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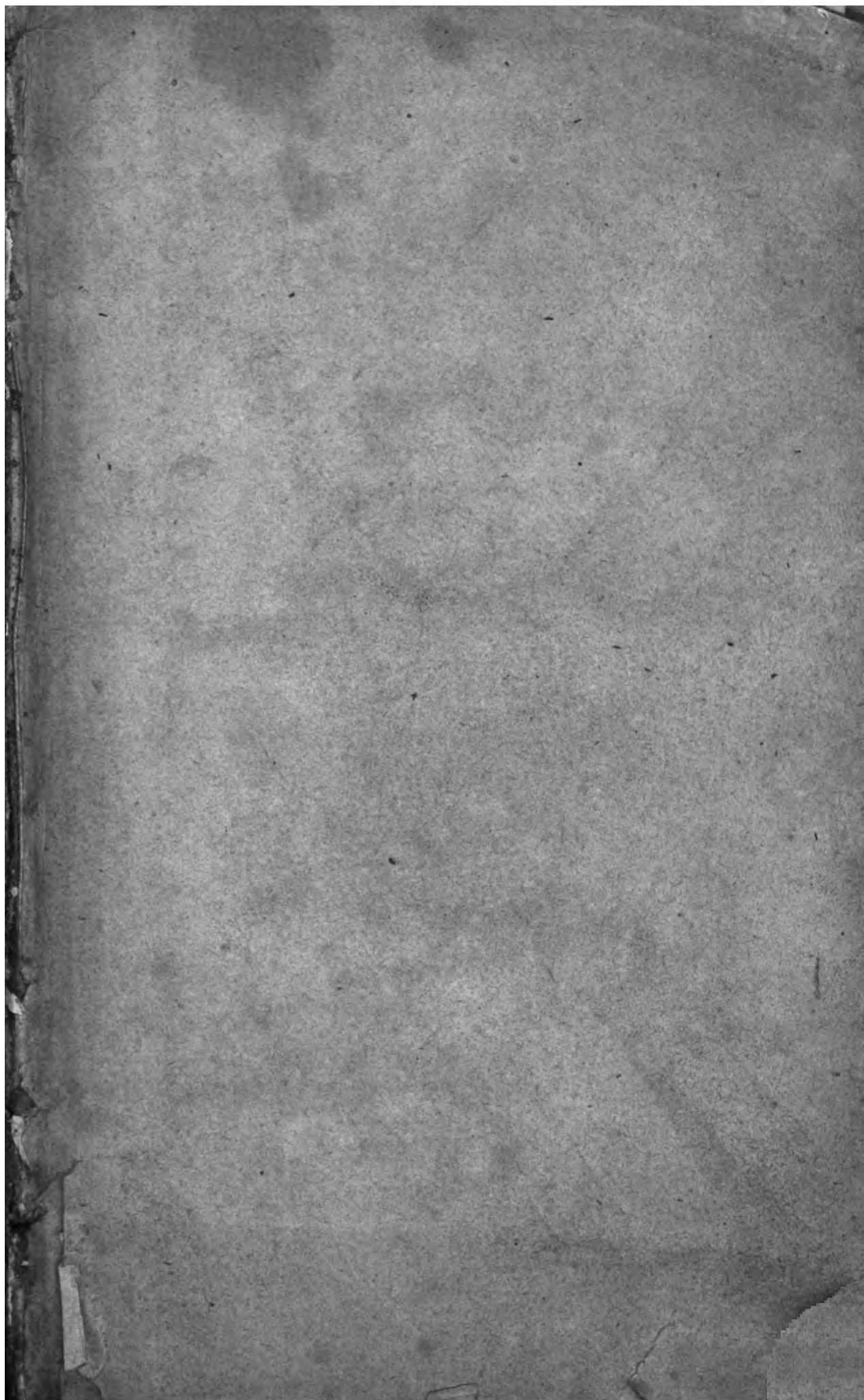




Signor

from a first rate portrait
taken by that universal
genius Marie Alexandre

280 e. 3186



THE
Poetical Works

Ayr

.OF

JOHN KENNEDY,

KILMARNOCK.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

POPE.

Wink hard, and say the CHIEF has done his best.

BURNS.



A Y R :

Printed by D. Macarter & Co.

FOR

THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY JOHN STEWART, KILMARNOCK.

1818.



TO
WILLIAM HENRY RALSTON, Esq.

OF
WARWICKHILL,

THE FOLLOWING
POETICAL EFFUSIONS,

ARE
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

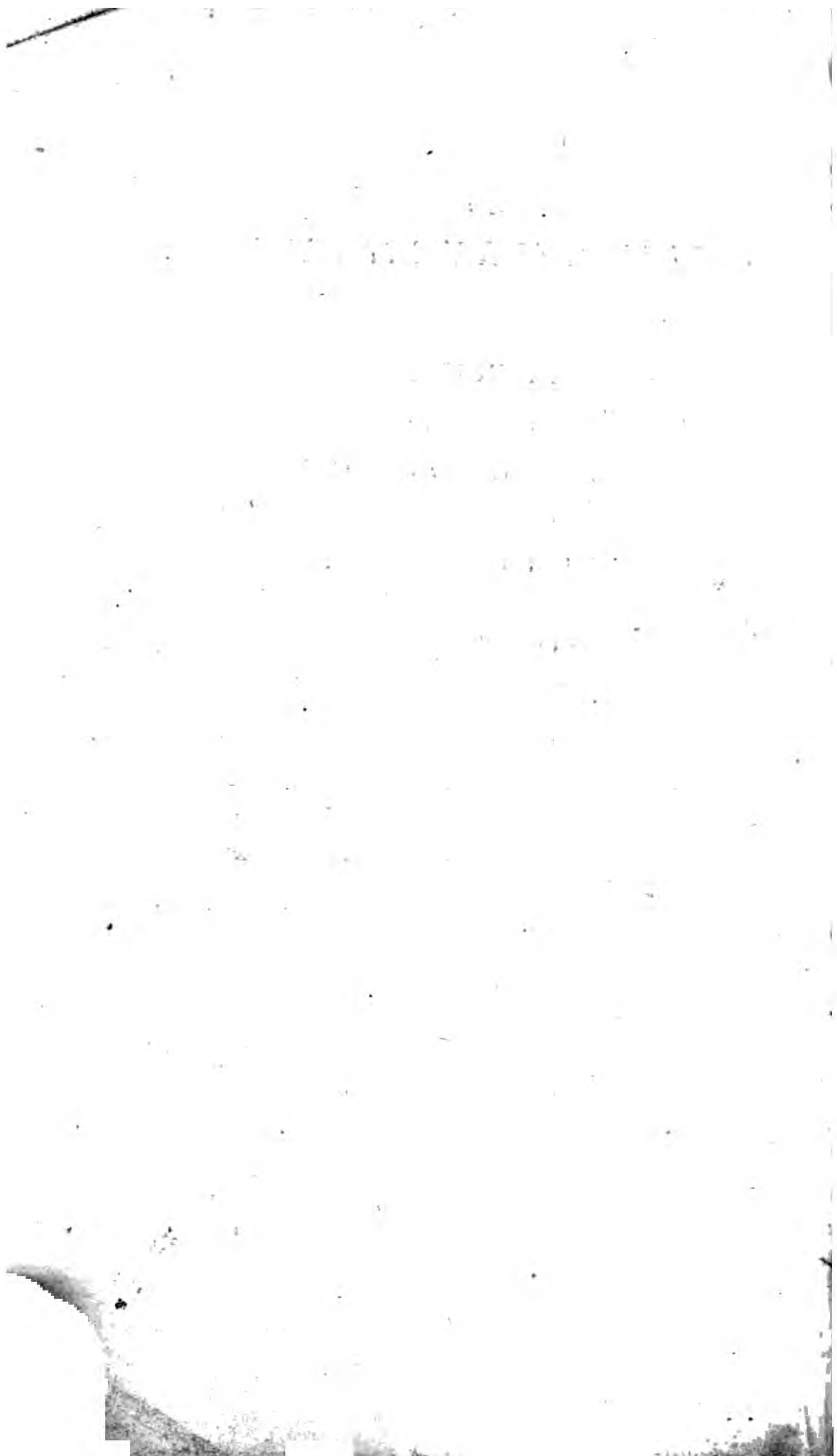
AS
A MARK OF ESTEEM

FOR HIS
PUBLIC SPIRIT,

BY HIS MOST HUMBLE,

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

TO come before the public in the character of an author, without making a few remarks, would not only be a deviation from the common rule, but an act requiring more courage and ingenuity than has fallen to my share.

AN observation or two, will therefore, I hope be neither an intrusion upon the patience of my readers, nor cause any to suspect my sincerity, when I candidly declare, that no man ever made his appearance more conscious of his defects, or more willing to be set right when wrong. Let this observation plead. And though it should not protect me from the censure of Fine Taste, or parry off the *cudgel* of sound judgment; it may have some influence in smoothing the contracted brow of old En-

vy, and saving me from any *round-hand* compliment, which the captious detractor, and raven-eyed critic might find convenient to bestow.

But to venture out in an age like this, when knowledge is beaming in every eye, void of originality is surely presumption indeed. And when we look to the *happy mortals*, who are charming the world with their melodious numbers, and see such taste, leisure and refinement. We are apt to conclude, that he who would adorn his brow with even a single sprig, destitute of leisure and classical embellishment, is surely not far from the standard of the youthful Utopian, who expects to arrive at the summit of his imagined career without disappointment.

Conscious, however, of a little ground, and encouraged beyond expectation, I submit a few of my lucubrations to the judg-

ment, and *tender mercy* of the public, hoping to see as much of them left together, as will enable me to know my own work if ever we should happen to meet again. To dwell upon the merit or demerit of the pieces, and shew where, how, and for what reason this and that piece was written, is of no moment here. Suffice it to say, the most part was conceived upon the "lonely round" where first the muse found me out, in the character of an humble Soldier; tuning my wild notes to the moaning of the owl; the yells of the captive; the scowling of the storm, and loud shouts of the sentinels, where the scene was romantic, my soul feasted upon sorrow, and the knell of horror, was the thrill of *inspiration*.

To my subscribers I return my unfeigned thanks, wishing they may find as much satisfaction as will compensate a perusal. If they fall in with *mediocrity* let them be

content ; but should they light upon any thing like *stuff* or *error* or *nonsense*, then down, down with it at once—to oblivion let it go. And to those gentlemen who have particularly interested themselves in my favour, I have to return the best wishes of a grateful heart, hoping they will rally round my head in the dread hour of trial, when passing the fiery ordeal, and then should I fall, all that I ask more is a sigh for my folly.

JOHN KENNEDY.

KILMARNOCK,

April 21, 1818.

Poverty.

A VISION.

WHAT sorrows ha'e ye spectre dire !
Heap'd on my luckless head !

BURTT.

JUST when the solemn midnight hour had struck,
And superstition's soul-appalling gloom,
Spread o'er the empire of my troubl'd soul.
My taper turning dim, and granddame tales
Returning fresh ; all horrible as death ;
While fleet imagination rev'd ; alive
To every sound by raven, bat, lone owl,
Or cricket made. Pensive I rais'd my head,
And with keen eye, survey'd the gloomy walls ;

Mark in the grate, each fancied shape, and saw
 Strange phantoms rise, in ev'ry nook suspicious.
 Wild was the scene; an awful silence reign'd;
 Hope flutter'd on the wing; look'd down aghast,
 And whisper'd low. Fear pale, and panting, coil'd
 Herself up. Courage stood mute. And forethought
 With anticipating start look'd forward;
 But struck with terror at the dismal sight
 Of monstrous apparition; back recoil'd,
 As if grim death had started to his view.

For now before my wond'ring eyes appear'd,
 A form, pale, meagre, ghastly, gaunt, and grim;
 Wielding a whip of many scorpion tails.
 His eyes deep sunk, like two far distant lights;
 That glimm'ring on the sea-lash'd shore t' apprise
 The mariner of rocks, and sands appear'd.
 The features of his face were shrunk with care.
 Down to his knees a beard dishevell'd hung,
 O'er his shoulders flapp'd a robe, compos'd
 Of the Mercer's dunghill. Bald was his head;
 Of all the various shades and colours

Each furrow'd cheek sustain'd a flood of rheum.
 Lank were his thighs, close to the vertebre
 His belly clung; save when the wind inhaled
 A bellows motion gave. He seem'd like one
 Who long had stood the vultures and the winds,
 Dangling in chains, ^{or} ~~or~~ grimy sprite, that near
 The shores of dark Averaus roves. He yawn'd,
 And as he op'd his canine jaws, hope fled;
 Fled like the hind, when roaring Etna foams,
 And spreads destruction. Fearful he shook,
 And as he rattl'd in his skin, death star'd
 As if prepar'd to throw the fatal dart.
 So huge, gruff, and cadaverous he look'd;
 That spectre, Goblin, Fiend, or Fury feign'd
 By heathen poet, or mysterious monk,
 Bore no resemblance. Backward I started.
 A tremor seiz'd my frame. My eyes grew dim.
 A cold sweat trickl'd from each gaping pore.
 The vital mass that circles round my heart,
 Ran slow. Each hair stood high by terror stiffen'd,
 And each nerve distorted with'd. At last smiling,
 Like the fierce carnivorous Hyena

He bow'd, and with long winded narrative
Broke in upon the silence of the scene.

“ Hear trembling wretch, nor marvel what I am,
Tho' of my ancestry few mortals know.
Yet, to exclude all doubt ~~that~~ may exist
Within thy breast respecting my appearance
At this hour ; then know my name is POVERTY.”

“ Of old, in Hell's back settlements I liv'd ;
Pensive and poor, far from the reach of bliss,
With nothing to support me, but foul scraps
Exacted from the exile fiends, condemn'd,
And sent for punishment to fast with me
Beyond the confines of the sulphurous hills.
And there I might have still been chain'd secure,
Had not poor revolutionary man,
Attempting to take wisdom at a mouthful
Alter'd the face of things. For scarcely done
The deed that op'd the flood gates of your woe ;
Then hell resounded to its utmost bounds.
Then all was laughter, merriment and glee,

Triumph, rejoicing, and confusion grand.
And as the messengers of power take wing ;
When some grand feat, achiev'd by land or sea
Meets acclamation. So flew the posters
With glad summons charg'd, to convocate hell's
Mighty potentates in war puissant.
Then from my horrible retreat I hie'd,
And reaching where the fiends in dark *divan*
Maligant sat, join'd in the motley throng.

“ High on a throne sat Hate, curling his brows,
And throwing from his lurid eyes glances
Opprobrious ; then beck'ning to the throng
Who all attentive, and expectant gaz'd ;
With heart proud, and malicious thus began—

“ In absence of our high exalted chief ;
Who now on wing triumphant ; soars above
Sowing the seeds of misery to man ;
Have I alone convok'd this great assembly ?
Not for the purpose of vain shew, or proud
Display of my commission ; but to consult

Upon what plan, what new expedient,
We, the great vicegerents of these dark abodes
Will follow in completing man's defeat.
He is reduc'd, 'tis true, but while he may
At pleasure use the arms of industry,
And in the forts of reason shelter take
From sin pursuing vengeance ; half our power
Will be despis'd, and half our work in vain.
Therefore I move, that some subaltern fiend
Of tried fidelity, and nerve shall post
Immediately to yonder globe, and thwart
Each bold attempt to mitigate his pain.
For my own part, tho' willing to embark
In any cause that might fresh laurels bring,
I'd rather see some captain more expert,
And vers'd in war hold this commission.
Methinks, I see the spirit of ambition
Sparkling in your eyes. All emulation.
But tho' there burn here many noble breasts,
Panting for glory, honour, and applause ;
Yet prudence, seigniors, often uses means
That bravery and the like great passions

Would look o'er, or spurn as imbecility.
Therefore we ought to pause, and look to him
Whose zeal, and character is qualified ;
Whose features, and deportment, give the lie
To any thing like lenity and love ;
And trusting to the valour of our choice ;
Our minds would rest certain of glory win,
Upon yon trembling tributary world,
And in my judgment, then, without reflecting
Disrespect to any, there is not one
In all this brave, ingenious assembly,
More able to conduct our great affairs
On vassal earth, than Seignior Poverty.

“ As bursts the thunder through the nitrous air
After the vivid flash ; so burst the shout.
For all, convinc'd of my superior skill
Pronounc'd me ablest of th' infernal powers
For the emprise. And as the blooming maids
Obsequious run, and serve the sighing bride
Before the nuptial, hymeneal hour ;
So ran the fiends at my inauguration.

And soon equip'd, towards the port I flew
 That leads to bleeding earth ; then 'midst the shouts,
 And cheers of devils, lung'd like the ocean,
 Or dread Ignivomous Vesuvius
 Embark'd for land. There shortly I arriv'd.
 And reconnoitring ; soon discover'd where
 Man's lot of pleasure lay. And as the falcon,
 Eager on the wing darts on its prey,
 So I transported at the sight, came down
 Inveterate, poisoning all around.
 While in his heart my phangs I thrust so keen ;
 That ev'ry sinew in his body writh'd,
 And glad'ning prospect darken'd down ; dreary
 As the north, when Boreas o'er the Baltic
 Roars, and Ocean with contending fury
 Foams ; swallowing the navigators up !
 All was alarm, disorder, and defeat.
 Loud scream'd humanity, and to their posts
 Ran the guardian hosts. But soon as they beheld
 My awful countenance, appall'd they stood ;
 While gentle pity with a suppliant air ;
 Burst into tears, and cry'd aloud for man.

“ Hast thou not heard of me in ancient times ;
When man began to tyrannize the world ;
And servitude obsequious kiss'd the ground ?—
Is there not some grand epoch of the world,
Some mighty enterprize, achiev'd by me,
To which your mind inquisitive can point ?—
Can you behold the pyramidal piles ;
Egypt's great boast, (memorial of her chains ;)
Rais'd by the hands of Cheops, and Cephrenus ;
(Names notorious on the tyrant list.)
And not discry the hand of Poverty ;
In all their cruel vain, mad undertakings ?”

“ Here is a useless wonder of the world,
By me created—strange ! yet true. Behold
The proud projector's bosoms on the rack,
Not knowing how to gratify their pride
Till I, great in the courts of tyranny
Came to their aid. O then, how overjoy'd
They saw me from the villages, and towns,
Drive out their slaves, and to the quarries push
Their vassal groups ! Beneath this powerful *lash*

They groan'd, and from the adamantine bed.
Rais'd the huge pillar ; squar'd the ponderous stone ;
Bor'd through the bowels of the flinty earth,
Surmounted obstacles of dreadful form ;
Till once the fabric's rais'd their giant crests
On high, and vaunting kiss'd the clouds."

" And see where Babylon (now extinct) arose,
Adorn'd with all the plunder of the world.
Where high in air stupenduous tower'd those walls,
That scoff'd the foe, and lofty gardens hung :
Plan'd by Chaldea's great Lycanthropist ;
To gratify Amyte, his fair queen,
With a resemblance of her native hills.
There mark the genius of Poverty ;
And see how embecile high power appears
Without my helping hand to force obedience.
See how the captives at the summons flew ;
Up rais'd the scaffold ; to the pulley ran ;
Drove in the wedge, and hammer'd in the rock.
When I but seconded the mandate, " go. !"

“ But let your wild imagination trace
These tracks, where great Chinchu Voang
At my request, compell'd by awful means,
His subjects to the dreadful task of building
That broad wall ; still standing as the boast
Of genius, industry, and power. There gaze,
And see what obstacles were overcome ;
To keep the predatory Tartars off ;
Lest coming down his all might fall a prey,
And vassalage, and misery succeed.
And mark, what swarms of human beings wrought
Beneath the lash and torture. Five long years
They groan'd ; till (what surpris'd their tyrant chief,
And ended in uproar and murder shouts)
Nearly the whole sad multitude expir'd
Quite unexpectedly and premature!!!

But these are specimens too fair, too faint
To represent the terror of my power.
Turn to those lands, where Jewish sceptre sway'd
Over a stubborn, tho' heaven favour'd race.
Where cornucopiæ pour'd the balm of life.

Where Love and Joy embrac'd, join'd in the ring
 With gay Festivity, while hymns of love,
 And songs of independance, rent the vaults
 Of heaven, and all was happiness around ;
 By me transform'd into a scene of woe.
 There, dark oppression, with unhallow'd hands
 Beggars her dupes ; and wadd'ling monks contrive
 From pilgrimatical enthusiast ;
 Who travelling there, for purposes best known
 To those who count it heresy to die,
 Without a sight of that *blest land* ! to swill,
 And fatten to a vast rotundity !
 There liberty lies strangl'd, justice dead.
 Honour decapitated. Pity stabb'd.
 There in one motley group, the dregs of man ;
 Compos'd of Jews, Greeks, Christians, Syrians,
 Sloven Turks, and miserable Boors ;
 Plot, cheat, and starve, assassinate and robb ;
 Howl in despair, and rattle in their chains !

“ But look to Greece, the land where genius shone,
 Transcendant as the sun in mid-day course—

The land where Homer, and Demosthenes
Sung and declaim'd ; where liberty rejoic'd,
Free as the wind that fans the mountain hind.
The land of many a noble science, art,
Sage, hero, patriot, and philosopher,
Now miserably poor. Reduc'd from wealth,
Significance and power, into a state
Scarce credible by man. Instead of laws
On justice found, and faithful orators
Attacking vice with patriotic front ;
There nothing reigns but rapine and deceit ;
Servility to wretchedness attach'd ;
O tyranny, with daggers stalking round,
And all the horrors of degeneracy.

“ And glance at Rome, once mistress of the world.
She whom the nations servily obey'd,
And trembl'd when she frown'd ; now grovelling
Low,—Low as the spaniel, or the patriach's
Son, couching Issachar. By me she fell.
For when I saw her fallen from the height,
To which her soul by independance fir'd,

Had soar'd, and sunk into the arms of sloth,
Corruption, slavery, villany, and pride ;
Straight to the mountains of the North I hied,
(Where bound in chains still grinds the servile Boor)
And rousing from his den the savage Hun,
And all those warlike hordes ; known by the names
Of Slavi, Quades, Goths, Herculeans, Picts,
Gipideans, Longoboards, and Suvians ;
Come down triumphant on the fertile plains,
And with a barbarous yell, swallow'd her up.

Afric is mine. There is the plenitude,
Of power I reign supreme. No spot exempt.
O'er rude Caffraria, Monomotapa,
Sterile, Zaara, Biledulgerid,
And burning Ethiopian sands, I rule.
Look round the boundaries of Ham's cursed soil,
From Table Bay, to Babelmandel's straights ;
Up to the shore, where proud Gibraltar stands ;
And make your eyes glance round the gloomy coast ;
To where the cape-coast vassal chews his yams ;
Waiting with down-cast eye, the ruffian's call,

To step on board, and bid adieu to love,
To home, to brothers, sisters, friends, and all
The witching joys, and soul transporting views ;
Originating in a native land.
And there, O there behold my wond'rous powers.
But follow the poor negro slave immur'd
Below the hatches ; fed like a culprit,
And landed on a foreign shore, to dig,
And struggle out a miserable life,
Hopeless and sad. How the black mortal wriths
Beneath the avaricious white ? O how
He rolls his sparkling eyes ! trembling aghast,
And spreads his bleeding arms to heaven ;
Imploring vengeance on the ruthless head
Of Tyranny ; loud screaming 'neath the tiger
Arm of man, and merc'less misery.
But little does the gloomy pagan know
That I'm the cause ; that knavish Europeans
To elude my grasp, have forg'd his chains ;
In order that his precious blood might flow
Into their cups, and I be laughed to scorn.
Tho' well the Driver knows, even while he rolls

In all the splendor of magnificence ;
That I am hunting close upon his heels ;
Pursuing him with horrible alarms ;
Making each windy gust, knell to his heart,
And watchful dog, *howl* "insurrection bloody."

" The eastern world too, govells at my feet.
Where lives depravity in all her *pride*.
Deep—deeply plung'd into the gulph of moral
Degradation. There if your ears could hear,
Millions of fallen men prostrate themselves ;
And crave from me the husks of misery,
To enable them, to lick the dust before
Their kings, and drag out an existence, worse
By far, than death, preceded by ten thousand
Cramps, and stings, and agonizing tortures.

" Columbia's southern regions knows me well.
There proud Hispania has perform'd her part.
Mad at the mention of my name, and charm'd
By th' gold mines of manced Peru ;
Elate the sons of av'rice steer'd, commanded

By that savage monster, dark Pizarro ;
Who landing on the poor devoted shore ;
Let slip his *bloodhounds*, and such deeds perform'd,
Of murder, torture, rapine, and deceit,
That all the tyrants, who have strew'd the earth
With wreck, and mangl'd victims of their ire ;
Struck not Humanity's poor heart so deep.

“ But see the land, that sent such *monstrous fiends*
Against the Inca, now ingulph'd in want,
And press'd beneath a bigot's ponderous weight ;
With indignation, spreading o'er their heads ;
Rebellion, wresting from their ruthless hands
Their blood stain'd colonies, and pride, combin'd
With inability to act ; wringing
Their souls, and making them contemptible
To all, who have not as yet lost their sight
And see me there, grand sportsman of the whole ;
Lashing them up like coursers in the chace.

“ Take Europe's bloody theatre in view,

Where Louis reinstated sits demure ;
Supported in his miserable station
By force of foreign steel. Where Alexander
O'er the hyperborean regions sways
The sceptre, and those lands, impoverish'd
By Gaul's mad chief,* who mounting to the throne
Through seas of blood ; rag'd, pilfer'd and destroy'd
Till down he fell, a lesson to the world.
See the poor natives of Hibernia.
Fierce in war, yet noble, generous kind.
Great in the circle of the brave, and warm
In friendship's cause ; by me emaciated,
And reduc'd into proverbial rags !
Albion too, tho' foremost in the world,
In point of science, and belligerant fame ;
Most wonderfully sad. For when she look'd
For peace, and cheerful resuscitation ;
I with malignant joy went round, and dash'd
Her cup of bless. Then how she murmured, when
No beverage came, no cheer, no jovial hour,
No pot companion, to regale ; " no song,

* Bonaparte.

No supper" but an awful cloud o'er hanging,
With impervious gloom the wretched land
With Caledonia, great in freedom's cause,
Redoutable in arms, in knowledge keen;
True in her love; ingenious in her ways,
All poor, and patient, manacl'd and fleec'd!

"Tis true, you have invented other names,
With which you polish up my deeds; such as
War, famine, pest'lence, moody Tyranny.
But tho' indeed ten thousand things occur
Beneath the notice of my eagle eye—
Yet war, without me would not last a day.
Famine incontrovertable proceeds
From me, pest'lence is but a name for death,
Ingender'd by the filthy dregs of want.
While Tyranny, is but *my form* held up
To fright the Tyrant's soul; (lest from his seat
He fall) to make him dream, and start, and quake,
And rave, and howl in all the pangs of horror;
And in his rage, to issue out commands;
To flogg, empale, decapitate, and burn,

Spike, strangle, and destroy the *poor remains*,
 Of Heaven's *great image*—*castigated man*!

“But mark my sway over the sons of genius.
 See Homer, begging through the streets of Greece;
 Chanting his Iliad for a *farthing roll*,
 To sooth the anguish of his hungry maw.
 Thucydides exil'd, and but for her
 Who flutter'd in his arms would have expir'd.
 Plautus, compell'd by hard necessity,
 All the most servile drudgery t' endure,
 Juvenile, by base Domitian banish'd,
 Ovid, to Tormos sent to mourn for life.
 Pious Seneca ! after persecution ;
 Meeting at last the suffocating hour.
 Quintilian, losing what he priz'd on earth,
 His wife, and two brave sons, exhausted drop.
 And tho' Augustus, (through his love for letters)
 And Mæcenas, his great minister, deprived
 Me of a group of musical adepts ;
 By *very strangely* granting salaries
 To those who should excell. Yet for so long

As my right arm was tied; with so much more
Malignity I fell upon the poor,
Half starv'd, dejected, spurn'd, defenceless, moderns.
Behold how eagerly I went to work,
See, Otway chok'd over a mouldy crust!
Goldsmith, before me driv'n like one bewitched!
Dryden compell'd to flatter for his bread!
Great Johnson vext, at my unearthly looks,
Grasping at last a pension which he loath'd!
Savage, incarcerated; laying down
His miserable carcass in a *jail*!
Poor Butler, buried at a friend's expence!
Blind Milton, sighing out a fretted life!
Thomson, by beadles hunted like a fox!
Ramsay, slipping off the stage a bankrupt poor!
Young Fergusson, expiring in my arms,
Mad, as the storm that rends the sturdy oak!
And Burns, the prince of Caledonian song;
Trembling beneath the terror of my power,
And driv'n into the grave by want delirious!
Yet strange! over his ashes, stands a stately
Pile, in all the lofty, skilful grandeur

Of the age, as if a few high finish'd—
Fine *memento mori* stones, could recompence
▲ man for being literally starved!!!

“ O glorious inducement, to aspire
To fame's high pinnacle. O glorious meed,
For hours exhausted o'er the midnight lamp,
For constitution rent ; for wrinkl'd brow ;
For insult ; pain, grief, indigence, and scorn,
And all that monstrous Envy can invent
To blast and murder dear reputation.

“ But what of this ? - Do you not see me stalking
Round the world ; making my vassals fly like
Goats before the wolf ? See how the statesmen
Flatter, how kings believe, how lurks the spy,
How *sly* about the rope the hangman goes :
How ghastly looks the thief. See fam'lies rent :
Love turn'd to hate, and murder grinning wild.
Look to the bankrupt sighing o'er his books ;
The disappointed creditor half mad ;
The knavish beadle driving up the wretch ;

And ugly jailer, like a rav'nous ounce;
Half howling, stretching for his hapless prey.

“ Mark the poor emigrant, with visage pale,
Perhaps by genius fir'd; sighing adieu
To friends, to love, to country, and to all
The social, kind, endearing ties of life;
Braving misfortune in a distant land,
The trembling half fed mendicant, compell'd
To bear the *sneer*, and insolence of those
To whom by hard necessity he's *dar'd*
To beg a morsel to keep in his life.
With him who sunk in virtue's scale, *bows low*,
And craves a pittance in an others name.

“ See the old bach'lor with his hoary crown,
And wrinkl'd forehead, roll'd like a hedge-hog
'Tween his *icy sheets*; when Capricornus
Is revisited by Sol's bright radiance.
How the wretch shivers,—cursing his *poor stars*;—
Praying for *heat*, and sighing for his *rib*!—
How trepidation shakes his *frigid* frame,

When in his sleep he dreams of *double care*,
Of *matrimonial rags*, and *finish'd stores*,
Of *hungry looks* ; *heart-thrilling plaints*, and sounds
More piercing than the stake-bound culprit's yells,
Or loud reverberating roar, when down
To Tartarus some bloody tyrant drops ;
Red with the hearts blood of his mangl'd subjects.
And watch him bending o'er a cheerless fire,
Preparing *something* for his maw ; awkward
As he, who losing power of his right hand
First tries his left ; then pensive looking round
Like one who feels decay, and heaves a sigh !
Yet O poor *supernumerary* wretch,
Although he knows a partner to his bosom
Would console his heart ; yet one step farther
Than a *wish* he dare not go. To him wedlock
Is a tantalizing bliss. Like apples
Dangling in the school boy's eyes ; but so fenc'd
Round with briers, thorns, spring-guns, and *man-traps*,
Forward he dare not venture. So ev'ry path
That leads to the *connubial paradise* ;
Appears surrounded with enumerable

Straits, perplexities, and cares ; that nothing
Can entice him to the shrine. Till Hope decamps
His cold, insipid, love deserted breast,
And leaves him to the mercy of despair !

“ But what’s the cause of man betraying man,
Of broken vows. Of treachery in life.
Desertion from the cause of liberty,
Of *high born* cits, discarding the Plebeian.
And humble indignation at the fop :
Whose all lies in his *musk, conceit, and credit* ?
What makes the mushroom patriot spread his arms
In Fortune’s sunshine breathing bold defiance
To the foe ; then skulk like poor hypocrisy,
When e’er a cloud obnubilates the scene ?
Why does the courtier bow ; the vassal cringe ;
The soldier fight ; the disaffected cry ;
And wondering multitudes, reshape the air
With shouts, and acclamations, temper’d
With foolish zeal, and momentary joy,
When some great personage, of *foreign growth,*
Or high domestic chief, *magnanimous*

Appears in state, to *bliss* them with a *smile* ?
Is it not I that brings about these things ?—
Yet many slip into the arms of death ;
As ignorant of this as the unborn.

“ O little did the poor Bethlehemites know,
When Herod sent his mandate to destroy
Their infant sons, that I was at the bottom.
But well he knew the import of my name,
In the ascension of another king ;
He saw himself dethron'd, disrobed, and hovell'd.
And sooner than deliver up his crown,
Or feed upon the *viands* of a slave,
He rather chose to banish from his heart
All pity ; all regard for God and man ;
To thrust his hands deep in the blood of innocence,
And plunge himself down to the depths of woe.

“ But farther to narrate is not conducive
To my purpose. Brief let me be, and sum
In one short paragraph, the leading cause
Of my intrusion at this dreary hour.

“ Long have I watch’d thee beating through the
 storm ;
 With well-brac’d nerves and confidential ear,
 Indulging in the hope of future wealth,
 But know, thy little sanguine hopes are vain.
 I come to tell thee of thy sad mistake,
 In mercy too, lest venturing farther out,
 Thy little skiff, should dash amongst the rocks
 That lie conceal’d in life’s tempestuous sea,
 And ruin, and disgrace, close up the scene.
 Tho’ thou hast thrust thy hands amongst the flowers
 Of poesy, and thy brow would’st fain adorn ;
 With some green bay, miss’d in the busy search
 Of rhyme-devoted fools, and anon revil’st
 My name, for all thy sad miscarriages,
 Then hear for once thou poor imprudent wretch ;
 The sentence pass’d, ere thou wast brought to life.
 Know thou wast mark’d, and doom’d to rove about
 In sight of joy. But like old Tantalus,
 Burning with thirst even in the crystal stream,
 Shalt thou appear, vex’d to the inmost soul :
 Each object shall recede as thou draw’st near,

Keen disappointment shall reward thy efforts
Made preparative to rise. Fame shall despise
Thee 'ndigence controul ; pride break thy heart,
And with indignant frown consign thee o'er
To mad despair, till once humanity,
Draw thee from the crowd, and gentle pity,
Out of love, shall on oblivion's back
Convey thee to the land, where all is dark
And still, and dreary as the gloom of night."
Thus spoke the awful messenger of woe,
Then turning round, with teeth keen set on edge,
He crack'd his nine-tail'd whip, and disappear'd !



THE

Twenty Fourth;

OR,

INSIDE OF A BARRACK ROOM.

O Whisky! soul o' plays, an' pranks!

BURNS.

I.

LET Shenstone wi' the shepherds rove:

Pope owre scribblers roar;

Ramsay tune the pipe to love,

And BURNS the clergy gore,

An' hear a raggamuffin swad

Invoke Apollo's aid;

To picture out a martial squad,

▲' settled and array'd,

For fun that night.

D

II.

If there remains on Pindus' tap,

A spark o' genius fair,

If there's in Hippocrene a drap

O' inspiration rare.

O do thou patron o' the muse ;

Into my glowing heart,

A portion o' that fire infuse,

A cordial drop impart,

To me this night.

III.

Give me the fire that warm'd the heart,

O' Coila's noble Bard ;

The dear enthusiastic art

The Poet's best reward,

For now the lang neglected scenes

Are op'ning to my view,

And independence gi'es the reins

That haud the motley crew,

A tug that night.

IV.

Hope rises, an' begins to glowre,

Aboon a human care,

An' a' the stocks are counted owre;

To see how far they'll share.

Squad follows squad wi' joyfu' ee;

To gie the kegs a hoise;

Till a's lost in the barley brie,

Sangs, roaring, bleth'ring, noise,

An' fun that night.

V.

Like maiden trees in forest left,

The sober callans gloar,

An' thieveless luck upon as daft

The yill devouring core,

Ane doubtless wise aboon the lave,

Wi' water slakes his drouth;

Anither planning how to save

Begins to stap his mouth

Wi' duffst[†] that night.

VI.

Up i' the corner Philip sits

Thrang patching at a hole,

[†] Irish Potatoes.

An' caresna' how the warl fret ;
Nor wha misfortune thole.
Wi' cannie care he lays the clout
Upon his *hulyon*|| breeks,
An' wi' the needle comes about
Wi' short substantial steeks,
Fu' sly that night.

VII.

Jock sits about the ingle side,
An' lunts his cutty pipe ;
Reflecting on the cursed pride,
That gi'es him mony a wipe.
He talks of freedom, love, and joy,
Auld stories upward start ;
He counts the hours, when but a boy,
Hope flutter'd at his heart,
Right sad that night.

VIII.

Tam hears the sentimental wretch,
Hum owre each waefu' ditty,

|| Old Breeches.

An' like grimalkin on the watch;

Void o' remorse or pity.

Wi' opposition, fell and baul

Fierce on the wight he fa's then,

An' wi' a tongue like ony scaul' ;

He wickedly miscaws him

For a fool that night.

IX.

About the supper Andrew sets,

An maks his wee drap *crowdie*,

In his saut an' butter pits

As douce as ony howdie ;

Then wi' the spoon he drives awa',

An' scouring roun' the lagging,

He grows sae blithe, that ane an' a'

May e'en commence a begging,

For him that night.

X.

The independent leucks he throws ;

Cut to the vera bane

The wretch, wha canna raise a brose ;

Or let his nails alane.

But as he raxes up his haun
To whare his rations lie,
He fins his amrie tennant gone,
An' now the "hue an' cry"
Gets up that night.

XI.

"Zounds, fire, and fury.—Boys,—hollo
"Wha's licket aff my beef;
"I hid it no an hour ago——
"For ever blast the thief?"
(A hungry black had just been there,)
Tears gush'd in Andrew's *blinkers*.
At last to hush the hale affair;
A' father'd on the *drinkers*,
An' *rats* that night.

XII.

Ben i' the neuck Bell Rippet sits,
As canty as a lark;
Clipping a the *toozy** bits
Aff drunken Davie's sark;
Till scraiching Jean wi' yilloch strange!
Comes ranting to the door:

* Ragged.

Then aff the twa the gither braindge,

To join the whisky splore,

Wi' the *Boys* ‡ that night.

XIII.

Here, watch a coof upon the floor,

Wi' queer unmeaning face ;

Brushing a' the *hair* and *stour*,

Clean aff his *bonny lace*.

Quite blest, he croons some smutty glee,

Nae won'er, Sirs,—for Johnny

Is haurly sensible, if he

A liven saul has ony,

To be sav'd that night !

XIV.

And see a cruity, owre his gun

Girning like the devil,

Sweating, blawing like a houn',

Scouring up a swivel.

Wi' *sticks* and *straps* he lays about,

Till skelp—a spring deceives him ;

Out owre his head it tak's the *rout*,

And wi' a vengeance leaves him,

For ay that night.

‡ A name given to the Light Infantry.

XV.

Hauf screen'd, twa olivaster blades
Sit poring owre the *cartes*,
Shuffling diamonds, clubs, and spades
Wi' roguery i' their hearts.

Till creeshy Hughoc victor vain,
Soops in the farden stakes ;
Then Brunstane grips him by the mane,
An' down goes Corp'ral Pakes,

Wi' a clash that night.

XVI.

Like twa rais'd,—red-wud, tarry-curs,
They bellow, bite, and fling,
An' stick in ither's necks like burs,
Or terriers in a ring.

But hearing something like a *fit*,
An' guessing what's ado ;
They frae their sad position flit
An' *den* amang the woo, *

Fu' quiet that night.

XVII.

But in comes Jacob wi' a leuck,
As pale as resignation

* Blankets.

An' pits in Robin's haun a beuck

“ On speedy reformation.”

Rab gi'est a hasty glowre or twa,

But guessing by the title,

It's no for him, he fling'st awa',

An' slips out for to tipple,

Wi' Jean that night.

XVIII

Now Tammy Greek, in logic sheer,

An' funny declamation;

But hopeless o' promotion here,

Or any other station.

Creeps through the Barracks wi' his cog,

Chains, prickers, sape, and greeze,

An' ay the little cunning dog

Shouts, “ pepper, salt, and peas,

Wha'll buy, that night ?

XIX.

A young recruit wi' hunger blae,

No *drill'd*, nor *season'd* yet :

But wha had juist the tither day

Inlisted through a *pet*.

Brings out his *last* ! an' freely spen's
It for his e'ening bite,
Than down amang the *vermin dens*,
An' flings wi' perfect spite,
Sair dung that night.

XX.

He thinks upon the happy days,
Whan by his Minnie's hip,
He us'd to yammer, run, and pbraise,
An' owre the meadows skip.
But Time's a Chap'll no turn back,
Tho' we should sab and rue,
An' wad gi'e tippence an' a plack
To hae the deeds to do,
That's done that night.

XXI.

Here aff the stool jumps Davie Haul,
An' wi' a vengeance swears,
" Be Nancy's whisky new or auld,
I'll fuddle my *arrears*."
Then at the brie he scours awa ;
Till by and by the body,

Comes ranting, roaring through them a',

Up to the neck in toddy,

An' glaure, that night.

XXII.

An' now the *glory* does begin,

Wi' roaring and wi' drinking,

An' muckle Towsan enters in,

Wi' *bellowing*, and *sinking*;

Tumbling a' the plates an' bowls,

Wi' capering an' thumping,

An like a tiger roars and howls;

On's majesty triumphing,

Fu' great that night!

XXIII.

No pleas'd wi' common play and fun;

He lifts a wally pounder,

An' draws a stroke, that to the grun'

Brings Clooney like a flounder.

Then hauf a score upon him flee,

Like ravens on a vulture.

An' down goes Towsan i' the spree ;
Beneath the *helter skelter*

O' nieves that night.

XXIV.

Some grip an arm, some sieze a spawl,
Some squeeze him by the nose,
Some forward pu', some backward haul,
Some destribute the blows.

At last subdu'd and better bred,

He thinks on the correction,

An' muttering stachers to his bed,

Having nearly scap'd *dissection*

Frae them that night.

XXV.

But hark—the *Boys* are at the door,

A' terrible and glorious;

Striving wha can loudest roar,

An' carry a' victorious.

Oaths coin'd in France are lavish'd out,

Without a word o' sense in ;

Till once the frolic shifts about,

To cudgelling and fencing,

Like death that night.

XXVI.

A pair at either fleg a while,
Wi' faces black as coal pokes;
Till worn at last wi' skelps and *toil*,
They tumble i' the *coal box*.
Owie furms an' buckets ither's reel,
Pans, guns, and pokers rattle—
Here Clooney *wamples like an eel*;
There Pakes an' Showley *sprattle*,
I' the *ase* that night.

XXVII.

An' yon'er sprachles splasher Jock,
Owre leach'rous Jamie's rump;
Whare Bungo stinking like a brock,
Lies heaving at the pump.
There Rab and Jean are at it wud.
Here Ann gies Tam paikin—
The murder yells crown ilka scud,
Till rats and mice are quakin'
Wi' dread that night.

XXVIII.

High elevated on a kist,
The Sovereign appears,
E

Reading owre the *drunken list*,
Amidst a thousand cheers ;
Commander o' a fearfu' core,
O' danger-facing bloods,
He roars and billows i' the splore,
An' shakes the vera cluds,
Wi' noise that night,

XXIX.

But wi' his baudrons-swirly-phiz,
* Auld Harry *scents* the splore,
An' coming wi' an unco *bizz*,
Breaks up the Barrack door ;
An' picking a' the culprits out,
Wi' *secret exultation*,
He claws his elbow !—wheels about,
An' roars like desperation
For the guard that night,

XXX.

An' getting a' the powers alarm'd,
Across the square he canters,
Wi' guns, and begetts tightly arm'd,
An' in the Blastie ventures ;
* The Whiperin,

Then seizing Bauldy by the neck

An' Loony like a cur,

An' Tailor Tam, and Davie Kleck,

Sets aff wi' a' his bir,

For the *Mill*‡ that night.

XXXI.

Now a' the lights are dowc'd, an' o'er,

The havock Somnus reigns,

Tho' hauf asleep, some gaunt, and grane,

An' startle wi' their pains;

Some lying fechtin' wi' the flaes,

A constant murmur keep,

While ithers frantic kic' the claes,

And bid adieu to sleep,

Hauf mad that night.

‡ The jocular name of the Black Hole.

THE

Sentinel ;

OR,

VISIONS OF THE WATCH.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

SCOTT.

DREAD was the hour when Henry stood,
Expos'd to the blast of the tempest rude ;
Far from home, and friendship far,
Lost in the tumult of vengeful war.

Upon a mount's uneven ground,
He silent pac'd the "lonely round ;"
Musing on the ills of life ;
Pride, ambition, war, and strife.

While 'fore him lay the grisly foe,
Arm'd for havock, death, and woe,
Behind the sea with awful roar,
And foaming billows dash'd the shore.
O'er his head the light'nings flew,
Near, and nearer the thunders drew.
The beasts of prey, prowl'd through the woods,
The rivers pour'd their foaming floods;
The Wilken with commotion rung;
Vultures scream'd and furies sung,
Love and Pity sat and moan'd,
And Earth, and Air, and Ocean groan'd,

Surrounded thus with dire alarms,
And leaning pensive on his arms;
His mind recall'd those youthful days,
When hope first shed her witching rays!
When young exploits his fancy warm'd,
And the top, the hoop, and the marble charm'd.

“ Days of peace, when pleasure smil'd;
“ Days of youth, when love beguil'd,

" Days of joy, when all was glad,
" Where——O where now have ye fled?——
" Where are ye now, ye sportive few——
" Ye noble, enterprising crew?
" Ye flowery meads——ye ivy bowers——
" Ye ancient, dear, romantic towers——
" Ye fields where I would often play,
" And cheerful gambol'd time away ;
" As on bright fancy's wings I sprung,
" Warm, elated, blist, and young?——

" Alas!——for ever gone from me
" Days of youthful sport and glee.
" For ever gone!——O gracious power ;
" Shield me in this awful hour."

And as he spoke, and look'd on high,
His bosom heav'd a pensive sigh.
It was the harbinger of woe ;
It hung on the blast.——It murmur'd low,
And whisper'd as it pass'd his ear,——
" A dreadful hour's approaching near."

Then, sudden flash'd a hideous form ;
Borne on the wings of angry storm :
Pursued by thunders——forked fire ;
Flaming fiends, and furies dire ;
Tyranny, in furious mood ;
Murder, crimson'd o'er with blood,
Rapine, Plunder, Subjugation,
Villainy, and Violation,
Treachery with ruthless hand,
Brandishing a flaming brand ;
Persecution, with his rack,
Borne on Devastation's back,
Mad Ambition, with his spear,
Foaming, driving up the rear ;
With goblins, spectres, huge, and fell,
And all the engineers of Hell !

The Form was WAR—relentless sprite ;
Sprung from Hell in dead of night ;
Bound with scorpions, snakes, and adders,
Arm'd with lances, swords, and daggers ;
With head of monstrous shape, and size,
And low'ring brows, and lurid eyes,

And jaws rapacious, open wide ;
With Havock ratt'ling by his side ;
Crown'd with terror, cloth'd in ire ;
Breathing pestilence, and fire !

Fierce, through the air the monster flew ;
Before the motley Hellish crew.
When all at once he wheel'd about,
And gave the dreadful battle shout.
He draws his sword—points the steel—
His engines open—back they reel—
The rout begins—he sweeps the sky ;
Now vengeance—vengeance, vengeance is the cry.
At last they all recede from sight ;
Lost in the gloom of darksome night.

O'erwhelm'd with horror, Henry shook ;
Each cheering hope his breast forsook.
Anticipation, backward sprung,
And wild despair his bosom wrung.
When lo ! far in the vale below,
A nymph appear'd in virgin glow,

Fair as love, angelic bright ;
Deck'd in splendid robes of light.

Her name was Peace;——she waves her hand,
The Graces rise at her command ;
Then ruddy bounding Youth appears,
Follow'd by his gay compears.
Next spotless Love, on Duty waiting ;
With Rapture, sweet, and facinating,
Temp'rance, rosy as the morn,
Health, on limbs of vigour borne,
Pity, mitigating maid,
Hope, in robes of love array'd,
Fortitude, of noble mien,
Charity, with looks serene,
Truth, with civic honours crown'd,
Liberty, with laurel bound,
Honour, great in virtue's cause,
Justice, with impartial laws,
Civilization, gentle dame,
Magnanimity, and fame,
And all that can grim care destroy,

And ravishes without alloy ;
Form'd a circle on the green,
And danc'd around the spotless queen ;
Who vaulting high, rejoic'd to see,
Such frolic, mirth, and revelry.

But now the pale moon through a dark cloud ap-
pear'd,
And a ray from her horns, the lone Sentinel cheer'd,
And as her dim light on his steel armour gleam'd ;
Pity look'd up, and shudder'd——fell backward and
scream'd,
'Twas the loud scream of anguish that echo'd above,
'Twas the thrill of compassion excited by love ;
'Twas the shriek of distraction for happiness gone ;
'Twas the knell of humanity pleading for man.

The group with amazement stood still at the sound,
They eyed one another——they whisper'd around ;
When the Queen from her seat cast her eyes to the
hill
Where Henry was posted, lone, weary, and chill,
And feeling the tide of compassion arise,
And the clear rolling tears, trickle down from her eyes,

She vaulted aloft with an aerial bound,
And wingd her flight to the lonely round.

She gaz'd on the soldier, she folded her train—
His ears were saluted—he follow'd the strain,
She beam'd like Aurora, with eyes of dark blue
More sweet than the lily bespangl'd with dew ;
Or friendship delighted with friendship repay'd,
Or labour refresh'd in the cool of the shade ;
Or Innocence sweet, in simplicity dress'd,
And thus with a smile the lone hero address'd :—

“ Peace, brave Caledonian, peace ;
“ Soon your sorrows here will cease,
“ For ere to-morrow's sun has set
“ And Labour couch'd shall cease to fret ;
“ The songsters to the covert fly,
“ And Cynthia rise in yonder sky,
“ Your eyes shall close in streams of gore,
“ Your body rest to fight no more.

“ But let not this appal your mind ;
“ Nor mourn the fate of humankind.

“ For though destruction sweeps the stage,
“ And War, and mad Ambition rage,
“ Tyrants rule, oppression sways,
“ Dungeons groan, and temples blaze,
“ And Pain, and Poverty subduing,
“ Combine with Horror, Wreck, and Ruin.
“ Yet in the realms where I am queen,
“ No gloomy cloud obscures the scene.
“ All is bliss without alloy,
“ All is rapture, love, and joy ;
“ Ev’ry look is love benign,
“ Ev’ry note, is song divine ;
“ Where friend transported, meets with friend,
“ And Joy looks forth and sees no end.

“ But to those scenes no man shall e’er
“ Arrive, without affliction here ;
“ His heart must bleed—his bosom sigh,
“ Anguish tear—corruption die,
“ And virtue on triumphant wing,
“ Tear from vice the mortal sting ;

“ Ere he can expect to share,
“ Pleasure here, or transport there.

“ But he who nobly braves distress,
“ And looks to heav'n for redress ;
“ Who struggles in the glorious cause
“ Of Freedom, to regain her laws,
“ Shall fear no peril, pain despise,
“ And in the hour of death rejoice.*

“ Now to your arms—for Scotia stand,
“ I see the conflict is at hand ;
“ The awful hour is drawing near,
“ That ends your long disasters here.
“ But when the thund'ring cannons roar,
“ And furrows run with human gore ;
“ Sad devastation, strews the plain
“ With many a gallant village swain,

* If there's within this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear ;
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks in her cause.

MOORE.

“ And Death exulting drives behind ;
‘ In me, a faithful friend you’ll find.”
Then gently she, from his post withdrew,
Spread her wings, and upward flew.

A beam from the seraph his soul now illum’d,
And Hope in his breast, her position resum’d,—
When the sentinel’s call’d—the hills resound;
The cold videttes re-steps their ground,
The morning breaks—the foe appears—
The drums are brac’d—the charger rears—
The lines are form’d—the signal’s given—
And earth astounded, groans to heaven.

From the right to the left, all is havock and blood,
Destruction presides o’er the plain, and the wood ;
Through the air the balls hiss—massy columns down
hew,
And the plains the dread rockets with carcasses strew ;
Swords clash—bay’nets cross—lances gleam, gashes
flow,
And the vengeance of Scotia hurls down on the foe.

But short is the struggle—they break—they fly,
“ Charge now Soldier” is the cry
“ On their heads your fury pour,
“ Clear the hills, the valley’s scour ;
“ Yonder, yonder, how they run,”
Glory, now the battle’s won.

Here Henry falls—his bosom bleeds,
And o’er him rush the foaming steeds.
His body bears the mang’ling tread,
Of iron hoof, and warrior mad.
And writhing on the gory plain,
With the wounded and the slain.
To heav’n he lifts his streaming eyes
And sought the ruler of the skies,
To watch his feeble dying breath ;
And shield him in the pangs of death.
Then with a twinging pang that brought release,
He sunk resign’d into the arms of PEACE.

“Scotland for Ever.”

Let plunder's vile thirst the invader's inflame;

Let slaves for their wages be bold;

Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim?

Shall Britons be barter'd for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might,

Proud honour our guerdon alone:

Unbought be the hand that we raise in the fight,

And the sword that we brandish our own.

HEBER.

I.

WHEN the loud trumpet of vengeance was sounding,

And Britain's fair banners were waving on high;

The noise of the war horse, and drum were astounding,

And Pity recoil'd at the warrior's cry.

Down by yon mountain's side,

Where the clear fountains glide;

Slowly I sped, the dread conflict to spy—

When the loud shout was given,

Dread as the bolt of heaven—

“Scotland for ever”—we'll conquer or die.

II.

Highrear'd the steeds—of swords, dire was the clashing,

Bright gleam'd the lance in the warrior's hand ;

Down to the fight, the rear columns were rushing—

Each for their county determin'd to stand.

Gallia with sword, and spear,

Lancer, and Cuirassier,

Charg'd, and re-charg'd, still disdaining to fly—

Till the loud shout was given,

Dread as the bolt of heaven,—

“ Scotland for ever ”—we'll conquer or die.

III.

Loud roar'd the guns, and the thick smoke ascended,

Red were the fields with the blood of the slain ;

Wild scream'd the birds of war, down they descended,

Eager to feast on the wreck of the plain.

Down tumbled cuirassier,

Quick followed horse, and spear ;

Strew'd on the plain in confusion they lie—

For the loud shout was given,

Dread as the bolt of heaven—

“ Scotland for ever ”—we'll conquer or die.

IV.

Britain look'd back to the fields her sires bled on,
Where Wolfe and Sir Ralph for their country died;
Well she could tell how to glory Graham led on,
And Vict'ry the wreaths round her Wellington tied.
Fir'd with each story then,
Panting for glory then ;
Fearless she made the bold marauders fly——
Then the loud shout was given,
Dread as the bolt of heaven,—
“ Scotland for ever ”—we'll conquer or die.

V.

See the sad wreck of the en'my retreating ;
Terror pursuing—and darkness around ;
Cursing the cause, and the moment of meeting ;
Making the hills with wild clamour resound.
Still they'd look back aghast,
Breathless and overcast ;
Still they would murmur, and still would they fly——
For the loud shout was given,
Dread as the bolt of heaven——
“ Scotland for ever ”—we'll conquer or die.

VI.

Erin's brave sons in the conflict were terrible,
Led by their chieftan they grappl'd the foe ;
Albion's charges, were bloody, and horrible ;
Rous'd by the Lion, death followed each blow.

But the pipe's warlike drone,
Pride of old Caledon ;
Brought up each soul to each Highlander's eye——
Then the loud shout was given,
Dread as the bolt of heaven——
“ Scotland for ever”——we'll conquer or die.

VII.

Long now may old Caledonia flourish,
Warm be her bosom, ingenuous, and brave,
And while her heart has a virtue to nourish ;
Ne'er will she stoop to the rank of the slave.
Still will her warlike arm
Guard her from future harm ;
Still will she run at fair Liberty's cry——
Then will the shout be given,
Dread as the bolt of heaven——
“ Scotland for ever”——we'll conquer or die.

Maternal Love.

THAT love which fir'd my embryotic breast,
And through my suckling months shone bright ; fol-
lowing

My steps to manhood's lofty prime, O muse
Re-~~re~~laud. And while my thoughts in grateful numbers
Flow, and Gratitude with beaming eye, hails
Inspiration fraught with fire maternal ;
O Solitude, my old, my social, dear,
Care—soothing, hope—inspiring, midnight friend,
Come from thy shade, and listen to my song.

Sweet, and refreshing is the morning air,
All nature round is music to my soul,
The lambs in yonder meads bleat to my theme,
And on the flexile spray the Blackbird hymns
Delightful to the woodland choristers ;
All vying with melodious carol,

To express that feeling, nat'ral to all
That feels love's eddies flow, and to the fields,
Transparent with innumerable studs
Of odoriferous vapour, look down,
And pipe to Nature, o'er her offspring proud.
Propitious season, to unclothe the volume
Of my life, and trace the endearing hours
Of lenient love, when in its arms carress'd
My soul was blest; when a maternal smile
Accompanied the look, that beam'd with joy,
As first these lips reliev'd the swelling breast,
That stream'd with balm, and overflow'd with love.

O come Tradition, and to Fancy's eye
Present the scene when round the jovial board
The guests rejoic'd; congratulating
My arrival into life, with wishes,
(Warm from the bosom of hilarity)
For *long life*: with the dear response that follow'd
The glad round, the extatic kiss, and glance
Of rapture that eclips'd the festive eye.
Let not the memorable hour escape,

That heard the monosyllable, expressive
Of colloquial ability first lisp'd.
Nor when the cradle with oblivious motion,
Lull'd into repose my weaning sorrows.
Nor the joyous moment, when the arms were spread
To catch, and press me to a glowing heart,
As on adventurous heel, I erst began,
To try the use of these poor limbs ; which oft
Have ach'd, and trembl'd 'neath a galling load,
But will ere long recline to ache no more.

Remembrance, bring to mind when first my heart ;
Impress'd with little floating images,
Would yield to Hope's incipient sway ; spring
Into life, and soar on high above all
Sublunary joy ; when Recreation
Spent, pursuing ephemeral pleasure,
Retir'd, and she, as dear a friend as ever
Heav'd a sigh, would draw attentive silence,
From my beating heart, and point to heaven ; seat
Of the virtuous, and everlasting joy !
The holidays too ; when elate, and dress'd

By tasteful hands, my eye would glisten bright;
And bosom swell; as many applicable
Deeds, and tales congenial fill'd my ear;
Deliver'd with the native eloquence
Of undesigning love, temper'd with truth,
And every noble feeling of that breast,
That feels the fountain of compassion flow
Round virtue's head, and centres in the skies.

When in the years of adolescence, mark'd
By ev'ry hopeful trait; the opening mind
Would branch into a thousand little forms.
How would the pruning hand go round, and lop
Away from the exuberant stem, each growth,
That might supplant the nob'ler boughs, and give
Unto maturity a stunted form!
And when to manhood brought, how overjoy'd
The eye would doat upon each blooming flower;
Each graceful touch in grand variety
Display'd, and noble aim, emulative
Of some great deed, achiev'd by talent, worth,
And persevering genius. But when

A sigh involuntary rose at sight
Of some engaging form, fair, and adorn'd
With virtuous charms. (Such charms as Heav'n alone
Has made conducive to the weal of man)
And little spirit, made communication,
To the ear inquisitive, that nature
Glow'd; or rather love had enter'd, and made
A conquest; proving susceptibility;
And a soul worthy of fruition here;
Capable of meeting with fearless front,
Life's coward, whelming storms, eluding danger;
Surmounting difficulties; spurning pain;
Levelling imaginary evils:
And steering with triumphant flag through seas
Of care towards the port, where revels Peace,
With all her bright compeers, Grace, Love, and Joy.
O how would Love Maternal then rejoice,
And bless the enraptur'd hour of dear delight!
But is there anguish tantamount to that,
Endur'd; when unexpectedly a simoom
Came, tremendous as the scowl of Boreas,
Leaving nothing in its way, but blighted

Leaves ; flowers blasted in their bloom, and mangl'd
Roots, all scatter'd, and involv'd in ruin ?

But to the hours of sickness let my eyes
Return. Destressing hours, when all was sad.
No rest. Some fever drinking up my strength,
Or pain spasmodic ravaging within.—
O these were hours—exquisite hours—indeed !
Then was the eye suffus'd with pearly love !
Then was the soul of tenderness display'd !
What language can express the agony,
That swell'd the soul, that drew the heart strings keen ;
When wild my eye would stare delirious,
As a pang convulsive writh'd along, forcing
A scream ! O could the muse describe the scene,
When Love, and Pity vied in offices
Of kindness ; soothing with cordial balm,
And meeting every little want with prompt,
Anticipative readiness ! or picture
Out the time of yearning heart, and exquisite
Desire for one short hour of calm respite !

Or represent the joy that beam'd at sight
Of health's first streak upon the cheek; or tell
What kind of love it was, that offer'd up
An orision to heaven embalm'd with tears
Of gratitude, at death's averted blow!—

'Twas love maternal, love of noblest kind;
Love that as far transcends all other love,
As love does courtesy, and never fails
Till nature dies, and liberates the soul.



An Epistle

TO

MR. J. F——N,

KILMARNOCK.

Cavan, June, 1814.

DEAR FRIEND,

JUST whan the crowdie drum* had beat,
And Jolly cooks began to sweat,
The cogs were rang'd, and roun' the table,
The swads were plac'd expert, and able
To fill their wames wi' halsome parritch,
That pleas'd them better than their caritch;
In came your lang expected letter,
An' put me in an unco flutter;
Gart auld ideas dance an' caper,
Like death, an' fury i' my knapper,
An' brought auld Killie to my view,
As clear, as if I'd been wi' you;

* The drum for breakfast.

Emancipated frae the sodgers,
Guzz'ling cheek for chow in Rodgers.†

I canna tell how daft I grow,
When frae your philosophic pow,
Ye bring sic sterling observations,
Supported by sic annotations,
An' fearless, lash the bogle ‡ squad;
Wha hae sae aften put you mad,
An' aften has your servant catch'd,
An' gart him *squeel* like ane bewitched.
It gies me joy, it gies me pleasure ;
It gies me mair than common treasure ;
It maks me glad, it maks me great ;
It reconciles me to my fate,
To think upon a frien' like you,
Sae independent, leel and true,
Honest, social, kind, an' free,
An' faithfu' to a coof like me.

† Alias the turff Inn.

‡ Those gentlemen, known by the name of Brownies, Fairies,
Waterkelpies, &c.

But flattery here is no my aim ;
 For *rogues* and *flatterers* are the same ;
 And they wha listen to their strains ;
 Will be hoodwinked for their pains.
 But yet to pass your letter owre,
 Wi' caulrife careless, envious glow're,
 And no tak notice what you say
 About this and the ither fray :
 How blin' Jock,† and his wives coost out,
 And how they *threw his nose about*
 How little Pope ; (immortal elf,)
 Dissect'd the Dunces a' himself,
 And Rabby Burns croon'd out his time,
 An' finely span the scottish rhyme,
 Wad be a crime without excuse,
 An' wordy o' a months abuse,
 Wad be a breach in friendship's laws.
 And worth *ae hunner wi' the taws*.
 For merit flouted, or neglected,
 Is merit butcher'd, and dissected

† Author of *Paradise lost*.

An' genius by pale envy crost,
Is mony a great idea lost.

Three times man Jock I read your sheet,
An' really sir it gart me greet.
(Greet, did I say?—no, curse the tear
That draps for ony sorrow here;
Unless it be for freedom spoil'd;
Or lovely innocence beguil'd;
Or *honour stab'd, right knocked blin*;
Or burying o' a faithfu' frien';
An' then let nature only seek
Ae pearly drap upo' the cheek,
For grief indulg'd, is bliss alloy'd.
An' noble fortitude destroy'd),
Yes, greet, and sab, gape, gaunsh, and sing,
Brainge, and bluster, rug, and fling,
Owre my correspondent blaw, X
An' raise a won'erfu' gaffa.

Tho' what ye say about the fair,
I maun confess is something sair.

The women, true, are often ailing,
 But wha can say they hae nae failing?—
 Yet no to roose them a' thegither,
 Wi' fu'some adulat'ry blether;
 For mony a Jade we hae amang us,
 Wha' *rug our hair*, half starve and bang us,
 Making tears hap owre our cheeks,
 Tearing aff the *vera breeks*!
 Making crooked *antlers shoot*,
Boxing our weary *blinkers out*.
 Yes, mony a heart the *dears* hae broken,
 Their *everlasting drouth* to sloken;
 And mony a vile, ill scrappet Jilt,
 Has *smoor'd* her weans, and husband *kilt*,
 An' mony a poor unlucky rake,
 Has *grac'd* a *gallows* for their sake!
 But O man for their sakes that cry'd,
 And for our weelfare aften sigh'd!
 Wha dandl'd us upon the knee,
 An' no ae single *faut* could see;
 Wha ne'er cou'd let us out their sicht,
 But dreaded something was na richt;

Wha at the sounding o' alarms;
Hae spread their love-protecting arms ;
Rais'd us wi' raptures bosom high,
And press'd us to their hearts wi' joy !
Even for their sakes, let us respect them,
An' for their care, love and protect them ;
Fire at the mention o' their charms,
And press them kindly in our arms ;
An' tho' they often gang alee,
They hae their fauts, and sae hae we.

The seraphs that reside on high,
An' through the trackless ether fly ;
In happy concert may rejoice,
An' sublunary bliss despise :
But in this humble "vale o' tears."
This *bluidy sphere*, whare mis'ry rears.
Mang a' the joys, mang a' the pleasures,
Honours, titles, gifts an' treasures,
I vow an' swear that nothing can
Endear sae much this life to man,
Like Woman, fraught wi' love, and glee,

Tender, pliant, faithfu', free,
 Sympathetic, soft and kind,
 Ay to virtue's side inclin'd.
 Man may be happy in this life ;
 But ne'er sae weal, as wi' a wife,
 Man may be pleas'd owre tankards reaming,
 But ne'er sae blythe as mang the Women !

Mang a my tricks I've always been
 To Woman, ay a tender frien',
 An' now I've stak'd for ither twenty
 Hairum—Scairum, tight, an' canty,
 A votary, for the social night,
 Whare frien'ships sparkles wi' delight,
 An' Humble swad, without a coin ;
 A dupe to *poortith*, an' the *Nine* ;
 Frae duty's standard far astray,
 Yet here I sit, an' here I pray.
 Mang a' the favours that are gaun,
 Frae *hodden gray* to *tinsil lawn*,
 Gie me a grip o' common sense,
 Wi' health, an' strength, an' *competence* ;
 A frien' to crack an hour at een wi',
 An' decent cleading to be seen wi' ;

Nae bills to pay, a ready tester,
 To gar the *meere* gang something faster,
 An' then, to crown my stock o' life—
 Gi'e me a fasont, faithfu' wife!

But to conclude in case o' scaith;
 For Pegasus is out o' breath!!
 Unto the Boys* remember me,
 Wha mean to raise a barley sprie.
 To Burn's mem'ry,—Scotia's boast,
 For ever gone, but never lost.
 Your dear *hauf marrow* tell her kindly,
 At present I am livin finely,
 An' for her sex's sake wad *splatter*,
 Through twenty miles o' *scauding water*,
 Sae be't as I might catch the hizzy,
 That keeps my fancy ay sae bizzzy.
 An when his Majesty shall please
 His weary servan' to release;
 An' sen' me scudding owre the tide,
 Back to my dady's ingle side,

* The Bursonian club.

We'se hae ae nicht o' fun an' laughter;

An' we shoud rue't a towmond after.

Now twa three lines when time's expedient;

Will be a feast to your obedient,

Lang acquainted, faithfu' cronie,

Rhyming, ranting JINGLING JOHNIIE.



Old Jack,

AND THE

M I R R O R.

A shape within the Mirror bright appear'd,
Striving to look on Jack ; he started back,
It started back ; but mad he soon return'd,
Mad it as soon return'd with answering looks
Of horror and surprise !

A PARODY.

ONE morning just as phœbus rose ;
Jack, reeling with his usual doze,
Beheld his shadow in the glass,
And not quite certain what it was,
Went up, and full before it stood ;
Inspir'd with *wine*, and *noble blood* !

He look'd—and saw a figure move ;
That for to keep its centre strove ;
But such a sight Jack never dreamt,
So old and broken down it seem'd.

A night gown, made of Yorkshire gray,
That once had seen a better day,
Hung down as we have seen a rag,
Expos'd for sale upon a peg.
Upon its head, a thing appear'd,
That neither wind nor weather fear'd—
An old cap of Kilmarnock milling,
Red, dashing, comical, and killing!
And as it look'd with one poor *blinker*,
(The other slept beneath its *winker*!)
Its jaws flew open—yawning wide,
The *saliva* began to glide:
While from its nose, (that long suspended,)
A little *lucid globe* descended,
In ropy windings o'er its beard,
And all its naked breast besmear'd!

Jack shook, and cried “*egad*, I'm over,
“ My glass is sandless, and moreover,
“ My *treasure* in this world was small;
“ But in the next, I've none at all!
“ *Heu me miserum!* old and worn.
“ O that ever I was born.”—

The spectre grin'd—Jack gave a groan,
 Found all his former mettle gone ;
 Look'd to the roof, for mercy cries,
 And wip'd the water from his eyes.
 Took ten years of his life in view,
 Squar'd his old *toes*, and *shoulders* too,
 Stretch'd down his *hands*, turn'd out his *thumbs*,
 Held out his *chest*, expos'd his *gums*,
 (Where once two, row of grinders shone,
 (And *polish'd* many a pretty bone,
 Stood like a *pivot militaire*.
 Attempted something like a prayer,
 And lighting upon something *new*,
 Exclaim'd “ *egad!* what shall I do.
 “ O had I ta'en myself a wife,
 “ And liv'd a more abstemious life,
 “ Kept from the company of ———,
 “ And went to bed in timeous, hours.
 “ Had I dispatch'd less of the whisky,
 “ And been less prodigal and frisky
 “ Attended to my *duty* more ;
 “ The *drill* and *comfort* of the corps,
 “ Been more assiduous, wise, and wary,

“ And trusted less that s—— H——,
“ (A deep-dyed, double-hearted k——,
“ Who sent poor D—— to his grave,
“ I would not now been in the *dumps* ;
“ An old Fool, shaking in my pumps.)

“ But let us have an other view,
“ What !—only one eye out of two ?—
“ So old, so grim, so like a rake ?—
“ *Gadzooks!* that surely can't be Jack.
“ What !—Jack the cliverest boy that e'er
“ Bestrode a gelding or a mare ;
“ Emptied a cask, got tipp'd blind ;
“ *Smack'd** at a girl, and *look'd behind?*—
“ Hang't like him too !—Here, Charlie, here ;
“ Who's that d'you think, sir, ogling there ?

“ O Major dear, come, come to bed ;
“ You'll raise the *megrin* in your head,

* Nothing could be more admirably calculated to excite the risible feelings of humanity, than when this eccentric broken down, old Fool stood and eyed the ladies as they passed him on the street—his manner was truly original.

“ Besides, you know you’re getting old,
“ And these three weeks you’ve had the cold.”

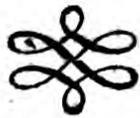
At this response his blood took fire,
And rais’d his voice an octave higher.
He stamped, rag’d, curs’d, swore, and reel’d ;
March’d, halted, drest, half-fac’d, and wheel’d !
Foam’d like a steed, began to dance,
Spoke French and Gaelic all at once !
Forward sallied ; backward ambl’d,
Spread his arms, bow’d low and trembl’d,
Fir’d a *wind ball*, kick’d the chairs,
Swearing by Harry, and the *glairs* ;
Then drew his whinyard from the sheath
And ran to stop poor Charlie’s breath.

But Charlie knew old Jack so well
He never took his manner ill ;
For when he saw him in a *freak*,
Would pour a bumper for his sake,
And drink to “ Major Noble Blood,” †
Then all things into order stood,

† Flattery, and the Major were sometimes at variance, but when ever it came, supported by *Aqavitæ*, from the soft soothing tongue of his Valet de Chambre, that instant Jack was revolutionized ; i. e. his eyes reverted into their sockets, the cartilage of his nose became motionless, the angles of his mouth ceased to squirt, and all was “ truce,” or “ as you were.”

So when he saw his choler rise,
And fury darting from his eyes ;
He fill'd a flowing bumper out,
(*Bead twenty-one, or there about,*
As good, as e'er grac'd glen or wood,)
And swill'd, "to Major Noble Blood."

The *magic* wrought—the storm expir'd,
The sword back to its sheath retir'd,
The gloomy phantom disappear'd,
The glasses ream'd, the bottle cheer'd,
Jack guzzl'd, and became so mellow,
That down he sunk upon the pillow.



Lines,

*Written on board, in sight of Scotland, when returning
from Ireland with my discharge.*

HAIL! Caledonia—hail! my native land;
Enlighten'd spot, where erudition grand,
Shines with effulgence, sheds a genial heat;
Glow in the hall—illumes the hind's retreat:
Blooms in the vale—adorns the mountains high;
Fires ev'ry soul, and beams in ev'ry eye.

Hail! liberty, my dearest boon on earth,
And dearest to the land that gave me birth—
Haste, haste ye winds, and bear the bark to land;
Secure upon the Caledonian strand.

Where stands a sharer of my youthful joy;
Where looks a brother, with a brother's eye;
Ready to bear me to the blest domain;
Where love and glorious independence reign.

Blow Favonius, fill the sheet,
Bear me on thy pinions fleet;

Billows dash, and vessel glide
Through the briny foaming tide—
Now she goes, her timbers crack;
Now, one only tedious tack;
When, free as the wind on the main,
I shall rush to the grove,
The retreat of my love,
And clasp her enamour'd again.



The Coquette ;

OR

HOW TO COOL A LOVER.

Alas ! poor Yorick !

SHAKESPEARE.

A pretty belle Miss F———was,
Not Hebe's self was fairer,
And when she spread abroad her gauze,
No menial durst come near her.

Her chuffy dimpled cheeks appear'd
Like two bright poppies spread !
Her eyes of hazel colour leerd !—
At one another mad !

Four glossy ringlets deck'd her brows,
And two rejoic'd behind !
And when she went, her furbelows
All caper'd in the wind !

And when she *ambl'd* with the *beaux* ;
She would have grac'd the street,
Had not she daub'd her *pretty clothes* !
By *splashing* with her feet !

Yet to the *bucks* her eyes so bright
Had many potent charms ;
For when she turn'd about the *white* !—
She kill'd them in her arms !!!

At church or market, ball or play ;
She's left her hundreds sighing,
And often when she went to *pray* ,
She's heard them groan—a dying !

And so bewitching were her ways,
When dress'd to public view,
That *dolts* and *fools* would stand and gaze,
Not knowing what to do !

Miss had two lovers deeply touch'd,
Dick's soul was all on fire,
And Tom look'd like a man bewitch'd !
When ever he came nigh her.

The rivals saw each other's flame,
Though both pretended shy ;

But when Tom stumbl'd on her name,
Poor Dick was like to die!

Yet Dick had charms, and *money* too,
Which gave him such a hoise,
That all that little Tom could do,
Was nothing in her eyes.

Dejected, Tom would hold his head,
And curse his rival's art,
And inly wish a pound of lead,
Was reeling through his heart.

He groan'd, he cried, he swore, he vow'd
Warm, everlasting love!—
Dick heard the protestations loud,
And told his *little dove*!

A *plot was hatch'd*—one ev'ning blest,
Tom press'd her in his arms,
A score of times her hand he press'd,
And eulogiz'd her charms.

She listen'd with malicious joy—
She saw him pant, and quiver!
Till once they pass'd a thicket by,
That grew beside a river.

Then all at once she gave a scream,
As Dick set up a roar—
Tom tumbl'd headlong in the stream,
And never saw her more !

*The Nurse of Cavan hospital's funeral oration, over
the dead body of young Tippler, her favourite lap dog,
that unfortunately expired, while passing the fiery ordeal
of castration !*

Thus to perish by a villain's hand.

HOME.

ALAS ! forever gane to rest—
O' frien's, the dearest—dogs the best—
For ever gane !—O C—— help me,
An' let nae filthy pagan skelp me.

O Tippler, Tippler, dearest dog,
That ever lay in lap or rug,
How aften hae I ta'en thee up,
When thou was but a feckless pup,
Rejoic'd to see thee tak thy part,
An' prest thee yelping to my heart,
How aft wi' thee I've play'd, an frisket;
When love was glowing i' thy brisket;
Been out the body when thou yelped
An' toozy tinkler messins skelped,
How aft about the knowes and dykes,
(When thou was out amang the tykes,)
Thou'st run and snowked a' about,
An' barked till thou faun' me out?
An' O how aften hae we spent
The vacant hours o' discontent,
Gaunting, yowling, dez'd an' sad,
Stretching, raxing, wearying, mad,
When Inclination, tir'd, and run,
Was gathering strength for future fun?
Nae man can tell or women think,
When thou got brose, an' I got drink,

Or if my share was double thine,
How we did caper, dance, an' shine!

But O may deadly vengeance blaw,
Upon the rascals ane an a' ;
Wha haun' in haun' wi' Defamation,
Hae caus'd sae muçkle sair vexation,
An' ca'd us *yeucky*, gi'en to strife,
An' now hae robb'd thee o' thy life,
An' soon—(sad fate, I see't ensuing,)
Will laugh at my disgrace and ruin.

My curse on C—l—d—r—w—d*, and S—th—s*,
O Horner tak them by the shouters ;
First on their heads thy malice pour ;
Then gi'e them owre to Harry's power,
The chap for tricks, and hum'ling pride,
An' lashing drinkers back an' side.

May Job's foul scurvy pains attack them,
An' burning fevers scorch an' rack them ;

* The two gentlemen that performed the operation.

Wi' hunger screwing up their kytes,
An' naething but sour dirts o' mites,
Dug frae the guts o' mooly cheese,
To gi'e their yawping crapings ease.

May neist time they fa' on the splore,
Meet Moll Kelly, an' her core,
An' be *heucked* in wi' drink,
Then sent owre to me, to think
On the wicked deeds they've kent,
An' their wicked moments spent,
Till their cheeks are swell'd like baps,
Livin' on burgoo ‡ an' saps ;
Till their spindle shanks, refuse
To bear their burdens through the house,
An' their hawkish een fa' in,
An' their shouthers cut the skin,
An' their lugs like blinders flap,
An' their mooly grinders drap,
Over and above the horrors,
Guilty conscience, doubts, an' terrors ;
Want o' hauns them clean to keep ;

‡ Thin potage made for the sick, often doubly refined.

Want o' skilligolee,† an' sleep ;
Destitute o' comfort, ease,
Stung, an' spotted wi' the fleas,
Without money, without frien's,
Future hopes, or present means,
Wi' Repentance at their back,
Laying them upon the rack,
An' experience i' their rear,
Bought ten thousan' poun's owre fear ;
An' O to ha'e them i' my power ;
If't were but only hauf an hour.
For lifting that vile jocktileg,
Sae fell, sae cutting, an' sae gleg,
An' garring't reel through thy poor heart,
Wi' a' the vengeance o' a dart.

But Tippler, tho' thou's now awa',
Nae mair to caper, bark an' blaw ;
Thy worthy name I'll ay revere,
As lang's I'm fit to shed a tear,
An' think upon each funnie project ;
Noon day sport, an' midnight magic,

† Skilligolee, the cant name of a kind of gruel, in great repute in hospitals, on account of its purgative quality.

Antie, caper, jig, an' splore ;
That we have had in days o' yore
When a' the spies were sunk in sleep,
An' Harry had the keys to keep ;
(Perhaps amang the sentries snaiking,
To see, and catch some cruity glaiking,
An' get him season'd wi' a paiking.)
When a' were dozing auld, an' young,
"But break my heart, for I maun haud my tongue."



Epistle

TO

Mr. J. H—N, ARRAN.

Ayr, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I.

LANG hae I glowr'd expecting something new,
Frae your romantic region i' the west,
An' aft I've sworn, by yonder lift sae blue,
That ilka weary leuck should be the last.

II.

This mony a day believe me I've expected,
Some queer description o' the Highland race,
About their *frees*, their manners, how protected,
An' how ye fand yoursel pleas'd wi' the place.

III.

Even i' my sleep I hae been fidgin fain,
Dreaming I saw you lift your reaming quill,
An' catching your *auld naggie* by the mane,
Blatt'ring like Jehu, up Parnassus' hill.

IV.

But now I fear ye hae forgotten me,
An's tint the way to clink the flowing rhyme,
Drown'd 'mang the *stingo*, carrying on the *spre*,
Procrastinating a' for *want o' time*.

V.

This may be sae, I'se laith to blame you for't,
Gude Highland whisky has a wond'rous charm,
It baffles care, an' sorrow, kittles sport,
An' maks undaunted, proof 'gainst each alarm.

VI.

s glad'ning steam, when wi' a social frien'
Gi'es energy, and joy withouten care:
The very sight o't gars a body *sten*,
An' canter like a filly at a fair!

VII.

But ah ! that man should sae pervert his bliss,
An' wi' excess infatuate his soul,
An' blast the pleasures of a social glass,
Wi' poor insipid tippling at the bowl.

VIII.

O what is more disgusting to the eye ;
More rude, detestable, and silly too,
Than inebrity, the " hue and cry,"
An' shouts of an intoxicated crew ?

IX.

Happy's the man whom rural scenes invite,
To those dear shades where innocence is found,
Whose hours glide on with pleasure and delight,
An' all is sweet sobriety around.

X.

O could I like the rustic plodder, dwell
In some sweet vale, in yellow daisies drest !
How would this heart wi' fond emotions swell !
Nae mair to be distracted, an' opprest.

XI.

Could I but lowse these weary limbs o' mine
Out o' this weary, tight, confounded chain,
Bright i' the sphere o' independence shine,
An' spen' in pleasure, what's now spent in pain.

XII.

I kenna what the consequence would be,
But man, I wiss I saw the happy hour,
When i' the kist I'd gar the takling flee,
And wi' a cudgel for auld Killie scour.

XIII.

But discontent here wi' a body's lot,
Is only to grim care an aggravation ;
What tho' we aften canna raise a groat,
Is that eneuch to sink aneath vexation ?

XIV.

Juist wait awee my lad, an' naething fear,
I've catch'd ae hope, and wi' that hope I'm blest—
A weethought langer, an' we'll soon get clear
O' this queer trade, an' canter wi' the best.

XV.

Thou kens right weel, things canna ay be sae,
The French an' English lang may ither batter,
An' fecht till doomsday i' the bloody fray,
Yet nane o' them e'er mak it tippence better.—

XVI.

But for twa coofs like you and me to crack
'Bout *this* and *that*, an' whan the wars should cease,
Is only laying mair on Burden's back,
Our joy is fortitude, our hope is peace.

XVII.

Come then O glorious heaven-born Hope, an' bring,
Concordia smiling, with her joyous train ;
An' let the universe wi' gladness ring,
O'er poor Humanity refresh'd again.

XVIII.

Come happy days, when far frae warlike noise,
Auld frien's an' cronies dear shall ither greet ;
When love re-kindl'd shall create new joys ;
An' faithfu' lovers fond, enraptur'd meet.

XIX.

When Philis smiling by the ingle side,
Shall spread the frugal, and delicious fare ;
And Strephon glowing wi' a husband's pride,
Shall set him down, the viands sweet to share.

XX.

When lispig wee things shall begin to sprout,
Beneath Fidelity's endearing hand,
And lovely Innocence with eye devout
Shall point to heaven, and walk by heaven's command.

XXI.

Joys, joys superlative— O glorious days,
O more than balance for a world of woe !
Descend ye Nine, and make my humble lays
In grateful symphonies, and raptures flow.

XXII.

And teach me to aspire above the crowd,
The low, the vicious and the servile race,
And teach me to despise the pamper'd proud
Whose ALL lies in the lustre of their lace.

XXIII.

And while my heart susceptible is found,
To independency's triumphant theme ;
Let not my little skiff be run a-ground,
By lowly envying a vassal's fame.

XXIV.

But steel my soul with fortitude to bear,
The lash of fate, till life's sad tumults end ;
And cheer me on to serve, while struggling here,
My GOD, my KING, my COUNTRY, and my
FRIEND.

WRITTEN

*one morning in Bellamount Forest, adjacent to Cootchill,
County Cavan, Ireland.*

FAIR is the witching scene of morn,
And sweet's the prospect here,
The Lintwhites chanting in the thorn,
Delight my ravish'd ear.

Fleet springs the Laverock from the corn,
The Martin from the spray,
And sweet the flowers the hills adorn,
And deck the meadows gay.

Blithe in these aromatic shades ;
The songsters warble sweet ;
There, jovial swains, and pliant maids
Enrapt, each other meet.

Here, through the dewy fragrant glades,
The swallows twittering rove ;

No foe appears, no hand invades,
The inmates of the grove.

Thrice happy season, for the mind
To calm reflection given ;

When Fancy roving unconfin'd ;
Soars on its way to heaven !

When Hope with Fancy is entwin'd,
And Joy transported flies,
While Care and Sorrow lag behind,
And Dissipation dies.

Is there a man to virtue lost,
To peace of mind a stranger,
Wreck'd on giddy passion's coast,
Among the rocks of danger !

By his ruling brother cross'd,
Friendless, poor, and worn ;
Cheerless, and by frenzy toss'd ;
Destracted and forlorn ?—
Up—let him breathe the morning air,
When gentle zephyrs blow,
When birds chant o'er creation fair,
And balmy odours flow,
Then let him spurn the lash of care,
(Life's miserable load,)
Burst through the trammels of despair,
And mount up to his God.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

Burnsonian Society,
ROYAL AYRSHIRE MILITIA,

On its first meeting to celebrate the Anniversary of
ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire Bard, in the Ham-
merman's Tavern, Perth.

YE FRIENDS of genius, harmony and glee,
From party feeling, and contention free.
Convok'd in honour of departed worth—
To bless the day that gave your poet birth.

With those who high in fortune's ranks appear,
With those that move in an inferior sphere,
And feel their bosoms kindle at the name,
Of BURNS, old COILA, LIBERTY, and FAME.

For you this night, I've bent my joyous way,
Possess'd of nothing but an humble lay,
Inspir'd with all the zeal a Scotsman ought,
To have for him who fir'd at ev'ry thought.
Who boldly advocated Freedom's cause,
And spurn'd the Tyrant, and the Tyrant's laws,
Tore from Hypocrisy the black attire,
And draggl'd old Corruption through the mire;
Shew'd how Religion rais'd her noble head,
With the *Cottager's* sequester'd shed.
Develop'd Superstition's powerful sway,
In's *Halloween*—in *Tam o' Shanter's* fray,
And rais'd so charmingly each witching theme,
And press'd so arduous in the paths of fame,
That Independence left the skies to guard,
And lodge within the bosom of the Bard.

Is there a class of men, o'ercharg'd with spleen,
Who brand his character with malice keen?

Let them remember ere his ways they scan,
His soul seraphic was attach'd to *Man*.
And that which in his wildest hours he drew—
Was but Corruption dragged out to view.
Perhaps severely lash'd, the culprit scream'd,
And what was only justice, murder seem'd,
Yet where he cannot strictly be defended,
Let them respect him for the good intended.
Still keeping in their eye the suffering dame—
OLD SUPERSTITION—gentlemen by name.
Religion's enemy, Heav'n's greatest foe,
The scourge of man, and Liberty below,
A Hag—remorsely, churlish, and uncivil
Foul as the grave, and frightful as the Devil.
But see—his "*Jolly Beggars*" come in view,
A laughing, limping, care defying crew.
With all their ranks in solid order clos'd,
With all their eccentricities expos'd.
Their ways exhibited in humble guise,
Their vexing sorrows balanc'd with their joys.
Each one discarding poortith, care and strife.
Each one triumphing o'er the ills of life.
Till all *inspired*, the roof, and walls rebound,
And force the Welkin to send back the sound ;

Till all enrapt they push the can, and song,
 And dance, and revel in one glorious throng,—
 Who will not laugh?—who can refrain it?—none.
 All join each chorus, all rejoice as one ;
 All sing, all flourish, bellow, fence, and quaff—
 Even Envy *starts aside*, and *grins a horrid laugh!!!*
 None but a poor phlegmatic cynic can,
 Despise the poet, or insult the man.
 O, who can read his "*Man was made to mourn,*"
 With heart unmov'd?—What bosom does not burn
 With patriotic ardour blazing high,
 When Edward, and his craven vassals fly?—
 But mark his stanzas on the waste of time;
 What are they?—pious, noble, and sublime.
 When lowly suffering 'neath the chast'ning rod,
 With few, few friends to bless his lone abode ;
 See how he soars in lucid moments given,
 And craves protection from all bounteous Heaven.
 But hark—(his satire bites,) his "*dogs*" appear,
 All tremble at the lash, all quake with fear,
 Cook reels o'er cook—old maids for shelter fly—
Buck clings to *buck*—poor *fops* stripp'd naked cry—
 Ladies and lords appall'd, long faces make,
 And great *high life*, does to its centre shake !

In all he writes, we see conjoin'd in one,
The bard, the lover, patriot friend, and man.
At ev'ry smile—we see a seraph fly;
At ev'ry frown—behold a tyrant die.
Where'er he goes, he leaves a native charm,
To what he does, we feel our bosoms warm;
And list'ning to his love inviting lyre,
Our bosoms kindle with poetic fire.
We read—we close—we muse upon each strain—
Refresh'd—re-open, and peruse again;
Reason enraptur'd, with the passions rage,
Fancy transported dwells on ev'ry page,
Proud Independence speaks in ev'ry line,
With all the pathos of the glorious Nine,
Inspir'd with all fire of poesy divine !
'Tis true he often fell in Virtue's eyes,
But when he fell—he only fell to rise ;
And tho' we blame his aberrations wild,
We still remember he was Fancy's child,
And when we at his noble sallies glance—
Our insignificance appears at once.
So great's his genius, that his faults appear,
Like little spots upon some mighty sphere.
Except to those who poor, proud *self* extol.

(Scarcely possess'd of one poor inch of soul),
Or hungry Critics, who no tribute pay ;
But watch like vultures only for the prey ;
Or those whom Dullness fosters in the shade,
Who know no more of genius than a Jade ,
But should poor Frailty, stumble on his station,
Are wond'rously *adroit* at flagellation !

While thus assembl'd here, ye comrades brave,
As far above the Tyrant as the Slave.
To BURNS'S mem'ry, make one bumper flow,
With all the veneration which ye owe ;
And as your sentiments shall upward rise,
(Perhaps to greet your POET in the skies,)
From every voice let this loud burst be heard—
SCOTIA for EVER and HER FAV'RITE BARD.

An Epistle

TO

MR. J. LOGAN,

AYR.

Kilmarnock, April, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

LAYING my haun upon a heart,

That palpitated sair ;

An's been the butt o' mony a dart,

O' raggamuffin care.

An' thinking on the hours we've spent

Upon the banks o' Ayr ;

I seiz'd my pen, a musing went,

And saw you wand'ring there.

Imagination took the wing,

An' lifted me on high ;

I heard the muse of Friendship sing—

My bosom thrill'd with joy,

And seeing frien'ship, virgin bright,

Still sparkl'ing in your eye,

I check'd my courser's rapid flight,

When upward came a sigh !

'Twas a sigh ! from my friend—from your bosom it came,

I knew it, for oft I've heav'd one of the same ;

It could not deceive me, oh no !—for it burn'd

With the ardour of Logan, by Fortuna spurn'd.

It play'd round my head—thro' ugh my bosom it stole,

It melted my heart, as it thrill'd through my soul,

And the tale that it brought, was the balm of relief,

For the language it spoke, was the language of grief.

The strain was of the captive kind,

By disappointment tun'd ;

Wam from a spirit long confin'd,

That bled at many a wound.

And as I listen'd to the strain,

I felt a heavy sigh

Steal from my heart, the seat of pain,

And ev'ry pleasure die.

It sung. "O Love and Friendship dear,

" The source of many a smile, and tear,

" Whose sweet effusions oft have blest,

" And sooth'd the weary soul to rest

" Know, that the bosom I have left,

" Has felt the point of many a shaft ;

“ That in its core, the stings of pain,
“ Have often ravish'd not in vain ;
“ That Disappointment stalking round,
“ Has oft inflicted many a wound,
“ Levelling ev'ry noble aim,
“ At independency, and fame ;
“ And leaving nothing in the tract
“ Of Hope, and Trial, but the wreck
“ Of many a view that reach'd to Heav'n,
“ And many a youthful phantom, driv'n
“ By adverse winds of deep distress,
“ Into the shade of Nothingness !
“ But know, that when disaster came
“ His manly heart still felt the flame
“ Of pride blaze, spurning life's alarms,
“ Fir'd by Fortitude in arms !
“ For where Misfortune made a breach,
“ Howling Despair could never reach,
“ His soul by Independence steel'd ;
“ Firm, and undaunted kept the field.
“ Oppression met him him undismay'd,
“ In patriotic garb array'd,
“ And when he met a haughty foe,
“ His arm was rais'd to lay him low,

“ And when a faithful friend he met,
“ The vow was made to share his fate,
“ The hand was out, the eye was full,
“ And warm enjoyment crown'd the whole.
“ But yet the frailty of his race,
“ Was deeply graven on his face ;
“ Prudence at times was out of call,
“ And Virtue often saw him fall,
“ The social hour was oft extended,
“ Till in repentance deep it ended,
“ Till in the chains of sorrow bound,
“ No ray of happiness he found,
“ But keen Reflection writhing bitter,
“ Sighing what he could not utter.
“ Now wandering low in yonder vale,
“ Pouring his sorrows to the gale,
“ Shedding a tear for her he lov'd,
“ Priz'd, carress'd, sustain'd, and prov'd ;
“ Till once the hour came to undress,
“ And soar up to the realms of bliss :)
“ His struggling bosom felt a throe,
“ Of bitter, deep, expressive woe,
“ And calling former hours to view,
“ Spent in friendship sweet with you,

“ Enthusiasm struck a flame—

“ His bosom heav'd, and up I came.”

Thus spoke the sad messenger, forcing a tear,
For the friend of my bosom, in friendship sincere.
Who ne'er had a sixpence but what I could claim,
When Need gave a signal I wanted the same.
Whose tongue was a critic, whose eye was a mirror,
Correcting, reflecting my folly and error.
At times an intruder, not minding the mood
I was in ; often doing more evil than good,
Yet hap'ly persisting, till light lent a beam,
And I found I was not what I argued to seem,
Like many who through conceit, titles and clothing,
Would seem to be something, when really they're no-
thing.

But here Imagination drop'd,
I found myself in darkness coop'd,
The muse to Terra Firma stoop'd,

No more to me was given.
The clock struck twelve—for ever gone—
I heard the bird of midnight moan—
I started—found myself alone,
And sent a sigh to Heaven.

An Epistle

TO

MR. J. F——N.

KILMARNOCK.

Aughnacloy, 1814.

SIR,

I.

Excuse the freedom of a roving muse,
Frae auld Parnassus clattering awae;
Proud o' her sang, and rising in her views,
She wings to Killie, scene of mirth and glee.
Whare we have often fill'd the *bicker camp*,
O'er flowing numbers, and the joys o' life,
While ithers mair carress'd in fortune's lap,
Sank far below us lost in warly strife,
Strangers to pleasure, and the generous glow
That faithfu' frien's, and social billies know.

II.

Nae doubt your patience will be near haun run,
As twa three weeks hae now gane stepping by,
Since ye've enjoy'd frae me the sma'est fun,
In breaking wafers nonsense to discry;

But tho' procrastination wad impart
The *balm oblivious* and lull to sleep,
I never will the honest man desert,
But in my heart "mysterious frien'ship" keep,
Inviolated, as I trudge along,
Charm'd wi' the sweet effusions of a sang.

III.

Now sailing in my prime, opprest wi' care,
Reflection, poring owre braw youth mispent,
At ev'ry *mark* gi'es me a fleesome stare !
And whips me up for tricks I've done and kent.
O whan will man "suspect *himsel* a fool,
A dupe to pride, and *self created woe* ?
Whan will he pause, by reason try to rule,
And tak a better view o' things below ?—
Alas ! poor low infatuated man,—
See how he clips his wee short infant span !

IV.

Just stop, and see how *nobly* we advance,—
Maist ev'ry *step* in life *we mark* and rue ;
While *Inconsistency* with eye askance,
Exhibits a' our nakedness to view !
Can it be possible that heav'n born man,
The seat of reason in this world below,

Should sae proceed upon the dreadful plan,
That banes his bliss, and rivets a' his woe?—
Yes—man preposterous has himsel to blame,
For hauf the miseries his tongue can name.

V.

Man unco *big*, wad fain respected be,
Admir'd, rever'd, protected, and carress'd;
And fain wad set *himsel* and *kintra free*,
Nae mair to be distracted and oppress'd,
And willingly wad hasten to the bower,
Where love regales the animated pair,
Or on the wings of Hope through ether tower,
Triumphant o'er the gloomy walks of care,
Be independent, honour'd happy, great,
And be alas! what ne'er will be his fate.

VI.

But see this boast of excellence and worth,
Begin his young, and promising career,
Wi' a' the gossips auguring, that his birth,
Prognosticates the *gentleman*, or *peer*;
And see him mounting life's romantic stage,
Projecting, carving, bountiful and free,
The 'Duke' the 'Prince,' the 'Hero,' and the 'Sage'—
Till down the curtain drops and down goes he
Pursu'd by Disappointment, and Alarms,
With all his mighty grandeur in his arms!

VII.

But watch him *frying* in the pan of love—
Here, vacillating between hope and fear—
There, striving a' his features to improve ;
Now, wishing Chloe wad instantly appear.
He sees her smile,—love ravishes his heart ;
No man so happy, tho' no wretch so poor!
For when she frowns, and looks indignant dart,
His pain is greater than he can endure,
He rears, he storms the picture of despair,
A dupe to folly, madness and the fair.

VIII.

At last he gets a wife, a race he rears ;
Fechts, toils, and sweats in wedlock's *queer* contest,
The things expand, and ripen into years—
Ane proves a *comfort*, ane a downright *pest*,
He lays by *something for a future day* !
Tries ~~mony~~ a scheme, sees fortune blast them a',
Till ance decrepit, fashous, auld, and gray,
He maks his will, and then he's cufft awa
Amang the mools, beside the silent dead,
A poor auld carcass, *twa three worms to feed.*

IX.

But view him in the field where honour bright,
Beams glorious in his wild impetuous eye ;

Where stern his eye balls roll throughout the fight,
And brandish'd sword his nerves athletic ply;
Then mark the hero by the setting sun,
When nature sinks into the arms of rest,
How gory streams from deep made gashes run,
When Death ingraves this *motto* on his breast,
“ *Here, lies a hero of immortal fame*”
And *there*, his brother of the earth, the same.

X.

How then shall we, poor mortals warstle through,
This sad probationary weary warl' ?—
How ?—live on that which frae our toils accrue,
And spurn the lash of Envy, and the Snarl,
Fly to the fount whence streams balsamic run,
Lay up our treasures in a lasting store,
Do what we ought to do on earth, and then,
“ When shall we die—to live for evermore”
When unmolested we'll our harps employ,
For ever happy in the realms of joy.

Harrington and Glenor.

'Twas winter—and Nature was shrivell'd with care;
The Sun only glanc'd to exhibit her form;

The woodlands were leafless, the mountains were bare,
And the breeze only blew to prepare for the storm.
There was snow on the hills; there was ice on the streams,
The ravens crow'd "war" as they rock'd on the trees,
There was havock at sea—there were loud dying
screams;
And the sea mew shrieh'd "horror," and fled on
the breeze.

In the west the last rays of a cold cheerless light,
Were sinking below the black verge of the sky :
The Twilight expir'd,—and the Queen of the night,
At intervals caught the lone sentinel's eye.

Immur'd in his cabin poor Wretchedness moan'd ;
An old root his table—his chair the red clay ;
In his dungeon the guilty, pale prisoner groan'd,
And Death stood behind him in battle array.

In his palace the Tyrant sat gloomy and sad—
The Sycophants trembl'd, and bow'd to the ground.
The Lunatics rav'd, at their grim keepers mad,
And the slaves in the galleys new manacles found.

'Twas a night of distraction—'twas Horror's dread hour,
The clouds on their wings bore the dæmons of hell,

And Despair had usurp'd the dominion and power
Of Courage—and Fortitude stagger'd and fell.

O such was the season, and such was the night,
When Harrington look'd at his children, and sigh'd,
And such was the anguish he felt at the sight,
That he rose in a transport of horror, and cry'd,
“ O Heaven ! bend an eye of compassion, and save
“ These innocent suff'ers from misery and woe ;
“ And steel my sad bosom with courage, to brave
“ The storms of misfortune, while struggling below.”

He paus'd—and beheld how poor Elenor strove
To check her own sorrow that roll'd in her breast ;
But her eyes tho' they sparkl'd with virtue and love,
Only saw him more frantic grow, wild, and distress'd.
His soul was the seat of Love, spotless and fair ;
Honour dwelt in its core, Duty lay by its side ;
But tho' Honour, and Duty, and Love revell'd there,
It was still the redoubtable fortress of Pride.

And that pride made him anger an old worldly Sire,
And marry poor Elenor, virtuous and young—
And it forc'd him at last to a cot to retire—
And it cheer'd him as lonely he labour'd and sung.

And there he sustain'd by the sweat of his brow,
His Elenor tender, the joy of his heart ;
While their luxuries rose from the meads, and a cow,
And their bosoms were strangers to flatt'ry and art.
But Fate saw them happy, and blasted their joy ;
The sentinel Hope, was succeeded by Care ;
For Poverty came with a hand to destroy,
And Harrington sunk in the arms of Despair.
He clasped his wife, and exclaim'd with a sigh,
“ This night—O support me ye Rulers of fate ;
“ This night I will run to my Father, and try
“ If there's love in his bosom and tell him our state.”
He rush'd from her arms—thro' a deep glen he went,
He brav'd the dread tempest—he felt not the rain ;
He came to the castle, cold weary and spent,
And sought for admittance—but sought it in vain.
For his Father no sooner beheld him ; than warm
Grew his rage—he spurn'd him—and bolted the door,
Poor Harrington stood overwhelm'd in the storm—
His heart broke !—he turn'd to solicit no more !
A red flash of light'ning now gleam'd through the sky,
And Winter's dread thunder roar'd loud on the blast,

An other hour knell'd from a steeple hard by,

'Twas the big hour of fate—It was Harrington's last!

He stood by a ditch—and he drew out his knife——

In his heart the blade rested—he stagger'd, and fell,
The blood gurggl'd out——'twas the pure stream of life!

His eyes clos'd—and nature bade nature farewell.

But O who can picture poor Elenor's soul,

She trembl'd—she shudder'd—she dreaded his doom,
She felt the salt tears down her pallid cheeks roll——

She went to the door—and she look'd thro' the gloom.

“ Ah! nothing like him to my sad view appears,”

All was dark, all was dreary, tempestuous and rude,
She kiss'd her dear children—she bath'd them in tears!

She listen'd—“ Oh no—'twas the rooks in the wood!”

“ He is gone!—no!— he lives—with his Father he's blest,

“ He will come home transported o'er friendship re-
stor'd—

“ He will clasp me, and say” “ my dear Elenor rest,

“ For we yet shall rejoice o'er a plentiful board.”

“ Do I dream?—are my senses aright?—Gracious
Heaven!

“ He will never return to his Elenor more;

“ He left me by madness, and misery driven—

“ His Father has spurn'd him—he lies in his gore !”

As she spoke—a sight peer'd thro' the gloom—it was he!

Cold, bloody, and lifeless, by travellers borne ;

Whose object was in the first cot they could see,

To lay the pale corpse, till the dawning of morn.

Humanity only can figure the scene—

Poor Elenor's shrieks rent the gloom settled air ;

Her reason departed—her anguish was keen,

And she fell in his arms, a poor child of Despair.

And ever since, pensive she wanders alone—

She knows not her children—nor mortal esteems ;

But often will to the loud winds make her moan

And tell o'er her woes to the murmuring streams.

But the vengeance of Heaven on the old Sire descended,

And he sunk 'neath the wrath of a terrible curse ;

Deep galling Reflection his bed-side attended,

Till at last he expir'd in the arms of REMORSE.



Songs.

DREARY GREENLAW.

TUNE—*Sandy o' Bonnie Dundee.*

YE caul nipping blasts, O how lang will ye rattle,
An' pour out your vengeance on dreary Greenlaw ?
How lang will ye rage like the loud roaring battle,
An' freeze the lone sentries amang the deep snaw ?
O loud blaws the win' frae the wild Pentland mountains,
An' keen the sleet batters, through Pennycuick shaw,
Fast the frost binds up the streams and the fountains,
An' lanely I sigh for Joys fled an' awa.

All Gracious Preserver look down wi' compassion,
See—Misery link'd i' the chain wi' Despair,
An pale haggard Wretchedness blabbing her lesson,
O' grief, to the tempest that wars in the air,
Ah !—now could I relish the sweets I've rejected,
My auld reeky cottage shines bonnie and fair,
My Philis appears like Aurora bedecked,
An' warms my caul heart the sad mansion o' care.

But vain are my sighs, tears reflections, and moanings,
And vain are my hopes in this valley of woe ;

My heart bleeds a fresh at the pris'ner's deep groanings,

And horror o'ercasts ev'ry prospect below—

O Liberty! when wilt thou dawn o'er the nations?

When will the chains break, to let mankind repose?

When Peace, Love, and Friendship shall hie to their
stations,

And share in the blessings which Freedom bestows.

SONG.

THE DAYS THAT WILL NEVER RETURN.

TUNE—*Harper of Mull.*

O HEARD ye yon knell—it was Nancy that scream'd,

In the grot she had slept—of her Bill she had dreamt;—

She pass'd me distracted—her bosom was bare;

A flood swell'd her heart—'Twas the tide of despair.

Ah! me, she exclaim'd in a heart rending strain,

No more shall I clasp my dear Billy again!

But lonely and sad o'er his fate I must mourn,

And sigh for the days that will never return!

On the hours we have spent, without care to alloy,

When love was the theme, and the source of our joy,

Forget them my heart, with each frolicsome tale;
Since he who enjoy'd them lies low in the vale:
No more will I go to the woodlands again,
And tenderly melt in the arms of my swain,
But pensive I'll hie to the low purling burn,
And sigh o'er the days that will never return.

No more shall the songster's sweet notes in the dale,
Convey'd on the wings of the soft sighing gale,
A waken bright Fancy, fill Nature with glee,
Enrapture my Billy, or captivate me.
But down in yon cot where the burn gurgles by,
And Solitude reigns, will I weep till I die ;
Yet while my heart beats, o'er his fate I will mourn,
And sigh o'er the days that will never return.

SONG.

WILLIAM IS NO MORE.

TUNE.—*Molly Astore.*

Wild from the cot by anguish prest,
Young Sally Morgan flew ;
Despair had seiz'd her lovely breast
And pierc'd her bosom thro'
And as the heaving sigh she drew,
And heard the ocean roar,

“ Ah!—me,” she cry’d,—“ what shall I do ?”

“ My William is no more.”

“ O curse upon destructive war!

“ Ye deeds of crimson dye ;

“ And ye that dragg’d my love afar,

“ And saw him bleed and die.

“ For ever let his bosom sigh,

“ That stamp’d upon his gore.

“ Ah!—well-a-day! where shall I fly ?

“ My William is no more.

“ Bright was the morn that William sped,

“ And press’d me in his arms ;

“ Blest was the hour that saw us wed,

“ Far, far from war’s alarms.

“ But ah!—illusivè were those charms ;

“ Fate rends my bosom sore ;

“ Alas! to me no pleasure warms,

“ For William is no more.

“ O could I like the eagle fly

“ To yonder gory plain,

“ And vision give unto the eye

“ That ne’er shall beam again.

“ Or could I wade the watery main,
“ And o’er his ashes pore ?
“ But break my heart—the wish is vain,
“ My William is no more.”

Then with a scream that rent the air,
Away young Sally flew,
And on the pinions of despair,
Evanish’d from my view.
But as the gentle zephyrs blew
Along the flinty shore,
I heard the shriek—“ what shall I do ?
My William is no more.”

SONG.

FLY GENTLE BREEZE TO THE FOUNTAIN.

TUNE—*Calm dewy morning.*

O FLY gentle breeze to the fountain,
That glides on sae bonnie and clear,
Beneath the green foot o’ yon mountain,
Where stands the fair cot o’ my dear,
And there with the voice o’ the Blackbird,
That warbles sae sweet i’ the grove,

Convey to the ear o' my darling.

The strains of affection and love.

Haste, haste gentle breeze to the woodside,

Where Fancy sees Philida stray ;

And tell her that now on the flood wide,

Her Strephon plows homeward his way,

To press her dear nymph to his bosom,

Still lovely, still dearer than a',

While love round affection shall blossom.

Till death snap the tendrils in twa'.

SONG.

WELCOME BRITONS HOME AGAIN.

TUNE—*When Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove.*

WHEN Britain, fam'd in war's alarms,

Her nob'lest wreath had won ;

She wav'd the olive, pil'd her arms,

And crown'd her actions done,

Her sons of glory rais'd the song,

Amid the jovial festive throng,

While Liberty encor'd the strain,

Of "Welcome Britons home again,"

The angel throng receiv'd the sound—

The minstrels shook the strings,

Bright Fancy heard heav'n's vaults rebound,

And soar'd on glad'ning wings,

When in the jovial festive throng,
The sons of glory rais'd the song,
And Liberty encor'd the strain,
Of "Welcome Britons home again".
Long may Britannia, glorious Isle,
Her joyful plaudits raise,
And commerce o'er her children smile,
And Freedom dart her rays,
And sons of Glory raise the song,
Amid the jovial festive throng,
And Liberty encore the strain,
Of "Welcome Britons home again."

SONG.

WHEN BRITAIN'S FAES.

TUNE—*Killicrankie.*

WHEN Britain's faes in modern days,
Began to taunt and jaw, man,
An' Boney cried, what ere betide,
I mean to rule them a', man ;
In angry mood Britannia stood,
To hear the upstart blaw, man,
Then aff she got, wi' bluid red hot,
An' swore she'd fecht them a', man !
Dress'd rank an file, in glorious stile,
Wi' guns and swords and a', man,
She march'd away, to quell the fray,
Wi' mony a loud hurra, man,

Upon the sea, she bore the gree,

The land she wadna fa' man ;

An' soon they saw, baith ane an' a',

Her Lion rampant *claw*, man.

On Spanish mound, she took her ground,

Her temper'd steel to shaw man,

Waft through the air, her banners fair,

An' *ram'd* her cannon's jaw, man,

Then *tooth* an' *nail*, began to flail,

Amang them wi' sic *awe*, man,

That owre the *knowes*, they ran like *howes*,

Right glad to win awa, man,

How she behav'd, her banners wav'd,

Let Talavera shaw, man,

Badajoz tell how doure and fell,

She storm'd her castle wa' man,

An' how she fought an' mang them wrought,

The Arapiles can blaw, man,

Vittoria too, can witness true,

How weal she dress'd them a', man.

The Pyrenees, can tell each squeeze,

Each lounging rap an a', man,

The bluidy snoots, kicks, cuffs, an' cloots,

An' balls they had to *gnaw*, man,

The broken ranks, *birs'd*, *splinter'd shanks*,

Cloor'd, cloven pows, an' a', man,

Soult can declare, tho' routh were there,

To prove each sad *fracas*, man.

These were the deeds, gart tears like beads,
Frae Josy's *blinkers* fa', man,
These were the Boys, that rais'd the noise,
An' kept the *loons* in awe, man,
This was the play, gart Nappy say
Guidfaith I canna *sta'*, man,
But tak' his *heels*, and through the *fiels*,
Just like a frightened daw, man.
An' when he saw, that ane an a',
Began to pook, and draw, man,
He curs'd Moscow to Clottie's *how*,
An' *sacra dieud* the snaw, man,
While German *knives* were taking lives,
As fast as they could draw, man,
And Cossack *steel* through *rumps* did reel,
Which gart them *yowl* and *claw*, man.
Queer Johuny Bull, now saw *his scull*,
Had mair in't than them a', man,
Tho' owre his debt he aften sat,
An' gied his beard a claw, man.
But keen o' fame, to end the game,
And hale each weary *flaw*, man,
Sent Castlereagh, out owre the sea,
The *Fleur de Lis* to shaw, man.
Then aff gaed Nap, juist like a clap,
Tho' muckle he did *jaw*, man,
An' on the throne *pop'd* Louis on,
Again to *hum* an *ha*, man.

An*fast an' free they swore to gree,
Nae mair to *rug* and *thraw*, man ;
Took up the pen, and *sa'e* an' en',
Was put to war for a', man.

But Boney's *rage*, within his *cage*,
Was *boiling het* an' a', man
An' faction keen, to change the scene,
Brought back the *mad outlaw*, man.

Then out got John another loan,
And clinch'd his muckle paw, man,
An' swore by jing, he'd make him *hing*,
As *heigh's* his castle wa', man.

Now Boney's *fun* was nearly run,
His drinking, plays, an' a', man,
For on the hills like raging Bills,
The allies began to blaw, man.
An' when in view, at Waterloo,
They tilt wi' open jaw, man,
Till Nappy pranc'd, lap, swore, an' danc'd,
An' ran an' left them a' man.

So here's a *lease*, o' *wealth* and *peace*,
For *fifty years* an' a', man,
An' honest fame, to waft the same,
As far's the win' can blaw, man.
An' while we cheer, may honour dear,
Inspire us ane an' a', man,
An' this be sung by auld and young,
Britannia's fit for a', man.

Notes.

POVERTY.

Page 17th, line 7th.

“ Can you behold the pyramidal piles.”

There were three pyramids in Egypt more famous than the rest, and one of them ranked among the seven wonders of the world, an hundred thousand men were constantly employed about this work, and were relieved every three months by the same number. Ten years were spent in hewing out the stones; and twenty more in building this immense edifice. But in all a nothingness appears—for these pyramids were *tombs!*

Page 17th, line 9th.

“ Rais'd by the hands of Cheops and Cephrenus.”

Two abominable Tyrants—Cheops reigned fifty years—Cephrenus fifty six—their reigns were horrible—their subjects were reduced to wretchedness—the temples were shut; and the offering of sacrifices forbid under the severest penalties. Numberless multitudes of men were employed in the works of slavery—their lives were sacrificed merely to gratify the ambition of their princes; who wished to immortalize their names by edifices of an enormous magnitude, and boundless expence.—But thank Heaven, Tyranny often defeats itself—for these miscreant rulers had not the honour to be buried in their own tombs (pyramids) but were interred in some obscure place, to prevent their bodies being exposed to the fury and vengeance of the populace.

Extracted from Rollin's Ancient History.

Page 18th, line 7th.

“ And see where Babylon (now extinct) arose.”

Babylon, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Chaldea, was rendered by Nebuchadnezzar, one of the wonder's of the world. Its walls were 87 feet thick, in height 350 feet, and in compass 480 furlongs.—But nothing was more wonderful than the hanging Gardens, which Nebuchadnezzar made in complaisance to his wife Amyte, in order to *gratify a strong Inclination*

she had, to have at Babylon, are presentation of her Median forests and mountains.—When we consider the magnitude of that once powerful city—the numerous victories obtained over the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Jews, and Arabians,—and the numberless groups of captives brought in by its rulers; there compelled to toil in all the works of *slavery* and *grandeur*, we may boldly assert, that Poverty was there in all his terrors, seconding the dreadful mandate “go” a term well known in the land of slaves.

Page 19th, line 1st.

“But let your wild imagination trace.”

“The great wall of China—a masterpiece of industry—excelling every fortification attempted by the ancients, was built some centuries before Christ, by the Chinese emperor CHINCHU VOANG, to prevent the incursions of the western Tartars.

To raise men for building this wall, which is stated to have been completed in five years, the emperor commanded that three out of every ten men throughout his dominions should work at it; and afterwards two out of every five were compelled to work at this vast undertaking. It is also said that though the inhabitants of each province worked as near their own abodes as possible, yet either by the *length of their journey*, or the *difference of climate*, almost all those employed in its construction, *died unexpectedly!* (an event without a parallel.) This raised a tumult in the empire which caused the murder of the emperor, and his son Agutzi, in the fortieth year of his reign.”

See Kelly's Geography.

Page 20, lines 6 & 7—“There dark Oppression with unhallow'd hands
Beggars her dupes; and wadd'ling monks contrive.”

Jerusalem is comprehended in the pachalic of Damascus, and exposed to all the terror of Turkish power. There for a few purses, a janissary may become a petty Aga, and this Aga may at his *good pleasure*, either take away your life or *permit* you to redeem it.—Thus executioners are multiplied in every town—the only thing ever heard—The only justice ever thought of is, *let him pay ten, twenty, or thirty purses—give him five*

hundred strokes of the bastinado—cut off his head.—
Chateaubriand on the police of Jerusalem.

“ Here we were admitted into a court with all our horses and camels, the vast portals were then again closed, and a party of the most corpulent friars we had ever seen from the warmest cloisters of Spain and Italy waddled round us, and welcomed our arrival.”—

Clarks Travels.

Page 21, line 6.—“ Reduc'd from wealth,
Significance and power, into a state
Scarce credible.

“ When Greece fell under the christian yoke, Libanius says, that he saw whole troops of priests and monks, armed with hatchets and flambeaux, running through the country, burning the temples, breaking the statues, and leaving in their passage only the smoking wrecks of ashes and of ruin, at the sight of these fanatics, philosophy abandoned Greece to return thither no more.”

“ Sad is the aspect of this shore,
’Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there,”

BYRON.

“ ’Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
And self abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot—sway.

BYRON.

Page 21st, line 15.—“ And glance at Rome, &c.”

After the death of Constantine the recovery of the Roman empire was become desperate, no wisdom could obviate its decadence; no courage oppose the evils that surrounded it on every side. The emperors were most of them furnished with neither courage nor conduct to oppose.—Their residence in Asia enervated their manners—sunk in corruption, they became more indolent—more insolent—fonder of domestic pleasures, and more abstracted from the empire.

Meanwhile the barbarians were become formidable. They had been increasing in their hideous deserts

amidst regions frightful with eternal snows, and only waited an opportunity of coming down into a more fruitful climate.—At last they succeed—the Huns pass the Cimmærian Bosphorus—drive the Goths before them. The Goths in their consternation, entreat the Romans to allow them a place of refuge—get their request, but afterwards rise against their protectors—engage at Adrianople, and destroy Valens, and the greatest part of his army. Alaric at the head of his forces declares war—fights the armies of the empire with various success—passes the Alps, and pours down like a mighty torrent among the fruitful valleys of Italy. The timid inhabitants behold with terror a dreadful enemy ravaging in the midst of their country, while their wretched emperor Honorius, revels in Ravenna, seeming only resolved to keep up his *dignity*! At last the city crowded with inhabitants, is besieged—terror and destruction rage without the walls—famine and pestilence ravage within—the temples are stripp'd—the people are taxed—Alaric is bought off—but again returns—takes the city and plunders it for three days. What Alaric spares, Gesneric King of the Vandals, destroys—his merciless soldiers for fourteen days together, ravage with implacable fury in the midst of that venerable place.—Neither private dwellings, nor public buildings, nor sex, nor age, nor Religion, gave the least protection against these Poverty-driven Barbarians. And now in the character of modern Rome, we see all that is low, mean, villanous, base, contemptible, and poor—a country wretched and obsiquous.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from its high estate,

And weltering in its blood!

DRYDEN.

Page 22d, line 11th.

“Afric is mine, &c.”

The following extract only hints to the reader what he may expect to find in reading the history of Ham's cursed soil.

“The court was engaged at this time in the celebration of a grand festival, called *the annual customs where the King waters the graves of his ancestors with the blood of many human victims*. In passing the guard

house, I observed a great number of skulls fixed on small stakes at the roof; on each side of the door was a pile of human heads, at least fifty in each, at a few yards distance opposite the door was a small stage about ten feet high, on which lay about two dozen heads of unfortunate victims, who had been sacrificed a few days before, at some of the late festivals. In my way to see the king I beheld ten human heads which had recently been cut off. When I arrived, he was seated on a chair of velvet—several women were employed fanning him, and one on her knees held a golden cup for him to *spit* in. The ministers that went with me fell down, rubbed their heads in the dust, and *kissed* the ground repeatedly!!!”

Page 26th, line 9th.

“See the poor natives of Hibernia.”

It is lamentable that Ireland, the fairest spot in the British dominions, should be this day in the death-grips of Poverty, and that Prejudice and Ignorance should, with slanderous tongue culluminate the character of a people second to none in generosity, hospitality, genius and spirit. They are indeed “fierce to the foe—but to their friends they are true,” and though their cabins are wretched and their fare is coarse, the one is a protection from the storm, and the other a sure repast to the weary traveller. I went to Ireland with all my national *partiality* upon my back. I returned fully convinced that the most of my former opinions respecting that country were false and erroneous. My prayers for Ireland will therefore accompany my supplications for Caledonia; and the blessings following my petitions, in behalf of the heath cover'd mountains of Scotland, shall be cheerfully shared with the green hills of Erin.

Page 28th, line 5th.

“But mark my sway over the sons of genius.”

Those who wish to have a full account of the authors mentioned, will find themselves satisfied by turning to Plutarch Lives.—Urquhart on classical education.—Dr. Johnston's lives of the British poets, and the works of the Scottish Bards.

NOTES.—THE TWENTY FOURTH.

The twenty fourth day of each month, is the day upon which the troops are mustered; a report of their state made out for the War office, and all accounts settled. As a portion of each day's pay is retained in the hands of the Paymaster, for the purpose of supplying the men with such articles as may be deemed necessary, such money distinguished by the title of Ar-rears, is given out, (providing nothing has been stopped,) as each man signs his account, and as there are few who have not something to draw; the duty of the day is no sooner over, than the Canteen, or some other rendezvous is immediately crowded, and a scene of mirth, laughter, and inebriety often ensues, which beggars description

“ Like maiden trees in forest left.”

When forests, or old woods are a cutting, such trees as have not come to maturity are left standing, and have on that account received the name of *maidens*.

“ An ither planning how to save,

Begins to stap his mouth,

Wi' duff's that night.”

Nothing is more truly heroic, than a soldier “on the save.” When we consider his income, appetites, and the numberless temptations to which he is exposed; the manner in which he braves every obstacle, labours, pinches, mounts pay guards, and piquets, denying himself the proper necessaries of life, merely that he may fill a little purse, perhaps to remit to a wife, a child, or aged parent, or (what happens as oft) to devour in one mighty *debauch*. When we consider these things, our astonishment is excited, the intrepidity of the warrior is challenged, the boasted heroism of the great appears in a different light, and in the midst of our observations, we turn round from a Hercules, and a Theseus, a Philip, an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Charles, a Wolfe, Wellington, and Blucher, and confer upon the head of the humble parsimonious soldier a considerable share of glory.

“ Till skelp—a spring deceives him.”

In taking down the inside of a musket lock, a great deal of caution is required with the mainspring.

Through ignorance, or an overlook, the little steel gentleman has often gained his liberty.

“ Hauf screen'd twa olivaster blades,”

It is the custom, in order, as it were to avoid the *vulgar gaze*, to pin a couple of sheets round a bed as curtains, and the parties considering themselves *snug*, go through their *evolutions*, with as great security as if within the walls of a castle.

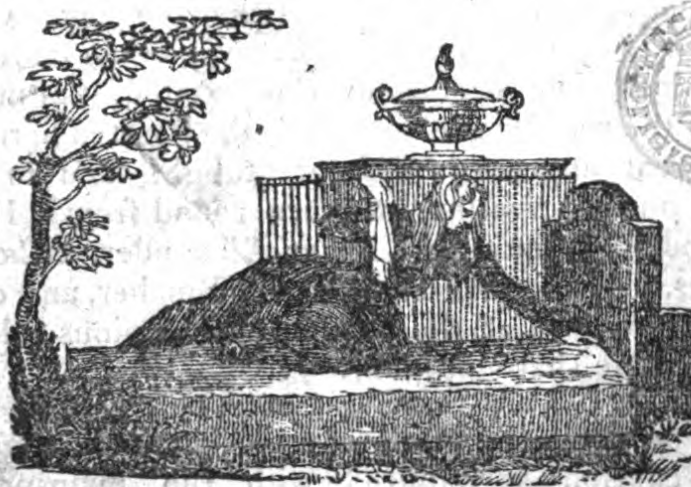
“ But now the glory does begin.”

When the drums beat *tatoo*, the barracks are all in an uproar; all running to answer their names. Some shouting, others singing, one half drunk, another reeling, every one more great, proud, and glorious, than another, giving to oblivion their care, laughing in the face of order, and forming a scene altogether wild and romantic.

“ Some lying fechtin wi' the fleas,
A constant murmur keep.”

Of all the evils which imbitter the military life, the *vermin* takes the lead. The pain inflicted by these black midnight picaroons is truly intolerable. Suppose a poor soldier, exhausted with a long march, guard, hard drill, or other fatigue, laying himself down upon his fine soft comfortable *straw bed*, contemplating a few hours respite in the arms of Somnus. What must be his feelings, when in a few moments he finds himself attacked on all sides, by innumerable bands of blood thirsty, keen fanged, intripid, remorseless fleas!

FINIS.



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