he wish'd—
 At any time, who rarely miss'd ?
 And where is she, the sage M'Clucky,
 Who thought great men their plans mistook aye,
 And fought 'gainst heaven at fearfu' odds,
 Especially wi' new brigs and roads,
 Which she maintain'd wi' a' their arts,
 Wad end yet in a rack o' f—ts.

There hunkers by the highway side
 The Neuk ; but where's that pink of pride,
 That ace of hearts, had men been cards,
 The big-boned chieftain of the Bairds ?
 And where is he, of inky scaurs,
 The wizard who could tell the stars,
 And clear them up, without a doubt on,
 The errors and escapes of Newton ?
 Or B—e, he of mind capacious,
 Intuitively sage sagacious,
 Inform'd with wisdom and with wit,
 For any place or calling fit :
 Ah ! why did frailties veil his glory,
 The good, though rough-spun, honest tory ?

There, by the willow-clothed burnside,
 Sleeps in the sun my own Kilbride,
 With clock in steeple neatly mounted,
 Houses white-wash'd, signs newly painted,
 And other symptoms of a movement
 Towards, as all may see, improvement.
 But where's the rustics, reckless, bold,
 Who held her ear, her tongue of old,
 Such as the witty Jock Greenhill,
 Milhouse, Mounthooly, Will-o' th' Mill ?

On whom, at hame, her safety rested ;
 In whom, abroad, her fame was vested ;
 Who, in a cauld fair battle's heat,
 Would single each hae clear'd her street,
 Or, when on Wensdays 'twas their fate,
 If merry stable meals fell late,
 Through canker'd or through careless kimmers,
 To get embroil'd wi' Glasgow limmers,
 As oft wi' secret pride's been harkit,
 Would' clear'd baith Briggate and Sautmarket.

And where is he, whose meekness won all
 Hearts, the venerated Connel ;
 Whose life was ardent spent, to wean
 Thee from these follies wild and vain ;
 Who urged, and led, thy feet to trace
 The paths of purity and peace,
 Where truth is day by day supplying
 Content in life, and hope in dying ?

Where's he, the honest, simple creature,
 That laughing lump of pure good nature,
 Will Symours ? who, at kirns, house-heatings,
 Infares, and a' sic merry meetings,
 Drew out the linked sounds sae sweet,
 To fit our many-twinkling feet:
 And where's thy bodies, doilt and crazy,
 Some of them lame, some only lazy,
 That weekly used to daunder forth,
 Creating pity whiles, whiles mirth,
 Whiles sour suspicion and mistrust,
 Whiles irrepressible disgust ?

Where's he, borne down with many fears,
 Poor greeting Sandy, bliu' wi' tears ?

Who aince, in his ain quarters warm,
 Could boast a snug weel-plenish'd farm?
 But sorrow came; ae wat hairst-day,
 The burn bore half his crop away;
 The following winter's blashy thows,
 Kill'd wi' the rot one half his ewes;
 And spring, the spring brought, too, a sore ill,
 Sax head o' nowt kill'd wi' the muir-ill;
 Yet this, and mair, he could hae borne,
 But for a fause May's saucy scorn—
 Who, since his byre and bucht grew thin,
 To break her troth thought it nae sin,
 And void of shame, her youthied war'd
 Upon Lairfad's auld, blind, lame laird.

Poor Sandy saw and seem'd resign'd,
 But secret sorrow undermin'd,
 Aided by love's undying flame,
 His mental and corporeal frame;
 His comforts vanish'd one by one,
 Till all he held on earth was gone,
 And, wandering forth, his cureless grief,
 Except in tears, found no relief.
 Abash'd, and timid in his look,
 What pittance pity gave he took;
 Hearty in thanks, in clamouring faint,
 A hopeless beggar, but a saint.

Tann'd as by an Egyptian sun,
 Sour-mouth'd, down-looking, dowre and dun,
 Where's Trottysho, who lang did pethir,
 For bread and cheese, to his auld mither,
 Whom he reported near and far,
 As every day aye waur and waur?

With crummock arm'd and girt with bags,
 Where's the sly stager Girzy Rags?
 And, reading cards, and cups, and faces,
 And moles, according to their places,
 Stray hearts detecting and stray mutches,
 And dealing charms for love and witches:
 Where's she, once mistress of all doubts,
 That foul, fat, lurdane, Lizzock Clouts?

Where's Maggy wi' her yill-cup slogan,
 Shouting sae clocksey, "Johnny Logan?"
 Where's knacky Nan and stiltfoot Kate,
 And brown Meg Lamont, nae way blate?
 Poor Nannock Sharp, wi' braid barr'd coat,
 And her wee Jamock too's forgot.

Where are the men, whose ready orders
 Sent justice streaming round her borders?
 Where, for the time omiting others,
 Thy well-wig'd ruler Baillie S—rs?
 And where his acting corps in full,
 Wee Charlock and the kowy—
 At whose fell names, sae lang were wont,
 Poor debtor body's hearts to dunt.

But in these days of waning crime,
 This happy, all-reforming time,
 When, as each bawbee author tells,
 Man, wife, and wean, can rule themsels,
 Great civic powers but little needed,
 May pass and repass all unheeded.

Thou hast not now a flirty Nan,
 Killing, piece-meal, her gude gudeman;
 Nor Kirty Sleeks, with leer insidious,
 Insnaring, wives, bewildering widows;

Nor brewer Hugh, with flattery's poison,
 Deluding lasses by the dozen ;
 Nor clumpy, highland, grewsome gauger,
 Nor desperate resurrection cadger,
 Through whose fell deeds thou couldst not have
 Rest nor without nor in the grave ;
 And, fervent, while we joy to see
 Thee from such wicked wamflers free,
 We hope thou hast a large increase
 Of such as love the truth and peace,
 I loved thee once. With all thy ill
 I loved thee, and I love thee still
 I love thee for the happy hours
 I spent within thy friendly bowers.
 I love thee for the lovely one
 Thou gav'st to bless my morn and noon
 Of weary life. I love thee for
 The friends whom I can meet no more ;
 I love thee, for thou hast in trust,
 Of not a few, the precious dust,
 Who, though but poor in this world's eyes,
 Have pass'd to glory through the skies—
 With whom I trust I shall be soon
 At rest, though their unworthy son.
 What hours of meditative roaming,
 Entranced, how many a glorious gloaming,
 Around thee have I wander'd wide,
 Enjoying modest nature's pride !
 The pensive tinkling of the rill,
 The lambkins bleating on the hill,
 The whisper'd breathing of the breeze,
 Limekilns among thy lofty trees,

Or the green willows rath that bloom
Round thee, deserted Kirkton Holm !

Or up, if fancy chanced to lead,
The burn, beyond the Rodinghead,
The bleaching knowe, the cot and yard,
Erewhile that own'd the barefoot laird ;
And cross the common, parch'd and brown,
With stunted furze-plats half burnt down,
To where, Blacklaw ! thy dark firs wave
O'er Jenny Cameron's lowly grave ;
Where first I met, of fervid mind,
Russell, in thee a precious friend,
Whose generous converse fired my youth
With nature's love, and nature's truth ;
Whose early death yet fills my years
With sadness, oft my eyes with tears.

Or, turning east th' old Beggar Raw,
By Maxwellton and Cantislaw,
And fair Forefaulds, at once I stood
On thy green fields, Long-Calderwood,
Where first the daisy's scarlet dye,
And yellow king-cup, caught mine eye ;
Where first the spring, without alloy,
Awoke my bounding heart to joy ;
And autumn, but or cares or fears,
Drew from my eyes delicious tears.

O life, how sweet thy dawning morn,
The heart's warm channels all unworn,
All objects fresh, all nature new,
And all the world imagin'd true ;—
Why is it man and woman's fate,
To find it out this monstrous cheat,

And yet the thought to grasp it fast,
A fond illusion to the last ?

Across these fields one single glance,
Wakes in my wither'd heart at once,
As with the spark's electric flow,
Of bounding youth the genial glow ;
A second checks the feeling vain,
A third congeals it into pain :
These are the fields, the trees, 'tis true,
The dwellings these—all else is new ;
And of the dwellings more than one,
The dearest to my heart, are gone.

No longer there are smiling seen,
The globe crown'd gate, the smooth-shaven green,
The gravell'd walk ! the garden sweet,
Embower'd for meditation meet ;
With her, so sylph-like gliding by,
Th' embodied muse of tragedy.
Good Mrs. Baillie, there no more
Blessing, is blest by all the poor.
Provoking laughter even to tears,
Jokes there no longer William Speirs ;
That pauky, mirth provoking loon,
Waes me, his very house is down ;
And from the oot, so dearly lov'd,
My father's once, the roof's remov'd.
Nettles have overspread that hearth,
The scene of all my childhood's mirth ;
That hearth so cheerful once and ample,
Ennobled by a rare example
Of meek contented industry,
Of faith, and hope, and charity ;

That hearth, round which for thirty years,
 Rose, even and morn, our fervent prayers,
 Prayers of faith, we trust, above
 Now chang'd for spousal songs of love.

'Tis weak, and I will not repine—
 But if a wish were really mine,
 Dychmont, “to soothe my weary age,”
 On thee I'd choose a hermitage;
 Where I, at morn, the purpling east
 Might mark,—at even, the glowing west;
 And, in his wrath, see Winter far
 Round the rough Grampians drive his car;
 While summer, spring, and autumn's pride,
 Swell'd all the year the vale of Clyde.

But, farewell now,—another time
 Must eke it out, this broken rhyme,
 For, closing in day's weary toils,
 Prone, far among yon lonely isles,
 The sun, decending, streaks with fire
 Morven's grey peaks and far Cantyre;
 Upheaving huge his giant mould,
 Enwreath'd in many a misty fold,
 O'ershadowing half the western sky,
 The Cobbler dims the twilight's eye;
 While breath'd from out surrounding fens,
 Clouds have enshrouded all the Bens,
 And lost amid the deepening shades,
 One broad black mass the landscape fades.

END OF DYCHMONT.

L A U R A .

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter.

Holy Scriptures.

THE lovely Laura, once, gay Fortune's child,
A blooming flower in grandeur's garden smil'd !
And thence, by fell misfortune harshly torn,
The sport of Envy, and of Pride the scorn,
To solitude in humbler shades she fled,
And earn'd by honest toil her daily bread.

'Twas there that Damon view'd her blushing youth,
And lov'd her with inviolable truth.
No wealth was his, with supercilious pride,
From Reason's path to turn his steps aside ;
In humble life he play'd a humble part,
And Nature pour'd her feelings on his heart.
Oft would he mark, with what superior grace,
And noble mien, she fill'd her humble place ;
Oft was he near, with an approving smile,
To soothe her cares and mitigate her toil ;
And when dark scenes would in her bosom glide,
To cheer her downcast look was all his pride.

Sincerely, thus his generous love was shown,
 Nor she disdain'd an equal flame to own ;
 Their friends consenting, circumstances kind,
 In wedlock's holy band their hands were join'd.

Art here might toil in vain to paint their bliss,
 But what it was, the feeling heart will guess :
 Joy wing'd their days, love gave the lightsome smile,
 And cheerful, sooth'd the sultry hours of toil ;
 Two lovely boys through time, enrich'd their lot,
 And calm contentment bless'd their lowly cot.

Such was their state when terrible from far,
 Ambition breath'd the burning blast of War ;
 Then fled sweet Peace, her gay green olive dies,
 And stretch'd in Ruin's grasp fair commerce lies ;
 Rough agriculture, crown'd with wreathing weeds,
 Far to the wild the hoary hermit leads ;
 While famine fell, with wan dejected mien,
 Grins Death's dark smile upon the uncultur'd green.
 No more is heard the sound of simple toil,
 No freaks of mirth make drooping care to smile,
 Love laughs no more, lorn labour to relieve,
 Nor village gambol cheers the fall of eve.
 No more, wild floating on the breezy gale,
 The shepherd's voice dies faint along the vale,
 As to his dog he calls, or, wandering wide,
 His scattered flock, upon the mountain side,
 Where lingering yet the beams of setting day,
 In rays of gold, and streamy purple play—
 Now weeping woe in every cot appears,
 In every vale the glittering gleam of spears—
 The trumpet's brazen voice, the din of arms,
 Prevailing, shake the world with dread alarms.

On Damon now approach'd the trying hour,
 For, though industrious, still he was but poor;
 His weekly wants his weekly gains supply'd,
 And more than his wise providence deny'd.
 But now, when scarce employment could be had,
 And that, too, in its kind, supremely bad,
 'Twas all in vain, that unabating toil
 Consum'd the morning sun, the midnight oil,
 That frugal thrift procur'd the homeliest fare,
 And dealt it out with parsimonious care,
 Still rising louder, nature's clamorous call
 To satisfy their pittance was too small.

Love beams not now with pleasures ever new,
 But pallid grief breathes black her blighting dew;
 Her tender heart throbs with a thousand fears,
 And oft his cheeks are wet with sullen tears.
 What shall he do? Each effort is in vain,
 And every day he feels more pungent pain.
 Still sinking sad, he sees his spouse forlorn,
 Striving to bear, what is not to be borne—
 Still hears his children's plaint, when sad, to bed
 They're fasting sent, to-morrow promis'd bread;
 To-morrow comes, but sorrowful the same,
 It sheds no sunny gleam of joy on them;
 Still, still with pain devis'd, anew the tale
 Of flattery must atone the slender meal.

At length to madness stung, in deep despair,
 He plunges in the turbid tide of war,
 Hopeful to find, amidst enraged foes,
 Death's friendly aid to finish all his woes.

Poor Laura thus is left to weep alone—
 Nor aught appears to soothe her painful moan ;
 No star to break the blackness of her night,
 No far faint gleam, presaging future light,
 But wheresoe'r she turns her longing eyes,
 There deeper darkness lowers, there thicker storms arise.
 The trifling sum, the price of Damon's blood,
 As sure she deem'd it, in a little food,
 Brought to her babes, for some short space content,
 Remorseful used, but oh ! too soon 'twas spent ;
 Then what remained, but either, as before,
 To starve in debt, or beg from door to door.
 Ill could she bear the beggar's wandering life,
 And who so kind as trust a widow'd wife ?
 In times like these, beneath whose iron sway,
 The best nerv'd arm could feebly work its way.

The winds bleak, blowing from the frosty north,
 December drear, in darkness issuing forth,
 Beheld her wanting credit, clothes, and bread,
 Upon the bed of anguish poorly laid ;
 Her third child born—like some fair lingering flower
 Far o'er the wild, that blooms in evil hour ;
 The wintry clouds creep chill along the waste,
 And all around is desolation vast—
 Up to the sickly sun, the scowling skies,
 It faintly points, and, feebly drooping, dies.
 So smil'd the babe beneath the frown of woe ;
 But heaven, in love, recall'd the other two.
 What articles she had, were, one by one,
 Dispos'd of now, till all would sell was gone,
 And, the completion of her case distress'd,
 A cruel creditor took off the rest !

To Damon turn we then, transported far
 Amidst the fiery fields of raging war ;
 Not now as erst, when by the green wood side,
 Come forth to meditate at even tide,
 Or wandering up the mist encircled hill,
 Enraptur'd, list'ning to the gurgling rill,
 Or blackbird, pouring from the bending spray,
 By love inspir'd, his strong melifluous lay—
 But terrible, upon the ensanguin'd plain,
 'Mong streams of blood and mountains of the slain :
 Yet there unscath'd the dazzling files among,
 He moves beneath Divine protection strong,
 And generous friends, and fortune flowing kind,
 He meets, where Death alone he wish'd to find ;
 Till, all at once, emerging from the shade,
 Bright honour's bays, play leafy round his head.

Still, in his soul he loath'd the barbarous game,
 Nor wish'd the whistling of a splendid name ;
 He lov'd in quiet the peaceful vale to roam,
 Encircled with the dear delights of home ;
 He lov'd to mark the swelling buds of spring,
 Or summer o'er the scene her splendours fling ;
 He lov'd to hear upon th' autumnal morn,
 The piping winds among the ripening corn ;
 He lov'd, when winter rose with ruder breath,
 To see the storm drive dark across the heath,
 Or, rapt amidst the elemental roar,
 To ruminate along the wave-worn shore.
 And now, when fortune to his wishes yields,
 He hastes afar, from carnage reeking fields,
 In meek retirement's lowly vale, to find
 And comfort her, he, woful, left behind.

'Twas eve, the mountain tops with golden gleams,
 Were glittering to the sun's departing beams,
 O'er deepening vales the shades began to close,
 And from the lake the mist thick wreathing rose;
 The balmy west winds, in the breathing grove,
 So soft expir'd, the leaves scarce seemed to move,
 Nor sounds were heard, except the trickling dew,
 Or where the drowsy droning beetle flew,
 Or when the mountain echo, deep and full,
 Roll'd back the wanton bellowing of the bull :
 When weary Damon from the green hill side,
 With joy again his straw-roof'd cot descried :
 Its outside window-shutter painted white,
 The same as ever meets afar the sight ;
 And the two oaks still round its gavel end,
 Set side by side, their sheltering arms extend.

But whose kind arm, the shivering inmates poor,
 The while hath shelter'd from the bitter shower ?
 Whose soothing voice, solicitous to bless,
 Hath mingled with the rough winds of distress ?
 He asks his heart that throbs with secret fear,
 And in his eye remorseful shoots the tear.
 Onward he hastes—but hears a mournful moan,
 And, “ Damon !” calls a voice with feeble tone,
 “ Damon !” more strong, rejoins the voice again,
 “ O where is Damon, that should soothe my pain ?”
 Alarm'd he heard, though, full of wild despair,
 The voice seem'd all familiar to his ear.

But who can tell his horrible surprise,
 When on the mourner poor he cast his eyes !

Laura ! alas ! his lovely Laura laid
 In death's last pangs beneath the thorn tree shade ;
 Her clothing rags with anguish dim her face,
 That wont to beam with every winning grace ;
 Her babe, by hunger's forceful cravings prest,
 Lay idly grasping at her empty breast ;
 Dread shiverings cold, and colder o'er her rose,
 And Death his work was hasting to a close.
 Frantic beside her on the dew he falls—
 “ Laura ! arise and live, thy Damon calls :
 Henceforth my care shall ward off thy distress,
 Shall wipe thy tears, and all thy wrongs redress.”
 His well known voice thrills thro' her fainting frame,
 And for a moment stays life's fading flame ;
 Upon him slow she lifts her languid eyes,
 And aims to speak—but rushing grief denies,
 Convulsive sobbings rend her beating breast,
 And thus she speaks in broken words at last.

“ Damon, how sad thy long-desir'd return—
 But cease, O cease ! for hapless me to mourn ;
 My years of grief are o'er, I see the shore
 Where war shall waste, and want shall howl no more ;
 The boys are gone, they live in purer air,
 But still thy infant daughter claims thy care,
 O shield her from the blast—her tender form
 Hath suffer'd much in misery's wasting storm ;
 Pale want, or cruel insult long hath been,
 Our fireside guest, or partner on the green,
 And two days since we lost our little all,
 By legal plunderers driven from house and hall.
 Thus far I wander'd, here I hide my head—
 For without money who would give me bread ?

Nor yet could bread, nor friends, nor human art,
 E'er cure this broken, doubly broken heart."
 She added not for on her faltering tongue,
 Half-form'd the words at once suspended hung ;
 Her eyes on trembling Damon fearful roll,
 And in a groan escap'd her weary soul.

Her babe soon follow'd—in one grave they lie ;
 And Damon, though he lives, lives but to sigh.
 Even life he hates, society he shuns,
 But, where the brook beneath yon copse-wood runs,
 There you may see him sit a summer day,
 Lamenting her, untimely ta'en away ;
 Or, in the shelter of yon echoing cave,
 What time the winds of winter rudely rave,
 Or by the margin of the yelling flood,
 With maniac step he roams in mournful mood :
 And oft, by wild imagination led,
 Among the tombs he makes his clay cold bed,
 Where, wakeful, on the midnight wind he flings
 The saddest notes that sleep on Fancy's strings ;
 And though no method guide his wandering song,
 Yet still it speaks of violence and wrong—
 Of tyranny triumphant—virtue laid
 To weep in secret, far from human aid ;
 And often, anxious, puts the question—When
 Will God arise to judge the world-destroying men ?

JAMIE GRAY.

I.

Who, yonder, heaves the painful sigh
Beneath the taper's waning glare,
Whose faded cheek and haggard eye,
Betray the workings of despair?

II.

Yet, still the baneful draught he quaffs,
And labours for a jest—the while
Around each base associate laughs,
Derisive of his fruitless toil.

III.

'Tis he, alas! 'tis Jamie Gray,
Who late was found the joy and pride
Of all the swains, disporting gay,
Adown the lovely vale of Clyde.

IV.

With vigour burn'd his manly height,
His cheek with merit's modest glow,
And fire with feeling us'd to light,
His clear blue eye, his brow of snow.

V.

Long years in college halls to pore,
 Where thought is taught, and learn'd by rule,
 Were never his—his simple lore
 Was all acquir'd in village school.

VI.

But nature, bountiful, had given
 The germ of sense—and fancy gay,
 Which, water'd by the dews of heaven,
 Had richly bless'd life's opening day.

VII.

His early youth, ingenuous, warm,
 Shun'd observation's piercing eye ;
 But nature, still, his heart could charm,
 By some unseen mysterious tie.

VIII.

Far from the busy haunts of men,
 His dear delight was to explore
 The torrent toiling down the glen,
 To list the yawning cavern's roar.

IX.

Afar the kindling hues of morn—
 The soaring lark on dewy wing—
 The grey clouds round the mountain borne—
 The flowers that usher'd in the spring—

X.

Familiar all—but ever new
 The rapt'rous feeling they inspire;
 And, yet, his heart to nature true,
 Felt, strong, devotion's kindling fire.

XI.

Nor flam'd his bosom's generous heat,
 Alone to joy's extatic glow ;
 His melting heart would often beat
 In unison with deepest woe.

XII.

Across the dun discolour'd woods,
 His eager eye would, tearful, sweep ;
 His ear the far-resounding floods,
 Would hear with melancholy deep.

XIII.

And oft the peaceful evening sky,
 Stretch'd out immense, ethereal blue,
 With stars, unnumber'd, beaming high,
 His sighs—his tears in secret drew.

XIV.

With soul thus feelingly alive
 To all that glads or sickens life,
 The day draws on—the hours arrive,
 He must engage in fortune's strife.

XV.

And surely hope did sweetly smile !
 And love did wave his purple wings :
 And easy confidence, the while,
 Was charm'd by flattery's dulcet strings.

XVI.

For vulgar fame her sounding shell,
 Among the wond'ring rustics blew ;
 And winter nights were short to tell,
 What strange things Jamie Gray could do.

XVII.

His song was soft, his manner sweet,
 And soon, on village holy-day,
 The social ring was incomplete,
 That did not circle Jamie Gray.

XVIII.

But novelty's bewildering glare,
 Tho' blazing bright, is quickly o'er,
 And gaping wonder's idiot stare,
 Can scarce outlive the passing hour.

XIX.

Jamie was wise—but even he,
 So lofty to the distant ken,
 Familiar grown—was found to be
 Just—fallible like other men.

XX.

His open bosom's generous flame,
 Each shifting shade of thought reveal'd,
 Hatred or love, t'was all the same,
 Once felt, it could not be conceal'd.

XXI.

And sacred, ne'er to be betray'd,
 He cherish'd with romantic heat,
 Attachments, wheresoever made—
 However rash or indiscreet.

XXII.

Hence selfish dullness oft could bend
 His purpose in the festive hour;
 And crawling cunning gain'd its end,
 Even while he, vaunting, scorn'd its power.

XXIII.

Hence hackney'd vice could safe commit
 His riots with a saintly face,
 And leave with Jamie's song and wit,
 The merit all—the whole disgrace.

XXIV.

Whilst he, deceit nor found nor fear'd,
 But each companion took for true,
 And the applause he nightly heard,
 As genuine all—and all his due.

XXV.

Yet, cool reflection rising slow,
 Would wake, at times, his virtuous ire,
 And the dark gulf that yawn'd below,
 Illumine, dread, with blaze of fire.

XXVI

Terror would, shivering, o'er him creep,
 While truth portray'd, in colours strong,
 The vile deceits, o'er danger's steep,
 That bore him, heedless, thus along,

XXVII

And, soft, would glide before his eye,
 In vision sweet, his early days,
 When all without gave rapture high,
 And all within was peace and praise.

XXVIII.

But vanity, the treacher vile,
 Still quench'd the half-reviving fire;
 And under flattery's deadly smile,
 Resolves—did day by day expire.

XXIX.

For still, his intellectual beam
 Unquench'd, tho' dim'd its heavenly light,
 Would burst, with instantaneous gleam,
 Through gathering clouds intensely bright.

XXX.

The lofty thought—the purpose high—
 With dazzling splendour would return—
 And, catching spirit from his eye,
 The social circle fierce would burn.

XXXI.

Then who had hardihood to blame?
 'Twas Reason's feast the flow of soul—
 The flash of pure ethereal flame,
 Aspiring to its proper goal.

XXXII.

Knives may employ rules dull and dry,
 The vulgar multitude to awe,
 Mere blocks of earth, who own no tie—
 Feel no restraints but those of law.

XXXIII.

But spirits of superior mould,
 O'er all the empire vast of Mind,
 By plodding Dullness uncontroul'd,
 May wanton as the viewless wind.

XXXIV.

With idle rant, thus base deceit,
 Still sooth'd his easy, shifting, mood,
 Till, all unconscious of the cheat,
 Each better purpose sunk subdu'd.

XXXV.

And silent, as the cloud expires,
 When scatter'd by the morning sun ;
 So, under dissipation's fires,
 His virtues wither'd one by one.

XXXVI.

Blindfolded, Knowledge sunk amain,
 And pious feeling ceas'd to burn,
 And Hope, with Fancy in her train,
 Flew off—No—never to return.

XXXVII.

And o'er the intellectual scene,
 Where Love with Pleasure deign'd to dwell,
 Conscience, arous'd, with fiend-like mien,
 Scatters the blazing brands of hell.

XXXVIII.

And Rancour's dark consuming fires,
 Burn, fast, his failing spirits up,
 While far from God, he, dread, aspires
 To quaff the Atheist's opiate cup.

XXXIX.

Not all the kindling hues of morn —
 Nor rich the modest glow of even—
 Nor summer fragrance zephyr-borne—
 Earth's breath embalm'd with sweets of heav'n—

XL.

Nor love's soft call—nor friendship's voice—
 Nor pity's tear, distilling pure—
 Nor present, nor departing joys,
 His moral apathy can cure.

XLI.

The grief of one—the scorn of all—
 Even of the vilest of the vile—
 He, heartless, hears the morning's call,
 And, hopeless, meets the evening's smile.

XLII.

And, but that still, tho' sunk in woe,
 To raise the joyless laugh he strains,
 Of what he was, and once could show,
 Not even a single trace remains.

XLIII.

Sweet fancy's child, be warn'd—beware
 Of dazzling pleasure's downward way,
 There ruin yawns—and misery there
 Behold, remember Jamie Gray.

TO

THE BLACKBIRD.

DECEMBER. 1799.

I.

What heart, poor bird, wadna be wae,
 Thus lorn to see thee wand'ring gaè,
 Whare ilka thing's thy mortal fae—
 E'en heaven's vicegerent,
 Unfeeling man, he waits to slay
 Thee like a tyrant.

II.

But late, what time the rosie dawn
 Besprent wi' blobs o' dew the lawn,
 Or eve, her curtains meek had drawn,
 O' sober grey,
 Wild echoes rang on ilka han'
 To thy blythe lay.

III.

But ah! the subject sad o' care,
 Thou lifts thy melting voice nae mair—
 An' a' thy simmer haunts sae fair
 In flowery cleeding,
 By gurlly Boreas stripped bare,
 Are no worth heeding.

IV.

Now in thy lone, deserted bower,
 Sits silence, pensive and demure,
 Nor 's e'er disturb'd but by the roar,
 O' winds and waters,
 Or when the rattling hailstone shower
 In fury blatters.

V.

Cauld winter wi' his scowdering eye
 Frore burning o'er the blue blue sky,
 An' round an' round thee heapit high,
 The sna' wreath's heaving,
 Has left thee, nor o' wat nor dry,
 Ae pile o' living.

VI.

An' there before the cottage door,
 Owrie an' dull, a suppliant poor,
 For antra crumbs thou's fain to cower
 Mid a' mishaps—
 Slie badrons watching to devour—
 Guns, girns, an' traps.

VII.

Beware in that caff heap to piddle,
 An' shun, O shun that shoggly riddle!
 See, see yon gude-for-naething striddle
 To pu' the pin,
 Already thinking to the middle
 Thou's fairly in.

VIII.

No—yet thou's free! and wert thou wyse
 The woods would instant be thy choice;
 Thae bourocks fill't wi' eistacks nice,
 Are sweet to rifle,
 Yet liberty's an awesome price,
 For sic a trifle.

IX.

How wae 'twad be to see thee hing,
 Far, far frae a' the sweets o' spring,
 The captive o' some dudraa dring,
 Dull, fat an' frowsy;
 Thy gowden neb, thy glossy wing,
 A' soilt and brosey.

X.

Flee, flee, thou'rt blest ! thou disna ken
 What men can do to brither men !
 Spring soon shall breath adown the glen,
 The live green glowin',
 An' thy blythe-heart shall buoyant sten
 Wi' warm love lowin.'

XI.

But, ah ! for him wha's warsilt sair,
 An' lang wi heart corrodin' care,
 Till feeble age dow do nae mair,
 Alas, alas !
 There's nought remains but deep despair
 An' laneliness.

XII.

Wha, set in fortune's gowden show'r,
 Can rant in pleasure's sunny bower,
 Finds een, hearts, hands, a' to their power,
 His whimsey's staunchin' ;
 But charity's drap dramock sour,
 Aye's gien wi' glunchin.'

XIII.

Her bairns hae nae blythe days to come,
 Nae joyous hours in vernal bloom ;
 Ilk day rows o'er wi' heavier gloom,
 An' darker dread,
 Till they can mak' the cauld, cauld tomb
 Their peacefu' bed.

STANZAS

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

I.

The lark no longer wakes the merry morn,
Nor merle melodious, pipes adown the glade,
No balmy dew drops, twinkling, gem the thorn,
Nor flowerets spring with bosom sunward spread—
Yet still 'tis sweet, afar, the wilds to tread,
Tho' fled their bloom, their breathing fragrance
gone;
Tis solemn to behold, in russet clad,
The weary fields—to list the mountain's moan,
While sobbing, to the blast, the leafless forests groan.

II.

Now in the sound of art's fantastic joys,
How many hearts rebound with wanton glee:
But fashion's glare, and riot's rueful noise,
Have never any soothing charm for me.
Sweet nature's face! sweet nature's minstrelsy
My raptured soul for ever must admire—
What are the tones of mimic melody,
Tho' Catalani aid the warbling wire—
Yea though a Handel sweep the strings with hand of
fire?

III.

What to the dirge for the departing year,
 Pour'd in faint warblings from the lonely dell,
 Where underneath the last leaf lingering sear,
 Their mournful plaints, the wren and redbreast tell ?
 What to the torrent rushing from the fell,
 With wilder tones than fancy yet could feign ?
 What to the voice of ocean's stormy swell,
 When roll'd on hills of fire his vast domain,
 Resounding high to heaven, from heaven to earth
 again ?

IV.

And what, the splendours of the midnight ball,
 The clamorous rout, the maudlin masquerade,
 The feast serv'd up by lordly seneschal,
 Where the vast wealth of kingdoms is display'd ?
 What to the night in starry pomp array'd,
 When the wide welkin burns one streamy blaze ;
 Or, kerchief'd in a fleecy cloud her head,
 The full-orb'd moon, upon the enthusiast's gaze,
 Through depths of ether blue, a lonely wanderer
 strays ?

V.

O ! had my quiet home been given to smile,
 With heath around, dark, waving on the eye ;
 Where still the mountain stream was seen to toil—
 Still heard the playful breeze, the plover's cry—
 And, still, the cliff seem towering to the sky—
 Where, oft the shapeless storm delights to brood,
 And on the breezy wind, light, passing by,
 Wave the deep foldings of his misty shroud,
 While yet the heavens around, shine clear without a
 cloud.

VI.

Where, nature, sweet, on every rising morn,
 With beamy smile had cheer'd my lone employ;
 Had balm'd my aching heart with anguish torn,
 And heav'd my breast with the full tide of joy.
 Devotion pure, with less of earth's alloy,
 Her incense-cloud had duly given to rise,
 And with a vigour care could ne'er destroy
 With plumes unruffl'd, and with ardent eyes
 Had contemplation swept afar th' expansive skies.

VII.

By tufted hillock, from the blasting north
 Screen'd, in the windings of the lonely vale,
 Glad had I mark'd, all lowly, glinting forth,
 The yellow crocus, and the primrose pale—
 Ere yet the stream had ceas'd its wintry wail,
 And round the mountain's pallid brow were seen
 The snowy remnants—Ere the wrestling gale,
 With genial showers, and sunny blinks between,
 Had given the blythsome spring her robes of living
 green.

VIII.

Till, by degrees, the white emblossom'd sloe,
 The daffodil beneath the budding thorn,
 The fragrance-breathing lily's modest glow,
 Amidst the pearly drops of blushing morn,
 Gave spring in all her splendours to adorn,
 And cheer the prospects of the opening year—
 While love's soft note, far swelling, ether-borne,
 With glowing pathos, falls distinct and clear,
 What time the silent eve with dewy feet draws near.

IX.

Pleasure's light form even toil should have assum'd,
 And laughing joy had wing'd the sultry hours,
 When fervid summer, breathing sweets, perfum'd
 The wide spread vale, and far the woodland bowers.
 And richly rude a wilderness of flowers,
 On every hand had caught th' admiring eye,
 Which from her lap, exhaustless, nature pours
 O'er valley low, or mountain swelling high,
 Of every varying form, and every varying dye.

X.

What joy to hear the healthful western breeze,
 The breath of heaven, on pure autumnal morn,
 Sigh, mournful, o'er the faintly fading trees,
 Or, wavy, rippling thro' the ripening corn.
 Though bending o'er the SICKLE, labour worn,
 My spirit, rising, still to nature true,
 By temperance pure, and meek contentment borne,
 Had, peaceful, drunk amid th' expanding view,
 From nature's flowing fount, delights for ever new.

XI

And thou, O! winter, dark, with cloudy brow,
 Altho' of half thy shivering horrors shorn,
 Formless and vast, the tempest streaming through,
 Hadst, there, a far sublimer aspect worn—
 Dejection, had not always dim'd thy morn,
 And lengthen'd, long, thy handbreath of a day;
 But vigour strong, of toil and temperance born,
 For ever active, and for ever gay,
 To pleasures secret springs, had found a ready way.

XII.

Far other here, beneath thy frigid frown,
 Rises, more loud than even thy blustering gale,
 Of sickness, age, with poverty bow'd down,
 Or sad mischance, the wild, the ceaseless wail.
 Yet, winter ! once again I bid thee, hail !
 Although no rural dwelling place be mine,
 Even here I feel thy secret power prevail ;
 Tho' faint the marks, and dimly seen the line,
 I mark its heavenly swell, and own the hand Divine.

 TO

 A P R I L, 1808.

I.

WHY, April, thus clouded in woe com'st thou forth,
 With aspect so wintry and drear ;
 While, roaring around thee, the winds of the north
 Fill our hearts with amazement and fear ?

II.

Thy cheek once so rosy, in soft dimples drest,
 As sickly December is pale ;
 The cold zone of January binds up thy breast,
 And thy locks rattle stiff to the gale.

III.

The cowslip, accusom'd to grace thy green steps,
 Shrinks back from thy cold icy tread ;
 And clamour discordant the lone forest keeps,
 For the loves from thy presence have fled.

IV.

Even the lark, lofty soaring, in extacy high,
 Accustom'd thy welcome to sing,
 Desponding and feeble drops down from the sky,
 While the cranreuch hangs hoar on his wing.

V.

By thy hoarse voice arous'd, all the months of the year
 Thy progress with terror attend ;
 And the meek eye of autumn is dim with a tear,
 Lest famine be hers in the end.

VI.

Ah! where are thy west winds, thy soft sunny showers,
 Which erst we have felt and have seen ;
 Thy balm-breathing buds, and thy gay spreading
 flowers,
 That were wont to enamel the green?

VII.

O April, relent!—o'er the glebe and the grove
 Thy life-cheering lustre display,
 And glad in full chorus let rapture and love
 Enliven the clear sunny day.

VIII.

So labour, unceasing, his path shall pursue,
 While ardour illumines his eye ;
 And hope's sunny visions expanding in view,
 Awakes him to extacy high.

IX.

So, richly embroider'd, her robe of green leaves
 Shall summer as usual display,
 And, laden with fruit, yellow autumn her sheaves
 Shall build up in goodly array.

X.

So, hirpling and hoary, to shut up the year,
 When winter shall, lowring attend,
 His grim face the poor man shall mark without fear,
 Seeing plenty stands by as his friend.

XI.

O'er his humble-roof'd home while the rude winds are
 roaring,
 And labour the season denies,
 The fields of content with devotion exploring,
 His converse shall be with the skies ;

XII.

Till balmy the west winds, the brown spotting thows
 O'er the stern bands of winter prevail,
 And lead him again with the gay whistling ploughs,
 Thy coming, sweet April, to hail.

ON
VISITING SOME SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

I.

SCENES of love and peaceful joy,
Where a simple shepherd boy,
Free from pining Care's alloy,
Light my days were wont to flee !

II.

Far although my steps have been
In pursuit of pleasure keen,
Skies so clear, and fields so green,
Never yet have bless'd my e'e.

III.

Round whene'er I turn my eyes,
Link'd by strange mysterious ties,
Scenes of youthful transport rise,
Fair in sweet simplicity.

IV.

Wimpling down the green sward hill,
Overhung with wild flowers still,
From its fount the crystal rill
Murmurs sweetest melody.

V.

Blooms the bank with gowans gay,
 Edg'd with scroggy willows grey,
 Where my flock at falling day
 Used to pasture pleasantly.

VI.

Rises still the rough grey stone,
 Where I mark'd the evening sun,
 Splendours burning round his throne,
 Set in glorious majesty.

VII.

Still the willow-shaded stream,
 Dim, emits a smoky gleam,
 Where full oft the pageant dream
 Steep'd my soul in extacy.

VIII.

Warm'd, I mark the bleak Brownhill
 Where autumnal breezes chill,
 In my breast the melting thrill
 Waked so soft, so pensively.

IX.

Where, at easy leisure laid,
 In the thrash-bush sighing shade,
 Rapt, in HENRY's lays, I read
 WALLACE' peerless chivalry ;

X.

Till, unfelt my station poor,
 Hid my "destiny obscure,"
 Fancy burn'd for manhood's hour,
 Great like him renown'd to be.

XI.

For my lot in desert plac'd,
 Running all my days to waste,
 Yet no gloomy thought had trac'd
 In the hues of misery.

XII.

Light, I hail'd the joyous team,
 Light, beneath October's beam,
 Mark'd the sickle's dewy gleam,
 Cheer'd with jest and jollity.

XIII.

Finding then, nor fearing guile,
 Soothing soft my little toil,
 Every face, with friendly smile,
 Beam'd in kind complacency.

XIV.

Silly childhood's pleasing dream!—
 Permanent, ah! could I deem
 Bubbles on life's flowing stream,
 Dancing downward merrily!

XV.

Time! relentless, and severe!
 Driving still with harsh career,
 Proofs most strong are written here
 Of thy mutability.

XVI.

Center'd on that spot did lie
 All I lov'd beneath the sky!
 There I thought to live and die
 With unchanging constancy.

XVII.

All unknowing and unknown,
 Now I find to mark me none,
 Save where jealousy looks on,
 Dreading secret villany.

XVIII.

Blue the smoke as heretofore,
 Wreathing, curls the green trees o'er;
 But the hospitable door
 Opens not to welcome me.

XIX.

Never more shall meet me there,
 She, who to a master's air,
 Watchful, join'd a mother's care
 Still so soft, so tenderly.

XX.

No, in solemn silence laid,
 Low she rests among the dead,
 From the storms for ever hid,
 Dark, that dim mortality.

XXI.

And upon the very spot,
 Where was cast her active lot,
 Pass'd her deeds—her worth forgot,
 Perish'd even her memory.

XXII.

Spirit pure! in bliss divine!
 Vain the attempt for verse of mine,
 Here thy virtues to inshrine,
 Child of meek humility!

XXIII.

Yet, to fame if worth impart
 Title true, thy feeling heart,
 Manners pure, devoid of art,
 Justly claim celebrity.

XXIV.

Ne'er can I forget the hours,
 Clos'd upon the storm the doors,
 When unlock'd, thy mental stores
 Stream'd with sage garrulity ;

XXV.

Teaching many an ancient say,
 Useful for life's troublous day,
 Many a precious roundelay—
 Many a tale of piety ;

XXVI.

Then, engaged, my thoughtless youth
 Caught spontaneous from thy mouth,
 Warm the rapturous strains of truth,
 Rich, that glad eternity.

XXVII.

Scenes belov'd ! a last adieu !
 Oft shall fancy turn to you,
 Marking morn her silver dew
 Shower in mild serenity ;

XXVIII.

And in pure autumnal sky,
 Warm, the great sun blazing high,
 While the red moor's purple dye
 Streams around most gorgeously.

XXIX.

Till, sublim'd, my spirit rise
 Far above these shifting skies,
 Where created beauty dies,
 Lost in vast infinity.

THE

SICK CHILD.

I PASS'D the cot but yesterday,
 'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
 All pleas'd, and pleasing, void of guile,
 Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
 The woods pour forth more wild delight,
 The air seems all one living hum,
 And every leaflet breathes perfume.

Then why is silence in the cot,
 Its wonted industry forgot,
 The fire untrim'd, the floor unred,
 The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
 While, all in woeful dishabille,
 Across the floor the children steal ?
 Alas ! these smother'd groans ! these sighs !
 Sick, sick the little darling lies ;
 The mother, while its moan ascends,
 Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping, bends,

And, all absorbed in speechless woe,
 The father round it paces slow.
 Behind them close, with clasped hands,
 The kindly village matron stands,
 Bethinking what she shall direct,
 For all night long, without effect,
 Her patient care has been apply'd,
 And all her various simples try'd,
 And glad were she could that be found
 Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,
 To deeper moans gives ampler vent,
 Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
 As if to say, "let me but die,
 "For me, your cares, your toils give o'er,
 "To die in peace, I ask no more."

But who is there with aspect kind,
 Where faith, and hope, and love are join'd,
 And pity sweet? The man of God,
 Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
 And to the pressure of the case,
 Applies the promises of grace—
 Then lifts his pleading voice and eye,
 To Him enthron'd above the sky,
 Who, compass'd, once, with pains and fears,
 Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears,
 Whence, still the sympathetic glow,
 He feels for all his people's woe—
 For health restor'd, and length of days,
 To the sweet Babe he humbly prays,
 But 'specially that he may prove,
 An heir, of faith, a child of love,

That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,
 May bloom immortal in the skies—
 And for the downcast parent pair,
 Beneath this load of grief and care—
 That grace divine may bear them up,
 And sanctify this bitter cup—
 He pauses—Now the struggle's done
 His span is clos'd—his race is run,
 No—yet he quivers—Ah! that thrill!
 That wistful look—Ah! now how still.

But yesterday the cot was gay,
 With smiling virtue's seraph train!
 There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
 When shall the cot be gay again?

FRAGMENT.

1819.

I.

Babes of my love, ah! whether are ye fled!
 Imparadis'd beyond these glowing skies,
 By life's green tree, and glory's stream made glad,
 Is sorrow hid for ever from your eyes?
 Or do ye sometimes mark a parent's sighs,
 And secret tears that unavailing flow?
 And still within the bond of earthly ties,
 Feel ye the pangs of sympathetic woe!
 No, hope with seraph smile, sweet hope, she answers,

II.

No ; ye have reach'd those fields of dewy light,
 Where sin hath near effus'd its mortal stain,
 Where joy on every face sits, beaming bright,
 Unknown to care, beyond the reach of pain.
 For you my groans, my tears are all in vain !
 Ye hear, nor see them, and ye must not feel !
 Or if ye did, sure sorrow's drizzling rain,
 All unawares, from your bright eyes would steal !
 And even your glowing cup, the frost of woe congeal.

III.

And thou, sweet spirit, who for twenty years,
 Hadst all thy hopes, thy joys commix'd with mine,
 Couldst thou behold my woes, my painful fears,
 And sympathy's sweet exercise decline ?
 It cannot be ; perfection all divine
 Invests thee now angelical even here—
 Thy virtues with seraphic splendour shine
 Supremely bright, in glory's brightest sphere,
 Where ceaseless joy divides and rules the eternal year.

VI.

O could I but this mortal life lay down,
 This living death ! this load of sense and sin !
 With you that I might share th' immortal crown !
 And the bright palm of endless glory win !
 Glad would I rest death's peaceful haven within,
 Beyond the tempest's reach, th' appalling roar
 Of breakers wild, where the turmoil, the din
 That ceaseless sweeps along that wreck strewn shore,
 The shouts of hope and fear, might never reach me
 more !

V.

Ah hope, why didst thou my young steps beguile,
 And round me with thy blossoms strew the ground?
 And love, why didst thou too deceitful smile,
 Nor shew the cypress wreath thy brows that bound?
 And why, amidst this solitude profound,
 Reckless, and restless, memory wilt thou raise,
 To fret afresh grief's never closing wound,
 In all the hues that native truth displays,
 By thy resistless power, these lost, ah! lost, lost days.

VI.

Yet stay a moment, blissful vision stay!
 These lovely looks how sweet, how void of guile!
 Will ye again resume your noisy play,
 While I for you pursue the paths of toil?
 Ah! no! even as I gaze, entranc'd the while,
 Shoots o'er your angel forms the swift decay,
 Fades in your lustrous eyes the living smile,
 The roses on your red lips melt away,
 And there again ye lie, cold, cold and breathless clay.

TO

CALDER WATER.*

Calder! upon thy blooming braes,
 Sweet they were spent my infant days;
 And on thy bank, first caught my view,
 The blushing daisie bath'd in dew.

* Calder has not hitherto had the honour of being noticed either

Oft have I mark'd, with wintry rains,
 Thee swoln across th' adjoining plains,
 And blest myself, with secret pride,
 The world had no such flood beside.
 Our childish views but seldom last !
 That dream with other dreams hath past,
 Yet, Calder, still thou art to me,
 The loveliest stream that seeks the sea.

What though upon thy shallow shore
 Commerce never ply'd an oar ?

by the poet or the tourist, though it is a very fine stream, and in several respects more worthy the pen of either, than some others that have been highly celebrated, Its sources are the many streams that wander down the high lands of Kilbride, known by the name of the Eldrig hills, joined by others from the muirs of Glassford ; and it forms the boundary between these parishes, for some miles after it has attained the size of a mountain burn. Here, however, it is comparatively uninteresting, gliding, for the most part, among bog meadows, and here and there bordered with grey or moss willows. After passing the Flat, it is precipitated over the Creutherland lin into a deep ravine, and for several miles displays a character of the most romantic grandeur, its banks being high and precipitous, clothed with tall trees, with here and there naked peaks, overhanging the roaring stream, and the narrow pathway. This is what is called Torrance Glen, where, for the convenience of contemplating the scenery, foot paths were constructed, and bridges at convenient distances thrown over the stream, by the late captain Stuart. John Smith Yst. Esq., of Crutherland has also constructed foot-paths, some miles in length and a carriage way along the banks of the Calder and the Rotten-burn, the many windings of which open upon scenes of great beauty, and often of romantic grandeur.

Calder after leaving Torrence Glen, for a considerable length is only a rapid stream, bordered by very steep, and very barren fields, on both sides. Approaching Calderwood, the seat of Sir William Maxwell, its banks again become precipitous, and clothed with fine wood. Here it has some beautiful falls, one of them nearly in view of Calderwood house, which is most romantically situated on the very brink of the stream, sheltered to the west under the cliff of a vast rock, so that it is not seen from that side, till you are within a few yards of it. After passing Calderwood, the stream is chiefly remarkable for passing close under

What though no mystery shroud thy source ?
 Nor rolls, afar, thy unknown course,
 Through woody wilds and deserts, spread
 Out boundless, lifeless, dry and dread,
 Where gloomy Desolation hoar,
 Had drunk for aye thy sullen roar—
 I would not change thee all the while,
 Not for the world-enriching Nile !

The traveller may exulting tell
 Of far Missouri's mighty swell—
 Of dread Niagara thundering high,
 An Ocean pour'd from upper sky—
 Of Niger watering unknown lands,
 And drunk at last by burning sands—
 Of Ganges, India's hallow'd stream,
 That sin can wash, as Hindoos dream—
 And, by the proud Iberian won,
 Of the rich empire of the Sun,
 Their limbs whose gentle children lave,
 In Orellana's mighty wave,

rocks of immense height, rising perpendicularly and displaying strata of coal, freestone, and ironstone, the last of which are wrought by the Clyde Iron Company. With this singular character it winds through the braes of Basket, overhung with mountain ashes, sloe-thorns, and hazels, till it at length encircles Crossbasket, the delightful residence of Alexander Downie Esq., with a mixture of the wildest and most beautiful grandeur. From this scene of enchantment, it seems literally to leap away as eager to reach Millhugh, the residence of the late highly respected professor Millar, where for the first time, it appears to obtain, so to speak, elbow room, and has formed a few acres of fine alluvial soil, in the midst of which the house of Millhugh is delightfully situated, being sheltered by fine woods or beautifully sloping banks on all sides. From this it pursues its way, often, as about the Priar Bridge, through scenes of great magnificence, till it falls into the Clyde, at Blantyre Farm, a little below Bothwell Castle.

That, rushing from the Andes steep,
 Rounds half the globe with sea like sweep—
 But could its braes with thine compare,
 So simply sweet, so chastely fair !
 Forests may there, expand sublime,
 Coeval with the birth of time,
 Whose sons gigantic, towering high,
 Wave their wide arms o'er half the sky,
 While every glen and opening glade,
 Is all with verdure rank o'erspread—
 Yea, from her overflowing store,
 Tho' Nature, prodigal, may pour
 The healing herb—the wild flower bold,
 That purple glows, or flames in gold—
 Avails it aught, in every brake,
 While welters, huge, the deadly snake ?
 Or rushes, from the tangled wild,
 The Jaguar fierce, Destruction's child ?
 Or murderous man, more savage still,
 That lurks in every cave to kill ?

But thy sweet glades still open fair,
 Fit haunts for love—retreats from care.
 Beneath thy deepest, darkest shade,
 The child may wander undismay'd—
 Or, mid the breathing broom may lye,
 And see the Hare skip, playful by—
 Or, list, while on the ear falls sweet,
 The frisking lambkin's gentle bleat.

How blest ! when day's glad toils are o'er,
 To muse along thy shelvy shore,
 What time the mavis strains his throat,
 Or blackbird swells his mellow note,

Where early violet blooms unseen,
 Beneath the breathing eglantine,
 And in its sweetness simply great,
 Like virtue plac'd in low estate,
 The primrose drinks the rath May dew,
 Adown the vale of fair Millheugh,
 Where learning, liberty and rest,
 The age of patriot Millar blest,
 And where, enjoying, free from care,
 The rich man's love, the poor man's prayer,
 In his fair daughters all may see,
 What female goodness ought to be—
 Or where, as if by fairy hands
 Set down, Crossbasket lovely stands,
 While fragrant, June prolific showers
 Around her wilderness of flowers,
 And every rock, and every tree,
 Is one wild hum of melody.
 Or, near my earliest, dearest home,
 Where still the loveliest wild flowers bloom,
 And still the softest dews are shed,
 And still the liveliest green is spread,
 To mark of honour'd worth the state,
 The noble Maxwell's princely seat,
 The glens, and groves of Calderwood,
 While cuckoos cry, and cushets crood.

And when the burning July beam
 Has almost drunk thy tinkling stream,
 How grateful to the wanderer then,
 Torrance, the depth of thy dark glen,
 Where, from the heather-crested rocks,
 Spread far and wide the knarled oaks,

Beneath whose shade the howlets grey,
 Safe from the sun, at noontide play.
 How rich, at eve or dawning morn,
 Thy birks breathe o'er the Rotten-burn,
 Where, through his rifted bed, he creeps
 Into thy wave, or rather seeps
 In silent shame, till autumn showers,
 Or winter storms, enlarge his powers
 When with a voice that mates thine own
 Red, roaring, rapid, he comes down.

When snell the brisk October breeze,
 Begins to shake the fading trees,
 Oft let me roam the Eldrig hills,
 Among thy tributary rills,
 Where the wild grouse and partrick brood,
 Crop, undisturbed, the heather bud,
 Until the night winds piping, sing
 Among the bent and waving ling,
 And heather-bleats afar in air,
 Assure me of a morning fair.

There sometimes, too, I fond would stray,
 When dark November dims the day,
 To mark the misty billows tost,
 Or, deep, beneath the fixing frost,
 Seal'd every streamlet, dumb, forlorn,
 Cold gleaming on the rising morn.

But chief when Winter bares the plains,
 Let me attend thy cheery swains,
 When at some rocking met, they tell
 Of fairy light, or goblin fell,
 That wont to trip, at midnight hour,
 Thy broomy braes in days of yore,

Till, fired the warm imagination,
 Each trembles at his own relation,
 And, laughing to conceal his fright,
 Draws near and nearer to the light.

May ne'er the trumpet's burning breath,
 The black unhallow'd deeds of death,
 Sweet stream ! with terror shake thy shore,
 Nor stain thy tide with crimson gore ;
 But Peace, with laurels ever green,
 And gentle Love, of laughing mien,
 And Modesty, in blushing youth,
 And Competence, and fearless Truth,
 Still linger, pleas'd upon thy plains,
 To bless thy simple shepherd swains.

And after all my wanderings past,
 May I, within thy vale at last,
 Retir'd, some lowly dwelling find,
 Where, to the will of Heaven resign'd,
 Afar from Fortune's foolish strife,
 And all the noisy scenes of life,
 Prepar'd, at length, my willing ear
 Death's summons unappall'd may hear,
 In hope, that when my clay is laid
 Among the long forgotten dead,
 My happy soul may wing its way,
 Where life's pure fountains bubbling play.

TIME.

I.

Time is short—Child of sorrow,
Dry thy streaming eyes,
Live to-day, the fear'd to morrow
Never may arise.
Fails the voice of weeping,
Ceases mirth's uproar,
Fails the earth worm treasure heaping,
Fails his glittering store.

II.

Time recedes—Terror blanched,
Earth an outcast flies ;
Suns and stars are, darkling, wrenched
From the fading skies.
Kindreds all are mourning ;
Opening heaven reveals
Jesus, thunders, awful, burning
Underneath his wheels.

III.

Time is gone—Fix'd for ever,
All men's fate remains,
Hell is sealed and sin shall never
Burst its dark domains,
Crown'd with bliss unfading,
High the ransom'd sing,
Under life's green tree fair spreading,
Drinking life's clear spring.

E P I S T L E T O _____.

My gude auld friend, with heartfelt pleasure
I learn from yours, that easy leisure
And health continue to assuage
The ills that lie in wait for age ;
And that, at times, delighted still
Ye watch the shadows on the hill,
And, length-long laid, by the clear stream
Dream it again young life's young dream.

I too, thank heaven, am hale and fere,
Though warsling through my sixtieth year,
And, quiet altho' I keep it, often
With cares and fears right sair for-foughten,
Can yet upon an orra time
For hamely thoughts find hamely rhyme,
Clead them in smiles, the far fled years,
Or steep them o'er again in tears.

But, wow man, things are chang'd sin' we
Met neighbour herds on yon Bare lea,
Where on the deep-sunk grey march stanes
We careless us'd to lean our banes
For hale forenoons, with deep intent
O'er Barbour's Bruce, in auld black print,
Or minstrel Henry's Wallace poring, }
All Scotsmen and their deeds adoring, }
The very Southron's name abhorring. }
Or, as the day began to turn
The twal-hour hill, the brawling burn

We ploutered aft, slid eels to snare,
 To guddle trout—or, worthless ware,
 Fair evening o'er us shook her fair locks,
 Clean wearied out wi snegging beardocks,
 How sweet they bloom'd yon flowery braes;
 How fleet they flew these pastoral days!
 Nae lying then lang nights to weep,
 Nae burning gliffs of feverish sleep;
 We knew not then what 'twas to moan
 O'er others' follies, nor our own.

'Tis far, howe'er, from my intent,
 To bore you with a weak complaint;
 Not the most distant fears have I,
 Of nature's channels running dry;
 The pathless sea has fish galore,
 As good as ere were brought ashore.
 And who can tell what mother earth
 In other ages shall bring forth;
 In our own day, by all confess'd,
 Her powers have been fourfold increas'd,
 Affording proof that as you treat them
 Th' increase shall rise *ad infinitum*.

Down with them, down, these heartless dreamers,
 These muddy, Economic schemers,
 Who, in their rhapsodies unholy,
 Infinite wisdom charge with folly,
 Because, in fair creation's plan,
 Woman was formed a part of man,
 And he and she so link'd together,
 That each is poor without the other.
 The grumphing gomerils! let them quaff,
 And munch by turns their whey and draff,

But let it never bless their sty,
The soft light of a woman's eye.

Woman, thy hallow'd name inspires
Heaven breathing thoughts, with soft desires,
Form'd every stage of life to please—
Childhood is sooth'd upon thy knees ;
Thy love it moulds our fiery youth,
Manhood reposes on thy truth,
And thy soft hand, thy soothing smiles,
Old age of half its woe beguiles :
O! who could bear this weary life,
Its growing cares, its endless strife,
Its wants below, its fears above,
But for the balm of woman's love.

Tis granted, even woman's smile
Precludes nor care, nor pain nor toil,
Nay, has it not, with you and me,
Given point, at times, to all the three?

Ah, who in such a world as this,
A darling helpmate can possess,
With lovely babes, nor sometimes fear,
Yea sometimes feel them, ills severe.
But shall we scorn all cheering spring,
Because, at times, her balmy wing,
That ought with living green to glow,
Is crisp with frost, or white with snow.
Because the scorching summer heat,
Or grizzl'd autumn, breathing sleet,
Renders sometimes the ploughman's pain,
And skill, and foresight, void and vain ;

All further toil shall he eschew,
 Fling by his spade, and burn his plough.
 Such a resolve were sure a bad one,
 And worthy only of a madman.
 And is the man not madder far,
 With his own heart who goes to war,
 And surly, savage, and profane,
 That he may live exempt from pain,
 Attempts, audacious, to destroy
 In his own breast the germs of joy.

For me, against plain reason rising,
 Who will may strut philosophizing,
 And, in his frenzied furor, royster
 Because he was not made an oyster.
 I, satisfied with nature's plan,
 Bless God for having made me man ;
 And gratefully would recognize
 Those sacred heart-enwoven ties
 Of wife, and sister, father, mother,
 Which bind man, each to man a brother.

The calls of social nature waving,
 And all absorb'd in schemes of saving,
 Who will, may, for his own dear self,
 Prepare his pudding, hoard his pelf,
 A poor, unhappy, helpless one,
 His meagre meal pick all alone,
 And, trembling at the bugbear wife,
 Forgo the noblest ends of life—
 Yea, though without the starveling's pain,
 His sordid aims he may attain,
 A torpid life of listless leisure,
 With a full cup of glutton pleasure,

From which, luxurious, he may swill,
 Mid hoarded heaps like Dychmont hill,
 Nature outrag'd, but nothing chang'd,
 Shall yet most amply be reveng'd.

Secure, life's busy scenes among,
 By prudence led, he moves along,
 Nor will, whatever the pretence is,
 Add to his every day expenses :
 But that arch lurdane, dame temptation,
 Meets every taste, and every station,
 Nay, strange, at times, like Paddy's praties,
 Her witching cup she deals it gratis ;
 And he who spares but for the *Æ* THING,
 Will surely taste when't 's gien for naething.
 Sometimes, alas ! a smirking lass,
 What shall we say, all flesh is grass,
 Sometimes, the deadliest plague in life,
 A neighbour's free and easy wife,
 Awakes the slumbering fire within,
 And leads him on to mortal sin—
 Whence in old age, though blest with none
 He willingly would call his own,
 His cheerless fireside is frequented,
 And even his every bypath haunted,
 By all expecting bastard varlets,
 Intriguing thieves, and batter'd harlots,
 Neglected among whom he dies,
 Without a friend to close his eyes.
 Even thus it is, O God, for thou
 In all thy ways art just and true,
 And all transgressors, thou hast will'd
 With their own ways they shall be fill'd.

Happy the man who, free from pride,
 Takes God and nature for his guide,
 Content to be, with true decorum,
 What his good sires have been before him.
 He, nor beholds with envious eyes
 His neighbour's means to wealth arise,
 Nor will he, though his own decrease,
 By sour repining make them less.

Fools in their search for present bliss
 May talk of this, and this, and this,
 Of which could they become possess'd—
 Then how content! and O, how bless'd!
 Delusion! mere delusion thin,
 A sope to soothe the wolf within,
 Which, to be sure, he gobbles o'er,
 And then barks louder than before.
 Happy! who can be happy in
 A world that smells throughout of sin;
 And in an age when all is sold,
 An age, whose god of gods is gold!
 Dreams though we dream, and fictions weave,
 Our bliss is all comparative.
 There surely flows, in less or more.
 Some dirty dub at every door;
 And house or homstead there is none
 Without some ugly skeleton,
 That day by day with secret smart
 Of every inmate wrings the heart.
 Still there is bliss, a portion fair,
 Though incomplete, which all may share,
 Whate'er their grade—except they stand,
 Shut up by God's immediate hand.

Healthful in body, sound in mind,
 In love embracing all mankind,
 Why should the humblest child of toil
 Refuse to wear contentment's smile,
 And, for that low in life his place is,
 Condemn himself to make wry faces.

Alas ! thou poor desponding one,
 It pains my heart to hear thy moan,
 To see thee, on these places high,
 Still gloating with thy yellow eye,
 As if the joy that centres there
 Entail'd on thee this mean despair—
 In vain thou grop'st thus blindly round,
 External aid cannot be found ;
 Quaff'd it must be life's trouble cup,
 As surely as the sparks fly up ;
 Thy case, though all men should attend it,
 Not all men's strength combin'd can mend it.
 I tell thee truly—do not frown
 As if, forsooth, thou stood'st alone.
 Think coolly—Look at nature's plan,
 Thine is the common lot of man,
 Which common sense would say should please thee,
 And common grace will render easy.

But now, to quit these rhymes so teasing,
 Here let me drop this moralizing—
 An envious temper ne'er was thine,
 Nor shall it e'er, I trust, be mine.
 I know no greater earthly blessing
 Than to see worth and wealth encreasing,
 And, though at times folly grows great,
 While worth is seen in low estate,

This only shows, than earthly dower,
 Heaven has some better thing in store,
 For such as in the end shall prove
 The objects of its grace and love.

And, notwithstanding all th' alloy,
 How rich the flood of genuine joy,
 Pour'd out for all!—how deep, how wide!
 Nor can even selfishness make void
 The glorious grant, nor much impair it,
 To such as have the soul to share it.

A proud possessor, here and there,
 May fence his fields with special care,
 Block up his stiles, and fill his slaps
 With spring guns, crow toes, and man traps:
 But can he stay the passing breeze
 That borrows fragrance from his trees,
 Blessing, with others far and wide,
 The beggar by the highway side.
 What pleasure the rich landscape yields,
 The glow of trimly cultur'd fields,
 The lawns, where snow-white flocks recline,
 The vallies, fill'd with lowing kine,
 Each passer by enjoys the while
 Without the owner's pains or toil.

And then, there are the woods and rills,
 The smiling of the distant hills,
 The glories of the morn and even,
 The balm of earth, the breath of heaven,
 Recurring daily, ever new,
 Free to the many as the few,
 Demanding ceaseless praise. Adieu. }

A DAY-DREAM.

Toil, plodding Toil, and haggard Care,
Companions meet, masters severe,
Hear your poor weary worn-out-slave,
A moment's pause most meekly crave ;
Not that he rashly may invoke
Superior powers to break your yoke ;
Or, still more weak and idly vain,
Pettish, and peevish, to complain
Of a whole world, which God made good,
He knows how long before the flood,
And which, but for th' ill-working liver,
In some things is as good as ever ;
Nor even of its more doubtful parts—
Unthinking heads, unfeeling hearts ;
Nor yet of friends to death gone down,
Or, heavier still, estrang'd and flown :—
The first he hopes are hous'd in heaven,
The last he prays may be forgiven.

The envious sneer, th' insidious lie
By malice framed, he passes by ;
Nor will he dart one angry glance
On poor misjudging Ignorance ;
Time, time at length will tell her tale,
And truth should in the end prevail ;
At least so the wise world opines,
And so say all our sound divines ;
Though true it is, and all things show it,
Even time takes no great pains to know it.

But this, too lumpish far for verse,
 He leaves to the philosophers,
 And all who with a meek regard
 Look up to Time for due reward.
 Beyond her sweep his prospects rise,
 And—hoping nought beneath the skies,
 Save day by day more serious losses,
 Decaying strength, and heavier crosses—
 He strives no more, with efforts vain,
 To burst the adamant chain,
 Which, a poor serf on earth's poor soil,
 Binds him to care, and pain, and toil ;
 But patient waiting for the tomb
 Submits him calmly to his doom.

Still the poor slave may dream he's free
 The captive of sweet liberty,
 And he, the wretch condemn'd to pine
 In dungeon's gloom, or deep the mine
 To delve for Mammon's dirty ore,
 Chain'd to the rock, or marble floor,
 May yet in vision raptur'd rise
 To the lark's watch-tower in the skies,
 And, heedless of his fate forlorn,
 Play with the pearly drops of morn ;
 Or, on the eagle's sun-ward way,
 Bathe him in the full flood of day.
 Yea, even with pain and sickness worn,
 With pining anguish inly torn,
 The spirit strong will spread her wings,
 And far at health's ambrosial springs,
 Drink deep, a wild delirious waught—
 A soothing though deceptive draught.
 The throbbing head, the burning breast,
 By fever's fiery hands compress'd,

May for a fancied moment find
 Balmy and soft the breezy wind ;
 May at the gurgling fountain lave,
 And buoyant mount the ocean wave :
 And may not he, the hapless heir
 Of toil, and penury, and care,
 In the young dream dream'd o'er again,
 A moment lose the sense of pain ?
 May not the streamlet purling clear,
 Make sweetest music in his ear ?
 May not wild woods to west winds wave ;
 Rough shores the sounding surges lave ;
 And the rude mountain, towering high,
 Fling his broad shadow o'er the sky ;
 Though to th' external eye and ear,
 Nor streams, seas, hills, nor woods are near ?

Would Fancy but on airy wing,
 From her fair haunts lead forth the Spring,
 While pipe the winds, with flowery feet
 To thread with Time a measure meet :
 How eithly can her laughing eye
 Bid cares, and fears, and sorrows fly !
 How featly she can deck the knowes,
 Round whilk the infant Calder rows,
 With countless scores of snowy lambs,
 Light leaping round their bleating dams !
 With what wild splendours she can fill
 The haunted glen of Nerston Mill !
 Where first the primrose opes her e'e ;
 Where first the palm invites the bee ;
 How light, how bright, the glow she throws
 Around Doghillock, white with sloes ;
 And pours out strong the rath perfume,
 O'er sunny Basket cloth'd with broom !

How gayly rich the mantle wide,
 She drops across thee, sweet Burnside ;
 And round Crossbasket's ancient towers,
 Flings all her sweets and all her flowers !
 Lov'd Letterick, on thy sunny braes,
 How glow the lengthening April days ;
 And fair Greenha', and meek Millhew,
 How rich ye drink the soft May dew ;
 How gorgeous her retir'd abode,
 In the deep dells of Calderwood ;
 Or, sunward spread, plain nature's pride,
 The birkclad dingles of Woodside ;
 Or the green glens so quiet and still,
 Or Mauchline-hole or Newhouse Mill ;
 Of 'neath the cliffs, abrupt and torn,
 Of howlet haunted Rottenburn ;
 Despair might even be sooth'd the while,
 Would he but catch her witching smile
 Beneath the groves of Brankumha',
 Or thy broad limes, old Cantislaw ;
 Or Laurieston, forgot and gone,
 Fair Nethermains, and Cadger-Loan,
 Whose site the passing stranger sees
 Still mark'd out by the broad ash trees,
 Or leafy elms outspreading wide,
 In sad, but still in stately pride.
 How fraught with life the gentle purl is
 Of her sweet breath around the Whirlies ;
 Or the green ivy-mantled walls,
 Of thee, my natal cot, Forefauls ;
 Or o'er the crofts, her early pride,
 Of Buchandyke, and Tannochside,

But chief my infant mind respired,
 And still my aching heart is fir'd,

To see her swell the early bud
 In thy long lane, Long-Calderwood—
 Long-Calderwood, endeared to fame,
 By Hunter's and by Baillie's name—
 In healing science one sublime,
 And one in song subduing time—
 To me by every tender tie
 The charities of life supply—
 By all the moods and fancies wild
 That sooth'd the sickly wayward child ;
 By all the tenderness and truth
 Of simple unsuspecting youth ;
 With all that riper years engage
 To sweeten life and comfort age ;
 By recollections full of gladness ;
 Or, holier still, enshrin'd in sadness ;
 Whose worth th' experienc'd heart may guess,
 But written words can ne'er express !

Long-Calderwood, shall e'er I see
 The spot on earth to rival thee ?
 Thy flowers that bless'd my infant eyes,
 Their like to me shall never rise !
 Thy mornings of intense delight,
 Where shall the sun shine out so bright ?
 From thy sweet garden's shady bowers,
 Oft have I watch'd the midnight hours,
 In silent grandeur, leading forth
 Grey twilight round the far howe north,
 Till up the rising orient borne,
 She caught the blushes of the morn,
 And lighted on the Lomond's gay,
 The kindling blaze of glowing day.

There, first upon my infant eye,
 It burst the glittering butterfly—

There first I heard the busy bees
 At work upon thy broad plane-trees,
 There watch'd the swallows twittering gay
 As by degrees their house of clay,
 Careful with talons, breast, and bill,
 They fix'd beneath the window sill,
 While chirrup'd o'er them from the eaves,
 The sparrows—and beneath the leaves
 Of the smooth beech hid from the sun,
 Entranc'd, a rich, a happy one,
 I saw the mirly mavis rest
 Within her snug and cozie nest.

There first, I mark'd the evening hours,
 Close, dim, on Bothwell's mouldering towers,
 That through the fading purple beam,
 Effus'd a melancholy gleam ;
 While Torrance linn, resounding wide,
 Join'd the wild echoes of the Clyde ;
 And rooks, home bound, a fightering cloud,
 The coming storm proclaim'd aloud.

O may she still, the lovely Spring,
 Her glowing splendours o'er thee fling ;
 Summer expand thy fragrant poses ;
 Thy July-flowers, thy broad white roses ;
 Autumn, upon thee from her horn,
 Pour out potatoes, bere, and corn ;
 And surly Winter, cutting keen,
 Lie light upon thy kailyards green ;—
 But Care, he calls—I come anon.
 Reader, farewell—my dream is gone !

E P I T A P H .

JOHN POLLOCK's mortal part reposes here,
 Pause passenger and let thy sigh ascend,
 His was the glowing heart, the judgment clear,
 With all that could endear the bosom friend.

And hope expanded fair his opening bloom,
 And fame shed on his steps her dawning light,
 But soon his morn was overcast with gloom,
 And here all prematurely clos'd in night.

So in the boreal rigours of the morn,
 From the scath'd tree Spring's fairy promise drops,
 Relentless thus are mortal honours torn,
 And, day by day, cut off all earthborn hopes,
 Alarm'd, arous'd, on faith's strong pinions rise,
 Be all thy hopes in heaven, thy treasure in the skies.

E P I T A P H .

JOHN ROBERTSON's remains in sweet repose,
 Beneath the Saviour's all benignant eye,
 Here wait this bustling world's eventful close,
 And time's last groan that calls them to the sky.
 Here breathe, O saint! the sympathetic sigh,
 And friendship shed thy spirit soothing tear,
 For soft as breath of violet stealing by,
 Beneficent as dewy April clear,
 Was he the spirit meek whose clay reposes here.

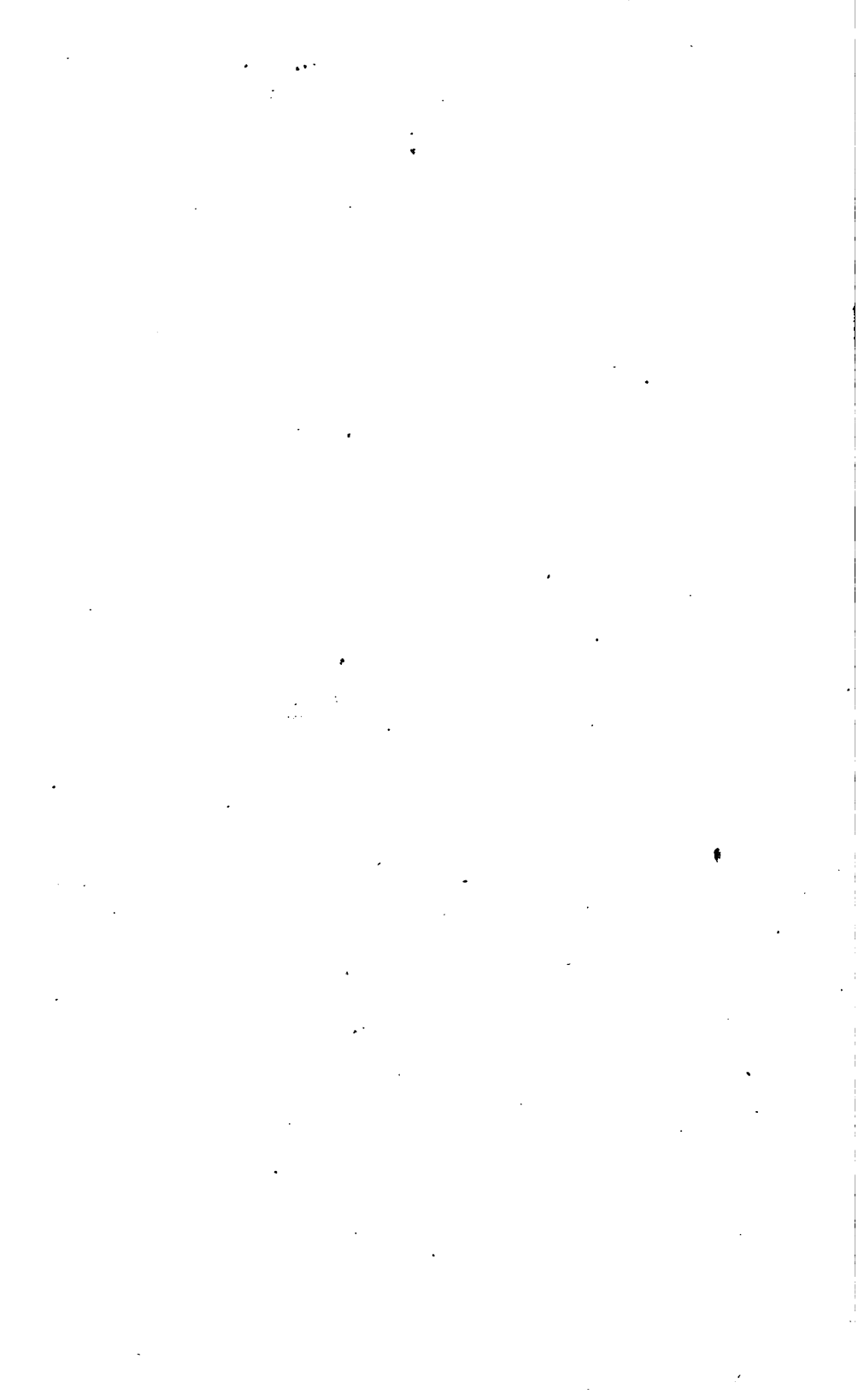
E P I T A P H .

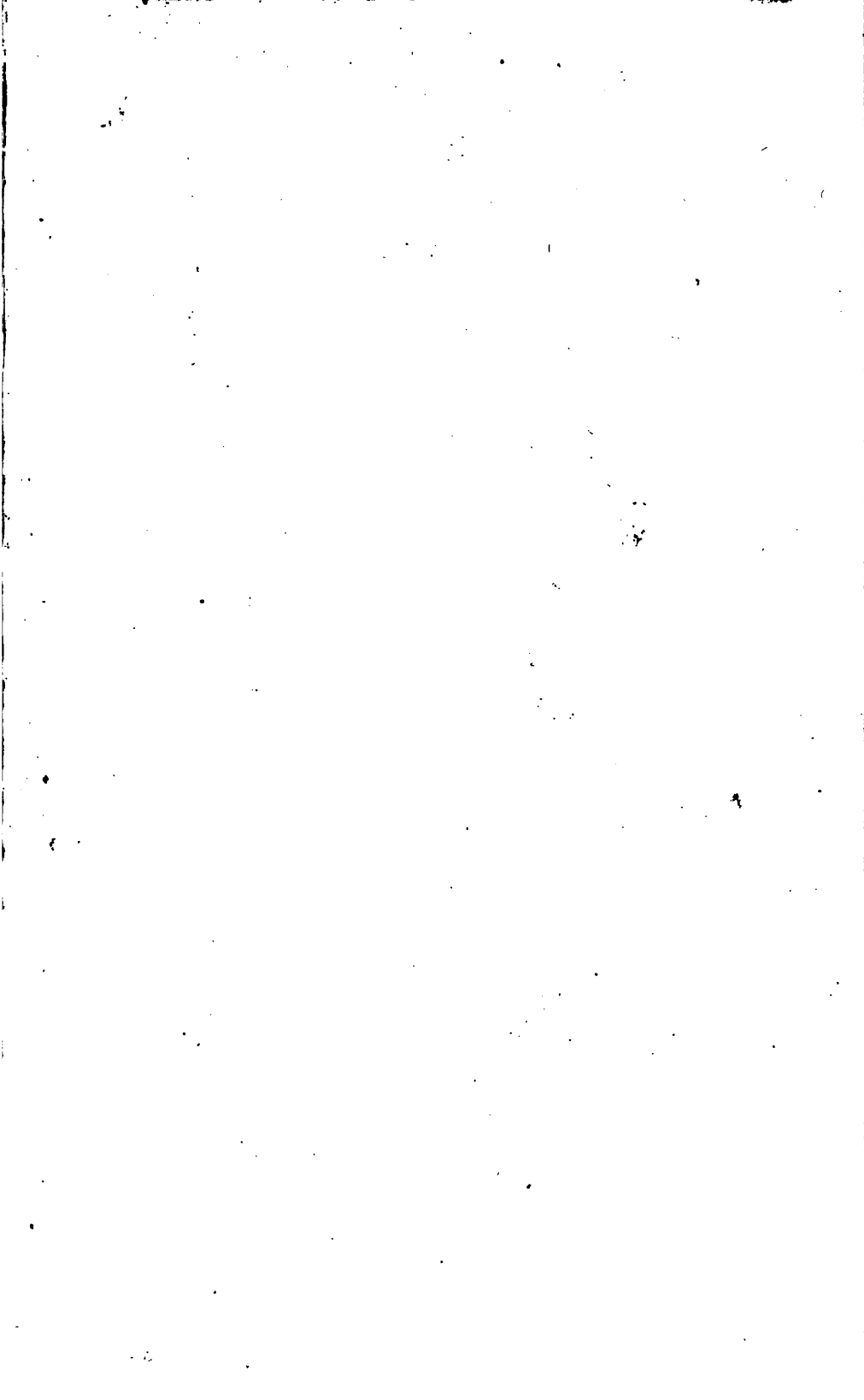
LET titl'd guilt and overweening pride,
 Call forth the brass, the marble, and the steel,
 And lying bard, with pompous phrase to hide
 That baseness time is panting to reveal !
 But what avails it? Public fame may reel,
 A moment giddy with the flattering tale,
 Which as it flows suspicion shall congeal,
 Till, with the dup'd expectant's hope, it fail,
 And o'er the hated name rank rottenness prevail !

Not such is, ROBERT RUSSELL, worth like thine,
 Which unambitious shun'd its own display,
 Though bright content with mellow'd beams to shine
 Along the track of life's laborious way.
 With tears we hang this tributary lay
 Upon thy urn our full hearts to relieve,
 While hope reposes on the destin'd day,
 When truth's fair hand th' immortal wreath shall
 weave,
 Which God himself shall give, the good alone receive.

F I N I S .







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