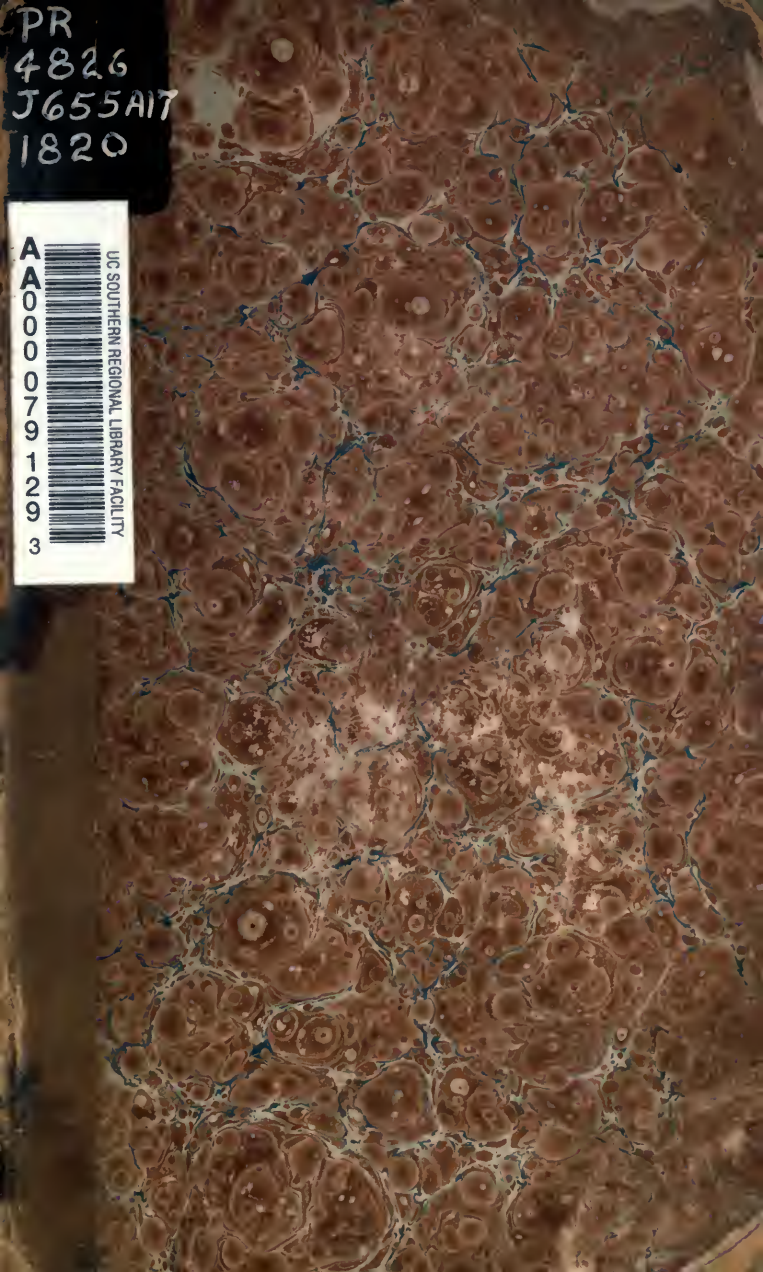


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POEMS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS ;

BUT CHIEFLY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF ANNANDALE.

BY

JOHN JOHNSTONE,

CRAIGHOUSE, CORRIE.

DUMFRIES :

Printed at the Dumfries & Galloway Courier Office,

BY J. M'DIARMID & CO.

1820.

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PR
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1820
TO

JOHN JAMES HOPE JOHNSTONE, Esq.

OF ANNANDALE,

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A FAMILY

TO WHICH

THE AUTHOR IS DEEPLY INDEBTED,

AND FOR WHICH

HE WILL EVER CHERISH THE MOST RESPECTFUL
ATTACHMENT,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN JOHNSTONE.

867426

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PREFACE.

IT is a disputed point, whether the pursuits of elegant literature contribute more to the happiness or misery of the lower orders of society ; but, if I may be allowed to judge from my own experience, I think they contribute more to the former.

It was my destiny to be cast early upon the world, far removed from parental authority, with passions sufficiently strong, and amidst scenes of vice sufficiently tempting ; but in every interval of rest, my love for reading made me fly from conversations that were frivolous, and pursuits perhaps pernicious, to hold communion with the virtuous absent, or illustrious dead. These intervals were indeed too short to enable me to make any considerable improvement ; yet still they were both a secret source of happiness and a preservative from danger, and made me

even more anxious to fulfil the duties of my station, lest, while I was attempting to improve my mind, I might disgrace my character. But, if reading be considered reprehensible by many worthy people, rhyming must appear still more so. As every man ought to respect his moral character more than the highest honours that were ever conferred upon the mere efforts of genius, I think it necessary to make some apology for thus, perhaps, imprudently deviating from the beaten path of honest and unaspiring industry. It is a well known fact, that many of the most laborious tasks of life may be performed with very little or no attention of the mind;—possessed of this power of mental abstraction, and mechanical motion, what is to hinder the labouring man from investigating any subject within his comprehension, so as to imitate those who have both more learning and leisure? In this view, can he be considered as culpable, when his memory retains every word which his invention dictates, and his judgment approves? Possessing this power of completely dividing my attention, and recollecting my words, I had no need to suspend my manual labour, in order to invoke the Muses; they were not even unpropitious during the unremitting toils of a harvest field;

nor did ever my nearest relatives and most intimate companions know when my fancy was thus employed. I was also so fortunate as to have a very extensive acquaintance amongst students, and other characters inclined to literature, who read to me while they employed me in the way of my business. Nor was my house ever long without such visitants; and it was also owing to these friends, or rather flatterers, that these Poems were ever written. I had no time for such an exercise myself; and I have still some doubts whether to attribute it to their kindness or cruelty that I am brought before the Public as an Author, being certain that I will meet at such a bar more to mortify my pride than to flatter my vanity. I am astonished at the number of my subscribers, many of them eminent for their sanctity of character, as well as elevation of rank. I have not terms to express my grateful acknowledgments for their kindness; but I have to attribute their patronage more to my good intentions as a man, than my merit as a poet.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE Author of these humble strains
Was born 'mong Scotia's lowly swains :
His sires may still his reverence claim,
Not for their wealth, but spotless fame ;
They virtue's path would oft pourtray,
While listening on their knees he lay ;
And Memory's tablet still records
Their prayers, their sighs, and melting words.
But ah ! in youth's gay sporting reign,
Fell servitude prepared her chain ;
And now with naked feet, and sore,
He treads the plains and heath-clad moor,
Bears scorching heat, and shivering cold,
Till many an year had o'er him roll'd.

But though from place to place still driven,
Some dear delights were always given ;—
He joyed to hear the sky-lark sing,
And hail the firstling flowers of spring ;
The wide expanse of heaven to view,
And lofty mountains robed in blue ;
Or ocean's distant fury gleam,
Reflecting Sol's meridian beam,
Or scowling cloud, with seeming ire,
Pour down its liquid floods of fire ;
Or loiter by some flower-fringed brook,—
Sweet pictured page in nature's book !

But now the fates a change ordain—
Adieu the daisy covered plain !
Through hazel copse, or hawthorn glens,
No more with ardent steps he bends :

Among the cooped-up sons of trade
 His after path of life was led,
 'Mongst these he wrought from youth till now,
 With horn-hard hands, and sweat-run brow ;
 In evening walks and leisure hours,
 His haunts were still the Muses' bowers ;
 Amidst his toils, sweet went the time,
 Whilst silent oft he formed the rhyme ;
 His audience still the village swains,
 Whose plaudits more than paid his pains ;
 But ne'er dream'd he they'd find their way
 To lordly halls, and ladies gay.

But ah ! to few the art is given,
 To strike th' immortal harp of heaven,
 To soothe or agitate the soul,
 And o'er it hold supreme controul :
 But when the sun has left the sky,
 The evening star attracts the eye ;
 And when the thrush no more we hear,
 The linnnet then may charm our ear.

But praise or blame, whate'er my fate,
 They come alike—they come too late.

My day of life no more shines strong,
 The vales seem dark—the shadows long ;
 A gloomy pall's o'er nature cast,
 The grave's long night is gathering fast,
 All objects round this warning send—
 "Remember most thy latter end!"

POEMS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU little gem of burnished gold
 That gild'st, at eve, the western sky,
 In many a poet's page enroll'd,
 And dear to every lover's eye!

At thy approach hard toil is o'er,
 And Labour's weary children blest;
 The stern command is heard no more,
 And all is revelry—or rest.

Beneath thy mild benignant beams,
 In musing mood, I love to stray,
 While Fancy forms her fairy dreams,
 Along some streamlet's winding way.

My Anna soon will grace my side ;
 Sweet Star ! thou wast the signal given ;
 One hour in such discourse shall glide,
 As sainted souls may hold in heaven.

Ye humid dews, O cease to fall !
 And chilling blasts to sweep the glade,
 Nor, Night, unfurl thy pitchy pall,
 Till once I meet my favourite maid.

From odour-breathing shrub and tree,
 Let zephyrs bear their sweets along ;
 And all ye woodland minstrelsy,
 Pour forth your little souls in song !

And still appear, thou western sky,
 Dressed in the golden vest of eve ;
 And beam, sweet Star ! on Anna's eye,
 A mirror pure as crystal wave.

For sure there is a heaven on earth,
 Which Virtue's hallowed children share,
 When all the immortals issue forth
 Beneath thy ray, refulgent Star !

And when the tear of pity rolls,
 From themes of friendship and of love,
 Does not some angel touch our souls
 With spark ethereal from above ?

When rising from this scene of woe,
 Our souls their rapid wings expand,
 Heaven guides the wanderers as they go,
 And leads them to their native land.

Beyond yon star-bestudded frame,
 Unreached by time's still ebbing wave,
 Oh ! raise our souls, thou Power sublime !
 While shines the lovely star of eve.

AN ADDRESS TO READING.

HAIL ! sweetest charmer of my soul
 Even when a stripling green !
 Nor hath a rival gained thy power
 Which riper years have seen.

No flowery bank, nor vocal grove,
 No sweetly murmuring rill,
 Not nature's charms, combined, my soul
 With greater raptures fill.

For thee I sighed for hours of rest,
 And shunned the sportive throng,
 To taste thy more refined delights
 The silent shades among.

For thee, through night's dark lonely hours,
 Oft have I vigils kept,
 To follow some wild winding tale,
 While others senseless slept.

For thee I poured contempt on wealth
 Its pomp, its pride, and ease ;
 No rich repast, or vestment gay,
 Could e'er my soul so please.

For thee I spurned the noisy croud
 That quaffed the sparkling bowl,
 Yea, Beauty's self could ne'er entice
 My heart from thy controul.

For what, compared with mind, are all
 The maddening joys of sense ?—
 As poisonous, noxious herbs, to sweets
 Which morning joys dispense.

Full oft thou tak'st me by the hand,
 And, placed by thee on high,
 The present busy bustling scene,
 Comes bursting on my eye.

Even heavy Time, at thy command,
 Brings his past deeds to view,
 Whilst mould'ring myriads spring to life,
 And act their parts anew.

By thee the heaven-inspired bards
 Their magic numbers roll ;
 When lo ! the powerful passions wake,
 And agitate the soul.

By thee we sail the ocean through,
 And traverse realms unknown ;
 And Nature's strange mysterious laws
 Are to thy votaries shown.

And by thy aid, the Word of Truth,
 (Bright sun of mental light !)
 Makes all futurity, unveiled,
 Burst on our ravished sight.

We sigh not then with bounded views ;
 Our souls enraptured soar
 To where the heirs of glory rest
 When life's short day is o'er.

'Tis hence thou art the choicest boon
 Bestowed on man below ;
 The source of every hope sublime,
 The balm of every woe.

The sweetest hours of social bliss
 We owe to thee alone ;
 The tie that binds congenial souls
 That tie is all thine own.

Without thy aid the haughtiest thane
 Were but a vulgar clown ;
 And by *Thee* even the lowly poor
 Are raised to high renown.

So, Reading ! my admiring soul
 Shall hail thy joys sublime,
 Until my spirit wings her way
 Beyond the sphere of time.

ADDRESS TO A BIRD,

*On hearing it sing in a Storm, at the termination of
 Winter.*

“ When birds instructive lessons teach,
 Should we not hear them when they preach ? ”

COTTON.

AMIDST such elemental strife,
 Sweet warbler ! fear'st thou not thy life ?
 On thee the winds impetuous blow,
 Fraught with heart-chilling sounds of woe ;
 On thee descends the beating rain
 That in dark torrents steeps the plain ;

Yet, perched upon the naked tree,
 Still dost thou sing with mirth and glee.
 Where are thy brother songsters now?—
 All fled the tempest-shaken bough,
 And safe in coverts sit supine,
 While hushed is every note but thine.
 Sweet emblem of the good man here
 Who bears life's ills without a tear,
 And, ever prompt at duty's call,
 No terrors can his heart appal ;
 Even in Misfortune's blackest night,
 His conscience clear, his heart is light ;
 And when the vicious vent their sighs,
 His song of joy is heard to rise.

Sweet bird ! what prompts thy tuneful lay,
 Is it that winter hastes away,
 And dost thou hope returning spring
 To thee shall hours of gladness bring ?
 Yes ! from some saugh or blooming thorn,
 Thou yet shalt hail the blushing morn,
 And raise to heaven more ardent notes
 Among a thousand tuneful throats,
 Or seek thy food with gay delight
 Along the fields with daisies white ;
 The little flowers, fond to be prest,
 Shall, bending, kiss thy downy breast,
 Or gently sweep thy speckled wing,
 And round thee all their fragrance fling ;

And oft, to 'scape Sol's fervid beam,
 Shalt thou repair to some lone stream,
 And o'er thy half-scorched plummage lave,
 In artful showers, the cooling wave ;
 Or to some woodland thicket fly,
 Impervious to the school-boy's eye,
 Then, fluttering, prune each little wing,
 And soar aloft more sweet to sing.

Thus, as hope paints her fairy forms,
 Thou sing'st amidst the pelting storms.

Just so, sweet Hope, 'tis thine to cheer
 The good man, while a pilgrim here,
 Thou softenest each bitter blast,
 Till life's short wintry season's past,
 Directing still his longing eye
 Beyond yon azure vaulted sky,
 Where he, secure from care and pain,
 Shall find a spring eternal reign.

ADDRESS TO A DAISY,

Seen growing on a Rock in the midst of a Stream.

ON this lone rock, so bleak and bare,
 How could'st thou spring, sweet flower so fair?
 No herb on which thy head can lean,
 No bush, thee from the blast to screen,
 No kindred sweet, no neighbouring flower,
 To haste away the tedious hour ;—
 Like some poor outcast orphan child,
 Or some lone hermit in the wild,
 Has nature given to thee an ear,
 The murmuring of the stream to hear?
 With gladden'd eye canst thou survey
 Its pebbly bed and winding way?
 Or didst thou, when an infant seed,
 With pilgrim wing flit o'er the mead,
 Shunning sweet flowers and herbage green,
 To reign here an unrivall'd queen,
 Where thou might'st all thy tints display
 To grace some rural poet's lay?—
 Thy swelling bosom's vermilion hue
 Is studded o'er with gems of dew ;
 Thy snowy petals circular spread,
 Formed like a halo round thy head,
 First opening, hail the morning light,
 Then shutting, shun the shades of night :

Still as the summer breezes blow,
 They bend and toss thee to and fro,
 While round thy rock-encircling stream,
 Thou ceaseless cast'st a silvery gleam,
 And tastest oft the rapturous bliss,
 Thy shadowy form beneath to kiss ;
 To thee oft fly the cooing doves
 To sip the stream and tell their loves,
 And while they vent their souls, they see
 Their purity pourtrayed in thee,
 And when they here their mates espouse,
 They'll call thee witness to their vows.

But though no foot can on thee tread,
 Nor grazing beast is near thee fed,
 And though thou'rt planted on a rock,
 Thou'rt not beyond misfortune's shock ;
 For ah ! yon sky begins to lower,
 And prone descends the heavy shower,
 And see, down every neighbouring hill,
 Red roaring rolls the new-formed rill ;
 Thy maniac stream its bankings tears,
 And down the spoil in triumph bears,
 And see ! how wounded Terra's blood
 Has deeply stained the guilty flood !
 And hark ! the storm is louder howling,—
 'Tis thy last bell that nature's tolling,
 And still the stream is higher swelling,
 And now it foaming sweeps thy dwelling,

To see thy last would give me pain,—
I'll fly, and moralize my strain.

This life, in fancy's eye, may seem
Just like the channel of a stream,
Where rocks of pleasure, wealth, and power,
Attract full many a human flower ;
But ah ! the whelming floods of fate
Give these too oft a short-lived date ;
But thine, O Virtue ! thine's the rock
That still repels misfortune's shock ;
And still thy lovely flowers shall grow
Midst summer showers and winter snow,
And, ever fair, their charms disclose,
To an admiring world—while those
That bloom'd in a less hallowed clime,
Are rotting with the wrecks of Time.

TO AN OLD SOLDIER.

HASTE to my sheltering cot, thou vet'ran old ;
Keen blows the tempest o'er the snow-clad plain ;
Thy worn-out frame is quite benumbed with cold,
And ceaseless wandering cannot long sustain.

Thy tottering legs two pillars seem of snow,
And thy rent garb invites th' inclement air ;
Around thy temples drifting eddies blow,
And hang like hoar frost on thy silver hair.

In thine own land thou hast but sorry fared,
 And man's unkindness costs thee many a tear ;
 Sweet sympathy, alas ! thou'st seldom shared—
 Now rest thy frame, for thou shalt share it here.

For thee, my hearth shall burn a brighter blaze ;
 With viands warm, thy drooping heart's be cheer'd,
 And thou shalt tell me feats of youthful days,
 When toils fatigued not, nor when dangers fear'd.

Hast thou not sail'd on ocean's whelming wave ?
 Hast thou not travers'd many a foreign land ?
 Seen thousands fall and fill one common grave,
 Where life was valued as the chaff or sand ?

Yes ! thy scarr'd face proclaims, in bloody fray,
 'Gainst hostile foes, thou oft hast dauntless stood—
 Heard war's dread thunders—seen her lightnings play,
 With gleaming arms, and “garments roll'd in blood.”

'Midst these dread scenes, say, didst thou ever see
 A son of Britain from a Frenchman run?—
 From twice their numbers did our armies flee ?
 “No, no,” thou criest, “it never yet was done.”

Blest source of hope, go, publish round and round,
 Tell our young heroes there's no cause of fear,—
 The Gallic squadrons soon shall bite the ground,
 Should they presumptuous dare to face us here.

ADDRESS TO LAZINESS.

O THOU, wha baith my soul and body
 Hast wankish'd roun' as wi' a woddie !
 Wha thro' my frame dost softly creep,
 And lull'st my active powers asleep,
 Till not even pinching hoarse-tongued Want
 Can rouse me wi' her clam'rous cant ;
 Suspend a wee thy potent spell,
 Till I thy wond'rous triumphs tell.—
 My souple purse o' money toom'd,
 My hollow chest, the meal consumed,
 My worn out, torn, and ragged weed,
 And house just tumbling o'er my head ;
 While, thro' the roof the black rain fa's,
 And whistlin' win' soughs thro' the wa's.
 Thus, when the clouds descend in streams,
 My floor a little ocean seems,—
 Where clogs and curries ship-like sail,
 Impell'd, too, by the boisterous gale,
 Till through some rattan-houkit hole
 The sooty waters 'swaging roll.
 The sons of fortune and of thrift,
 Would think my all a worthless gift ;
 They view my hut wi' jeering ee,
 And think how snug they're lodg'd by me ;

Yet in this dank and dreary cell,
 Ye Muses, if ye'll deign to dwell,
 I'll be as blythe as birds in wair,
 And sing away my dool and care.



TO A BIRD, PURSUED BY A HAWK,

*Which sought shelter in the AUTHOR'S HOUSE, and was
 preserved, while its pursuer was destroyed.*

HASTE, fancied victim of impending woe,
 Whose beating bosom death's dread terrors chill,
 Haste to my arms, and all thy fears forego,
 Yon cruel Hawk thy blood shall never spill.

Audacious wretch!—and to pursue thee here!—
 His forfeit life thy sufferings shall repay;
 Yes! he shall die without one pitying tear,
 Whilst thou, sweet bird, shalt soar unhurt away.

Go, tell thy mate, and brothers of thy song,
 Who haply now thy sufferings may deplore,
 Tell them—and tell (if they exist) thy young,
 That thou art safe—that thy stern foe's no more.

Go, wanderer, go—no Hawk shall thee annoy,
 With lighter bosom never hast thou soar'd ;
 I'll hear thy strain of gratitude and joy,
 For dangers 'scaped—for liberty restor'd.

Such, if great things may be compared with small,
 Shall be the joy of every feeling mind,
 O Corsican ! at thy impending fall,
 . Thou bloody hawk !—thou scourge of human kind !

Menaced by thee, the tiny nations shrink,
 And bend inglorious 'neath thy stern controul ;
 But shall my country e'er so abject sink,
 While Britain owns one genuine British soul ?

No ! grieve not, swains, to leave the plow and cart,
 Your fathers spurn'd them in war's perilous hour !
 O learn, like them, to act the hero's part,
 And blast th' abettors of tyrannic power !

TO CHARITY.

ALL hail ! thou fairest grace on earth,
 Whose deeds proclaim thy heavenly birth !
 . To foreign lands now dost thou roam,
 Or weep'st thou still o'er H——n's tomb,

Or to Britannia's court repair
 To woo each princely bosom there ?
 Oh ! while I tune my votive lay,
 To Fancy's eye thy charms display,
 Or light me with thy warming beam,
 While thy blest labours are my theme.

When pilgrim man is doomed below
 To drink the bitter cup of woe,
 No hand but thine can aid impart,
 No voice but thine can soothe the heart ;
 Oh, sleep not then, propitious fair,
 When Sorrow's reddest lightnings glare !—
 Britannia's sky is overcast,
 And dreadful howls the sweeping blast ;
 Now while the clouds are darker lowering,
 And heavier still the torrents pouring,
 Display at once thy sun-bright form—
 Allay, or dissipate the storm.

'Midst scenes that must thy heart appal,
 And stun thy ear with clam'rous call,
 Remember still the lowly swain,
 That, suffering, oft conceals his pain ;
 Still mark the house all damp and drear,
 Where wintry gloom reigns through the year,
 Through whose light thatch, and chinky wall,
 Chill winds may blow, and black rains fall ;

Where sickness groans from pain severe,
 Or sorrow sheds her bitterest tear,
 And withering every hope and joy,
 Where active strength finds no employ ;
 Where nakedness and famine pale
 With infants' wailings load the gale,
 As if the Demon of Distress
 Had bar'd the door 'gainst every bliss ;—
 There let thy angel form be seen,
 With generous heart, and heavenly mien,
 Till death his destined victim claim,
 Or health renew the wasted frame ;
 Sprinkle thy healing balm around
 To stay the mourner's bleeding wound,
 Till work and wages once again
 Make Happiness resume her reign ;
 And thy reward shall be the tear,
 Of gratitude, and love sincere,
 While to high heaven they recommend
 Their benefactor and their friend.

Is there a scene on earth or sky,
 Even to the wrapt enthusiast's eye,
 Can give a transport so divine
 As must these hallowed toils of thine ?
 For fairer wreaths to thee are due
 Than e'er bound bard or warrior's brow ;
 And thou alone shalt gild our name,
 When earth and ether blaze in flame,

And form the starry crown we wear,
While circles heaven's eternal year.

Oh! come then, thou celestial guest,
And dwell still in thy votary's breast;
Though wealth ne'er own'd thee for a son,
Yet still let me thy errands run,
If thou but mak'st my bosom glow,
Or even the smallest boon bestow,
That deed, I know, Heaven will approve,
And angels register above.

VERSES

*Addressed to a Young Man when about to leave his
native country.*

AND must thou, B—nie, haste away,
So inexperienced and so young?
Shall we thy parting scene survey,
And Sorrow's harp remain unstrung?

For thou art pure as mountain snow,
And gentle as the infant's smile,
And feel'st affection's warmest glow—
Devoid of art—devoid of guile.

Thy heart so kind, thy head so clear,
 Bound to our souls by friendship's tie,
 Shall it be rent without a tear,
 Or called to mind without a sigh ?

Whether thou sail'st the ocean through,
 Or on some foreign shore may'st stray,
 Our thoughts shall still thy path pursue,
 And fancy oft thy face pourtray.

And if our vows and prayers avail,
 No boisterous storms shall round thee rave ;
 But zephyrs mild shall fill the sail
 That wafts thee o'er the western wave.

And oft as social friends partake
 Of rest, they'll eye thy chair with pain ;
 And haply prize it for the sake
 Of him they ne'er may meet again.

ELEGY

On the Death of the Right Hon. the EARL of HOPETOUN.

“How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!—
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.”

THOMSON.

WHAT mournful news are these we hear,
Borne, Summer, on thy dawning gale!
Well may we sigh and drop the tear,
If sighs and tears could aught avail.

And art thou gone, thou best of men!—
No more with lingering sickness pain'd,
Soaring above our mortal ken,
At length thy native skies thou'st gained.

We mourn not for departed worth,
'Tis our own fate which we deplore;
We've lost our kindest friend on earth;
Our noble master is no more.

Ah! what availed thy splendid hall,
Thy titles high, and lands so wide?
With these, stern Death might well appal,
But thou hadst other wealth beside.

Cornelius like, thy alms and prayers
 To heaven's high throne did still ascend ;
 These, these were thine unceasing cares,
 And guilt with joy thy latter end.

Sure Charity, in seraph's guise,
 Appear'd before thy youthful sight,
 And that she gain'd thee for a prize,
 Was shown in many an action bright.

Then all at once, to thy young heart,
 The virtues and the graces flew,
 And there with all their heavenly art,
 Their Maker's fairest image drew.

Thro' change of places, times, and ways,
 Thy love for man unceasing glow'd,
 While from thy heart, like Sol's bright rays,
 A thousand streams of goodness flow'd.

When sceptic folly sway'd the world,
 Like beacon's blaze in time of war,
 Thy Christian standard was unfurl'd,
 And bright example show'd afar.

When faction rear'd his giant form,
 And made the nations stand in awe,
 Thou didst withstand the sweeping storm—
 The guard of order and of law.

There is a wisdom guides the just,
 A power unseen that must preside ;
 Or how could feeble child of dust
 Thus bear 'gainst fashion's whelming tide.

All Scotia well for thee may feel,—
 Her best of Barons torn away,
 Extinct is now that patriot zeal,
 Which glowed in danger's darkest day.

When pressing times like these appear'd,
 When sad desponding fears alarm,
 Thy ready aid thy tenants cheer'd,
 And nerv'd industry's palsied arm.

Still as thy favours they review,
 (The chief in memory's treasured store),
 They'll think, while tears their cheeks bedew,
 The hand that gave them—gives no more.

Thy name embalm'd in every breast,
 Shall still thro' varying life remain,
 To whom they often made request,
 That never yet was made in vain.

Well might the young, and aged poor,
 Secur'd by thee from famine's fears,
 Alarm'd hear of thy mortal hour,
 And follow thy remains in tears.

The sons of science too may sigh,
And hang fresh garlands on thy tomb,
Thou didst the costly key supply,
Which opened Learning's hallowed dome.

But one that mourns thee most of all,
No lapse of years from grief shall free,
While Memory can thy worth recal,
She'll beat her burden'd breast for thee.

Thy image on her saddened heart,
Shall still a filial homage claim,
And still to act the same bright part,
Shall be that noble Lady's aim.

Forgive, great shade ! the illiterate Muse,
If too presuming she be deemed,
That she such lofty theme should choose,
As one so honour'd, lov'd, esteem'd.

LINES

On the Death of the Right Hon. LADY ANN HOPE
JOHNSTONE.

To save herself from darkness and from death,
 My Muse desires the last the lowest place,
 Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
 For the fair fame of Anne ————— PRIOR.

AND has stern Nature's debt been paid,
 Ere her fair form with years was worn,
 And in the silent grave now laid,
 The good, the great, the nobly born.

The head of an illustrious line,
 That high in glory's list appears,
 Who shall in Scotland's annals shine,
 While time is told by days and years.

Her virtues (who did so excel,
 And on her sires a lustre threw),
 Shall not the mourning muses tell,
 And bid her parting shade adieu?

What though her lowest servant I,
 Unfit a theme so sad to sing,
 Yet while for her I heave the sigh,
 My harp of sorrow too I'll string.

Though placed in an exalted sphere
 Her sense of duty never fail'd,
 And though the virtues all were dear,
 Still works of mercy most prevail'd.

Heaven's bounty seemed to wait her will ;—
 Possess'd as of some powerful charm,
 She kept the poor, in famine, full,
 And in the coldest winters warm.

From infants on the nurse's knee
 To tottering age and tresses gray,
 Her bounty flow'd, and flow'd so free,
 That want and sorrow fled away.

Who with such prudence, with such wit,
 Will check the proud, the lowly raise?—
 With her, our star of bliss seems set,
 And darkness now o'erspreads our days.

The lowest labourer in her lands,
 That, raptur'd, long her praise will speak,
 Ev'n now his toilsome task suspends
 To sigh and wipe his tear-run cheek.

O Death! why didst thou close the eye
 That cheer'd the soul in sorrow drown'd,
 And all untimely break the tie
 That two congenial bosoms bound?

Or quench that fond maternal flame
 That her fair offspring often proved?—
 But why in thy cold ear declaim,
 Whom prayers or tears yet never moved!

No wasting woes, no slow decay,
 Taught her that earth-born bliss was vain,
 For health with roses strew'd her way,
 Ev'n on the verge of death's domain.

The ready need not warning long,—
 Her robes of light she wore ev'n here,
 And learn'd to sing the seraph song,
 That lasts through Heaven's eternal year.

ON THE DEATH OF D. GRAHAM, Esq.

Late Banker and Mayor of Bassingstock, Hampshire,

A much esteemed Character, who died, suddenly, on the 3d of August,
1820, while on a Visit to his Friends in Annandale.

Woe to the Bard, whate'er his fame,
Who flatters power for pelf or meed,
Yet will not spare one parting strain
In memory of the honoured dead!—HOGG.

THREE days—and was thy sickness then no more,
Who didst such honour to thy native place?
So quickly wafted to the eternal shore—
Torn from thy brothers' and thy friends' embrace.

One little week by thee was set apart
Friends to revisit, long and justly dear;
Friends, who scarce hailed thee with exulting heart,
When called to sorrow o'er thy silent bier!

To see their graves who rear'd thy youth so kind,
Engaged the first of all thy pious cares;
Ah! didst thou dream, with a foreboding mind,
That eight short days would lay thy dust with their's?

Fair was thy form in manhood's blooming morn,
 Nor was that form by wasting years brought low
 If ruddy health might e'er hold death in scorn,
 Sure none around thee less could fear t'ie blow.

In vain the sons of physic flock'd around,
 With anxious hearts, their various arts to try;
 Death's iron cords thy manly frame had bound,—
 Cords human art could never yet untie.

Though thy loved partner could not see thy last,
 With trembling hand to lend her feeling aid,
 'Mid kindred bosoms thy short illness pass'd,
 And holy duties soothed thy parting shade.

Great was thy charity, and warm thy love,
 To those around whom want or woe annoyed;
 From these blest toils thy spirit soar'd above—
 Who would not wish to die while thus employed?

The hazy mist hung on the mountain's side,
 The clouds, surcharged, made rivers run in foam,
 The lingering hours in sadness seem'd to glide,
 That sunless day we bore thee to the tomb.

With warning voice thy ashes seemed to say,
 "Mortals attend, nor wealth nor power can save,
 Death oft is nearest health's most flattering day,
 Even deeds of mercy shield not from the grave."

A stranger Muse this tribute pays to thee,
 Not for thy wealth, though Heaven gave ample store,
 But virtue pure, and generous courtesy—
 Shall these be lost, and none the loss deplore?

ON THE DEATH OF M—— B——.

HASTE! let Sorrow's harp be strung,
 O'er Mary let a dirge be sung,
 For she was sweet, and fair, and young,
 Whom death has reft away.

Her bosom was the drifted snow,
 Her eyes made frozen age to glow;
 And many a tear for her shall flow,
 Who fills this bed of clay.

Ah! lowly now that form is laid,
 Where every grace was seen pourtrayed,
 And every word and action said
 A seraph dwelt within.

The dew-drops on the flowers that spring,
 Or those shower'd from the sky-lark's wing,
 When high at morn he soars to sing,
 Were not more pure, I ween.

Though wasting sickness early came,
 Yet still her beauty seemed the same,
 And oh! her temper's heavenly frame,
 No varying scene could move.

And though the victim of a power,
 That gave no pain-remitting hour,
 No cloud seem'd on her brow to lower,—
 There all was light and love.

Oft did maternal fondness sigh,
 To see the hour of fate draw nigh,
 And wearied Heaven with many a cry,
 A dear-loved child to spare.

But cries and tears were all in vain,
 The tyrant Death asserts his reign,
 And she, the flower of all the plain,
 No more life's sweets must share.

Bless'd with a form so loved, so praised,
 Doubtless her fancy's eye oft gazed
 On fairy scenes that hope had raised,
 In life's gay glowing morn.

While love and friendship both combined,
 And round her heart their cords entwined,
 Yet still a voice was heard behind,
 All earth-born bliss to scorn.

The mists of sense dissolved away,
On future scenes Truth poured a ray ;
She saw, and sighed to be away,
Where joys are still secure.

Heaven's portals seemed to open wide,
While Faith her eagle wings supplied ;
She seemed in heaven before she died,—
Fit place for one so pure.

And still, thou hallowed piece of earth,
Where Beauty rests, let flowers spring forth,
And deck the grave of her, whose worth
No song of bard can show.

No nightly spectre shall come here,
But angels often hovering near,
Shall sure review, with many a tear,
Their image laid so low.

A PASTORAL ELEGY,
To the Memory of Miss S——.

SWEET Spring is come ; the pimrose pale
 Expands its bosom to the day ;
 With joy we hail the genial gale
 That melts the mountain snows away.

The larks, on quivering wings upborne,
 With carols hail morn's infant ray :
 Why, Strephon, droops thy head forlorn ?
 Why joins not their's thy minstrel lay ?

“ Ah ! never more my oaten reed
 Shall echo through yon woody glen ;
 No more the mazy dance I'll lead,
 Nor quaff the bowl with social men.

More dear to me yon yew-tree shade,
 Where gloomy death extends his reign,
 For there they've born my favourite maid,
 The flower of all the vestal train.

More dear to me the daisied sod
 That wraps, ELIZA, thy cold clay,
 Than joys of Mirth's illumed abode,
 Or all the sweets of vernal day.

In vain Heaven's mystic ways I trace ;
 Why was such woe for me ordained,
 To wither in my fond embrace,
 Whene'er thy long-ask'd love I gained.

The nightly journey oft I took,—
 And prayed for thee the weary while,—
 Sad on thy fevered couch to look,
 Or share the welcome of thy smile.

To see the rosy charms decay,
 Still lingering on thy cheek so pale,
 When thy pure spirit winged its way,
 That sister seraphs well might hail.

To close those eyes, whose beams were love,
 And pure as heaven from all alloy ;
 To see those lips no longer move,
 Whose accents filled my soul with joy.

All, all are fled, like visioned bliss,
 Which sainted souls entranced see ;
 But sighs and tears shall still express
 How fond remembrance dwells on thee.

Thy heart was cast in holy mould,
 Which beams still in thy face so fair ;
 Long ere thy years, so few, were told,
 Heaven stamped its loveliest image there.

Thou join'st the song of seraphs now,
 While lingering here I lag behind ;
 Had death's fell dart but struck me too,
 That dart had not been so unkind.

But thou shalt visit me in dreams—
 Thy angel face I yet shall see ;
 Whilst with such hope my fancy teems,
 Thou art not wholly lost to me.

My constant heart thou then shalt view,
 Which now no earthly object cheers ;
 The pang felt at thy last adieu,
 Still, still increases with my years.

And thou shalt see thine image there,
 When blushing in thy youthful bloom,
 Which rolling years shall still repair,
 Till I, like thee, shall fill the tomb."

So spake the youth his notes of woe,
 And then, in haste, he from me fled ;
 With his my tears did copious flow,
 For well I knew the peerless maid.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF J. G—M,

*Who lately lost his life when bathing in the water of Milk ;
a youth of excellent dispositions and great acquirements,
sincerely lamented by all who knew him. The more
than ordinary grief of his brother, with whom he had
for some time previously resided, gave rise to the follow-
ing Verses.*

I HATE, O Milk ! thy silver winding stream ;
Black be thy waters as the weeds of woe,
No more illumined by the sun's bright beam,
And hushed the music of thy murm'ring flow.

A lovely youth lies on thy pebbly shore,
Thy dimpling pool has reft his life away ;
O may no bather trust thy bosom more,
Where death's dread demon watches for his prey.

In vain his friends their various efforts try
To wake the pulse—recal the fleeting breath ;
In vain around him hundreds piteous sigh ;
Can these arrest the clay-cold hand of death ?

But ah ! his brother more than all distressed,
Last with reluctance from those trials came ;
His painful feelings, ne'er by words expressed,
The muse interprets, but how sad the theme !

Adieu, dear youth ! the hour of hope is past,
 Since death relentless holds his iron claim ;
 And thy pure spirit's with th' immortals classed,
 Till heaven's last thunders wake man's sleeping frame,

Long, long for thee I'll shed the bitter tear,
 Once all my boast, my glory, and my pride ;
 And shall I lose thee, and with patience bear,—
 Torn (cruel fate !) untimely from my side.

Thy soul well formed fair Virtue's wreath to gain,
 Each sordid pursuit ever soared above ;
 Without one thought or feeling to restrain,
 Save those of boundless sympathy and love.

In duty's path no terrors could controul ;
 Thou thought'st no sacrifice for truth too dear ;
 Heaven's high impress was stamped upon thy soul,
 And marked thee out for glory's bright career.

How oft would fancy paint thy future days,
 And spread a feast of hallowed joys for thee !
 Thy soul expanding like the morning's rays,
 Thy fortune ample as thy heart was free.

She saw thy friends to thee for succour driven,
 When want assailed them, or afflictions great ;
 At once thy prompt, thy powerful aid was given,
 Like Mercy's mandate in the hour of fate.

For ever fled those visions of delight,
 Torn from my soul, they leave a void behind ;
 All nature now, clothed in the garb of night,
 Presents no object to attract my mind.

Oh ! nipt or blasted like some budding flower,
 While vernal breezes should its leaflets fan ;
 In vain descend the genial warmth and shower,
 Its glowing tints no more adorn the lawn.

A sage in wisdom, though a child in years,
 Heaven saw thee ripened for a happier clime,
 Hence caught thee up to more congenial spheres,
 Exempt from all the cares and woes of time.



ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MR SIMPSON,
 OVERSEER AT CASTLEMILK.

WHENCE come those strains of woe so late,
 When midnight's darkest cloud is lowering !
 Oh, SIMPSON ! thy untimely fate
 Sets every feeling heart deploring.

Who will not join the Muse's moan,
 And curse, with me, yon fatal river,
 That heard, unmoved, thy latest groan,
 And chill'd thy heart, so warm, for ever ?

Dark was that morn that proved thy last,
 The lowering clouds seem'd big with sorrow,
 Thick fell the rain, loud blew the blast
 On him that must not see to-morrow.

Oh ! didst thou take one ling'ring look ?—
 Some sister weird thy fate fortelling,
 Who said, while thy frame shivering shook,
 'Tis thy last view of HART'S gay dwelling.

Sweet sleep her golden visions shed
 Last night upon thy downy pillow ;
 This night stern Fate hath made thy bed,
 Beneath old Annan's raging billow.

Thy naked spirit, winged on high,
 Must view thy Maker's throne unclouded ;
 Its name, its fate, and its employ,
 From mortal ken for ever shrouded.

No warning spirit near thee stood ;
 No omen dire thy heart unmaning ;
 Thou went'st from home in musing mood,
 The bliss of others ever planning.

Pacing with wary steps along,
 And risking life in no rash venture,
 Thou soon didst gain the busy throng,
 Where numerous sons of Trade concentre.

Though placed on life's remotest brink,
 That o'er eternity seems jutting,
 Not one, in all that throng, could think
 That he on earth had firmer footing.

The cold, the wet, the shivering frame,
 Asks cordials to renew its vigour ;
 And he that would deny the claim,
 Would treat himself with sordid rigour.

How sweet to sit by smoking bowls,
 Where glasses ring midst mirth's gay carols,
 While friendship blends congenial souls,
 Unmoved by feud or folly's quarrels.

SIMPSON ! thy open generous breast
 Disowns each mean and miser feeling ;
 And if too long the landlord's guest,
 'Tis suffering Nature's claim prevailing.

Yet, oh ! suppress that ardent glow
 Of love and friendship both together ;
 Too long these circling glasses flow,
 Why call another—and another.

Let thoughts of home thy soul pervade,
 The dark'ning shades of eve reprove thee ;
 Go—call thy horse, too long delay'd,
 And wary ride with those that love thee.

Now whilst thou mount'st thy fiery steed,
 Oh! may protecting saints watch o'er thee;
 Why hurry, hurry with such speed,
 When death in ambush lies before thee?

Let counsel curb thy bridle rein;
 Oh! hear thy friend that knows things better,
 Who often cries "refrain, refrain,
 And do not tempt yon deadly water.

"O'er all its banks high rolls the stream,
 Ride by yon bridge as I would have thee;
 If through thy horse thou triest to swim,
 There's not a power on earth can save thee."

More still thou pliest the spur and whip,
 Thy horse's leaps turn wide and wider,
 Now plunges in the gulphy deep,
 And soon returns without its rider.

Ah! didst thou cry?—it was to Heaven;
 Who else could save in such condition?
 Since mortal life could not be given,
 Thy soul's would form thy whole petition.

Through varying life to virtue true,—
 'Midst busy scenes thy fame untainted;
 Why torn so early from our view,
 When thy tried merit most we wanted?

And though thy corpse should ne'er be found,
 Deep sanded 'neath the flood-swell'd river,
 Thy worth to many a bosom's bound,
 Which life's last sigh alone shall sever.

LAMENTATION OF AN IMPRISONED RADICAL.

THE night was dark, the air was cold,
 The clock its latest hour had toll'd,
 The lamps were dying all, or dead—
 Nought heard but the lone watchman's tread,
 Or sentinel, that to and fro
 Walked humming on with pace more slow :
 'Twas then, from Glasgow's dreary jail,
 Was heard a prisoner's plaintive wail ;
 'Twas William's once his family's pride,
 The Henry Hunt of K—tle side :
 But how repentant, crest-fallen, now !
 No triumphs beaming from his brow,
 As when the crowds enraptured hung
 Upon his sly seditious tongue.
 To night's lone air, in simple rhymes,
 Thus gave his history and his crimes :—

How sleepless is the weary eye !
 The eye of guilt should never close ;
 'Tis mine to wake, 'tis mine to sigh,
 While innocence enjoys repose.

Oh ! how I mourn the long lost days,
 Blest days of infancy and youth,
 When first I lisp'd heaven's sacred lays,
 And treasured up the words of truth.

My path of life, a path of flowers,
 I trod with footsteps light as air ;
 But now guilt clogs my heavy hours,
 With dread forebodings of despair.

Why did my heart to truth grow cold,
 And leave the path my fathers' trod ?
 A thousand woes, not to be told,
 Attend my wild, eccentric road.

I loved to read, I loved to talk,
 Of questions subtle and profound ;
 And though doom'd to life's humblest walk,
 I hoped in time to be renowned.

For now my country suffered sore,
 Her plaints of woe were heard afar ;
 Could I some remedy explore,
 She'd hail me as her leading star.

For this I spurn'd each holy sage,
 That best the wayward passions tame,
 To pore on faction's lying page,
 That lights and fans rebellion's flame.

An orator I now commenced,
 And 'gainst our statesmen loudly railed ;
 I must not, could not be silenced,
 Till once my faction had prevailed.

So busied with th' affairs of state,
 To me, at best, but dimly known,
 The more t' embitter my sad fate,
 Alas ! I quite forgot my own.

Some demon in my bosom raged ;
 All love of daily toil was lost ;
 The eyes of men must be engaged,
 Whate'er the worthless purchase cost.

To Radicals my plans I told ;—
 Like me, a discontented crew,
 They said Britannia was grown old,
 But they would soon her age renew ;

Thro' all her veins they'd send young health,
 Make joy her bosom wide expand ;
 And all the dams of lordly wealth
 Run glorious, glittering through the land.

I fear'd their's was a wicked cause,
 That wit or power would ill defend :
 None ever violates Heav'n's blest laws,
 But meets destruction in the end

They call'd me Superstition's child,
 The wretched dupe of priestly knaves ;
 A lying Bible had beguiled,
 Which served at best to keep men slaves.

Now, by a brighter genius led,
 I'd see man's destiny more clear,
 When I had Paine and Palmer read,
 With Carlile, Volney, and Voltaire.

What ! toss my Bible quite aside,
 Revered by all the best on earth,—
 The book that was my father's pride,
 And taught me almost from my birth.

Your fates, without a prophet's powers,
 'Tis but too easy to foretell ;
 They'll hang those famished frames of your's,
 And hurl your heathenish souls to hell.

“ Like you, the Bible we did prize,
 And fancied all its doctrines facts ;
 But, lo ! what opened all our eyes”—
 Then filled my hand with Carlile's Tracts.

Late, late I bore the numbers home,
 With a strange trembling fear and dread ;
 I thought my sire rose from the tomb,
 And even implored me not read.

But things forbidden have a charm ;
 So, while the world unconscious slept,
 In my poor bed I could not warm,
 Till I had o'er those numbers peep'd.

I thought my faith would stand the test
 Of the whole 'Deist host combined !
 But oh ! it died within my breast,
 And left a fearful blank behind.

Spirits of Darkness ! then your power,
 And triumph o'er me seemed complete !—
 Congenial with night's darkest hour,
 'Twas like perdition's sealing rite.

Prepared, and quite initiate now,
 To deeds of horror well inclined,
 The Radicals, around my brow
 At once their brightest wreath entwined.

Cursed be that morn that ruddy rose,
 When joyful they around me met,
 And for their Delegate me chose,
 And swore that none was half so fit.

But Justice marked my wanderings wild,
 Whose eagle eye is never closed,
 And me chastised ;—like erring child,
 I kiss the rod, and am composed.

Ye dreary walls that bound my view,
 Round which my eyes incessant roll,
 Blest be the day when lodg'd in you,
 Ye've calm'd the fever of my soul.

Here, now, I curse the sceptic's lore,
 That freezes every feeling dry—
 That shuts, O Heaven ! thy golden door,
 And starless makes hope's fairest sky.

My Maker ! give me faith again ;
 With every grace my heart improve ;
 Remove my doubt, the soul's worst pain ;
 Infold me in thy arms of love.

Religion, disregarded guest,
 Returns in trouble's hour to cheer ;
 My Bible's to my bosom prest,
 I've wet its texts with many a tear.

And well may I weep tears of blood,
 For mischief that I wished to raise ;
 But guardian angels round me stood,
 And cross'd my will, and hedg'd my ways.

Ye RADICALS of modern times,
 Oh ! ponder well what I relate,
 And from my sufferings and my crimes,
 Be timely warn'd to shun my fate.



AN EVENING WALK, ON THE BANKS OF
 CORRIE.

HARD toil is o'er, the evening's cool,
 O Corrie ! I'll to thee repair ;
 Thy rural charms can soothe my soul,
 And banish each corroding care.

From yonder glade the mellow thrush,
 And linnet, pour their music still ;
 And hark ! it pours from yonder bush,
 That, scattered, spots yon sloping hill.

Fair on thy banks the osiers grow,
 That, bending, lave the crystal stream,
 And here the empurpled meadows glow,
 Tinged by yon sun's meridian beam.

The birch and saugh, in winding rows,
 Cast o'er thy meads a quivering shade,
 And form sweet bowers of calm repose,
 For wandering lovers thither led.

The lowing herds graze round and round,
 And on thy hills the lambkins play,
 And oft thy teeming vales resound,
 The love-lorn shepherd's plaintive lay.

But yonder comes my charming Jean,
 The sylvan scenery to adorn ;
 How light she trips the flowery green,
 Pure as the silvery star of morn !

Sweet, Corrie, dost thou glide along,
 And sweet thy flowery meads to see,
 Sweet is thy lark and linnet's song,
 But sweeter far is Jean to me.

Thou sable cloud that passest by,
 With amber skirts, like my love's hair,
 Say, in thy passage through the sky,
 Didst thou e'er shade a nymph so fair ?

With her superior charms impressed,
 All else beside quite disappear ;
 I clasp her to my glowing breast,
 And breathe my ardent vows sincere.

We'll hie us to yon lonely glade,
 Where loud the woodland minstrels sing,
 Where milk-white thorns their flow'rets spread,
 Borne off by zephyr's thievish wing.

There we'll enjoy th' enraptured hour,
 Which pure affections ever bring ;
 No cold distrust our brows shall lower,
 Nor guilt point fell remorse's sting.

THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

O mortal man ! who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
 That, like an emmet, thou must ever toil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date.

THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*.

YE sons of want, whose weary days
 Are spent in toil and care,
 Who oft recount in murm'ring sighs,
 The few delights ye share :
 Hark ! from on high, is heard a cry,
 To you it is address'd,
 " All here below's a scene of woe,
 For this is not your rest."

This was not man's primeval state
 In Eden's blooming bowers ;
 Where he enjoyed an angel's bliss,
 And near an angel's powers :
 Still as the golden moments rolled,
 New transports filled his breast ;
 And heaven, and earth, proclaimed aloud,
 It was a place of rest.

But soon the fiend of hell assailed
 The first of human kind ;—
 They fell — and all their wretched race
 To numerous woes consigned
 They fell—and Nature felt the shock
 Through all her realms imprest ;
 And now proclaims, in mournful strains,
 There is no place for rest.

No more on man's thin pallid cheek
 Immortal youth is seen ;
 For fiery passions tear the breast,
 Once placid and serene.
 The sterile earth salutes with thorns
 Each outcast wandering guest ;
 While thunders roll, and tempests howl,
 There is no place for rest.

In vain Vice, with her seeming flowers,
 Bestrews life's thorny road,
 Or tries, on sinking sands, to rear
 A firm, secure abode :

For Conscience-stings, like canker worms,
 Doth all her flowers infest,
 And adverse fate, like whelming floods,
 O'erturns her house of rest.

Nor did Religion leave the sky
 To shield us from our woe—
 The path she points is wet with tears,
 Which from her votaries flow :
 'Tis her's alone, with healing balm,
 To soothe her sons distrest ;
 But still her voice is—Here below
 There is no place for rest.

Patriarchs and Prophets found this earth
 (With all the martyr band)
 A vale of tears,—a field of blood,—
 A sad and weary land.
 Through many fightings, many fears,
 Their way to heaven they prest ;
 Like ships on ocean's tossing wave,
 They found no place for rest.

Then shall we hope, in these last days,
 That heaven shall change our state?
 Or shall our clam'rous discontent
 Reverse the laws of fate ?
 No ;—He that orders all below,
 And orders for the best,
 Made sin and guilt, disease and pain,
 Leave here no place of rest.

Then let us spurn this sordid earth,
 With all its fleeting toys,
 And raise our souls above the stars,
 In quest of nobler joys :
 Then Death shall wear an angel's face,
 And rank us 'mong the blest,
 And earth's cold womb, shall lend a tomb,
 Our wearied bones to rest.

VERSES

On the NEW JAIL of Dumfries.

Honest merit stands on slippery ground,
 Where covert, guile, and artifice abound ;
 Let just restraint, for public peace designed,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind.

COWPER.

WITH sable omens let thy base be laid !
 Thou house of sorrow and of suffering drear,
 Within thy walls scenes shall exist so sad ;
 The painful prospect well may claim a tear.

Fair Liberty, with all her cherub train,
 To this lone spot soon bids a long farewell ;
 While Bondage, smiling, clanks his iron chain,
 Barring the door of many a dreary cell.

Torn from their wives' and families' fond embrace,
 There, shall th' unfortunate sons of trade be borne ;
 While wealth and power unpitying view their case—
 Now left abandon'd to disgrace and scorn.

In vain to some shall Hope her aid impart,
 While stern Reflection, with her scorpions, reigns ;
 The wounds of honour still must bleed and smart,
 While sense of worth and decency remains.

But what are these, to yet a sadder train
 In mournful plight, the pitying muse draws near,
 Slow, slow they move, and drag the galling chain—
 The son's of violence, ah ! what looks they wear !

In their last morn, when every hope is flown,
 What tears of anguish shall thy floors bedew !
 When Fate, relentless, wears his darkest frown,
 And scenes most awful burst upon their view.

But scenes like these would never wound the soul,
 Would Britain's sons her sacred laws obey ;
 But ah ! how many, spurning just controul,
 Act still unfeeling as the beasts of prey.

How oft has Murder drench'd his gory blade !
 How oft has Theft purloin'd our choicest stores !
 How oft has Fraud's pernicious schemes been laid !
 And fretful Faction rais'd her wild uproars !

Hail ! then, these walls—the best device of man,
 That peace and justice undisturb'd may reign ;
 And hail ! ye sons, who have improv'd the plan
 That softens rigour with the arts humane.

Illustrious Howard ! now enthroned in bliss,
 If aught on earth thy sainted soul surveys,
 How wilt thou joy at such a scene as this,
 Which stamps new glory on these latter days.

Roll on, ye years !—haste, let the time draw nigh,
 When lawless rage no more shall man debase ;
 When sacred virtue, heavenly peace and joy,
 Shall o'er the nations shed their genial rays.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE AND PLENTY,

IN 1801.

WHAT makes those windows blaze so bright?
 What makes those cannons roar ?
 What makes those hearts with transport light
 That sigh'd so oft before ?

Hail, Peace and Plenty ! long-lost pair,
 Restor'd to us again ;
 At your approach, war, want, and care,
 Fly with their cursed train.

In vain did Plenty barn-yards fill,
 With an unbounded store,—
 While cruel War, insatiate still,
 Could half her gifts devour.

Nor had thy charms, O Peace! so clear,
 Without fair Plenty shone,—
 Domestic broils had stunn'd our ear
 With war's protracted groan,

Soon, by thy aid, the ploughman's hand,
 Shall make new beauties grace our land;
 And, by thy aid, there's not a field,
 But shall a richer harvest yield,—
 (If that the God of Seasons smile,
 With fostering suns and showers meanwhile,)
 And round the poor man's hut once more,
 Shall Plenty all her blessings pour;
 And make her tints of rosy hue
 O'erspread her pallid cheek anew;
 And raise again her deep sunk eye,
 And soothe to rest each anxious sigh;
 And with new prospects, gay and grand,
 Endear to him his native land.

VERSES,

Recommending the Defence of our Country.

Is the pride of Gallia boasting,
 To invade and lay us low ?
 Our disgrace were everlasting,
 Should we not repel the foe.

Sure our fathers' blood, fast streaming,
 Bought us blessings few have known ;
 But our honour's past redeeming,
 Should we not transmit them down.

Shall a tyrant and his legions
 Trample on their laurell'd dust,—
 Spread, through all these peaceful regions,
 Scenes of rapine, blood, and lust ?

Shall they tell, through every nation,
 'Midst their triumph's wild uproar,
 Britain ! pride of all creation !
 That thy glory is no more ?

Haste ! and spurn lethargic slumbers,
 'Midst such threats and dire alarms ;
 Rise ! strike terror with your numbers !
 Rise ! and hurl your vengeful arms !

See ! our Nobles all are meeting,—
 To insure the public weal ;
 See ! our Holy Sires uniting,
 To exalt our patriot zeal.

Round our island, like a rampart,
 We shall stand a brazen wall ;
 And, ere France shall call us conquer'd,
 We will perish one and all.

TO A FRIEND, ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR AMERICA.

AND must my dear friend go away?—
 The kindest and the best ;
 There's few misfortunes here below
 Could make me so distress'd.

Near thee, to tread the path of life,—
 The path with flowers seem'd strown ;
 But now I'll feel't a dreary way,
 And cheerless walk alone.

To thee, in every social hour,
 My soul I could impart ;
 For thou had'st something still in store
 To cheer my drooping heart.

Affections, ever sweet and kind,
 Shone from thy face serene ;
 Thine was the firm unvarying soul,
 In every trying scene.

O! while thou sail'st the ocean through,
 May no rude tempests roar ;
 But breezes mild thy frail bark waft
 Safe to the destin'd shore.

There may each virtuous joy thee greet,
 And every wish fulfil ;
 And a benignant Providence
 Smile on thy efforts still.

But, let not wealth, tho' lavish given
 Elate thy soul with pride ;
 And make thee spurn the humble swain
 That labours by thy side.

Nor let cold Avarice steel thy heart
 'Gainst Misery's plaintive cry ;
 Nor luxury debase thy soul,
 Till its best feelings die.

And if misfortunes, in a train,
 Should mark thee for their own,
 And blast the blossoms of thy hopes,
 Even those that fairest shone ;

Yet still, pure as th' unsullied snow,
 Thy bosom keep within ;
 Scorn by ignoble arts to rise,
 Replete with shame and sin.

Oft let thy thoughts from earth's low scenes,
 Up to thy Maker soar ;
 And when temptations thicken round,
 He'll guard thee by his power.

Still let the ardent love of truth
 Thy youthful heart inflame ;
 Why should the blest impulse be quenched
 By ought that earth can name ?

Oft think upon thy distant friends,
 Who will thy absence mourn ;
 And when a competence is gained,
 O hasten and return !

Perhaps yet in thy splendid hall,
 With hoary head I'll sit,
 And hear thee talk of other lands,
 Their manners, arts, and wit.

But, ah ! I fear a pale disease
 Fast calls thy friend away ;
 And ere thou gain'st thy native shore,
 He'll moulder in the clay.

But, till the latest breath I draw,
 Thy worth I'll keep in mind ;
 Nor hope, among our selfish race,
 A nobler soul to find.

JAMIE AND MARY.

THE mist steals down the mountain side,
 And night in sadness seems to lower ;
 But love's sweet star my steps shall guide,
 I yet shall reach my Mary's door.

In vain the tempest spirit howls,
 Or torrents sweep my weary road ;
 I fearless wade thro' streams and pools—
 To reach my Mary's dear abode.

O Cynthia ! light thy silver lamp,
 And burst yon dusky cloud out through ;
 O guide me through this marshy swamp, !
 O beam upon yon mountain brow !

The prayer was vain,—for darker still
 The night her pitchy mantle drew ;
 Till o'er a steep poor Jamie fell,
 And bade the living world adieu.

No eye that night his Mary clos'd,
 But made the hearth with faggots blaze ;
 And oft, without, the torch expos'd,
 T' attract her lover's wilder'd gaze.

“ He's gone ! he's gone ! his beauteous form
 No more in rapture meets my sight ;
 Ah ! he hath perished in the storm,
 That raves around, this cruel night !”

His dog arrives, in piteous plight,
 (Hope darts a momentary ray) ;
 But soon it backward bent its flight,
 And, howling, watch'd his corpse till day.

“ What makes my anxious bosom beat ?—
 Heard ye that groan ?—'twas Jamie's last !
 Some bank has sunk beneath his feet,
 And o'er him now the stream has pass'd.”

A thousand times, by love impell'd,
 She thought the gulphy way to trace ;
 At length the morning beams dispell'd
 The cloud that hung on Nature's face.

The thistle 'gins to lift its head ;
 With every storm toss'd shrub and spray ;
 While down the hill, and cross the mead,
 The new-form'd streamlets cease to stray.

The rain-drops, like a copious dew,
 A glittering radiance now display ;
 The heavens unveil their azure blue ;
 The sun in splendour pours the day.

But, ah ! in Mary's anguished soul,
 The night of fate was doom'd to reign ;
 There, still must troublous passions roll,
 Nor joy's sweet morn e'er dawn again.

Short was the space of anxious fear,
 Till Jamie's mangled corse was found ;
 And soon the tidings reached her ear,
 And laid her lifeless on the ground.

And short, sweet maid, had been thy woe,
 Had thy soul joined thy Jamie's then ;
 But thy eyes op'd, that tears might flow,
 And life return'd to lengthen pain.

For yon lone stream she leaves her home,
 Where oft with Jamie forth she stole ;
 Now pale and troubled as the foam,
 That mantles o'er the dimpling pool.

“ Dear sainted shade ! where dost thou dwell ?
 Mark'st thou thy Mary mourning here ?
 Mark'st thou her bosom's throbbing swell ?
 Or can'st thou trace each trickling tear ?

“ Thy love to me has cost thee dear,
 And with thee life’s best blessing’s fled ;
 I’ll hail the hour with joy sincere,
 That lays me in thy lowly bed.”

For this, the lone retreat she seeks,
 To give her frantic soul relief ;
 And weening Jamie’s spirit speaks,
 She lengthens out her strains of grief.

And when toil’s o’er, at close of day,
 Or else beneath the moon’s pale beam,
 To Jamie’s grave she hies away,
 And bathes the spot with sorrow’s stream.

“ Thou flow’ry sod, and earthy load,”
 She’ll cry, “ lie light on Jamie’s breast ;
 Though still I sigh, with brimful eye,
 O may thy gentle spirit rest !” .

Till, ah ! one night, her Jamie’s shade
 Appear’d to fancy’s troubled eye ;
 And thus addressed the joyless maid,
 Then in a moment soar’d on high :

“ Why, Mary, cling to this cold grave?
 Thy Jamie dwells yon stars above ;
 No more let sighs thy bosom heave,—
 We soon shall meet in endless love.”

With fault'ring steps she hastens home ;—
 Soon Death insidious struck the blow,
 That stretched her close by Jamie's tomb,
 And closed her pilgrimag^e of woe.

TO MY COUNTRY.

*Written in Answer to a Friend who had solicited the Au-
 thor to go to America.*

OH ! how can I leave thee, my Country ! when thou
 Art press'd down with want and with care,
 When the cloud of Affliction lowers dark o'er thy brow,
 And thy voice is the voice of despair ?
 Oh ! how could I leave those my infancy rear'd,
 Or the friends who are bound to my heart !
 Who still in the hours of despondency cheer'd,
 Whom a thousand kind actions long, long have endear'd ;
 I sigh when ye say we should part.

Shall I leave thee, my Country ! when oft I have wept
 As I pored o'er the page of thy fame ?—
 Each leaf that I turn'd seem'd with hero's blood steep'd,
 Whom no tyranny ever could tame :

But say, does that current still run in thy veins
 That flow'd in these sons of thy love?
 Yes—the deeds of their offspring on Waterloo's plains,
 Proclaim that thy honour untarnish'd remains,
 And the world of the boast must approve.

I love thy sweet vallies so winding and long,
 Endear'd by achievements of yore,
 Where the wizard-stream's maze, and the merle's proud
 song,
 Unite to delight me still more ;
 I love even thy hills, where the heath-bell so red
 Expands in the first rays of morn,
 Where the shepherd lies listless, and tunes his loved reed
 While lambs sport around him, and fleecy flocks feed,
 Where no pathway the traveller has worn.

No! I'll never leave thee!—by many strong ties
 Thou art twined round my fond bosom's core ;
 Thy sorrows have often brought tears from my eyes—
 But, to part ! would afflict me still more :
 Yet soon shall thy day of deliverance dawn,
 When the mourners shall burst forth in song ;
 In the march of the nations thou'lt yet lead the van,
 And display every virtue that dignifies man,
 While the tide of thy years rolls along.

WALTER AND JEAN.

A TALE.

WHAT makes my Jeanie shrink frae view,
 When strangers visit here ?
 And still when loudest laughter's heard,
 Why does she drop a tear ?

Nae mair wi' kilted coats we see
 Thy middle jimp and sma' ;
 Nae mair, amang the maiden train,
 Thou bear'st the gree awa'.

Oft have I seen thee wander out,
 Beneath the moon's pale beam,
 Fain to relieve thy woe-swollen heart,
 By yonder lonely stream.

The roses now have left thy cheek,
 And languid is thine e'e ;
 I guess some secret cause of grief,
 Thou'st never told to me.

Young Jeanie sigh'd, while o'er her face
 Swift spread the flush o' shame ;
 So seems the crimson cloud of eve,
 That drinks the setting beam.

“ Oh ! had I died that day,” she said,
 “ When I came to your ha’,
 The earth had press’d a bosom then,
 Pure as the new-fa’en snaw !

“ Nae tongue o’ scandal then abroad,
 Had told my shamefu’ case ;
 Nor would a father’s heart been broke,
 Wi’ news o’ my disgrace.

“ O haste ! cauld Death, and ease the wretch,
 That Hope nae mair maun cheer ;”
 Young Walter clasp’d her to his breast,
 And kiss’d the falling tear.

“ O ! why such sad, despairing thoughts ?
 I’ve sworn by all on hie,
 Yon sun shall set to rise nae mair,
 Ere I prove false to thee !

“ I found thee ’mang the vassal train,
 And eyed thee lang wi’ care ;
 Nae bud o’ spring, nor summer flower,
 To me seem’d half sae fair.

“ I saw the maids of high descent,
 In Fashion’s tinsel shine ;
 But still my heart confess’d no power
 Nor winning form but thine.

And when I found thy yielding heart
 With mutual passion burn,
 I vow'd to Heaven, thou ne'er should'st bear
 The world's reproach and scorn.

“ This day should free thee from thy fears,
 Were't not my father's pride ;
 This day, thy fate linked fast to mine
 I'd claim thee for my bride.

“ But, oh ! I cannot vex his eild,
 A deed I sair might rue ;
 But fain would soothe his latest years,—
 Years that must now be few.

“ But soon thy bliss, like morn, shall dawn,
 Each day augment thy joy ;
 And those that now thy fate deride,
 May yet thy fate envy.”

“ O tell me not of future bliss !
 No joy for me remains !
 But in repentance' bitter tears,
 That ne'er can wash my stains.

“ I'll haste me to some other land,
 'Mang strangers hide my shame ;
 I'll never hear my friends lament,
 Nor yet my foes defame.

“ There shall my tears unheeded fa’,
 With every sigh I heave ;
 Till wasting sorrows end my days,
 And send me to my grave.”

“ Thou shalt not sae,” young Walter said,
 “ Still with thy parents stay ;
 What grief would wring my heart and their’s,
 To send thee thus away ?”

Young Walter here renewed his vows ;
 The maiden’s fears subside ;
 But still she kept her first resolve,
 Till she could be his bride.

“ Take, then,” he said, “ this purse of gold,—
 ’Tis all my little store ;
 Perhaps it may thee favour gain
 Among the lowly poor.

“ And may some kind, benignant hand,
 Thy wandering footsteps guide,
 Where sympathizing bosoms glow,
 And virtues still reside.

Next morn, Jean left young Walter’s ha’,
 As fast as she could hie ;
 And ay she turned to view the place,
 She scarce for tears could see.

And ay she turned to view the place,
 Dear source of all her pain ;
 A boding voice was on her ear,
 She ne'er would see't again.

In vain the lark aboon her head
 Salutes the new-born day,
 In vain the lambs on ilka hand
 Their wanton gambols play.

In vain the flowers beneath her feet,
 In dewy gems were drest,
 For nature had no charms to soothe
 Her sad desponding breast.

There's nae reek in my father's cot,
 They kenna I'm sae near ;
 Walter shall see I'll keep my threep,
 Though it should cost me dear.

O my poor father ! could they keep
 My tale of grief from thee,
 I would not sorrow wrung thy heart,
 For worthless child like me.

She wade the marsh, and clomb the hill,
 She swaift the mountain side ;
 Then, wearied, sought such lonely ha'
 As pilgrim's head might hide.

“ O will ye lodge a stranger here,
 That has nae hame ?” she said ;
 “ Or will ye keep for generous pay,
 A luckless, erring maid ?”

Out bespoke a beldame then,
 Her words pierced like a spear,
 “ Gin ye hae been some leman vile,
 Ye’s no get harbour here.

“ The curse of Heaven we well might fear
 Would light upon our head.”—
 Young Jeanie dropt a silent tear,
 And hastened out wi’ speed.

But ah ! this dame had got a heart
 To riches strongly glued,
 And soon she green’d for Jeanie’s gold,
 And soon the maid pursued.

“ O turn thee, turn thee, houseless nymph,
 Our ha’ shall be thy hame ;
 The night is dark, the roads are foul,
 And O thy feet are lame.”

She led her back a different way,
 Alangst a woody brake ;
 The ha’ dog howl’d, the screech-owl scream’d,
 And sair her limbs did shake.

She led her to a lonely room ;
 But lang ere it was day,
 Her gold was ta'en, her life was gane,
 And she lay cold as clay.

By moonlight oft the vassal throng
 Her fleeting form have seen,
 While gory seemed the neck and breast
 Of Walter's bonnie Jean !

TO THE REV. J—— W——

OH, W—— ! wale o' men maist dear !
 Wi' heart sae kind, and head sae clear ;
 I wish that thousands in the year
 Thou didst inherit,
 For thou would'st stop the bursting tear
 Of friendless Merit.

But thou hast what's mair worthy praise,
 A head illumed with Learning's rays ;
 Nor dost thou spend inglorious days,
 But, by Heaven's grace,
 Conduct'st through life's perplexing maze
 Part of our race.

Nor mark the evening redness shift
 Slaw round the ledgings o' the lift,
 Or silver Cynthia, wi' her drift

O' sterns sae bonnie ;—
 Na, na, there's nought but ceaseless thrift
 And toil for Johnnie !

Nor e'en when wintry tempests pour,
 Must I descend some mountain hoar,
 Where forests groan, and rivers roar,
 And eddies boil,
 Or ocean-billows lash the shore,
 In grand turmoil.

At best, on Nature's ample book,
 I've but a stol'n and short-lived look ;
 'Tis mine to toil mid noise and smoke,
 And durance dree,
 Till death's emancipating stroke
 Shall set me free.

Ye powers ! why then so formed my frame ?
 Why pants my bosom still for fame,
 And ardent glows the poet's flame ?—
 Oh, sad disgrace !
 The mad attempt should flush wi' shame
 My rustic face !

Why did I, even in early age,
 Enamoured, scan the glowing page?
 Or nature's charms my eye engage,
 And bosom warm,
 That not even want's relentless rage
 Could break the charm?

And now, even in my riper years,
 In spite of caution's chilling fears,
 In spite of critics' galling jeers,
 I seize the quill,
 To show my betters, and my peers,
 My tuneful skill.

But ah! the world's got such a taste,
 Disgrace, like a pale sheeted ghaist,
 With dread forbodings, haunts my breast,
 That *hope* should cheer:
 But why my moments should I waste
 On prospects drear?

O ye, who work frae day to day,
 Wi' sauls just like their case o' clay,
 On whose blest brain ne'er beamed a ray
 O' dear-bought science,
 'Tis yours to tread life's thorny way,
 In pain's defiance.

DEATH OF DEAR-MEAL JOHNNIE.

HAVE ye heard o' dear-meal Johnnie,
 Farmer in the Whitefield-know?
 He made gear as fast as ony,
 But his neighbours weel kenn'd how.

When maist crops were thin and scanty—
 Threatening us wi' famine drear,
 Johnnie's fields produced sic plenty,
 That we hoped for better cheer.

But their whin-stane hearted master,
 Heedless o' his neighbour's pain,
 (Though he gathered gear nae faster),
 Hiddlins cadged away his grain.

Ony stock that Johnnie keepit,
 Sennel dried pale Famine's tear:
 He had nane, sae aft he threepit,
 Poor folks roun' turn'd fley'd to speir.

When they spoke, 'twas neist to crying,
 John seemed sae confounded dull—
 Still away his head was shying,
 Glooming like a boxing bull.

Stanes to sell, nought made him willing,
 No entreaty, no advice,
 Till he bargain'd for a shilling
 Clear aboon the market price.

Still the price he gript sae greedy—
 Parted wi' the meal sae laith ;
 Had na folk borne't aff gay speedy,
 John would soon hae claimed them baith.

Then, O gracious ! what a favour,
 John would shake his head and tell ;
 He would play the like o't never,—
 Sell sae cheap and pinch himsel'.

When our betters sought subscriptions,
 For folks in a needy case,
 John rampaged and made eruptions,
 That struck terror through the place.

“ Deil tak' them, and their poor bodies,”
 John cried out, “ they'll gang wi' a' ;
 I could see them hanged wi' woddies,
 That projected sic a law.”

When John travelled, 'twas surprising.
 Let the road be short or lang,
 Still the news were, “ meal is rising,”
 This was John's unceasing sang.

Then wi' looks and words sae holy,
 As he'd been a first rate Saint,
 Cried, "the poor folk's pride and folly,
 Hae brought us a' this dearth and want."

But Johnnie, by sic wily measures,
 Soon got siller at command ;
 Whiles he thought to bank his treasures,
 Whiles he thought to purchase land.

Whilk way he wad be maist winner,
 Much he thought, and much he spak' ;
 Till, never noticed,—ah ! poor sinner !—
 Death stood girnin' at his back.

Though wi' years he wasna laded,
 Nature's debt he now must pay ;—
 Many an omen dire preceded
 That unlook'd-for, dreadful day.

Oft his wraith had been seen gliding,
 'Mang the meal sacks i' the spence ;
 Till the house-folks scarce could bide in't—
 Terrified maist out o' sense.

Thrice a voice was heard loud crying,
 Grating as the ass's bray—
 "Johnnie, haste, prepare for dying !
 Johnnie, haste, and come away !"

'Neath his head the dead-watch tinkled,
 Constant as the lapse of time ;
 Frae his bed the dead-light twinkled,
 Wi' its blue and sulphurous flame.

'Neath his bed auld Bawty scrapit
 A' day—thrang as thrang could be,
 Made a hole, sae grave-like shapit,
 Folk glowr'd, quaking, in to see.

And on the dreary kirk-yard road ay
 By night he raised sic eldrich howls,—
 Weel he kenned his master's body
 Soon must mix amang the mools.

Frae the wattles dead-drops spatter'd ;
 At the candles dead-speals hang ;
 Pyets rave his thack, and chatter'd ;
 In folk's lugs the dead-bell rang.

Mae signs yet, weel worth repeating,
 Had the Muse but time to shaw ;
 John's auld grannie tells them, greeting,—
 She had heard or seen them a'.

Johnnie still gaed gite for riches,—
 Hoarded meal still worse and worse,
 At ilk new expedient catches,
 To enlarge his stores and purse.

But his schemes proved a' presumption,—
 When the foreign stuff came here,
 This gie'd him a dread consumption
 That nae learned leech could cure.

A great crop just then ensuing,
 Made him lank o' chaft and wame,
 Folk cried a' 'twould prove his ruin—
 Send him soon to his lang hame.

News soon reached each dear meal-monger,
 How it did wi' Johnnie fare ;
 Soon the lads that lived by hunger,
 Round his bed o' death repair.

“ Why, my friends,” cries John, “ such crying ?
 Why for me such floods o' tears ?
 Ah ! I see you think me dying—
 Too well grounded are your fears,

“ Near my hour o' fate is drawing ;
 Soon you'll bear me to the tomb ;
 I'm resigned, since meal be fa'ing—
 I'll win frae the ills to come.

“ Had the markets keepit steady—
 Had sic luck been constant given,
 (Folk should never be owre greedy,)
 I would sought nae better heaven.

“ Oft I dream o’ B—— and L——,
 Douse men ! they’ll never mair come here ;
 Never mair we’ll try to solder,
 ’Bout our corn, our meal, or bear.

“ Dealing now’s turned very kittle ;
 Tak’ your dying friend’s advice,
 Store up a’ your bags o’ victual—
 Your best merchants rats and mice.

“ Now desist frae a’ your liming,
 It expense will never pay,
 Till our Maker send a famine,
 In his own blest time and way.

“ Farewell now, my friends and brothers !
 Farewell barns and stack-yards fu’ !
 Farewell horses, cows, and wedders !
 Farewell bonny Whitefield-knowe !”

Now the neighbours—in they brought them,
 Till the house filled fu’ o’ folk,
 Lest some watching fairies got him,
 And left naething but a block.

Calm they were, lest, by their crying,
 They had brought him back again,
 And prolonged his pain o’ dying,
 By their loud untimely mane.

Now John's ghost, sae lank and mealy,
 Hastens to the joiner's shop—
 Near his wife, or 'prentice chielie,
 Gart the coffin measure rap.

A' night lang it planed and knockit,
 'Las ! poor ghaist ! how sair it ply't,—
 Gat a coffin made and blackit,
 Syne gaed rangin' in to dry't.

Weel sic signs the joiner ken'd them,
 They predicted him nae skaith,
 But a job would soon be sent him,
 By his constant friend—KING DEATH.

JAMIE LOWTHER.

SOL, frae the western sky, was low'ring,
 Sinking into Ocean's lap ;
 Birds and beasts to dens were couring,
 Nature asked her nightly nap.

'Twas nae sae wi' Jamie Lowther—
 He for scornfu' Kate did green ;
 Love had gien his heart a scouter,
 Wide and waukrife were his e'en.

Slowly frae his hame he wanders ;
 Slowly, slowly climbs a brae,
 Where nae tell tale echo manners,
 That could mock him when sae wae.

Thrice owre did he dight the water
 Drapin' down his cheeks an' beard ;
 Thrice owre Kattie's name did clatter—
 Then sunk breathless on the yird.

Clokes and paddocks round him happit,
 Wae to see the lad sae shent,
 Whilst this dolefu' tale he sabit,
 Groofings on the cauldrie bent.

“ Kattie, Kattie, what's the matter ?
 Are ye gaun to be my death ?
 Sure nae lad can love you better—
 Na, I'm free to gie my aith.

“ Aften hae I crossed the heather,
 Plashin' through baith thick and thin,
 Glad wi' you ay to forgether—
 Now ye scorn to let me in.

“ This has dung my senses frae me—
 This has broke my heart quite through—
 This forewarns me ye'll no hae me,
 Though I die in love for you.

“ Runkled is my brow wi’ furrows,
 Formed by Love’s unceasing smart,
 While Cupid wi’ his barbed arrows
 Pierces through my bleeding heart.

“ Ance I was a fat stark fallow,
 Few wi’ me could putt a stane,
 Now I’ve neither flesh nor tallow,
 A’ my sap and strength are gane.

“ Late and aire I ance was busy,
 Cleekin’ cash frae ilka hand ;
 Now quite thowless, lank, and lazy,
 At the darg I downa stand.

“ Ye’ll hae nane but spend-thrift Davie,
 Not a bankit mite has he ;
 Frae starvation nought can save ye—
 Some time ye’ll find this nae lie.

“ Ah! your foresight maun be shallow ;
 Will nae telling gar ye mend ?
 Sick a dressy, drunken fallow,
 Soon will a’ your tocher spend.

“ When that mony a hungry wamie,
 Round you pines for want o’ bread,
 Then ye’ll think o’ thrifty Jamie,
 Wha beneath the sod lies dead.

“ For, wi’ pain and grief sae laden,
 Soon I’ll glut the greedy grave ;
 In the bloom o’ life I’m fadin’—
 Now your smile could scarcely save.

“ But, though voggie now you vaunt ay,
 What you’ve made poor Jamie dree,
 Think how my pale ghost may haunt you
 And revenge your ills to me.

“ In some moonless night o’ winter,
 When nae mortal form is near,
 Should my sheeted likeness enter,
 How your guilty heart would fear !

“ Then you’ll think how ance you used me—
 Witched me on wi’ monie a smile,
 Till love’s moody madness seized me ;
 Then you shew’d you could beguile.”

Such was Jamie’s dolefu’ ditty ;—
 Had his Kattie but been near,
 Sure the damsel, moved wi’ pity,
 Wad hae tried his heart to cheer.

Now, poor chield, he dought nae langer
 Bide the gurlly blasts o’ night ;
 Hamewards straight he tried to slanger,
 But his heart was far frae right.

THE DEATH OF LAIRD JOHNSTONE.

A BLUE low twinkled on the stream,
 Which nightly wanderers saw ;
 And oft were warning spirits seen
 And heard near Johnstone's Ha'.

Young Johnstone was a gallant youth,
 The fairest swain on Milk ;
 His cheeks the ruddy blush of morn—
 His hair fair India's silk.

O'er hill and dale, o'er moor and moss,
 On limbs athletic borne ;
 Cæsar and Phœbe by his side—
 Thus flew life's glowing morn.

And when the hunting-time was out,
 To servile toils a foe,
 With rod, and line, and winged hook,
 He to the stream would go.

Cæsar and Phœbe too were there,
 In wanton guise I ween,
 To catch the crimson speckled trout,
 That flounced upon the green.

Cæsar and Phœbe well he loved,
 And oft to them would say,
 "Haste ! come my guardians of the night—
 Companions of the day.

"With you I'll leave the haunts of strife,
 Soon as the morning dawns ;
 I know your fawnings are not false,
 Like those of brother man's.

"And will you mourn, should cruel death
 My days untimely end ?
 'Yes, more than all, the dogs would grieve,
 For their departed friend."

For oft presages of his fate
 Upon his heart were borne,
 Which bade him lift his heart to heaven,
 And hold life's joys in scorn.

And ah ! disease soon mark'd him out
 With more than deadly aim ;
 Through all his veins the poison crept,
 And shivering shook his frame.

Then changing—fever's burning rage
 Allows him no repose ;
 Though still his maddening frenzied brain
 With former pursuits glows.

“ Cæsar and Phœbe come along,
 We'll climb yon Burnswark steep ;—
 Curse on my thundering gun's resound;
 It scares the timid sheep !

“ But ah ! yon covey is not broke—
 My hand has lost its skill ;
 Cæsar and Phœbe bound away,
 We'll higher climb the hill.

“ The dog-star rages, 'tis too hot,
 I'll hasten to the stream ;
 Ye sable clouds o'erspread the sun,
 And quench his burning beam.”

Thus would he rave, till, on a night,
 More calm he seemed to be,—
 His wakeful nurse then turned aside,
 And closed her weary ee.

But, ah ! his frenzy soon returned,
 When from his bed he flew,
 And plunged into the gloom of night,
 Unseen to mortal view !

They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him round and round,
 Till in the deepest pool of Milk,
 Young Johnstone's corse was found.

No parent left for thee, dear youth,
 To pour the soul distrest,
 Or bid the daisy-whitened turf
 Lie lightly on thy breast!

Thy dumb companions now no more
 'Midst heathery uplands roam ;
 But, dreeping with the dews of morn,
 Couch duteous by thy tomb.

There oft they pace it round and round,
 With solemn steps and slow,
 While vaulted roofs and hollow tombs
 Prolong their notes of woe!

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

It was in Nithsdale's cauldriſe wastes,
 Where culture's hand's unseen,
 With nought but moss and heath-clad hills,
 And winding streams between ;

There stood poor widow Marion's house,
 Far frae the beaten way,
 And seldom by the wanderer seen,
 Save when he went astray.

Now sunk in eild,—though once in youth
 A shepherd's pride and joy—
 Her husband's image still she rear'd,
 In her poor orphan boy.

Sma' was the house, and sma' the stores,
 That Providence had given ;
 But resignation soothed her heart,
 And pious hope in heaven.

Such was her case, when Charlie's cause
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae,
 And made her noblest blood in streams
 Flow down Culloden's brae.

Wi' bloody sword, and burning torch,
 The Southern soldiers ran ;
 And meikle dool and sorrow brought,
 To many a house and man.

Whilst raging thus, a straggl'ing few
 Did at poor Marion's ca',
 And straight for beef and bacon cried,
 To staunch their hungry maw.

“No beef nor bacon's here,” she said,]
 “But butter, milk, and greens ;”
 Syne quick she gat a meltith made,
 And welcomed them like friens.

But ane mair fierce than a' the rest,

Did cupboard view, and shelf—

“Sure, dame, ye've got some hidden stores,

What live you on yourself?”

“Alas! my stores are very sma',

When wi' the rich compared,

I've, with the blessing of my God,

My cow and green kale-yard.”

“Is this thy all,” in rage he cries,

And furious knit his brow;

Syne sallied out and cut her greens,

Then stabbed her little cow.

And loud, and wild, they raised the laugh,

As Crummie weltering lay;

Hitch'd up their knapsacks on their backs,

And merry marched away.

“My son! my son! our all is gone—

Heaven has mysterious ways;

And mirky is the cloud o'er shades

The remnant of my days.

“I thought, yestreen, when thou wast fee'd,

That a' my waes were past;

But oft a smiling sun forebodes

The maist destructive blast.

“ Now I maun gang and beg my bread,
 Far fremit folks amang ;
 But ah ! this breaking heart foretells,
 I will not beg it lang.”

“ My mother, why beneath this stroke
 Sae sair d’ye crouching bow ?
 Yoursel’ shall soon repair the yard,
 And my wage buy a cow.”

“ Alas ! my son, thy little wage
 Will scarce for claise supply ;
 Ere toil and time repair the yard,
 For famine I shall die.

“ Now I maun bide, through a’ the day,
 Ilk bitter blast that blaws,
 And lie in kilns and barns a’ night,
 Wi’ riven and hollow wa’s.

“ But lang from Charity’s cauld hand
 Sic boons I’ll not receive ;
 And thy first task shall be, my son,
 To dig thy mother’s grave.”

She went away ;—but what she spaed
 Turned out, in time too true.—
 Her son, with pious care, performed
 What funeral rites were due.

And lightly o'er the hallowed dust
 He laid the sod sae green ;
 And, turning, hid the filial tear,
 That bursted frae his een.

“ O God of vengeance ! guide my feet
 To him that did this harm,
 (He prayed) my mother's sacred cause
 Shall surely nerve my arm !”

The prayer was heard—and soon he lists
 In Britain's warlike bands ;
 And soon was sent to face her faes,
 That fought in foreign lands.

He joined in battle's bloody fray,
 But felt no harm annoy ;
 And syne he joined the festive band,
 That raised the song of joy.

And while the merry minstrels paused,
 Each told his prank and tale,
 Rejoicing 'midst the carnage wide,
 Their banes were soun' and hale.

But ane, mair noisy than the rest,
 Did gain attention much ;
 “ Hark how, my boys, upon a time
 I ser'd a Nithsdale witch.

“ She said her stores were very sma’
 When wi’ the rich compared ;
 She’d wi’ the blessing o’ her God,
 A cow and green kail-yard.

“ “ Is that thy all ! ” I sternly cried,
 And furious knit my brow,
 Syn e sallied out and cut her greens,
 Then stabbed her little cow.”

“ And didst thou ne’er repent of that ? ”
 Our youth impatient spoke ;
 “ Repent of what ! ” the boaster cried,
 “ It was too good a joke ! ”

“ By Heaven ! that was my mother dear,
 That thou bereft of a’ ;
 Behold me her avenger here !
 Draw ! bloody villain, draw ! ”

Pale, pale then grew the coward’s cheek,
 And shook his heart and hand ;
 Yet shame forbade he should deny
 To wield his trusty brand.

But soon th’ avenger’s gleaming sword,
 That scorned opposing art,
 Splash’d in the bubbling stream of life,
 And shivered through his heart !

VERSES TO ———

THE dew hang glistening on the thorn,
 The birdies sang from every bough ;
 And sweetly rose the vernal morn,
 When first, my Jean, I met wi' you.

I mind the place, yon daisied lee,
 Where a wee burnie wimples near,
 Where first you owned your love to me,
 And ay sinsyne that spot's been dear.

The lammies loupit on the lea,
 Frae mang the broom the linties sang ;
 The cuckoo answered frae the tree ;
 Wi' love and joy creation rang.

It wasna wealth, it wasna kin,
 That ruled us on our wedding day ;
 Love did our courtship first begin,
 And still sweet love has borne the sway.

What though we're poor, we've honest been,
 And still had something yet to spare ;
 Thus blest between ourselves, my Jean,
 On earth what can we wish for mair ?

When toil is o'er, though banes be sair,
 On eagle wings I hameward flee,
 Transported if I can but share
 One hour with my sweet babes and thee.

What will we leave them when we're gane?—
 Nae goud nor gear from us they'll claim;
 We'll leave them what's mair worth, my Jean,
 We'll leave them an unspotted name.

When life's short wintry day is past,
 Wi' a' its toils, its pains, and care,
 We'll meet again, my Jean, at last,
 We'll meet again to part nae mair.

BODKIN BEN.

“Youths beware of Love.”

BODKIN BEN, that rare claith clipper,
 Lately hailed frae London town,
 Is sae sick he taks nae sipper,
 And sae daft, he lies na down.

At yon farmer's winnock, nightly,
 Still he taks his eerie stan' ;
 Treading a' the way sae lightly,
 That ye'd think a ghaist was gaun.

See him at his wonted station ;
 Hark ! he tells his tale of woe :—
 “ Jeanie, flower o' a' creation,
 Will thy answer still be No ?

“ See my legs wi' mud bespattered ;
 Mony a syke for thee I wade ;
 Fin' my cheeks, wi' tears they're watered,
 A' for thee, thou cruel maid !

“ Here at thy back broken winnock,
 Shivering cauld I stan' and start ;
 Neither whisky, broth, nor bannock,
 Thou'lt rax out to warm my heart.

“ Ance thou wast baith blithe and cheerie,
 Gae me meat and mony a kiss ;
 Now ye skirl gif I come near ye—
 Wha can treatment bear like this ?

“ Here's a stump, if its no rotten,
 On't I'll hang, and sae be free,
 By the neck, just like a button—
 'Twill be sweet to swing for thee !

“ There’s a pool—ane’s fley’d to look in’t,
 Low down in your master’s linn,
 Fegs I’ll tak’ a deadly douk in’t—
 Your disdain will shoot me in.

“ While a travelling through Great Britain,
 O what dashing dames I’ve seen !
 But my eyes were never set on
 Ane sae cross as thee, my Jean.

“ I, who spurned a London Lady,
 Fistling in her silken pride,
 Now maun die a laught-at body,
 For a wench on Annan’s side.

“ Though thou’st used me sae unkindly,
 See what aft has fanned my flame—
 Here’s my laboard polished finely,
 Where my sheers have carved thy name.

“ Often have I kissed each letter,
 Fancying them thy lips o’ keel ;
 Whilst thy image, every feature,
 Was stamped upon my heart sae leel.

“ Here’s my goose, that’s aft been toasted,
 Till the spittle fizzed along ;
 Just as warm a heart I boasted—
 How could’st thou that heart sae wrang ?

“Here’s my bodkin, sheers, and thimble,
 Mak’ them keepsakes o’ my trade ;
 Oft wi’ them my hands gaed nimble,
 Thousands they hae boutched and cled.

“Fareweel now, my friens and country,
 Fareweel now my fraward Jean ;
 Nought’s for me but death’s dark pantry,
 Mooly wa’s and roof o’ green.”

Jean, by this, had weighed the matter,
 And Ben’s frenzy to dispell,
 Slyly got a dish and water,
 The burning flame o’ love to quell.

Roun’ Ben’s lugs a rain-shower drizzled,
 Wet him a’ baith breast and back ;
 Spoiled his forelocks, finely frizzled ;
 Gae his soul a torturing rack.

“Gods !” he cried, “the stream’s debasing !
 By my needle, book, and natch,
 Soon the house shall get a raising,
 For thy tricks, thou waur than witch !”

Swift the laboard broke the lozen,
 Crash the goose gaed through the door ;
 Labour’s sons gat nae mair dozing ;
 Up got either three or four.

Soon they brought a gun down, laden,
 After Ben syne rin and loup ;
 Ere that he got safely hidden,
 Hail-shot dir'd him i' the doup.

NICKY'S LAMENT.

WHEN gousty Winter, like poor mortal worms,
 Is hadden thrang a manufacturing storms,
 When o'er the world the whitening tempest teems,
 And sends his frost to chain the wimpling streams ;
 When o'er the door we scarce a journey tak',
 Save when the winds are tirling aff the thack ;
 When poor herd lads, to keep theirsels frae cauld,
 Around their backs their thickest happins fauld,
 Syne look their sheep, and carefu' pry about,
 'Mang frozen wreaths, to houk the smoor'd anes out.

In this cauld time, begrutten Nicky sat,
 O'er a sma' ingle, mourning for her Wat,
 Wha' 'gainst her will, had for a soldier gane,
 She mourn'd for Wat, and thus she made her mane :—

O Wattie, Wattie ! gin I binna sad,
 To think o' thee, O thou poor luckless lad !

Thy foolish turns have often caused me smart,
 But oh ! this last I fear will break my heart.
 I brought thee up, when young, wi' muckle care,
 Wi' my ain shift, atweel I hadna mair ;
 Thy cruel dad, that triumph'd to my shame,
 Laid naething in for either back or wame :
 O doubly guilty ! led me first astray,
 Then gave me up, to cruel want, a prey.
 Sair, sair I wrought, though little I could save,
 To get thee claise and learning like the lave.
 My meals were light, and few beside, I trow,
 When thou gaed louping wi' a belly fou :
 But thou grew up, and made me flechterin fain,
 I, mither-like, was prided o' my ain.
 In eild, and want, I hoped thou'd bring relief ;
 O foolish thought ! thou'st brought me nought but grief.
 Folk needna ferlie that I look sae wae,
 When thou'rt gane frae me, now I hae nae mae :
 Nae doubt thou had'st right soon to ser' the fremit ;
 But I was poor, and sae I couldna men' it :
 Folk wad hae thought it a black burning shame,
 Had I kept thee still idling on at hame.

In weath'ry days, when near, I loot thee in ;
 And for thy sake got mony a drouket skin ;
 Ilk fortnight's end how blithe was I to see
 The happy night that brought thee hame to me ;
 I gied thee dainties lang kept for thy sake,
 The sappy pudding, or the butter cake ;

Kaim'd thy white head, and men't thy claise wi' care,
 While thy clean sark hang warming o'er the chair.
 Thou wast ta'en care of—O! what gart thee list,
 And leave thy mother heart-broke and distrest?
 Yet though thou'st left me, can I cease to feel
 A mother's heart that yearns to hae thee weel?
 Now far frae me—far frae thy native place,
 Thou win'st thy bread, 'mang mony a fremit face.
 Nae mother now thy secret plaint to hear,
 To gie advice, or drop the useless tear;
 To make thy bed, when sickness gars thee lie;
 To bathe thy feet, or aching head to tie.
 Sic things thou min't na on that fatal day,
 When frae my grips thou rave thysel away:
 What I felt then, may my worst foes ne'er share;
 I wrung my hands—I tore my lyart hair:
 I cried "My Watt!" when I could scarcely speak,
 While tears in speats ran down my wrinkled cheek;
 I cried "My Watt! O wi' me, wi' me bide!"
 While my swoln heart was like to burst my side;
 Till even the serjeant did his right resign,
 (For every heart was wae for me, but thine!)
 Still thou march'd on regardless o' my state,
 "Thou'd be a soldier—nought wad wile thee frae't!"
 O hadst thou died!—but why prefer thy death?
 Even then the grave should soon have had us baith!
 I'll try to bear't, and watch how a' turns out;
 Heaven has strange ways of fetching things about:

This sodgering, that maist has been my dead,
May yet turn out to do my bairn some gude.

Ye powers aboon! that make the gude your care,
O hear for ance a troubled mother's prayer!
Tent my poor bairn, and him in safety keep,
While he's a-sailing o'er the stormy deep,
And land him safely on some friendly place,
And keep him there frae every foul disgrace,
Mak' wars to cease, by thy supreme command,
That he again may see his native land.

Thus Nicky spake—she couldna silence keep—
But now the world was a' maist gane to sleep;
She loosed her preens, her garters, and her whangs,
Stapt in a peat, and co'er'd it wi' the tangs;
Syne bit by bit she doffed her duds o' claes,
And took the bed, that sleep might ease her waes.
At ilka step she said, and sigh'd fu sair,
“O my poor Watt! I'll never see thee mair!”

TO MRS J——

When leaving her native place to go to America.

SINCE, M——, thy departure's near,
Who can suppress the sigh and tear,
Or prayer to Heaven addressed?

Now bound for a far distant shore,
 Thy lovely form we'll see no more,
 With every grace impressed.

No more 'tis ours to drink the joy,
 That flows from thy all cheering eye,
 And still more winning smile ;
 Nor hear the accents of thy tongue,
 Sweet as a minstrel's harp when strung,
 That soothes our griefs the while.

What though no lovers homage pay,
 And all impassion'd ask thy stay,
 With vows and prayers sincere ;
 Sure Friendship pleads with watery eyes,
 And every fond expedient tries,—
 But ah! thy home's not here.

Sure thou hast got some powerful spell—
 A something that no words can tell,
 That opens every heart ;
 Or whence these fond endearments paid ?
 And why so wide a grief display'd
 To see thee thus depart ?

Thy husband is thy polar star,
 Whose influence reaches from afar,
 Thy heart its magnet true ;

For him thou brav'st, without dismay,
 The terrors of the watery way,
 Now bursting on thy view.

May He, who pour'd the gulphy main,
 And holds its proudest waves in chain,
 And bounds its flowing tide,
 Still, with a guardian's care, thee keep,
 And mark a pathway through the deep,
 Where safe thy bark may glide.

Anon to make thy bliss complete,
 In happy hour thy husband meet,
 Free from all fear's alarms ;
 What joy supreme for him to see,
 Once more, his dear lov'd babes and thee,
 And clasp you in his arms.

Canada, dress'd in Summer's bloom,
 Shall round thee waft each sweet perfume,
 And charm thy every sense ;—
 O may it prove a friendly shore,
 And all thy wanderings then be o'er,
 And Joy's bright reign commence.

TO THE BIBLE.

O Truth Divine ! enlightened by thy ray
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.

ARBUTHNOT.

ALL hail ! thou noblest boon of Heaven,
To darkling man in mercy given,
To guide him through life's devious way,
To scenes of everlasting day !
There are who vent on thee their rage,
As if no Heaven-inspired page,
To lull their consciences to rest,
Or give their sins a double zest ;
But sure the virtuous and the good
Have often seal'd thy truths with blood,—
Will own thy cause—for thee contend,
Till Time and Nature have an end.

What are those tomes of human lore,
On which we all so fondly pore ?
The light they give, the glow-worm's ray,
While thine transcends the source of day.
Who fram'd this mass of solid ground,
And poured a mighty ocean round ?
Who spread these heavens of marvellous height,
With all their rolling orbs of light ?

Or if these arduous tasks were done
 By many Gods or only one ?
 In vain did scientific pride
 Attempt to draw the veil aside ;
 What were its ever-varying schemes,
 But wild and visionary dreams—
 In darkness more and more involved,
 Till thy first lines the problem solved ?

Why is man, seeming lord below,
 Still doom'd to vent the sigh of woe ?
 Whence comes his weak and sickly frame,
 And passions none can wholly tame ?
 Search the Records of hoary Time,
 Through every nation, age, and clime ;
 Armies of pain our race pursue,—
 Dark clouds of fate appal our view ;
 And to sum up our woes while here,
 Death stalks terrific in the rear ;
 Meanwhile our guilt-foreboding eyes,
 A hell beyond the grave descries.
 Why has a power all grace and love,
 Such woes on wretched man entailed ?
 To find the cause in vain we strove,
 Till thy blest page the truth unveiled.

As if on eagle wings upborne,
 Thou show'st us man's creation morn,
 The semblance glorious and divine,
 That made his face majestic shine ;

His eye, with keen instinctive glance,
 Look'd through all nature's works at once ;
 While in his new created frame,
 Glowed pure devotion's hallowed flame ;
 And on his brow, in radiance' sheen,
 Thy bloom, immortal Youth, was seen.
 But man rebels against his God,—
 His ear to hellish counsel lends ;
 From age to age Heaven's vengeful rod,
 Hence on his guilty head descends.

And now he found to his sad cost,
 Though duty bound, his power was lost,—
 His conscience own'd Heaven's lawful sway,
 But own'd a debt he could not pay ;
 In his lone ear still sounds the cry—
 “ Ye sons of men *obey or die.*”
 What task shall we now undertake ?
 What costly immolations make ?
 Can nature's light a plan display,
 To wash our num'rous sins away ?
 Blest Book ! didst thou teach us no more,
 Well might we then our case deplore ;
 But soothing are thy words and sweet,
 No more by guilty fears alarmed,
 Thou hast proclaim'd a Saviour meet,
 'And heavenly vengeance hast disarmed,

In Thee alone the balm is found,
 That heals our bleeding nature's wound,
 From faith in thee true virtue springs,
 And ransomed man exulting sings ;
 What can proud human science say,
 Beyond this life's short wintry day ?
 Though prone through nature's works to roam,
 Her *ne plus ultra* is the tomb ;
 And can no certain answer give,
 If our dry bones shall ever live.
 Thou leav'st us not when thus forlorn,
 With all our rays of glory shorn ;
 But on our future fearful night,
 Thou pour'st thy beams of heavenly light ;
 Such scenes thou bring'st before our view,
 As human fancy never drew.
 A day shall come,—perhaps 'tis near,
 When well a guilty world may fear,—
 When stationed both on sea and shore,
 An angel cries that time's no more ;
 When the last trump, with sound so dread,
 Shall cleave the ground and wake the dead—
 Pierce even Old Ocean's briny wave,
 And call man from his watery grave ;
 While heaven and earth, old Nature's frame,
 Dissolves in one consuming flame,
 And through th' immensity of space,
 Is found for them no more a place.

A throne is form'd, as high on air,
 Round which the human race repair,
 When the dread record then of Heaven
 To every gazer's eye is given ;
 In letters far more bright than gold,
 The good man's deeds are there enroll'd ;
 The sable taints which 'gainst him stood,
 Washed off by his Redeemer's blood.
 Then, hail ! ye suffering sons of earth !
 Who piety's blest cause maintain'd,
 In nature's glorious second birth,
 A residence for you's ordain'd.

No devil there shall tempt to sin,
 Nor corrupt passions lurk within,
 The palm of victory ye have won,—
 You've gain'd your heavenly goal ;
 Your tears of grief no more shall flow,
 Nor bosoms throb with sighs of woe,
 Your sun of bliss shall brighter glow,
 While endless ages roll.

And shall I wear your golden crown ?
 And walk in robes of white,
 And tune a harp of sweetest sound,
 Amongst the sons of light ?
 I shall ! or dreadful is my doom !—
 In thy mysterious world to come
 There is no middle place ;

In fearful language thou hast told,
That Tophit is ordain'd of old,
For all who spurn Heaven's grace.

In Thee man's rise and end we trace,
Great drama of the human race.

SONGS.

MY BONNY JEAN.

COME, sit by me, my bonny Jean,
Wi' thy lint locks and slae-black e'en ;
The cause o' a my grief an' tean,
Is still thy shy disdain, lassie.

I've been a toiler from my youth—
Born winter's snaws and summer's drouth ;
And for ae kiss o' thy sweet mouth,
Could bear them a' again, lassie.

Sweet is the dawn o' summer's morn,
The primrose bank and blooming thorn,
The yellow mead and waving corn ;
But not sae sweet as thee, lassie.

Were thousands ten left me to-day,
 Not half such bliss would it convey,
 As five sweet words that thou canst say,—
 That thou lov'st nane but me, lassie!

What mean these blushes on thy cheek?
 Oh! more to me than words they speak,
 That not in vain I favour seek,
 For thou art a' my ain, lassie.

I'll take thee to my father's ha',
 That stands beside yon beechen shaw,
 Where stormy blasts could never blow,—
 There o'er my heart thou'lt reign, lassie.

For thee I'll work baith late and air,
 And a' my winnings with thee share;
 And when they're maist I'll wish them mair,
 Just for the sake o' thee, lassie,

Life's day's in Fortune's varying power,—
 It's sunshine whiles, and whiles a shower;
 But, to my last departing hour,
 Thoul't find nae change in me, lassie.

O! MITHER, I'SE GAUN TO BE MARRIED.

O! MITHER, I'se gaun to be married,
 And wha, pray, can hae sic a right?
 Our Johnny's about me sae carried,
 He canna get sleepit at night.

Through a' the mirk hours till the morning,
 He begs me to be his sweet wife ;
 I'll plague him nae mair wi' my scorning,
 For fear it should cost him his life.

At meal-time, when we hae a meeting,
 Warm love's blinking still in his e'e,
 Poor chiel', he can scarcely get eating,
 He's ay sae thrang looking at me.

In har'st time, when hay-ricks are leading,
 To kep me, he'll maist rin a mile ;
 If his love it war na past biding,
 He never wad think it worth while.

Last market, his arles he wair'd out,
 And bought me a fairing sae free,
 I'm sure that ye a' got a part o't,
 And needna scall oft sae at me.

Auld Blench, too, our down-the-town cottar,
 She read me the cups but yestreen,
 And says, that its sic a sure matter,
 Objections are no worth a preen.

She gae us a dainty braid mailing,
 Wi' routh o' fat sheep, horse, and kye,
 Sae it's never be said it's my failing,
 To let sic a fortune gae by.

And ten bonny bairns to my Johnny,
 Ay time about, dochter and son ;
 And since I'm to bear him sae monie,
 Its high time that I was begun.

Besides, ye should mind it, auld mither,
 Ye were younger than me I could swear,
 Whan ye ran o'er the march wi' my father,
 And durst na gang back for a year.

A SONG, MADE IN EARLY LIFE.

Now, the yird in a new suit's appearing,
 The hills and the dales are a' green ;
 And ilka thing's airy and cheering,
 But me, sighing on for my Jean.

In youdeth my looks are fast fading,
 I'm nought like the chiel I hae been ;
 The fates hae laid on me sic lading,
 To love, without hopes of my Jean.

Just now in our caussa I met her—
 She killed me maist dead wi' her e'en ;
 The love in my bosom burnt hetter,
 That no ane can slocken but Jean.

O but she suits me to a tittle,—
 Sae through-gaun, sae thrifty, and clean ;
 For the world I wad na gae a spittle,
 Were I but possessed o' my Jean.

Yet, the want o't gars me gang despairing—
 Quite sheepish, hen-hearted, and mean ;
 Even fain at a distance to stare on,
 The sweets that are centered in Jean.

At markets and fairs I've been mony,
 And routh o' braw lasses hae seen ;
 But, though they were buskit and bonny,
 Alas ! they were nought to my Jean.

O loks ! if she dinna tak' me,
 'Tis certain I'll greet out my e'en ;
 O'er Misery's black brink it will shake me,
 The love-ruined victim of Jean.

SONG,

In conformity with the doctrine of Maltheus.

STAY at hame, stay at hame, my ain son, Willie ;
 The road ye wad gang is unsonsy, I fear ;
 To marry enow surely would be a folly,
 When wark is sae scarce, and meal is sae dear.

Ha'e ye got a house, that snug ye can bide in ?
 It ought to be beild, though it needna be braw ;
 Ha'e ye got your meal and plenishing laid in ?—
 When ye get a wife, lad, she'll look for them a'.

Last wages ye wan ye wair'd on ae claithing,
 And whan they're worn out ye've naething for mae ;
 For meal and for plenishing yet ye've got naething ;
 O ! how can ye marry, when circumstanced sae ?

Just look at lang Neddy, that works at the draining—
 Wha borrowed his sipper-meal late here yestreen ;
 Of his wants and his woes he's for ever complaining,
 And the tear of his sorrows ne'er dries in his e'en.

To see liis wee bairnies a' roun' him come flocking,
 A' raggit and shilpit, and yelpin' for bread,—
 I've oft heard him wish, with a heart amaist broken,
 That he and the hailware were rotten and dead.

And look at wee Dick, o' the Moogart ha' loaning,
 Who deaved us a' ance wi' his sangs and his jokes ;
 As soon as he married, his mirth turned to moaning,
 And he now seeks his bread wi' a cuddy an' pocks.

And think on your billies cooped up in a market,
 Forced to offer for sale a' their toil and their sweat ;
 In vain they tell over what things they can work at,—
 Their masters will soon think them dear o' their meat.

The wide fiel' o' labour, my Willie's o'er-stockit,
 They've eaten the sward till the red mool is seen ;
 To marry enōw, ye'd be war than a blockhead,—
 The fae o' your species far mair than their frien'.

Be wise—and first gather a purse, my dear Willie,
 In every case wealth its a comfort to hae ;
 Sic affairs of great moment should ay be done hooly,
 If Jean winna wait, ye maun e'en let her gae.

THE BANKS OF CORRIE.

Now snaw has clad ilk neighbouring hill,
 And frost has chained the gurgling rill,
 And a' the feathered choir are still,
 Alang the banks of Corrie.

Yet still, sweet place, thou'rt dear to me—
 The buss, the burnie, and the tree,
 Where first I caught my Willie's ee,
 All on the banks of Corrie.

He praised my waist, sae jimp and sma',
 My een sae blue, my skin like snaw,
 And said I bore the gree awa'
 Frae a' the maids in Corrie,

And said, 'tween ilka kiss sae sweet,
 His bliss would never be complete
 Till ance the priest, by haly rite,
 Had made us ane in Corrie.

I thought my laddie spak' sae fair,
 I hafins gae consent, and mair ;
 How could I drive him to despair,
 The fairest swain in Corrie ?

My titty Meg our joys had seen,
 The fury sparkled frae her e'en,
 She ca'd my lad a stripling green,
 And nane mair fause in Corrie.

She said, or twa months gaed, or three,
 His wicked ways would ruin me ;
 Then I would greet wi' bleerit e'e,
 The doufest dame in Corrie.

Quoth I, O Meg ! your wrinkled brow—
 Your bloodless cheek, and toothless mou'
 Frae a' sic skaith will safe keep you,
 By ony swain in Corrie.

This while ye hae been wond'rous douse,
 And scald at me sae ramp and crouse,
 Would some but gie your lugs a pouse,
 They'd ser' you right in Corrie.

Ye growl 'cause ye hae sat your time ;
 For me, I'll no sae spend my prime ;
 I'll marry Will, and whaur's the crime,
 That ane can blame in Corrie ?

CONCLUSION.

TO MY OWN BOOK.

ADIEU, dear Book ! thy fate among mankind,
 See Nature, sad, in mournful strains fortelling ;
 Stern o'er her fields stalks the November wind,
 Her herbage green and lingering flowerets killing ;
 Just so I see thy work of fate fulfilling ;
 The critic stern to thee 's a lurid sky,—
 Than wintry winds a thousand times more chilling ;
 Struck by his breath, thy infant fame must die,
 And thy fair page, unread, like rotting lumber lie.

“Thou hast no tale of fairy, fiend, or ghost,
 Wizard or witch,” he'll cry, “to make folks wonder ;”
 No glittering style peculiar thou canst boast,
 That fires some hearts as they were tow or tinder ;
 For roasting pies thou'lt soon be torn asunder ;
 The public ear can strains funereal catch,
 To form the plan was an egregious blunder ;”—
 Thus to oblivion hurl thee, luckless wretch !
 As if thy fall brought round would his own fame enrich,

Oh, vain surmise!—none will such rage display,
In this, so gentle, and all gracious time;
To damn a hoary poet's parting lay,
Would sure be thought a most unfeeling crime!—
Amidst the overflowing tide of rhyme,
To which a thousand sons of song give birth,
Thou canst, at least, a moment's notice claim,
In thine own place, out-balancing thy worth;—
Thus, with such humble hopes, I trembling send thee
forth.



NOTES.

JAMIE AND MARY.

THE incident on which this Poem is founded, is still fresh in the memories of many old men in Tundergarth. An unfortunate clogger, who lived in that parish, lost his way, returning from Ecclefechan market, and perished in the snow. From the situation in which his body was found, it was generally believed that his wandering so far from the usual path was occasioned by an intention to pay a visit to his sweetheart, who lived in the neighbourhood. She is said to have long mourned his untimely death.

WALTER AND JEAN.

THE tradition which gave rise to this Poem, is still related as a fact, by the old people in Middlebie, from one of whom the Author obtained the particulars. It is said that a young lady came one night to Between-the-waters in that

parish, and begged that the people would allow her to reside with them for a short time; this request they readily complied with. They soon observed that she was pregnant; and, from the style of her dress, and other appearances, they saw that she was possessed of property to a considerable amount. After residing for some days at this place, as much retired as possible, it is said she disappeared: Hence it was surmised, and indeed generally believed amongst the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, that this fair unknown fell a victim to the cupidity of her entertainers. It is further added, that many people were, at the same time, alarmed by the frequent appearance of a spectral lady, in white, walking at a late hour, with blood dripping from her neck and bosom.

DEATH OF DEAR MEAL JOHNNIE.

WRAITHS are considered to be the exact representation of some person we are acquainted with, and at first sight may be mistaken for the persons themselves; their appearance is said to be only momentary; and they are seen at all times in the day: If in the morning, the person whom they represent, will, without doubt, live very long; if seen in the afternoon, death may ensue nobody knows how soon; but if any person sees his own likeness, his dissolution is considered immediately certain. I have heard it told, in confirmation of this belief, that a young man in this neighbourhood, one night, on his way to see his sweetheart (a time when people are not apt to be superstitious) saw distinctly, by the light of a full moon, his own wraith walk-

ing beside him; his fate he considered inevitable, and after relating to the young woman what he had seen, bade her a most affecting and last farewell. In the course of three days, he was seized with a fever, which soon proved mortal. Another young man, with whose relations the Author is well acquainted, being severely hurt by a fall from his horse, on his seeming recovery from this accident, he was hailed by his friends and acquaintances, and was himself in good hopes that all would soon be well with him; when, at once, he lost heart, and refused to be comforted; the reason he gave for this was, that, one evening his own wraith had drawn the curtains of his bed, and looked him full in the face: It need scarcely be added, that death quickly ensued from the mortification of his wound.

A person's name called three times by an unearthly voice, was said to have been frequently heard in old times, and proved a certain indication of death. This warning, however, seems of late to have passed, with many of its acquaintances, into oblivion.

Dogs, in Annandale, are supposed to have the power of looking into futurity, and foreseeing the death of any in the family to which they belong; this they manifest by painful sensations, such as howling along the paths on which the corpse will be carried, and scraping a hole below their beds, in the shape of a grave.

DEAD LIGHTS.—There is no part of the superstitious creed of Annandale more tenaciously adhered to than that of the existence of Dead Lights. They are like a blue sulphureous twinkling flame, of greater and less size in proportion to the age and rank of the person whose death they predict. There is scarcely to be found a village in Annandale which does not contain inhabitants by whom Dead

Lights have been seen. They have often been traced from the bed whereon a person soon after died, and been observed to wing their way from the knees of women on which, a short time after, there lay an expiring child, and followed to a considerable distance until they reached the churchyard, where they always vanish over the grave where the body is to be interred—every little quiver which the hearse may make in passing rugged paths is distinctly observed by the Dead Light: an instance lately occurred of one remaining stationary for some minutes at a burn, where, not long after, a spring of the hearse, which carried the body to which it belonged, was broken down, and required some delay to put it to rights. A very respectable man, with whom the author was acquainted, and whose words may be depended on, solemnly averred that one night, during a severe sickness, he saw a blue flame twinkling above the coverlet of his bed; it struck him as being the certain presage of his fate, and, in a thought of desperation, he resolved, if possible, to arrest it by attempting to smother it between his hands; it, however, eluded his grasp, and, leaving him in the greatest consternation, went on its way. In spite of his fears he, however, recovered; but the warning was not in vain. A person who slept in a bed placed close behind his died very soon after, and there was a necessity to bring the coffin over the very bed where the Dead Light had passed, and at which the person assisted by whom it had been seen. Innumerable instances, equally well authenticated, might be added. The author, for his own part, can only say that he has never yet seen a light of this description; indeed there are many who, it is said, are not possessed, or privileged, with the power of seeing them.

Various other superstitious signs mentioned in the death of Dear Meal Johnnie, are now nearly, if not altogether, obsolete; and the time will, it is hoped, soon arrive, when Dead Lights may also bid us farewell.

LAIRD JOHNSTONE.

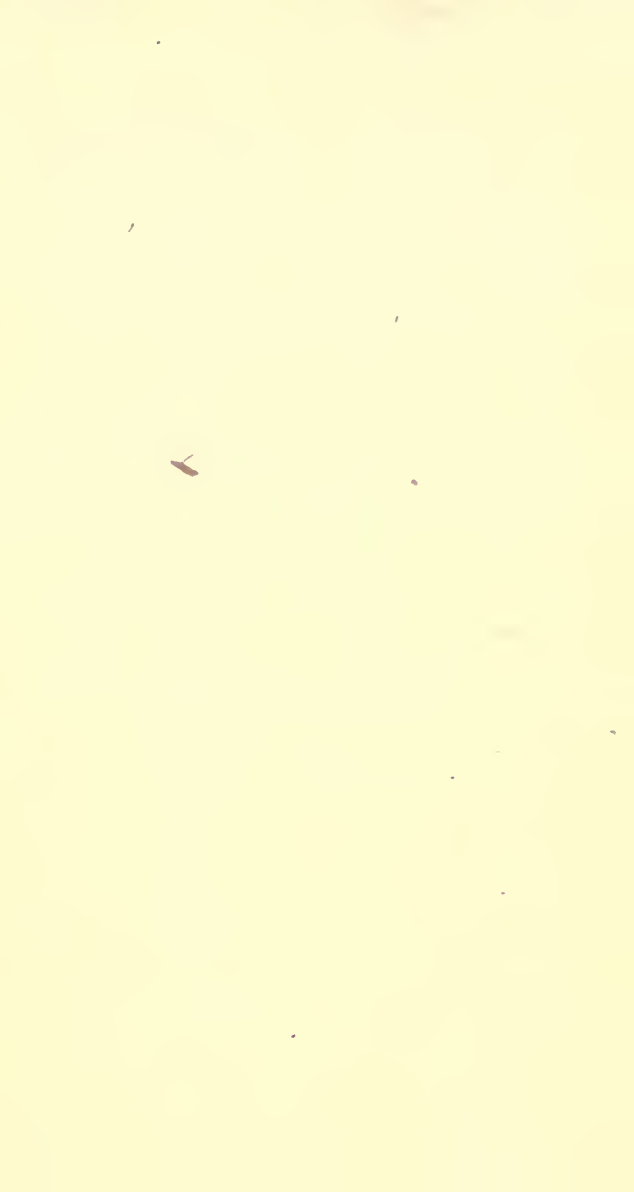
THIS young man, whose real name I have since learned to be Chalmers, was a proprietor on the banks of the Milk; his attachment to field sports was greater than ordinary. The circumstances of his death are truly related in the poem. He was fond to excess of his two dogs; and after his death they evinced a wonderful attachment to his memory. Having accompanied his funeral to the church-yard, and marked the place of his interment, they went to it regularly for many days after, and howled over it with all the seeming sensations of the most afflicting grief.

NICKY'S LAMENT.

THE uncommon sorrow which this poor mother felt when her son enlisted, made much noise in the place where she resided. Her grief had been of that intense kind, that in the course of ten or fifteen years every recollection of her son was completely erased from her memory—or rather she entertained so firm a belief that he had long ceased to exist, that on his return home it was with the greatest difficulty

he could convince her that he was in reality her son ; and even this conviction was only partial, at least her former affection for him had passed away, never to return. It is somewhat singular that a filial affection on his part had at this period taken place with all its natural warmth, and his anxiety for her welfare was so great, that on enlisting again into the Earl of Hopetoun's Fencibles, he procured for her a free house for life on that nobleman's estate.

FINIS.





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