

T H E
H I S T O R Y
A N D
MARTIAL ATCHIEVEMENTS,
O F T H E
ROBERTSON'S of STROWAN.

As it is Selected from the works of the best historians,
that have written of the Origin and valiant Atchieve-
ments of this Honourable family, and their decen-
dants.

A N D T H E
P O E M S.
O N V A R I O U S

Subjects and Occasions;

BY THE HONOURABLE

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
of STROWAN, Esq;

*Fulsum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor, prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni*

Mente quatit solida. HOR. L. 3. Ode 3.

E D I N B U R G H;

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T H E

DEDICATION

T O

DUNCAN ROBERTSON
Esq;

S I R.

THE following Selection from the most eminent Historians, Treating of the Achievements of the Honourable Robertson's of Strowan, is published at the desire, and by the Subscription of a great Number of their Country-men, who hold that family and of-spring, in the highest Esteem; as being ever dear to *Scotland*, and among the Chief protectors of it's Liberties.

I flatter myself with hopes, that the subject of this small History, together with the Poems; by the Honourable Alexander Robertson of
Stowan

DEDICATION.

Strowan, will in some degree recommend the performance to your favourable acceptance, there may be defects that will not escape your observation; which I hope you will be pleased to Excuse.

I must put a Constraint upon myself, from saying any more and dare not touch the usual method of addresses, which you will not permit, but I hope you will not be offended, in my taking this Liberty, of making this Public declaration. That I am with very great

Esteem,

Sir,

Your Most Obt.

Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

T H E
P R E F A C E

THE usefulness of that part of History, which treats of Genealogies, hath been so amply set forth by divers authors, that it would be in vain to make any additions. It is sufficient to say that experience teacheth us, that nothing makes a deeper impression on the mind (which is naturally inclin'd to knowledge) than the observation of the behaviour and success of other men.

The Historical Genealogical account of the Robertson's of Strowan, they are descended from the Great and powerful MacDonald's Lord's of the Isles, who lived in the reign's of King Alexander the II. and III. and in the earliest accounts they were warlike men, and several times got the command of the Perth-shire Highlanders who had the courage and Spirit, to fight for the freedom of their Country, and when Baliol and his party arose in opposition against King Robert Bruce, they valiantly weakened the power of that party, and contributed greatly to the establishing of King Robert's authority over all
that

that part of the country; In short they were loyal subjects to king Robert, and no less to his son King David, as witness the unfortunate expedition into *England*, the battle of Durham, Duncan and Robert was both taken prisoners, with their royal leader *anno* 1346.

Robert the II. barron of this family, who had been prisoner with his father obtained from King David Bruce, for his good and faithful services a grant of several lands in Perth-shire,

Upon the murder of King James I. when the Nation was like to be involved in a civil war. This Robert was the main instrument in crushing their designs, and gave them no room for executing their wicked measures. He was the only man of power in the neighbourhood of Walter Earl of Athole, to whom these regicids fled for shelter. But Robert not only apprehended the Earl himself, but also Robert Graham, another of the cheif actors in that most Horrid tragedy, and they met with the just punishment of their villiany.

As soon as King James II. came of age he offered to reward Robert suitably for the great service he had done to the Crown and Kingdom, but all he desired or accepted of, was to have

all

all the lands he was already possessed of, confirmed to him and his heirs, &c. which was granted under the great seal In King Charles the first's time, Strowan raised a Regiment of the clan Robertson's and accompanied the Marquis of Montrose in all his battles, and was by that great man, appointed Colonel of his own Regiment by his commission which is still preserved dated the 10th of June 1646. his conduct and bravery was remarkably good during the whole course of the civil war, sufficiently appears from the many letters he received from the King, the great Montrose, and General Middleton, which is still preserved.

Here I shall leave it to the following History only I shall mention, that the Robertsons of Strowan, and their numerous decedents, both in *Scotland, England, and the most of Europe, America* and the east and west *Indies*, have acted in their several Stations, with Honour and approbation.

They have been connected in Marriages in the Royal families both in *Scotland and England*, and among many Noble families both in *Scotland, and England*, which is well documented, both by the *Scots, and English* Historians



T H E
H I S T O R Y
A N D
M A R T I A L A C H I E V E M E N T S ,
O F T H E
R O B E R T S O N ' S O F S T R O W A N .

THE Robertsons in Scotland are descended from the great and powerful Macdonalds, lords of the isles.

ANGUS, progenitor of the Earls of Ross, Antrim, lords Macdonald, &c. lived in the reigns of king Alexander II. and III. was designed by the highlanders of Cowel, probably from the place of his nativity, is well documented in the Peerage, and left issue several sons,

B

1. *Alex-*

1. *Alexander*, lord of the isles, his successor.

Peerage,

page 357.

where by mistake he is called Donald.

2. *Duncan*, progenitor of this family, to whom and his issue we confine these memoirs.

I. DUNCAN, second son of Angus lord of the isles, in the Gaelic language was called, Donoch Ravir Macinnes na Coalich, that is, Duncan the fat or corpulent, son of Angus of Cowel; and his posterity were called Clan Donachy, &c. According to Mr Nisbet, Duncan Macdonnell obtained a grant of several lands in Athole, for having destroyed the wolves who greatly infested that country.

This Duncan was born in the end of the reign of king Alexander III. and it is certain, was settled in the highlands of Perthshire before the coronation of king Robert Bruce; and having got a considerable footing in Rannach and the Braes of Athole, was very serviceable to that great prince after his defeats at Dalree, Methven, &c.

Duncan then resided much at Loch-Tim-mel, where it is said he received and protected

his

his majesty, when in distress; who promised, when his affairs took a better turn, to reward his benefactor &c.

King Robert lurked also in the wood of Kinnachin, in the neighbour-hood, of this loch, where there was a hut built for him; and the place is known by the name of Larigh Tynaki (that is the vestige of the king's house) to this day. It seems the queen had been there also; for a pool upon the river Timmel still bears the name of History of the family pe- nes Struan. the Queensfery from the incident of her majesty's crossing there.

There are many remarkable stories of this Duncan handed down, and still believed in these parts, of which we shall only mention a few. He banished from the north side of Loch-Rannoch a tribe, called Clan-Yan-Lea, who were in the Baliol's interest, and is said to have planted a part of that district with Macgregors. He often commanded considerable bodies of such Perth-shire highlanders as had courage and spirit to fight for the freedom and independency of their country, whereby he considerably weakened the Baliol party.

party, and contributed greatly to the establishing of king Robert's authority over all that part of the country.

He was sometimes nicknamed Corishachmore-sea, that is, the big or great warrior of Fea Chorie. This is a little river that runs in a retired glen behind the mountains of Benrannach, which Duncan found a proper place of rendezvous when he was preparing for any secret expedition.

In short he was certainly one of the greatest warriors of his time, and deservedly a mighty

favourite of king Robert Bruce,

*Hist. of the
family from
their writs.*

who nobly rewarded his many faithful services, by confirming to him and his heirs several lands in Athole, which his posterity long enjoyed.

As Duncan had been a faithful and loyal subject to king Robert Bruce, he was no less so to his son king David; and tho' then an old man, he with his eldest son Robert, accompanied him in his unfortunate expedition into England, to the battle of Durham, where they were both taken prisoners,

Rymers Fœd

with their royal leader *anno 1346*

according

according to Mr Rymer who says, Angl tom V.

Duncanus Macdonnelet Robertus fi- page 585.

lius eius priyones, &c. anno 1347.

He married a daughter of Callam Ruol Leunich, as the highlanders designed Malcolm earl of Lennox, by whom he had two sons.

1. *Robert*, his heir

2. *Patrick*, ancestors of the Robertsons of Tude, of whom several considerable families in Perth-shire are descended.

He afterwards got a charter from the bishop of Dunkeld which is still

preserved, *nobili viro Duncano air &* In archiv. fam. de Struan.

de Atholia, et hæredibus suis masculis,

terrarum de Adulia, &c. (or Apnadull) dated in December 1355.

And dying soon thereafter in an advanced age, was buried at Dull in Athole, where his grave is still to be seen, and much admired for its extraordinary length.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. ROBERT, second baron of this family, who was taken prisoner Rymer.

with his father at the battle of Durham, as before observed.

6 *The HISTORY of the*

He obtained from king David Bruce, for his good and faithful services, a grant of several lands in Perth-shire, by his charter under the great seal, *Roberto filio Duncani de Atholia, omnium terrarum nostrarum de Fordill in feodo et hereditate, &c. &c.* to which William bishop of St. Andrews, Patrick bishop of Brechin, chancellor, Robert lord high steward of Scotland, earl of Strathern, the King David's king's nephew, Robert de Erskine, lord great chamberlain, &c. are witnesses, dated at Perth the 24th day of May, the 33d year of the king's reign, which is 1362.

To whom this Robert was married, is not come to our knowledge, but he appears to have died in the reign of king Robert II. and left issue a son and successor,

III. DUNCAN, third baron, promiscuously designed *de Atholia et de Strowan*.

He married a daughter of the family of Graham, by whom he had three sons.

1. *Robert*, his heir.
2. *Duncan*, progenitor of the Robertsons of Inches, of whom in the next title.

3. *Thomas*

History of
the family.

ROBERTSON'S of STROWAN. 7

3. *Thomas Duncanson*, father of *Mathilda*, who obtained a charter Chart. in pub. archiv. from king *James II* of the lands of *Strakch* in *Strathardiel*, &c. anno 1451. *Mathilda* married *John Reid* of *Straloch*, of whom *baron Reid* is descended.

He died in the reign of king *James I.* and was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. *ROBERT DUNCANSON*, of *Strowan*, a steady loyalist, a great patriot, and of undaunted courage and resolution.

Upon the execrable murder of king *James I.* when the nation was like to be involved in a civil war, this *Robert* was the main instrument in crushing the designs of the particides in the bed, by attacking them with such vigour and expedition, as gave them no room for executing their wicked measures. He was indeed the only man of power in the neighbourhood of *Walter* All Scots historians. earl of *Athole*, to whom the regicides naturally fled for shelter. But *Robert* not only apprehended the earl himself, but also *Robert Graham*, another of the chief actors in that most horrid tragedy, within two miles of *Blair-castle*, at a little rivulet called *Graham's*

Graham's burn on account of that incident to this day, and they met with the just punishment of their villany.

As soon as king James II. came of age, he offered to reward Robert suitably to the great service he had done the crown and kingdom. But all he desired or accepted of, was to have all the lands, he was already possessed of confirmed to him and his heirs, &c. Accordingly, upon his own resignation, he got a charter under the great seal, in which are the following words: *Pro zelo, favore, et amore quos gerimus erga dictum Robertum Duncanson pro captione iniquissimi proditoris quondam Roberti de Graham, et pro ipsius Roberti Duncanson gratuitis diligentis et laboribus circa captiorem ejusd. scilicet iniquissimi proditoris diligentissime et cordialissime factis, &c. &c. confirmasse, &c.* the following lands under different denominations viz. The 87 merk-lands of Strowan, the 55 merk-lands in Rannoch, the 20 pound-land of Fernon the 24 merk-land of Falcally and Duler the lands of Dalcabon, the lands of Killichangy, the baronies of Balnaguard and Balnawerst, with the great west forest in Athole extending

Chart in archiv. fam.

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ROBERTSON of STROWAN. 9

extending west and north to the marches of Inverness, &c. &c. all ^{et in pub. archiv.}

erected into one free barony to him and his heirs, as fully and freely as the same had been possessed and enjoyed by his predecessors, &c. &c. This curious charter is confirmed by king James II. 15th August 1451.

He also got added to his armorial bearing for crest, a dexter hand supporting an imperial crown, with this motto ^{Nisbet, vo. I. page 330.}

Virtutis gloria merces; and below, a savage in chains, in place of a compartment, &c.

He married lady Margaret Stewart, who, after her husband's death, in a charter under the great seal, is designed *Domina Margareta Stewart relictā quondam viri nobilis Roberti Duncanson de Strouan &c.* ^{Chart. in pub archiv.}

By this lady he had three sons.

1. *Alexander Robertson*, his heir.

2. *Robert Robertson* of Dalcabon, progenitor of the earls of Portmore.

3. *Patrick*, who had a charter of some houses and lands from the Friars of Perth; wherein he is designed *frater germanus Alexandri Robertson de Strouan &c.* ^{Ibidem}

He

He died in the end of the reign of king James I. and was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Strowan who, tho' patronimically so called, yet we find he assumed Robertson for his surname, which he and the descendants of his family have enjoyed ever since.

He married first Elisabeth Lyon
 Peerage. daughter of Patrick third lord Glam-
 page 656. mis, who was grandson of lady Jean
 Stewart, daughter of king Robert II.

This appears by a charter under the great seal, *Alexandro Robertson de Strowan, et Elis-*

abethe Lyon, filia Patricii domini
 Chart in *Glammis ejus sponse terrarum bar-*
 pubarchiv. *onia de Strowan, &c. &c. dated 1st*

April 1460.

By this lady he had four sons and one daughter
 1. *st Duncan*, who died before his father
 without issue.

2 Robert, who carried on the line of the family.

3. *Andrew*, progenitor of the Robertsons of Killichangy, of whom the Robertsons of Blairchrosk, Ladykirk, Bahacraig, Ellloch, Cul-
 alonny,

ROBERTSON OF STROWAN. 11

Alonny, Estertye, Edradynet, &c. &c. are descended.

4. *James*, ancestor of the Robertsons of Calvire, Elairphety, Auchlecks, Bobspick, Trinitour, &c.

His daughter *Mary* was married to Andrew Murray of Ogilvie and Abercairny, and had issue.

Baronage,
p. 101

He married 2dly lady Elisabeth Stewart, daughter of John earl of Athole uterine-brother of King James II. and, got a charter under the great seal, *Alexander Robertson de Strowan et domine Isabellæ Stewart ejus sponsæ, terrarum de Dyfert, Fascalzie, Pitgorna, &c.* dated 24th April 1504.

Baronage, p.
49. Stuart's
hist. page 172
Chart. in pub.
archiv.

By this lady he had two sons and one daughter.

1. *Alexander*, progenitor of the Robertsons, of Fascalzie. &c. of whom in title Fascalzie.

2. *John*, of whom the Robertsons of Muir-toun, Gladney, &c. are descended. *Vide* their proper title.

His daughter, *Margaret*, was married to George seventh earl of Errol, and had issue. He died in an advanced age, about the year 1506 or 7.

Baronage, page
253.

VI. ROBERT, eldest surviving son and apparent heir of Alexander Robertson of Strowan, married lady----Stewart, daughter of John earl of Athole, sister of his father's second wife, and died before his father, leaving issue a son,

Ibid p 49
whereby mi-
stake he is cal-
led Donald.

VII. WILLIAM ROBERTSON of Strowan, who succeeded his grandfather, to

Service penes
Strowan.

whom he was served heir anno 1508

In the reign of king James V. this

William had some difference with the earl of Athole, about their marches, which occasioned several family feuds; and William at last, it is said, was murdered by some of the earl's men &c. anno 1530.

Hist. of the
family.

He left issue a son and successor,

VIII. ROBERT ROBERTSON of Strowan, who was young when his father

Retouripub
archiv.

was killed, but was served heir to him anno 1539.

He married Mariotte, daughter and heiress of John Maclean of Ardnamurchan, which appears by a charter under the great seal, *Roberto Robertson de Strowan,*
de

Ibidem.

ROBERTSONs of STROWAN. 13

*Strowan, et Mariota Maclean ejus sponse
terrarum de Frana, Strowe, Kingaldy, &c. in
Perth-shire dated 30th January 1541.*

By her he had issue two sons.

1. *William*, his heir.
2. *Donald*, who carried on the line of the family.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX WILLIAM ROBERTSON Strowan, who,
upon his father's resignation, got a
charter under the great seal from Chart: in pub.
archiv.
queen Mary, *Willielmo Robertson,
apparenti de Strowan, terrarum barnice de Strow-
an, &c. in Perth-shire, dated 10th Novem. 1546.*

He married a daughter of ---- Menzies
of that ilk, by whom he had no children: and
dying without issue, was succeeded by his bro-
ther,

IX. DONALD, who married first, Janet,
daughter of Neil Stewart of Foss, a cadet of the
family of Gath, by whom he had
one son, Writs of the
family.

Robert, his heir.

He married 2dly (also in his brother's life-
time) Beatrix Faquharson, which appears by
a charter under the great seal, *Roberto Robert-*

114 *The HISTORY of the*
son, fratri germano Willielmi Robertson de
Strowan et Beatricæ Farquharson
 Chart. in pub. *ejus sponsæ Roberto Robertson,*
 archiv. *ejus filio terrarum de Cuckoran*
Corry, Auchinrous, &c. dated 15th August
 1587.

By this lady he had also a son, *Duncan* who, died without issue.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. ROBERT ROBERTSON, tenth baron of Strowan, who a got a charter under the great seal *Roberto Robertson de Strowan,*
 Ibidem. *filio fratris quondam Willielmi*
Robertson de Strowan, terrarum de Rainach,
Kinloch, Mure, La an, Innerall, &c. all united to the barony of Strowan in Perth-shire, dated 14th January 1600.

This Robert being a bad œconomist, alienated and sold a considerable part of his estate, but having done it without the king's knowledge or consent, the sale was reduced by a decret of recognition, and a grant thereof given to John Robertson merchant in Edinburgh, a near relation of the family; upon which
 Ibidem. he got a charter under the great seal, dated 7th August 1606; but he reconveyed the

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ROBERTSON, of STROWAN. 15

the same under a strict entail to the said Robert of Strowan and his heirs-male; they carrying the name and arms of the family of Strowan, &c.

He married *Agnes*, daughter of ----- M^r. Donald of Keppoch, by whom he had four sons and one daughter.

1. *Alexander*, his heir.

2. *Donall*, designed tutor of Strowan, of whom afterwards.

3. *Duncan*, of Drumachine, of whom Duncan Robertson, now representative of the family of Strowan is lineally descended, as will be shown hereafter.

4. *James*, who married Margaret Robertson daughter of Fascalzie and had issue.

His daughter *Mary* was married to ----- M^r. Inloch of Strone.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Strowan who, upon his father's resignation, got a charter under the great seal, *Alexander Robertson apparenti de Strowan terrarum baroniæ de Strowan, cum filv^o molendinis piscationibus &c.* in Perth-shire, dated 6th February 1630.

Contract ad
ann. 1631.

He married Margaret, daughter
of George Graeme of Inchbraikie,
by whom he had one son,

Alexander his heir,-----and a daughter,

Margaret, married to ----- Campbell of
Lochdochard, son of sir Duncan Campbell of
Glenurchie.

He died a young man, *anno* 1636, and was
succeeded by his only son,

XII. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Strowan,
who being an infant at his father's death the
tutition devolved upon his uncle Donald, who
acquitted himself with great fidelity and ho-
nour, and was ever afterwards designed tutor
of Strowan. As the transactions of this brave
man make a considerable figure in the annals of
this family, we shall take the liberty to insert
as many of them as is consistent with the
brevity of this work.

Donald Robertson, tutor of Strowan, second
son of Robert. No X. of these memoirs, being
invariably attached to the interest of king Charles
I. and having the command of the clan Robert-
son during the minority of his nephew, was of
great service to the royal cause.

He

He raised a regiment of his friends and followers, was joined by his gallant brother Duncan. He accompanied the marquis of Montrose in all his battles, and was, by that great man (who was then commander in chief of all the king's forces appointed colonel of his regiment by his commission, which is still preserved, dated 10th June 1646. Pence Strowan.

That his conduct and bravery was remarkably good during the whole course of the civil war, sufficiently appears from the many letters he received from the king, the great Montrose, general Middleton, &c. which are still preserved, and we have hereto subjoined copies of two of them, as they give some light into the transactions of those turbulent times, viz. one from the king, the other from general Middleton.

CHARLES R.

Trustie and well beloved, we greet you well. As we have heretofore received frequent and ample testimony of your great fidelitie and loyalty to our blisfed father and selfe, and your sufferings for the same, the bearer hereof generall major William Drummond has given us a full account of the continuance and constancie of the same affection and courage in you towards us and our service, for which we have thought fitt to returne you our princelie thanks acceptatione; and to assure you that, when God shall inable us, we will reward your faithful services, & repair your sufferings. We know
C. 3 well,

weill, we need not incourage you to use your utmost power and credit to assist those who are intrusted by us to conduct our affairs there and who, we hope, with God's blessing, will be his instruments to redeime your contrie from the oppression, slavery, and tyranie it now groans under; What we have done, and intend in person to doe towards it, you will understand by this bearer, who will likewise tell you the good opinion we have of you; and so we bid you Fairweill Given at Chantilly, the 31st of October 1653, the tyfth year of our reign.

Directed thus, To our trustie and weill beloved, The tutor of Ströwan.

General MIDDLETON's Letter.

Tho' you cannot but be affected, yet you will not winder at the subject of this letter, has disappointed us in not keeping the rendezvous and and divers oyers bassie deserted us, we being ready to march with McCloid, Giengarie, and their people. Yesterday I called one counsell of warr, wher we most ferrousslie weighed and fullie debated every thing relating to his Majestie's service; and having found that the treacherie and desertion of many of those who had joined in it, and were eminentlie considerable, have reduced the businets to such a condition that we were forced to conclude it impossible now to carie it one with the meanest hope of advantage; and withall finding it very improbable, if not altogether impossible, to get the advyce of your self, and all the noble men and officers, which we most earnestlie wished in this sad exigent that every man's judgment might have gone along with ours, without manifest prejudice in many respects, it was unanimously concludit necessarie to send for a pats for some persons to treat, for the laying down of arms, with Monke, and to d-fyre a cessation rather than foolishlie to sacrifice the lives and fortunes of those who have most loyallie and noblie resisted and contemned all difficulties temptations, and discouragements, and are yet most willing to spend ther last blood in this cause; and so, in all humane appearance, preclude, as far as in us lyes,

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ROBERTSON, of STROWAN 19

lyes, all future hopes of this kingdom's libertie. I shall not need now to insist upon particulars, onlie we are resolved, if fair and honourable conditions be denyed, never to abandon one another, but to perish altogether being perfectly confident you will share with us. All that are now in arms shall be comprehended in the agreement, and every thing sought and stood upon that can reasonably be expected. I have sent for a cessation, and do desire that in the mean tyme you may draw up near together as you can convenientlie, both to send me your particular desires, and to be in readines to meett and joine with us, either to consult or act as we shall have occasion, and you shall receive advertisement. Send your letters to Glengarie and they will be faithfully delivered to your affectionate friend and servant (in qne!) *John Middleton* Glenelg, this 13th December 1654 Directed thus, For my honourable friend the tutor of Strowan.

Duncan, having spent the greatest part of his patrimony in the service of the royal family, during the civil war, king Charles II. immediately after the restoration, in reward of his merit and faithful services, settled a handsome pension upon him which he enjoyed as long as he lived.

writes of the family.

He married a daughter of George Græme of Inchbrakie, relict of Alexander Robertson of Lude, but died without surviving issue.

We now return to his nephew,

ALEXANDER, twelfth baron of Strowan, as soon as he came to man's estate, he embraced the first opportunity of shewing that he was
not

not inferior to any of his brave ancestors in loyalty, courage, &c. &c.

There having been several disputes between the earls of Athole and this family about their marches, &c. they were at last (in the reign of king Charles the II.) all happily accommodated, and Alexander was served heir to nine of his predecessors 12d February 1651.

He married, 1st, Katharine, daughter of sir James Drummond of Machany, progenitor of the viscounts of Strathallan, and by her had a son,

Robert, who died before his father, without issue, --- and a daughter,

Anne, married to *Hugh*, second son of sir James Macdonnald ninth baron of Slate, baronet, and had issue.

He married, 2dly, *Marian*, daughter of general Baillie of Torwoodhead, progenitor of lord Forester, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

1. *Alexander*, his heir.

2. *Duncan*, a brave officer, who served in Russia with honour and reputation for several years.

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ROBERTSON's of STROWAN. 21
years, under Peter the Great, by whom he
was highly esteemed, and in his service rose
to the rank of a colonel. He married a
daughter of William Robertson of Inches, by
whom he had only one daughter, and died in
Sweden, without issue male, *anno* 1718.

Alexander of Strowan's daughter, *Margaret*,
will be mentioned hereafter.

He died *anno* 1687, and was succeeded by
his eldest surviving son,

XIII. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Strow-
an, who was served heir to his father *Ibidem.*
Alexander, *anno* 1688.

When the revolution happened, he was a
student at the university of St Andrews, yet
left his studies, and joined lord Dundee, for
which he was forfeited, tho' under age, by a
decree of parliament in abience, *anno*
1690, which obliged him to retire *Records of*
beyond seas, where he remained *parliament.*
till her majesty queen Anne was pleased to
grant him a remission, and restore him to his
estate, *anno* 1703: But he neglected to get this
new gift passed the seals, whereby the forfei-
ture in 1690 was never legally repealed.

This Alexander, with a regiment of his
clan

clan, joined the earl of Mar in 1715, and was taken prisoner in 1716, but with the assistance of his sister Margaret, made his escape, and again retired to France.

In 1723, king George I. was pleased to restore the estate of Strowan to the family by a new gift and charter under the great seal, to the said Margaret sister of this Alexander. and in 1726 she disposed the same in trust for the behoof of her brother; substituting (in the event of his death without lawful heirs of his body,) Duncan son of Alexander Robertson of Drumschine her father's cousin, and the undoubted next lawful heir-male of the family. Margaret died unmarried *anno* 1727. Her brother having returned to Scotland in 1725, obtained a remission for his life, and got possession of his estate which he enjoyed as long as he lived. It was alledged he joined the young pretender in 1745, but no act of rebellion could be proved upon him before the courts of Oyer and Terminer. He died in April 1749 in the 81st year of his age.

He was a man of extraordinary parts, a sprightly genius, and extremely beloved by all who knew him: He had a mighty vein for poetry.

ry, which, several pieces of his still extant do show; but many of the best of his performances were never published, and 'tis most certain, that several of these peices, that after his death appeared in print, were never by him intended to be made public; He had too much sense and judgment to give offence to morality or decency.

He dying without lawful issue, in him ended the whole male line of Alexander, eldest son of Robert X. baron of Strowan, and Donald the tutor his second son, dying also without issue as before observed, the representation of the family devolved upon the descendants of Duncan the third son before mentioned, to whom we now return.

XI. DUNCAN ROBERTSON of Drumachine, third son of Robert of Strowan, No. X. of these memoirs, was a man of large stature, great strength of body, and undaunted courage. He accompanied his elder brother Donald the tutor, had a share in all his fatigues during the civil war; and had the good fortune to save the town of Perth from being sacked and destroyed &c.

He acquired the lands of Drumachine from the family of Athole, which became the title of his family.

He

He married Dorothea, daughter of Neil Stewart of Fcfs, by whom he had four sons,

1. *John*, his heir.
2. *Donald*.
3. *Duncan*. ----- 4. *Patrick*.

He died *anno* 1688, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XII. JOHN ROBERTSON of Drumachine, who, *anno* 1677, married Cecilia eldest daughter of Robert Stewart of Fincastle, by whom he had a son and successor,

XIII. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Drumachine, who with his father's approbation, *anno* 1703, married Margaret, eldest daughter of Patrick Robertson of Fascalzie; by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

1. *Duncan*, his heir now representative of the family of Strowan.

2. *Alexander*, a lieutenant colonel in the service of the states general.

His daughter, *Emilia*, was married to Donald Robertson a captain in the French service, grandson and heir of Donald, second son of the above Duncan Robertson of Drumachine.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIV. DUNCAN ROBERTSON of Drumachine, who upon the death of his cousin Alexander of Strowan, *anno* 1749, succeeded to the estate of Strowan, and is now designed by that title as next heir-male of the family.

He accordingly by his doers got possession of the estate, at the sight and under the protection of the sheriff of Perth, to whom the papers of the family were delivered, and safely conveyed to this Duncan of Strowan.

But he having been excepted by name out of the last act of indemnity, and the sentence of forfeiture in 1690 never having been reversed; and as in king George I's. grant of the estate to the family in 1723, a faculty of revocation was reserved to the crown, Duncan was disposed, and the estate of Strowan was annexed to the crown *anno* 1752; and he and his family were obliged to quit their habitation and retire to France *anno* 1753.

In 1739, he married Mey, daughter of William lord Nairn, son of John marquis of Athole by whom he hath two sons and one daughter.

1. *Alexander*.--- 2. *Walter-Charles-Collier*.

D

both

The HISTORY of the
both officers in the Scots brigade in the service
of the states general.

His daughter, *Magaret*, is married to Lau-
rence Oliphant of Gask.

A R M S.

Gules, three wolves heads erased *argent*,
armed and langued *azure*.

CREST; a dexter hand holding up an im-
perial crown proper.

MOTTO, *Virtutis gloria merces*.

With a wild man chained lying under the
escutcheon of their arms.

C H I E F S E A T S.

The Castle of Garth, Innerveck, Mount A-
lexander, &c. &c. in Perthshire.

R O B E R T S O N O F I N C H E S.

DUNCAN of Strowan, No. III. of the
preceding title left issue three sons.

1. *Robert*, his successor, who carried on the
line of the family of Strowan.
2. *Duncan*, progenitor of the Robertsons of
Inches.

3. *Thomas*

3. *Thomas Duncanson*, of whom in p. 406.

I. DUNCAN, second son of Duncan third baron of Strowan, in the reign of king James I. settled at Inverness in the mercantile way, and had a son,

II. ROBERT, who carried on his fathers business at Inverness, and having been successful in trade, acquired some houses and lands in that town and neighbourhood, and was father of,

III. JOHN, who followed the example of his cousin and chief, and assumed the surname of Robertson, which he and his posterity have enjoyed ever since.

The above three generations are instructed by an original charter, which we have seen, whereby this John disposes, some burgage lands acquired by his predecessors, to Thomas Musket burghers of Inverness, &c.

in which are these words: *Johan-* Chart in ar-
c iv. fam.

*nes Robertson filius et heres Roberti
filii et heredis Duncani, &c. alienasse, &c. con-
firmasse, &c. dilecto meo Thomæ Musket, &c.*

This charter is dated 20th April 1448.

He left two sons.

1. *Laurence*, his heir.

2. *William*, who carried on the line of the family.

He died in the end of the reign of king James III. and was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. LAURENCE ROBERTSON, who purchased from the monastery of Inverness a large slate house in that town, by a charter from Henry Davar the prior, with consent of the other brethren of the monastery, dated *anno* 1517, which houses is in the possession of the family of Inches to this day.

Laurence left a son,

V. JOHN ROBERTSON, who succeeded, and was served heir to his father in the reign of king James V.

But dying without issue, was succeeded by his uncle William before mentioned.

IV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, second son of John, No. III. of this genealogy, resided also at Inverness, and was served heir in special to his nephew John, *anno* 1536.

He

He left issue a son and successor.

V. JOHN ROBERTSON, merchant-burgess of Inverness, who being a man of great strength of body, and of undaunted courage, was nicknamed *Stalwart John*.

He was standard bearer to lord Lovat at the bloody conflict fought between the Macdonalds and Frasers at Lochlochy, *anno* 1544. where he remarkably distinguished himself; and the service he did the Frasers upon that occasion, has always been acknowledged by the family of Lovat.

He was one of the chief magistrates of Inverness, and having been successful in merchandising, acquired several lands in that neighbourhood, and resided chiefly at Kylmalis near that town, where there is a piece of ground called *Robertson's Field* to this day.

History of the family.

He married, 1st, a daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, by whom he had two sons.

Writs of this family and of Kilravock.

1. *William*, his heir, afterward designed the elder.

2. *Laurence*, who acquired several heretable subjects about Inverness, but dying with-

out lawful issue, left his effects to his natural son *John Laurenson*, who was legitimated in the year 1620 &c.

He married, 2dly, a daughter of — Fearn of Pitcullen, by whom he had three sons and one daughter.

1. *William*, called the younger progenitor of the Robertsons of Kindace, of whom in the next title.

2. *James*, of whom the Robertsons of Ship-land are descended. He was one of the bailies of Inverness &c.

3. *John*, who married, and had a son, captain *William Robertson*, father of *Hugh Robertson* merchant in Inverness, who hath several sons in a prosperous way.

His daughter was married to a son of lord Lovat, and he was succeeded by his eldest son of the first marriage.

VI. WILLIAM ROBERTSON the
Writs of the family. elder, who married Margaret, daughter of bailie William Paterfon of Wester Inches, by Agnes Rose hiswife, a daughter of Kilravock, and by her he had two sons.

1. *John*, his heir afterwards of Inches.

2. *James*,

ROBERTSON'S of INCHES. 31

2. *James*, who went to Poland, where he resided many years, and acquired considerable wealth, and dying there without issue, his brother *John* of Inches recovered most of his effects.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. JOHN ROBERTSON, who *Ibidem.* acquired the lands and barony of Inches, anno 1649, which became the chief title of his family.

He married *Janet Sinclair*, said to be of the family of Rattar, with whom he got a considerable accession to his estate. By her he had three sons and one daughter.

1. *John*, who died before his father unmarried.

2. *William*, who became his father's heir.

3. *Hugh*, who was provost of Inverness, and married *Sibilla*, sister of *Simon* last lord Lovat, by whom he had a son, *John*, who died without issue.

His daughter *Marjory* was married, 1st, to *Angus Macintosh* of *Davie* or *Daviot*, of whom *Macintosh*, and several other families are descended. She was married, 2dly, to *Colin Mackenzie* of *Redcastle*, without issue.

John

John of Inches, in the end of the reign of king James VI. acquired the barony of Kilcabbott, the lands of Leys &c. and having been left the fifth part of the water of Ness, which was the property of some of his predecessors, he was possessed of an opulent estate.

He died in the reign of king Charles I. and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

VIII. WILLIAM ROBERTSON of Inches, who was bred to the law, and studied at Leyden with the celebrated sir George Mackenzie with whom he contracted a friendship, which subsisted as long as they lived.

He married 1st, (*anno* 1668) Margaret, daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock. *Ibidem* who died *anno* 1669, leaving issue only one daughter who died in infancy.

He married 2dly, Sibilla, daughter of sir Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscarty, second son of Kenneth lord Kintail, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

1. *John* his heir.

2. *Thomas*, a bailie of Inverness, and receiver general of the customs. He married a daughter of provost Coumts of Montrose, by whom he had

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had several children. His son *William*, a merchant in Holland, hath a son, *Peter Robertson*, Esq; who went into the army, and by his bravery and merit, is risen to the rank of a lieutenant colonel, and is now in Betavia in the East Indies. William hath also two daughters in Holland.

3. *Hugh* a merchant in Inverness, who married *Elizabeth*, daughter of Robert Aitchison of Sydserf, and had several children.

1st daughter, *Jean*, married to Duncan More-Robertson, brother-german of Alexander Robertson of Strowan, to whom she had only one daughter.

2. *Janet*, married to ----- Rose of Holm.

3. *Marjory*, married to captain John Pearson of Montrose.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. JOHN ROBERTSON of Inches, who, anno 1703, married Barbara, daughter of colonel John Balfour of Ferny, second son of John third lord Burleigh; and in their contract of marriage, the estate was entailed upon the heirs-male of the marriage, &c. By her he had one son.

William, his heir,----and two daughters.

1. *Barbara*, married to Duncan Forbes merchant in Inverness.

2. *Sibilla*

He was succeeded by his only son,

X. WILLIAM ROBERTSON of Inches, who married, 1st. Jean, daughter of colonel William Murray second son of sir John Murray of Philiphaugh, by whom he had several children, whereof only two sons and two daughters survived.

1. *Arthur*, his heir.

2. Captain *Thomas Robertson*, a brave officer, who served with great reputation in the East Indies along with major Munro, captain Carstairs, &c.

1st daughter, *Barbara*, married to lieutenant William Fraser, and had issue.

2. *Johanna*.

William of Inches had by his second wife one daughter,

Margaret

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

XI. ARTHUR ROBERTSON, now of Inches, Esq;

A R M S.

ROBERTSONs of KINDACE. 35

A R M S.

Robertson of Strowan's, within a border ingrailed.

CREST; a swan proper.

MOTTO; *Vitæ faciendo nemine timeas.*

C H I E F S E A T.

At Inchës in Invernessshire.

ROBERTSON of KINDACE.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, eldest son of the second marriage of Stalwart John, No. V. of the preceding title, obtained from his father in patrimony several burjage lands about Inverness, and having carried on a very extensive trade in the mercantile way, acquired vast riches, and purchased several lands, viz. the lands of Orkney in the shire of Nairn, anno 1615, the lands of Kindace in Inverness-shire, &c. anno 1639, which last became the chief title of his family.

He got a charter under the great seal, *Willielmo Robertson burgen, de Inverness, villæ et terrarum de East-*

Chart in pub.
archiv.

er

*The HISTORY of the
er Kindace &c &c. dated 19th March 1631.*

He married Elspeth, daughter of Mr Thomas Howison minister of Inverness, by whom he had six sons and three daughters.

1. *William* ---- 2. *George*; both died unmarried.

3. *Gilbert*, who became his father's heir.

4. *David*.

5. *Matthew Robertson* of Dachcarty.

6. *John*.

1. daughter, -----, married to bailie Finlay Skinner merchant in Inverness.

2. -----, married to ----- Grant, also a merchant.

3. -----, married to Robert Rose of Merknie, provost of Inverness.

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Writs of
the family

II. GILBERT ROBERTSON of Kindace, who married Margaret, daughter of Colin Mackenzie of Kineraig, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.

1. *William* who died unmarried.

2. *Colin*, his father's heir.

3. ----- and his two daughters *Frances* and *Janet*, were all well married, and left a
numerous

ROBERTSONs of KINDACE. 37

numerous issue.

Gilbert was succeeded by his son,

III. COLIN ROBERTSON of Kindace who married Rebecca, daughter of sir Robert Munro of Foulis, baronet, by whom he had two sons. Baronage,
p. 85.

1. *William*, his heir.

2. *George*, who was sheriff-depute and commissary of Ross. He married Agnes, daughter of John Barbe of Aldowrie, by whom he had four sons. 1. *Andrew Robertson* writer in Dingwall. 2. *David*, a merchant in London, he died without issue. 3. *Mr Robert*, minister of Ed-derton. 4. *James*, bred to the sea, and master of a ship.

Colin was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON of Kindace, who was cornet of dragoons, and married, 1st, Catharine, daughter of Robert Robertson of Shipland, by whom he had two sons and daughters,

1. *Charles*, his heir.

2. Captain *Archibald Robertson*.

He married, 2dly, Anne, daughter of sir John Munro of Foulis, baronet, without issue.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. CHARLES ROBERTSON, Esq; now of Kindace, who married Janet, only daughter of Hugh Rose of Clava,

A R M S.

The same with Inches, with a proper mark of cadency.

CHIEF SEAT

At Kindace in Inverness-shire.

ROBERTSON of MURTON,
GLADNEY, &c.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON fifth baron of Strowan, married to his second wife lady Elizabeth or Isabel Stewart; daughter of John earl of athole, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

1. *Alexander*, progenitor of the Robertsons of Fascalzie, &c.

2. *John*, first of the Robertsons of Murton. His daughter *Margaret*, was married to George seventh earl of Errol.

I. JOHN ROBERTSON, a younger son of Alexander

ROBERTSON of MURTON. &c. 39

ander fifth baron of Strowan, lived in the reign of king James V. and having accompanied his sister the countess of Errol to the north, he settled there, and acquired the lands and barony of Murton in the shire of Elgin and parish of Kinloss, which became the chief title of his family.

Genealogy of this family, signed, sealed, and attested, by Alexander thirteenth baron of Strowan.

He married Margaret, daughter of sir James Crichton of Frendraught, only son and heir of William third lord Crichton, by lady Margaret Stewart his wife; daughter of king James II.

By her he had one son,

II. GILBERT ROBERTSON of Muirton who succeeded him, and married Janet, daughter of John Reid of Aikenhead, and sister of the celebrated Robert Reid bishop of Orkney, who was minister of state both to king James V. and queen Mary. And by her he had a son and successor,

Ibidem.

III. DAVID ROBERTSON of Murton, who in the reign of king James VI. married a daughter of the family of Innes, by whom he had two sons,

Ibidem.

1. *William* his heir.
2. *David*, who married and had issue.
He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON of Muirton, who in the reign of king Charles I. married Isabel, a daughter of Mr Andrew Petrie, of an ancient family in that country, by whom he had four sons and ----- daughters,

Ibidem. 1. *John Robertson* of Muirton, who succeeded him, but died without issue.

2. *William* of Gledney, of whom afterwards.

3. *Jerom Robertson* of Whittled, who will likewise be mentioned hereafter.

4. *Andrew*, who also married and had several children. His daughters names and their marriages are not come to our knowledge.

V. WILLIAM, second son of William Robertson of Muirton, was born anno 1656, and settled in the county of Fife, where he acquired the lands of Gladney, which became the title of his family.

He married first a daughter of doctor Mitchell, by whom he had a numerous issue of sons and daughters.

ROBERTSONs of MUIRTON, &c. 41

VI. DAVID ROBERTSON of Brunton in Fife, father of David Robertson now residenter in Edinburgh.

2. Mr *William Robertson*, late one of the ministers of Edinburgh, father of the learned doctor William Robertson, now one of the ministers, and principal of the university of that city, &c. &c. who is married and hath issue.

William of Gladney, married 2dly, Janet Meldrum, widow of Mr Andrew Grierison a younger son of the family of Lag, by whom he had no issue.

We now return to

V. JEROM ROBERTSON of Whithed, in the south country, third son of William of Murton, by Isabel Petrie, who was born at Muirton anno 1662, and married 1st----- Pollock, by whom he had no surviving issue.

He married 2dly, Mary Bowis of the county of Durham, by whom he had several children who all died unmarried. He married, 3dly, Christian, only child of captain Patrick Skirvin, by whom he had one son,

VI. WILLIAM ROBERTSON Esq; who now

The HISTORY of the
resides at the saw-miln near Leven in Fife.

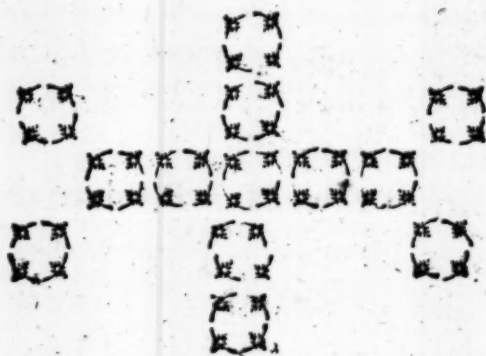
A R M S.

Gules, three crescents interlaced *or*, betwixt as many wolves heads crazed *argent*, armed and langued *azure*, within a border of the third, charged with eight mullets of the first.

CREST; a dexter hand issuing out of a cloud, holding a garb proper.

MOTTO; *Perseveranti dabitur.*

An account of the Noble family of Portmore.



E A R L. of P O R T M O R E.

COLLIER Earl of Portmore. at Wey bridge a beautiful seat on the River Thames, in the County of Surry.

This Noble Earl whom we now treat of, their immediate ancestors was Sir Alexander Robertson, a Cadet of the Honourable House of Strowan, which was a man of distinguished merit, and created a Barronet, by King Charles the II. on the 26th of *February*, 1666. He for reasons, assumed the Name of Collier and after design'd himself Sir Alexander Robertson, *Alias* Collier.

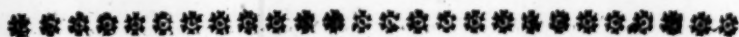
Sir DAVID his son not chusing two names adhered to Collier; he was remarkably Vailiant and had a great hand reducing *Ireland*, to obedience, *anno* 1691.

He was created a peer of *Scotland* by patent, dated the 1st of *June* 1699. And in the 1st year of Queen Anne, he was made a Major-general, and was dignified to the titles of Earl of Portmore, Viscount Millington, in the County of Roxburgh, Lord Collier, &c. the 13th *April* 1703.

1703. In *August* 1713. He was appointed Governor of Gibraltar, in *April* 1714. He got the command of the Royal Regiment of *Scots* Dragoons.

CHARLES his second son Earl of Portmore, was member of Parliament for Andover in Hamp-shire, and Elected one of the sixteen *Scots* peers, in 1734, and in 1741, a Knight of the most Noble order of the Thistle.

In their marriages they were and is Connected with several Noble families in *England*,



COLLIER Earl of PORTMORE.

THOUGH the surname of the Earls of Portmore is Collier, yet they are originally sprung from the ancient family of Robertson's of Strowan, the chief or head of that great and numerous clan in Scotland.

The immediate ancestor of this noble family was.

I. Sir ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, a cadet of the said honourable house of Strowan, who

who being a man of distinguished merit, was created a baronet by Scotch comp. and Salmon's abridg. king Charles II. on 26th February 1676. He settled in the province of Holland, where he made a considerable figure. He assumed the surname of Collier, and was afterwards designed sir Alexander Robertson *alias* Collier.

He left issue a son and successor.

H. Sir DAVID, who dropped the name of Robertson altogether, and retained only that of Collier.

He was a man of a rare military genius. He on many occasions, remarkably distinguished himself by his courage and conduct, and deservedly rose to the highest rank in the army.

He was in great favour with king William, was very instrumental in reducing Ireland to his Majesty's obedience *anno* 1691; and for his good and faithful services, was raised to the dignity of the Peerage Chart. in cancellaria. of Scotland, with the title of lord Portmore, by patent, dated 1st June 1699.

In the first year of queen Anne, he was made a major-general, and was by her majesty further dignified with the titles of earl of Portmore.

Ibid. hæred
masc. ex ejus
corpore.

Portmore, viscount Milfington, in the
county of Roxbrough, lord Collier,
&c. by patent to the heirs male of
his body, dated 13th April 1703.

In 1710. he was appointed commander in
chief of her majesty's forces in Scotland; and
in January thereafter, he was made a general
of foot.

In 1712, he commanded part of the army
in Flanders, under the duke of Ormond; and
that same year was constituted one of the pri-
vy council to her majesty, and a knight of the
most ancient order of the thistle.

In August 1713, he was appointed gover-
nour of Gibraltar. In October thereafter,
was chosen one of the sixteen Scotch peers to
the fourth British Parliament; and in April
1714, he got the command of the royal regi-
ment of Scotch dragoons.

He married Catharine, daughter of sir
Charles Sidley of Great Chart, in the county
of Kent, Baronet, who was by king James
VII. created countess of Dorchester for life.

By her he had two sons.

1. *David*, lord Milfington.

2. *Charles*

2 *Charles Collier, Esq;* who became his father's heir,

David lord Millington, eldest son and apparent heir of David earl of Portmore, married Bridgate, daughter, of John Noel of Walcot, in the county of Northampton, Esq; a son of the viscount Campden, by whom he had several children, who all died in infancy. He also died before his father, without any surviving issue.

The old earl died *anno* 1729, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. CHARLES, second earl of Portmore who, in his fathers lifetime, was chosen member of Parliament for Andover, in Hampshire and after his father's death, was elected one of the sixteen Scotch peers to the eighth and ninth British Parliament, in the years 1734 and 1741, and is also a knight of the most noble order of the thistle.

He married Juliana, dutchess dowager of Leeds, daughter of Roger Hele, in the county of Devon, Esq; by Collin's peerage of Engl. vol. I. p. 255. whom he had several children, whose names have not come to our knowledge.

ARMS.

A R M S.

Gules, a cheveron between three wolves heads coupéd *argent*, three trees *argent*, fructed, of the first.

CREST; an unicorn's head rampant *argent*, horned and unguled *or*.

SUPPORTERS; two wolves *argent*.

MOTTO; *Avance*.

As we now have finished, the Strowan's family in Scotland as far as we know, yet we are assured there is several good families omitted, we have not got inserted, for want of information; we shall insert so far as we know of their descendents in England, and having not the intelligence which was promised, we shall conclude first in Scotland, that the Robertson's is not only numerous in the Highlands, but also in every County, City, Town, Parish, and Village in the low Country, so that no clan in Scotland is so numerous; and in England their descendents are under these honourable names, viz. Robertson, Robertson *alias* Collier, Robinson, Robeson, Robison Robson, &c.

ALEXANDER EARL of STIRLING.

We Immeadeatly have received accounts of this Noble family.

IT is the general opinion of our antiquaries, that those of the surname of Alexander, Mac-Alaster, Robertson, &c. are decended of the MacDonalds.

That Alexander MacDonald, a younger son of the Lord of the Isles, having acquired some lands in Stirling and Clackmannan shires, fix'd his residence at Menstrie; and that his posterity assumed the surname of Alexander from their predecessor's Christian name.

Certain it is the Alexanders were making a figure in these countries several centuries ago, and have continued to quarter the arms of MacDonald with their own, to denot their being sprung from that illustrious house. And though we cannot fix the precise time of their settlement in that country, yet we shall deduce the decent of this Noble family by authentic documents.

I. ALEXANDER, proprietor of the lands of Menstrie, in the reign of King James IV. *anno* 1488.

In a dispute betwixt the Abbot of Cambusnethan, and Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan, about the marches of some of their lands which was submitted to a perambulation and assize of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, this Thomas Alexander of Menstrie, together with Andrew Mercer of that Ilk, William Stirling of Tillicoultry, and some others were appointed arbiters: they settled the marches and made up the differences, by their decreet-arbitral 6th March 1505

II. ANDREW ALEXANDER who succeeded his father had two sons.

I. ALEXANDER his heir.

II. ANDREW ALEXANDER, who was bred to the Church, and in a line of Colin Earl of Argyle 15th November 1529, is designed *Andreas Alexander, presbyter &c.*

III. ALEXANDER ALEXANDER, third baron of Menstrie, who made a considerable figure in the reign of King James V.

Amongst the writs of the family of Argyle, Alexander, son of the decest Andrew Alexander of Menstrie transfers all right of the lands of Menstrie in favours of Colin Earl of Argyle, his superior dated the 12th of February anno 1527,
that

that same year there is a charter by Colin Earl of Argyle, to Alexandr Alexander of Menstrie of the lands of Dusslater in the shire of Stirling, which his father Andrew and Catharine Graham his mother were proprietors, 15th January 1529, Alexander their son and heir, married Elizabeth daughter to Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, ancestor of the Earl of Morton, by whom he had two sons. I. Andrew his heir. II. William Alexander.

IV. ANDREW ALEXANDER fourth baron of Menstrie, son and heir of Alexander before noticed, he died and left three sons, I. Alexander his heir, II. John promiscuously in Middleron and in Gogar, III. James.

V. ALEXANDER fifth baron of Menstrie, was attorney for the Earl of Argyle *anno* 1542. He died *anno* 1594. and left issue a son.

VI. Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER sixth baron of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling, *anno* 1596. He got liberal education, and composed several peices of Poetry, which was greatly Esteemed, he was pitched upon to travel with the Earl of Argyle, as a tutor and governor, and in his return becam a great favourite of King

James VI. who Knighted him and made him master of requests *anno* 1604, he settled a Colony in Nova-Scotia in America, upon his own charges, and was granted a Charter-Royal 21st September 1621, he got likewise a Charter under the great seal, of several lands and baronies in Scotland, too numerous here to insert. King Charles I. appointed Sir William Lieutenant of Nova-Scotia, of which order Sir William was the first, and obtained the privilege of coining small copper money, which was a step greatly inveighed against, at that time, he was appointed secretary of state, in *anno* 1626, which office he enjoyed with honour as long as he lived. In November 1627, he was constituted keeper of the signet in Scotland, in July 1628, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Exchequer, and in 1631, he was one of the Lords of Session; he was raised to the dignity of the Peerage by the titles of Earl of Stirling, Viscount Canada, Lord Tilibody, &c. bearing the name and arms of Alexander. 14th June 1633, he was one of the council for the affairs of new-England, 'as he had intrest therein, dated the 22d Aprile 1635, there was granted to him all that part of New-England

between the River of Kenebeck and St Croix; also all those Islands of Stirling, or long Island, which now make a considerable part of the Province of New-York; And he was at a very great expence in settling Colonies therein; particularly in Long-Island, where he introduced the first British inhabitants; which settlement gave rise to the now flourishing Colony of New-York.

VII. WILLIAM Viscount of Canada and Lord Alexander, eldest son and apparent heir of William Earl of Stirling, was President in Nova-Scotia.

VIII. WILLIAM, who succeeded his grand father *anno* 1640, but dying three months after it devolved on his uncle, Hendrey Alexander, his heir male.

VII HENDREY, third Earl of Stirling, married a daughter of Peter Vanlore, Knight, and Alderman of the City of London; by whom he got a great fortune, and acquired an estate in England, where he settled and his Posterity continued to reside: but allways voted by proxy at the election's of the sixteen Scotch peers, He died *anno* 1650, leaving issue one son.

VIII. HENDREY, fourth Earl of Stirling, had four sons and three daughters, I. Hendry his heir, II. William, III. Robert IV. Peter, they all died without issue, 1st. daughter Mary, married to --- Philips Esq; in the County of Berks, who resided in the City of York, Lady Judith married Sir William Turnbull of East-Hamstead-Park, in the County of Berks, Lady Jean.

IX. HENDREY, fifth Earl of Stirling, died without issue 1739, his two sisters Lady Mary, and Judith, before mentioned, became his Co-heiresses, and in him ended the male line of Alexander Alexander, fourth baron of Menstrie, Father of the first Earl Stirling, but the representation, in virtue of the patent *hæredibus masculis, in perpetuum*, appears to have devolved upon William Alexander, who now claims the title of Earl of Stirling, being lineally descended from John Alexander, uncle to the patentee.

V. JOHN, 2d son of Andrew, VI. Alexander Alexander in Millnab, succeeded him and left issue three sons, I. Alexander Alexander in Kinkell, whose male line is now extinct, II. David, who carried on the line of this family, III. Patrick who married and had issue VII. David Alexander of Ward of Muthile, he had two sons, and two daughters, I. William Alexander, whose only son William died without issue

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issue 1747, II. James, father of William who now claims the Peerage, I. daughter Janet married to Mr. MacLeish, II. Christian married to Mr. Caw in crieff.

VIII. JAMES ALEXANDER, second son of David, in Ward of Muthile, went to America in 1714, and was made sureveyer-general of New-Jersey, and New-York &c. he acquired a large proprietary in New-Jersey, and New-York, he had one son, William his heir, and four daughters, I. Mary married to Peter Vanburgh-Livingston, merchant in New-York, II. Elizabeth, married to John Stevens, Esq; of Perth-Aimboy, in New-Jersey, III. Catharine married to Major Walter Rutherford, IV. Susannah.

IX. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, who now claims the honours of Earl of Stirling, was Sureveyer-general of New-Jersey, and arrived in England from that Colony 1756, in 1757, he sued out a writ of mortancestor, in the chancery of Scotland. The evidence of his claim being laid before a Jury of fifteen Gentlemen of the first rank in Scotland, they unanimously made ther return declaring him to be the nearest heir male to Hendry Alexander, the V. Earl and was served accordingly, 20th of March 1759, and if his claim is sustained by Parliement

ment, he will be the sixth Earl of Stirling. He married Sarah daughter of Philip Livingston, of the family Linlithgow, by whom he hath issue, two daughters, I. Mary II Catharine, one of these daughters is lately married to John son and apparent heir of Alexander Robertson of Stralochy, alias baron Reid, who is decended of the Robertson's of Strowan. The Alexander's has purchased two great estates in the Granad's, and one Robertson a trustee to them.

MOTTO *per mare per terras.*

CHIEF Seat, was at Menstrie in Stirling Shire.

R O B I N S O N of L E I S E S T E R.

SIR James Robinson baronet, in County of Leicester, he was a man of great honour, and did many signal services to his country, He married Anne, sister daughter to Sir William Villers of Brokesby, whose defendents came of the noble house of *Villers* in *Normandy*, and came into England at the time of the conquest, Sir John who was possessed of Brokesby. after married to Colletta daughter and heir to Richard Clerk, of the county of Huntington Esq; and long before his death was likewise possessed of Howby, and of 40 Messuages, 20 Cottages, 20 Tofts, 2 Water-milns, 1000 Acres of land,

ROBINSON of LEISESTER. 57

500 of Meadow, 2000 of Pasture, &c. &c.
He likewise had lands and possessions in Brokesby, Howby. In that county he died and left issue.

George, his son and heir, aged 14 years or more at his fathers death; his father left several lands which he had purchased to his second wifes children.

Sir George was first Cup-bearer to king James the I. afterwards a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, master of the horse, and at length Duke and Marquess of Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, viscount villers, baron Whadon, knight of the Garter, &c. and a favourite of two kings, James the I. and king Charles the I,



ROBINSON of NEWBY, York-shire.

IT is the general opinion of some of our antiquaries, that the decendents of this honourable family came from Scotland, and of the Robertson's of Strowan, and though we cannot fix the precise time of their settlement in that country, yet we shall deduce it according to our information.

Sir *William Robinson* of Newby-hall, upon Swale in York-shire; was a man of great honour, and always was held in high esteem for the many services done to his King and country.

He was succeeded by his son and heir the right honourable Sir *Thomas Robinson*, Lord Grantham, Knight of the Bath. one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, and fellow of the Royal Society; he was created a Peer, by the title of Lord Grantham, of Grantham in Lincolnshire, April 4, 1761, Geo. III.

His Lordship married Frances third daughter of *Thomas Wosley*, of Hovingham, in York-shire, Esq; and by her, (who died 1750,) he had issue the Hon. *Thomas Robinton*, Esq: member in the present parliament for the borough of Christ-Church, Hants, and a Lord of

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Trade and Plantations, now Lord Grantham; the Hon Frederick Robinson, and two daughters Anne and Theresa, unmarried. His Lordship was sent Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Vienna in 1739, and created a Knight of the Bath in 1742, the late Emperor of Germany performing the ceremony of investing him with the order; he was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations in December 1748, and made keeper of the Great Wardrobe and sworn one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, in December 1749. In March 1754, his Lordship was advanced to the office of Secretary of State for the southern department, and in the month following was named one of the Regency in his Majesty's absence in his German dominions. In November 1755, he resigned the post of Secretary of State, and a few days after was appointed keeper of the Great Wardrobe. His Lordship was the fourth son of the late Sir William Robinson of Newby-hall, upon Swale, in Yorkshire.

His Lordship died the 1st of October 1770, at White-hall London. Univerecely regretted.

Sir

SIR LUMLEY ROBINSON of Kent-Well-Hall.

SIR Lumley Robinson of Kent-well-hall in the County of Sussex, barronet, his progenetors came from *Scotland* in 1619, and in the year 1632 distinguished themselves for the Honour of their Country, in the Regin of Malcom Conmore King of *Scotland*, they did signal services. The above Sir Lumley's Widdow, was married to Sir William Foulis of Ingleby, his progenitor, David likewise came from *Scotland*, at the time when the Norman Invasion was intended, this Sir David opposed King William the I. being treated with much Rigour and severity, came into *Scotland*, with Margaret the sister of Edger Altholing, afterwards married to Malcom Conmore King of *Scotland*, and settled there where his decendents flourish to this day, for which he cites, Bishop Ross's History of *Scotland*, after this removal 'tis likely this family settled in the North of *Scotland*, and gave Donations to a town of their name, which now belongs to the Monroes: 'tis certain that severals thereof bore considerable offices under the Kings of *Scotland*; for William Foulis was keeper of the Privey Seal to King James I. 1430. See Hollingshead's Cron. Fol. 254. Dugdale's.

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Name,

Sir THOMAS ROBERTS of Glassenbury

THIS Sir Thomas is decended fr̄m a Gentleman in *Scotland*, Rookherst, who left his native Country, and came unto Goudhurst in Kent, in the 3d year of the reign of King Hendry the I. had afterwards the surname of Roberts; or Robertson, and purchased certain lands on a hill called Goudhurst, called Winchet hill he there built a Mansion-house, calling it Rookherst; after the former name in the Parish of Goudhurst. The family continued 274 years, till the Reign of King Ritchard the 2d, when Stephen his son married the daughter of William Tyllye Esq; of Glassenbury; he was in her right possessed thereof, and built a fair sumptuous house, on the hill of Glassenbury, which came by Lineal decent, to Walter his son, in the year 1472. he caused the same to be pulled down, and in the year 1473. at the charge and expence of £ 1800, built a spacious moated house, which is called Glassenbury, in the Parish of Cranebrook; where they have since continued, their being successively 13 Esqr's of the Name, till the year 1599. When Thomas

G

Erect

62 ROBERTS of GLASSENBURY.

Erected a plain Monument of black marble in to the Chancel of the Kirk of Cranbrook, with an inscription containing a memorial of his family.

What I shall further observe, is their progenitors, who first settled in *England*, foresook *Scotland*, on account of assisting Donald Bain, (who Usurp'd the Crown of that Kingdom) against Edgar the son of Malcom King of *Scot and*.

For the further curiosity of this ancient family I shall give a short account of one John, who had two wives, and was a man of great Piety and Charity, as his will shows, dated the 20th of *January* 1460. And he departed this life the 7th of *February* the same year.

By his testament he orders his body to be buried in the Church of St Dunstan, at Cranbrook, before the Altar of St Gile's, and L10. paid out on an honest Tomb, for him and Agnes his Wife with a Writing which makes mention of them; to the Altar he leaves 13s. 4d. for his tythes forgotten; also to the high Altar of Gutherst 3s. 4d. and to the high Altar of Merden 20d. and to Ralph Bever certain lands yearly, on condition he purchase others to the

yearly value of 6*s.* 4*d.* to find a lamp to burn Day and Night for ever, before the Sacrament, in the Chancel of Cranbrook, and for a Priest to say Mass, weekly monthly and quarterly and so yearly for ever; the said Priest to have 10 *Marks* yearly. He wills also that Robert Hoo, Parson of Chart, have 20*s.* to pray for him, and housing, and Ground be purchsed for 7 poor men at Cranbrook, and 7 men at Gutherst, and to have yearly 13*s.* 4*d.* the payment to be paid quarterly, and 13*s.* 4*d.* yearly, to repair their houses, which poor men he appoints his heirs, to have the Election of, and that they should pray for his Soul, his Wives Souls, his friends Souls, and all Christian Souls; and seven years after his Decease, that Cloathing be given to 13 poor men and women, Gowns, Hoods and Coats, and to pay 6*d.* to a Priest coming to his years-day and singing Mass.

The last Sir Thomas we shall mention, was married in 1714. to Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Mr. Samuel Newbery of London.

F I N I S.

MONS ALEXANDER,

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STRUANI

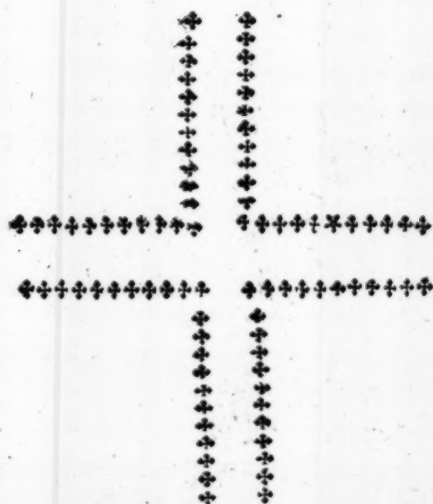
Domini sui Reditum.

Præda fui nuper BATAVIS ac hostibus ANGLIS;
Fraudibus, heu! victus, VEMIA dira, tuis.
Tunc mons vulgaris fueram, rudis atque profanus;
Et captivus eram, dum meus exul berus.
Deseruere Dei silvarum, et numina fontium;
Ipse ARGENTINUS ferre negavit opem.
Clamant, cura, omnes, nobis indigna videtur
Vel terræ aut montes, dum ROBERTSONUS abest.
Sed cito reperies reducem, patriæque parentem:
Illius adventus, hujus et omen erit.
Floribus exuto, spoliato gramine et herbis,
Heros RANOCUS tandem inopinus abest.
Acer et indomitus, vir fortis, MARTIS alumnus,
Et pius in patriam, mente manuque potens.
STRUANO reduci caput alta ad sidera tollo;
Mons sacer efficior quique profanus eram.
Floribus ac herbis decorat me gramine FLORA,

A

Me

Me decorant albis et lilia mista rosis.
Turmatim veniunt silvestres Dique Deæque;
NAIADUMque choris ORPHEUS ipse canit.
Turba NOVENA venit, despecta sede priori,
Fontis amat nostri, plus HELICONIS, aquas.
Hic pascit PEGASUS, solium me ponit APOLLO;
Libertas rediit, cum pietate fides.
Dî justî accelerent SATURNIA regna f----,
Pollicitisque velint addere facta suis:
Exule S-----o, nulla est sincera voluptas;
ILLE potest UNUS gaudia plena dare.



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T O T H E

Anonymous Author of the *Latin ODE*, &c.

A Picture drawn so full of Grace, there's none
 Has vanity enough to call his own.
 I, who am conscious of a low Desert,
 Feeble in Pow'r as unadorn'd with Art,
 Tho', glaring on the Front, the Name does shine
 In Capitals, I ne'er can deem it mine,
 But think your pregnant Fancy call'd to fit
 A far more perfect Object when you writ;
 And, from th' Abundance of your gen'rous Rage,
 For me have palm'd an Error on the Age:
 Excuse me then, if I renounce a Praise,
 Tho' sung in the Sublimity of Lays.
 The many shining Virtues you describe,
 Descendants of the Skies, a glorious Tribe!
 What Being is there comprehends them all,
 And sojourns in this mercenary Ball?
 Is there a postdiluvian Mortal dreams
 He's blest'd with Fortitude in all Extremes,
 Who can insure his Duty will not fail,
 When Gold and Titles over all prevail?

Celestial Influence must itself disclose
In him who spurns, indignify'd, at those.

Yet thus far will I own in some Degree,
Not what I am, but what I wish to be ;
Methinks no sordid Gain should tempt my Trust ;
I yield to none in being nicely just ;
Yet boasting thus my equal Looks I save,
Since the less honest Man is much a Knave,
Truth, like the radiant Sweets of Virgin-Bees,
In the same Soil admits of no Degrees.
Tho' my Capacity to reach the Goal
Be weak, yet strong's the Purpose of my Soul :
Benevolence restrain'd can only hope,
Nor need she blush for Want of greater Scope ;
Justice and Truth attend upon our Will,
Not so the wav'ring Gifts of Power and Skill ;
Those Talents heav'nly Wisdom often lends
To those who use them for inglorious Ends ;
While Faith and Honesty unshaken stand,
Ever obsequious to a just Command.

O! could my Faith and Honesty have Force
And Skill to stop the Traytor's frantick Course,
Then might I gain that undeserv'd Renown
Which you profusely heap upon my hoary crown.

To

T O H I M S E L F,
Against DISQUIETUDE and DESPAIR.

LET Fortune do whate'er she will,
STREPHON, be calm and easy still;
Whether the Dame be cross or kind,
Let STREPHON have a steddy Mind;
The more she fills thy bitter Dose,
The less Reluctancy disclose;
And when you stand on Ruin's Brink,
STREPHON, 'tis glorious not to shrink.

If Fortune, which some call but Chance,
The fairer Minutes should advance,
And unexpectedly should raise
Her Wheel to bring thee happy Days,
Let no excess of Bliss create
An Exultation in thy State;
Our scanty Science cannot know
If seeming Good by truly so;
Fortune, or that which has the Skill
To guide, (for we are guided still)
Commands our Rise, commands our Fall,
For what Effect 'tis hidden all;
The main Result is barr'd our Sight,
Progressive Wrong may finish Right;

4 S T R U A N's P O E M S.

And what our Wish to day fulfils,
To-morrow may conclude in Ills.

What boots it then to fret and lowr
For Things that are beyond our Pow'r?
And if our Labour can redress
Our Wrongs, let's try----and hope Success.

Oh! be it STREPHON's constant Care
Never to sink into Despair;
Despair is certain to prevent,
But never prompts a good intent.
Then STREPHON, full of Hopes, retire
To the Recess of thy Desire;
Thy lofty Mount, and silent Shade,
For Peace and Contemplation made,
Where Pray'r and Praise, for what we need
And wish, alternately succeed;
There fix thy tow'ring Thoughts above
Vain mortals, on the Quire of Love,
Whose Work is ever to amend
Their State of Bliss without an End:
They, boundless in there Sphere, advance
In Knowledge thro' the vast expanse
Of the supreme Perfection's Eye,
Still rising---short of the most High;

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Still reading, by peculiar Grace,
The spacious Volume of his Face.
In which the Glorify'd can spy
Futurities beneath the Sky ;
But for th' eternal Mazes none
Can trace their Depths, but God alone.

O ! what Stupidity does reign
In the unthinking Mortal's Brain,
Who spurns not Ignorance, to rise
And grow, like those, divinely wise !
When Charity and holy Fear,
Obtain'd by Fervency of Pray'r,
Are sure to bend th' Almighty's Ear.
Ev'n thou, not yet endow'd to scan
Joys inconceivable to Man,
If with superior Zeal inspir'd,
May'st ope a Vision much desir'd ;
A Revelation from above
May prop thy Faith and Doubts remove ;
The Heav'ns may draw their Curtians so,
As to unvail the Fates below :
Reflective Rays, which ever shine
From the fair Mirror of the Trine,
May reach thine Eyes, and render bright
All intercepting Clouds of Night ;

Till

Till the Adorable displays
 His ancient Aspect full of Days;
 Wrapt in Refulgency of Rays;
 There Love omnipotent, to will
 And act in all things but in Ill,
 Resides; and may be thought to say,
 " Prepare ye for a joyfull Day,
 " A Day shall disappoint your Fears,
 " Fulfil your Hopes and dry your Tears:
 " I am the Pow'r in whom you trust,
 " I love the Offspring of the Just;
 " Tho' Innocence has struggled long,
 " And yet a While may suffer Wrong,
 " The Source of Justice Justice gives,
 " And swears the Doom by him that lives."
 But when, or how, thou shalt not view;
 O STREPHON! no Disquiet shew,
 Thy Days are number'd and but few.
 Yet will it please thy Soul to know,
 When springing from the Cares below,
 That God at length will stretch his Hand,
 And heal the Madness of the Land,
 That Right will flourish void of Strife,
 Which thou hast toil'd for all thy Life.

Thefac

These Promises thy Scene of Grief should
close,

And fix thy Spirit in profound Repose.

The DOLEFUL INTIMATION.

ALL sublunary Things are frail,
Here nothing permanent we find,
In vain around the Globe we fail
To look for Quiet to the Mind ;
While we pursue the Phantom still retires,
The best Success fulfills not our Desires ;
Our greatest Bliss, when at its Height, expires. }

O! who can calculate my Grief?

Now, in the Midst of all our Joy,
The second Bowl, our sure Relief,

Supported by the heedless Boy,
Behold the lovely Vase, divinely crown'd
With healing Juice, by an unlucky Bound, }
Lyes broke in fifty Pieces on the Ground.

An ODE in the time of a STORM.

NOW JOVE in his Ire is dealing his Thunder,
And the Weight of his Palm breaks the
Clouds all assunder,

His

8 S T R U A N's P O E M S.

His Lightnings he scatters, and Pails full of Rain
Showers down to destroy the Delights of the
Swain.

Our Days are so clouded, some Times, that the
Light

Of Noontide is chang'd to the shades of the
Night,

And at Night, with the Lightning, so fatally gay,
You'd swear that the shades were converted to
Day.

But, ye Gods, who reside in our Altars so high,
Where Wine is still offer'd as oft as you're dry,
For your Pleasure and Profit defend from all
Harm

The innocent Grape in Despite of the Storm.

D----- to *Marianne*. A R A P T U R E.

TO prove Omnipotence must be,
Let us but cast our Eyes on thee;
A Body and a Soul like thine
Must be the Work of Hands divine;
For nothing but a God could bring
From nothing so divine a Thing:
Heav'n would not such Pesection make,
But for its own Affection's Sake;

And

And what Heav'n loves we ought t' adore,
 To the Extent of all our Pow'r :
 Our Worship then can be no Sin
 To what's so fair without, so fair within.

E P I T A P H on the Earl of MAR.

HERE Loyalty supine with Valour lyes,
 And much, 'tis fear'd, will never, never rise, }
 Since the great MAR has clos'd his wakeful
 Eyes :

With him alive they rested and they toil'd,
 Advanc'd with Prudence, or with Art recoil'd.
 Alas ! that Love of Friends, or Hate of Foes,
 No more can rouse them from their dull Repose,
 Tho' Envy strives, at her inglorious Rate,
 To soil the Virtuous and debase the Great,
 MAR's worth shall endless, in those grateful Lays,
 Shine thro' the longest Stretch of future Days.

Farewel, who couldst our Doubts and Fears
 expel,
 Thou great in Faith and Fortitude, farewell !

E P I T A P H

EPITAPH on ALEXANDER MACDONELL
of *Glengary*, who died *anno 1720*.

READ Passenger, read here the dismal doom,
That stands accomplish'd in this doleful
Tomb ;

'Twas fated bold GLENGARY's Scene should
close,

To let base Traitors in their Guilt repose :
Low now he lyes who daily cross'd their Wills ;
A sad Prognostick of our future Ills.

If thus the Justly-daring fill their Urn,
O INNOCENCE ! O when shalt thou return !

EPITAPH on *John Robertson* of *Lude*, Esq ;

HERE lyes the Wonder of the Ball,
A Son of EVE without a Gall ;
All ADAM's Offspring had been such,
Had he not trusted EVE too much.

EPITAPH on *Robert Robertson*, Son to Colonel *Duncan Robertson*, killed in a Duel before he was 19 Years of Age, and buried on the Spot.

THIS scanty Hillock does inclose
All the Spirit Youth could lose,

Which

Which a continued Lustre gave
To all the Mildness Youth could have.

Oh! that his Meekness of Desire
Had got the Ascendant o'er his Fire;
But too much Life, alas! could bring
Death's rapid and untimely Sting.

Sweet lovely Shade repose in Peace,
Tho' laid in this unhallow'd Place;
Thy spotless Dust, wherever found,
Makes holy the profanest Ground.

Young Reader, here with Pity gaze,
And learn to live out all thy Days.

Human Pride. A DREAM.

I N Quest of Ease while on my Couch I lay,
Recruiting Nature for the Toils of Day.
I dream't as wakeful Fancy pleas'd to guide;
Of an acute Disease methought I dy'd,
And that my Friends, inclinable to save,
Close by a common Beggar made my Grave;
But, looking round, my Heart began to swell,
Not relishing my Neighbourhood so well;
I spurn'd him off, and in these Words I broke,
And with an Air of Quality I spoke:

B

What

What stinking Carrion's this, that has forgot
 My Dignity? Go farther off to rot.
 Does it become a Rascal, such as thee,
 To mix thy common Dust with one like me?
 Rascal, said he, and smil'd, that's well enough,
 Here in the Grave how saucily you huff!
 Go, look your Rascal some where else, and know,
 None but a brainless Booby calls me so;
 Friend, thou art dead, and must become the Prey
 Of these my starving Worms before 'tis Day;
 Death to a just Equality does bring
 The Rich, the Poor, the Cocker and the King;
 I therefore on my Dunghill here pretend
 As much as you on your's, and there's an End.
 Thus having said, methought a Swarm of Flies,
 Or viler Insects, issued from his Eyes,
 Which having seiz'd my Breast with Joy extreme,
 I wak'd, to find that all was but a Dream.

T O H I M S E L F .

HAD STREPHON bent him to the faith-
 less Nods.
 Of strutting Courtiers who defy the Gods;
 Had he submitted to the fraudulent Cause
 Of perjur'd Tyrants, and their impious Laws,
He

He had not now been plagu'd with Puny Knaves
 Who'd fain be Rulers, but were born his Slaves;
 Yet soon to them the curst Light he'll give,
 To see their Crimes, but not repent and live;
 So tumbled down were Natives of the Sky,
 From Heav'n's fair Mansions, when they fought
 too high.

THE INVITATION.

ART thou disgusted at the World,
 Oppress'd by her perfidious Race?
 Wouldst thou no more with Spight be hurl'd
 A Wanderer from Place to Place?
 Wisely retire with me, and, void of Strife,
 Learn to destroy the tedious Hours of Life.

Fly from the Courtier's empty Bow,
 The Lawyer's Quirk, the Statesman's Wile;
 Believe not their most solemn Vow;
 The Traytor hides in every Smile;
 Avoid the Wretch who'd poison the with Praise,
 And listen to my salutary Lays.

My quiet Sanctuary prepares,
 In Solitude, a peaceful Cell

Unknown to the tumultuous Cares

That in the stately Palace dwell.

Here never Breach of sacred Tyes is seen,
In Friend or Kinsman, to provoke thy Spleen.

Soon as AURORA's early Beams

Reveals what nightly Shades had hid,
She bids the Swain give o'er his Dreams,
And labour as he dreamt he did :

The Swain, obedient, first to Heav'n does pray.
And full of Hopes is chearful all the Day.

Thus, fortify'd with heav'nly Trust,
Sedately bold he treads the Field,

While all the Family of Lust,

To Virtue's fairest Offspring yield;
Ambitious Av'rice and impetuous Ire,
When calm Contentment shews her Face, retire.
Contentment happily obtain'd,

Each meditates his Morning Task,
Divinely gay that he has gain'd

The greatest Blessing Man could ask ;
Without Contentment nought can ease our Pain,
And with it all Calamities are vain.

Then do we jointly view the Land

Where Nature craves the Pow'r of Art,

And

And each employs his helping Hand,
Each fond of his becoming Part;
The Master reads the Swain his Rules of Skill,
The Swain exults t' obey the Master's Will.

And now the Mid-Day Signal-Sound
Invites us to a healthy Meal,
Where clean uncostly Food is found,
Self-season'd, yet of rich Avail;
Modest Simplicity regales our Wish,
And no Disease is lurking in our Dish,

Refresh'd with mod'rate homely Fair,
We scorn the Glutton's filken Toys,
While we are bent on comely Care,
A shameful Sloth seals down his Eyes
Not cloy'd with the Luxuriancy of Chear,
Our Limbs are clever, and our Heads are clear.

Thus furnish'd all obey the Laws
For the meridian Sun's Decline,
The Master to his Muse withdraws
To cultivate some Thought divine;
Perhaps some rural Author prompts his Pains
To Business that is Pastime to the Swains.

Where Groves luxuriant choke his Road
To view kind Nature's Works of Skill,

Or where the Meads are overflow'd

With Torrents tumbling from each Hill,
They lop the Thickets, and the shade divide,
To build a Bulwark to restrain the Tide.

At length, when Night begins to spread

Her gloomy Veil o'er all the Soil,
The Swains are by the Master led,
Not weary with the Excels of Toil,
To gentle Morsels and a generous Bowl,
To cherish Nature and to glad the Soul.

At last, our Gratitude express'd

For Heav'n's Protection of the Day,
Our Frailties we resign to Rest,
Impatient of our Work's Delay;
For soon as PHOEBUS leaves his dusky Bow'rs,
We press with Innocence to catch the fleeting
Hours.

Their P R A Y E R for P R O S P E R I T Y.

Almighty three who guard the Just;

Our Weakness and our Strength you see;
Increase our Faith, and raise our Trust,
To the full Height required by thee;
And as our Aims regard thy holy Laws,
So Heaven abandon or espouse our Cause.

M L N

T A Y-

TAY-BRIDGE to her FOUNDER.

LONG had old SCOTIA Diffolution fear'd,
 Till you, her kind auspicious Star, appear'd;
 But soon as the celestial Pow'r came down
 To smile on Labour, and on Sloth to frown,
 SCOTIA, reviving, rais'd her drooping Crown,
 Discord and Barrenness confess their Doom,
 One clos'd her Feuds, and t' other op'd her
 Womb;

Rocks inaccessible a Passage know,
 And Men inur'd to Arms address the Plough.

No less surprizing was the daring Scheme
 That fix'd my Station in this rapid Stream!
 The North and South rejoice to see me stand,
 Uniting, in my Function, Hand in Hand,
 Commerce and Concord, Life of ev'ry Land.
 But---who could force rough Nature thus to
 ply,

Becalm the Torrents, and make Rocks to fly?
 What Art, what Temper, and what manly Toil
 Could smoothe the rudest Sons of BRITAIN'S
 Isle?

Methinks

Methinks the Reader's anxious till he's told,
That WADE was skilful, and that WADE was
bold.

Thus shall his Name for BRITAIN's Glory rise,
Till Sun and Moon shall tumble from the skies.

MacDONALD the Bard's Salutation to Ge-
neral *WADE*.

IIAIL! Fav'rite of *Great-Britain's* Throne,
Prime Executor of the Law!

Whose Skill and foreward Zeal alone
Could Fierceness to Submission draw.

Thro' rugged Rocks you forc'd a Way,
Where Trade and Commerce now are found,
The Indigent look brisk and gay,
Since Plenty does thro' you abound.

The steepest Mountain opes her Womb,
To let her Sons and Hero meet;
Who could have dream'd it was her Doom,
E'er to have vy'd with *London* Street.

T O T H E

R O Y A L C O M P A N Y O F A R C H E R S .

A n O D E 1726.

SEE! how the bright extended Line
 Of ROYAL ARCHERS shape their Way,
 Dispensing from their Arms divine
 The Glories of the God of Day :
 Their pristine Worth e'er Half the Globe does
 roll,

As PHOEBUS darts his Beams from Pole to Pole.

Their great Fore-father's fought the Field,
 Confiding in their Arms Address,
 They made insulting Nations yield,

Who, labouring to be great, grew less.
 The ROMAN Eagle, tow'ring in her Pride,
 Foil'd by their Arrows, disappear'd or died.

Let their Examples fire your Blood
 To Deeds becoming SCOTIA's Race ;
 Be studious to be great and good,

By Means untainted with Disgrace :
 Nobly assert your King and Country's Cause,
 Confess her God, and vindicate her Laws.

Thus

Thus may old CALEDON regain

That Vigour which would seem to sink,
Her rampant Lion gnaw his Chain,

Undoing every shameful Link;
No more we'll hear the noble Savage moan,
But see him scow'r the Fields were heretofore
his own.

A SHORT MEDITATION on the
Nature of MAN.

THOU early Product of Heav'n's verbal
Toil!

Offspring refined from Earth's primordial Soil /
In what Recesses wander'st thou supine,
Till rous'd by nat'ral Love's Impulse divine?
Gently thou spring'st thro' Man's meandrous
Loom,

To take thy destin'd Form in female Womb:
There thou'rt in Embrio wonderfully wrought,
By neither Parent's Industry or Thought.
Nine Months shut up, and nurs'd in pregnant
Stall,

Till grown protuberant, thou break'st thy
Thrall,

To breathe in vital Air, but thou forget'st it
all,

From

From Infant's State thou ripen'st into Man,
 Progressively thou know'st; but when began,
 Where lyes, or whence proceeds the conscious
 Thought,

The wisest of Mankind in vain have sought;
 Maturer thou inspect'st this Globe a While,
 With afflicting Pleasure and with constant Toil;
 And, after all thy anxious Care and Strife,
 To break a long extended Thread of Life,
 Thou find'st at last thy wasting Fabrick must,
 As Dust it is, return again to Dust.

Yet let not those poor Souls whom Sin does
 keep

Benumb'd in their belov'd lethargick Sleep,
 Let them not falsely dream our reasoning Light
 By Death extinguish'd in eternal Night,
 Or that our earthly separated Heap,
 Once scatter'd, ne'er regains the human Shape.

No! No!

They to themselves delusively create
 These Hopes, because they dread a future State.
 Is giving Things, once made, their former
 Station,

A harder Task than was their first Creation?

How

How can the Pow'r, who rules this mighty
Frame,

Forget his Skill, or cease to be the same.

The same prime Being, whose stupendous
Might,

Call'd all Things forth from Nothing's empty
Night,

Can he not make each congregated Vein
Transmit their vital Fluids once again?
Yes, sure he can, and Reason makes it plain. }

But where, till then, th' immortal Spirit goes,
The omniscient God, who gave it, only knows.

To C—— A———, whom he had sent to
receive Money, upon seeing him return.

An O D E.

METHINKS thy slow Return portends
No Disappointment to thy Friends;
But that a Weight of *Indian Ore*,
So long detains thee from our Shore;
Full well thy weary Limbs express
A most agreeable Distress:
Make Haste a Lustre to display,
That might expel the God of Day,

Unvail

Unvail the Glories of those Suns,
Which dissipate our Debts and Duns,
Yet should they shine with double Grace,
Did they but glow with JAMES's Face.

But what kind Fortune gives we take,
Not for the Stamp, but Metal's Sake,
Gold is the main engaging Prize,
That captivates all Hearts and Eyes
But *Strephon's*, who that Evil craves
To send it those who are its Slaves.

Advance, my little trusty Lad,
And make thy Fellow-Servants glad,
Thy toiling Master's greatly pleas'd,
When their Necessities are eas'd;
So *Philip* opes his bounteous Hands,
When the desir'd *Flotilla* lands.

The cxxxix P S A L M paraphrased: Inscrib-
ed to my worthy Friend *Duncan Toshack*
of *Monyvard*.

I.

THE Pow'r who rules the spacious Whole,
And shines thro' every Part,
Must see th' Interior of my Soul,
And Secrets of my Heart.

C

My

24 S T R U A N's P O E M S.

II. My rising up, by his kind Aid,
 And sitting down, are wrought,
 He, from his distant Throne does read,
 Each Purpose of my Thought.

III. My Morning or my Evening Voice,
 Expressing Bliss or Woes,
 Whatever Subject is my Choice,
 His Penetration knows.

IV. His Skill divine to shap'd my Frame,
 That Limb to Limb gives Aid;
 To honour his eternal Name,
 I'm wonderfully made.

V. But whither can my Spirit fly,
 To shun his angry Face,
 The Lustre of whose glorious Eye
 Enlightens every Place.

VI. If on the Wings of Morn I'm fled,
 And pierce the Dawn of Day,
 Or in the Centre make my Bed
 Th' Omniscient treads my Way.

VII. If my unwary Heart should
 Darkness my Wandring hides,
 Darkness is brighter than the Day,
 Where Glory's King resides.

His

VIII. His Smiles dispense a healing Ray,
His Frowns a dismal Shade,
The whole Creation's light and gay,
When he bestows his Aid.

IX. But soon as he withdraws his Care,
From a perfidious Age,
Oh! who th' avenging Bolts can bear,
That fall from his Rage?

X. Who drew the universal Ball
From Nothing's darksome Den,
Is there a Part so great or small,
As can escape his Ken?

XI. Who join'd the Soul's material Springs,
Yet in the Womb inclos'd,
Forgets not the most latent Things
His pregnant Thought compos'd.

XII. The just Contexture of each Part,
So curiously combin'd,
Declares the all-performing Art
Of an all-knowing Mind.

XIII. While these stupendous Things my Mind
Would labour to express,
The more I search, the more I find
I comprehend them less.

XIV. For how can finite Reason scan
The Infinite's no-Bound?

So might the scanty Grasp of Man
The Universe surround.

XV. How long, O LORD, wilt thou defer
The dismal Fate of those,

Who with an Insolency dare
Proclaim themselves thy Foes?

XVI. Tho' pierc'd with an internal Sting
Of Guilt, of Dread, of Shame,
Yet God, and his anointed King,
They impiously blaspheme.

XVII. They wish there was no GOD above,
And hope no future State,
The Breakers of thy Law they love,
And thy Adorers hate.

XVIII. But thou inspect my inmost Soul,
Then shall thy Justice see,
The Wretch who dares thy Sway control,
A Traytor is to me.

XIX. But he who humbly bends his Knee,
And owns thy sov'reign Right,
Who pays the Homage due to thee,
Is my extreme Delight.

And

XX. And if from Love of thee I've stray'd
 To an ungrateful Deed,
 May'st thou withdraw thy kindest Aid
 When I am most in Need.

XXI. But if the Works of Sin, each Day,
 I've labour'd to destroy,
 Lead me, O LORD, into the Way
 Of thy eternal Joy.

A M E N.

The 20th P S A L M imitated from B U -
 C H A N A N.

TH O' the rebellious Senate has decreed,
 That J A C O B's rightful Heir shall ne'er
 succeed ;

Tho' they resolve their Treason to sustain,
 And wage perpetual War e'er he should reign ;
 Tho' they proclaim their Calumnies aloud,
 Varnish'd with holy Zeal t' amuse the Crowd ;
 Tho', with united Arms, they should command
 To raze, with Fire and Sword, the faithful Land ;
 O Gift of God !
 Despond not to subvert their guilty Laws ;
 The Father's God will prop the Children's Cause :
 Oh ! may the God of Order put a Close :

To

To our Confusions, and convert thy Foes.
 Then shalt thou rule the Land with saving Grace
 And we thy weary Train shall rest in Peace.
 Th' Almighty views the Just, and finds them still
 Unable to perform his sacred Will;
 Do thou implore him in the Hours of Need,
 He'll sink the Proud, and make the Stubborn
 bleed;

He from on high will grant thy Soul's Desire,
 Extend thy Camp, and all their hearts inspire, }
 With pious Ardor and undaunted Fire. }

And thou, their Leader, thro' thy Maker strong,
 Shalt, with an awful Glance, abash the guilty
 Throng.

These Wonders will to future Times remain,
 To prove thou hast not paid thy Vows in vain,
 But that thy sacred Incense did arise,
 Welcom'd (a Sign of Love) by op'ning Skies:
 And now I see the Heav'ns expanded wide,
 The willing Spheres recoiling on each Side;
 The World's Redeemer gloriously appears,
 To sooth thy Sorrows and disperse thy Fears.
 High on his holy Mount he sits alone,
 Bright is his Foot-Stool, brighter is his Throne;
 But

But oh! his Face! whose Lustre is no less
Then what ten thousand Suns but faintly can
express.

Rob'd with Omnipotence behold him stand
While all his heav'nly ministerial Band,
At humble Distance wait their Lord's Com-
mand.

From his bright Eyes Flashes of Rage are hurl'd,
And for the Guilt of Sin he spurns the World;
And wheresoe'er his angry Voice is bore,
It quells the mighty Thunder's loudest Roar.
Lo! thus he spake: Tho' Seas and Earth com-
bine

T' oppose thy Right, thy Title is divine;
Thou'rt mine Anointed, Vengeance shall be
mine.

Tho sinful Tribes confed'rated thy Foes,
Prosper a While, yet certain are their Woes:
Let them rejoice to hear their Terrors fly,
And, ratling thro' the Clouds, insult the Sky.
Let them confied in those, and vainly boast
Their well caparison'd and warlike Host,
Thou art the genuine Offspring of the Just,
In me, thy God, alone repose thy Trust.

3^o S T R U A N's P O E M S.

O Heav'ns! let not this Vision be in vain.
But aid thy Servant in his toilsome Reign,
That when, thro' thee, he's fix'd upon the
 Throne;
He hear our Complaints, as thou hast heard his own.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE. A S O N G.

THE Wheel of Life turns whimsically round,
And nothing in this World of Constancy
 found;

No Principle, no Ty, in either Church or State,
But Int'rest over-rules; such is the will of Fate.

The Churchman, who in Faith should be refin'd;
The Weather-Cock does blame that wheels
 with ev'ry Wind;

Yet touch him with your Coin, and you shall
 quickly see,

The Needle to the Pole wheels not so fast as he.

The Lawyer swears he's sure your Cause is just,
And bids you, with a Smile, on him Repose
 your Trust,

But if a greater Fee into his Hand they slide,
He streight begins to doubt, and wheels to t'
 other Side,

The

The Soldier, who with Honour is replete,
By solemn Oath is bound to serve the King
and State;

But if contending two Pretenders come in Play,
He wheels about to him that gives the greater
Pay.

The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
Till he's so giddy grown he quite forgets his
Friends;

Prosperity of Time deceives the Proud and Vain,
It wheels them in so fast, It wheels them out
again.

Thus all Mankind on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And, as some mount up high, some others tum-
ble low;

From whence we all agree, tho' many think it
strange,

No sublunary Thing can live without a Change.

Then fill about a Bumper to the Baim,
Till all repeat it round, and ev'ry Noddle swim:
How pleasing is the Charm that makes our
Table reel,

And all around it laugh at Fortune and her
Wheel.

A S O N G .

SINCE Loyalty is Still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game,
To flinch it were a burning Shame,

Since MAR has gain'd a Battle;
Let each brave true-hearted SCOT,
Improve the Vict'ry he has got,
Resolving all shall go to Pot,

Or JAMES the Eighth to settle.

Let those unmanly Men of Fears
With down-cast Looks and hanging Ears,
Who think each Shadow that appears

An Enemy pursuing;

Let such faint-hearted Souls begone,
The Dangers of the Field to shun,
We'll make ARGYLL once more to run,

And think on what he's doing.

Can poor Low-Country Water-Rats,
Withstand our furious Mountain Cats,
The Dint of whose well-armed Patts,

So fatally confoundeth,
When many Hundred warlike Men,
Were so well cut and so well slain,

That

That they can scarce get up again,
When the last Trumpet soundeth.

Come, here's to the victorious MAR,
Who bravely first conceiv'd the War,
And to all those who went so far,
To shake off UNION's Slav'ry;
Whose Fighting for so noble a Cause,
As King, and Liberty, and Laws,
Must from their Foes ev'n force Applause,
In Spight of their own Knav'ry.

TO AN AVARITIOUS BLUNDERER.

WHY wilt thou still pretend to know,
'Spight of thy gloomy Planet;
Thy still dogmatick No, no, no,
Instead of Parts, thy Weakness show,
As all the World must ken it.

No human Aid can teach thee Sense,
No wise Man goes about it,
It were an impudent Pretence,
Reason to Creatures to dispense,
Whom Heav'n has made without it,

Thy Skull and Brains our Judgement call
And puzzle beyond Measure,

Creating

Creating Wonder in us all,
 Why Nature built so thick a Wall
 About so poor a Treasure.

Go, get thee Home again to stink,
 From Twelve to Twelve in Blanket,
 And eik from Twelve to Twelve to drink
 Mundungus Ale, and never think
 To say The LORD be thanked.

How fatal was the Leaders Plot.
 Who cross the Waves thee ferry'd,
 With Heads and Hands not worth a Groat,
 Their Chief a stupid greedy Sot,
 No Marvel all miscarry'd.

An O D E to the T R I N I T Y in the Time
 of Temptation.

WHEN SATAN approaches with his Bait
 of Temptation,
 Be thou near me, O Father, who protects the
 Creation.
 Thou who know'st my Interior, see'st my all-
 Imperfection,
 O succour my Weakness with thy mighty Pro-
 tection.

I worship thee, JESUS, who, to bring me Sal-
vation,

Has submitted thy Godhead to a low Incarnation.
May the Thoughts of thy Sufferings stop a guilt-
ty Proceeding,

Lest thy Wounds, by my Trespas, be again set
ableeding.

O! thou Source of Devotion, Paraclite, I adore
thee,

Sprung of Father and Son, yet neither Person
before thee!

Let a sanctify'd Ardour, with true Fortitude,
fire me!

To resist my Seducer, Holy Spirit inspire me!
How my Soul agonizes! God alone can amend
me,

To preserve me from yielding may his Angels
attend me,

Bear me up to thy Likeness in the Hour of
Temptation,

To partake of thy Glories, O my God of Sal-
vation!

D O X O L O G Y.

*All Honour and Glory, with profound Adoration,
Be ascrib'd to the Father, who produc'd the Cre-
ation,*

D

May

*May the Son of Redemption have an equal Pro-
portion,*

In the Spirit of Comfort, our eternal Devotion.

THE HOLY ODE.

WHEN we survey this mighty Frame,
With all its Orbs around,
Tho' still in Motion, still the same,
In Space without a Bound:
The various Seasons of the Year
In beauteous Order fall;
Which makes it to our Reason clear,
That God must govern all.
Yet do we find, to our Disgrace,
Of Miscreants profane,
A crooked, perverse, stubborn Race,
Who scoffingly maintain,
Because they prosper in their Lust,
And Virtue's Force defy,
That Heav'n approves of the Unjust;
Or there's no God on High.
Thus haughty Man, in Reason low
Compar'd with thee, All-wise!
Presumes he can the Secret know
That's hid from human Eyes.

Could

Could shallow Man thy Depth explore,
Thy Godhead were but small;
Thy sov'reign Care needs be no more,
And Man might rule the Ball.

But oh! thy providential Spring
Is past all human Ken,
And flows to the minutest Thing
That moves, as well as Men,
Permitting or commanding still,
In each thy Pow'r's express'd,
And all Perform their Good or Ill,
As fits thy Glory best.

Why then should Trials of Mankind,
Which thou dost her bestow,
Exalt a sublunary Mind,
Or yet depress it low:
The Wicked thou permitt'st to reign,
And bloom but for a While;
The Righteous only drag their Chain,
Till Heav'n thinks fit to smile.

Then sacred JAMES, let not thy Lot,
Tho' seemingly severe,
Make thee suspect thy Cause forgot,
Thy Crosses nobly bear:

He who thy Heart has in his Hand,
 (Trust thou his holy Skill)
 Has too the People's at Command,
 And turns them at his Will.

But thou who sit'st upon the Throne,
 Of STUARTS ancient Race,
 Abandoning thy rightful own
 To fill another's Place,
 A Crown's but a precarious Thing,
 Thy Fate thou dost not see,
 They who betray'd their native King
 Will ne'er prove true to thee.

O great eternal Source of Love !
 Extend thy gracious Hand,
 And hasten Justice from above,
 To this unhappy Land.
 O! let our panting Hearts have peace,
 And Innocence restore,
 Then shall thy sacred Law take Place,
 And Faction rule no more.

A D R I A N dying, to his Soul, imitated.

MY little fleeting Spark of Life,
 Companion of my Clay,

Why

Why wilt thou end our friendly Strife,
And post so fast away ?

When thou art gone we'll sport no more,
Perhaps no more we'll meet;
Can he that made restrain his Pow'r
To make our Joys compleat?

Farewel my Soul, thy untry'd Flight
Dissolves me all to Tears:

O! how I dread eternal Night,
Yet Hopes forbid my Fears.

A M O R N I N G T H O U G H T.

I Fear no Torments in a future State,
I For God is ever good as he is great:
It were a Cruelty in God to give
Eternal Pain to him he made to live.
Annihilation then must be their Lot,
Who live in Wickedness, and are forgot.
Tho' this new System may be counted odd,
'Tis all intended to the Praise of God.

A P R A Y E R.

O Mighty Father! Father everlasting,
Great is thy Goodness over all thy Crea-
tures,

Great is thy Mercy on the Race of Man, thou'rt
Slow to revenge thee.

I most ungrateful to my great Creator,
I most ungrateful to my Soul's Redeemer,
I most ungrateful to the Holy Ghost, still
Find thy Protection.

Hadst thou design'd my merited Destruction,
When cruel Foes in Battle me surrounded,
All my Endeavours never had reliev'd me,
Hadst thou not aided.

Yet have I basely slighted thy affection,
Not having serv'd the Author of my Safety,
Therefore again thou left'st me to the dreadful
Chains of the Faithless.

Yet to reclaim a Sinner of the highest,
I who had forfeited all Claim to Mercy,
And might in Justice judge myself abandon'd,
'Scap'd by thy Goodness.

O thou eternal Source of the Creation,
O thou eternal Price of my Salvation,
O thou eternal Ghost of Inspiration,
Grant me thy Guidance.

Lead then my Footsteps out of all my Wandrings;
Then shall my restless Foes be disappointed,
Then

Then shall my Soul rejoice when holy JESUS
Calls me to Judgement.

An ELEGY to himself.

POOR *Strephon* sees with Grief, at last,
Old Age approaching wondrous fast,
And Time, that flew so quick before
With Wings but two, has now a Score.
Say, *Strephon*, thou that canst divine,
What makes this dreadful Change? 'Tis Wine—
The Wine thou took'st thy Heart to chear,
Deluded *Strephon*, costs thee dear;
Wine, and unseasonable Hours,
Pernicious are like Mildew Show'rs;
The strongest, who provoke their Might,
Or soon or late will suffer by't;
Age and Decay are constant Mates,
As they advance our Strength abates,
Yet *Strephon* hastens what he hates.
Behold at Forty five thy Hair
Is hoary, and thy Crown is bare;
Thy Nerves relax, thy Joints grow weak,
And all this comes for Drinking's Sake,
Yet ought thou scarce be past thy Prime;
Poor *Strephon*, think on this in Time.

But

But what will damp thee most of all,
 Thy sprightly Mirth begins to fall,
 And all the Youth about the Town,
 Despise thy Temples and thy Crown.
 When Fifty comes it is too late
 To ward the certain Bolts of Fate;
 Fevers and Rheums will prove too strong
 For him who nurs'd them up so long;
 And when thy scanty Spirits fail,
 (Alas it is a dismal Tale!)
 When Hopes are gone and Life forlorn,
 Perhaps thou'lt wish thyself unborn;
 And to avoid Excess of Wo,
 What is it but a Man will do?
 Contempt of Life's a dismal Crime;
 Poor *Strephon*! think on this in Time.
 All this to *Strephon* have I said,
 And *Strephon* thus an Answer made:
 The latest Death arrives at last
 To ev'ry Mortal wondrous fast;
 No sublunary Thing can stay,
 Evils themselves must pass away;
 Yet the Vicissitude of Things,
 As one goes off another brings;
 Far better 'tis to seek Repose,
 And disappoint our future Woes.

And

The sob'rest Man, as well as I,
At Forty five may chance to die,
Or if he spins out twenty more,
When dead it adds not to the Score;
The Days he numbers more than mine.
Are nothing in th' eternal Line:
Think on the smallest Drop of Rain
That falls into the spacious Main,
A thousand Years far less are found,
Thrown into Time without a Bound.
Thus in the Close no Gain appears,
In living ev'n *Methuselah's* Years:
Yet this I'll own, our greatest Wealth
Is the Possession of our Health;
To live in Pain, th' Experienc'd say,
Is but expiring ev'ry Day.
Then since Diseases are the Brood
Of the Redundancy of Food,
Either in Eatables or Liquor,
And make our Candle walt the quicker,
Nor can we help the Day that's past,
Ev'n let us manage well the last:
Let's wisely try the mod'rate Use
Of Things, and be no more profuse.
Go on, my Lads, as heretofore, express
Your Mirth, and drink--but not to that Excess.

The

The FATE of the LOOKING-GLASS.

POOR STREPHON's Aspect and his Air,
 When young, could captivate the Fair,
 And, daily gazing in his Glass,
 NARCISSUS-like, he lov'd his Face ;
 The Glass was true, which made him glad,
 For STREPHON was a comely Lad.

Now STREPHON's fifty Years and more,
 Declining swiftly to Threescore,
 And at that Age the Bloom's decay'd,
 When Wrinkles and gray Hairs invade,
 The Glass, still true, sincerely told,
 To STREPHON's Grief, that he was old.

Quoth he, My darling Looking-Glass
 With transitory Things must pass,
 The Faithful with the Faithless go,
 The Gods and I will have it so ;
 And yet thy Doom is most undue,
 Pronounc'd alone for being true.

Thus having said, he lifted high
 The Glass, in which he fix'd his Eye,
 And, still displeas'd the Change to see,
 'Twixt twenty one and fifty three,

Adieu,

Adieu, said he, old Friends at length must part,
And if I break not thee, thou'll break my Heart.

To STREPHON, by way of Answer
to his ODE on his LOOKING-GLASS.

THE graceful Oak, that long has stood
The Glory of the humbler Wood,
In Time we'll feel the fatal Knife,
And fall with Shrubs of shorter Life;
So dropt METHUSELAH of old,
O'er whom nine Centuries have roll'd;
All Flesh is Grass, and therefore must
Decay, and crumble into Dust.

Then STREPHON should with Courage pass
The Ills are told him by his Glass;
The Body wears we see too true,
But that's the worst that Time can do;
For STREPHON's Words and Deeds proclaim
What has immortaliz'd his Name;
Nor could his Looking-Glass, when whole,
Reflect, like those, his sprightly Soul.

A little Change in Face and Air
Bars not the Favours of the Fair,
For HANNIBAL a Nymph obtain'd,
Whose Taste the Bloom of Youth disdain'd;

She

She mock'd th' unsteddy flutt'ring Joys,
 That still attend the beardlets Boys,
 And scorn'd th' Exchange of Love's Relief,
 With any but her manly Chief,
 Proud on his Tomb to have the Tale engrav'd,
 That she alone great HANNIBAL enslav'd.

EPITAPH on the QUEEN of *Great-Bri-*
tain, deposited before the great Altar in the
 Church of the Nunnery of *Challicace*, where
 she always did her Devotions.

HERE BRITAIN's holy Queen, in Death
 retir'd,

Supports Devotion which her Life inspir'd.

You faithful Train, to whom the Charge is giv'n,
 To guard a Queen might been the Queen of
 Heav'n,

Pursue her Steps till Earth's great Judge shall
 call,

Then Heav'n will open and receive you all.

Readers, who are by BRITAIN's Ills undone,
 Expect a gracious Saviour in her Son.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH upon his dear Friend JOHN
MENZIES, Regent of the College of *St.*
Andrews.

UNINTERRUPTED Faith and constant Love
The Serpent's Sense, the Meekness of the
Dove,

A bright Exception from a faulty Race,
Here buried lyes; O may he rest in Peace!
Rest for his Toils, which erring Hearts could
bring
To own their God, their Country, and their
King.

Dear friendly Shade, how happy should I be,
Could my material Substance sleep with thee
For, as thou ledst my tender Dawn of Youth,
To search the Dictates of eternal Truth,
And, by thy spotless Practice, didst disclose
How Morning Virtues make their Ev'ning close;
So, when the Dead are summoned to repair,
To reap the Product of their wordly Care,
Thy Works, of more than efficacious Kind,
Might save thyself, not leaving me behind.

Once more, dear friendly Shade, repose in Peace,
Tho' pent in this unhallowed, lonely Place,

E

Such

Such virtuous Dust as thine, where'er 'tis found,
May render Sacred the profaneſt Ground.

Over the Gate of MOUNT ALEXANDER.

IN this ſmall Spot whole Paradife you'll ſee,
With all its Plants but the forbidden Tree;
Here every Sort of Animals you'll find
Subdu'd, but Woman who betray'd Mankind;
All Kinds of Inſects too their Shelter take
Within theſe happy Groves, except the Snake;
In fine, there's nothing poiſ'nous here inclos'd,
But all is pure as Heav'n at firſt dispos'd;
Woods, Hills, and Dales, with Milk and Corns
abound.

Traveller, pull off thy Shoes, 'tis holy Ground.

Over the Door of MOUNT ALEXANDER
House.

TURN thee, judicious Gueſt, and reliſh'all
The various Beauties of the Globe in ſmall;
The Pow'r and Being of a GOD you'll trace
In the Contexture of this narrow Space.

Over the DINING-ROOM Door.

LET no Exceſs on our plain Board appear,
For Moderation is the beſt of Chear;
Of

Oft times the Man, in Meat and Drink profuse,
 Frantick, or dull, with the bewitching Juice,
 Forgets the GOD that gave it for his Use.

Over the BED-CHAMBER DOOR.

HERE taste a sweet and undisturb'd Repose,
 A short-liv'd Death, t' unbend thy Mind
 from Woes;

Yet be prepar'd, not knowing but thou'rt bound
 To fetch thy Nap till the last Trumpet sound.

Mrs. ALICIA MACKENZIE to ST—N, on
 reading the Inscription over the Gate of
 MOUNT ALEXANDER.

A Woman may, at least at Distance, view
 That sacred Shelter so adorn'd by you;
 That sweet, that innocent Extent of Ground,
 Where all that's good and lovely may be found,
 Except our Sex; which your's must needs admire,
 To raise your Joys, and finish your Desire.

There shady Trees adorn the River's Side,
 And chrystal Fountains thro' the Valleys glide,
 In which the various Creatures you possess
 Admire themselves, and own their Happiness;

And, as they're fitly pair'd, pronounce your
State,

That Man detach'd alone must want a Mate;
Even ADAM, in his Paradise, complain'd
Till EVE, his charming Partner, was ordain'd.
Then to the Fruits of Innocence proceed,
Call for a Blessing, and fall on with Speed;
Tho' some have perish'd by unwholsom Meat,
Can Man that's Flesh and Blood forbear to eat?
Pray to the Skies to lead thee from a Snare,
And send a Helper wife as she is fair;
Then all thy dire Afflictions she'll disarm,
And heighten ev'ry Bliss with double Charm.

ST——N's A N S W E R.

FOND of the soft Delusions of the Fair,
Weak Man is still decoy'd into the Snare;
When Woman once her Argument displays,
His Reason sinks, and his Resolve decays.
Ev'n I, who never yet inclin'd to wield
The Torch of HYMEN, now begin to yield,
And think on Joys are sent us here below,
But thro' the Channel of our ancient Woe.
(Pardon the Satyr, his Excuse receive,
He points his Lance alone at Mother Eve.)

For

For such the Charms of mild ALICIA's Tongue,
 So just her Rhet'rick, and so sweet her Song,
 That, to confess her Pow'r, I'm almost led,
 To think I have too long despis'd the nuptial Bed.
 Yet, fair ALICIA, who could think to find
 Such Wit so near the Verge of human Kind?
 A Clime so cold, as never yet could know,
 Or Arts to cultivate, or Sun to glow;
 And yet your sprightly Fancy does betray
 Such Warmth, in every Line, as can display
 The genuine Offspring of the God of Day,

An ODE of *Horace* imitated.

FAIR Nymph, How perverse is thy Will!
 Tho' made to cure, you chuse to kill.

Venus to thee resigns her Art,
 And bids thee rule in ev'ry Heart.
 O sooth my Cares; and thou shalt find
 One far more constant than the Fair are kind!

But if thou slight'st the Joys of Youth,
 Believe it for a certain Truth,
 The Day will come, and too, too soon,
 When all thy Morning Rays will fade at Noon.

A Gloominess will soon disgrace
 The youthful Glories of thy Face;

Thy cheerful Looks will please no more,
But Wrinkles frown where Dimples smil'd before.

Those dangling Locks of curly Hair,
Thy Morning and thy Ev'ning Care,
In Time will turn to hoary gray,
The dire Prognostick of thy quick Decay.

The balmy Red that overflows
Thy Lips, and emulates the Rose,
So fleeting are the Joys of Man,
Shall drop their ruby Lustre, and grow wan.

When to thy much frequented Glass
Thou shalt repair to view thy Face,
That Aspect, full of Joy ere while,
Will not afford thee, then, one pleasing Smile.

Then, sullen, shalt thou curse thy Fate,
And mourn thy Cruelty too late;

Often thou shalt be heard to say,

" Why slid my blooming Years so fast away ?

" Why does not every former Grace

" Revolve on my neglected Face ?

" Oh ! how could I Love's Dictates disobey !

" Would I had been as wise as I'm to-day ?

ST---N,

ST---N, to his Brother DUNCAN VOIR
over a Bottle.

TO retrieve your good Name,
And establish your Fame,
Dear *Goth*, let your Fiddling alone;
'Tis better to go
And Fight with the Foe,
That keeps royal *James* from his own.

DUNCAN VOIR'S ANSWER to ST---N.

THE Fatigues of the Field,
Small Pleasure can yield,
But the silly Repute of a *Hector*;
Then at *Carie* we'll stay,
And drink every Day,
With the dear little Prig the Elector.

The EAGLE and PEACOCK. A FABLE.

AN Eagle of a dwarfish Size,
With crooked Beak, and goggle Eyes,
With Talons longer than a Span,
Strong, rough, and pointed every one;
Finding himself so well endow'd,
Grew haughty, arrogant and proud,

And

And, whether it was right or no,
 Believ'd himself a handſom Beau;
 He thought his Plumes he rang'd, and ſtrid
 Beyond the Peacock VENUS' Bird,
 And had as many ARGUS Eyes,
 As Stars was ſhining in the Skies,
 Which always kept a careful Watch,
 Either a Friend or Foe to catch;
 Therefore, as Judgements were divided,
 He calls a Council to decide it.
 The Courtiers at the Hour were met,
 And when at humble Diſtance ſet.
 The Tyrant, from his lofty Place,
 With Mein deſpotick broach'd his Caſe.
 Quoth he, My Slaves, you all can tell
 How much I other Birds excel;
 You know my Strength, and who but fears it?
 The Homage done to me declares it:
 Muſt I not, then, in every Thing,
 As well as Might, be own'd your King?
 Who is he dares diſpute my Beauty?
 Who does, I'll make him know his Duty.
 Then, with his Creſt erected high,
 He pauſ'd, and round him caſt his Eye.

The

The fearful Sort, whene'er they saw
The rav'nous Look, that strikes an Awe
Into the Hearts of weaker Birds,
Break out in such tremendous Words,
With faltering Voice, to smoothe his Rage,
Declar'd him Beauty of the Age,
Tho' in their Hearts full well they knew
His Coat but of a speckled Hue.

The Bolder, who had better Sense,
And would say any Thing for Pence,
Found it a Feather in their Wing,
Or right or wrong to praise the King,
Call'd out aloud, Let's all be dutiful,
No Bird on Earth is half so beautiful ;
Nor can ev'n Jove, tho' he intended
To try his utmost Skill amend it.

~~The Peacock, that fair Rarely Creature,~~
Knowing his glorious Right by Nature,
Who was a Bird of the true Nest,
Still said his Title was the best ;
Tho' Jove, for some unthought of Cause,
Had blunted both his Beak and Claws,
His Right of Beauty might be seen
Plain in his Morals, Plume and Mein ;

He

He was no cruel Bird of Prey,
 To eat his Neighbours twice a-day,
 And for his Hue, he made Appeal
 To all the Birds from Top to Tail.

This Peacock, whom I nam'd before,
 Stood list'ning at the Chamber-Door,
 Nor was admitted to the Hall;
 His Aspect might have jumbled all,
 With Trumpet Voice thus call'd aloud
 To the unstable heedless Crowd,
 Howe'er this Eagle now pretends
 To rule amongst his dastard Friends,
 Because his Talons and his Beak,
 Are hov'ring o'er their slavish Neck,
 These Weapons are the only Cause,
 That Birds are Subject to his Laws;
 and he that can pretend to Eyes.
 May see that there his Beauty lyes.

This having said, (nor said in vain,
 For all admir'd his glorious Train)
 Away he flew on Wings sublime,
 In Love and Joy to pass his Time,
 The darling Bird of every Clime;

For

For in each Heart he sits enthron'd,
Where Virtue, Beauty's Queen, is own'd.

M O R A L.

Beauty in this Fable comprehends all the Advantages of human Nature, as well those that are born with us, as those acquired, Titles, Honours, Justice, Generosity, &c. At the same Time, Power in the Hands of a wicked Prince, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and, in short, all moral Virtues, where Slaves and self-interested Men are Judges.

An ODE to the PRINCE on his BIRTH-DAY.

ARISE, our royal Hopes, arise!
Give o'er thy golden Dream;
Behold *Aurora* from the Skies

Salutes thee with a gaudy Beam.
She mounts, and in her airy Flight,
Obscures the Beauties of the Night,
With such a chearfull Morning Robe,
As neer was seen to gild the wat'ry Globe.

A Circle of transparent Air,
Surrounds the lovely Dame,

And

And all difhevell'd is her Hair,
 Her pearly Neck and Limbs are bare;
 She seems to bluft for Shame;
 And fears the Glories of her beft Array,
 Are ftill unfit to grace fo great a Day.

The *Delphick* God, upon *Parnaffus* Hill,
 Where all the Quire of Mufes fit,
 Attending to receive his Will,
 In Harmony and Wit,
 With his prophetick Voice declares afar,
 By Order from the Sky,
 Young *James* the Thunder-Bolt of War
 On Earth as *Jove* on high.
 He fwears he'll make *Olympus* ring
 With a delightful Lay.
 And bids *Aurora* rife on Wing
 To light the Realm of Day.

Put on my Crown, he cries, and doubly fhine,
 All my plebeian Rays be thine;
 My lovely Offspring take thou Care
 To reign ferenely bright, as thou art fair;
 The Laurel only fhall adorn thy Sire,
 Take thou my Bow and Shafts, while with my
 Lyre.

I must to-day the God of verse remain,
 For so does mighty *Jove* ordain,
 To sing, in my exalted Stile,
 The young *Alcides* of the *British* Isle.

C H O R U S.

Let the Minstrels advance, and let each have his
 Roll,

Let their Arts give a Proof of the Joy of their
 Soul,

For *Jove* who commands the whole Heav'n's
 with a Nod,

Says *Jamie* shall reign, and proclaim him a God;
 Then the World shall be freed from their Evils
 again,

And Virtue shall flourish again.

Let the monstrous *Hydra* repent of its Deed,
 Nor depend on its Pow'r, for the Gods have
 decreed,

To its numerous Heads no escape to afford,
 From the threatning of Revenge young *Hercules'*
 Sword.

Let the Boar of *Erymanthus* abandon the Field,
Jamie's Arms carry Thunder, and Lightning
 his Shield,

Let him run to the Bogs his more natural Shore,
 And infect our *Arcadia* no more.

In a LETTER to Mr. *John Stafford*, desiring
him to write on Mr. DRYDEN,

O NCE more awake, and let your friendly
Muse,

In Numbers such as he himself might use,
Bewail the Prince of Poets ; raise your Song,
And drown their Notes, who dare to do him
wrong.

Let greater Bus'ness, and the World's Affair,
Pause for a thoughtful Hour, while you take
Care

T' immortalize, with your harmonious Lays,
As King his Laurel, and as Bard his Bays,
Tho' Envy strives, with her immortal Hate,
To blame the Virtuous, and debase the Great;
His Fame, thro' you, from Age to Age shall pass,
Less mutable than monumental Brass.

For your impartial Candor's known for such,
Neither to praise too little, nor too much,
Thus you'll repay his Friendship with Renown,
Adding a Branch to his eternal Crown.

The

The CONSOLATION. An ECLOGUE.

D A M O N.

S T R E P H O N, the blytheft Youth of all the
Plain,

What sudden Gloom has damp'd thy sprightly
Vein?

Ere while thou mad'st the Rocks resound thy
Skill,

While thy lov'd Lambkins danc'd from Hill to
Hill;

But now a pensive Look, and gloomy Grace,
So much o'ercaſt the Gayneſs of thy Face,
That ev'n thy Flocks perceive thy ſecret Pain,
And ſtop their Browſing to lament their Swain:
Then, S T R E P H O N, tell, (a Friend ſtill bring Re-
lief)

Tell me the Cauſe of thy ſuperior Grief.

S T R E P H O N.

Dear D A M O N! thou haſt ever been to me:
A true Companion, as I'm ſtill to thee;
Whatever diſmal Accident beſel
Thy Friend, to thee thy Friend was ſure to tell.
When honeſt P A N withdrew from factious State,
(Curſ'd was the Hour, and fatal was the Date)

When virtuous SYRINX, vilest Rage to shun,
 Fled to preserve herself and infant Son,
 Then our unguarded Flocks became the Prey
 Of rav'nous Wolves, and Men more Wolves
 than they;

Yet still from thee my Woes Solace could find,
 For well thou can'st console th' afflicted Mind;
 But now, alas! the very Pow'rs divine
 Can scarce give Ease t' a Wound so deep as mine?
 O! what avails it me to seek a Cure?
 What cannot be redress'd we must endure.

D A M O N.

Exterior Signs reveal thy latent Smart,
 And I'm no Stranger to thy tender Heart;
 Thy Passion where it takes is wondrous strong,
 And proud I am it seldom fixes wrong;
 Whether 'tis Love, or Friendship, thy Pretence
 Is rais'd by Virtue, and preserv'd by Sense;
 For fleeting Beauty, which the Vulgar prize,
 Finds only so long Favour in thine Eyes,
 As Virtue and good Sense join Hand in Hand,
 One to entice, the other to command;
 How then can ought, when Love inspires thy
 Flute,
 Imbibe the Philtre, and refuse thy Suit?

S T R E -

S T R E P H O N.

Refuse! O DAMON! was the lovely Fair:
 Less dutiful, as many Daughters are,
 How happy had I been! for mutual Love
 Appears in us as distin'd from above.
 O dire paternal Pow'r! t' enjoin a Part
 Which cruelly restrains a Lover's Heart!
 O rigid Heav'n! from whence our Wills descend,
 To give the Bent, and blame us when we bend!
 Yet earthly Frames may join, while Souls em-
 ploy

Their Thoughts on Images of sweeter Joy;
 Then will I think FIDELIA yields her Charms
 Reluctant to my Rival's hated Arms,
 And, in the Midst of Rapture's false Degree,
 While he embraces her she thinks on me.

D A M O N.

On thy own happy Thought, wise Youth, de-
 pend,

Thou need'st not look for a consulting Friend;
 The Stars who prompt thy Soul, and guide the
 Power's,

Could not have better calm'd thy stormy Hours;
 Since, then, thou think'st FIDELIA's Heart thy
 own,

Wander no more in shady Groves alone;

Clear

64. S T R U A N's P O E M S.

Clear up thy Countenance, that all may know
Man's reas'ning Talent can surmount his Woe;
Despise thy Rival, as thou lov'st the Fair,
And let returning Pleasure chear thy Air;
Tune up thy manly Pipe as heretofore,
Thy fleecy Care will listen to thy Lore,
And list'ning feed and frisk by Turns along,
While woody Cliffs reverberate the Song.

S T R E P H O N.

'Tis so---Possession aims to be compleat,
But all in vain unless our Souls should meet;
All finish'd Bliss surely results from thence,
For Brutes may taste th' imperfect Joys of Sense,
But reasonable Man esteems it best
To reap the Soul's Delight,--and hope the rest,
Be still, my panting Heart, I'll now proceed
With more delightful Lays t' employ my Reed;
Go, browse, my Flocks, my Labours shall pre-
pare

Fields for your Food, and Fences for your Care;
Fear no disastrous Ills, your kind Concern
For my Distress shall find a kind Return:
And thou, my Friend, thy sympathising State
Instals thee Umpire of my Soul's Debate;

M

My Thoughts and Numbers, in their sprightly
Way,

Approv'd by thee, will render frank and gay
The coyest Nymph, and the most sullen Swain
And all be joyful thro' the flow'ry Plain.

The SHITTLE-COCK. AN ODE.

IMMORTAL Love! before thy Dart
Transfix'd my unacquainted Heart,
I thought the Tales thy Vot'ries vent
Were Whimfies all, and Poets Cant.
I judg'd it Labour was in vain,
To strive to fix me in thy Chain,
But when I view'd CORINNA'S Face,
I found my Error with Disgrace.

CORINNA'S Laws I then obey'd,
And she with Pow'r despotick sway'd;
I streight believ'd her Bondage sure,
Eternal, and without a Cure:
And as my slipp'ry State I thought
Impregnable, no Change I sought.
But soon as CORYDON propos'd
A Bowl, my Weakness I disclos'd.
The God of Wine's engaging Art
O'er Love prevail'd, and freed my Heart:

Yet

Yet CUPID sure will, in his Turn,
 Contrive what BACCHUS quench'd to burn.
 Then BACCHUS we'll have t' other Bout,
 And what Love kindled we'll put out;
 Thus one awakes when t' other nods,
 And I am bandy'd 'twixt two Gods.
 Vain are our Heads! to think we Elves,
 Who made not; understand ourselves :
 I, who sustain'd myself above
 The Force of Wine or Charms of Love,
 And fix'd like adamantin Rock,
 Now see myself a Shittle-Cock.

In vain we think our Strength we know,
 As if ourselves had made us so.

The REVOLUTION ADVANTAGES.

I Long to rehearse,
 In dutiful Verse,
 The Joy our Deliverer gave us,
 When he wafted ashore
 Three thousand, and more,
 Of Papists from Property to save us.
 Such Prudence he had,
 Or of good, or of bad,

To cherish the Party prevailing;
And for Thought of the Throne
Declared he had none,
As was honestly seen by his Dealing.

Yet he set off the King,
That impertinent Thing,
That's call'd the Almighty's Anointed,
Whose begetting a Son
Was unmannerly done,
Since ORANGE's Nose it disjointed.

His Love to the DUTCH,
His Country, was such,
That he thought us too happily stated;
So our Ills to restrain,
Cross over the Main
Our Commerce and Lyon he translated.

Our Church cannot fear
His fatherly Care,
We see how his Prelates have voted,
That in they may foist
Th' Apostates of CHRIST,
And Divines like themselves be promoted.

His sanctify'd Rage
Reforms the lewd Age,

In

In Spite of ths Wicked's Asperſion;
 For, with Hand and with Tongue,
 He's reclaiming the Young
 From Ways that are Nature's Averſion.

 His Conſcience inclines
 To careſs the Divines
 Who degrade GOD the Son from his Station;
 For except his dear Self,
 Since we're drain'd of our Pelf,
 They have left ne'er a God in the Nation.

 Such Tenets as theſe
 Muſt certainly pleaſe,
 To abolish Religion and Goodneſs;
 For if Faith comes about,
 Then Murder will out,
 And adieu Uſurpation and Lewdneſs.

C L E M A: Or, V E N U S and C U P I D Rivals.
 A n O D E.

C L E M A may challenge Earth and Sky,
 Such Beauty's in her Aſpect ſeen,
 Her Face, her Shape, her piercing Eye,
 Her Maſteſty, her comely Mein;
 Her Arms are more reſiſtleſs far
 Than C U P I D's in his Art of War.

The

The God of Love, with Envy, view'd
 Those whom his Pow'r could never move,
 By CLEMA's Glory were subdu'd,
 And grown susceptible of Love,
 Resolv'd to make his Rival smart,
 He spent his Quiver at her heart.

But with Surprise he quickly found,
 That keener Darts return'd again,
 He knock'd his Breast, and stamp'd the Ground,
 And cry'd, The God of love is slain!
 Had e'er avenging God so cross'd a Fate?
 I love the very Mortal I should hate!

Now is my Empire at an End,
 My conqu'ring Arms I must resign,
 With low Subjection here I bend
 Before a Mortal more divine;
 Ev'n I, whom Gods and Men were wont t'im-
 plore,
 Must now, at last, look, languish and adore.

Then to his Mother streight he flew,
 Complaining fore of his Mishap,
 With Tears he does her Breast bedew,
 While she consoles him in her Lap.
 Nothing, said he, my Torture can remove,
 But to return and live with her I love.

VENUS

VENUS surpris'd to see her Son,

Who ne'er that Passion knew before,
Hither and thither heedless run,

Minding his Bow and Shafts no more,
She hies to see the Wonders of the Maid,
And know the the Truth of what her Boy had
said.

No sooner had she view'd her Face,
And with Attention mark'd her Air,
But she confess'd that ev'ry Grace
In Heav'n and Earth were centred there.
O strange! said she: My Godhead is undone!
I streight am grown a Rival to my Son!

What heav'nly Wisdom can disclose
The Nature of this nameless Flame,
It scarce Resemblance has to those
Which heretofore betray'd my Shame;
JOVE's odd Intrigues did slighted JUNO vex,
But VENUS ne'er desir'd the female Sex.

O were I MARS! I'd lay my Cask
And Spear, neglected, at her Feet;
Or she ADONIS, then I'd ask
And hope in mutual Joys we'd meet.
Ye Gods! I ardently desire---But what!
I comprehend not what I would be at!

My Son, said she, where look for Aid?

What Balsam can our Scars deface?

APOLLO's wanton, I'm afraid

He'll ludicrously treat our Case;

And if to am'rous JUPITER we call,

H'll snatch her up to Heav'n, and slight us all.

The CAPRICIOUS.

WHEN on my helpless Bed I gasping ly,
Expecting the last Stroke of Nature's
Hand,

When no Relief is left, but I must die,

Might I the hated Universe command.

With what Delight my Senses should expire,

If, in Obedience to my pow'rful Nod,

The mighty Fabrick should, at my Desire,

Tremble a shock by some avenging God.

This petty Globe of Earth, that's but a Span,

When we compare it to the All so vast,

Should, with its haughty Favourite call'd *Man*,

Dissolve to crumbled Atoms by my Blast.

G

Rous'd

Rous'd by Offence, I'd all the Heav'ns confound,
 While 'tis design'd to crush my little World,
 And in my Rage the rolling Orbs around
 Should be to Nothing's ancient Bosom hurl'd.

Just as the daily Labourer, who tries
 To ease his weary Limbs with needful Rest,
 Blows out the Lamp, obnoxious to his Eyes
 When gentle Sleep becomes a welcome Guest.

So, when eternal Night would seal my Eyes,
 And Life's no more than if 't had ne'er begun,
 Since useless Rays instruct not where I ly,

I'd with my latest Breath puff out the Sun.

Thus Nature's Workmanship I'd quite deface,

And all should perish by my Indignation,
 Nor should I leave so much as mighty Space,
 Left idle Gods should raise a new Creation.

The *Wages* of S I N.: Inscribed to *Scythia*.

WHEN Nature, our indulgent Mother
 saw

Her first-born impious Sons despise her Law,
 And, as her Love restrain'd her Vengeance still,
 Beheld them sink in Good, and rise in Ill,

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She wept, and with a Deluge from her Eyes
 Destroy'd them, that a better Race might rise.

But honest NOAH, with his faithful Train,
 Safe in his Ark travers'd the swelling Main,
 Reserv'd by Providence, in future View,
 To plant the World with Godliness a-new;
 Yet the succeeding Offspring, still accurs'd
 From ADAM, grew as faithless as the first,
 And, in the Height of Wickedness, forgot
 Their perish'd Ancestors deserved Lot.
 Few therefore hearken'd to the Voice divine;
 Such was the Rage of Lust and Force of Wine.
 SODOM, the worst of all, rejected Grace,
 And with her Lewdness flew at Nature's Face;
 Nature with Horror sicken'd to behold
 Her second Race so impudently bold;
 She blush'd, and from her kindled Face a Fire
 Consum'd their Cities, while their Sons expire:
 The Earth, with the Convulsions Nature found,
 Open'd a dreadful spacious Gap around,
 And, to give Terror by so dire a doom,
 Swallow'd them down into her inmost Womb;
 LOT's House alone the fiery Wrath withstood,
 The Sire was virtuous, and the Sons were good.

Since then a Train of sad Experience shows
 That mighty Sins bespeak as mighty Woes,
 O SCOTIA! who thy Downfal can oppose?
 Methinks I see the threatning Strocke at Hand,
 Justice impending o'er the guilty Land,
 Her Dexter arm'd with a consuming Brand.

These many Years the Saints have call'd aloud
 For Vengeance on the Guilt of injur'd Blood;
 The bleeding Crown and Mitre hourly bring
 Their Complaints to him who is both Priest and King,
 And sure the righteous God will punish such
 As flew th' Anointed he forbad to touch;
 Nor will he fail to stretch his vengeful Arm,
 'Gainst Murderers who did his Prophet Harm.
 Nor are these Crimes the worst thy Sons pursue,
 Sated with old, they're still inventing new:
 The Saviour of the World must see their Hate,
 And be degraded from his heav'nly State;
 Nor must th' Almighty Father rule the Frame
 By that Omnipotence that made the same;
 The sacred Rites that Adoration claim,
 Bearing Respect and Rev'rence in their Name,
 Are call'd the Cheat of Priests, a Help to Law,
 Devis'd to keep the thoughtless Crowd in Awe:
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The pious Thoughts of our divided State,
 Which Hopes and Fears alternately create,
 Are mean Conceptions nursing Dames infil,
 Below the Patriot of superior Skill:
 The Man who has, or should have, just Pretence,
 By Art and Nature, to sublimer Sense,
 Must not to toilsom Worship be a Slave,
 For what has he to fear beyond the Grave?
 He holds that all must end as all began,
 Nor can there be a God, or, if there can,
 It is not worth his While to think on Man. }
 Vain Logick! and by Hell inspir'd, to keep
 Their Lusts awake and Consciences asleep.
 A thousand lesser Sins I could rehearse,
 Did they not stain the Purity of Verse;
 The secret Lusts of those lascivious Wights,
 The *Horn-Order* and the CRISPIN Knights;
 Had they appear'd in that more harmless Age,
 When Heav'n on SODOM pour'd its fiery Rage,
 Th' Almighty's Thunder sure had took its Aim
 At them, and SODOM had escap'd the Flame;
 But their Obscenities, not yet disclos'd,
 Are better veil'd with Silence than expos'd;
 Yet these unthinking beardless Boys, of late,
 Preside in Council, and have rul'd the State,

Raw Politicians, and unbred to Cares,
 In place of mending, spoil the World's Affairs;
 Proud of their Parts they fear not to begin
 With deep Intrigues with down upon their Chin,
 And, swell'd with **MACHIAVELLIAN** Wisdom
 boast

There's nothing wicked where there's nothing
 lost;

Or, if there's ought a Trespass, they maintain
 'Tis to reject, on any Terms, their Gain.
 Unhappy Land! when such become thy Choice
 Who're green in Virtue, but mature in Vice,
 Thou'lt quickly feel a greater Woe to spring
 From stripling Statesmen than an infant King.

Th' ungrateful Sons of thy own Loins expose
 Thy Nakedness of Worth ev'n to thy Foes:
 Their mean Proceedings, to thy endless Shame,
 Have soil'd thy Glories, and defac'd thy Name;
 Thy Crown subjected to a foreign Yoke,
 Thy Sword is blunted, and thy Sceptre broke,
 And thou'rt become, who once wer't deem'd
 so brave,

To those who hate thee, an eternal Slave;
 Nor is there any bold Redress in View,

Thy

Thy Friends are Cowards, and those Friends
but few.

Alas! how chang'd is thy degenerate Race,
Like rebel Angels when they fell from Grace?
Not so their Fathers, who, inur'd to Arms,
Despis'd their haughty Neighbours vain Alarms,
Nor did their native Worth and Courage fail,
Ev'n when their fiercest Foes did most prevail,
But as their stretch'd out Lines the SAXON boast,
Each Troop of SCOTS believ'd themselves an
Host;

Urg'd by the Glory of their Country's Cause,
They still preserv'd their Liberty and Laws,
And in their Crown's Defence, untaught to
fear,

Despis'd the Flourish of the SAXON Spear.

But now, alas! thy Bondage we behold,
The treacherous Effect of ENGLISH Gold;
Thy mercenary Sons their Foreheads raise,
As if they were adorn'd with honest Bays;
But Honour, whom thy dastard Sons so long
Have slighted, sits regardless of thy Wrong,
Immovable to Pity, and repays

Contempt with Scorn in thy afflicted Days;

Nor

Nor is there one great Man who dares engage
 To rouse her up in this degenerate Age,
 Blame not the skies, for, to sum up the whole,
 Thy own Corruption has debas'd thy Soul;
 And when this Loofe of Wickedness began,
 Scarce can escape the most unthinking Man;
 Thy darling Revolution first brought in,
 Such Blasphemies and unknown Ways to sin,
 Which were industriously transmitted down,
 For the Support of a polluted Crown,
 That our enslav'd Posterity may praise
 Their God they did not live in WILLIAM's
 Days.

Licentious Days!

When Paricide became the vulgar Sport;
 And vicious Subjects ap'd a vicious Court,
 By whose Perfidiousness, of horrid Hue,
 Falshoods were spread abroad and vouch'd for
 true,

Till royal Innocence was forc'd to fly
 To foreign Climes, and hope a kinder Sky.
 But here a While my grateful Muse forbears
 Her Rage, to pay the Tribute of her Tears.

Oh!

Oh! could a grateful Zeal redress my Care,
The faithless World should feel the Force of
Pray'r,

Such as the doleful Queen alone could boast,
When she invok'd the ministerial Host
Of Heav'n, while pious JAMES gave up the }
Ghost. }

My Muse!

Now thou hast paid the royal Pair their Due,
Finish thy Purpose, and thy Theme pursue.

O SCOTLAND!

Since thou hast far exceeded all the Climes
Of hottest Nations in unnatural Crimes,
Such as of old provok'd an angry God
To visit KORAH with his Wrathful Rod;
Faith, Truth, and Innocence, are seen no more,
But leaving our Abodes they upwards soar,
And seek for Residence, with doleful Cries
And Lamentations, in their native Skies.

Dost thou not tremble, then thou Gulph of Sin,
That gap'st for Mischief still, and suck'st it in
More greedily than Hell those num'rous Shoals
That croud her Gates with thy departed Souls?
Since Regicide is openly avow'd,
And the Contempt of God diverts the Crowd,

Such

Such bold insuperable Crimes demand
Thy quick Destruction at th' Almighty's Hand;
And wiser Crowns shall learn, from thy sad Fate,
That as Religion falls so falls the State.

BRITANNIA, to her BELOVED in *Spain*.

THOU, JAMES of my Heart!
Who art ne'er in the Wrong,

Why dost thou not part?

I have mourn'd for thee long.

Thou dread'st not thy Foes

With their hellish Reward,

Thou need'st not fear those

Who hast GOD for thy Guard.

And the Storms of the Deep,

With their terrible Roar,

Interrupt not thy Sleep,

Thou hast prov'd them before.

Such Virtues adorn

Both thy Outside and In,

That a Soul ne'er was born

Less tainted with Sin.

Shew thine Aspect again,

With such Love in thy Breast,

And

And the vilest of Men
Have not Pow'r to resist.

For the Treaties of late,
To prop Usurpation,
How fickle's their State,
On a wicked Foundation !

And Monarchs there are
Whole Rights are divine,
Who wisely prepare
To cement them with thine.

Besides, I do despise
Those lunatick Things,
And read in their Eyes
They should never be Kings.

Who sits on thy Throne
Is in Pain, as they say,
To get back to his own,
If he knew but the Way.

Let's favour his Choice,
As thy Subjects implore;
If he hears but thy Voice
He will find out a Door.

And at Sight of thy Face
My Sons will declare,

For

82 S T R U A N ' s P O E M S .

For they ne'er can have Peace
Till they have the true Heir.

Come, our Church to restore.

And quell, with thy Rod,
Those who nothing adore
But Gold for a God.

My Dearest! My Love!

Pray gird on thy Sword,
Recommend thee above,
Then hast thee on Board.

And whilst thou dost make

Thro' Billows thy Way,
In Tears, for thy Sake,
To God will I pray.

H I S A N S W E R .

My Queen, do not weep,

All patiently take,
MAR is not asleep,
And ORMOND's awake.

AN ODE to the Duke of B E R W I C K .

R E N O W N E D Duke, just JAMES's Son,
Your native Worth Declare;

Consider

Consider how your Blood has run,
Thro' Kings scarce later than the Sun,
And you must love their Heir.

Let no less comely Stream prevail
To taint thy crystal Flood;
Abhor the Revolution Tale,
Which, tho' the Wicked hope it stale,
Is fresh with all the Good.

Then sure you cannot have forgot,
How JAMES, your Sire, was us'd;
And if the Hero of the Plot,
Who nearer was the Crown, could not,
Can BRUNSWICK be excus'd?

He's but the Faction's cringing Tool,
Whose Title has a Flaw;
Nor need we to be bred at School,
To learn, who has no right to rule,
Has none to make a Law.

Thus WILLIAM was the Corner-Stone
Of that vile Usurpation,
Then all the World, with me, must own,
The House, that now is built thereon,
Has but a bad Foundation.

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84 S T R U A N ' s P O E M S

Let Conscience lead you now to fight;

The Case was scarce so plain;

But now behold 'tis alter'd quite,

Directly you oppose the Right

If you fall out with SPAIN.

Let CHARLES the Second's wretched Race

Be branded still in Story,

With you let Loyalty take place,

And nothing earthly can deface

The Greatness of your Glory.

Now SPAIN has ta'en our Monarch's Part,

Resolve,---and Heav'n you speed;

And if the Regent hate you for't,

You know the Way to PHILIP's Heart,

As well as to MADRID.

A nat'ral Tye from GOD does spring,

From Men what you acquire,

So Heav'n ordains our nat'ral King

Should be rever'd, in every Thing,

More than our nat'ral Sire.

Was JAMES alive would you withstand

Th' Abettor of his Throne?

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Then can you join that hellish Band,
Who, with a sacrilegious Hand,
Pursues his lawful Son.

EPITAPH upon the Captain of CLAN-
RANNALD, who was killed at Sheriffmuir
1715.

THIS Tomb contains a Wonder to be told,
One like a Lamb was meek, a Lion bold,
Born to command, yet willing to obey,
Neither to bear, nor claim unmanly Sway,
He fell supporting his true Prince's Cause,
To raise his Country and restore her Laws.
ALLAN, tho' fain thy Worth I would express,
The more I think on't still my Pow'r's the less,
Trav'ller, here drop a Tear, as sure thou must;
This lovely Carcass ne'er should turn to Dust.

EPITAPH upon CHURCHIL.

HERE CHURCHIL, that Arch-Traitor,
lives,
And dreads a Resurrection;
Thrice happy if he never rise,
He 'scapes a due Correction.

One honest crown'd Head he betray'd,
 In faithless Arts profound,
 The same false Game he also play'd
 To two whose Heads were crown'd.

'Twas easy JAMES the Just to cheat,
 And ANNE, like him, was civil,
 But he who WILLIAM foil'd might get
 The better of the Devil.

Then bless thy Stars, old GEORGE, for all
 Thy Safety now commences,
 Since he is gone had fought thy Fall
 Had he not lost his Senses.

And if from TOPHET he's secure,
 It is my bold Opinion,
 That Satan's Self cannot endure
 Sedition in 's Dominion.

And Faction is so vile a Sin,
 No virtuous Man can doubt,
 If Hell refuse to let him in,
 But Heav'n will keep him out.

The best sad Fate can him befall
 Is dark Annihilation;
 The sweet unsolid Hopes of all
 That vip'rous Generation.

AN ODE.

[*Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.* HOR.]

Imitated, To Mr. J-----.

BLUSH not to court a common Dame,
Whom Fate hast cast into thy Clutches,
Great MARLBRO' stoop'd, and did the same,
Long e'er his Doxy prov'd his Dutcheß.

Her Sister's Charms, TYRCONNEL priz'd 'em,
He felt their Force, and could not shun it;
Then how should you pretend to Wisdom,
Whose Head can never fill his Bonnet?

While Heroes thus thy Patterns are,
With heedless Haste pursue the Game,
Thy Reputation never fear,
It cannot crack with such as them.

Hadst thou, like them, been train'd to Fire,
Like them thou'dst been renown'd in Fight;
And for thy Nymph, perhaps her Sire
Was neither Carpenter nor Wright.

Then mock the Vermin of this Town,
Ev'n let them censure still and bawl,

Put on thy leering aukward Frown,
And bid the L--d reform them all.

To One who wrote some scurrilous Verses
upon the PRINCE.

TO plague us with thy undigested Rhimes,
False, ev'n beyond the Falshood of the
Times,

Thou might'st as well have gobbled up a Dose,
Of Garlick, and have belch'd it at our Nose.
Ev'n should the Subject of thy Lines permit
Some Sallies from th' Exorbitance of Wit,
Sure thou hadst no Pretence, so vile a Creature!
Who pump'st for Pleasure contrary to Nature;
And nought from such Pollution can proceed,
But shapeless Monsters of a booby Breed.
APOLLO has deliver'd from his Mount,
That no crack'd Cistren shall approach his Fount;
Dares then thy chinky Pate pretend to dream,
Or purpose to contain so pure a Stream?
So might we look for solid Things, or true,
From the Base Brethren of thy canting Crew,
Beware, if e'er thou offer'st to bestride
The PEGAZEAN Steed, or think'st to ride,

PARNASS.

PARNASS' has ordered him to wince, and
bound,

To fling, and throw thee headlong to the
Ground,

And with his Heel, full planted at thy Face,
To bruise thy Head, thou Serpent of Disgrace.

An O D E to the Duke of ALBEMARLE.

HOW crabbed are the Rules of Fate!
How strangely partial are her Gifts!

To one she gives a happy State,
And leaves another to his Shifts.

Here one, whom Nature made an Ass,
And only human by his Name,
Lives to the Top of Happiness,
Nor knows the Tool from whence it came.

Another, whom the Stars thought fit
In useless Riches should abound,
Takes Pleasure in his Hall to sit
And see it strow'd upon the Ground!

A third, who has a noble Heart,
And reasonably most deserves,
Yet, in Despite of true Desert,
Unthought of, barbarously starves.

Yct

Yet Heav'n, once in an Age, bestows
 Honour and Wealth where it is due,
 To be Encouragement to those
 Who Virtue boldly dare pursue.

For you, the Darling of Mankind!

Ev'n like a little God below,
 Art pleas'd, when you Occasion find,
 On Slaves your Bounty to bestow.

A B A L L A D.

A Hoary Swain, inur'd to Care,

Has toil'd these sixty Years,
 Yet ne'er was haunted with Despair,

Nor subject much to Tears:

Whatever Fortune pleas'd to send,

He always hop'd a joyful End,

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,

He sees a Champion of Renown,

Loud in the Blast of Fame,

For Safety scouring up and down,

Uncertain of his Aim;

For all his Speed a Ball from Gun,

Could faster fly than he could run.

With a fa, la, &c.

Another

Another, labouring to be great,
By some is counted brave,
His Will admits of no Debate,
Pronounc'd with Look so grave;
Yet 'tis believ'd he is found out
Not quite so trusty as he's stout.

With a fa, la, &c.

An Action well contriv'd, of late,
Illustrates this my Tale,
Where these two Heroes try'd their Fate, |
In Fortune's fickle Scale;
Where 'tis surmis'd they wisely fought,
In Concert with each others Thought.

With a fa, la, &c.

But first they knew that Mountaineers,
(As apt to fight as eat)
Who once could climb the Hills like Deers,
Now fainted without Meat,
While ENGLISH Hearts their Hunger stanch,
Grew valiant as they cramm'd their Paunch.

With a fa, la, &c.

Thus fortify'd with Beef and Sleep,
They waddling fought their Foes,
Who scarce their Eyes awake could keep,
Far less distribute Blows;

To

To whom we owe the Fruits of this,
Inspect who will, 'tis not amiss.

With a fa, la, &c.

Tho' we be sorely now oppress'd,
By Numbers driv'n from Home,
Yet Fortune's Wheel may turn at last,

And Justice back may come;

In Providence we'll put our Trust,
Which ne'er abandons quite the Just.

With a fa, la, &c.

Ev'n let them plunder, kill and burn,
And on our Vitals prey;

We'll hope for CHARLES's safe Return,

As justly so we may;

The Laws of God and Man declare

The Son should be the Father's Heir.

With a fa, la, &c.

Let Wretches, flatter'd with Revenge,

Dream they can conquer Hearts,

The steady Mind will never change,

Spite of their cruel Arts:

We still have Woods, and Rocks, and Men,

What they pull down to raise again.

With a fa, la, &c.

And

And now let's fill the healing Cup,
 Enjoin'd in sacred Song,
 To keep the sinking Spirits up,
 And make the Feeble strong.
 How can the sprightly Flame decline,
 That always is upheld by Wine.

With a ja, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

A S O N G.

COME, my Boys, let us wave our Misfor-
 tunes a While,

Happy News now afford us Relief,
 Let a Moment of Joy all our Sorrows beguile,
 And blot out an Age full of Grief.

All the Princes, whose Right to their King-
 doms is true,

Are combin'd to put JAMES on his Throne
 And, by planting the Crown on the Head
 where 'tis due,

With his are cementing their own.

Young JAMES, with a Princess both virtuous
 and fair,

Will supply the Defect of his Line,
 Making

Making Atheists and Whigs with their Malice
despair,

When Wildom and Amity join.

May their Issue be num'rous, as Stars in the Sky,
And a Scourge on the Wretches entail,

Who murder'd the Sire, and the Son made to
fly,

And hinder his Son to prevail.

Then here's to his Health, and may Heav'n be
his Guide,

Whose Justice all Faction disarms,
And here's to that beautiful, beautiful Bride,
Who is blest'd, ever blest'd in his Arms.

MUTUAL LOVE the greatest Blessing up-
on Earth.

HOLD Wretch! whodost pretend to know
The greatest Happiness below,

Listen to me, 'tis I that can

Instruct thee who's the happy Man.

'Tis not the Tyrant of the PORT,

Tho' Crowds of Slaves about his Court,

With watchful Eyes obey his Nod,

With humble Rev'rence, like a God:

Tho'

Tho' sparkling Diamonds he can shew
 In Wreaths around his haughty Brow;
 And all the World he much excels
 In Spawn of oriental Shells:
 Tho', for his Ease, in Pomp he ly
 Beneath a golden Canopy,
 Upon the softest downy Bed
 That eastern Monarch ever had;
 And from his Shoulders, to the Ground,
 The richest Robe that e'er was found
 In PERSIA falls, the like before
 As ne'er was seen to sweep a Floor;
 Tho' costly Food, (in OPHIR's Plate)
 Fit for a King alone to eat,
 Be on his Board in Order plac'd,
 To court at once the Eyes and Taste;
 And, when the sumptuous Feast is o'er,
 He brings the Choice of all his Store;
 The most delicious healing Juice
 That fruitful nature can produce,
 And all the Night, with Trumpet's Sound,
 Quaffs the immortal Liquor round:
 If by successful Love oppress'd,
 He's but a royal Slave at best.
 But he that justly can maintain
 That her he loves loves him again,

I

Without

Without a Reason to suspect
Indifference, or cold Neglect,
Above all others does possess
The truest State of Happiness.

For this I'll slight the spacious Ball,
DORINDA's mine, and worth it all.

A melancholy MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

THE sable Empress of the dusky Sphere,
In State that re-assum'd her rowling Chair,
And o'er the Face of the terrestrial Globe
Had spread abroad her universal Robe,
Her gloomy Veil involv'd the stary Skies,
And left no Light but in *Celestia's* Eyes;
When lo! the Midnight God, who still descends
When night her shady Canopy extends,
Waving his drowsy Sceptre round his Head,
Hush'd all to Silence, as if all lay dead,
Young *Philocles* alone awake remains,
And finds no Respite from his raging Pains,
But from his dark Recess, oppress'd with Love,
Curst the malignant Stars that rule above;
He fetch'd a Groan, and chid the cruel Fair,
He paus'd a while, and then he dropt a Tear.

At

At length, in doleful Words, he thus began
 His melancholy Thought of wretched Man.
 If wand'ring Mortals ponder'd human Life,
 With all its Troubles and unequal Strife,
 The viceful Events that attend the Maze
 Of transitory Things by Length of Days;
 The fleeting Pleasures of their youthful Rage,
 And the Contempt of their decrepid Age;
 The little Ease that Nature does bestow
 On the proud Monarch of the World below,
 With all the Pains about a Gasp of Breath,
 Who would note ope his Arms and welcome
 Death?

Who would not gladly chuse the silent Grave,
 In Search of Ease, rather than live a Slave,
 And gratefully restore his earthy Frame,
 To the material Dust from whence it came.
 Here in this baneful World we daily see
 Both rich and poor accurs'd in each Degree,
 Down from the Monarch, in his lofty Chair,
 To the mean Clown that breathes the common
 Air;

All struggle to subsist, nor know the Cause,
 But yield to Nature's arbitrary Laws.
 As if they hop'd upon the barren Soil,
 An everlasting Harvest for their Toil.

Not all the dire Examples which arise,
And still present themselves before our Eyes,
Can influence our perverse Hearts to leave
Those fleeting Follies, which at length deceive;
So the deluded Trav'ler wanders on,
Till by the faithless Meteor, he's undone.

Once we beheld *Lewis* the Great of *France*,
With num'rous Armies in the Field advance,
Driving the vanquish'd Princes thro' the Plain,
Scatt'ring their Fleets, and ruling on the Main,
Nor ought his Fury stay'd; where'er he flew
The mighty Victor conquer'd still a-new;

Whole nature seem'd to favour his Intent.
And Fame proclaim'd his Actions as he went,
But when his lovely Mistress prov'd unkind,
Who can express the Tempest of his Mind?
Not all the fam'd Success he won in Arms,
Could equal half his fair *La Vallier's* Charms:
Restless he roam'd about from Place to Place,
With Royal Fury raging in his Face,
And found no gentle Cure to sooth his Care,
But on the Bosom of the haughty Fair.

Who, would have thought a Monarch so
renown'd,
Loaded with riches, and with Laurels crown'd,

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O'er-charg'd with all that fortune could bestow,
To please her darling Favorite below,
Might be reduc'd at length to sue in vain,
And see his Flames repell'd by cold Disdain,
Ev'n in his younger Days, and his then glorious
Reign?

But this he felt, he saw his Love despis'd,
The Nymph averse whom he so much had priz'd.
Now in his drooping Age, his Pleasure cross'd,
* His Will control'd, his Reputation lost,
He spends the rest of his unhappy Days,
Dropping the Trophies which his Youth could
raise.

Was it not better far his life to close,
Than live the Laughter of insulting Foes;
And bravely, *Roman-like*, in such a Case,
Teach Kings not to survive their own Disgrace?
But he ignobly lives, ev'n tho' he knows
A glorious Way to disappoint his Woes.

Next, should I trace the much commended
Life.

Of Country Swains, so void of Care and Strife,
Sum all their Satisfaction up, and try
To view their Joys with an impartial Eye;

I 3

Yet

* At the peace of RYSWICK.

Yet find I not, ev'n in their happy State,
 A sanctuary from the Reverse of Fate.
 Here one removes far from the Noise of Town,
 Despising Fame, and careless of renown,
 In quest of Happiness, and hopes to find,
 In his Retreat. Tranquillity of Mind:
 Pleas'd with the Prospect of his Country-Seat,
 Expressing more of Nature than of State,
 He seeks the murmuring Grove and purling
 Stream,

And each becomes the Subject of his Theme;
 Sometimes to shady Forests he resorts,
 And with his Friends pursues the manly Sports,
 Till, weary with the pleasing Toil, they slay,
 Drench'd in the fatal Brook, the trembling Prey.
 Then he invites his weary Friends to taste
 The sweet Refreshment of a rural Feast;
 His Board is loaded with the choicest Meat,
 They drink with Joy, with Satisfaction eat;
 And having cheer'd their Spirits with the best
 Of homely Dainties, they retire to Rest:
 We see him blest'd with all that's fit for Life,
 With sprightly Children and a careful Wife,
 And each contribute to increase his Joys,
 She smoothes his Sorrow, while his prattling Boys
 Hang

Hang on his Neck, rejoice their smiling Sire,
 Nor can he with his Satisfaction higher.
 But ah! perhaps a dismal Hour attends,
 When Grief commences, and when Pleasure
 ends;

Perhaps the Consort of his Halcyon Days,
 By some pernicious inward Cause decays;
 Her blooming Beauty fades, the youthful Grace
 Forsakes the lovely Features of her Face,
 Till wasted by Degrees she yields her Breath,
 While the bewailing Husband mourns her
 Death:

Nor is this all, for Fate pursues him still,
 Bent upon Michief, fond of doing Ill;
 Accumulated Sorrows she contrives,
 And next invades the tender Offspring's Lives,
 Destroying, to conclude what she begun,
 His beauteous Daughter and his hopeful Son.
 Then he, whose easy Mind once knew no Cares,
 Bedews his lonely Couch with Floods of Tears,
 Runs to the gloomy Shade, abhors the Light,
 Sighs all the Day, and groans the live-long
 Night;

His Life's a Curse, yet he is glad to live,
 And suffer what capricious Fate can give.

Lastly

Lastly, we see a Beggar in the Streets,
 Whining his Indigence to all he meets.
 With piteous Groans exposing all his Rags,
 His starving Orphans, and his empty Bags;
 He craves the Means of Living to support
 His sinking Fabrick, and his grateful tort;
 The miserable Wretch goes thus about,
 Pain'd with the Stone, contracted with the Gout;
 He too would gladly live, tho' scarce can crawl
 'To the next Door supported by the Wall;
 Where, bending to his Mother-Earth, he pines,
 And, on a sapless Morfel poorly dines;
 Next Day more happy, when he gasping lyes,
 Spite of himself, and on a Dunghill dies.

Since then malicious Stars, too plain we find,
 Love to disturb the Race of poor Mankind,
 And haughty Kings and Princes are the Scorn
 Of Fate, as well as he that's meanly born,
 Is there a Mortal upon Earth can say
 He can secure his Happiness a Day?
 No; nor prolong his Time a Minute's Space
 Beyond the destin'd Hour of his Decease;
 And one would think that Heav'n, with Fury
 warm'd
 Against a Miscreant while yet unform'd,
 Ordain

Ordains a lingring Life, so full of Pain,
 Only to make him long to be dissolv'd again.
 Then tell me, wretched Man, whence does
 proceed

This Love of Living? Since 'tis once decreed
 We leave this worthless World, why should we
 fear

The Period of a Being so severe?
 Your softest Joys endure but for a While,
 And if capricious Fortune longer smile,
 She but deludes, for 'tis her usual Way
 To sink by Night whom she upholds by Day;
 To live in Pain, sure there are secret Bands,
 That daunt our Courage and restrain our Hands;
 And what that deep mysterious Force can be,
 What human Wisdom can reveal to me?
 Is it the Fear of an eternal Fire,
 That feeds this unaccountable Desire?
 Or the distracting Doubts of future State,
 So much the World's Belief and World's De-
 bate,

Uncertain of your visionary Bliss.
 Forbids your Leap into the dark Abyss?

Or

Or do you frame the grim and grisly Foe
 Impending ever while you strike the Blow,
 Dreadful alone because you think him so.
 Sure this it is, else Man could ne'er endure
 So much Affliction, when he knows the Cure.

To an Epigrammatist who wrote obscurely.

THY Thoughts in deep Obscurity to fetter,
 Write not at all, thy Silence does it better.

To the learned and ingenious DOCTOR
 PITCAIRN.

WISE was the Bard who sung the sacred Use
 Of the delicious Grapes immortal Juice,
 And found no Water-Drinker e'er could say,
 He shap'd a Verse that could survive a Day.

What Man of Wit an Element would chuse,
 To nourish and immortalize his Muse,
 Whose Influence abates the sprightly Rage
 Of Youth, and damps it in to frozen Age?
 Can that inspire the Heart of warm Desire,
 Which Nature has ordain'd t' extinguish Fire?
 No; and thou, great *Pitcairn*, dost well impart,
 That Wine alone can rouse poetick Art:

O would'st thou but employ thy manly Rage
To coil the Manners of this in pious Age!
The madder World should learn, from ev'ry

Line,

The Sting of ancient Satyr short of thine.
In all thou writ'st a generous God does shine,
A God that bides thee dip thy Pen in Wine;
And that thy Numbers ever may withstand
The Shocks of Age, and Time's more envious
Hand,

He to the Bark of his own chosen Tree
Invites thy Pen, that future Sons may see
Their guilty Sires in their coercive Strain,
Bart'ring their Nation and its God for Gain.
Pitcairn alone such Mischiefs dare express;
Bold is the Task, and glorious the Success!
Phoebus, thy friendly Patron, does transmit
A double Portion of his double Wit;
He grants the deepest Secrets of his Skill
To be reserv'd or publish'd at thy Will;
He teaches thee to sing, and to disclose
The hidden Worth of ev'ry Thing that grows.
Thus aided, dare we think thou wilt refuse
Thy native Land the Succours of thy Muse?

Thro'

Thro' greater Hardships thou dost force thy
Way,

Supporting Nature daily in decay,
Blasting Disease, enrag'd that she must yield,
To her most hated Foe, the long contested Field.
Sure, then, to baser Sin no Fence is giv'n
Against Endowments that are dropt from
Heav'n:

Thy well-intended Verse can never fail;
Where Gods are interested Gods prevail!
If e'er a Wreath of Snakes thy Brows did shade,
Now do our Wrongs demand their vengeful
Aid;

Let then each fork'd Tongue be dipt in Gall,
To sally forth and conquer at thy Call.
Then let them hiss aloud, as all may know
That Perjury has found a deadly Foe;
The Theme and Muse seem for each other
made,

This full of Flame, as that profoundest Shade.
As *Alcides*, born to an impious Age,
Subdu'd the Monsters made to tempt his Rage;
Shall not thy daring Satyr bring to Light
Unmanly Crimes, and hideous to the Sight?
Hypocrisy, what ever be her Dress,
Shall fear thy Wrath in her disguis'd Recess:

The

The Sons of *Baal* shall fear thy 'venging Quill,
 And skulk in rocky Caves, the lesser Ill,
 So heretofore, when *Lucifer* withdrew
 The sacred Homage to his Sov'reign due,
 Th' apostate Angels from their Sky were driv'n,
 And Hell was made to shew the Pow'r of Heav'n.
 Rise then, *Apollo's* best Belov'd, arise!
 And use the Gift that's given thee from the Skies;
 Let thy unbounded Genius frame a Song,
 Sharp as thy Wit, and as thy Reason strong;
 Not such as thy melodious Muse could sing,
 Soothing thy Nation when she lost her King;
 Here curl thy Brows, forget those easy Strains,
 And let thy boiling Blood distend thy Veins;
 The roughest Numbers here most likely please,
 The Cure should be as harsh as the Disease.
 Exalt thy Voice, and let the Faithless know
 That Perjury has found a deadly Foe;
 A Foe, who, while he makes the Body live,
 By Med'cines such as none but you can give,
 Resolves, with gen'rous Ardor, to control
 Thy dire Contagions that infest the Soul:
 Thy healing Pen ne'er made a nobler Choice,
 Than, as thou cur'st the Man, to kill the Vice.

K

But

But oh! how happy thou, who dost command
The *Roman* Tongue, whose Change is at a
Stand,

A Language whose Duration is decreed,
While Age to Age, and Man to Man succeed!
Where'er the Learned are thy Sente is known,
As well as if their Nation was thine own.
Reforming thus our Ills, thy Fame shall rise,
Till Sun and Moon shall tumble from the Skies.
While all the *English* Poet vainly sings,
Must waste and die with transitory Things.

E P I G R A M.

I N S T I N C T, unlike affected Art,
Nat'rally clean, explains the Heart
Temper and Truth, with gen'ral Love,
Hatred and Anger's Zeal remove,
Oblige below and please above.
Mix'd in a manly Look and Air,
Prevail to set agog the Fair.
See the first Letter of each Line,
Observe and Spell, together join,
Now where these Virtues meet divine.

On

On the Duke of ALBEMARLE's Marriage.

AS in a melancholy Shade,
 Which ne'er to Grief Access denies,
 Where sighing Lovers oft have paid
 The pearly Tribute of their Eyes,
 I sat alone, as usually, to hear
 The downy Turtle court her murmuring Dear.

Behold, I saw the Goddess FAME,
 Upon a neighbouring Oak alight,
 And by her Smiles I judg'd she came
 To reu'e my Senses with Delight:
 Her noisy Trumpet in her Hand she wore,
 And full as many Wings as Eyes she bore.

She rested on the Boughs a While,
 As she had travell'd from afar,
 At length she rear'd her mighty Pile,
 And, with her Instrument of War,
 Began to blaze, in a delightful Sound,
 The joyful Tidings thro' the Field around.

Great ASDRUBAL, whose warlike Art,
 To quell the Madness of the Land,
 At length delivers up his Heart
 To wife ASTRÆA's nuptial Band:

So mighty Jove forsakes his loud Alarms,
And peacefully dissolves in JUNO's Arms.

Thus having said, the wingy Dame
With rapid Haste outflew the Wind,
Thro' distant Regions to proclaim
The faithful Nature of Mankind,
While ev'ry neighbouring Herdsman, on the
News,
Became a Minstrel, and invok'd a Muse.

First TITYRUS, an hoary Swain,
With long experimented Lays,
Began in his melodious Strain,
And sung the gen'rous Hero's Praise,
Who kindly sav'd him from the common Fate,
To rest at Ease in his paternal Seat.

Then DAMON re-assum'd his Lyre,
Which lay unstrung for many a Day,
And, animated with Desire,
In Point of Gratitude did play.
To him, who, like a God, renew'd his Stock
When dire Contagion had consum'd his Flock.

STREPHON, at length an humble Swain,
But well could use the warbling Reed,
Extoll'd his Worth who did maintain
His meagre Herd in Time of Need,

And

And gave, when Winter's Fury pinch'd with
Cold,

Himself a Cottage; and his Sheep a Fold.

Lo! MELIBOEUS also came

To celebrate the nuptial Day,

Owning he should be much to blame,

Should he forget a Song to pay

To his MÆCENAS, who Protection gave,

And freed him from the Bondage of a Slave.

The Silvans all, from ev'ry Hand,

Their well tun'd Instruments combine,

And, seated in a rural Band,

Compose a Harmony divine

For him, who, like the glorious Sun, bestows

His saving Influence where'er he goes.

Transported with Delight I spy'd

The Quire performing on the Plain,

And willingly I would have try'd

To raise my Voice, but all in vain:

His more than human Worth my Tongue
confin'd,

And stopt the Dictates of my lab'ring Mind.

So PHILOCLES in bloomy Pride,

Oppress'd beneath CELESTIA's Yoke,

At her Approach was stupify'd,
 With Awe, when most he should have spoke,
 And, with Excess of turbulent Desire,
 Could only gaze, be silent and admire.

MACDONALD the Bard's Salutation to Ge-
 neral WADE.

HAIL! Fav'rite of GREAT BRITAIN'S
 Throne.

Prime Executor of her Law!

Whose Skill and foreward Zeal alone
 Could Piercencess to submission draw.

Thro' rugged Rocks you forc'd a Way,
 Where Trade and Commerce now are found,
 The Indigent look brisk and gay,
 Since Plenty does thro' you abound:

The steepest Mountain opes her Womb,
 To let her Sons and Hero meet;
 Who could have dream'd it was her Doom,
 E'er to have vy'd with LONDON Street.

GRATITUDE. AN EPIGRAM.

SURE we remember how, in Days of Yore,
 When fawning Tribes oppress'd MAC-
 ALLAN VOIR,

And

And fraudfully brought on his hasty Fall,
CLAN-DONNOCH's fairer Chief forsook them
all;

He nobly wou'd to lend his helping Hand
To what he thought too rigid a Command,
And ventur'd rather to displease the King,
Than meanly bend to an unmanly Thing,
This Deed of Worth remain'd not long unpaid,
But the Foundation of strong Friendship laid.
CLAN-DONNOCH's Heir, while yet in early
Bloom,

Mov'd by some Dictates of too subtle ROME,
By ARGATHELIAN Pow'r was kindly freed
From hostile Bondage, and forbid to bleed.
Thus, generous Actions, and a grateful Mind,
By mutual Impulse mutually inclin'd,
Alternately begat each other Kind.

O! may this plighted Andor still remain,
Fix'd without Change and fair without a Stain*.

A
* The better to understand these few Lines the Reader is to know, that, when the first Earl of ARGYLL fell into his Misfortunes, and the Clans and the adjacent Shires were ordered, by the Privy Council then in Being, to rise in Arms to destroy him, all took Arms except the present Laird of STRUAN's Father, who obtained Leave to stay at home to preserve the Country from Theft and Depredations. In return of which Mark of Humanity

A S O N G.

CONFOUNDED be their vile Intent,

Who DAVID'S Life pursue,
And may the Wretches quick repent,

Or send them Lord, their Due.

Come here's to his Felicity,

Refuse it if you can,

And may all ISRAEL wish like me,

From BEERSHEBA TO DAN.

The Price that's profer'd those who touch

Th' Anointed of the Skies,

The Fate of JUDAS binds to such :

As Heav'n's Commands despise. :

May DAVID ever honour'd be,

According to the Law,

And may all ISRAEL wish like me,

From DAN TO BEERSHEBA.

The

Humanity the first Duke of ARCVLL got the present
ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of STRUAN set at Liberty,
on his Parole out of the Golbooth of EDINBURGH, in
the Year 1688. and exchanged as a Prisoner of War
for Sir ROBERT POLLOCK of that ilk, who was Pri-
soner in the Isle of MULL, with an Allowance to the
said STRUAN to join his misfortunate Master wherever
to be found, in which Service he has continued, without
being guilty of Treachery to any Government whatso-
ever.

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The PROTESTANT CLUB. Written at
St. GERMAINS.

A K not of Caballers, whom if I should name,
I, for my own Sake, should be hugely to
blame,

And therefore to shew them in gentle Disguise,
Their Politicks only shall here, Sir, suffice.

They're Men who love Wine, which you know
is a Thing

That makes you or I, Sir, as great as a King;
And while they're a-drinking their Wisdom
they show,

By never instructing; whatever they know.

In close Conversation they're dev'lish profound,
For finding out Matters without any Ground;
Says one, By ourselves we are left in the Lurch;
Says t' other, By Gad 'tis the Catholick Church.

Then the politick Look, and the Sneer coming
after,

Makes all the whole Company burst into
Laughter,

And he that was Statesman a little before,
Is turn'd a Jack-Pudding, like Statesmen of
Yore.

Then

Then hey! Sir, for DARIEN which never can
'scape them;

A Project, if blasted, will certainly break them;
And now they are Patriots only for Gain,
Altho it supports the Usurper in's Reign.

Yet BOOBY and BLUSTER are sometimes at
Odds;

Then BLUSTER's in Passion, and BOOBY he
nods;

But a Man of a slender Discerning may guess,
They are equally learn'd in the Thing they
profess.

When BACCHUS begins, Sir, their Brains to
recruit,

If any's amongst them, which many dispute,
Then Truth-telling Drink does not fail to
declare,

They should muzzle a Monarch as one would
a Bear.

But how? says a second. By Law says a third.
Says another, A King never stands to his Word.
Nor do you consider so hard an Intent;
For you can't make a Statute without his Con-
sent.

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Then 'tis fitting, quoth BLUSTER, with Zeal
and with Rapture,

The Mob hold the Sword, while the King
holds the Sceptre;

For Subjects were never ordain'd to be Drudges
To one haughty King, and a Hundred of Judges

And now 'tis agreed on the politick Spot,
He's muzzled, he's shakled, he's iron'd, what
not?

In fine, Sir, they vote it, and that too prevails,
For fear he should scratch them, to cut off his
Nails.

Such Vipers as these in our Bosom combine,
And muddy's their Head tho' their Guts full
of Wine:

At last to their Project a Bumper is crown'd,
That their Monarch with Chains shall be lash'd
to the Ground.

To A----- going to Sea.

I Who am sore oppress'd with Love,
Must, like the lonely Turtle-Dove,
To Hills and shady Groves repair,
To vent my Grief and Sorrow there;

Must

Must now, alas! resolve to part
 At once with you, and with my Heart;
 For do you think my Heart can stay
 Behind when you are gone away?
 No, no, my Dear, when e'er we part,
 Take with you my poor bleeding Heart;
 But use it kindly, for you know
 How much it lov'd you long ago;
 You know to what a great Degree,
 Sighing for you, it wasted me;
 When one sweet Kiss could well repay
 My Pains and Troubles all the Day.
 Whate'er Diversions you could crave,
 Transported with Delight I gave,
 When you would revel, feast or play,
 My Help was always in the Way;
 Nay, when you would have other Game,
 My Love was equally the same:
 That is, when you inclin'd to be
 Wanton with others, leaving me,
 If you with Pleasure overflow'd,
 I thought it all but well bestow'd;
 And, when my jealousy would call
 Treason, my Love surmounted all.

This

This, and much more than I dare write,
My Heart perform'd for your Delight ;
Forget not then a Heart so kind,
That for your Sake leaves me behind :
Let it within your Bosom sleep,
While you traverse the raging Deep ;
On that fair Breast, which it has chose
For downy Peace, let it repose ;
And if the wat'ry God should raise
A dreadful Tempest on the Seas,
And threatning Billows should increase,
To fry the Ocean's curly Face,
No Fear, which may this Heart annoy,
Is for itself, but you, my Joy.
Avert such Dangers, O ye Pow'rs !
Avert the Winds, avert the Show'rs !
Avert each dreadful Hurricane
That can infest the briny Main !
But let young *Neptunes* guide your Way,
And on the Surface gently play.
May Graces with their Smiles repair
In Bands to smoothe your ambient Air.
May *Syrens* warble out their Song,
And little *Cupids* dance along :

L

And

And let fair *Zephyr's* merry Gales
 Extend your Vessel's happy Sails ;
 Where'er she means her Course to steer,
 May nought that's less serene appear
 Than you yourself, my lovely Dear ;
 And may the Gods return your Eyes
 Once more before your Lover dies.

To the Honourable Mr. STAFFORD, some
 Reflexions occasioned by the Death of his
 virtuous LADY.

HOW frail is Man ! how certain are his
 Woes !

How soon his airy Pomp is at a Close !
 Behold a Prince, upon his lofty Throne,
 Seated at Distance from his Slaves, alone ;
 He swells with Pride, and thinks the World
 his own :

Terror his Sword, his Sceptre Awe does bring ;
 His royal Diadem proclaims him King ;
 Respect and Hate are mingled in his Train.
 How great alive, and when he's dead how vain !

When Nature, who admits of no Control,
 Calls the dull Carcass to give up the Soul,
 What says the mighty Monarch ? Hence I must.
 Where is the boundless Empire ? In the Dust.

And

And he is now, who was ere while so brave,
 Paint in the scant Dimensions of a Grave;
 His awful Name at length is scarcely known,
 No Part of Fame remains, but this alone,
 That once the crawling Worm did fill a
 Throne.

Strange to believe! A stately King is found,
 At length a loathsome Insect in the Ground:
 By this we see Mankind are all the same,
 And all are posting back from whence they
 came,

The Father leaves the Son his empty Place,
 Which, like the Father, he leaves to his Race:
 For 'tis unchangeably by Fate decreed,
 That one to one alternately succeed.
 Since so it is, then, let us not repine
 (Who are but Mortals) at the Pow'r divine.
 He made us, we are his, and Reason says,
 'Tis just he should command our Date of Days.
 If what we call Afflictions be our Share,
 We ought to think them Heav'n's peculiar Care.
 Correction by the Wise is friendly stil'd,
 For he that spares the Rod must hate the Child.
 Few Years, as we by true Experience find,
 Which Time does hurry on as fleet as Wind,

Will put a Period to our wordly Strife,
And waft the youngest to the Verge of Life.
If you are left behind a little Space,
Why should the Tumults of your Breast
increase,

When you are sure to catch them in the Race.
The silent Urn detains them by the Way,
Till the last Sound of the great Judgement-
Day;

Then shall you meet, in that seraphick State,
When *Christ* appears on his triumphant Seat,
Your martyr'd Father and your virtuous Wife,
To reap the Fruits of your deserving Life.
These Things considered will afford Relief;
And arm your Soul, to moderate its Grief.

The *Lover*, after the Death of *Celestia*.

PEACE-quickly Peace, thou babbling Fame,
I'll hear no more thy Stories,
But will believe my pleasing Dream
Of fair *Celestia's* Glories.

Methought an Angel from the Skies
Bright as the Sun appear'd,
And bid me wipe my weeping Eyes,
And throbbing Heart be cheer'd ;

That

That fair *Celestia* was not dead,
As I might plainly spy.

Can an untainted Beauty fade?
Or deathless Virtue die?

The wicked Vulgar she despis'd,
Her Faith it was so strong,
That Heaven's Path she ever priz'd,
And mock'd the lying Tongue.

Get up, then, faithful Youth, and mind
The Bus'ness of the Day,
Be to the Meretorious kind,
And innocently gay.

Read all that's taught from Pole to Pole,
And learn, as well as I,
That an eternal Life and Soul
Can never, never die.

Thus said the Vision vanish'd quite,
And left me to adore
That charming Cherubim of Light,
More than I did before.

The *ASS* and the *HARE*. A FABLE.

I N ancient Times it is related,
All Animals, like Woman, prated,

And often battled 'mongst themselves,
Like us the Race of human Elves ;
And, Like us too, for sordid Caule,
Aspers'd their King, and laugh'd at Laws.

One Time the puny sort of Brutes
Against their Masters rais'd Disputes,
And boldly told the Pow'rs of Prey,
That they were Lords as well as they,
Born equally to share the Land,
From Nature's own impartial Hand.
This Doctrine made the Peers and Prince
Beware of Flatt'ers ever since,
That set good People by the Ears.
Amongst the Mob of Mutineers,
The lumpish Afs and rattled Hare,
Must needs into the Field repair,
Tho' all can find, who see aright,
These Champions were not made to fight :
Therefore their Leader thought it fit
To learn what best might suit their Wit,
And, e'er he sent them to the Field,
Inquir'd what Weapons they could wield,
Desirous from themselves to know,
How they presum'd to face a Foe,
For martial Talents ne'er were seen,
In Beasts of their pacifick Mein.

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Quoth *Baoby*, I can roar a Note
Might fright the Devil from the Spot ;
Or when the Sot would shut his Eyes ,
To take a Nap, I'll make him rise ;
And when the Dastard sinks to Rest ,
I rouse him from his dirty Nest .

Quoth *Chatter-Brain*, I'll beat a Platter ,
To gather Friends, or Foes to scatter ;
And I am train'd, with Skin and Kettle ,
To beat the Sluggards out to Battle .
At which the Gen'ral call'd, Come, come !!
You shall be Trumpet, you be Drum .
And now the Armies fierce are gather'd ,
Four-footed Chiefs, and Captains feather'd :
'Tis true the Fishes came not there ,
'Twas Death for them to breathe in Air ;
Besides 'twas Folly they should meet ;
You know to march one must have Feet .

At length the nobler Train advance ,
With Fury *a la Mode de France* ;
At which the Vulgar quit the Field ,
Forget the Noise, and calmly yield .
Their Din and Clutter gave no Aid
To Souls whom Dirt of Worth had laid .
The captive Ais and Hare in vain
Attempted, in their awkward Strain ,

T' excuse the Malice of their Guilt,
 Because, forsooth, no Blood they spilt,
 Nor active were in Thrusts or blows,
 But mere Spectators till the Close.
 But the wise Victor plainly saw,
 Who spurns the Authors of the Law,
 Must for his Folly meet his Fate,
 And perish to preserve the State:

The Judgement is both Law and Reason,
 Who prompts the Villain props the Treason,

The Careless Good-Fellow A SONG.

To the Tune of *Ne parlez plus de Politique.*

PLAGUE on the Race of Politicians,
 Both great and small;

Tho' they be call'd the State's Physicians,
 They poison all:

Let them be fraudfully espousing

Or *George* or *James*;

We'll here, in Peace of Mind carousing,
 Dismiss their Claims.

Why should we mind King *Stanislaus*
 Or him of *France*,

Their

Their Harmony shall never draw us
To join their Dance.

Ev'n let the *Saxon*, with the *Russian*,
The *Vistula* pais,
We'll to themselves leave the Discussion,
And drink our Glass.

If *Don Phillippo* should recover
What was his own,
While little *Carlos* makes a Pother
To mount a Throne,
Let them repine who feel their Losses,
The Toper sings,
While rosy Wine's a Cure for Crosses,
A Fig for Kings.

Let the poor Herd of *German* Princes
Their Bacon save,
And leave his Head that no more Sense has
Than God him gave.
If *Berwick* (much averse to Plunder)
Harrahs the *R.ine*,
We'll beg him spare his Fire and Thunder,
To save the Vine.

Let the *Sardinian* Hero caper,
And cast his Coat,

Non

Nor seek in Armour keen to vapour ;

He likes it not.

Let him bestir his Limbs to conquer

The *Mianese* ;

Give us of *Burgundy* a Bumper,

We'er much at Ease.

Should the Grand *Turk* with *Janizaries*

His Limits cross,

And drive *August* o'er all his Ferries,

'Twere not great Loss :

And should he broach his vile Opinions,

What must we do ?

We have much worse in our Dominions ;

Come here's to you.

Let old Papa, with Crown like Steeple,

His Sons advise,

And curb his much believing People,

With Truth or Lies :

Let him ride on, and keep the Saddle,

'Tis none of mine ;

With nought that, *Romish* will we meddle,

Except his Wine.

Myn-beer-van-frog no Salamander

Appears to be,

And

And hates the Toils of *Alexander*,

As much as we :

Who'd live in Flames, and push the Quarrel

With *France* and *Spain* ;

'Tis safer far to pierce yon Barrel

Of stout *Champain*.

And now let Discord far be from us

In any Shape,

Nor Christian Blood be drawn among us,

But from the Grape.

Come fill the Bowl, for in such Measure

As Wine does rise,

We'll, rich in so divine a Treasure,

The World despise.

ST---N's FAREWELL to the Hermitage,

sitting on the Top of *Mount Alexander*.

W I T H this Diversity of View,

Oft have I wav'd my anxious Pain,

When from the Summit I pursue

The Rock, the River, Woods, or Plain ;

Lakes, Mountains, Meads, Fields fertile far and

Nigh,

Divert my gloomy Thought, and court my

Wand'ring Eye.

Imagine

Imagine then, thou bless'd Abode,

Ere while thy Master's fond Delight,
Where he was certain to unload

His Anguish 'ipite of lawless Might,
Think on the Woes our first Forefathers knew,
Thrust out of Paradise, and such I feel for you.

And you, my pretty feather'd Quire,

Who sung each Morn your chearful Lays,
Who could your Patron's Soul inspire,

To join in your Creator's Praise,
For whom will you rehearse your heav'nly Notes,
Erect your Gorges, and distend your Throats?

A barb'rous unrelenting Throng,

Cuts down your Bow'rs with ev'ry Tree,
Revenging your melodious Song,

Meerly because you sung for me.
Soon from your native Mansions must you fly,
Be for your rightful Lord expell'd, as well as I.

Alas! that I should see an Age,

Which boundless Perjury has brought,
That I must leave to noisy Rage

The peaceful Labours of my Thought.

What

What Swain so void of Sympathy but grives,
To think my spotless Cell is made a Den of
Thieves.

The Groves that Raptures to me gave,

Contemplating the Works above,
Must harbour now each filthy Slave,

Compos'd of the Reverie of Love;

My solitary pure Recesses must
Suffer rebellious Hate, and shelter Lust,

The Letcher on each flowry Brink,

Will hear his fustom Doxy sing;

The Traitors, too, with lab'ring think

How to withstand their native King;

Abominations of such deep Disgrace,

As ne'er polluted yet this holy Place.

The Thickets of yon shady Brow,

Where wildest Cteatures freely rang'd,

No more that Priviledge allow,

So wonderfully Things are chang'd:

All must pour out their little Lives apace,

To feast the vilest Sons of human Race.

Methinks I see that harmles Crowd,

Viewing their Murderers around,

M

In

In dying Sighs and Groans aloud

Proclaim the Pain of every wound;
wishing him safe who ne'er could see them bleed,
Ev'n to subsist himself, whom they were born to
Feed.

And thou, my lovely Fountain, show,

For thou could'st well inspire the Swain,
And make his icy Bosom glow,

Or cool or quench his raging Pain,
Tell how the friendly Bushes strove t' excel,
To rear a Shade for so divine a Well.

As I revere thy silver Streams,

Thy cooling Rills, thy murmuring Noise,
Where often, with a Health to JAMES,

Thou could'st revive our scanty Joys,
Be muddy still, if any Wretch begin
A Health to Tyrants, or Success to Sin.

Lo! ARGENTINUS lifts his Head,

With Melancholy in his Look,
Whither! O whither art thou fled

(He cries) from thy beloved Brook?

By this my Godhead, till thy Face return,
I'll pour out Afsnick, or I'll close my Urn.

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Yet e'er we part, let's once remind
 Diviner Pow'rs, as heretofore,
 The worthiest Prince of human Kind,
 With all his Faithful to restore.
 He quaff'd; with much ado he drank it up,
 So fast his gushing Eyes supply'd the Cup,

Then I! and streight the watry Sire
 Sunk down into the reedy Ground;
 Adieu, said he, I must retire,
 Then utter'd with a broken Sound,
 Since thou'rt, for acting justly, thus oppress'd,
 Go, keep thy Fortitude, and hope the best.

And now the hellish Bands advance,
 Bent to destroy whate'er they meet:
 Lo! while the furious Horseman prance,
 Poor Peasants gasp beneath their Feet:
 Yet Cruelty sits smiling on their Cheeks,
 To hear the Orphans Cries and Widow's Shrieks.

O Heav'ns! let me remove as far
 If ever Ship so far could roll,
 To freeze beneath the northern Star,
 Or perish at the other Pole,
 Ere I behold such an unnat'ral War,
 Christians commit what Pagans would abhor.

What then remains, but that I go,
 AS ARGENTINUS kindly bid,
 Since there's a Fate that rules below,
 From whom there's nothing can be hid?
 That Fate can bear me Witness of my Heart,
 How I have lov'd this Land, how loath I am
 to part.

Retract not, O my Soul! I must
 Perform what Destiny ordains;
 In Providence I put my Trust,
 Adieu to Woods, to Hills, to Plains.
 Thou Envy of the turbulently Great!
 Farewel my sweet, my innocent Retreat!

The HYMN of ARGENTINUS on ST---N'S
 Return to the Hermitage.

EXPAND thy Gates, thou bless'd Abode!
 Thy long neglected Cells repair,
 Confess the bounteous Care of God,
 Our STREPHON breathes his native Air:
 Lo! he returns to cheer our dismal State,
 And purify once more his sweet, his lov'd
 Retreat.

Ere while we mourn'd, with honest Grief,
 STREPHON, just Object of our Tears,

Our

Our Swains in Sighing sought Relief,
 Our Nymphs in silent Floods of Tears;
 Our callow Shepherds, in a doleful Mood,
 Like Orphans dwindled, and despair'd of Food.

But now they congregate to sing
Te Deums with distended Throats;
 The woody Rocks, disus'd to sing,
 Repeat with Joy the heavenly Notes,
 And bless the great Creator who displays
 His secret Providence in wondrous Ways.

Our pretty feather'd Quire apace,
 In shady Bow'rs commence to build,
 And propagate a numerous Race,
 Fearing no more to be expell'd,
 Like STREPHON, in their Mansions to remain
 Obscure, till Innocence revive her drooping
 Train.

The Groves that Raptures nightly gave,
 While we survey'd the Works above,
 Harbour no more the wretched Slave,
 Who boasts of the Reverse of Love:
 Our solitary pure Recesses hold
 Unspotted Faith, as in the Days of old,

The Thickets of yon shady Brow,

Where wildest Creatures freely rang'd
Once more that Privilege allow,

So bountifully Things are chang'd ;
They lose no more their little Lives to feast
The glutt'nous Maw, or the luxurious Taste.

The Gleanings of the slaughter'd Train,
Who 'scap'd from their devouring Foes,
Whose Sires lent up their Vows to gain
For STREPHON his desir'd Repose,
Behold they pour a Deluge from each Eye,
The common Symptoms of uncommon Joy.

And lo! his lovely Fountain swells
With Gladness at his fate Return ;

His crystal Purity excels

The common Glories of my Urn,
Inviting us to taste the limpid Streams
Reserv'd for STREPHON, - to remember JAMES.

And I, (obedient to his Will,

When Tears supply'd our parting Bowl)
When Traitors sued, grew muddy still,

Hating the Purpose of their Soul :
And often spying their Approach from far,
I chang'd my Channel, and I seal'd my Jar.

Oh

Oh STREPHON! he whose destin'd Hour,
Has calm'd the Tempest of thy Foes,
Will bounteously exert his Pow'r,
To fix the Seat of thy Repose,
And, for the Troubles of thy Dawn and Prime,
Will crown thy Wishes in the Close of Time.

Then strike thy Lute unstrung so long,
And looth the Sorrows of thy Mind,
Display the Force of sacred Song,
And heal the obstinately blind:
Seraphick Airs, from a melodious Hand,
May calm the Rage of a distracted Land.

So SAUL, possess'd with inward Smart,
Unable for the rueful Sway
Of Rancour, restless in his Heart,
Th' harmonies Minstrel call'd to play,
And as the Numbers of the heav'nly Spell
Rose to their highest Pitch, his Fury fell.

Thus let us sue in Hymns divine,
Addressing Complaints and offering Praise,
The Stars that o'er the Righteous shine,
Will yet restore our halcyon Days:
Let's hope our sacred Lord, that Son of Grace,
At length will bless our Land with Equity and
Peace.

IN Days of Yore, when ev'ry Kind
 Of living Creature spoke their Mind,
 As well the Reptile, great and small,
 As great ALCIDES, strong and tall,
 It happned that a milk-white Hind,
 By GOD and Nature's Law design'd
 To rule o'er all the Forest round,
 With ev'ry Gift of GOD was crown'd,
 And therefore of a Temper mild:
 Had nothing in her fierce or wild,
 She liv'd in Dens inclos'd with Wood,
 And rul'd with Love, as Monarchs shou'd
 Her Will and Orders she display'd,
 And soon as giv'n they were obey'd:
 A single Courier thro' the Land
 Could execute his Queen's Command;
 There was no Need to fill the Field
 With Troops to make her Subjects yield;
 No Need to tear up Rock or Wood:
 T^enable Soldiers to be rude;
 Her Subjects, like their Queen, were good:
 But this fair State, as says our Song,
 Supplanted was endur'd not long;
 A Leopard of a spotted Race,
 With haggard Looks and cruel Grace,

Great

Great with Ambition, puff'd and swell'd
Till he the best of Queens expell'd.
But how expell'd? The Dose he gave
Did throw her headlong to the Grave,
Nor would allow her next of Kin,
Who'd Right to govern, to come in,
And therefore mounted up the Throne,
Which well I wot was not his own.

ON GEORGE CHEYNE, M. D. at BATH.

HEAR, O ye Race of man! corrupted Brood
Of ADAM! still avrle to all that's good;
Let your beloved Int'rest be your Guide,
And learn for once to lean on Reason's Side.
Let Pleasure, that prime Fav'rite of your Taste,
Lead you to ways which terminate in Rest,
To Duties by indulgent Heav'n design'd
For Health of Body, and for Peace of Mind.
Health is a Treasure, and, t' enjoy the Wealth
Strive to preserve it, if you're born to Health.
But if less bounteous Nature, in your Make
Betrays the Signs of a Complexion weak,
The Precepts of the Skill'd and Virtuous scan
But where to turn our Eyes to find to bless'd a Man
Lo he appears / inspir'd, divinely just,
And willing to support th' important Trust

Of

Of human Frames commied to his Skill,
 With disint'rested Zeal he speaks his Will;
 But with that gen'rous Probity of Heart,
 So seldom practis'd in the PÆAN Art.

O happ CHEYNE! whose kind Desires are shown
 More for thy Neighbours Welfare than thy own
 Plain are the Rules thou bid'st the Wise pursue,
 But vast the Profits which from thence accrue,
 Not knowing, as he finds it to his Cost,
 The Estimate of Health till it is lost.

With Grief thou'lt see, for ten long tedious
 Hours,

Madmen abusing their concoctive Pow'rs,
 With various Meats and Liquors, which destroy
 The Functions most requir'd, when most they
 Cloy;

While Exercise, that necessary Good,
 Fit to expel th' Exorbitance of Food,
 From whence the Bowels dire Disorders keep,
 Eyes quite neglected, or forgot in Sleep,
 And oft the Patient's Corpulence of Frame,
 Restrains the Toil his dull Diseases claim.
 Unhappy Wretches, who, with sensual Rage,
 To please their Palates, all their Force engage,

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In nursing up those Evils we are sure
 Restrain the Practice of the certain Cure:
 Yet these unthinking Mortals claim Pretence
 To Reason, and Excellency of Sense.
 But thou, great Man, to merit endless Praise,
 Preserve thy own to lengthen out our Days!
 Let thy superior Care be to extend
 A Life on which such Multitudes depend;
 Thy Practice on thy Self will sure suffice
 To clear our Fears, and to uncloise our Eyes.

On the Death of Mr. T---S---T, eldest Son to
 the L--- of I-----, in ENGLISH Hexa-
 meter.

R E L E N T L E S S A T R O P O S ev'ry Creature
 drops to Corruption
 When thou resolv'st it, nor Beauty nor Age can
 avail us;
 This bony agreeable THOMY found tho' super-
 abounding
 In mildest Innocence, to meet the rough Heart
 of a Tyrant.
 Non but dire A T R O P O S so the Blade had un-
 happily wielded,
 Till young MARCELLUS had rose to his hope-
 ful Appearance.

But

But whither, in Reason, should an Angel fly to
delight him?

His native Residence, the Heav'ns, could only
solace him.

Thus thy Detign vanishes and aborts, thou cru-
el Inhuman,

Thy Malice is stingless towards him to thy
Wounds he's beholden.

O that her own Life-Thread, that proves her
Fury, repenting,

Who finish'd our Darling's may sever her own
in a frenzy.

On the R-----N,

A Government that's built on Breach of trust,
And Perjury, can ne'er be counted just :
How then could O-----, who betray'd his Sire,
And Traytors who against their King conspire,
With Paricide and vile Rebellion dare
Make Laws exclusive of the rightful Heir.

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A LETTER from ST---N to Lord JAMES MURRAY, Brother to the late Duke of *Atbole*, on an Invitation sent by his Grace ST---N to be at his Hunting; The Letter sent with PADUA, a rakish Clergyman, attended by an old Woman leading a *Liesh* of Greyhounds.

I. | Send you here a Man of God,
 | Not doubting you'll be civil,
 Al though he has a Visage odd,
 And something like the D---l.

II. Yet sure you will respect his Coat,
 For which the Heav'ns will thank ye,
 Altho' your Countrymen did not
 So much at KILLICRANKY.

III. Let him into your Secrets come,
 And share your close Embraces,
 He'll not desert you, there's my Thumb,
 Whate'er the knotty Case is.

IV. Some say he's Whig, some say he's not
 A Follower of JACK CALVIN,
 But sure I am he'll never plot
 In Concert with BREADALBINE.

N

V. Yet

V. Yet he, like him, thro' many Holes,
 Did grasp at Madam FORTUNE,
 And once was Guardian to the Souls,
 Of Great ARGYLL and MORTON.

VI. For which you'll say they knew not well,
 Poor Souls, what they were doing,
 Because the one went streight to H- l,
 The other fast pursuing.

VII. Yet still he, like a Pastor true,
 Cry'd, Pleasures, Sirs, may pain you;
 O do not, do not, as I do,
 But do as I ordain you.

VIII. At which the Heroes were not damp'd,
 But gave the Priest a Bang, Sir,
 Whereat he storm'd, he star'd, he stamp'd,
 He f----d and he flang, Sir.

IX. Yet he, poor Man, for all his Zeal
 For Church and Conventicle,
 Could ne'er procure one Cup of Ale,
 The Times were still so fickle.

X. When these Misfortunes he sums up,
 I'm sure they'll never please you,
 Then give him, Sir, one humming Cup,
 Ev'n for the Sake of JESU.

A P O E M written at *Orleans*, in Answer to a Friend that desired him to write on a Love-Subject.

I. **I**N vain, my Friend, you would desire,
 A drooping Muse to prune her Wing;
 Since *Phoebus* has withdrawn his Fire,
 Alas! What Pow'r have I to sing?
 No drops of Heat can fall from Winter's Rage,
 Nor youthful Lays from him that's dipp'd in
 Age.

II. I am no more that jolly Swain,
 Which you would seem to think me still,
 Who once could revel thro' the Plain,
 While love-lick Maids approv'd my Skill:
 I lead no more that am'rous airy Throng,
 Nor Joys, nor Graces wanton in my Song.

III. Those brighter Hours are vanish'd quite,
 Their Memory alone remains,
 Nature succumbs with Nature's Weight,
 And nothing now deserves my Pains,
 But, with my greatest Fortitude, to wave
 The gloomy Thoughts of an approaching Grave,

No,

No, no, since envious Time has spread
 Upon my Crown his hoary White,
Apollo's Daughters all are fled,
 And start with Horror at my Sight,
 Like mortal Dames, reluctant, to engage
 With the Decays of Youth and Growth of Age.

V. My wasting Mem'ry seems to tell,
 My reas'ning Faculty decays,
 My sinking Frame announces well
 The hast'ning Period of my Days ;
 I curse the past, the present gives me Pain,
 But oh! the future quite confounds my Brain.

VI. Besides, can Love amuse a Soul
 Whose honest Labour's hourly cross'd,
 Has no resource, but to condole
 His King distress'd, his Country lost:
 His Kindred's Blood throughout the Nation
 spilt,
 Himself exil'd, all by prevailing Guilt.

VII. Believe me, Youth, now all my Thought
 Is fix'd upon my future Change,
 Tho' Wrongs have been my comitant Lot,
 I meditate to none Revenge,
 But ever pray the Pow'r that knows my Heart,
 Not to confound my Foes, but to convert.

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VIII. Then learn of me to keep a Store
 Of Goodness for thy last Defence,
 Let fleeting Pleasures blind no more
 Thy Soul, to gratify thy Sense :
 But know, when Death appears to end our
 Strife.

No Peace like his that acted well in Life.

IX This do I feel, and all Mankind
 Will in their Turn confess the same,
 Ev'n you yourself one Day will find,
 Your Passion's Dictates all to blame,
 And with the rueful Retrospection laid
 In dark Oblivion's ever-silent Shade.

X And happy I, if, from this Hour,
 My true Affection to display,
 My timely Counsel can have Pow'r
 To lead you from the slippery Way,
 And make you slight the Joys that prove at
 last a Curse,
 And shun the dismal Pangs of a too late re-
 morse,

TO ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of *Strowan*,
Esq;

An O D E.

MIRROR of wit! Mirror of Loyalty!
Successful Darling of the sacred Nine!
What *David*, *Pindar*, *Horace* wrot we see
With equal Lustre in thy Verses shine:

And, as the First excells the following Two,
His Theme and Vertues are renew'd in You.

II. He! the just Image of his Maker's Heart!

Tun'd loud his Lyre, his Maker's Praise to sing:
Nor with less Warmth dost thou thyself exert
Tow'rd injur'd *James*, thy only rightful King.
He Atheists did, thou Rebels dost abhor;
So Heav'n thy Wishes crown, thy King restore.

III. Something so nat'ral, innocent and sweet,

With all the Graces of Antiquity
Adorn'd, we in thy Compositions meet,
Peculiar to the Authors nam'd. and Thee:
Thou, in our colder North, can'st yet refine,
An Ore, as precious, from as rich a Mine.

IV.

IV. Chief of thy House, and Foremost of thy
Name,

Let others boast their Int'rest in thy Blood :

I, on another Score, thy *Friendship* claim,

Happy, if thou esteem my Title good :

Ally'd in Genius, is a bold Ally :

Excuse th' Ambition that aspires so high.

V. Whether that* *Eden* thou alone canst rear,

The subject be of thy immortal Verse ;

Or that, harmonious to a *British* Ear,

Thou dost the Royal *Hebrew's* Strains rehearse,

I kindle, as I read, nor fail to be

Inspir'd, reflecting on thy Works and Thee.

AN E L E G Y to himself.

P OOR STREPHON sees with Grief, at last.

Old Age approaching wondrous fast,

And Time, that flew so quick before

With Wings but two, has now a Score.

Says, STREPHON, thou that canst divine,

What makes this dreadful Change ? 'Tis Wine.

The Wine thou took'st thy Heart to chear,

Deluded STREPHON, costs thee dear ;

Wine, and unseasonable Hours,

Pernicious are like Mildew Show'rs ;

The

* His *Hermitage*.

The strongest, who provoke their Might,
 Or soon or late will suffer by't ;
 Age and Decay are constant Mates,
 As they advance our Strength abates,
 Yet STREPHON hastens what he hates.
 Behold at Forty five thy Hair
 Is hoary, and thy Crown is bare ;
 Thy Nerves relax, thy Joints grow weak,
 And all this comes for Drinking's Sake,
 Yet ought thou scarce be past thy Prime ;
 Poor STREPHON, think on this in Time.
 But what will damp thee most of all,
 Thy sprightly Mirth begins to fall,
 And all the Youth about the Town,
 Despise thy Temples and thy Crown.
 When Fifty comes it is too late
 To ward the certain Bolts of Fate ;
 Fevers and Rheums will prove too strong ;
 For him who nurs'd them up so long ;
 And when thy scanty Spirits fail,
 (Alas it is a dismal Tale !)
 When Hopes are gone and Life forlorn,
 Perhaps thou'lt with thyself unborn ;
 And to avoid Excess of Wo,
 What is it but a Man will do ?

Contempt

Contempt of Life's a dismal Crime;

POOR STREPHON! think on this in Time.

All this to STREPHON have I said,

And STREPHON thus an answer made:

The latest Death arrives at last

To ev'ry Mortal wondrous fast;

No sublunary Thing can stay,

Evils themselves must pass away;

Yet the Vicissitude of Things,

As one goes off another brings;

Far better 'tis to seek Repose,

And disappoint our future Woes.

The sob'rest Man, as well as I,

At Forty five may chance to die;

Or if he spins out twenty more,

When dead it adds not to the Score;

The Days he numbers more than mine

Are nothing in th' eternal Line:

Think on the smallest Drop of Rain

That falls into the spacious Main,

A thousand Years far less are found,

Thrown into Time without a Bound.

Thus in the Close no Gain appears,

In living ev'n METHUSELAH's Years:

Yet

Yet this I'll own; our greatest Wealth
Is the Possession of our Health;
To live in Pain, th' Experienc'd say,
Is but expiring ev'ry Day.
Then since Diseases are the Brood
Of the Redundancy of Food,
Either in Eatables or Liqueur,
And make our Candle waste the quicker,
Nor can we help the Day that's past;
Ev'n let us manage well the last:
Let's wisely try the mod'rate Use
Of Things, and be no more profuse.
Go on, my Lads, as heretofore, express
Your Mirth, and drink--but not to that Excess.

E P I T A P H on himself.

TENACIOUS of his Faith, to aid the Cause
Of Heav'n's Anointed, and his Country's
Laws,

Thrice he engag'd; and thrice, with *Stuart's*
Race,

He fail'd; but ne'er comply'd with foul Disgrace,
Tho' some, despising Heav'n's most sacred Fyes,
Perjur'd for Int'rest, acquiesc'd to Lies,

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Clan-Dannoch's Chief maintain'd his Reputation,

And scorn'd to flourish in an Usurpation.

Lo! here his mortal Part repoling lyes,

Hoping once more the living Man shall rise,

When the same Pow'r breathes in that Part
that never dies.

The God that gather'd once those scattred Parts,

And gave elastick Motion to our Hearts,

Fix'd in his full Perfection, can restore

The concious Tumults which he rais'd before

Oh! proud, insipid, unbelieving Man,

Answer this Force of Reasoning if you can!

But since you cannot, go, and trace your God,

Confess his Pow'r, and beg him spare his Rod.

There's nothing dignifies so much this Dust,

As that, like God, he aim'd at being just.

E P I T A P H on *Alexander Robertson* of
Struan Elq; By *J. E. Gent.*

HERE, in cold Earth, wrapt in eternal Sleep,
Lies he for whom the Learn'd, the
Virtuous weep.

Around his Tomb the sacred NINE appear,

And pensive mourn a Son they held so dear;

Who

Who oft employ'd their warm and tender Care,
 His Wit to sharpen, and his Thoughts prepair;
 On him their happy Influence oft they shed,
 And to Renown his to vring Genius led:
 That Genius lively, (as his Heart was true)
 Void of Envy, gave Merit still his Due;
 Nor, like base Minds, e'er stain'd the guiltless
 Page,

With the mean *Critic's* mercenary Rage.
 Sound was his Judgment, and his Reason firm,
 His Virtue steady, and his Courage warm;
 Unmov'd he bore the Shocks of adverse Fate,
 Nor fear'd the Danger was it e'er so great.
 Lament, ye *Scotsmen*, such a Genius lost,
 Equal to any that e'er *Rome* could boast;
 No more his gentle Numbers please the Ear,
 Stopt is that spring from whence they flow'd,
 so clear;

That Source of Harmony divine is fail'd,
 And Death o'er *Albion's* Bard at length prevail'd
 Yet tho' thy Body be reduc'd to Dust,
 As falls alike the Good, the Brave, the Just!
 Thy Name, illustrious Shade! shall e'er survive,
 And deathless Fame unfading Honours give;

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 Sleet,
 Instea
 And in

In *Scotia's* Annals those unborn shall view
 A Poet famous, and a Warrior too;
 A manly Courage and poetick Rage,
 Alike to please and to correct the Age;
 Virtues themselves sufficient, when alone
 To merit Praise, in thee united shone.
 While *Scotland* stands, ev'n to her latest Days,
 Thy Reputation shall for ever blaze,
 And thy smooth Lines shall future Ages tell,
 In thee how bright, how great a Genius fell.
 Attend, ye Great! and from this Theme of Woe,
 Be wise, and learn these sacred Truths to know,
 That Power and Grandeur short Duration have,
 Nor fleeting Life can for a Moment save;
 That Virue sole can consecrate a Name,
 To live for ever in immortal Fame.

A D V I C E to a P A I N T E R.

L I M N E R, would you expose *Albania's* Fate,
 Draw then a Place in a ruin'd State,
 Nettles and Briers instead of fragrant Flow'rs,
 Sleet, Hail and Snow instead of gentle Show'rs;
 Instead of Plenty all things meagre look,
 And into Swords turn Plough-Iron, Scythe and
 Hook.

O

Instead

Instead of Guards you rav'nous Wolves must
Place,

And all the Signs of Government deface;
Instead of Order, Justice, and good Laws,
Let all appear confus'd as the first Chaos.

Near to this Palace make, on every Hand,
The Ruins of two noble Fabricks stand:

A Church where none but Priests of *Baal* do stay,

A Court of Justice fill'd with Birds of Prey,

With a bold Pencil draw the great *Argyll*,

In some Respects the Glory of our Isle;

Draw his intrepid Heart and gen'rous Mind,

Where nought that's base did ever Harbour find:

But near him place his Brother, and display

With what base Arts he leads his Friends astray;

Give him an Air that's sullen and morose,

Still looking downward, his dark Mind expose.

Let *Roxburgh* next upon the Canvass stand,

Supported by the vilest sordid Band,

That ever did infect this wretched Land;

In proper Colours paint his vicious Mind;

Which Rules of Honour never yet could bind;

Where, Truth and Justice banish'd far away,

Revenge and Falshood bear a sov'reign Sway.

Limner proceed, conspicuously expose

The Chicken-hearted narrow Soul *Montrose*;

Shew

Shew how he doth debase his noble Line,
 Which heretofore illustriously did shine:
 Shew how he makes himself a Tool of State,
 A Slave to Av'rice, to his Friends ungrate:
Tweeddale demands a Place upon the Stage,
 Compos'd and learn'd, tho scarce attain'd to Age;
 Time must determine how he will employ
 The Talents which he largely doth enjoy:
 As from the Morn the Day is often guess'd,
 He'll prove, I fear, a Hawk like to the Nest.
Queensferry next a Station here doth claim,
 O how I tremble when I writ his Name!
 While he, for what his Fathers did, atone?
 Or will he in the same Course still jog on?
 To *Stair* allow, as he deserves much Space,
 And round about him the *Dalrymple* Race:
 Describe how they their Sovereign did betray,
 And sell their Nation's Liberty away.
 Let *Haddington* appear, as is his due,
 Among a rakish unbelieving Crew;
 And near him place no Man that hath Desire
 T' escape the Vengeance of eternal Fire.
 Place *Sutherland, Orkney, Lauderdale, Morton*
Ratbes, Ross, Buchan, Balhaven, Bute, Hapton
 All close together, as a Pack of Fools,
 And near to them another Class of Fools;

When *Douglas*, *Hyndford*, *Selkirk*, bore some
Sway,

And *Lothian* won't to *Forrester* give Way.

But, now reserve some Place for *Atbole's* Grace,

In ev'ry one of these two Ranks him place;

Do not forget his Visage to describe,

And fill his Breast with Avarice and Pride.

Near to him let his Grace of *Gordon* stand,

For these two Drakes may well go Hand in
Hand,

And if you mount him on his *Tuscan* Steed,

Leave him full Room to gallop off with Speed.

Finlater surely will pretend some Space,

For he ne'er wants Pretensions to a Place;

For this a Footman court his Friends betray;

Engage at Night, and break his Course ere

Day;

Profound Respect for every Party pay:

A Place for him apart assign you must,

For who'd be near to him whom none would
trust.

If these will but reflect on what is past,

Give any one a Stone that first will cast:

With these you may a Canvass large supply,

And then to match them all the World defy.

To

To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL, written
anno 1716.

BY gentle Means Mankind is form'd to good,
Virtue's inculcated, and Vice subdu'd ;
The tender Patriot's Mildness oft prevails,
When the tumultuous Warrior's Fury fails.
This *Scotia* saw; when, by your milder Art,
You gain'd th' Applause and Love of ev'ry Heart:
Th' unconquerable Clans, when you engage,
Bold to perform: as in your Counsel sage,
Submit their Int'rests, and dismiss their Rage :
Safe on your Word, they fear no treach'rous Foe
No Breach of publick Faith, no *Preston*, no
Glencoe.

O could you have espous'd the tott'ring Cause,
When our mad Senate broke their strictest Laws
Your manly Genius, by Impulse divine,
Had fix'd the happy Bounds to *James's* Line ;
Decent Restraints had equally inclin'd
Subjects to yield; and Sov'reigns to be kind ;
The Crown and Sceptre to their lawful Lord
His Right alone, your Conduct has restor'd.
And snatch'd from *William's* impious Hands
the Sword :

O

Then

Then, turning it's keen Edge to deal their Due
 To the Seducers of the thoughtless Crew;
 While they had fall'n the Victims of Disgrace,
 You'd rose the most illustrious of your Race.
 Bless'd Man, who art endow'd alone to gain
 A Point which ally'd Kings have fought in vain.

Reflections for a BIRTHDAY.

O UR time like fleeting torrents winds tis
 way,

Ne'er to return: what we now call to-day,
 The present moment springs with rapid bound
 To mix with dread Eternity's profound.
 The present hour, inestimable prize,
 Abounds in rich reversion to the wise,
 Heaven's courier, fraught with terms of peace,
 demands

Attention and observance at our hands;
 If slighted or abus'd, indignant flies,
 And furious calls for vengeance from the skies,
 Vengeance resounds, with a tremendous yell,
 That penetrates the dark recess of hell.

Ah! my past moments!--how did I improve
 These precious gifts indulg'd me from above?

Alas

Alas! how traffick'd with my master's store,
 The talents he repaid o'er and o'er;
 Tell O my Conscience, tell without disguise.
 Lo thus the faithful monitor replies.

" Oft have I check'd thee in the bold career,
 Oft crav'd submissive access to thin ear;
 But whilst you rang'd in folly's frantic round,
 In noise and tumult my still voice was drown'd.
 Now that you meekly call, thy friend I come,
 Here take thy bill of time's important sum.

Pursuit of trifles claims mighty score,
 Dull Sloth and vain imaginations more;
 To guzzling Riot yield an ample share;
 Season'd with nonsense let the vice appear,
 And lust, and pride, and anger, in the rear. }

So much to worldly care, beyond the bounds
 Prescrib'd by heav'n, this to thy loss redounds;
 Heav'n sees thy fretting diffidence, and frowns,
 Nor for a child the peevish worlding owns.
 Urge not ev'n pinching famine for a plea;
 Th' almighty Father knows what's fit for thee.
 Mark next thy conversation, and behold
 How much of dross, how destitute of gold;
 Offensive oft; nor useful to thy friend.
 To clear the truth, and innocence defend;

Concerns

My future moments due regard obtain,
As sent by thee, nor sent by thee in vain,
O may they smile as they depart, and bear
Reports of favour to thy gracious ear.

The last E S S A Y .

THE World is Hermony in ev'ry Part,
A self tun'd Organ without Aid of Art;
The skilful Mistress who the Music set,
Can neither wildly vary, nor forget;
But when vain Man would alter and refine,
The faultless Setting of a Hand divine;
Thus Nature chalk'd each Bliss proportional,
Man grasps at more, and therefore misses all:
Th' aspiring Reptile meditates a Way,
To cloath with INFINITE the breathing Clay;
Glances at Heav'n with arrogating Eye,
And MORTAL aims at IMMORTALITY.
Cease then frail Dust Eternity to trace,
Nor mete Infinity thro' bounded Space;
For who assays as far as Heav'n to throw
The mortal Arrow-breaks the feeble Bow.
EARTH is Man's Station, MORTAL is his Nam,
And mortal Pleasures only can he claim:
These then allow'd sufficiently we're blest,
These let's enjoy--and leave to Heav'n the rest.

STRUAN'S

STRUAN'S P R A Y E R .

O Almighty and everlasting God ! I adore thee Creator of the World, Redeemer of Man-kind, and Comforter of those who earnestly call upon thee ! As the same Power alone that created can sustain the Works of thy Hands, and give to all living Creatures their Wants, according to their Natures, the various Supplies that are needful for them : Even I, the most unworthy of all thou hast made, am the Object of thy providential goodness ; and though I have often provoked thee with unaccountable Disobedience, and have been running headlong into the Paths of Perdition, thou, with long Suffering and Mercy, by ripening me to Wisdom by Length of Days, hast graciously reclaimed me, blessed be the Name of the LORD !

Let me not, O God of my Salvation; forget my Deliverance out of many imminent Dangers and Calamities ! Let me remember how thy holy Spirit supported me in the Perseverance of my Duty to thine Anointed : Let me remember that the base Allurements of the World were but as so many Blasts of Wind against a Principle founded on the steady Rock of thy Ordinance

dinance ; a Rule which, if we would consider, culculated by divine Willdom mainly for the Benefit of human Society, and, in the Course of thy sacred Scriptures, admits not of the least Shadow of an Exception.

O LORD ! thou hast at last wonderfully brought about my Deliverance, by mollifying the Hearts of my Enemies for my Justification ! Oh ! that my suter Actions may declare to the World, that I have not been unworthy of thy paternal Affection ! May I withstand and vanquish those predominant Passions that too, too long hurried me into the Neglect of thy holy Commandments !

O holy God, I feel thy Grace working upon my Soul daily, by a firm Purpose never to submit again to the Delusions of Satan ! O let thy holy Spirit enable me to accomplish so sincere and contrite a Resolution ! Thou who broughtest me out of nothing must know the Inmost of my Desire. O LORD ! as thou seest them to be intended for thy Honour and Glory, and the spiritual and temporal Advantage of my Posterity, so, LORD, may they prosper before thee ! Continue, O LORD ! thy holy Care, and be my Guide to the last Period of my Days ; so shall
my

my Thoughts, Words and Actions, conform to thy blessed Will, lead me from Darkness to the bright Regions of thy everlasting Glory. O LORD! shew thy Pity and Consolation to all who are in Affliction and Distress,, especially our sorely persecuted Sovereign, thine Anointed, with his innocent Family, by the cruel Influence of ambition, Calumny, Perjury, Rebellion and Usurpation, yet waits with Patience, knowing, in thy due Time, thou shalt turn the Hearts of all his Subjects towards him and as, thou hast long since visibly touch'd me therefore hear, my good LORD, and let my Tears be acceptable before thee!

Thou GOD of Truth, who hast promised to hear those who earnestly call upon thee, I cheerfully rely upon thy Bounty, assuring myself that the Success of my Prayers will not be rebuted before thy merciful Tribunal; and I approach thee, Eternal, with the more Confidence, that I fill up the Scantirets of my Devotion with that most perfect Form, which thy blessed Son, our Saviour, has compiled for our Use and has enjoind us, as often as we pray, to say, *Our Father, &c.*

T O T H E

Memory of STROWAN,
from a Gentleman the 11th January 1771.

C O M E all ye muses round the Poet throng,
And sing the matchless subject of this song,
'Tis not the theme of Love-sick Syloan swains;
Nor am'rous Shepherds crossing thro' the plains,
Who makes his dear tormenter still his theme,
And carves, and cuts, on trees her lovely name.

I sing whats due to mighty Strowans name
Ages unborn shall glory in his fame,
Nor did great Hector, at the field of Troy,
Prove such a Hero, as our warelike boy;
Still at his call some thousands of his clan,
Were alway's ready to fulfill his plan
Thro' hills and moors unduantedly they run,
Who's arm's cancell the brightness of the Sun :
But now the rebels of their King they meet,
Who soon are made ly at our Christians feet;
Tho' much more num'rous were the rebel slain,
Who's blood had dy'd with red th' spacious plain.
Not the vast Athalian hills could hide,
The traitor of our King, our countrey's pride,
Strowan the terror of King James's foes,
Soon catch'd the villan; and from thence arose,

P

The

The Register of his immortal Deeds,
 Of highland Roses, known from highland weeds;
 His great successors, still his glory shows,
 Still they venerate, the Thistle and the Rose.
 The last great Strowan who's illustrious corse,
 Exceed what Godlike Homer could rehearse,
 His Noble genius, and his love to God,
 You'll find imprinted, in his holy ode,
 Beyond or loves, or friendships, sacred band,
 Beyond himself, he priz'd his native land.



STRUAN'S FUNERAL.

THE Honourable ALEX. ROBERTSON of Strowan, who was a man universally esteemed both at home and abroad, he died at his house in Rannoch, in the 81st year of his age *anno* 1749, and was interred in the family Isle in the Church of Strowan. What is very remarkable, there is about 12 Scots miles, betwixt his house in Rannoch to the Church of Strowan, which is no less than 18 English; yet it was computed that there was above 2000 of his Countrymen, including the Noblemen and

and Gentlemen at his interment, an instance of the high esteem which was always had of that family. There was an elegant entertainment for the different ranks, and his death much regreted by all who had the honour of his acquaintance.

F I N I S .

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THAT the History and Martial Atchievements, of the MacDonald's with their Coat of Armes, is Publishing.

Also the History and Martial Atchievements of the Campbells, with their Coat of Armes.

And the History and Martial Atchievements, of the MacKinzie's. As also the Family's of Murrays, and Scots, with their Coats of Armes.

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