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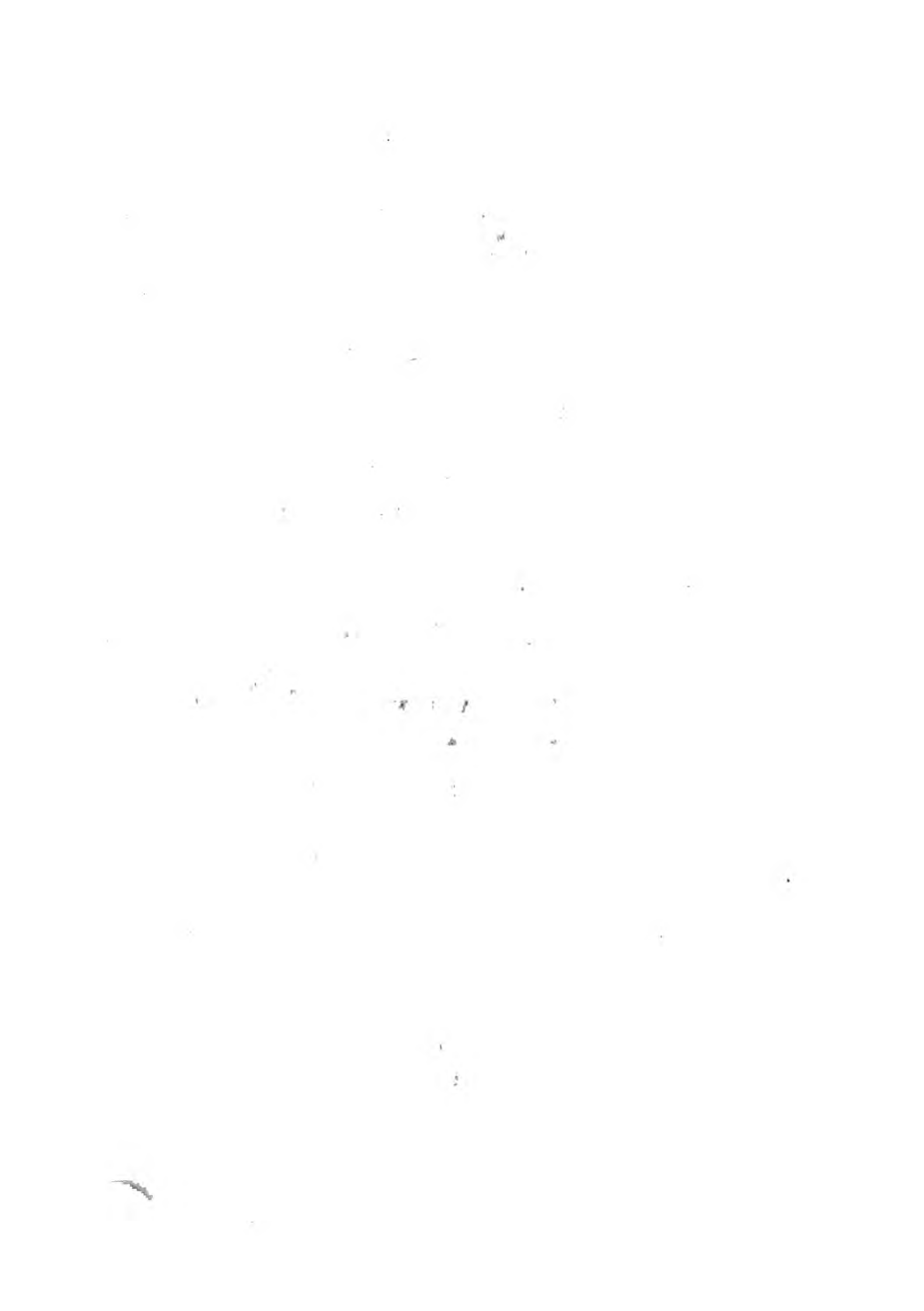
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THE
EARTH'S CRUST;
OR
PRIMOGENIAL SCENES,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES LAWSON,
LAND SURVEYOR.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."—POPE.

EDINBURGH:
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1863.



This Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE CLERK, BARONET,

OF PENICUIK.

HONOURED SIR,

With grateful emotion I view with delight,
The scenes which inspired me with ardour and might,
And press'd me to sing of the glen, mead, and plain
In grandeur display'd through thy witching domain.

In the deep-sunken vale nature's tapestry flows;
O'er the wide stretching plain—how she freshens and
glows;
On the fine-sloping mount, there majestic she seems,
All gemm'd with sweet flow'rets and crown'd with sun-
beams.

The wild blushing rose wreaths the dun prickly sloe,
As the broom shields the primrose, the wan hazels bow,
And the sweet vi'let smiles 'neath the bland azure-bell,
As the Esk winds in beauty through the dense sylvan
dell.

Throughout the enclosures the yew rears in state,
As hollies all conoid, some mottled by fate,
And tall, stately trees pay obeisance around,
While fresh native beauties encircle the bound.

I could not be silent when themes fully grown,
Throughout this Elysium were pleasingly strewn ;
To thee, Honoured Sir, I obeisance aye pay.
For granting the favour to accept of my lay.

With grateful thanks,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged

Humble Servant,

JAMES LAWSON.

P R E F A C E.

IN submitting this Volume to the Public, I feel at times considerably moved by two mental agents, viz., hope and fear, respectively surmising on the uses and frailties of the volume, and mutually contending how it may be received, while prudent discrimination bids them forbear, and placidly await the judicious decision of the public. It is my fondest wish that the book, tho' imperfect, may afford wholesome information to most of those who honour it with a perusal; that many may thereby find themselves appetised for, and ultimately enabled to relish the sweets of higher instructive productions; while others to whom the greater part of the volume may appear familiar, but who at times may deign to peruse it, although little or nothing new may by this means be obtained, may, at least, be pleasingly reminded and refreshed. I am not prepared in the way of negative apology to tread the path of some former prefacers by saying, that had it not been through the advice of friends their compositions would not have been given to the public, as they were never intended for publication. I have had, among my friends and acquaintances, both pros and cons anent giving the following pieces publicity, but, after all, and ever since I began to breathe them, which is only a few years ago, a rooted resolve has

steadily urged me on to the veritable fulfilment. Surely, I cannot be found culpable for honestly acquainting the reader that most of the pieces are the productions of nocturnal hours when mind and body, not a little tarnished with the toils of the day, should naturally have been enjoying repose ; and I may add that, if leisure time had been half as plentiful as the industrial, the volume should certainly have appeared less faulty. I doubt not but some of the expressions contained in it may seem harsh and uncouth to the mental vision of the delicate minded, but I would crave these sensitive personages to give these expressions impartial consideration, and see whether they be duly applied, because some themes require rough words, to develope and explain their constitutional phases, while others, as the Apostle Paul justly remarks about weak Christians, should be dealt with in a more tender way. And, finally, should any of the following pieces be found to contain lasting traces of genius, I shall rest satisfied that, sooner or later, these traces will be amply acknowledged, and with this pleasing satisfaction, and having the innate emotions of a grateful heart, I would respectfully return my most sincere thanks to the Subscribers for their esteemed encouragement and support.

MILTON COTTAGES, MILTON BRIDGE,

2d February 1863.

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THE EARTH'S CRUST,

OR

PRIMOGENIAL SCENES.



INTRODUCTION.

I OFTEN have felt, as I now feel, absorbed in silent wonder and admiration when contemplating the works and wisdom of that Eternal Being who was, is now, and ever shall be, the same Almighty Potentate who created all things by the word of His power, in mysterious combination with His blessed Son and Holy Spirit, forming one great and grand Triune, who, when in the eternal councils, said the word and it was done ; who brought into existence all animate and inanimate ; who created these glorious luminaries which decorate boundless space ; who formed this world which we inhabit, and by gradual development has shown, and still is showing, to His creature man, the wondrous workings of His providential, chemical, and mechanical laws, which no other but infinite wisdom and goodness could have devised, set in motion, and brought into effect with the sublimest regularity and precision. Such point to, and obey, the command of their great first cause, that Almighty and Omniscient Being who makes infinitude His throne and immensity His canopy. Behold the complicated links and exquisite gradations displayed in the scales of animate and inanimate matter ! We can but imperfectly trace such from the grovelling worm up to that wonderful being called man ; from the desultory, gilded humming bird to the soaring golden eagle ; from the lowly zoophyte * to the bulky whale ; from the tiny reed to the stately oak ; from the plutonic rocks to the modern alluvium. Dull are they, indeed, whose minds are not struck with

* Zoophyte, animal vegetables, such as corals, &c.

wonder and astonishment at the sublime ramifications of nature in all the varied phases. Who can without admiration examine the duplicated life of the zoophyte, behold the line of demarcation drawn between animal and vegetable existence. As arbitrator He presides over both, exhibiting the life of the breathing animal blended with that of the blooming flower. Again, in observing the different systems and groups which constitute the Earth's Crust, the greatest confused regularity is displayed, both in respect to the animal and vegetable life that there and then existed, in combination with the simple and compound bodies which composed these systems and groups. In the following Poem I intend to glimpse at this world while in its chaotic state, then to touch upon the plutonic or unstratified rocks,* and from thence, in succession, up to the modern alluvium, giving, in brief detail, whatever my limited knowledge and experience have led me to observe. In confessing my imbecility for such a task, allow me to mention that I am very little acquainted with any of the sciences which constitute geology, but what I have acquired I freely give, only I crave the reader's charity in forgiving my imperfections.

* Plutonic or unstratified primary rocks, such as the Granites, Basalts, and Porphyries, &c.

THE EARTH'S CRUST.

Part I.

THOU art th' Eternal King who ever was,
Triune, sublime, the great primeval cause ;
Throughout eternal ages still the same,
Creator of immensity's vast claim ;
Who, 'midst the glimm'rings of creation's hour,
Endued all matter with attraction's power,
And by that second, grand, effectual cause
All nature frankly magnifies the laws ;
Yea, countless worlds that roll through boundless space
At Thy command their orbits took apace.
No time, no date, can be affix'd as when
The first elipses scarr'd th' ethereal main.

Forsooth, these vast ideas cloud my mind ;
At such my muse recedes, and falls behind ;
Be thou content to sketch that gloomy time,
When chaos sway'd the sceptre in full prime ;
At such she even shudders and withdraws
From whence have sprung our planet's noble laws.
Come, haste, concede, and try the dreary scene,
Hypothesis has ne'er a stranger been ;
Behold, she soars on fancy's lofty wings
Beyond the era of all earthly kings,
Back to that time when dire confusion reign'd,
And seeming order lay in darkness chain'd,
Save that almighty impulse earth received
From Him who wove its structure, who conceived

The order, laws, and beings He had framed,
 And stamp'd them good, as He the fabric named.
 With force centrifugal* it roll'd alone,
 (A seeming wand'rer, seen by worlds unknown,)
 Till all at once its present orbit found,
 And first perform'd its daily, annual round,
 Whilst sol imparted his attracting power,
 And sent his rays to light that ancient hour.
 The liquid mass seem'd tinged with golden streams,
 While on its surface gleam'd his trial beams.
 With power centripetal† 'tis now constrain'd
 To tread those limits sol's attraction gain'd,
 And with its twofold motion onward roll'd,
 Gave day and night, and all the seasons told.
 Its vivid, rotary motion now protrudes,
 The dense though fluid mass swells, and exudes,
 While stern cohesion holds its wonted claim—
 Behold our planet shaped oblate in name!

I am no Burnet, no Woodward to say
 What this, our planet, was in chaos' day;
 Nor even in advanced time to spec,
 When with the flood they made this world a wreck
 Nor yet indulge in Whiston's flimsy tale
 Which drown'd our planet in a comet's tail;
 Nor will I on that savant's‡ system lean
 Who tried to twist the great sublime, unseen;
 The features of his theory I'll scroll:—
 Suppose a comet dash'd against bright sol,
 Strong Vulcan like when he the horseshoe works,
 The solar system flew from sol in sparks;
 Nor yet upon a Hutton's scheme depend,
 Which says this world shall never know an end,

* Centrifugal Force is that which impels from a centre.

† Centripetal Power, or Force, is that which impels a mass to seek or go to a centre.

‡ Savant's System, Buffon's Theory of the Earth.

The same had no beginning, but decay
 And renovation work both night and day.
 If th' Almighty be the great first cause,
 Then Hutton's theory subverts His laws :
 Cause and effect do always coincide,
 As from the ocean sprang the first neap tide !
 No Neptunist am I to vouch or say
 That waters were the order of the day ;
 To where they went sage Werner * could not dream,
 Till Hutton's vulcans blew them off in steam.

All these hypotheses are learned bolts,
 Which stun the simple mind with sceptic jolts;
 Their subtle frailties only do portray
 What future lore may trample and gainsay.
 As like the eastern youth, who conquer'd all,
 He dream'd not that the future fatal ball
 Discharged from pistol by a modern ape
 Could send a hero to death's dismal gap,
 Yea, to abide in that oblivious gloom,
 And cease from strife and moulder in the tomb !
 Hence, Hutton's vulcans yet may cease to glow,
 As Werner's waters shrunk at Hutton's blow ;
 And future theorists may arise, and climb,
 And build new systems far down coming time.
 Yet, imperfection stamps the noblest caste,
 Which in its turn lies buried midst the past.
 Ah ! fleeting theories rear'd but to decay,
 No sage can scan eternity's dim day !
 Th' Almighty, in that nubilated pall,
 Performs His wond'rous works unseen to all.
 Then, farewell chaos till some future time,
 When brighter minds shall scan thy dreary clime.

* From the universal agency Werner ascribed to water in forming the earth's crust his followers were termed Neptunists ; while their opponents, who advocated the igneous origin of many rocks, and maintained the action of fire, were termed Vulcanists.

What reason dictates sternly I'll obey.

Let fancy stroll when granites bore the sway—
Behold the central fires begun to blow,
While nature's huge alembic gets in flow
Soluted atoms float throughout the mass,—
See Mica,* Quartz,† and Felspar ‡ jointly class,
And gravitate around the flaming ball,
Until they form a depth unknown to all.
Such frame the groundwork of the earth's great crust,
And circumambient dim the fiery gust;
These constitute a ternary compound
Call'd perfect granite, th' lowest rock that's found.
Imperfect granite too is seen arise,
Felspar and mica form'd assume the guise,
As quartz and feldspar do in compact state.
These twofold compounds stamp that order's fate.
Then comes the second class, with orders three,
Hornblendic, talcose, schorly granites be;
Yea, from these orders spring the varied hues,
As their ingredients mingle and infuse.
The trapean rocks in stately columns stand,
Comprising basalts§ most sublime and grand,
And speckled porphyries|| in lustre vie
With summer's eve, when sunbeams fringe the sky.
Basaltic and Trachytic** lavas pour
From dire volcano's mouth in fluent store.
That class call'd Greystones forms a shade between,
And medium-like it points the golden mean.
Obsidian †† shows a glossy, polish'd tinge,

* Mica, a simple mineral, one of the component parts of granite.

† Quartz, a simple mineral, composed of siliceous earth, or flint, in its purest form.

‡ Felspar, a simple mineral entering into the composition of granite and several other igneous rocks.

§ Basalt or Trap, composed of Felspar and a mineral called augite, resembling hornblende, of dark green or black colour, occurring in volcanic rocks.

|| Porphyry, an igneous rock, assuming various colours.

** Trachyte, a variety of lava composed of felspar.

†† Obsidian, volcanic glass.

While on events its varied lustres hinge,
 And often into tuff* and pumice † runs,
 As slow refrigeration mildly duns,
 And as the rate of cooling, so the shine,
 In ratio due, more or less crystalline,
 While gaseous vapours extricate and pass,
 And leave with cells a light and earthy mass.
 All lavas are essentially the same,
 They only differ with the varied name;
 The subsequent conditions they display
 Are moulded by the agencies that sway.
 Beneath th' incumbent pressure of earth's crust,
 Through which volatic gases could not thrust,
 That granites have solidified and cool'd,
 As sure as Werner has been duped and fool'd,
 While some a second time have molten been,
 Fine-grain'd, and ramified in veins are seen,
 Traversing masses older than themselves,
 And forming lofty pinnacles and shelves,
 Whilst, in the Ocean's fathomless abyss,
 The trapean rocks have cool'd, with bubbling hiss,
 As sub-aerial cool'd these motley rocks,
 Which from volcano's bowels rose in shocks.
 These igneous rocks are to all ages due,
 From time's first date down to this day's review ;
 Some, molten, ramified th' incumbent mass,
 Through metamorphosed ‡ to the highest class;
 While solid masses have protruded through
 The various groups to those recent and new.
 Throughout these rocks a certain sameness flows ;—
 Perhaps, the dire volcano, 'midst its throes,
 • Is forming granite in its dark abyss,

* Tuff, earthy volcanic rock.

† Pumice, light, spongy, porous lava.

• ‡ Metamorphosed, rocks of gneiss and mica-schist, so changed by having been exposed to a high temperature.

Whilst volatilization is remiss ;
 As, 'neath the pressure of the ocean's wave,
 Basaltic jets may flow, yea, cool and pave,
 While from its mouth the lava forms a stream,
 Which constitutes volcanic rocks, as seem.
 Upon the vast circumf'rence of our globe,
 Behold, the molten rocks, protruding, lob ;
 The granites are extensively diffused ;
 From 'mongst our highland hills are work'd, and used ;
 While rocks trapean* nearer us abide,
 Support, adorn Dunedin's eastern side.

Behold, Gneiss'† System next contorted lies,
 Which blinds the granites' varied, motley dyes ;
 As mica, quartz, and felspar laminate,
 And point this system's undulated state ;
 These beds of gneiss in other words should claim,
 And shun that cramp, decrepit, dwarfish name.
 Say, slaty granite in contortion lies.
 Now, order dawns, and rocks in strata rise !
 This system still contains the varied hues
 Of other rocks, which commix and diffuse,
 As, mica-schist, and quartz-rock alternate,
 Primary limestone, hornblende-schist,‡ clay-slate,
 All forming strata of a wavy mien,
 Yet, more or less distinct, when strictly seen,
 And, pointing to the horizon, they show
 An angle great, subtending far below.
 Amongst primeval rocks, the gneiss exceeds ;
 Metallic beds, and veins, show its proceeds,
 But how these veins became inserted there,
 Sage reason mutely answers with a stare,

* Trapean rocks, so termed because they occur in tabular masses, rising one above another, like terraces.

† Gneiss and mica-schist, are styled the stratified non-fossiliferous ; (*i.e.*, containing no organic remains) and also termed the metamorphic group.

‡ Hornblende-schist is considered to include all hornblende rocks, whether these rocks possess a schistose structure or not.

And craves of Him, the great primeval cause,
 To show His mystic, wond'rous-working laws.
 Although truisms now have been affix'd,
 Which tell of various ores in veins commix'd,
 But how, and why, their origins arose,
 Such damp all reason, though we might suppose,
 Then say, that, from the circumambient mass,
 Metallic atoms did arrange and class,
 And by some law which heat had put in tone,
 They veins of segregation form'd I own,
 Which test the boasted skill of man's research,
 To trace them in their dark and hidden march,
 Where num'rous bendings point their wending tracks,
 Now brace the concave, now convex relax ;
 As in the lonesome, humid mine displayed,
 Where noxious gases volley, and pervade.
 That they are set to prompt and actuate
 That creature man, I need not now relate;
 For, by God well designed, they are in place,
 As, in their opaque structure, shines His face.
 Now, to this system I must bid adieu,
 Its local sites are, in this Island, few,
 North, and north-western parts, the Western Isles,
 Its rounded, sloping mountains range in files.

Upon the gneiss reclines the Mica-Schist.*

This system doth essentially consist
 In laminæ of quartz and mica laid
 And alternating, both in bed and shade,
 And as their parts, in turn, preponderate,
 The texture dims as now it grows elate ;
 This twofold compound, crystalline in hue,
 Is only gneiss, the felspar not been due,
 Such shows the nicely graduated paste
 Which bind these systems, at their junctions traced,

* Schist, that which may with facility be split, as are the rocks of this texture.

For, as gneiss' lower members graduate,
 And show the upper granites quite in state,
 So do its 'cumbent strata run into,
 And point the mica-schist now in review,
 Where, at the junction, quartzose rocks consist
 Of quartz-rock, chlorite,* quartz, and mica-schist
 So do this system's upper members teach
 Alliance with the Cumbrian when in reach.
 These 'cumbent beds in character ascend
 To clayey slate, with talc,† and hornblende,‡
 With laminæ of mica, in great store,
 Crystalline limestone, chlorite, iron ore.
 These, in contortion, lie all waved, and stream'd,
 Had suffer'd pinching heat, as Hutton dream'd,
 They, since the crow hath turn'd its egg, still lie
 In Erin's Isle, some 'neath our Highland sky.
 That gneiss itself and mica-schist appear
 To form the intermediate links—that's clear—
 Between the igneous rocks that lie below,
 And those above, which defined strata show;
 Partaking of the characters of each,
 They mutually graduate, they teach
 That all have sprung from one grand, common cause,
 And only alter'd by subsequent laws.
 As from the granite sprang these 'cumbent § rocks,
 Amidst convulsive waves, volcanic shocks,
 As atmospheric causes would degrade,
 While acting on granitic masses laid,
 Whose detritus,|| deposited, did form
 The gneiss itself, whence mica-schist didst swarm.
 These rocks are styled by philosophic lore
 The metamorphosed, from the heat they bore;
 While they are termed and vested with the name,

* Chlorite, a mineral of green colour.

† Talc, a mineral entering into the composition of various rocks.

‡ Hornblende, a simple mineral of a dark-green or black colour.

§ The gneiss and mica-schist systems.

|| Detritus, the ruins or debris of rocks and strata.

Primary strata tells their ancient claim ;
Unascertain'd in thickness, none can tell,
Perhaps they boarder on some medium hell—
Such knowledge is beyond all human skill,
And only known to Him who rules at will ;
Whilst supposition states them to have been
Deposited amidst an aqueous mean,
And crystallized by subterranean heat—
Though not so strong as made the granites sweat—
Which dimm'd the fury of the central flame,
And gradual 'frigeration did proclaim.
Then must we say at this, that lonesome time
When light arose and chaos ceased to chime,
No blooming flowers adorn'd the silent plain,
No verdure crown'd the vast extended main,
No verdant foliage rustled in the breeze,
No warbling songsters chanted at their ease,
No eagle soar'd amidst the ambient air,
No kestrel hover'd with his wanton stare,
No prowling wolf nor nibbling mouse was seen,
No raging lion with majestic mien,
No savage tiger with his deadly roar,
No grazing flocks which keep his life in store,
No finny tribes adorned the watery deep,
No pond'rous whale lay floating fast asleep,
Both land and sea alike devoid of life,
No human beings yet were man and wife,
Organic nature still in embryo lay,
Its feeble germs must for a time delay,
Till that Eternal Being gives command,
Who sways the sceptre o'er both sea and land,
Who through the long, long cycles which had pass'd,
Before these systems were condensed and class'd,
Was still the same, the great primeval cause,
Of all His wond'rous, complicated laws.

Part II.

THE whole series of fossiliferous deposits from this up to the chalk are termed secondary, while the strata, or beds, which overlie the chalk are named tertiary, as the loose and superficial beds of sand, loam, and gravel, are styled alluvium.

All hail, O Cumbrian! whence thus comest thou,
 With germs of life seen dimly on thy brow?
 Art thou from Him who taught the raging main
 To be contented in its watery plain?
 Or, art thou self-created, dar'st thou name?
 Let thee and them who think so blush with shame.
 Wert thou coeval with that mighty King,
 At whose bright presence countless systems sing?
 If so, why art thou mute now as the clod,
 Which eyes, with lifeless stare, the rush's nod?
 Go, tell the sceptic not to learn of thee,
 But point him to that cause which said thou'lt be,
 And spoke into existence that domain
 Whose bound'ry no circumf'rence can contain,
 Which, at this ancient epoch, made the fern
 Spring into life, made coming nature learn
 To climb ascending grades. She would display,
 From thence, through every age, up to this day,
 And show to man her graduated scales,
 As she pass'd, gliding, through time's tardy gales.
 Behold the Cumbrian group, in strata laid,
 As order of succession hath display'd.
 Sub-crystalline, in texture, some consist,
 While slaty rocks on these repose and rest;

These beds are class'd into formations five,
 Which briefly to depict the muse will strive.
 The sub-formations of this group comprise
 Crystalline limestones, upon which arise
 Calcareous* grits,† and thence slates coarse and fine,
 Hence gritty flagstones upon these recline,
 They alternating, as they do ascend,
 Which constitute the Cumbrian now in hand.
 These five formations thus their cycles wove,
 Each got its Fauna‡ as its Flora strove ;
 As time roll'd on, abrading causes spoke,
 While smother'd murmurs from the centre broke
 In dreadful sounds, while sad convulsions howl'd,
 As loosen'd masses round the centre bowl'd.
 Each of these times enjoy'd calm and repose,
 As subterranean storms, in turn, arose.
 Thus acting, while the group in sequence grew,
 And leaving stamps for sages to review.
 As fauna and the flora grew extinct,
 A new creation to the chain was link'd,
 And nature, with her magic hand, improved,
 As gradually, slow, she upward moved.
 These rocks, with shells and corals, now display
 That life had lived at this, that ancient day.
 Now, here life dawns, and vital germs arise,
 See, life is born, as non-existence dies ;
 The organisms simple, yet profound,
 Full well adapted to their state and bound,
 That such exceed accumulated skill
 Of modern heroes, sceptic, good or ill,
 Yea, artist, chemist, machinist, or what,
 Far more than man, transcends the black tom cat.

* Calcareous, applied to rocks and other substances, of which lime is the base

† Grit, coarse-grained sandstone.

‡ Fauna, a term borrowed from the fauni, or rural deities of classic mythology, and now used to denote the animals, as the flora indicates the plants of any given district.

Such tell the finite there are endless grades
All strown throughout immensity's dim shades,
Where the Almighty wisdom sagely lurks,
Mysterious goodness there benignly works,
Unknown, unseen, to all, and ever still
Content with approbation's self good will.
At last, O Cumbrian! I must thee resign
To time and place, where angles thee define,
In Cumberland and Wales, in strata seen,
Ten thousand feet in thickness ever been.
The lengthen'd times on tardy pinions flew,
As animation multiplied and grew,
Until the peaceful cycle form'd its ring
Then baneful, dire asperities would sing;
See, central charges swelling now explode,
Which make old ocean vault from her abode,
And mother earth with vacillations throb,
As undulations heave, vibrate, and bob,
While thund'ring tempests dim the ambient air,
And vivid flashes shade their brightest glare;
Yea, scowling whirlwinds sweep the ocean's fume,
As animation sinks in death's dark gloom;
Then tears of sorrow blind the sombre sky,
While earth, air, ocean, seem to mourn and sigh,
And life, defunct, once more hath ceased to be,
For wiser ends than finite minds can see.
Here, all succumb to that Almighty King,
Who makes annihilation bud and spring,
Who to that nothing—whither life had gone—
Sends non-existence, whence springs life in tone;
And nature, in a new creation, saw
Fine organisms working, without flaw,
In various forms, and structures more complete,
Their votive colours met her due conceit;

Yet, not content, still upward would she climb,
 In future species make her beauties chime,
 And often would invoke the great First Cause,
 To propagate His animative laws,
 As all are under His supreme control,
 Who bade the planets never cease to roll,—
 Who, in the hollow of His potent hand,
 Displays the oceans as we would a brand ;
 Yea, through Him, to Him, in Him, all are good,
 The dire tornado, and the rav'nous flood,
 As silent calms, with vernal dews, display
 Infinite goodness in a kindlier way,
 Yet all are sent for universal good,
 Though some are hard to be right understood.
 Such point the weakness of the finite mind,
 Hence own submission to the God so kind.

Again, next lies the Cambrian, in full state ;
 This group abounds in sandstone, limestone, slate,
 While three formations are portrayed in such.
 Each had its time, and did its fauna match.
 These claim alliance with that group below,
 From which, in sequence, thus they seem to grow ;
 The lower courses of this group contain
 Those rocks call'd slaty, coarse, and fine in grain,
 Dark, laminated* limestone, and clay-slate,
 As these ascend so do they alternate,
 While the incumbent strata point to view
 The sev'ral rocks of varied caste and hue ;
 As argillaceous,† sandy rocks recline,
 So indurated slates do interline,
 As these ascend they alternate in grain,
 In shade, in place, in variegated strain,
 Into a vast accumulation grow,

* Laminated, arranged in thin plates.

† Argillaceous, composed of clay.

And twenty thousand feet in thickness show ;
 In Cumberland and Wales they are displayed,
 And styled the Cambrian group, in strata laid.
 Throughout these rocks mollusca * are diffused,
 With various corals,† very much contused.
 As are these ancient fossils sore defaced,
 So those, in recent groups, are finely traced—
 In symmetry complete, yea, forms entire,
 Except bereft of life's galvanic wire ;
 And even some retain their wedding coats,
 Enamell'd richly, stain'd with beauteous spots,
 Though, long since, Death extorted life from all,—
 The faunas, young and old, both great and small.
 What sudden changes must have countervail'd,
 As calms consecutive and storms prevail'd.
 See, what elapse of time had intervened,
 Before this group was mass'd, condensed, and wean'd,
 Let philosophic prudence now decide,
 And take the modern theory for our guide,
 "One foot is ratio to one hundred years."
 Hence, millions two perhaps still in arrears.
 If times had essence, these alone would form
 A motley group, would stun conception's charm.
 Yet, on the endless scale this point appears
 A tiny second 'mongst eternal years,
 Whose unbeginning, lasting, endless fame
 E'er bore the stamp of God's Almighty name,
 Does now, yea, ever shall, in spite of such,
 The sceptic's knavish, carping, puny touch.
 God on these vast formations did inscribe
 His potent name, to blunt the sceptic's gibe,
 And caused organic life to work and plan,
 Which magnified his laws, and scorn'd to ban,

* Mollusca, animals with soft bodies, destitute of bones.

† Corals, plant-like animals, such as the polypus.

Who, by some wise design, sent that life hence,
 The which to know I now make no pretence.
 Let all submissive be to His designs,
 And joy to own that God Jehovah reigns,
 Whose presence turns the calm into a storm,
 And brings the sweeping simoom into form,
 And makes the central agencies elate
 To show their direful wonders, in full state.

Again, the ocean's rippling, pliant waves
 Grow tremulous; behold, she foams and raves;
 See *terra firma*, as if won't to dance,
 With hilly undulations, skip and prance;
 Behold, the vale's become the level plain;
 See, lateral piles assume the valley's strain,
 As jacent ridges stubbornly divide,
 And islands rise amidst the foaming tide;
 While baleful meteors vex the placid air,
 As sable clouds seem writhing in despair;
 Yea, sullen flashes search the distant pole,
 Whilst some, at angles, point the way of sol;
 Thence, peals reverberate with deafning sounds,
 As doleful tears in torrents steep the grounds;
 All in confusion, aqueous, and terrene,
 As if old chaos ruled once more serene.
 While death and life seem struggling to and fro,
 Death claims its victims, as life answers "No."
 At last life sinks beneath the tyrant's hands,
 Pierced with his darts, while death majestic stands.
 He's now become a resident on earth,
 And scouts throughout the vast terraqueous girth,
 And deigns to rule, sole umpire, o'er the plain,
 The sterile waste, and desolated main;
 While nature sits, disconsolate and lorn,
 Invokes the triune God, day, night, and morn,
 And, as she weeps, ejaculations rise,

To Him who rules earth, ocean, space, and skies,
 To breathe into existence life again,
 And shew His Godship o'er this lank domain;
 She knowing well that He would hear her cry,
 (Whoever trusts in God can all defy.)
 Thus having done, all terrors ceased to be,
 And calm prevail'd throughout air, earth, and sea.
 She was benign, her wish He'd not reject,
 God sent her more than what she did expect.
 See various forms resuming life again,
 And fishes sporting in the watery main,
 With order thus restored to uniform,
 As nature flush'd with joy all-hail'd the charm.
 Then, in ecstatic love, she'd thank her King,
 His num'rous benedictions she would sing,
 And own Him Lord of all, the great I Am,
 Who far exceeds the ken of reason's grasping palm.

Behold, Silurian* Group in sequence lies.

As its progenitors, so it likewise
 A series of marine deposits laid,
 And these alternated like those foresaid.
 Logical Dons divide this group in twain,
 And these divisions subdivide again.
 Hence, stages four, two upper, and two under,
 Which constitute this group's located plunder,
 And claim affinity with those below,
 As dark, calcareous flagstones shade their glow,
 As shelly limestone flags, and freestone white
 With colour'd sandstones mete this lower flight;
 As argillaceous shales † on these recline,
 Concretionary limestones upward shine,
 Till argillaceous limestone claims a place,

* Silurian Group, so named in consequence of the districts, which it occupies in England, being those formerly inhabited by that tribe of the ancient Britons named the Silures.

† Shale or Schist, indurated slaty clay.

And holds micaceous sandstone in embrace.
Such comprehend this broad, extended group,
Behold how far and wide they stretch and stoop
In Scotland, England, Continent, and Wales,
And where St Lawrence weaves Niagara's sails;
Yea, even in the Pentlands they preside,
In angles great, display the mountain's pride.
In England, when in thickness they are spann'd,
They thousands seven, five hundred feet do stand.
What vast formations time hath put in place,
Which crippled reason, stumbling, tries to pace!
What rounded cycles time itself hath spun,
Which modern sages try to gage and run!
These knowing men do often try to climb,
To trace, to scan the All-Obscure, Sublime,
But reason, wilder'd, shrinks from such a maze,
Returns quite blind, struck with eternal rays,
And owns such problems far beyond her power,
At which these bright conceptions wince, and cower.
Yet such are set to prompt and test our skill,
But not against controlling power of will;
Though nice deductions only point the truth,
Which, in the act, appear in forms uncouth.
Still let us glimpse at times which truly reign'd
And link'd these stages now in strata chain'd.
That some formations are full well design'd,
Their strata pointed, smooth, exact defined;
As others are contorted and deform'd,
Show checker'd mien, as if due order harm'd.
The former, to this group alliance bear,
Behold *its* strata show a goodly share.
In consecution, central storms arose,
Which made its bulky frame in hills repose,
In tilted angles now seen to abide,
The lowest strata in the Pentlands' stride.

While such maintain the far-famed western falls,
 Where nature in sublimity appals,
 And shakes the supine strata all around,
 While lasting sighs the ambient air confound,
 As foaming spheroids in the caldron rend,
 From which columnar sprays, in wrath, ascend ;
 As pond'rous surges down the chasm roll,
 Eternal murmurs round their limits stroll,
 Till all organic nature, great and small,
 With rocks, seem shudd'ring at the mingled call.
 As there, in angles low, these rocks abound—
 In awful grandeur, claim a swollen round—
 They've shunn'd the tilting storms, which spent their rage
 In every clime, and country, ocean, age.
 That they have been deposited, I ween,
 Amidst a tepid, calm, and aqueous mean ;
 Their defined structures evidently tell
 That central storms, awhile, had ceased to yell ;
 A universal torrid zone prevail'd,
 As life marine grew, multiplied, and sail'd ;
 And nature, in whole groups of species, saw
 Eccentric forms in many a varied law.
 See, shells of every class, with sauroid* fish,
 Would sate and blunt the gormand's ardent wish.
 Mollusca, corals form a ranging view—
 Might show the glutton dainties, old and new.

Throughout this group's four stages are display'd
 This num'rous offspring nature has portray'd ;
 Elated quite, though gravely she surveys
 Their spiral forms, their fine, concentric rays,
 Their damask rings, their graduated lunes,—
 The vaulted concave, in a convex, swoons.
 The fishes, which I cannot well define,
 They, midst the gloom of ages, still recline.

* Sauroid, partaking of the form of a lizard.

Yea, slim tuition keeps my muse in awe,
Although she vents more than I mean to draw ;
And classic lore seems an extraneous name,—
See, limited experience cramps her frame.
Mark nature's maxim, ever slow, but sure,
In spiral ascents, moves from floor to floor ;
Unostentatious, adulation spurns,
Still thanks her Maker for His kind returns.
Content with which—she happy in her sphere—
Foreboding storms might tingle in her ear ;
But, like the bulk of mankind, thinks all past,
'Neath prosp'rous sunbeams, would they ever last—
'Midst fortune's vernal dews would onward stray,
Unmindful of adversity's bleak day.
In silent calms, she ever was serene,
Nor thought that storms would be as they had been ;
Ah ! see her placid mood exchanged for woes—
Down sunk the calm as combined storms arose !
Then nature warns her children to evade
The coming dangers, as they waxing spread ;
While, at God's footstool, begs for lasting peace,
That life may claim a long unbroken lease.
Thus she implores the God to spare her race,
And check the tempest in its threat'ning pace ;
Yet, all submissive, owns His will be done ;
All worlds are His, as this beneath the sun ;
Exults to know His triune Godhead reigns,
That His omniscient eye foresees and deigns.
Yea, though God's mighty arm in justice smites,
On all His works, behold ! He mercy writes ;
Who from the sterile womb of nothing brought
Immensity, with never-ending rote,
Who wisely nullifies existing life,
Which nullity gives animation rife.
And, though the brooding simoom might assail,

Behold His mercy cipher'd on its gale.

Forsooth, the aqueous brine displays the tear,—
 'Gain turbulence and turbidness appear ;
 See, liquid mountains through the eddies stroll,—
 Uncontroverted, lash the distant pole ;
 As swollen air-bells burst, without delay
 The contra tempest bears their sprays away ;
 Behold ! she heaves, successively subsides,
 Above, below, her wonted flowing tides ;
 See, now recedes, returns, encroaches far,
 Strung with temerity, she rages war ;
 While mother earth repels with equal rage,
 Erects her crest, the foaming surf to 'suage ;
 While yawning chasms swallow pond'rous seas,
 Till overgorged eject the briny lees ;
 Collapsing, see the squirting columns bound,
 As vi'lent quakings vibrate through the ground.
 Vents submarine, with innate horror, spew
 Basaltic bile, to aid the mingled stew ;—
 While haggard funnels shoot their lurid gleams
 Far in mid-air, so range the lava streams
 In dreadful onslaught—'gainst the ocean wage
 Disputing claims, they die in seeming rage.
 As the terraqueous mass, aërial wars
 Bestow on earth and ocean blasting scars.
 In trinal combat these annoy'd, annoy ;
 (Lo ! mars beholds the whole with wistful joy)—
 Reciprocating charges gleam apace ;—
 These now received, return'd with double grace.
 In mutual collision they abound,
 Chaotic turpitude infests their round,
 Usurps all order ; hence, from bad to worse,
 The ocean foams,—earth reels,—the clouds seem curse,
 Till living forms enjoy the sleep of death,
 While nature mourning guards the latest breath.

PRIMOGENIAL SCENES.

Now, like the lonely mother 'reft of all
Her children,—husband,—by death's baneful call,—
Immured she sits,—her pleasures all have gone,—
Unpitied 'midst a barren world alone,
Still clings to God, and owns His just demand—
Implores to be removed from this bleak strand,
And longs to mingle with her kindred dust,
Hid from earth's turmoil and the moaning gust.
Or, like the blooming, youthful virgin mild,
Confess'd to be kind nature's model child,
Carress'd, embraced, in ecstasy would glide
'Midst native innocence and genius' pride,
Constrained and forced no longer now to roam,
But damn'd and destined to a convent-home :
And as she mourns her life away in gloom,
That heavy chain but drags her to the tomb :
Absorb'd in secret silence, she'd repose,—
Reveres her God amidst her growing woes,—
Concludes her beams of liberty will shine
At God's command, tho' monk, priest, hell should whine.
These stygian, baleful functionaries were
Hid, sunk in nothing then, I do aver ;
Except their prince, (God only knows his birth,)
Five thousand years he ranged air, seas, and earth.
Said G—r—'s census column—"age unknown,"
By this we see their chief stands not alone.
So nature, mournful, sat in sad recluse ;
Then inanition bound these fiendish stews ;
Full well might she exult o'er such a squad—
Lay crouch'd in nought, obnoxious, cruel, bad.
Existing agents served a wiser end ;
Why priests were made I cannot comprehend.
Still nature in the mighty King confides,
Contented in His love rests and abides,
And hopes that lasting calms, without delay,

Would change the mournful night to joyful day,
 And craves Him to despel these ghastly glooms,—
 Yea, last, not least, she'd hymn as life relumes.
 As these terrific times revolved along,
 No sounds were heard, except the tempest's song ;
 The which grew blind with age, and fell supine,—
 All hoary sat, 'gain stagg'ring, he'd repine,
 As youthful calm, all prudent, wise, and good,
 Embraced old tempest, led him when he would.
 At last, he toppling, dying, breathed again,
 Craved to be sunk in calm's pacific main ;
 But lank oblivion, sternly, catch'd a hold,
 While in death's struggle, dragg'd him to his fold.
 Then, nature view'd the whole in wistful mood,
 And render'd thanks to God all wise and good.

Behold! Devonian Group* in strata lies,
 Or Old Red Sandstone, tinged with various dyes.
 This group is cleft to number stages three,—
 While *savants* say these should recloven be.
 Let three divisions comprehend the mass,
 In which marine deposits range and class.
 The lower members of this group consist
 Of quartzose sandstones, beds of reddish schist,
 Of sandstones, finely laminated, green,
 Or reddish, hard, micaceous, bright in sheen..
 On these, concretionary limestones rest,
 Impure and mottled, red and green, so dress'd,
 Irregular in course ;—hence sandstone bands,
 With spotted marls, † change and claim their stands.
 And argillaceous marls, red and green,
 Comprise the lower strata, as are seen.
 The upper part of this group does contain
 Chocolate sandstones, reddish coarse in grain ;

* Devonian Group, so termed from being extensively developed in Devonshire.

† Marl, a mixture of lime and clay, of various degrees of hardness.

With argillaceous marls they alternate,
 Which, in ascending form, conglomerate,
 Quartzose in nature,—colour, mostly pink.
 Then, quartzose grit, which forms the upper link,
 And binds this motley group developed far
 In rocky cliffs, in bleak and hilly scar,
 In Scotland, England, Continent and Wales,
 Extensively unfurls her massive sails,—
 In northern latitudes expands her wings,
 Where Czars have ruled since the demise of kings;
 (Czarinas, too, have shown ambitious skill,
 And stain'd their names with stale despotic will.)
 This group, in England, stands ten thousand feet;
 But Scotland can another hundred mete,
 With various fishes, by great Miller* scann'd,—
 A genius bright, with reason at command.
 Shells and Mollusca in this group abound,
 With Fishes,—corals claim the greater round.

Here, let us pause,—let fancy take her swing
 O'er graphic changes, stamp'd on time's great ring.
 Behold this dense, conglutinated mass
 Bestain'd with turmoils through its every class,—
 Convincing proofs of times, which once had been,
 But now entomb'd 'midst palpable unseen!
 The major part of this group has retain'd
 Erratic pebbles, which its structure gain'd,—
 Disintegrated from the parent rocks
 By huge disruptions—then dissolved by shocks—
 Eroded by the cank'ring hand of time—
 And rounded, polish'd 'midst a briny clime;
 And by impulsion, and repulsion's hands,
 Were roll'd, reroll'd throughout submarine lands;
 Until, fatigued to death, sank to repose,
 Convolving till the aggregate arose,

* Author of the Old Red Sandstone, &c.

Compress'd and harden'd to a high degree,
 Through lengthen'd times, were these divisions three;
 Now, form'd in group, as lazy years had roll'd,
 This group had suffer'd pinching woes untold,
 Been tilted, fractured through, athwart the core,
 Contortions bled, as dislocations tore;
 Portrays its pangs in districts tumulose,
 Converging angles in the hollow close;
 From anticlinal* line diverging, dips
 In qua-qua-versal,† moulds the hill's plump hips.
 Behold its victims!‡ how they lie embalm'd,
 In lime, in clay, and some with iron clamm'd;
 While others from their sockets fall away,
 As all are subject to the same decay;
 And, crumbling 'neath the weight of growing time,
 As atmospheric changes blow and chime—
 The binding frost, the loosening clammy thaw,
 So summer heats and winter bleak and raw;
 And, lastly, mingle with the raging flood,
 Impell'd and roll'd through glen, brake, mead and wood,
 Consigns its contents to the ancient deep,
 Where these enjoy profound and lasting sleep.
 Such point the mutability which flows;
 Is man exempt? Behold all nature bows!
 A contra thought rules umpire in his mind,
 Deaf to his woes, and to his sorrows blind;
 And, as in strung career, he heedless strays,
 He wastes his years, and damns his future days.
 Lo! mark his climax! see him tott'ring down!
 The less he thinks, just stamps him more the clown.
 So down life's descent, as he wears away,—

* Anticlinal Line is that elevated central point from which the strata diverge in opposite directions.

† Qua-qua-versal dip, the dip of beds from a common centre to all points of the horizon.

‡ Victims, the rounded boulders which constitute the conglomerate of the Old Red Sandstone.

All counsel spurns,—let priests and bishops pray,
 Until death's manacles begin to bind ;
 His fading powers have now, at last, resigned ;
 Because, no longer can withstand the shocks,
 Behold ! he sinks beneath the tyrant's knocks.

Thus, are its fishes,—how they lie inhumed,—
 With shells, mollusca, corals long been gloom'd.
 But now developed by the powers of man,
 Who excavates, whose mind and eyes do scan,
 Exhumes these fossils from their stubborn graves—
 Tenacious coffins still retain their slaves.
 Explain'd by sages how these crept and sprang,
 How corals grew, breathed, multiplied in gang,—
 How nautilus* became to row and sail,
 And with its feelers, scar the gentle gale,—
 How boneless molluscs wove their filmy shells,
 Secured from hazard in these grotesque dells.
 In nature's cab'net view her grand display !
 'Tis free to all, allows none go away.
 As her exterior fascinations chide
 The soulless mortal deck'd with pomp and pride,
 Who sees no beauty in the rounding year,
 All imagery appears to him austere,
 Except the puffings of his puny mind,
 Stow'd to excess with phantoms stale and blind,
 And servile sophistry, which swells his brain,—
 Somnambulized, he struts in uppish strain.
 Unlike the humble sage, whose mind e'er gleams
 With nature's grandeur—shines midst learned beams—
 Sees God in nature, nature in her God,—
 And hails her outer museum with a nod,
 And with his pass-keys opes interior doors,
 Where she unfolds to him her secret stores.

* Nautilus, a shell fish furnished with something analogous to oars and a sail ; a genus of shells.

And as their eyes, with eager gaze do meet,
 Her mechanisms grow the more complete.
 As now he trims the crystal lamp of lore,
 Her mazy windings further to explore;
 As, onward, through her murky lab'rinth, plods,
 Beholds in all the triune God of gods,
 Surveys her wonders, intricately notes
 The fine-strung fibres, scales, the motley spots,
 The flexile feelers, and the various shells,
 The living forms which fill these tiny cells,
 Observes his lamp grow dim in certain rooms,
 For which he blames his oil, or noxious fumes.
 He tries to trim, but finds his oil run dry.
 In haste, he notes whate'er he can descry,
 Resolves next visit, those illumine the maze,
 Experimental oils of every phase.
 At last, receding by a counter road,
 Investigates her complicated code,
 Till anxious tremours shake his mental frame,
 The while his lamp decreases low in flame,
 At last goes out,—in darkness, gropes his way,
 Bewilder'd, faintly hails the twilight grey,
 Can mark far seen her high extended gate,
 There in fatigue he thanks God for his fate.
 Thus, nature gives from her abundant press,
 Her fossil organisms more or less ;
 Just in proportion to the will'd research
 Of man's ambition, quick or slow in march,
 Which constitute collections of our day—
 The private cab'nets, museums these display.
 Far down time's tunnel these remains did live,
 And with life's vital did obedience give.
 They will'd to justify their parent's laws,
 While she adoring sang Jehovah's cause.
 Now o'er a num'rous offspring she presides ;

Increasing numbers stem the tepid tides.
 And curious forms divide the briny wave,
 As winged fish extend their swords to brave.
 Still mutual malignity prevails,
 Their instinct several,—as their form of sails,
 And, for some mystic end, their palates crave,—
 As these on those regale, so others save.
 Discordant harmony prevails throughout ;
 Retrenchment reigns as orders teem about.
 An equipoise of numbers moulds the mass,
 As nature justly 'portionates each class ;
 Complexly binds the whole in native chains,
 And each she guides with fine instinctive reins.
 Her eye all cognitive surveys the whole ;
 With universal awe she sways control,
 And scans the vast terraqueous oblate ;
 In full aërial grandeur, sits in state—
 Adapts her tribes marine to time and place,
 Though still improvements she can point and trace ;
 But makes the best of these which now exist,
 The mixed forms that fill the ocean's breast ;
 With ardour views her fishy cuirassiers ;*
 In osseous panoply each troop appears.
 Some 'thwart the deep with oscillating tail
 Accrue propulsion as they wend and sail ;
 Molluscs in motley groups teem and arise ;
 These endless forms display connected ties.
 See congeries of corals link'd by names,
 As each to all affinity proclaims.
 These rare productions, as they grow, augment,
 Until they bound a far and wide extent.
 Amidst an equanimity of tides,
 These forms exist as time revolving glides,

* Cuirassiers, the remarkable fishes of the Old Red Sandstone ; the most part of which have their bodies slated with bony plates.

Enjoy placidity, from storms exempt,
 No contravention of the laws attempt;
 Tho' death and rapine, by-laws of the code,
 These wisely given by nature's mighty God,
 Such minorate the numbers, as they teem,
 And shape a medium from the great extreme
 The olive wand of peace deigns to extend.
 How soon might wither, God can comprehend,
 As He alone predestinated fate,
 And through the vestibule of time's infinite gate
 Beheld, and stretch'd time's everlasting chain,
 Eternal in duration as His reign.
 The which,—while on its links were cipher'd all
 In grand succession, great events and small,
 In endless sequence, winding far throughout
 Illimitable space, creation's bout,—
 Hook'd on immensity's unbounded pole,
 Beyond the grasp of keen ideal stroll,—
 Hung pendent through from the empyreal heaven,—
 Outmeasured hell though bottomless outstriven,—
 In moral and in physical array
 Transcribes its calendar through night as day,—
 And deals these chronicles to mortal man,
 To saint and angel, Satan and his clan,
 To heaven and hell, to ocean, air, and earth,
 To countless worlds, which stud the boundless girth;
 Has done to past through unbeginning years,
 Now does to present. Lo! the future fears.
 Throughout th' eternal infinite great all,
 God's mighty wonders ne'er have ceased to fall.

Here nature 'midst felicity of charms,
 Surrounds her children with her brawny arms.
 Regaling pleasures dance upon her lap;
 Abounding beauties deck creation's map.
 And, as she ruminates on future bliss,

The zephyr fawns the wave with gentle kiss.
 As in return the ocean wooes the land,—
 Transmits the cooling breeze with soothing hand,
 While stately air bestows the loving twain,
 The vernal pearly dew to bound the strain,
 Uncommon silence clasps the broad terrene,
 Aerial, aqueous, all are most serene.
 Then nature sped her orisons away
 To where celestial shines bright endless day,—
 With innate aspirations breathed her soul
 To Him who sways unlimited control.

But hark ! malignant omens image now
 A prelude to the sombre deadly strow,
 And stale calamities. What does this mean ?
 See, calm recedes behind the tragic scene.
 As jarring symphonies are humm'd around,
 Profoundly issue solos from the ground.
 From slow to reeling time they now advance ;
 Earth, ocean, frensied hobble in the dance,
 And dauntless air relumes with madd'ning glow,
 As gleam electric torches to and fro ;
 Mountainous ebullitions stud the deep ;
 Infuriated seas with vengeance sweep.
 At last, ejected from her former den,
 She streams into the sunken swampy glen ;
 In curdling undulations waves the earth,
 As molten mountains stamp their dates of birth.
 As yawning chasms, neither lax nor lame,
 Evolve and spout in columns smoke and flame ;
 As crannies gape from centre to the soil,
 See blighting vapours steaming all the while.
 A sullen gloom still clogs the fretful air,
 And bouncing peals are strolling everywhere ;
 While animate creation swamps, in flame,
 Into that nullity, from whence it came.

Why this sad devastation and despair ?
 Why wrap the whole in stale chaotic glare ?
 Why rend the terrene mass in thousand twains ?
 Why bend the strath, why tilt the mountain chains ?
 Why boil the ocean, why forsake her bed ?
 Why gloom the welkin at the thunder's tread ?
 Why mar the beauty of so fair a heaven,
 Which hangs resplendent as the bow now given ?
 Why sinks all life to where we cannot tell,
 And never more to sound life's vital bell ?
 These were, because th' Almighty gave command.
 All alls were moulded by His plastic hand :—
 Alike the regal powers which rule the day,
 That waltz and marry, banquet, jaunt and pray,
 As mutual hilarity presides,
 And emperors press their tissued buxom brides,
 And mingle with the royal sceptred throng,
 With peers and princes sound the peaceful gong.
 These recommend themselves, if brought to gleam
 Along the central line of each extreme ;
 Between the sullen smile and frantic laugh,
 There, equidistant, use life's temp'rate staff.
 Inversely all are prone to stint the soul,
 The minimum's e'er been the standard pole.
 In ratio as we gorge the corp'ral frame,
 So starves the soul bereft of heavenly flame.
 It would be well with all, could we allay
 Our appetites,—with media, none would stray.
 And as the Jewish king would have all chased
 From extra goods or bads—to media haste,
 Why should we die before th' appointed time ?
 Let all rejoice in moderation's prime.
 But mark horizons politic o'er cast,
 Then war's tornado wings the sullen blast,
 And thousands are into death's bourn hurl'd,

As trophies gleam, and banners are unfurl'd.
 The crimson fluid gluts the shrinking ground,
 As mortal wounds are streaming all around ;
 And sulph'rous smoke, in volumes, darks the air,
 And screens the azure sky from such a glare.
 Ah me ! what desolations clog mankind !
 In vain I mourn, I sigh from woes which pall the mind.
 As through this sublunary vale we plod,
 What dismal scenes bestain life's rugged road !
 Alas ! the aggregate is hugely grown,
 As life exhales its feeble, final moan.

As wheeling time unwound its endless clue,
 The elemental strife more dreadful grew,
 Until it reach'd the maximum of rage,
 And grav'd its impress on creation's page.
 In full meridian gloom it shone the while ;
 Then dwindled as it rose, thus ceased its broil.
 Hence tarnish'd earth swoon'd into silent sleep ;
 As troubled waves were lull'd, so hush'd the deep.
 And wrinkled air resumed its youthful bloom,
 As vengeful strife shrank to oblivion's gloom.
 And thus once more calm nature smiled and rose,
 As vital germs had foil'd her former woes.
 She saw abounding many kinds of fish,
 Improv'd and form'd according to her wish,—
 Enormous reptiles* moulded to her mind,
 Whose sev'ral species lie yet undefin'd,—
 Mollusca, corals, insects, form'd in all
 A mingled whole obeying nature's call.
 And vegetation sprouted and arose,
 As mellifluence crown'd the leaves and boughs.
 A rapid growth proclaim'd a fruitful zone,
 See slender trunks and stems thus overgrown,

* Footprints of Reptiles have been discovered in the coal strata of the United States.

Resplendent foliage garnish'd them, I ween.
 Eternal spring diffused its evergreen,
 And vegetation spread beyond, afar,
 From pole to pole, around the hooping bar.
 This flora,† simple, yet extremely grand,
 Did beautify the then existing land,—
 Adorn'd the vale, the mountain, ridge, and plain;
 Continual blossoms strew'd their sweets amain—
 Decay and propagation sped away.
 This flora flourish'd, then embraced decay;
 Hence got entomb'd, and under chemic laws
 Was form'd in strata by the great First Cause,
 As countless years wrought out the mighty plan,
 And stored such wonders for the use of man.

Behold this beneficial group display'd,
 Upon the mountain limestone mostly stay'd,—
 Including such did form a healthful meal
 To bygone commerce,—now a gen'ral weal.
 They will through future ages be extant,
 Until exhaustion charms a new supplant.
 Infinite wisdom has made nought in vain:
 Defection lies in man's weak finite brain.
 This coal-producing group is justly nam'd
 The carbonif'rous,—such its nature claim'd:
 With mountain limestone for its mighty base,
 Tho' class'd in one, distinct in many a phase.
 But as a whole we'll treat them thus as such;
 And, on the varied structures, slightly touch;
 Composed of beds, freshwater and marine,
 In consecution alternate as seen.
 The lower strata of this group consist
 In slaty sandstones, puddingstone, dark schist,
 Calcareous sandstones, limestones, dark and bright,

† Flora, a term employed to denote the plants of any particular region, as the term fauna indicates its animals.

White compact sandstone, ironstone, lignite,*
 And several seams of marine limestone, and
 Calcareous clays, and shales thus upward tend.
 The upper bound'ry also does contain
 Red and white sandstones, fine and coarse in grain,
 Which alternate with motley harden'd clays,
 Dark impure limestones, seams of shaly blaes,
 And ironstone, nodular and in beds.
 Calcareous sandstones, tinged with many shades,
 With various intervening seams of coal,
 In sev'ral thicknesses thus constitute the whole;
 Which metes a depth in all ten thousand feet,
 With fossil organisms 'bounding to replete;
 And distributed o'er the globe's extent,
 In local basins, fractured, fissured, bent;
 And dips in num'rous angles from between
 The quadrant's five to ninety's bound, I ween;
 And undulating frowns in these domains,
 And shapes the rugged glens and wavy plains.
 As it approaches to the hilly range,
 Diverging strata form contortions strange.
 In twisted regularity out crop †
 The worthy seams of this most useful group.
 Throughout the which unwieldy crumplings grow
 To dislocations notchéd to and fro;
 And igneous rocks are seen in stalwart veins,
 And masses strataform'd are spread in planes,
 Which harden'd strata, as they stream'd and paved,
 Supplanted others as along they raved,
 And crystallized around their molten bounds,
 And charr'd all those immediate to their rounds;
 Fulfill'd the ends for which were hither sent
 By Him, who rules, with pure, benign intent.

* Lignite, wood partially converted into coal.

† Crop out, signifying the emergence of strata on the surface.

Here let us briefly view the lower flight,
 As it occurs in this our local site,*
 And, intersected by the winding Esk,
 Upon the Old Red Sandstone stretch'd to task.
 There at the junction strata do not seem,
 They've been abraded by the force of stream;
 A few yards further down are seen arise
 White slaty sandstones,—puddingstone next lies;
 Upon the which sandstone and shales repose,
 Calcareous rocks, with them in sequence close,
 Analogous to Burdiehouse' great seam,
 Although impure, yet thirty feet in depth they seem.
 Immediate to, upstarts trapean dike, †
 Which forms an angle with the line of strike;
 Tho' up in sequence, we move further down,
 Behold dark schists and sandstones crouch and frown.
 'Neath various seams of limestone,—iron ore,
 Half-finished seams of coal are seen to gloar;
 As slender intervening seams of coal,
 Bituminous in nature, close the poll.
 In serpentine conformity these lie.
 Then, specially, the limestones catch the eye;
 Some cleft right through, in angles, and athwart,
 To pond'rous blocks, by nature's magic art.
 Not here alone, but in the 'jacent Isle,
 The caverns yawn, as chasms gape the while;
 Some have become the channels of those streams,
 Call'd subterranean, where no light e'er gleams,
 Conducted thither through the mazy chinks,
 So cut through this formation as it sinks.
 Within these caverns brilliant scenes appear,
 Arrang'd in nature's fanciful career;
 Thus pendent stalactites ‡ in clusters hang;

* From Carllops' Bridge down the North Esk.

† Dike, the intrusion of volcanic among stratified rocks.

‡ Stalactite, the dripping of carbonate of lime.

To mix with these, the stalagmites † upsprang.
 These sparry icicles in splendour chime,
 And form a crystal forest most sublime ;
 While stately figures mimic all around,
 In august grandeur foil man's artful bound.
 In various sites these rocks bear and produce
 Those ores and min'rals for man's end and use,
 For instance, iron, galena, ‡ copper, zinc,
 Saccharine limestone—spars are made to prink :
 While other strata meet the builder's aim—
 Clay for the potter, shales which burn and flame ;
 As sev'ral beds made up of deathful gains,
 The debris of organical remains.

The upper series bears the seams of coal,
 Which are so useful to the gen'ral whole.
 On party-colour'd shales some choose to lie,
 A sandstone pavement floors another by.
 Tho' most coal-seams recline on harden'd clays,
 Which vary in the structure as the phase.
 Sometimes these clays are seen to graduate
 To clayey sandstone, in a compact state ;
 As on occasions they do thin away,
 Supplanted by subjacent strata, they
 Resume their claims, and thicken as they thinn'd,
 Assuming wedge-like shapes compactly pinn'd.
 Such are their pavements ; hence their roofs do say—
 "I'm thick, I'm thin, I'm sandstone, shale, or clay."
 Casual laws seem to affect the whole—
 The groups and strata, as the seams of coal,
 Which change in thickness, quality, and tint,
 From rough to parrot, § parrot into splint,
 And often do entirely disappear,

† Stalagmite, the same substance dropped on the ground.

‡ Galena, the ore of silver and lead.

§ Parrot, gas coal.

As faults and slips portend in drawing near.
Tho' some are more equanimous in all,—
Yet subject to the dislocation's gall,
Which heav'd the strata up toward south-west,
So had the molten current onward prest.
Extraneous substances at times are found
In seams of coal,—yea, sometimes they abound,
As trunks and stems, transmuted in the main
To hard calcareous sandstone, fine in grain.
And frequent indentations often mar,
When roof or pavement fills the coaly scar ;
While in return coal-seams do rise and bend ;
And hollow roof and pavement as they trend.

Now comes the question, how coal came to be ?
Tho' quite unsolved, yet mostly all agree
That coal does owe its origin and cause
To vegetation, join'd with special laws.
How form'd in strata none has e'er defin'd,—
This question strains the tendons of the searching mind.
Yet sage philosophy affords a balm,
Which keeps the mind elastic, pure, and calm.
And logic has presented to our view
Hypotheses, how coal-seams slowly grew ;
The plausible of them let sway the theme,
Content with which, till better ones may seem ;
Tho' huge objections hover round the best,
Which at command would sally and molest ;
Let us, with prudent strive, support the facts,
Which glomerated wisdom fondly tracks ;
Let us review what some of these contain,
In brief detail, not technical, but plain.

Behold the beauty of creation's face,
Adorn'd with forests of luxuriant grace,—
Yea densely tangled with the underwood,
Whose fringed foliage clasps the taller brood,

Whose feathery summits quiver in the breeze,
 Now, motionless, resume their pendent ease ;
 While some erect, extend their leafy plumes,
 And fan those pendent, as the breeze resumes;
 As shadowy groves stretch'd out in lengthen'd change,
 Surround the lakes, and skirt the upland range,—
 In lateral lines, define the river's course,—
 Bend with the bays, and point the streamlet's source,—
 In mural splendour, wall the brackish bays,
 Where pond'rous rivers charge the ocean's sprays ;
 While clumps extend o'er strath and hilly plain,
 These link'd with verdure form a racy train,—
 Ascend the mountains,—o'er their summits trail,—
 In gentle descent stud the grassy vale,—
 Surmount the crags,—in declination swoop,—
 Skim down the fastness,—clothe the ravine's stoop.
 Such were portray'd in yon primeval day ;
 In bold relief stood out in grand array.
 The potent limner sketch'd the whole apart,—
 Which far excell'd the far-famed artist's art,—
 A rude engraving of that mighty plan,
 Forthcoming for the residence of man.

Suppose the scene to change:—now storms appear,
 The growling tempest scowls in dire career,—
 Uproots the stately trunks, and fells the boughs,—
 Now mows the copse in twirling dull morose ;
 As in disdain it shears the flowery strath,
 While inundating torrents flaunt in wrath ;—
 Borne on these torrents, as they stream and stroll,
 Are trunks and stems to bays, wherein they shoal.
 Hence they lie pack'd and cramm'd, a motley scene,—
 The mutilated trunks and stems, I ween,
 Thus ruminating on the surging brim,
 Yea swith'ring whether they will sink or swim,
 While earthy substances precipitate,

And form a pavement for the aggregate ;
 At last according to their gravities,
 Sink, and convolve in mixéd quantities.
 All gorged to excess with brackish wine,
 Prefer the deep, in mingled crowds, recline.
 Hence 'neath the pressure of th' incumbent waves,
 Profoundly sleep in these their watery graves,—
 Subjected to the action of those laws,
 Which spring from fermentation's heating cause ;
 While raging floods on them depos'd their spoils
 Of sand and mud, brought from the upland piles :
 As thousand years converted them to coal,—
 One single seam indiff'rent in the whole.
 If this be one, the rest in sequence rose,
 As intervening strata did repose.

Another the'ry lodges in my mind,
 Deserves more credit, popular in kind,—
 The which I will detail in simple phrase,
 Forgiveness hoping for such dubious lays.
 Conceive the imagery of nature spread,—
 The hill, the plain, the dale, and rocky shade,
 Yea primal forest, teeming from the earth,
 Array'd in native grandeur from their birth,
 Diversified with shallow broad lagoons,*
 Where inland streams depose their muddy boons.
 While vegetation clogs these watery stews,
 Decay and growth proceed, as mud accrues ;
 Until stigmariæ † had decay'd, so soon
 Thus sprang the morass from the broad lagoon.
 A diff'rent vegetation now ensued,
 As calamites and equiseta ‡ soon renew'd

* Lagoons, sheets of water.

† Stigmariæ, marshy plants with stems originally succulent ; marked externally with roundish tubercles, surrounded by a groove, and arranged in a direction more or less spiral, &c.

‡ Equiseta and Calamites, reed-like plants.

The far extending scene, whose dense parade
 Show'd here and there a tree of stalwart grade.
 Thus in the morass grew these reedy stems,
 Whose plenitude fill'd the primeval dams ;
 The spoils of which accumulated to
 A depth, which shrank as it the denser grew ;
 At last submerg'd amidst the watery mean,
 But from what cause let sage experience ween.
 Whether subsidence plunged the huge morass,
 With vegetation, soil, and trees, en masse—
 Or, if the flood had drown'd the boggy all,
 As streaming torrents roar'd in surly bawl—
 Let dons decide, on whom these points devolve ;
 Such recondites are truly hard to solve.
 Perhaps both lent a hand to drown the bog,
 Whilst the maturing causes lay incog ;
 Of which first acted the fermental laws,
 While sea-born strata form'd to shroud the cause.
 On them lacustrine* strata sequence led,
 Which told upheavals, else the ocean fled ;
 The which accounts for alternating beds,
 As this lacustrine, now the marine spreads.
 Thus countless years produced this group in whole,—
 Analogous to this, that seam of coal.

Shall we second as the thousands do
 Opinions vague, which we so dimly view.
 We must confess the question is profound ;
 How coals were form'd still lies obscurely bound.
 Yet, let our sanctions deck the latter plan,
 Because it is the best we have to scan ;
 Tho' nice disparities arise between
 The gaseous parrot and the rest, I ween ;
 The compact splint and those that crumble down,

* Lacustrine, belonging to a lake.

Which make the miner scratch his head, and frown,
 Vouching that he has lost a bonny crown.
 Between the ligneous shales thus plainly seen,
 Some give out flame as those afford no mean.
 And lastly comes bituminous argil,
 Work'd and produc'd at far-famed Torbanehill.
 And how these seams do differ in their worth,—
 Tenacious some, some frangible from birth,—
 Some easily cloven,—some cross to the last,
 At times defy the miners' pinching cast,
 And change in structure, quality and shade,
 From bluish black, up to the browner grade,—
 Some tabular in form, while some assume
 Imperfect cubes, with dross some stow the room,*—
 Some easily work'd, some only when they please,—
 These make poor miner perspire and wheeze ;—
 Whilst all are fissur'd,—some to the extreme,
 Like corduroy, but only darker seem.
 Each differs in itself, and does contain
 The seeming goods and ills, which crown the motley train,
 As Adam, our great prototype and sire,
 Does represent the varied human choir,
 Which truly differ in the shade and brogue ;
 So one becomes the several's analogue.
 Our appetites have sprung from time and place,
 From exigencies, still they stamp and trace.
 Had he been subject to the same ordeal,
 Which his great progeny have felt, yea, feel,
 In this one man would been the num'rous alls,
 Which deafen mankind with their endless calls.
 Amongst the many, some are well adorn'd
 With fleeting trifles, these by some are scorn'd ;—
 So Torbanehill seems to be well possess'd,

* Room, a space at the face of a coal seam, proportionated to the miner, where he works and produces the mineral.

As was King David, bless'd above the rest ;
 Although it has been tested thus amain,
 That seam, like Job, maintains a heavenly strain.
 If they had lived, they would have slipp'd a foot,
 And so will it be changed into soot.
 Tho' 'tis caress'd, like Solomon the sage,
 By kings and princes of the lighten'd age,
 Yet subject to the dislocation's range,
 May be convinced to try another change ;
 Then languish, till its qualities are gone,
 And turn into a seam of ironstone.*
 But now I'm getting stale, I rather fear;
 I will, in short, resign this black career.

That All-creating Wisdom shows to man
 The outlines of His grand mysterious plan,
 Behold in nature wisdom, if we could
 Appreciate, deduce, and then conclude.
 The peat has long adorn'd this earthly scene,
 And eked the frontispiece of nature's mien.
 If this did burn and flame, why not digest
 That nature's God had strata better press'd,
 All ranged within the volume of earth's crust,
 As through its title page their indexes have thrust ?
 Upheaving storms most dreadfully did tease ;
 Sequent facilities accrued from these.
 They made the level strata to incline,
 And point to man th' Omnific's grand design.
 Subsidences must not be overlook'd ;
 In glens, as these, see natural levels book'd.
 From seeming evils goods arise to view ;
 They serve their mystic ends, then wisely strew
 Their benefits to mankind all around.

* The like has been known, as a seam of bituminous shale, which, at a place, came under my observation, portions of which when committed to the fire gave out flame ; whereas a little further on in the line of strike, that is at right angles to the dip, the same seam appeared partially converted into black band and nodular ironstone.

If rightly tuned, they then in concert sound.
Almighty God has ever said to man,
Come, view My works, deduce, construct, and plan.
The spider wrought the same 'fore Euclid's day,
Did then, has done, does now, so on alway.
The peaty bog has shown in every age
Abundant truths, more pregnant than the page.
Behold! the stratum rests on loam or clay,
The lower peats, how compact good are they—
Free from extraneous substances, unless
A trunk or stem may here and there distress—
The centre not so good, the upper worst.
Alike had seams of coal been laid at first,
Peat only wants what coal has underwent—
Submergence, and compression to extent;
And, through the agency of passing time,
At last becomes a seam, compact and prime.
So is the stratum partly fissured through,
And cleft transversely to and fro to view.
And also bands are most distinctly seen,
Which rib the stratum as they intervene.
Alike in coal the same are seen display'd;
Within one seam are various strata laid.
A striking semblance 'twixt them doth exist
As schist is shale, and yet both shale and schist.
But still I rest, with this strung in my mind,
How coal was form'd, 'tis truly hard to find.
Yet, each may image and as oft review
These mazy theories, 'till more light accrue;
And own that vegetation in the whole,
Did form the source, and origin of coal.
Admit that countless years produced this group,
As num'rous changes seem'd to rise and stoop,
Combined with special laws, now seeming fair—
See sixty seams of coal this group doth bear,

With mixed strata as they intervene,
Until ten thousand feet are really seen.
And also be it rightly understood,
As calculation roughly does conclude,
Tho' I confess that I am no great hand,
Pray, let me state the truth as it doth stand:—
That the coal seams do form one fiftieth part
Of this group's depth, a boon to human art.

Should all not wonder at the stretched days,
Which mark'd this group's 'sequential colour'd lays?
Our weak conceptions stumble at the thought,
When we are told that thousand years are nought,
Compared with these, the cycles, which did run,
As this, that group was into sequence spun.
How can we but with wonder and with awe,
With grateful hearts wrapt in ecstatic thaw,
Adore the King, who wisely preordain'd
Such boons as these, which future man hath gain'd!
How passing strange! how infinite the skill!
Which moulded them with pure benignant will.
He, how omniscient! who will'd most complete,
That each component seek its own retreat.
How dominant the power, supremely grand!
Which these created, by a word's command,
All out of nought, sublimity recedes,
And owns itself unworthy of such deeds.
And how amazing are God's potent laws,
Which act in harmony beyond applause,
And over all produce desir'd effects,
In modern times, as in the retrospects?
They, through the future, will profoundly toil,
Without the aid of lubricating oil—
Require no guide nor machinist's repair.
This vast machinery knows not how to wear,
Which owns the Almighty for its motive power,

Who scans throughout the darkest midnight hour,
 Till myriad cycles bear old nature down,
 And time, and tide, and tempest cease to frown.
 Then shall the pond'rous throttle valve be shut;
 And nature's vast machinery shall glut
 Oblivion's bourn, until perhaps review'd,
 At the Omniscient's will, shall be renew'd.
 As He alone immutable abides,
 These bronze credentials stamp His mighty sides,
 Emboss'd upon His buckler and His crown.
 Tho' worlds should fall and systems crumble down,
 Jehovah's years the same! with radiant plume,
 "Plant of Renown," shrined in eternal bloom.

This ancient epoch told the truthful tale,
 That vegetation fann'd the balmy gale;
 And gave the maximum with torrid speed.
 This flora far surpass'd the rest indeed—
 This coal-creating age did glide along,
 But not without the tempest's burly song.
 Asperities of air, and central shouts
 Did vend their rage in flames and waterspouts;
 But were restrain'd to certain limits. They
 Could never make annihilation sway.
 They often did supplant the cooling breeze
 With boist'rous gales, as puking vents did sneeze.
 Some seeth'd the ocean with compressed heat;
 But prohibition quash'd that angry feat,
 And nature relish'd with this aged group
 That placid medium, which did reign and droop.
 Then winsome nature bask'd in sylvan dells,
 In bosky glades, and on the flow'ry fells;
 In upland brakes, upon the mountain tops,
 Her sable ensigns swang in verdant slopes.
 The wreathed copse caress'd the luscious breeze,
 And hymn'd in concert with the stalwart trees.

Now round the lakes the balmy zephyrs play ;
Now on their bosoms gently die away.
As these reflect in their translucent means,
The noble grandeur of the fringing scenes,
Far comes the murmuring streamlet's lonely hum,
Which breaks the silence,—now in cadence, dumb ;
While in its wake succeeds the coarser song
Of distant river, as it rolls along,
And tumbles in the cataract with speed,
Swift down the chasm surging to the mead.
At times the breeze brings from the mural coasts,
The mingled roarings of the turgid hosts,
Which lash the stubborn cliffs with foaming rage,
And spend their ire throughout this fertile age.
Tho' in the main, the oceans mildly sleep,
Except that currents ever onward sweep.
While radiant beams diffuse their genial sweets
To land and ocean, o'er the far retreats.
Primeval beauty crowns the vast expanse,
And nature owns her God and laughs at chance.
As heaven's great concave spreads its silken sheets,
Where pure ambrosial essence strews its sweets,
Upon cerulean ground the dappled skies
Display a tapestry of changing dyes.
As while the denser airs refract the beams
Which radiant sol shoots forth in glowing streams,—
A fresh salubrious atmosphere obtains,
And wholesome gases leave no blighting stains.
Earth's fair elysian scenes in splendour vie
With these aërial beauties stretching high.
According pleasures press the curling brine,
And crystal lakes with tassell'd margins shine ;
And fishes cleave these elements with speed—
Amidst the lucent media sport and feed.
As num'rous forms do habitate the deep,

The estuaries,—some the rivers sweep.
 The fenny lagoons and the deeper straits
 All swarming with their special aggregates,
 And vegetation with its endless forms,
 Lacustrine and marine, give motley swarms.
 While *terra firma* yields a mixed stock
 Of stalwart trunks,—see tangled copses block.
 Thus beauteous to behold the oblate scene,
 As nature sits enthroned with heavenly mien.
 Yea, like that passion, which no evil thinks,
 She's ever kind and from all malice shrinks,
 Delights in virtue,—virtue gems her crown—
 And all benign, she rules without a frown.

This epoch reach'd its vertex. Now, behold!
 It totters down, as empires did of old.
 One fell to shreds, and incoherent lay,
 Which time and change in piecemeal dealt away.
 One on the increase,—one seen retrograde,
 One in the germ,—one in its coffin laid,
 One hideous grown in full meridian glare,
 Was crush'd with burdens, which it could not bear.
 Some torn asunder by their cumb'rous weights,—
 Some dwindled as they rose to puny states,—
 Some shatter'd to the base by sanguine broils,
 From which, humanity in ire recoils.
 And all the various stages were display'd
 From birth to burial, be it plainly said.
 And at these sev'ral heights were seen to err,
 Then downwards hurl'd amongst the things which were.
 As these of yore which sprang, advanced, and grew,
 So those in modern times will surely do.
 As stale, ambitious motives crawl and swarm,
 One tines the lease, another takes the farm,
 One gains a cor'net, one hath tint his post,
 See hundreds grasping at that stately ghost.

And I amongst the rest would upwards ply,
 Although I fear I'll ne'er in splendour vie.
 This impulse I have feebly seldom found,
 I'll be content to nestle on the ground.
 All striving, which will near the glitt'ring crown,
 I'll shun the chance of ever tumbling down.
 Call this not chance; for such must surely be,
 When empire stands out like a stately tree;
 When all the branches loaded to excess
 With human urchins,—what their motives, guess.
 Until these toppings grow to overgrown,
 And wrangling 'mongst themselves in fiery tone;
 Lo! devastation marks the sweeping gale,
 Behold this tree lies prostrate in the trail.

So now this epoch's comeliness is gone,
 And all its blossoms are for ever blown.
 For since the storms awoke, creation's face
 Seems rudely blasted; still they blow apace.
 The sundry elements now seem to strive,
 Which will do most to bring chaos alive.
 In pungent horror rears the troubled sea,
 As central murmurs waxing burst in glee.
 While gloomy clouds are hov'ring near the ground,
 Obscure the hills, and trail athwart the mound.
 Yea, noxious exhalations aid these clouds,
 To taint and dark the air with dismal shrouds,
 While heaven's artilleries are hurling forth
 Their subtle missiles, fulminate in wrath.
 Aërial torrents pour their fluid stores,
 That whirlwinds scatter 'midst the booming roars.
 Earth, reeling, palpitates, in tortion, louts,
 While she delivers smoke and flame in spouts.
 Yea thermal* jets in bulky columns flow,
 Which pierce the grovelling clouds that float so low.

* Thermal, hot.

The aged mountains totter, forming crooks,
 As dreary murmurs fill the yawning nooks.
 That towering range, now looming through the haze,
 Ignivomous with tops in lurid blaze!
 Which luminates the tenebrific pall;
 So glooms the brooding darkness over all,
 While streams of lava show a glistening dun,
 But change in lustre, as they wend and run;
 The waxing tempest howls its bitter pest,
 As fierce tornadoes twirl the briny yest.
 The terrene mass, convuls'd in every pore,
 Vends smoke and flame, as mountains rock and snore :
 Some rive in twain, and with a parting kiss,
 They bid adieu, as craters puke and whiz.
 The several mains, dissatisfied in whole,
 Impinge and shift, in turbid swellings, roll ;
 While, through the gloomy welkin, lightnings flash,
 Which give the scene a sullen, sombre dash ;
 And with the flutt'ring, zigzag, frightful glare,
 They only make the darkness yawn and stare.
 At last these elements exceed control,
 Grow incorrigible athwart from pole to pole ;
 While lifeless forms into the depths have sunk,
 Now lie inurn'd with stems and many a trunk.

Since these have sunk, they will through ages lie.
 Tho' seeming useless, Flora yet shall vie.
 When countless years have spun the mighty trace,
 And laws have fill'd and broke the crusty space ;
 When earth's benign aludels* have resign'd,
 Since their contents are dense, some well defined ;
 When these have shown their indexes to man,
 He must and shall admire the gracious plan.
 The long-lost Flora then, as from a swoon,

* Aludels, subliming pots used in chemistry, fitted into one another without luting.

Shall wake, thus chang'd, become a lasting boon ;
And teach frail man what he must undergo
Throughout this life, a scene of joyful woe,—
Tho' studded with those lucent welling springs,
Which add no sorrow,—'reave sin of its stings,—
Impart that consolation to the soul,
Which neither worlds can give, nor arts control ;—
It holds solidity beyond the alls
Which vanish like the hail in summer falls.
Man thus possess'd will shine in future bliss,—
Through endless cycles praise without remiss.
But mark this scene's alloy,—the tale of woe—
See spleen and rancour string the sinful bow,
And give an impulse to th' envenom'd shafts,
Which fly as thick as flakes that boreas wafts.
And add to these man's own commissions too,—
A catalogue of follies old and new,
With rank omissions of the proffer'd gift,
Which he should woo ere death blows him adrift.
No wonder he may earnestly exclaim,
Deliver me, so wretched, from this flame.
From childhood's nadir to the zenith's bloom,
From youth's bright vertex to the silent tomb,
And e'en from birth, throughout the threescore years,
Are sets of mists and sunshines, joys and tears ;
With orient gales, that chill the human mien,
And blighting storms which stain the soul's bright sheen ;
And native hoars that stint the tender buds,
Which fain would shoot, but drown'd with carnal floods ;
While noxious breezes taint the purer sweets,
Which, from the soul, ascend to heaven's retreats.
Throughout man's life, down to the musty grave,
The howling tempests often scowl and rave ;
Until death's simoom bends him to the dust,
From whence he came, sin's iron, gloomy trust ;

To which consign'd he'll sleep in death's deep swoon,
 Till heaven's last trump proclaims eternal noon.
 Then shall he re-appear before the throne,
 In pristine beauty, where no woes are known.

Then why, oh nature, dost thou weep and mourn?
 Thy primal beauty shall again return.

Yea, how organic life, tho' lowly laid,
 Again shall seem without the mystic shade!
 Portions shall peer from 'neath thy verdant brow,
 Transmuted into compact grades I trow;
 And be presented to the creature man,
 Who lies far through yon maze in embryonic span.
 Then be consol'd. Behold! the mighty God
 Is still omnific. At His powerful nod
 Lo! thousand worlds appear with vital life,
 Free from all discord,—there no jarring strife!
 And though the trolling tempest wings amain,
 At His command it curbs its baleful strain,
 Grows mild and silent, as that fertile hour
 When noontide fragrance kiss'd the genial shower.
 O! cease to mourn, behold Jehovah's range,
 His all-creative wisdom knows no change.
 Eternally He sways without control,
 And scans infinity—that mighty scroll.
 Enthron'd amidst the golden crowned hosts,
 He kindly rules o'er heaven's embattled posts;
 He plainly views, throughout all boundless space,
 The countless worlds as each describes its trace,—
 Within due limits bounds th' infinite alls,
 Which float through space;—hence no collision galls;
 But nice precision cheerfully obeys,
 And vests the vast illimitable maze.

Then, forthwith, dry thy tears. The First of Days
 Will drown thy sorrow with ecstatic lays;
 And though the simoom trumps its baneful song,

It also whispers, such shall not be long.
Its hieroglyphic writ does indicate
A wise design, sign'd by the God of fate.
And that design, so beneficial, will
Adorn His Godship, and His ends fulfil,—
Will purge the air of miasm, yea, in prime,
With other causes, through the lapse of time,
Will make this globe a medium resting place
For future Eden's tenants, and their race.
Some of the storms' immediate ends are hid ;
Then, why repine for what they do,—nay did.
Their future boons shall stamp them lib'ral foes,—
Yea, sequent joys will cancel former woes.
Alike are both the stagnant mind and pool—
Allow dull torpid indolence to rule—
Grow putrid, 'midst the dank and barren site,
Thus cloth'd with moss, and fring'd with stale delight,—
Producing loathsome forms at no expense,
Which stun the eye, and nauseate human sense.
If slightly stirr'd, they taint and fume the air
With words and exhalations, bad to share.
Such inspirations stifle goodly lungs,
But recreate the viper as his fangs.
But bring the streams of purity and lore,
And fill the mind and pool to running o'er ;—
Then, give each efflux with a proper drain,
And keep their feeders in a mediate strain ;
Allow a time to rinse them clear and fine,
Henceforth the nauseous forms shall quickly pine.
Instead of these the finny tribes shall swim,
And scour the pool, from margin, base to brim,
In golden panoply display to view
The mingled colours, with the changing hue ;
While genial beams at noontide press the pool,
And zephyrs frolic 'round in wanton rule.

The mind, thus chang'd, produces and receives,
 What bland philosophy and culture weaves.
 Hence, from that mind proceed in classic style,
 The swelling climax, and the gentle smile.
 No more the pool becomes a local pest.
 I wish all human minds were so possess'd.
 Then willingly give place to these events,
 Terrific though, are fraught with good intents.
 And they, combin'd, foretoken something new,
 Which ultimately shall be brought to view.
 Yea, sequently creations shall appear.
 In them shall be display'd tier upon tier,
 The wond'rous works of Him, who is not lax,
 But in succession scans the boundless tracts.

And, lastly, shall be seen, without a peer,
 Fair man, in likeness of, and to his maker dear,
 Inhaling sweets amidst an Eden's bloom,
 As nectar'd fruits hang vending rich perfume.
 In this whole nature consolation found,
 And that ere long her praise was heavenward bound ;
 And patiently she sang through thousand years,
 Although her joys at times were dimm'd with tears.
 And knowing that th' Almighty could not lie,
 With firm resolve she fixed her hope on high ;
 When at God's mighty fiat, storms were hush'd,
 As central agents lay profoundly crush'd ;
 While in rotation vital life did teem,
 So lay all sorrows drown'd, as sol did beam.

Next, in succession, lies Triassic group,
 Or New Red Sandstone, form'd in briny scoop.
 Its nomens various—the salif'rous named,
 Because for briny springs, and rock-salt famed—
 And also for diversity af hues,
 Is styled the poikilitic in reviews.
 Likewise the German sage names it Trias ;

For there three portions comprehend the mass.
 Although in England, otherwise is given,
 And into twain by authors forthwith riven.
 The lower portion swells into a group,
 As where the Russ in Perm sees such out crop ;
 Hence call'd the Permian, which, in England shown,
 Contains these stages six as savants own.
 Beginning at the lowest, there we find
 The various sandstones, both in tint and kind ;
 We next behold the marly slates appear,
 Then compact sandstone forms another tier ;
 Upon the which calcareous strata rest ;
 These are with brecciated* limestone press'd ;
 Crystalline limestone bends this group atop
 And forms the sixth division and the cope ;
 On which, in order, rests the upper flight,
 As mottled sandstone now appears to sight.
 Ascending, see quartzose conglomerate ;
 Salif'rous marls and sandstones form the pate.
 In all a thickness of two thousand feet,
 With springs of brine and gypsum † tete à tete,
 Rock-salt in store, and fossils as they range
 As corals, fishes, reptiles, rare and strange,
 With plants and molluscs ; most of these are found,
 Some hale, in beds of the calcareous ground.
 In argillaceous too some lie immured,
 Which from these strata are at times procured ;
 Tho' scantily, for paucity prevails
 Throughout this group,—see moderation sails.
 Although, the many footprints do convey,
 That pond'rous reptiles trode the loam and clay,
 Its geographic distribution's wide

* Brecciated Limestone, partaking of the nature of Breccia, a mass composed of angular unworn fragments of rocks.

† Gypsum, a mineral composed of lime and sulphuric acid ; sulphate of lime.

Located 'twixt the poles, from side to side.
 In England, too, 'tween Exeter and Carlisle,
 Are nineteen seats of industry and toil,
 Which wealthy cities, rooted on this group,
 Show commerce reigns and means not yet to stoop.

This group in plenitude yields gypsum, salt,
 And soda. Lo ! two thousand years, sans halt,
 Have eyed its products, thus enhanc'd with praise,
 By shrouding up the carbonif'rous lays.
 Such gave a growing impulse to these sites,
 Till, fading in the future, time so blights
 And gnaws the brazen, cloyless statue down ;
 Hence, all things change beneath his subtile frown.
 But, whence came these deposits of rock-salt,
 And that huge mountain, † free—without a fault—
 From all extraneous matter ? How came they—
 Such masses of the pure salinous spray ?
 We know that springs of brine proceed from such,
 And also from the granite issue much.
 How did the saline mineral augment,
 To form, in Spain, a mount of such extent ?
 Which makes Cardona's duke and dukedom bright,
 Where stands the mount, six hundred feet in height,
 And metes a breadth at base twelve hundred feet !
 Who can but wonder at this mighty teat ?
 And num'rous masses elsewhere are known ;
 Some are in thickness forty yards, I own.
 What shall we say anent such boons and facts,
 Long left by countless years in mazy tracts ?
 Shall we admit that the primeval seas,
 Which stream'd throughout this epoch at their ease,
 Had by evaporation left their dregs,
 To keep post commerce on its brawny legs ?
 The same obtains 'bout salt primeval lakes,

† A mountain of salt which exists at Cardona, in Spain.

Which were exhal'd, but left their briny flakes.
 Alas ! these the'ries vanish, when so told
 That the rock-salt unmingled lieth in fold
 In vestal purity. Such could not been
 Deposited by lakes or seas, I ween.
 While other proofs elucidate and say,
 That it could ne'er been stored in such a way,—
 That lakes or seas were quite inadequate
 To form a mountain, so benignly great.
 But whence came lavas ? Hence might min'ral salt
 So been ejected from the central vault ;
 As when in ebullition, nature's tank
 Might then have sent its overplus to bank ;
 Yea, often yet grows turgid to excess ;
 For out of craters molten lavas press ;
 And that chloride of sodium oft occurs
 Among ejections, when the crater purs.
 Hence 'tis inferr'd, what source supplied the salt
 May lie as deep as that whence lavas vault.
 Since these lie shrouded in the crusty pall,
 Ten miles in thickness—such a massy shawl—
 I'll leave the question, robed in mystic laws,
 And yieldingly return to where I was.

Within this lower group lies stratified
 Magnesian-limestone, which has now outvied
 All other stones for architectiv ends ;
 And for duration very much transcends,
 Made up of qualities, thus well attir'd,
 So seldom found in one, though much desir'd,
 Uniting softness, to facilitate
 The working like the Oolite's common state,
 With compact texture of the rocks below,
 And hardness which the crystalline do show ;
 While the magnesia which it doth contain,
 Unfavours growth of vegetative strain.

And in this stone do carbonates* exist
 Of lime, magnesia, equally,—confess'd
 By the commission for selecting stone,
 For those new houses where debates are blown :
 Which members of commission did decide,
 And chose this stone. Behold the Permian's pride !
 Throughout this group a special fauna fed ;
 Yea, heterocercal fishes swam and bred.
 By this we mean the column vertebral
 Extends into the upper lobe of tail,
 And, therefore, calculated to sustain
 The fish's body in an inclined plane.
 With head and mouth to bottom, they did reap
 The putrid substances amidst the deep,
 Both animal and vegetable. They
 Devour'd, yea clear'd impurities away,
 And were as scavengers amongst the rest,
 With small and num'rous teeth their mouth possess'd ,
 And soft and leather-like these did protrude ;
 So hence retraction sequently ensued.
 And if you wish their generic name, 'tis thus,—
 The leathery-mouth'd† or Palæoniscus.
 As this group's strata, so its fossils show
 A more alliance with these types below
 Than those above. Such nicety obtains
 And points the scales and graduated chains,
 Which bind the whole in one mysterious all,
 So quite subservient to God's mighty call.
 Here terminates the vastly prolix time,
 So call'd the primal period. Most sublime !
 Within this huge expression lie infold
 The thousand secrets which repose untold.
 This time of times contains the countless years,

* Carbonate of Lime, the combination of lime and carbonic acid.

† The Leathery Mouthed, such as the Sturgeon of our modern seas.

Which fled, since chaos shed his gloomy tears.
Then sol's first beams had pierc'd the dreary shroud,
Which vanish'd as the surly thunder-cloud.
Henceforth did chaos oft attempt with might,
But was repuls'd by order's daring sight.
Behold this august time saw keenly play'd
The calms and thund'rings, faintly now portray'd—
The dreadful surges of the molten ball—
The quakes and tremours trolling at the call—
The awful storms—the dire tornado's yell—
The sweeping simoom, and the thunder's knell.
Repose quiescent long, long did obtain ;
Then grim volcanoes burst in glaring strain,
And branded portions of the earth's fore page,
Indelibly so done in flaming rage.
For groups and systems 'midst the mighty fray,
Receiv'd these stamps which still they wear to-day.
This swoll'n period saw them circumvest
The central ball, now dense and firmly prest.
These groups and systems lie in sequent folds,
And check the brawny flame that often scolds ;
Containing many stages, as they range,
With faunas, floras, all extinct and strange.
This contemplation decks the human mind,
But also whispers we are weak and blind,
And often in obscurity appals.
Each tow'ring secret undisclos'd so galls.
And such it happens, but we need not whine,
When we upon the past so sparely dine,
For not partaking of the nicer sweets,
Which lie enclos'd amidst the dark retreats.
We only ask the question—how came they ?
These groups and systems which we oft survey.
What agents form'd them, and how long they took,
Before these groups got paged in earth's great book ?

We answer in the negative—for why?
The positive belongs to the Most High.
What agents lack'd in power they had in time.
With this conclusion I will cease to rhyme,
And leave the question for those to decide,
Whose brawny minds are fawn'd with learning's tide.
The upper flight three stages so contains,
Which form the new red sandstone and its gains.
Amongst its fauna reptiles had abode,
And lithograph'd. Their footprints, as they trode
Upon the sandstone, and the beds of clay,
Are most distinctly seen up to this day;
And, by admeasurement, are found to be
In inches eight by five, and four by three;
Imprinted so in pairs, these do appear
With larger footprints, inch and half in rear.
Then, 'twixt the pairs are fourteen inches space,
Describ'd so plain along the line of trace.
In pairs the footmarks follow in right line,
And both the wide and narrow steps define,
Which show alternately on right and left,
The great toe, like a thumb, of nail bereft,
And inwards bent, and each step prints five toes,
So like the human hand that sameness flows.
And, though the fore feet smaller than the hind,
Are like in form and sim'larly defin'd.
Their teeth, so conical and curv'd do show
Striations on the surface to and fro,
The dentine of the which presents to view,
In transverse section beauties old and new;
The microscope detects the windings, they
So sinuous do trace and wend away,
And bear a semblance to the human brain,
Which shows lab'rinthic foldings clear aud plain.
From whence derived the name lab'rinthodon,

Of this mysterious genus dimly shown.
These ancient denizens adorn'd the days,
As this group's lower stage did mould its lays;
From which the various bones have been obtain'd,
Which say five species of this genus reign'd,
And were so form'd, as Owen did aver,
That the posterior parts much larger were
Than the anterior. Other proofs display
That these strange reptiles breath'd the air of day.
The other organisms seem to be,
Which this group yields from out its stages three,
The sev'ral kinds of mollusca and shells,
Call'd ammonites,* the form ceratite† tells,
With various kinds of ferns and other plants,
Procur'd where oft the German smokes and jaunts.
But, still, this group is relatively so
Defective in its fossilif'rous show.

* Ammonites, a kind of molluscous animals, whose shell forms a regular spiral, rolled on the same plane, with the turns contiguous.

† Ceratite, horned poppy.

Part III.

SINCE these fossiliferous groups are seen to contain subordinate stages, and most of these stages respectively characterised by a special fauna, I doubt not but further investigation into the science of fossil organisms may cause, through coming time, some of these stages to be recloven ; although Omnific Wisdom, through some grand design, seems to have hedged these complicated organisms with innumerable barriers.

The secondary period's now begun,
The age of reptiles looms amidst the dun
And gloom of ages ; here it seems to gain,
As that of fishes gently deigns to wane.
These did prevail throughout the first great time,
And rul'd supreme amidst the wat'ry clime ;
But the dominion now comes to be shar'd
'Twixt them and reptiles fitted and prepar'd,
With stern predaceous habits, to maintain
Their rights against such despots of the main ;
Which will become subordinate to these,
When marine saurians* swarm in future seas.
The same hath e'er obtain'd, since mortal men
Were strewn in groups, athwart this pond'rous main,
Tho' dignified with the superior mien,
And gifted with that gift of higher sheen
Call'd reason, so essential to maintain
The man, in all the beauties of his mortal strain,
And curb the baser feelings in embr'o,

* Saurians, animals belonging to the lizard tribe.

And honour Him, to whom all life must bow ;
And knowing this, that all men brethren are,
That neither shade nor caste should friendship mar.
Some, spite of such, more savage than the brute,
Have drain'd the blood of millions out and out
Of their congeners ; with tyrannic sway,
At times have swept the thousands from bright day ;
Predaceous were, unsated, ruled supreme,
Until they reach'd the maximum, extreme
Of their careers, so sanguine and deprav'd,
Midst execrations, were by others brav'd ;
Then forthwith toppled ; lastly, ceased to reign,
For the grim tyrant conquer'd them amain.
As it has been, so shall it henceforth be,
The few shall rule the many as we see.
So sure, that some must rule, and bear the sway,
But let them wield such in a gentle way,
And strive to keep from that tornado war,
Whose devastation often spreads afar,
And stains the crowns with human gore who wage ;
If wantonly, I brand such, stygian rage.
O! bear in mind, that man to man should be
Ay kind, pacific, honest, meek and free.
And as we ne'er expect that rule fulfill'd,
So call'd the golden, never wish it kill'd.
What portion of it you may choose to grant,
If not the whole, pray give the half in want.
Hence, let this maxim fully bear the sway,
Then shall the poorer sons meet half fair-play.
The many past creations which have sped,
Each had its stage, whereon it lived and fed.
Omnific wisdom well constructed them,
All living forms, with verdure, trunk and stem.
For each creation, as it breath'd and grew,
Was well adapted to its walk and view.

As time revolv'd, each serv'd the end and day,
 Enjoy'd the calm, then storms awoke to play,
 And now they come, in truth they bode anew.
 These groups have had their times last on review;
 What ages must have flown before they had
 Assum'd the order which mankind should laud!
 So fraught with boons and fossils high in range!
 Grave wisdom must confess, 'tis passing strange.
 And what vast cycles must elapse henceforth,
 As strange elaboration gives them worth.
 'Till they are seen by man, so methodized,
 Their values tested, then shall they be prized.
 Although astonishment should cloud the mind,
 Who asks himself, how came they which we find
 So useful in the whole, and stored with gifts?
 Such questions finite knowledge vainly sifts.

The aspects now grown dim throughout the whole,
 For mettled storms do strive to reach the goal
 Of dire destruction. Hark! these mournful tones,
 As organized creation sighs and moans.
 Behold the gogglings of the varied eyes
 Which oscillate, as swelling surges rise!
 What bulky form is that now heaved in view?
 How bluff it looks amidst the briny dew!
 Oh! 'tis an island. Lo! another looms.
 Around them see a sombre dulness glooms;
 As sheets of flame invest the turbid waves,
 Each whelms another as it fumes and raves;
 While central agents cleave the crusting rolls,
 Huge portions sink, some swell to portly knolls.
 Defiles deform athwart the mountain chain,
 As swelter'd ravines close and part again.
 Collapsing rocks in fury rasp and grate,
 As others quiver at the dreadful fate.
 The mountains crouch, anew they rise in pain,

In ebullitions strolls the frothy main.
 The shrinking plains do shudder—vales do swell—
 The chasms roar—the crannies snort and yell.
 Amidst the awful gloom, the lightnings gleam—
 The thunders roll, as pluvial torrents stream.
 The tempest booms—the whirlwinds sweep the dome—
 Tornadoes breathe, and strow the ocean's foam.
 The mingled murmurs! bounces! and the peals!
 The sable darkness! and the earth so reels.
 All stamp'd the dire phenomenon non-such,
 As life once more dropt into death's fell clutch.
 Meanwhile, creation wore this dismal garb;
 Throughout the gloom oft gleam'd th' electric barb.
 At times the dusky scene display'd to view
 A milder mien, then dark, and darker grew.
 Anon, as years revolv'd, it changed, until
 It reach'd its zenith. Storms then blew at will:
 And like the moonless wintry morn 'fore dawn,
 When pitchy darkness broods o'er moor and lawn;
 So did the doleful waste present in truth
 A dark impervious phalanx, so uncouth—
 The work of agents, of a brawny mould,
 Which oft had tumefied the earth and howl'd,
 And breath'd destruction o'er creation's face,
 And silenc'd life throughout geotic space,
 Had long maintain'd the octaves of the scale:
 But now in lower tones they whine and wail,
 And so indeed in full remorse they mourn,
 For devastations they had spread in turn.
 Now grizzly rays appear to light the scene,
 As when sol sheds his orient dawning sheen,
 And onward brightens into perfect day,
 So did the storms and darkness fleet away.
 Alike the homicide who slyly 'scapes
 The lash of human law in all its shapes,

Who in the rash unguarded moment drew,
 And plung'd the fatal knife, now smear'd with crimson dew,
 Scarce had life flown, when, lo, he rues the act,—
 He'd fain restore 't, but, ah, he knows the fact,
 That mortal man may take but cannot give
 The vital spark which makes us breathe and live.
 Then conscience wakes, and perturbrates his mind
 With pungent horrors of infernal kind.
 That monitor condemns him to his face.
 Hence writhes the soul so branded with disgrace
 Of the foul deed. Ay, conscience gnaws away.
 He suffers much,—at last constrain'd to say,
 I am the man who shed my brother's blood,
 Ease me of this internal baneful flood.

Again a peaceful era hath obtain'd,
 Although it might be oft disturb'd and stain'd
 By agencies. In ambuscade they wait,
 And will at times grow turgid and elate.
 Once more a new creation fills the seas
 With mixed forms, now floating at their ease,
 And plants the earth, and studs the plain and vale
 With groups of trees, as verdure scents the gale.
 And beauty crowns the scene, for far and wide
 She gilds the land, and gems the rippling tide—
 Adorns the azure sky with streams of gold.
 All is serene and beauteous to behold.
 In sequence the Liasic group appears;
 In character marine. The name it bears
 Had risen from the fact, that so at Bath
 It runs into the Oolite group, and hath
 A sandy marl, which there seen interposed;
 But how? that secret lieth undisclosed.
 The min'ral characters this group doth show,
 Resemble those that at the junction flow
 Of these two last-nam'd groups. Hence came the name

Which one of them, the Lias, then did claim.
 But still the Lias may be traced throughout
 The most of Europe, as a group, no doubt,
 Distinctly seen, and independent too ;
 For its peculiar fossils stamp the view
 So lithological* and uniform,
 Might quash all doubts, and curb the sceptic's storm.
 Some parts in England this group doth admit
 To be divided into four,—so split
 That there we find the lower part contains
 Thin beds of limestone, with their tawny plains,
 And weather'd surface, alternating with
 Dark partings of an argillaceous pith.
 This zone presents that view which, I presume,
 So strip'd and riband-like the quarries loom,
 From which in sequence marlstones arise
 With shales atop, which shine with fossil dies ;
 This group in depth is from five hundred to
 Ten hundred feet. Such th' European view—
 With fossilised organical remains
 Of reptiles, fish, molluscs in varied chains,
 And wood and plants, crinoidea† in all,
 They form a striking feature in the fossil stall.

Amongst the most remarkable of these,
 Which swarmed amidst the then liasian seas,
 Were saurian reptiles of a complex mould ;
 Thus organized, are curious to unfold,—
 With head of lizard, teeth of crocodile,
 A neck in length enormous, bent at will,
 And liken'd to the body of the snake
 That duped poor Eve, and charm'd her to partake.
 A back and tail, proportion'd well indeed,
 Resembling those of common quadruped,

* Lithological, used to denote the stony character of a mineral mass.

† Crinoidea, lily-shaped animals.

Ribs of chameleon, paddles of a whale,
 And arching back, its neck swan-like did sail.
 Its name, the Plesiosaurus, implies
 Akin to lizard, whence it did arise.
 Ten species of this genus swam the brine,
 Till the liasic beds were made to shine
 With other genera, whose composite forms
 Are now display'd—had brav'd primeval storms,—
 Such as the Ichthyosaurus, that sought
 The ocean's depths, and there its victims smote,
 Which this group yields,—amongst its beds are strown.
 Ten species of this genus too are known,
 Whose form possess'd the simple lizard's head,
 With snout of porpoise through the deep to thread,
 Teeth of the crocodile, oars of the whale,
 Adapted so to brave the tide and gale,
 With sternal arch of ornithorhynchus,*
 And vertebrae of fish. 'Twas formed thus,
 With gen'ral contour, most resembling that
 Of modern porpoise, bundled up with fat.
 Its name imports the fish and lizard so
 Combined in one, yet fishy features flow.
 Whereas the former floated near the shores,—
 Upon the shallow waters ply'd its oars,—
 And' darted at the fish, that swam in reach,
 Like its congener, send them to death's beach;
 In outline was, as the reverse would wish,
 So more allied to lizard than the fish.

Such prodigies of structure now are gone,
 Yea, since they lived, what cycles must have flown,
 Such varied forms, in them, were so combined,
 But now so dealt that each does form a kind—
 The porpoise, whale, the crocodile, and fish,

* Ornithorhynchus, a genus of animals having the mouth produced into a beak like a bird; such as the duck-billed Platypus of Australia.

The lizard, the chameleon, and the thrush.
 In various shapes the quadruped appears,
 The noxious serpent sets the form it wears,
 So doom'd to crawl, repulsive to the sight,
 In which our creed forbids us to delight,
 Except its wisdom, lo! its form repels—
 Instinctive sapience shudders at the dells
 Which lodge its slimy length—'tis shunn'd by all,
 Yea, e'en the tiger dreads the speckled pall.
 But why repine, for nought is made in vain,
 We only want the knowledge to explain
 The use, the end, for which all such were sent ;
 Let reason therefore forthwith be content.
 Perhaps the crested Basilisk * would hate
 The sight of man, as man would shun the fate,
 And in its eye appear so baneful too,
 Then both seem willing to avoid the view.
 If such be so, 'twas not the case before,
 For our first parents bask'd with snakes of yore.
 Then Eden's youthful beauty shone aright,
 Celestial blossoms crown'd the scene so bright,
 And heavenly pleasures filled the bosky glade,
 The dell, the plain, the mead, and scented shade.
 Alas! not long ; that sinless time was marr'd
 By the arch-fiend, whose slimy length so scarr'd
 The verdant blossoms, and whose subtle tongue
 Gave relish to the mellow fruit which hung
 In grand suspension from the fulgent boughs,
 Whose frondy festoons kiss'd the bunch Eve chose—
 Ah me! the high command's now broken through,
 Then sinful tears the loving pair bedew!
 Hence, through this medium, pungency arose,
 Which stamp'd the some to be for ever foes.

* Basilisk, a kind of serpent, a cockatrice said to kill by looking. He is called Basilisk, or little king, from a comb or crest on his head.

With feeble minds we must confess, and say,
Such trees are still the standards of the day,
And sprouting, growing, grown fructiferous,
Within the Eden of ideal fuss;
Thus densely studded, spreading far and wide,
Around, athwart, e'en on the hobbling tide,
This blighted Eden has its orchards yet,
Greenhouses stow'd with flowers to please and fit,
Exotics, clothed in every caste and hue,
Black, white, and sombre, pink, vermil, and blue,
Peach-houses, hotbeds, vineries, and shades,
With mushrooms, showing vegetation's grades;
And mazy walks by endless figures led,
The lune, the rhomb, all from the circle bred,
With glowing flowers in every stage and bloom,
Regale the sense with beauty's sweet perfume;
And spreading trees, frondiferous and green,
With fruits, in clustres, robed in flora's sheen.
This swoll'n flora still seems to augment,
I cannot now define its due extent,
But this I can, all sure and firmly, say,
That man still covets both by night and day—
What he should not; moreover I can tell
He joys to see the luscious rosy belle,
The vestal lily, and the mottled rose,
All bathed in dew their fragrance to disclose.
From these a strange attraction oozes forth,
Which to refinement partly owes its worth,
As oft returns to them with honied flow,
And makes their petals palpitate and glow,
That subtle stream reciprocates 'tween all,
And forms its deltas, friendship, love, and gall;
Tho' distance gems the fascinating charm,
Possession robs each as they come to harm,
Tho' keen anticipation folds the hasp,

Their fleeting values droop, when clinch'd in grasp,
 And often leave, as did the fruit of old,
 A noxious ferment, nauseous to behold.

Some fishes in the lias group appear,
 With tails now equal lobed, and scales so clear,
 And angular, composed of horny plates,
 And regularly placed in these their seats,
 Externally seem coated to the sight,
 With rich enamel, beautiful, and bright.
 The many gen'ra 'mongst this group are strown,
 With structures modified, yet fleet and grown,
 Belonging to the order call'd Ganoid,
 Which word implies, in splendour they abide—
 And special to the marlstone abound
 The many conchifers,* which shells surround,
 With genus call'd spirifera, that swarm'd
 Amidst the former seas, thus mildly warm'd;
 And other num'rous kinds this group displays,
 With the crinoideans of a plant-like phase.
 The fossils of this group are mostly found
 In high perfection, strown throughout its bound;
 The ribs of reptile skeletons contain
 Remains, and scales, of fishes they had slain,
 Hence 'tis inferr'd they unawares had been
 Destroy'd, and there entomb'd amidst the plastic mean.
 It is supposed by some, and I'm their dupe,
 The ocean which deposited this group
 Was liable to the changes as they came,
 So numerous, and sudden, were the same.
 The nature of the beds that justifies—
 See argillaceous strata now arise,
 Then arenaceous,† the calcareous too,

* Conchifers, molluscous animals, enclosed in bivalved shells articulated together in a hinge-like manner.

† Arenaceous, composed of sand.

Each series as it piles, and mounts away,
 Thus rests upon a stratum of that clay.
 Such alternations are accounted for
 By thus supposing that a sea, all o'er,
 Threw down deposits of this clay or mud,
 Then ceased to do until another flood,
 With change of current, brought and then threw down
 The beds of sand, where zoophytes might have grown,
 And thus produced the beds, so class'd in change
 Of clay, and sand, and limestone, range on range.

All objects do exist in time and space,
 But, how imperfect we their bound'ries trace,
 When looking back, with eager gaze, we own
 The clouded vista of the past unknown.
 Each nubilated scene at once presents
 Its dusky nucleus, stored with grand events,
 And resting there—will time illumine the scenes?
 Will learning's beams e'er pierce the mazy screens?
 Will sage experience minorate the gloom?
 Will knowing essence, crown'd with classic plume,
 Combined with all, dispel the haze that wraps
 These strange events with subtle mystic straps?
 That's to be proved, as yet they lie incog,
 Far in the past, amidst time's swampy bog,
 Beyond the grasp of the keen classic eye,
 Whose mind is stored with truths that never die.
 The scenes thus far obscured by ages past,
 Their storied busts imperfectly are cast
 In broken lines, their features we may trace,
 But supposition fills each gaping space ;
 As yet, insipience clogs the modern mind,
 And leaves these busts and pictures scarcely half defined.
 The flora of this group still points to view,
 Thro' all its limits, plants which tropics grew.
 In sequence, they do form the varied view.

Species belonging to cycadeae*
 Appear to have been common at this day,
 And bear analogy to those extant,
 Far in the South, where Hottentots do haunt.
 And also plants coniferous† prevail'd,
 But were of species recently entail'd,
 Which never had before appear'd on earth,
 Until this period gave them place and birth.
 That fungi,‡ mosses, on the ancient soil,
 With sedges, grasses, surely bloom'd the while,
 But now we find them not in fossil state,
 Perhaps they perish'd 'midst the surging spate.
 Experiment declares the simple fact
 That, while some plants resist the water's act,
 By virtue of organic structure, they
 For length of time disdain to rot away;
 Others decay, and leave no trace behind,
 Their facile structures shrink when so consign'd.
 Albeit that we now no longer find
 The lower grades of vegetives in kind,
 We have no right to think, nor yet presume,
 That in those times no herbage shed its bloom,
 But that the ancient earth was cloth'd in full,
 In sumptuous costume, both to taste and rule;
 That warblers brooded in the tufted shades,
 That others caroll'd from the brakes and glades;
 That nature hymn'd in anthems to the God,
 And was subservient to His mighty nod.
 Thus long had sung throughout this time's repose,
 But now, the sequel, joys exchange for woes.

Again, the fair creation seems aghast,
 For death's pale pinions wing the trinal blast;

* Cycadeae, a family of plants, intermediate between the monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous classes. Monocotyledonous, having one seed-lobe. Dicotyledonous, having two seed-lobes.

† Coniferous, bearing cones, containing the seeds, as the fir, pine, &c.

‡ Fungi, mushrooms, toad or frogstools, &c.

See earth, air, ocean, now in sackcloth clad,
Behold vitality all mute and sad.
The flora groans beneath the gruff simoom,
The flashes cleave the trunks, as thunders boom,
The restless ocean heaves its brawny tide,
And doubting where in future to reside,
While earth, in motion, tumulose her skin,
Vibrates and shudders, both without, within,—
Rocks rend and thunder, headlong to the plain,
As torrents sweep the debris to the main;
Astonish'd nature wonders at the view,
Earth's flames commix with lightnings as they strew;
The heated nucleus rives the vesting folds,
And grills the ocean as its spume unfolds;
The mountains flame, the hills forsake their seats,
The valleys bulge, the plain subsides and sweats,
The ambient darkness, flushed with sheets of fire,
A universal tempest blows in ire,
And scums and scatters waves and frothy spray,
And sweeps the flora from the face of day.
Behold! the awful mandate hath gone forth
To make the vital spark resign its worth,
At which organic life besought the tomb,
And death ruled umpire o'er the dismal gloom.
And long and irksome storms did rave and play,—
Perhaps for thousand years they sped away,—
Anon relaxed, then strong with rage, they blew,
In whirling motion, spent their gall anew;
While, from the centre, mingled murmurs came,
Along with blasts of dull cerulean flame,
And, far and near, the ocean's roaring wail,
Proclaim'd, in truth, the solemn baneful tale.
Borne on the gusts, at midnight's dreary gloar,
It told the poles that life was now no more,
While transverse gales rehearsed the mournful theme

To east and west, that death now ruled supreme.
 Black devastation spread its pond'rous wings
 Around the sphere, o'er all geotic things,
 And dark confusion filled the dolesome air,
 Did shew the more, as beams expand and glare,
 When from the portals of celestial light,
 A radiant beam shot forth with potent might,—
 Upon its wings the counter mandate sat.
 They pass'd mid-heaven, then pierced the dreary mat,
 And stunn'd the storms, anon dispell'd the gloom.
 Now hush'd and silent, sol began to loom,
 And by degrees all nature changed its hue,
 Then forth in youthful beauty shone the view,
 And vegetation bloom'd, and life arose,
 And peopled land and sea with forms that nature chose.

Then next, in course, the Oolite group appears,
 (So named from egg-like grains its structure wears),
 The nucleus of which, when nicely scann'd,
 Is found to be a tiny grain of sand,
 Or fragment of a coral, of a shell ;
 The microscope detects these facts so well.
 This group marine is formed of various clays,
 With standstones, and the many limestone lays ;
 'Tis subdivided into stages nine,
 Where num'rous beds and fossils do recline ;
 And, like the stages of the former group,
 One represents the whole, as thus they stoop.
 Enough to say that limestone, sand, and clay,
 Do form each stage, though petty sundries may,
 At times, be interven'd ; but yet, in all,
 Are like disposed, the stages great and small.
 This group is not unworthy of regard,—
 Each has its pearl thus hid within its yard,
 And this, consisting of the limestone lays,
 Is highly prized for architectivè ways.

At sites, the lower zone produces coal,
Although inferior, useful in the whole.
This group's extent is great, spread far and wide,
And also in this island doth abide,
In thickness metes about two thousand feet,
With fossilized remains in all replete ;
Likewise, 'tis honoured for the teeth and jaws,
Which were obtain'd from out its nether clause.
They've been referred by Owen to the class
Mammalia,* that milky-teated mass,
And supposition said they did belong
To genera extinct, which pouch'd their young,
And like the group of the Australian main,
Which rare marsupials† link the antique chain,
Such as the sprightly-headed kangaroo,
And many more with shapes both old and new.
And also in the stonesfield slate are found
Remains of winged reptiles, which astound
The human mind, at the omnific word,
In form combined the lizard, bat, and bird.
These soaring reptiles cleft the ambient air,
But now extinct that genus strong and rare.
And not a few gigantic reptiles trode
The shores of ancient rivers, there abode
With appetites carnivorous and fierce,
And powerful teeth, adapted so to pierce,
In whose construction sev'ral powers combin'd,
As saw, knife, sabre, thus were they design'd;
And from demensions of their fossil bones,
Had not been chicks, but bluff colossal dons,
Allied to monitor and crocodile,
Whose burly features make the blood run chill.
The fishes seem to form a num'rous part

* Mammalia, animals which give suck to their young.

† Marsupials, animals which carry their young in a pouch, as the Kangaroo..

Of this great fauna, plann'd by nature's art,
 The Lepidoid* and Sauroid did prevail
 With equal lobed, or homocercal, tail.
 To one exception, these in former seas,
 Before the lias rocks were placed at ease,
 Were found with tails, so unilobed were they,
 In heterocercal fashion of the day.
 In this group's stages also are contain'd
 Mollusca, in the thousand species chain'd,
 And Radiata,† manifold indeed,—
 In all do form a complicated creed.
 Along with lias group was introduc'd
 A race of plants throughout this group diffus'd,
 With verdant boughs and blossoms they did smile,
 Did garnish and adorn the parent soil,
 In grand primeval beauty flush'd the scene,
 And nature own'd the Mighty God, I ween.
 Although at times the flood had swept amain,
 The nature of the beds does that explain,
 Had drifted from the land the huge remains
 Of reptiles, mammals, and with little pains
 Consign'd them to their dark, sepulchral rest,
 'Neath tide and strata they've been long repress'd.
 Some have appear'd to tell the baneful tale,
 That death's fierce trammels brooded on the gale,
 No stranger was he, long since he had slain
 The tenants of the land and briny main,
 So fleet and nimble, present everywhere,
 Of violent pangs he made his victims share,
 His agencies been many from the first,
 In endless ways he made the final burst,
 Down to this time, omniverous, yet thin,
 With whetted appetite, and visage made to grin.

* Lepidoid, having rhomboidal scales, arranged in parallel lines on the body.

† Radiata, the lowest primary division of the animal kingdom, as the sea urchins, corals, &c.

In ancient days, as groups and systems rose,
 In them Almighty God did secrets close ;
 On them, in magnitude, he did portray
 The thousand wonders which appear to-day ;
 On them he graved mysteriously the forms
 Of vast creations, central quakes, and storms,
 All blended in the folds, which form the hose
 That man so feebly now tries to disclose.
 The hero's footprint on the sand, or clay,
 Ephemeral is, as insect of a day,
 The trial of war and conqueror's tomb, ere long,
 Are razed by time, so subtle, fleet, and strong ;
 The brazen statue clothed with plaited mail,
 Succumbs at last to time's eroding gale ;
 The letter'd obelisk resigns its trust,
 The chisel'd column, and the polish'd bust,
 The bold escutcheon, carv'd without a flaw ;
 All melt amidst sage time's eternal thaw.
 But the astounding wonders of the God
 Are sure and steadfast, yea, are all proof-clad ;
 Behold the fossil forms which fill the eye,
 They still in loricated grandeur vie ;
 Had stood the storms of yon primeval days,
 Maintained beneath the vast incumbent lays
 And pressure of the countless, rolling years,
 With gruff vicissitudes and floods of tears ;
 And braved the flaps of time's inclement wing,
 From then till now they still in armour ring,
 And they'll retain, till nature's steam blow off,
 No sceptic then shall be extant to scoff.

In general, nature's course displays repose,
 A strict, incessant action onward flows,
 Although at times the elements may rave,
 They then fulfil some end sublime and grave.
 Throughout this era such had been display'd,—

Behold in group the beds alternate laid.
But now this time declines, the storms increase,
Its beauty fades, and aged pleasures cease ;
Soon shall the spicy grove resign its fume,
And crave the shelter of a miry tomb ;
The fragrant mead, like virgin-beauty soiled,
Shall seem dejected, tarnish'd, wan, and wild.
The fairy scene now shrinks beneath the blast,
As trembling nature cowers and looks aghast—
Invokes the God to haste the light of morn.
But, ah ! the simoom rears in brawny turn,
The thunder of the Mighty rolls abroad,
Its pioneer, the lightning, paves the road ;
In shoals the flashes gleam like battling hosts,
As bouncing peals shake heaven's eternal posts,
While clouds, like flying cataracts, discharge
Their huge contents, which strew and spread at large ;
As pitchy vapours circumvolve the gale,
The moaning gusts and whirlwinds dance and trail,
While the terrene, in agonizing pangs,
Approaches dissolution's venom'd fangs,—
For fierce concussions search her every pore,
And blunt annihilation beats her core.
Behold the brine's grown hoary with the spray,
Like man whose years have chang'd his locks to gray,
And pond'rous wrinkles vest her turbid mien,
She seems so tarnish'd to the last, I ween,
While sadd'ning woes pervade the dreat expanse,
Illum'd by thousand lightnings as they glance,
And sombre streams, ejected from the rents,
From rocking mountains, and their spiral vents.
The ocean wails, the earth laments and fears,
The ambient air pours forth a flood of tears ;
The airy torrent whines, yet scours the plain,
And sweeps the ocean, shaves the mountain-chain.

Then death's grim visage pall'd the dismal noon,
 At which life fled and left the tyrant loon ;
 Again he ruled, and strode on winds he sail'd,
 For then the lonesome night of storms prevail'd,
 And long had done, that weary night wore past,
 Then mitigation rode the waning blast,
 Which moan'd and sigh'd, anon it breath'd the whisk,
 As heaven's bright lamps began to pierce the dusk.
 Th' Almighty fiat said Be thou repress'd,—
 The storm then calm'd, and hush'd itself to rest ;
 Then nature's mien seem'd batter'd and effaced ;
 But soon the waving blossoms spread to taste,
 And earth adorn'd, in native fancy dress'd,
 Gave birth to forms, as nature them caress'd,
 And colonized the land, and fill'd the brine ;
 As genial beams did fructify and shine,
 And nature prais'd the God of life and love,
 Who rules all space from yonder realms above.

Behold, the Wealden Group in sequence lies,
 Its name the Weald, from Wald, a wood, did rise,
 Develop'd 'tween the downs, call'd north and south,
 And forms that district styl'd the weald, in troth,
 Which had in former days been occupied
 By waving forests, all in grandeur tied.
 One feature so identifies this group,
 And with peculiar interest marks its coop,
 That its fresh-water beds evince, and say,
 That land existed at that ancient day ;
 Some of its fossils evidently tell
 They had been drifted from the brake and dell,
 Some swam the river, some stroll'd in the swamps,
 In all they now display the fluviatic* stamps ;
 And this deposit being wholly, ever,
 The swollen delta of an ancient river,

* Fluviatic, belonging to a river.

Which at its junction with the sea had form'd,
The various beds of wealden group, so term'd,
Which now, divided into courses four,
Each with its fossils, draws a special score.
Again, the lower course is split in three,
These show their faunas, though they diff'rent be.
This course contains the limestones, and the shales,
That change, in sequence, with the marly bales.
The other courses upwards thus display
The various sandstones, shales, with marl and clay.
This group occurs in Germany and France,
From England through the Channel seems to prance,
Appears in Scotland, in Westphalia,
And bears the seams of coal Roëmer saw.
In thickness, counts about two thousand feet,
And climbs in various angles from its seat,—
Abounds in various fossilized remains
Of reptiles, fishes, these with shells in strains,
And turtles, insects, birds, and divers plants,
With thousand trees which form'd the Saurian's haunts.
In Portland's Isle such fossil trees appear,
They whisper something wonderful to hear.
Erect, at sev'ral heights, they rooted stand
Into the soil that form'd the ancient land
And gave them birth,—are placed as modern trees,
Which mould the forest with luxuriant ease.
But then their jagged summits indicate
The brawny agent that had seal'd their fate ;
Untimely, too, that fate seems to have been,
For then they flourish'd juicy, fresh, and green,
But soon the bullying torrent wrench'd them o'er,
Now broken, splinter'd, tell the days of yore,
And standing erect, at a height, indeed,
From one to three feet, are like pigmy breed,—
Alike the lovely maid, so gentle, boon,

Whose years have reach'd the height of beauty's noon—
 Whose graceful form in high perfection shines—
 Whose blended sweetness passeth art's designs—
 Whose witching features glow with charms anew—
 Who stands festoon'd, in full meridian view,
 With flowing ringlets, cluster'd as the vine,
 Behold! death's tempest fells that form in fine!
 At other sites the strata are inclin'd
 To half the quadrant, on the which we find
 The fossil trees still rooted in the bed—
 The ancient soil, on which they grew and bled,
 Convincing us that they with strata had
 Been tilted, fell'd, while yet with foliage clad,
 By agencies below, while those above
 Gave them the detrimental final shove.
 The wealden still with fossil trees thus spread,
 Do form the English Channel's hollow bed,
 Behold the fossil forest mute, and stark,
 On strand lies prostrate at low-water mark,
 The trunks retain their natural contour,
 The bark is chang'd into a coaly score,
 The wood is fossiliz'd, and they are seen
 When tides are low, far stretching out, I ween.

This epoch had its changes like the rest,
 For on its bust they still remain impress'd ;
 Although these lengthen'd changes mingled lie,
 And darkly seem confus'd to finite eye,—
 Yea, though that bust, the wealden, may appear,
 With its components sev'ral, mixed and queer,
 Yet I can vouch, and obviously say
 That such obey'd the order of the day—
 That these were placed by fundamental laws,
 So framed and issued by the great First Cause,
 That they appear, in His omniscient eye,
 Distinct and clear, in order as they lie.

To common vision the reverse obtains,
 Naught but confusion marks the mighty plains.
 Would fancy only sketch these alls, in kind,
 And picture them before the human mind,
 We should be awed, beholding such a view,—
 That storied scene would make us look askew.
 Suppose the which had dangled in my sight,
 What did present me when I looked aright :
 I saw the ground-work of the wealden plan
 Laid by a river, as it stretch'd and ran.
 Upon the Oolite group this stratum lay,
 Now join'd in one,* 'twixt them there is no way.
 That river, which deposited this bed,
 Thus swarm'd with life, but now its waters fled,
 And left entomb'd the many lifeless grades,
 To gem the basement with their pearly shades.
 I look'd again, when, low ! the river's bed
 Was rob'd in verdure, that, with blossoms clad ;
 But soon the river drown'd them with its flood,
 Now lie submerg'd amidst the sand and mud.
 A time revolv'd, the river then withdrew,
 I hail'd its couch thus changed to land anew,
 Which forthwith bloom'd. Again, the river came,
 And swept its splendour, burying all the same.
 Long, long had pass'd, then thus the scene did stand—
 Where stood the waters wav'd a forest land,
 And long had done,—anon the sky o'ercast,—
 The flashes gleam'd so nimble, thick, and fast,
 The thunders peal'd, the mountains rock'd and rent,
 The ocean smoked, the earth now groan'd and bent,
 The tempest growl'd, and laid the forests low,
 The waters rush'd, and over them did flow.
 That state of things remain'd for length of time ;
 At last they ceased, the waters shrank,—in prime

* At some sites these groups, at their junction, seem to be soldered.

The land appear'd, and beauty clad the scene.
 I saw the herbage flow'ry, fresh, and green,
 And radiant beams strew'd o'er the ancient land.
 Again the river flow'd with full command,
 Again grew brackish, only that a while,
 The sea fell back,—the river stream'd in style,—
 Life grew extinct, a new creation teem'd,—
 The river left, the ocean therein stream'd.
 Anon, throughout they fought, and mingled so,
 But yet the river mostly seem'd to flow,
 Until it built this group. Throughout that day,
 For several times life died, and death did sway.
 I now discern'd upon the ancient earth
 Herbiv'rous * reptiles of a monstrous girth,
 Carniv'rous † some, some floated in the air, ‡
 On which my fancy fix'd a lengthen'd stare.
 The mammals, they were very dimly seen,
 But fishes swam of many a caste and sheen ;
 Birds, turtles, insects, shells of every hue,
 Thus dimm'd the scene as storms began to brew,
 Which wax'd and raged, through ocean, earth, and air.
 Life sank, and nature shudder'd at the glare,
 And that through years ; then dawned another day,
 With which life lived, and darkness fled away.

Next lies the chalky, or cretaceous group,
 A marine nature stamps its beds that stoop
 And constitute six stages,—then again
 Three subdivisions mark the lowest's strain,
 The which contains the sands ferruginous,
 In alternation, interc'lated thus,
 With beds of clay, and sometimes limestone bands,
 Regular seams of chert§ and clayey sands.

* Herbivorous, living on herbs.

† Carnivorous, flesh-eating.

‡ Pterodactyles, extinct winged reptiles.

§ Chert, an impure variety of flint, frequently composed of siliceous and green sand.

The rest, in upward sequence, thus comprise,
Tenacious clay, in blue and other dyes,
With hard concretions, then silicious* sand,
At sites grows marly, as it comes to hand,
From which an earthy, marly chalk ascends,
Then chalk with, or without, flints upward tends ;
But not to top, behold the coping stage
Composed of flinty chalk, so says the page.
This group displays, with fossils most replete,
A thickness of eleven hundred feet,
Containing plants marine, and corals, shells,
And reptiles, fishes. Again the land retells
That it existed, and its wood and plants
Were drifted from it to that ocean's haunts,
Which form'd this group in which they now occur.
To point the truth and quash the half demur,
The num'rous fossils in this group that be,
They show the plunder of that ancient sea,
Which in extent surpass'd the mighty mains,
Of which the southern hemisphere contains.
For, lo ! this group extends o'er Europe's land,—
Far in the west, by some it has been scann'd ;
It leans in many angles, as through fear—
In England stands in vertical career ;
Again, as pain'd it shows a tortive mien,
At other sites 'tis quite recumbent seen ;
The flints obtain'd from out its upright beds
Are fractur'd, thus they quickly fall to shreds,
And that this proof alone, I think, thus tells
That some smart shock had shiver'd them to shells.
I ask the origin of chalk and flint,
How were they form'd to such a great extent ?
Were they deposited by thermal water,
Charged with calcareous and silicious matter,

* Silicious, flinty.

Which, mingling with the ocean's colder fate,
Threw down these substances in solid state,
And disuniting, by mysterious laws,
Depos'd the chalk and flint—was this the cause?
I'd sturdily dissent from such a creed,
And think that it deserv'd but little heed.
But knowing this that fishes oft have been
Exhum'd from chalky group, and they, I ween,
Are well preserv'd, their bodies uncompress'd,
With fins and gills extended, thus are dress'd,
And open mouths, from which it is inferr'd
That they in active life had been interr'd,
And thus involv'd, amidst the growing chalk,
Could not these fishes shunn'd that fatal walk?
But, contra, knowing that this fact obtains,
That chalk itself consists of well preserv'd remains,
Although minute they lived, then chalk must own
That it received its bulk from them alone,
And that its flints, both nodular and flat,
Declare that they were sponges thickly set,
And thus its vital origin maintains
That limy rocks were built of such-like gains.
Admit the latter theory to have been,
Yet I confess I never yet have seen
How living fishes had been so involv'd.
I think this problem still remains unsolv'd,
Although old nature still, thro' some design,
Displays like operations in the brine—
Behold, the coral polyp rears its reefs,
But not so quick as mesh the finny chiefs.
Perhaps, both theories lent a helping hand
To form this group, whose origin's oft scann'd,
And that organic life, and thermal streams,
Combined with other agencies, and whims,

Did contribute to shroud th' unlucky fish,*
 Still gaping lies all perfect to the wish.
 The splendid forms of shells this group affords
 Are well preserv'd, and often found, in hordes,
 Reptilian bones, of most gigantic mien,
 (They tell that pond'rous structures once had been,)
 And fishes, corals, sponges, plants, and beds,
 These last contain remains in myriad shreds.
 In all they now display a mingled whole,
 A mighty, motley, min'ralised knoll.
 And, like the former group, the chalk displays
 What denudation wrought in former days,
 And shows that central storms had play'd their part,
 For fractures gape, in line, while others thwart.

'Twixt Tertiary period and this time,
 The chalk deposit draws the line sublime,
 And crowns the range of secondary rocks,
 Whose period, at this juncture, dies in shocks.
 That soon shall be, for lo! this epoch wanes,
 The storms forbode, and darkness fills the plains.
 At times the foliage shivers, as in fear,
 Again creation looks aghast, and drear,
 And bellowing storms begin to scour the plain,
 And search the hollows of the mountain-chain,
 While drawling murmurs issue from the nooks—
 And heaven's bright fireworks gleam in transient crooks,
 And trolling peals roll through the aërial gloom,
 Far in the distance close with thund'ring boom,
 And sullen clouds discharge their huge contents,
 Which gorge the crannies, e'en the gaping vents.
 These in return eject the fluid mean,
 Commix'd with flames, in livid, sombre sheen—
 Earth, in commotion, throbs, reels to and fro,
 The mountains stagger, now they rend and bow—

* Fish, one of Dr Mantell's collection.

The troubled ocean knows not where to rest,
She ebbs and flows, with boilings, thus caress'd—
Her couch upheaves, she quickly drowns the plain,
Anon subsides—into it streams again—
At last it tilts, and forms an arid strath.
Ejected thus, she streams, and strolls, in wrath,
The while volcanoes puke, the tempest howls,
The earth convuls'd, the ocean groans and growls.
Behold, life dies amidst the dun meleè,
Death wings the storm, 'fore which the forests flee,
The scene still thickens, now it gains its height,
'Tis all chaotic, mix'd with pitchy night,—
O God! save nature from the jaws of death,
Dispel the gloom, with thine Almighty breath!
Her floodgates quiver, will she e'er revive?
O! hush the storm, and keep her spark alive,
Restrain fell death, and bind him with a look,
Display Thy power, athwart this dreary nook
Shine through the darkness with light's cheering rays,
Restore creation to its wonted phase,
Make life to live, then genial beams again,
At thy command, shall garnish mead and plain!
The fiat's given, the storm then breathes its last,
The darkness sinks, and light recovers fast.
Tho' nature's lean and sickly, weak and wan,
She soon renews as life begins to dawn.
Long time revolves, again she glows in bloom,
And loads the zephyr, with her sweet perfume—
Beholds life sporting in the noontide hours,
And warblers chanting from the sylvan bowers.
All, all is beauty; through the fairy scene
Wave flow'ry blossoms, forests tall and green—
Streams wimple, rivers hum, in gentle strain,
Earth, air, and ocean, lull'd to calm again.
Behold the wonders of the mighty God!

Life died,—now lives,—at His omnific nod ;
 The darkness sank, at which the light arose,
 Creation blooms, and fragrance forthwith blows,
 The storms withdrew, and quakes and murmurs ceased ;
 Now calm presides, and beauty deigns to feast.
 Let all adore Him, and His praises sing,
 He still remains th' eternal, potent King,—
 The great First Cause, the God of truth and love.
 Come earth, air, ocean, join with heaven above,
 Come myriad worlds, and all that ye can claim,
 Come grisly hell, praise great Jehovah's name ;
 Come boundless space, and thou eternal time,
 Unite in one, and praise the God sublime,
 Who was, and is, and ever more shall be,
 The triune God, yet most distinctly three !

The Tertiary* Strata next are seen,
 And into four divisions group'd, I ween,
 Comprising limestones, sandstones, marls, and clays,
 Which change at sites, in structure, as in phase,
 And alternate, in sequence, as they rise,
 Till in the top freshwater-limestone lies.
 The beds lacustrine, marine, fluviate,
 With the volcanic, form and streak this pile,
 Contain the shells of river, lake, and land,
 Remains of mammals wonderful and grand,
 The spoils of ocean, plants of many a sort,
 In whole, this system shows a motley port.
 In England, thus 'tis seen, when found complete,
 To mete a thickness of two thousand feet.
 Its beds define the angles not a few,
 From ninety downward to the quadrants two,
 While they are studded o'er the globe's extent,
 And e'en in Scotland some have pitch'd their tent ;
 'Tis too a singular fact, that by some chance,

* Tertiary, ancient formations, but newer than the chalk.

The capitals of Austria, England, France,
 Are built upon the tertiary beds.
 Will these great empires ever lose their heads?
 All that I say is this,—that if they don't,
 It will be rare, all things to change are wont,
 And all are swamp'd in time's flood as it rolls,
 The which, incessant, sternly onward strolls—
 And that I may conclude, without dismay,
 That they shall only have their place and day,
 And, like their ancestors, shall cease to be,
 From change the laws declare that none is free.

The fauna of this system well portrays
 A growing sameness as it climbs the lays,
 To forms extant. The lowest stage holds rife
 Full three per cent. of now existing life,
 Till up, in course, the highest stage thus tells
 Ninety per cent. of now existing shells.
 The flora of this period shows the same,—
 For, by degrees, it forms its modern claim,
 Till both the fauna and the flora do
 Assimilate themselves to these we view.
 Yet more analogy they bear to those
 Which strew the tropics, and the fact disclose,
 That then the climate of the ancient earth
 Was such as that which gave the tropics birth.
 But, by degrees, it modernised itself,
 And stamp'd the zones that fill earth's prolate shelf.
 The wonders of Omnipotence were strong,
 As this great period roll'd itself along;
 Anon volcanic action sped away,
 Vast and magnificent in stern array,—
 The last great renovation's now begun,
 Its furious onset darks the brilliant sun,
 Commotions vex the ocean, earth, and air,
 As central regions volley in despair,—

The earth upheaves, the waters change their seats,
Denuding rivers seek the deep retreats,
The craters vomit, streams of lava run,
While spires of flame shine through the dismal dun,—
The tempest flies, the lightnings gleam apace,
Impinging thunders thunder, as they chase—
The clouds precipitate their pluvial stores,
The headlong torrents scoop the new-made shores,
The ocean boils, the earth's near pinch'd to death,
As chasms bock, and strew their sulph'rous breath.
This dire phenomenon at times would cease,
Again renew'd, and broke the lengthen'd peace ;
Thus were the coatings of the molten ball
Got purged, and finish'd, for the use of all.
Then, the alluvium* crown'd the various rocks,
From which derived, amidst convulsive shocks,
And spread by waters, as they stretch'd, and ran,
Which took their destined seats, as calm began.
On the alluvium grew a fertile soil,
Which soon got furnish'd in a splendid style,
For herbage bloom'd, the forests tangled grew,
The mead and plain display'd a sinless view,
And evergreens adorn'd the brake and dell,
Thus flush'd with beauty that no tongue can tell.
The rivers stream'd in innocent parade,
The streamlets wimp'd gently through the glade,
The oceans sought not to o'erstep their bounds,
But rippled mildly, issuing placid sounds ;
The fragrant zeyhyrs gambol'd as they fann'd
Adown the vale, and o'er the fertile land,
And grand Apollo shined with genial beams,
Which kiss'd the lakes, and tinged the limpid streams,
And made the rose impart its sweetest boon,
And lily dry her tears at opening noon.

* Alluvium, materials transported and deposited by the action of water.

The ambient air display'd a healthful mien,
 And nought but splendour crown'd th' extended scene,
 Which thus appear'd upon the sixth day's morn,
 All strown with living forms in pristine turn.

Behold the earth, sprung from a vap'rous cloud,
 Now clothed in beauty's ornamented shroud,
 From gaseous to, and from a fluid state,
 To one condensed, and firm, with form oblate!
 Whence came the heat which made the nucleus boil?
 Was this unborn, or sprung from chemic toil?
 Howe'er it came, has done its work complete,
 Has baked the folds and made them ready meat,—
 Now keeps them warm and joins with Phœbus' means,
 To push the vegetation through its teens.
 And also, it hath raised the crusting rolls,
 That he who runs may see the massive scrolls—
 Not in confusion, but in sequence bound,
 Some may be out, yet B is never found
 To take the place of A, nor C of D,
 But in successive order they agree.
 No usurpation reigns, but they endure,
 As all the works of God, most firm and sure.
 Each has its fauna, and its flora grav'd
 Upon its folds, that sceptics may be brav'd.
 And that these vast creations of the past
 Were form'd by special acts of potent caste,
 Of God th' Eternal's all-creating power,
 From life's dim dawn up to this present hour,
 Each was adapted to its place and day
 By Him who rules all space, with boundless sway.
 And that the fishes, in primeval time,
 Display'd organisation more sublime
 Than those which now exist in modern seas.
 Hence, bare development,* sleep thou at ease,

* Lamarck's Theory of Progressive Development.

For if thou don't, we'll give a second truth,
Thou clam'rous yet, then, hark! it comes, forsooth :—
Of all the reptiles extinct, or in action,
The first created bore the most perfection,
Which militates against the foolish dream
That says, our ancestors did monkeys seem.
'Tis highly inconsistent to suppose
That e'er such transmutations did disclose.
Forms were produced, but not thro' that vile scheme,
But by the special acts of God supreme,
Who form'd immensity's vast boundless main,
And this fair world, with mountain, vale, and plain,
In all complete, thus furnish'd and prepared
For coming man, who soon shall tread its sward,
And have dominion o'er this pond'rous mass,
On whose round surface vital forms now pass.
In future times this surface shall display
Man with his works in wonderful array,—
His energies of body and of mind,
Shall be call'd forth, and that he soon shall find.
Although the beauteous scene displays repose,
Yet 'neath its sweets there lurks a stream of woes.
But for the present all is most serene,
Earth, air, and ocean, wear a smiling mien.
Upon the sixth, and great, eventful day,
When zeyhyrs humm'd, and beauty bore the sway,
While yet the sun was cloth'd in glory's boon,
Tho' past the vertex, where he sits at noon,
The august thrones in heaven of heavens sublime,
Were wall'd with angels, whose bright harps did chime,
And, as they tuned their harps to sing in praise,
Their golden crowns sent forth a heavenly blaze,—
Love stamp'd each breastplate, righteousness each shield,
While all benign, yet mighty swords they'd wield.
Amidst the throng three crystal thrones did stand,

With golden canopies supremely grand,
 As each contain'd, in fixity abstruse,
 The grand Triune unbounded, yet occlude.
 These thrones in one mysteriously were bound,
 And glorious lustre gleam'd from them around,
 While one continuous golden bar embrac'd
 Their spacious canopies, and hung divinely chaste.
 This bar did wear a tessellated phase,
 On which were grav'd "*I Am the First of Days,*
 "*The Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one,*
 "*Who form'd all space, and clothed the brilliant sun,*
 "*Eternal, Infinite, and free from change,*
 "*I rule throughout immensity's great range,*
 "*All-wise and powerful, holy, just, and good,*
 "*Truth binds my buckler, love becomes my food!*"
 The Triunes, thus enthroned, with glory beam'd,
 'Midst dazzling radiance, They in counsel seem'd,
 Then in profoundly-pure decision joined,—
 Behold the words in God's own book are lined.
 When, hark! the voice mysterious, yet clear,
 Proclaim'd, from out the thrones, to angels dear,
 "*Let us make man, and in our image; he*
 "*Shall then be stamp'd in likeness such as we,*
 "*And let him have dominion over all*
 "*Which we have made and placed in yonder ball!*"
 Thus having said, the heavenly concourse sung,
 The anthems peal'd, and hallelujahs rung;
 When, lo! the Triune Godhead skimm'd along,
 With ambient legions praising Them in song,
 And o'er the crystal battlements They led,
 With myriad angels down to earth They sped,
 And there, out of its dust, They formed man,
 Into his nostrils breathed, then life began.
 From that time man became a living soul,
 The work of God's, which passeth all control,

At which the angelic hosts burst forth in praise,
 Extoll'd the Triunes in symphonious lays,
 Who were and are, eternally in prime,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit most sublime,
 Who, through th' unceasing lapse of endless years,
 Shall pile, and show their wonders forth in tiers!

Far 'neath an orient sky, in Shinar's land,
 Where genial sunbeams kiss the Tigris' strand,
 Where Jewish captives hung their untuned lyres,
 And wail'd and wept for Zion's glorious spires,
 Where Tigris and Euphrates rivers join,
 And tassell'd leaves and fragrant blossoms shine,
 Along the combined river's massive stream,
 There, on its banks, the eternal God supreme
 Did plant a garden, whose celestial hues
 Did flush and gleam upon the sylvan views.
 And in this fair elysium God placed man,
 To dress and keep it clean, throughout its span,
 And thus the Lord commanded man anew:—

*“Of every tree the garden shows to view,
 “Thou mayest freely eat, and that thy fill,
 “But of the knowledge-tree of good and ill,
 “Thou shalt not eat; I'm God, I cannot lie,
 “For if thou dost, that day, thou'lt surely die!”*

And also God said, in a loving tone,—

*“It is not good for man to be alone,
 “I will make him an help-meet, she shall be
 “Perfection's model, beauteous, fair to see,
 “But since I've brought all earthly forms to thee,
 “See what thou'lt call them as they pass by me!”*

So Adam nam'd them, then th' Omnific God,
 With sleep profound, did Adam overload;
 And from his side, He did a rib extract,
 And closed the wound; behold! the mighty act!
 And, from the rib, God made a woman mild.

He brought her to the man, on whom she smiled,
The man responded, also he exclaim'd:—

“Thou bone art of my bones, and *woman* named,
“Because thou wert extracted from my side.
“Thou art my joy, with thee I will abide,
“Therefore, shall man leave his parental friends,
“Cleave to, and shield his wife from blighting winds,
“Then they no longer shall be twain—but one!”
Thus closed the mighty plan at twilight's dun.

Then, why not wonder at the works of God,
Which strew our pathways, and our visions load?
This world is one amongst His endless works,
Which crowd infinity, like tiny sparks,
And though we were a million miles remov'd
From this our world, with visions well improv'd,
We only should behold an endless space,
Where countless worlds perform their wonted race.
Then, since our finite minds can never mete
Infinite bounds, let us with hearts replete
With love to God and man, for evermore,
From cavilling cease, to wonder and adore!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SCOTLAND.

Thou'rt my home, yea, dear Scotia, the land of my birth,
To thee I do wantonly cling ;
I love thy brave sons, fill'd with candour and worth,
While thy daughters delight me to sing.

Oh ! where is a land like my own heathy plains,
Where the curlew and plover repose ?
And where are such heights as my own mountain-chains,
Where the fresh bracing breeze often blows ?

I love thy deep glens, where the wild roses bloom,
And the heath-bells display beauty's mien ;
Where flowers in profusion send forth their perfume,
As they garnish the sweet sylvan scene !

How oft have I roam'd o'er thy mantle of heath,
And as oft press'd thy carpet of moss,
And bask'd on thy knolls where the blue-bells unsheath,
And the broom-blossoms vaunt of their gloss !

Thy streamlets are dear to my heart as they run—
Oft they hum o'er their murmuring tales,
Anon their pure waters are mingled with dun,
As the curlew * expresseth her wails.

* I have observed before a genial shower, as well as in the midst of it, that the curlew would give utterance to a plaintive, drawling whistle, which often has fallen on my ear with a lonesome solemnity, in those moorland districts, whither they annually betake themselves to cohabit and breed.

Yet I joy to behold the soft genial shower,
As it moist'neth thy luscious green,
And gems the sweet rose in the bright noontide hour,
As it fringes the mild lily's sheen.

Thy thistle inspires me and makes me elate,
As he shields the harebell on the lea,
With his long grizzly barbs, there he blooms in full state,—
I no flower so majestic can see.

Come all ye exotics that gild other lands,
Ye do shrink from the thistle's mild hue ;
He blooms, and he waves, and he dares, as he stands
On the soil where my ancestors grew.

What flower can compete with the heather so boon ?
All the orient pinks shun the name,
Because when compar'd, some will droop in a swoon,
While the richest grow blended with shame.

And where are thy sons, staunch yet nimble and kind ?
They are brawny, yet free as the breeze ;
All the arts and the sciences rank round their mind,—
Can through learning grow wise when they please.

Thy daughters I hail ! O ye powers all divine,
Inspire me with words to portray
Their virtues, their beauties, their models, which shine,
In the higher perfection they sway.

Their loves are as sweet as the mild, balmy winds
That soothe 'midst the full-shining noon,
And fan with their fragrance, which man often finds,—
All must woo them and stamp them a boon.

Thy winters and summers, and autumns and springs,
 Are all dear to my soul as they come ;
 Thy meads, woods, and vales, as each warbler that sings,
 Thus they charm me with joys from their sum.

Hence, away distant lands, exult not in fame,
 With your splendour and vine-tangled glades ;
 All your alls are eclips'd by my isle's glowing name,
 I walk free 'neath her cool beechen shades.

Thou'rt my home, O dear Scotia ! the land of my birth,
 In thee I'll still fondly reside ;
 And, when death's sweeping simoom consigns me to earth,
 Let my dust in thy bosom abide.

AN ODE TO SUMMER 1860.

Which, on a day in the winter of that year, in one of my wanderings, suggested itself to my fancy while in the capacity of surveying.

Farewell, sprightly summer, thy gowans are blighted,
 Thy roses lie shrunk in the womb of the past,
 Thy blooms, rich and many, no more can be sighted,
 But lull'd to death's sleep by the song of the blast.

Ah ! null are thy blossoms, which danc'd to the breezes,
 And hail'd the bright king as he vanquish'd the dawn ;
 They grace th' unseen, while the sullen gust freezes
 And gilds their stems hoary in moorland and lawn.

The dewdrops so lucent, which spangled thy beauty,
 And gemm'd all thy garlands amidst the young day,
 Are now grave and all rigid (cold winter's on duty),
 Behold fair creation in gelid array.

The groves yield no fragrance, the bower's dull and
scentless,

The leaves bear the impress of waxing decline ;
Farewell, fairy summer, thou art not relentless,
Again thou'lt preside o'er the sweet columbine.

Thro' the drear days of winter, the trees whine and
tremble,

And moan to the gale as it comes from afar ;
Oh, summer ! thou'rt faithful, thou wilt not dissemble,
But shield them anew from the gruff, wintry war.

Thy songsters are dumb, save the lone plaint of pity,
Which grim famine wrests from their late mellow
tongues ;

Let all sympathise with such heart-rending ditty,—
Yea summer, thou'lt sate them when June mildly
throng.

No longer the humble bee's drone soothes the hearing,
All lonely in stupor he sleeps for a while ;
Thou wilt, genial summer, most kind and endearing,
Make thy vernal herald wake him with a smile.

The herbage seems languid, the woods wan-like yonder,
The dark frondy firs wear the costume of gloom,
While the keen, flaky blast makes the flocks stare and
ponder,

As it howls through the dells in its wintry boom.

The glens show their bosoms, though sullen and dreary,
The hills bleak and piebald do scowl on the plain,
While the hoarse, tumbling torrent seems wanton and
cheery,

And streams through its course till it swamps in the main.

'Neath the moon's pallid beams the owl sits a-trilling,
And nature lies bound with the shackles of night;
Each time has its beauties, to own which I'm willing,
Yet summer I hail thee with fonder delight.

Oh summer! thou'rt gone, like the young maid in tinsel,
Struck down with a gust of the grim tyrant's fume,—
A type of the graces, beyond artist's pencil,
But now she lies pale in the cold, narrow tomb!

By foes, as by friends, deplor'd and lamented,
She never again shall appear in our sight;
Behold her fond lover, obscure and demented,
He clings to the grave to enjoy endless night.

Hence, since thou same summer shall ne'er deck our regions,
But dwine in the grasp of oblivion's palm,
O! call thy twin-sister from out of the legions,
And send her to cherish the meadow and lamb.

O! send in due season, forget not poor beings,
Half-naked and hungry, who toil for their food;
Ye great folks take pity, look o'er all their geeings,
Yourselves are but stewards in the hands of All-Good.

Then the mild balmy zephyrs of mutual kindness,
Would fan Eden's blossoms in this fading scene,
And sunbeams of love would dispel selfish blindness,
And morals would flourish in primitive sheen.

Farewell, sprightly summer, thy gowans are blighted,
Thy roses lie shrunk in the womb of the past,
Thy blooms, rich and many, no more can be sighted,
But lull'd to death's sleep by the song of the blast!

A NIGHT IN A THUNDERSTORM.

The sun had sunk to rest behind yon waves,
And dark and gloomy muster'd up the night ;
The vivid lightnings flash'd athwart the gloom,
And thund'ring peals prolong'd the wand'rer's flight.

Now pluvial torrents drench the grazing flocks,
As feather'd tribes sit brooding o'er their young ;
While all are silent, save the raging stream
That wends yon tangled brake with murmuring tongue.

The ambient air still clotted to excess
With sultry vapours, seems to mix and blot ;
While clouds surcharg'd seem anxious to divide
Their subtile spoil with others more remote.

At length the non-electric clouds approach,
To where the positives have full command,
When these emit the half they had to those,
Then all are balanc'd by attraction's hand.

Again such dreadful peals burst on the ear,
As if this sphere were back to chaos driven ;
While echoes roll, and vivid flashes gleam,
Athwart th' extended vestibule of heaven.

Behold commingled flashes, peals, and hail,
While faint simooms originate and blow ;
The stalwart oak recedes with shiver'd trunk—
Another bolt now lays the huge spruce low.

Where this terrific battle spends its rage,
It makes all beings feel God's powerful hand—

The downy bed, as well as that of straw,
Do quiver at His thunder's dire command.

But now the air is balanced, refresh'd,
And nature wears its wonted tinge and bloom ;
While grand Apollo, in his orient dress,
Proclaims the dawn, thence does the day relume.

Thou storm, tho' dire, thou point'st a moral grand
To all who would thy maxim woo and learn—
That what these would that men should do to them,
Do they return, without regret or scorn.

Then all the thund'rings of man's short-liv'd life
Would be submerg'd in dark oblivion's main ;
The barren waste would yield the tap'ring fir,
And Eden's blossoms deck the stunted plain !

TO THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

All hail ! first, largest songster of the grove,
Thy name, the missel-thrush, thou'lt not deny ;
To paint with words thy colours finely wove,
I shall desist, for quite unfit am I.

Suffice it thus—thou like the song-thrush clad,
Thou larger art, and lighter in the hue ;
The greater spots thy breast hath ever had,
In whole thy symmetry is mild to view.

The stately tree, in common, forms the clift,
Where thou dost choose to build thy nest, and breed,
Between distending boughs ; thou hast the gift
To trace their junction—that's the spot indeed.

But, hark, I've seen a nest, the same in kind,
 Built on a stratum of calcareous rock,
 Accessible to those who were inclin'd—
 I've strok'd the young as thus they gap'd and spoke.

I've seen, depending from a beetling crag,
 A lonely, slender, dwarfish, mountain ash—
 That scarcely could have serv'd the midnight hag—
 Contain the nest, and brood, of missel-thrush.



Expos'd to all who pass'd that dreary way,
 As he who ran might easily have read,
 Such matter'd not, the brood got safe away,
 And left the ash to swing with empty bed.

Thou seem'st to me capricious in thy taste,
 Where thou wouldst build, and hatch thy hoary brood ;
 And piercing screams thou shed'st, and that in haste,
 When thou'rt disturb'd amidst the solitude.

Thy nest, externally, is roughly grain'd
 With whitish moss and grass so coarse, with wool
 These interwoven, and with twigs enchain'd,
 But lin'd with finer, dried grass to rule.

Within its concave, eggs, some four or five,
 Are laid, partaking of a greenish white,
 And spotted, speckled colours seem to strive
 With sev'ral browns, all painted to delight.

Thy food is insects, when they are in vogue,
 As through the summer greatly they abound,
 But through the winter berries form thy prog,
 For then the boreal blasts congeal the ground.

Indigenous thou'rt to our native land,
Thou'rt scarce and shy, frequenting lawns and meads,
Except when incubation makes thee bland,
Extensive pastures sate thy wonted needs.

If, when the weather has been very mild,
I've heard thee sing while yet the year was young,
The sunny days in its first month beguil'd,
And made thee warble with thy mellow tongue ;

But this hibernal, dreary, chilling time
Had robb'd thee of thy jollity and song ;
Yet soon shall vernal days, all genial, chime,
And make thee healthful, cheerful, sound, and strong.

I long to hear, and see thee perch'd on tree,
From its tall summit pouring forth thy lay ;
Thy notes, tho' few in number, will agree
To charm me 'midst the beauteous, spangled day.

Then shalt thou serenade thy mate, which sits
Imbosom'd, brooding in the frondy bough,
And ease her toil by kind, instinctive fits,
As she to thee will never answer " No."

Adieu to thee ! thou first melodious bird
Which giveth song in all the varied grove ;
Chase all intruders, thy retreat still herd,
As I have seen thee do as I did rove.

Farewell to thee ! long mayst thou chant thy fill ;
Thy notes resemble tones which sound above ;
May no misfortunes ever cross thy will,
Thou'rt one amongst the many whom I love !

ADDRESS TO OLD WOODHOUSELEE CASTLE.

1860.

Having been directed by an intimate friend, I went in search of the Old Castle, and having found it, I was forcibly struck with a profundity of awe and veneration at the massive sublimity of the scene, and readily gave birth to the following lines.

Come on thou muse, behold the sacred spot,
Where Scotia's heroes did abide in yore !
We've found the place, it now becomes thy lot
To weave the rhyme, while wond'ring I adore.

A quiv'ring chillness clogs my mortal frame,
A sadd'ning joy pervades my very soul,
While ruin'd walls around me boast of fame,
As 'neath me flows the Esk, in wending stroll.

Yea, veneration holds me in embrace,
And makes my heart to cease its wonted beats,
As dying turrets stare me in the face,
While ivy spins and weaves their winding-sheets.

Around me hums the murmur of the trees—
The dense-clad valley joins the plaintive strain,
And waves in august grandeur with the breeze,
While I adoring view the crumbling fane.

Lo ! fell decay hath, doubtless, now begun
To tinge the leaves with autumn's fallow hue,
While some have kiss'd the earth, array'd in dun,
And bow'd the stems, a long and last adieu.

Old Woodhouselee, thou castle I revere,
Such sacred relics thus are priz'd by me ;
Lo ! on thy mould'ring walls I drop the tear,
Which tells the fondness I do bear to thee.

And to all those that wear the olden phase,
Thy vast congeners strewn throughout the land,
I have in store a love which nought can craze—
I deal to each as thus they come to hand.

Such hallow'd spots must be accounted dear,
Where strode the manly Scot, in burnish'd steel,
Who pierced the foeman with his brawny spear,
As with his blade he made the coward wheel ;

There sternly stood for freedom's noble cause,
And there defied the Southern as he came.
Such lofty deeds must claim renown'd applause—
Such holy grounds must bear a lasting fame,

A fame which I will cherish and extol,
As long as life's pulsations beat and flow ;
And when I've pass'd death's dark and gloomy goal,
May such a fame, unceasing, bloom and grow.

Goodbye, old friend ! I'll often visit thee ;
I feel inspired when in thy lonely sphere,
And when the coming moon shall shine on me,
I'll come again when nights are calm and clear.

I left the scene as howling winds accru'd,
And shook the birches on the rocky bank ;
While swinging rowans still my fancy woo'd,
Tho' day in waxing darkness gruffly sank.

High in the distance loom'd the goodly seat,
Whose owner eye has borne a gen'rous name ;
Behold the grounds replenish'd, clean, and neat,
Which beams fresh lustre on his growing fame.

Now night hath fill'd the yawning, bosky glen,
As homewards now I plod without delay,
And darkness spreads o'er mountain, moor, and fen, —
On twelfth September thus I spent the day !

HOW SWEET TO ROAM.

How sweet to roam, and hail the beauteous morn,
When dewdrops gleam on every bloom and spray,
And opening roses glow with sprightly turn,
And flush the crimson at the dawn of day.

How sweet to roam, and hear the warblers hymn,
In mingled concord, their creator's praise ;
While Phœbus' beams, far 'neath the mighty brim
Of heaven's vast concave, loom in yonder maze.

How sweet to roam when orient sunbeams play,
And flash, in onsets, from his pond'rous disc ;
While morning zephyrs fawn the dewy spray,
And kiss the balmy rosebud as they frisk.

How sweet to roam beneath the frondy shade,
While sunbeams dart from yonder blazon'd throne,
When countless insects flutter in the glade,
And wild bees scan the blooms with soothing drone.

How sweet to roam beside the wimpling stream,
While sol, descending, treads th' ethereal mound ;
When finny tribes bound, as the rays do gleam,
And fragrant breezes cool, with grateful sound.

How sweet to roam, and scent the new-mown hay,
And view the rose, array'd in vestal sheen,
And scan the flow'rets which adorn the way,
Some clothed in azure, while some blush, I ween.

How sweet to roam when cereal blossoms wave
In tumid masses o'er the grateful earth ;—
O Thou Sublime who died mankind to save !
To Thee belongs all praise who giveth birth.

How sweet to roam along the moorland fells
While flush'd Apollo gilds Cairnethen's* brow,
And see the plover brush the heather-bells,
And lambkins skip upon the fragrant knowe.

How sweet to roam while gloaming dews descend,
And fringe with pearly lustre every stem,
When owlets from their roost awake to fend,
And zephyrs stroll along the woodland hem.

How sweet to roam as darkness deigns to reign,
And dims the mountain as the dusky glen,
And spreads her mantle o'er the shaggy plain,
And shades the broomy knoll and briary den.

How sweet to roam when silence bears the sway,
And waxing night displays her mirksome boon,
While lone stars twinkle in the milky-way,
And sable clouds obscure the rising moon.

* Cairnethen, one of the highest of the Pentlands.

How sweet to roam with soul imbued with love,
 And fill'd with wonders of the mighty God;
 Redemption's scheme adorns His throne above,
 Yea vast creation trembles at His nod.

How sweet to roam all pregnant with such hope,
 That neither world can give nor yet impair ;
 His providence maintains unbounded scope—
 He through creation moveth everywhere.

How sweet to roam as sombre night expires,
 When hark ! the twelve sounds the departing knell,
 And drowsy morn rekindles, as desires,
 Which in man's bosom germinate and swell.

How sweet to roam with faith, that heavenly stay,
 Prepar'd to meet the tyrant's baneful throe,
 Methinks I hear Jehovah fondly say—
 " Well done good servant, thou has brav'd the foe."

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

ONE clear winter's night my fancy left the terrestrial, and, on rapidly moving pinions, mounted far into the celestial ; and there, amidst boundless sheets of ether, saw and noted the following ;—

Thousand stars, with grandeur gleaming,
 Far beyond the blue expanse,
 Send their rays, with splendour streaming,
 As they twinkle in the dance.

Men of earth, behold them shining,
 When the night is pure serene ;
 Myriads roll behind yon lining,
 With a silv'ry glist'ning sheen.

Onwards, soaring, steers my fancy,
Through ambrosial shades of air ;
Countless gems now clog my fancy,
Suns and systems fill her stare.

Forward yet she still keeps flying,
Past the palls of lucent hue ;
Orb on orb are still seen plying,
'Midst a space of azure blue.

Bounding upward, through that ocean,
Now she floats on golden streams ;
Blended lustre dims her notion,
Mingled with celestial beams.

Sights the throne of God's bright glory,
Crystal bulwarks gleam and blaze—
Such portray'd in sacred story,—
Countless angels sound His praise.

When return'd, she told me weeping
What she saw in yonder land,
Sorrow was she thus for sweeping
From the empyreal golden strand.

Anthems fill'd my fancy's hearing,
Hallelujahs bland and long ;
Ransom'd souls were thither steering,
There to join the lasting song.

Hosts were drinking at those fountains,
Which do yield unending bliss ;
Myriads sang from spiral mountains,
Chanting loud without remiss.

Heavenly tears were shed by many—
 God himself wiped them away ;
 Ceaseless joys were strewn, not any
 Grieved, but all was brilliant day.

Thousand thousands bent adoring
 Round the throne of thrones supreme ;
 Tens of thousands were outpouring
 Heavenly songs in the extreme.

Garlands waved, and crowns were gleaming,
 Palms did fill each blissful hand,
 Breastplates shined, and robes were streaming,
 White, untainted, meek, and grand.

Eternal day adorns the dwelling
 Of the everlasting God ;
 Immensity, its boundless railing,
 Forms Jehovah's bless'd abode.

Father, Son, and Spirit, blended,
 Bound in one mysterious tie !
 Fancy, since thy tour is ended,
 Would'st thou love to dwell on high ?

Yes ! my wish is yonder region,
 There, no night, but endless day ;
 Boundless bliss crowns every legion,
 Love for ever bears the sway !

VERSES, WRITTEN BY REQUEST, ON THE DEATH
 OF A YOUNG LADY, 13TH APRIL 1859.

I'll tune my lyre in solemn plaintive strains,
 And chant my theme with sad unbending woe ;

I'll cull the sweets from nature's meads and plains,
 For her who lived, but now, alas! laid low.

Her gentle stature kiss'd the golden mean ;
 Her noble gait shunn'd selfishness and pride ;
 Her modest deport sat, and soar'd between
 Humanity and prudence, side by side.

Bright genius fill'd her beauteous snowy brow,
 And classic lore had nurs'd that useful stem ;
 Refined sentence flow'd from her, I trow,
 And nature stamp'd her Eden's polish'd gem.

But like the pale white rose in yonder vale,
 That decorates the genial time of bloom,
 With blossom half-disclos'd perfumes the gale,—
 Lies now uprooted by death's fell simoom.

St. Giles had knoll'd the fatal hour of time,
 Commingled with the plaintive chimes of Tron,
 When death's pale globules thus her brow did grime—
 Behold, her spirit now for ever flown !

Ah ! now she sleeps in death's dark sullen gloom,
 No more to soothe a mother's tale of woe ;
 Revolving time consigns her to the tomb—
 Now in the lone grave-yard she lies below.

Assume, ye azure skies, a sombre hue ;
 Oh ! chant her fun'ral dirge, ye warbling crowd ;
 Come, sound, ye glens and mountains, echoes new,
 For her who lies in death's cold, narrow shroud.

Ye dreary glens, ye rosy dells and glades,
 Ye black'ning firs that dark the mountain's brow,

Ye hoary sloes, ye scented hawthorn shades,
Come, mourn with me for her who now lies low.

Come far, ye lonely sounds of murmuring streams,
Ye ocean's foaming billows, weep and flow ;
Ye headlong torrents, dancing midst sunbeams,
Come, mourn with me for her whom death laid low.

Ye heathy moorlands, tinged with vermil dye,
Ye rugged glens where cowslips spring and blow,
Ye broomy vales, ye scented meads, come hie,
Come, mourn with me for her who now lies low.

Respond, ye curlews, whine in doleful strains ;
Ye golden plovers, sound the notes of woe ;
Ye crested lapwings, which adorn the plains,
Come, mourn with me for her whom death laid low.

Ye waving forests, and ye wending streams,
Ye cooling gales, come, soothe a father's woe ;
Thou heavenly arch, which glows with blended gleams,
Come, dry the tear for her who now lies low.

Ye scented woodbines, and ye purling rills,
Ye fawning breezes, soothe a mother's woe ;
Ye radiant beams, that fringe the sloping hills,
Come, dry the tear for her whom death laid low.

Ye younger forests, and ye medium streams,
Ye less'ning gales, come, soothe a brother's woe ;
Thou minor arch, which glows with blended gleams,
Come, dry the tear for her who now lies low.

Ye blooming roses, and ye gloaming dews,
Ye pulvill'd zephyrs, soothe a sister's woe ;

Ye noontide sunbeams, bright with spangled hues,
Come, dry the tear for her whom death laid low.

Ye op'ning lilies, and ye morning dews,
Ye balmy zephyrs, soothe a sister's woes ;
Ye orient sunbeams, whose light dimly strews,
Come, dry the tear for her who now lies low.

Know, all ye boon companions, and dear friends,—
Know, howling storm, that sighs with deep'ning moan,—
Although the lonesome grave her mortal hends,
Her soul hath wing'd its flight to heaven's bright zone.

Then, with this parting wish, I'll rest at ease—
To all the stock of Adam bond and free,
Such love and mercy I extend to these,
May all-kind Heaven still deign to rain on me!

TO A FRIEND, MR H—G.

Throughout the adverse, sleety blasts of spring,
Amidst its hoars which check the coming bud,
When summer spreads her verdant, flow'ry wing,
And full meridian flows her juicy blood ;
When sullen winds sweep round the ivied wall,
And summer moults beneath an autumn's sun,
I'll cherish thee, and still respond thy call,
Till death's drear winter freeze my vital run.

THE DESPONDING NYMPH.

Hermit.—

“ Why wand'rest thou—thou fair, sweet dame, so lonely and
so late ?

Behold, the night is dark'ning fast, and gloom obscures thy
fate ;

The cold, inclement nightly breeze begins to sigh and moan,
And leafless boughs to whine and wail, which make the
night so lone.

Thy graceful form and beauteous mien, so modest, pure
and mild,

As gentleness adorns thine air, amidst this lonely wild,—
Yet sorrow tingeth thy pale cheeks, and grief bedims thine
eyes,—

O tell thy plaint ! thou comely one,—say where thine
anguish lies.

Thy lovely features seem so marr'd by some internal wrong,
Which holdeth thee in foul embrace, with trammels gruff
and strong,

The youthful aspect wears the weeds of sorrow, love, and
woe,

As sad dejection palleth thee, and makes thee mute and
slow.

A close inspection causeth me to think thou art forlorn,—
So tarnish'd is the vestal bloom that shades thy lovely
turn.

What makes thee sigh, thou gentle dame ?—pray, tell thy
woes to me—

I sympathise with all the fair, as now I do with thee.

Thou seem'st accomplish'd and refin'd of bright angelic caste,
As elegance pervades thy mould, tho' sorrow holds thee
fast,—

O quash all doubts, with confidence unload thy burden'd
mind,

And I will strive to soothe thy woes, thou gem of woman-
kind."

Matilda.—

"Thou art congenial, but my woes are rooted, deep, and
strong,

Years have revolv'd since they began to search and spread
along.

As through my heart they search and twine, and lacerate
its core.

Alas, no joy can yield relief, I soon shall be no more !

The summer's sun shall beam no more upon my feeble strain,

I'm weary grown from lazy time,—I sip death's fatal bane.

No time nor place can solace bring for pleasures past and
gone,

Thro' years I've wander'd late and soon, all mournful,
bleak, and lone.

All soothing words, with gentle phase, do only wound my
heart,

Which bleeds afresh, and streams anew at every pang and
smart.

No balm can heal this mortal wound that speeds my days
away,

No ! none but death's grim antidote,—time haste that
fatal day.

All earthly things seem'd base and vile since news had sped
to me,

Which told me where my Edwin fell, beyond yon orient sea.

He left elate his native strand to fight for freedom's cause,

But sank beneath his mortal wounds amidst renown'd
applause.

Hence rolling seasons only brought new sorrow, grief, and
pain,

Throughout the which I have declin'd, but soon I'll fade
amain.

The blighting hoars of eastern woes have chill'd my youth-
ful mien—

Now with'ring shrinks, and seeks that bourn well
known to be serene.

The drifting snows shall clot his grave, when I am
wrapt in mine,

And sullen winds shall sweep the knoll where Edwin
does recline.
Again the sod shall verdant grow that palls his lonely
tomb,
And spangled sunbeams o'er him play, when I am sunk
in gloom.
Oh Edwin! autumn's yellow leaf can bring no joys to
me,
Nor winter with it's crisping wreath,—my joy lies hid
with thee ;
Nor spring, nor summer's fragrant flowers, with all their
boasted worth,
My only flower lies long inhum'd amidst the plastic
earth.
Oh! how I long to fill that grave where I shall find
repose,
And sleep as sound as Edwin does, so screen'd from
human woes !
My latest breath shall sigh for thee—'tis come, I ask no
more,
Oh! waft my soul, ye heavenly winds, to your celestial
shore !”

ADDRESS TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.—20TH JULY 1860.

This was composed while on an evening walk in the vicinity of a bosky valley, where I observed a wild bee gathering pollen in the concavity of a pale natural rose. He appeared extremely fanciful as he winged from spray to spray, in quest of those which suited his delicate taste. Again he settled and resumed his work in a blossom half disclosed, which appeared to fill his eye, and such only seemed to become him ; and there, with eagerness and assiduity, he augmented the bundles of yellow gum, which had already bound his slender legs. Meanwhile, and even to the last, I viewed him with serene admiration—hence the following.

Hail! jocund rambler of the brake and mead,
Thou'rt gleaning pollen from the pallid rose ;

Thy legs display the subtle thrifty deed,
For saffron pellets clot thy tiny hose.

Thou'rt late at work in such a humid night,
'Tis also cold, although a summer's eve ;
The sun hath gone to rest, with muffled light,
And July wanes, and vouches soon to leave.

Why dost thou hum while working in the rose ?
Hath instinct said, thou'lt keep thy wings in play,
In case the silken folds should thee enclose,
And bind, and shade thee, with their bland array ?

Well done, old instinct, caution well thy sons,
And make them wary, as they fend, and toil ;
Tho' reason boasts herself of endless puns,
Yet instinct's clue she never can uncoil.

Thou 'st left the bloom wherein thou gottest some,
And with capricious vision scann'st the rest,
Thou 'rt ill to please, because, with droning hum,
Thou flitt'st from bloom to bloom, to find the best.

Again thou'st press'd the bud which suits thy taste,
'Tis only special blooms thou would'st survey ;
The half disclos'd must yield the greater paste,
In them thou lov'st to take the longer stay.

Now, hold thou there, and load thy baskets well,
And bind thy roving fancy with control ;
That done, he left, and skimm'd the birken dell,
And gain'd the hive, beneath the flow'ry knoll.

TO THE GRACES.

How sweet the charms of Hebe's cheek !
 That theme aye makes me bold to sing,
 All would forego for her so meek,
 She's such a gentle lovely thing.

I've found thee Hebe, now I'll choose
 To feast upon thy youthful glow ;
 Let all thy fragrant virtues ooze,
 And all thy beauties gently flow.

Thy blooms are milder than the rose,
 Bestrewn with gems of pearly dew,
 When orient sunbeams first disclose,
 To gild the rosy spangled view.

And when with Venus thou art wove,
 Thence lucid graces are combin'd,—
 Oh ! how sublime with thee to rove,
 And scan thy beauties softly twin'd !

Such complication seldom wants
 The virtues which adorn the good,
 From thee proceed no spleeny vaunts,
 Shot from the selfish and the crude.

From nature's mould thou wert convey'd,
 A model form'd of rustic earth,
 In thee the graces are portray'd—
 Behold perfection's noble birth.

And learning's self hath polish'd thee,
 Thy sentiments are all divine ;
 Thy nice proportions, smooth, and free,
 Do shape thee. as they glow and shine.

Thy bright, expanded, luscious front
 Presageth something great and new ;
The seat of genius must be wont
 To love the heart that's kind and true.

Thine eyes do sparkle with those beams
 Which tell the soundness of thine heart ;
Thy charms do flush in glowing streams,
 From thee, thou handsome, living mart.

The idiom of thy voice is sweet,
 Its tones are mellow, clear, and fine,
With music pregnant to replete,
 So exquisitely these combine.

Like well-tun'd instruments that sound
 In one symphonious blended lay,
So are thy tones, full, mild, profound,
 Canorous all, they kiss the day.

The rich enamel that pervades
 Thy bosom's meek, untainted turn,
Outvies the marble's polish'd shades—
 They seem abash'd like eastern morn.

The beaming lustre of thine eyes
 Might charm dull care's sad plaintive whine,
And make the bach'lor claim his prize,
 And forthwith cease to wail and pine.

The smile that danceth on thy cheek
 Might brighten sorrow's sable boon,
And calm the hearts that vengeance seek,
 And make them placid as the noon.

Thy ruby lips, so well display'd,
 All glowing with pure love divine,
 Might melt the heart of renegade,
 Or thaw the very frozen brine.

Thy flowing tresses glossy hang,
 Excelling raven's richest hue,
 Such waving clusters yield no pang,
 But woo the heart to love anew.

Their endless changes shade the beams,
 Whose glosses charm and fill the eye,
 Reciprocating, loving streams
 Must drown the heart of him that's nigh ;

Or else his soul must be but small,
 As dullness clogs its tiny whole ;
 Or, if he has got one at all,
 It must be wrapt up like a scroll.

Again I say he must be slow
 Who is not charm'd with such a sight,
 To see the trinal goddess bow,
 Embroider'd, festoon'd to delight.

Who cannot but admire the fair,
 The sprightly dame of love, and beauty,
 All blazon'd with bright hebe's air?—
 I'm sure kind Heaven, it is a duty!

A STORMY DAY.

This day, 27th February 1860, has been tempestuous nearly throughout, rendered vehemently so by wind and drifting snow, upon which account I hold it memorable. Having to a certain ex-

tent watched its changes, I have said a few words anent it, in the shape of imperfect description ; and in fact, owing to its inclemency, it may, with propriety, well be annexed to those stormy days which have rarely been seen in former years.

The cold fleecy clouds o'er the Pentlands are rolling,
Anon they do scatter the flakes as they go,
And high breathing gales through the ravines are strolling,
Behold, the bleak summits are mantled with snow.

The far sinking west now hath grown dim and hazy,
A wild surly blue palls the drear southern range,
The east lies obscur'd 'hind a phalanx so lazy,
And flank'd with dense vapours grim, sullen, and strange.

The fierce tempest rages, and sweeps hill and loaning,
And scours the deep valley, and wild shaggy plain,
While dark waving forests, in anguish, are groaning,
As keen snowy cohorts are charging amain.

The turbulent torrent unflinchingly presses,
And batters the fabrics it finds in its way,
Unwittingly searches the bosky recesses,
And bangs the poor trav'ler who ploddeth to-day.

In violent onsets the sequent gusts sally,
And few can withstand such a dreadful career;
The huge flaky columns again stoutly rally,
Commingled with drift, as they fiercely now steer.

Borne far on the wings of the swift roaring current,
Which trumps the dire yell as it rageth along,
They dark the wide welkin with one mingled torrent,
That strews its contents with a force rough and strong.

At times, through the gloom, pallid sunbeams oft glimmer,
Which squint their pale rays as they lamely do shine,
Then gelid reserves from the west blind the trimmer,
And forthwith his radiance doth languish and pine.

The lone fading ash creaks and bends to the leeward,
The old tufty birch nods and yields to the gale,
While fleecy tribes ponder, and look to the seaward,
As driving flakes vehemently pelt and assail.

The bold howling tempest now thinks of declining,
Just in rough proportion as night grows elate,
And lean Luna's haloed 'neath yon azure lining,
And seems like what's left of a well broken plate.

The wind softens down, as it grows faint and weary,
As nicely it gorgeth the vacuum's strain,
And leaves the night silently, calm, lone, and dreary,
To do the same work on some far distant plain.

At times, nature's laws tho' terrific are wholesome,
From dire seeming evil much good doth accrue,
She anoints old creation with her vital balsam,
And vivifies structures anon and anew.

Now hush'd are the woodlands, and silent the valleys,
As time presseth onward to night's lonely hour,
The hills, bluff and surly, seem'd mottled like dahlias,
And moorlands sleep soundly as garden and bow'r.

Far high in the vertex, along azure portals,
O'er that blue expanse where all now seems serene,
Which, gemm'd with rare brilliants, that gleam to us mortals,
With Luna cornuted, is grand to be seen.

Along the horizon the clouds sit so muffled,
Like foul-feeding vultures awaiting their prey,
I wish that their tempers would cease to be ruffled,
And let us have spring in its due time of day.

Let God's will be done throughout endless creation,
Adore Him, ye all that inflate boundless space,
Due seasons are gifted to earth's every nation,
Autumn, Spring, Summer, Winter, pursue in the chase.

His ways, not as ours, are sublime and exalted,
In yon lucent regions He ruleth for aye,
His throne knows no bounds, with immensity vaulted,
And throng'd with pure spirits 'mid bright endless day.

This night's gone for ever, a fleet passing story,
Inhum'd 'midst the billows of time's swelling main,
And link'd with past cycles of ages so hoary,
That ne'er shall return from that bound'ry again.

Thus ended the day, lurid, stormy, and dreary,
And toil found repose on the couches of straw,—
Who have been abroad must be batter'd and weary,
For Occident surely hath emptied his maw.

THE PLAIN OF THE BEREAVED.

When crimson bells bedeck the plain,
And warblers chant in loving strain,
I'll tell the woods and glens again,
How dearly I did love thee.

I'll tell the nightly winds that moan,
Like me bereft and left alone,

How darksome is the scene now grown,
Since first I saw and lov'd thee.

With vigils in the deepest gloom,
I'll chant my sorrows o'er thy tomb,
And tell the cowslip when in bloom,
How fondly I did love thee.

But ah! these scenes are nought to me,
I've languish'd since thou'st ceased to be,
Oh! how I long to share with thee,
For yet I fondly love thee.

Then spring may flush and deck the glade,
And summer buds may bloom and fade,
And autumn spread her golden shade,
Yet these are dull without thee.

Hence, king of terrors, clear the way,
I welcome thee without dismay,
'Neath yon dark yew do thou me lay
Beside the form that lov'd me.

Then midnight storms may howl and yell,
And rock the spire and solemn bell,
While silent in the grave's lone cell
I'll press the form that lov'd me.

There deep, oblivious sleep shall reign,
Through rolling years I shall remain,
Until the trumpet's swelling strain
Wake me to her that lov'd me.

Then clothed in garments of the King,
We'll mount to heaven on soaring wing,
And through eternity we'll sing
The songs of Him who lov'd us!

THE RAZED HAMLET.

Awake ye slumb'ring latent powers of soul,
And thus adorn the theme I've shap'd for you,
Let all the nine display, without control,
The homely scenes where first I breath'd and grew.

I view the spot with wonder, joy, and awe,
Behold the very ground which first I trod ;
Thus, while I gaze, my heart begins to thaw,
And makes the rippling tear bedew the sod.

Lo ! desolation's broom hath swept the place,
Where stood the hamlet with its low-thatch'd eaves,
And germs of culture clothe the wonted space,
Where walls were stay'd, as gardens wove their leaves.

These buttress'd walls display'd the rustic plan,
That shap'd the hamlet in its pristine noon ;
In vain their meagre frames crav'd aid of man,
Or bow'd obeisance to the waning moon.

Ah ! fell mutation, thou hast chang'd the scene,
Why did old time e'er deign to give thee birth ?
Thou 'st razed the hamlet as it ne'er had been,
And left no vestige to define its girth.

The lofty elms that three in number grew,
And, through revolving years, embrac'd the morn,
No more are seen to grace the homely view,
Or shield the lowly cot where I was born.

Alas ! the lonely ash that stood aloof,
And to the south defin'd the hamlet's bound,
Hath shar'd the gen'ral fate, a solemn proof
That here no lasting residence is found.

Eventful years have told their sundry tales,
 Since I, in rapture, press'd the rural green,
 As 'neath the gloaming moon the owlet's wails
 E'er chang'd the current of the sportive scene.

Ah! why has time been gifted with such power,
 To mar the features of this earthly range?
 Or why has time the potency to scour,
 And seal creation with the stamp of change?

The ebon locks that beam with glossy hue,
 Are soon made hoary by the breath of time,
 The endless forms that crowd this transient view,
 Thro' that same law, grow weary with its rime.

But why repine? that law hath been of old—
 Yea, by Jehovah's hand been wisely given;
 Shall we His creatures dare to be so bold,
 As cramp the workings of Almighty Heaven?

Shall we thus grasp the change that seems all good,
 Which Heaven through time hath caused to germ
 and grow,
 And shrink from that which tastes like bitter food,
 Tho' both are sent from heaven to us below?

No! welcome both, the latter means to seek,
 And make the alien choose, the better way—
 Improves the saint, and stamps both henceforth meek,
 Adopted tenants of eternal day.

Thence, let us own submission to His will,
 Let time revolve, and changes change indeed;
 Let forms decay, let hamlet cease to fill
 Its wonted place, where springs the grateful seed.

Ah! yet, with human weakness, I must close,
The very clods impart a secret charm;
My wish is, when I've drained the tyrant's dose,
May these this mortal shield from further harm.

CHANGE: A FRAGMENT.

The thousand scenes which fill the world's round eye
Are ever changing, 'midst the stream of time,
Though Etna snorts and thunders, as in yore,
Yet, like its dire congeners, 'tis enfeebled,
As if fell time had sapp'd its burly strength,
And push'd it from the vertex of its age.
Now mild luxuriance studs the wending roads,
Which molten streams of yore had engineer'd,
In their descent from huge mis-shapen craters,
Whose grisly mouths were gilt with sombre hues,
As bellowing thunders, dismal to all sense,
Were bouncing from their rack'd and yawning jaws;
While lurid spires of flame were rear'd anew—
In awful grandeur, probed th' ethereal heaven;
And from the deep-sunk nucleus of the sphere,
Were hideous volleys shot with stygian rage,
Whose pond'rous missiles bang'd the azure skies,
And made them blush at such an awful fury.
That brawny force which show'r'd the missiles forth,
Had borne the semblance of a potent caste,
And still, as yet, it shakes the massive folds,
And swells, and rends, the girdings of the kernel.
Such mighty creatures, hatch'd in nature's nest,
Had told mutation's lustre not to fade,
For through long groups of cycles, which have sped,
The change has shined in every clime and epoch.

EPISTLE TO MRS H—— OF M——H——S.

Dear Madam, how are you? I hope you are well ;
 Excuse this narration I purpose to spell.
 Please frame me an answer to this mystic theme;
 If not in your power, let it pass as a dream.
 I often have wonder'd, how e'er it can come
 That few of the fair sex are ever found dumb.
 The contra is found to be mostly the case ;
 Inherent loquacity blooms in their face.
 You and I have a share of that prominent trait,
 My chat hath increas'd since I pass'd bedlam's gate,
 No longer I'm greeted with man's plaintive yell,
 That sounds through the windings of yon modern hell.
 Still the screams of the fair sex oft ring in mine ear,
 When pity desires me to pour forth a tear.
 I trust that you ne'er will augment that sad number
 Which are stow'd into cells like as much useless lumber.
 But sweet be your dreamings, and healthful your sleep,
 May your heart cease to mourn, as your eyes cease to weep,
 May your kindly demeanour be nurs'd and extoll'd,—
 May the vows of your offspring return manifold—
 May penury ne'er find the way to your door,
 But blessings descend on your basket and store—
 May life's rugged pathway be smooth'd in the end,—
 May you welcome death as you welcome a friend,—
 May you enter heaven as thousands before,—
 I'm sure one more thrifty hath ne'er cross'd its door.
 'Twas penn'd by St John, while in Patmos he lay,
 There was silence in heaven for half-an-hour's stay,—
 A token say critics no women were there.
 If they hold so, they wander abaft from the square ;
 Such vain silly carpings do fall obsolete,
 When reason advances, they beat a retreat.

Why, where are the youthful and sage matrons fled,
 That have trusted in Jesus, who suffer'd and bled,
 But mix'd in that number, as seen by St John,
 Where Eve's moorish daughters find rest, and are strewn?
 Then amidst all the turmoil, and bustle of life,
 Amidst all the jarrings of fortune, and strife,
 Amidst all the clamour, and spleen, of mankind,
 Forget not the fair sex—few deaf, dumb, or blind.
 In spite of their tattlings, their à la mode dress,
 In spite of the envyings some hatch, and express,
 Whose breasts are as plasms for moulding the same,
 With fertilized genius for fanning the flame—
 Who are not content with their breast-born feats,
 But suckle such spleen from a thousand strange teats.
 Confide not in women, nor make men your stay,
 For such hope is futile, like time dies away.
 So, therefore, good madam, on Jesus depend,
 Assur'd that His friendship will last to the end,
 When heaven will embrace you, and your Lord exclaim—
 “ *Well done, faithful servant, thou'st honour'd my name !*”

 A LOCAL SCENE.

Since we have hither come and left the west,
 Been in the leeward placed in milder rays,
 We've found no human gads, which do molest,
 As those which fiercely stung in former days.

As yet, that kind of harmony obtains,
 Which yields no prickles in this scroggy vale,
 Although the bustling boom disturbs, and strains,
 The mottled landscape shines in this locale.

The roadway trembles 'neath the sturdy roll
Of broughams and coaches, 'busses, and the like ;
The thousand belles pass, and repass, and stroll,
Some full equipp'd and festoon'd with vandyke.

Some crinolin'd, and vulgar, yet in trim,
As hoops protrude, and mould the headless cones,
And make their facile dresses look so prim,
Which circumvest and bound their nether zones.

Let nature mould the damsel, not the hoop,
Let haunches reign as long 's they'll deign to stay ;
Let the old maiden deck her wither'd poop
With crinolines, the custom of the day.

In truth, the youthful venus glides, I own,
With gentle air, all comely to behold ;
Free from flirtation, nature moulds her zone,
And decks her with such graces new and old.

As now the medium dame who treads the path,
Exerts her wiles to fascinate and win,
Half-graceful she remains, and ever hath,
As thus she passes with a rustling din.

In grand relief her brilliant features glow,
At every bound her tight-laced boot plays boom,
Could split a hailstone with her well-made toe,
As now some gesture dims her youthful bloom.

Behold the lengthen'd road, from morn to night,
Bestrewn with motley groups, in human guise,
Males, females, men-at-arms, all braced and tight,
As all the grades, 'tween foolish and the wise.

Excursion parties rend the air with cheers,
A gundy-maker bawls out "*gather-up!*"—
A grinder wants to know who's got blunt shears—
A bowl-man rings the bowl, and sells the cup.

The programme would be endless should I state
What all have pass'd review'd before mine eyes;
When time admits, I leave such to their fate,
And seek the solitude where nature lies.

I love the alleys where the hoary thorn,
With loving concord, intertwines the rose,
And broomy blossoms gild the hazy morn,
As wreathing brambles flourish and repose.

And here and there the sloe hath shed its bloom,
Now moulds its fruit for autumn's mellow hand,
As mild ewe-gowans fringe the native dome,
And pinks and harebells deck the hollow strand.

And groups of roses, cluster'd on their stems,
Confine the pathway as they scent and glow;
Some show the maiden's blush, with pearly gems—
Some pale as death's cold cheek hang mute and low.

Some mottled like the venus whom I saw—
For such a contrast nature bade them wear,
To stun poor mortals, like myself so raw,
With dames, and roses blooming, fresh, and rare.

And here the eglantine now vends its sweets,
Plum'd with its folded gems in wild array,
Soon shall these captives bend their dim retreats,
And burst, and blossom, in the face of day.

Oh! nature, thou'rt the sphere in which I'd move,
 Thy grandeur far excels the jewell'd throng,
 Oh! grant my wish, to thee I'll constant prove,
 And fondly scan thy beauties as I long.

Ye sylvan bowers, where nature sits enthroned,
 All wreath'd with mottled garlands, fresh and gay,
 Inspire me with the themes which link your bond,
 To you I'll often dedicate my lay.

Hence lofty patrons shall excite my muse,
 Whene'er I roam amongst the forest glades,
 And heaven itself will brighten all my views,
 Although imbosom'd in the deepest shades.

Then winds may howl, and thund'ring torrents foam,
 The hills may bound, and oceans rise in spray,
 Still will I sing of nature's flow'ry home,
 Till death consigns me to the miry clay!

MELANCHOLY.

Written at the request of Mrs L——n.

Oh, Melancholy! Cypress of the mind!
 Why dost thou dim the lustre of the soul?
 Why clog the mental powers with thoughts unkind?
 Why bode and sadden 'gainst the will's control?

Why dost thou load the day with lonesome gloom,
 Although pure sunbeams gild the scene afar?
 Why stain the rose? why change its sweet perfume?
 Oh Heav'n! she also makes the bosom war!

Why dost thou cloud the beauteous lofty bow,
 That gilds the postern of eternal day?
 Why wrap the night in darkness' deepest glow?
 Why charge the moaning blast with deep'ning sway?

 Why dost thou make all things appear so vile,
 Although they've suffer'd no material change?
 Thou'rt just compos'd of phantoms which beguile,
 And dupe, to blind, and wilder, to derange.

 Pity the mortals whom thou'rt found to fill;
 May Heav'n vouchsafe to calm each troubled mind,
 And cause thy grisly vapours to distil,
 And light their souls with beams of heav'nly kind.

 Oh, Melancholy! Cypress of the mind!
 Why dost thou dim the lustre of the soul?
 Why clog the mental powers with thoughts unkind?
 Why bode and sadden 'gainst the will's control?

 JESSIE OF THE LEA.

Full well I mind the morn was cold,
 For bleak December then did scold,
 And pied the mountain chain;
 And far and wide the chilling breeze
 In hollow gusts shook naked trees,
 And howl'd and sigh'd amain;
 When youthful Jessie, boon and free,
 Set out to church with holy aim,
 So prone was Jessie of the Lea
 To spend the seventh as it became!
 In virtue's strath she form'd her path,
 Where pulvill'd sweets were spread;
 The glowing bells, in heathy fells,
 Reclin'd to bear her tread.

Her graceful form might well compare
 With those whom angels love to share,
 And guard with flick'ring wing ;
 The while a modest pall did shield
 Her upper zone, where truth reveal'd
 Rare beauties, mild did cling.
 And then her snowy scarf would flow,
 Faint emblem of her gentle heart,
 To fan those spotless knolls below,
 Where high perfection lay apart.
 Behold adown her sheeny gown,
 In conic mould display'd,
 Encircling feet surpassing neat,
 And limbs of polish'd grade !

Her ebon ringlets glossy hung,
 To chafe her cheeks, in pureness strung,
 And tinged with vermil glow,
 While gentle braids display'd the lobe,
 Where genius sat, in snowy robe,
 Her wonders forth to show.
 Her frank, her noble, queenly port,
 Was surely grand to scan and view ;
 Around her graces seem'd to sport,
 From them, in turn, new graces grew.
 Her words, how sweet, full-toned, complete !
 Her portly symmetry,
 Her magic stroke made all invoke
 Young Jessie of the Lea !

She went to church, but mark her fate !
 A civil war broke out in state,
 And throng'd her placid mind ;
 She heard the priest at times declaim,

But wonder'd what convuls'd her frame,
 And still she thought him kind.
 She wist not that the magic stroke,
 Which now from her had ooz'd unknown,
 Had been displaced by such a shock,
 From him she could not call her own.
 The service done, but love begun
 Possess'd both priest and lady ;
 What brought the same to stun the dame,
 Read on, you'll find it ready.

He was a youth scarce past his teens,
 Surcharg'd with subtile sacred means,
 To cure the souls of men ;
 By 'quest he came to spend the day,
 In preaching, pointing out the way
 That led to heav'n,—but then,
 He had as yet no flock to feed,—
 His beard was scant—his pay the same—
 No wonder then that he made speed
 Instinctively, to stun the dame,
 And win herself, beset with pelf,
 In all its glitt'ring show,
 For virtue's queens, without the means,
 Are often left in woe !

As Jessie now had reach'd her home,
 To him her thoughts were wont to roam,
 As his to her, forsooth !
 Her goodly nature strove within.
 To damp the thoughts of self and sin,
 And grasp the lasting truth.
 But still she found he fill'd a space
 Within her lovely gentle breast,

As she in his had claim'd a place,
Which took from him his wonted rest.
Their hearts the more at times grew sore,
As winds sigh'd o'er the plain ;
They lonely sat, obscure and flat,
Nor knew each other's pain.

Thus, far asunder, they would spend
Such lonesome hours, that point the end
Of mortals here below ;
At times, a ray of hope did gleam,
Then clouds of gloom obscured the beam,
And wrapt their minds in woe.
The while, young Jessie's hazel eye
Appear'd to languish, though serene,
And then the limpid rosy dye
That graced her cheeks, became unseen.
And loath was she to scour the lea,
She had been wont to do,
Against prevail she set her sail,
And pale and griev'd she grew.

As years revolv'd, and changes came,
But not to cheer the ling'ring dame,
Whose hope was fix'd on high,
She strove to keep the sacred laws,
And prais'd the God, the great First Cause,
Who rules with kindly eye.
At last a change began to bode,
Obscurely so, but brighter grew,
And chang'd young Jessie's lonely mode,
Until her graces beam'd anew.
Her languid eye then seem'd to vie,
And sport with former days,
A hopeful beam with lust'rous gleam
Dispell'd the drizzly haze.

Their pastor left for larger pay,
 And other things divine, I say ;
 The call came from on high—
 No wonder then he had to go,
 Another vineyard crav'd him so,
 To trim the Godless fry !
 While Jessie's beau outshone the rest
 Of those who tried to preach and pray,
 These rare divines display'd their best,
 But unsuccessful slunk away.
 He got ordain'd, and that attain'd,
 He strove, their youthful pastor,
 To save the soul, and scan the roll,
 And purge them all with castor.

Meanwhile the glow of latent love
 That stew'd young Jessie and her dove,
 Rose like a watch-tower beacon,
 That told young belles that they were out,
 Old maids, mammas, were put to rout—
 For Jess was not forsaken.
 The nuptial day soon seal'd their doom,
 When Jessie and her love got wed ;
 And now she walks in rosy bloom,
 With him, who loves to hear her tread.
 First, strange to say, he came *to pray*,
 To preach, and *love* the lady ;—
 His *second spell* did *win* the *belle*,
 Her *purse*, her *soul*, and *body*.

Come ladies, brace your nerves again,
 Be joyful, loving, don't complain
 For what of late befell ;
 You know yourselves, I'm proud to say,

Your duty is to *watch* and *pray*,
 To *love*, you know too well!
 And when you meet a young divine,
 Be sure to twirl the *golden key*,
 For that alone will make you shine,
 With *mammon* he *delights to be*.
 But virtues great you have in state,
 Which make you sweet as honey;—
Give me the queen where virtues lean,
Let priests embrace the money!

TO MISS H——.

Who wished her beauty, if she possess'd any, to be lauded.

Yes, youthful flow'r, thou art in bloom,
 Thy roses are protruding,
 Sweet as the fluid from the comb,
 Thy beauties are exuding.

Thou art not grave, but like the lamb,
 Thou mov'st in blithesome vapour,
 Tho', like the dewy evening calm,
 Thou show'st a prudent caper.

Thy medium form is most complete
 In every all displaying
 A pearly lustre, pure, discrete,
 With vermil tinges staying.

Thine ebon locks, with glossy hue,
 Do hang in graceful bendings,
 Thy kindred features, not a few,
 Are trac'd in beauty's blendings.

My youthful friend thou must not be
 Enamour'd with this painting,
 But turn the other side, and see
 Thyself quite wan and fainting.

Then strive to sound the golden note
 Between these vast extremes,
 For bear in mind that lingers quote
 Advantage in their dreams.

So poets gloss their wonted strains,
 With words which mean to please,
 As thou lay'st claim to beauty's gains,
 For what God only sees.

THE ADVICE.

Yes, damsel, be merry, thou art ripe as the cherry,
 That hangs from the wall-trained tree ;
 Let no coxcomb delude thee, no blandishments lull thee,
 And wedded you soon ought to be.

THE BLACK-CAP.

What is the reason that the Black-cap is so seldom mentioned in song? Is it because he is but partially known, or is he undeserving of a place? I think that if the blackbird, song-thrush, linnnet, redbreast, and wren, &c., are found worthy to be mentioned in an essay or a poem, that the black-cap deserves one entirely to himself. For, since I was a schoolboy, whenever I heard him chanting his melodious medley, he pinn'd me to the spot, like a statue, and, moreover, to speak candidly, I felt, in the meantime, a cold stream of air ascending my vertebral column, as if I had received a shock from some mysterious agent. Therefore, although I as yet neither rank myself among essayests nor poets, and although the black-cap is migratory, being only an annual visitant, appearing in our country, if the weather be genial, in the beginning of April, and leaving in September I shall, frankly detail, although in garbled prose, whatever facts respecting his habits

have come under my observation, and ultimately endeavour to raise him, through the medium of home-spun doggerel, to the rank of a vocalist, equal to that of a Jenny Lind or a Wilson. "This bird is somewhat about five inches in length. The upper mandible is of a dark colour, the under one of a light blue, and the edges of both whitish; top of the head black; sides of the head, and back of the neck, ash colour; back and wings of an olive gray; belly and vent white; the legs are of a bluish black, inclining to brown; the claws black; the head of the female is of a dull rust colour." There is on the west side of the Edinburgh and Lasswade turnpike road a braky shallow glen, called Melville Muir, running in a westerly direction, with a number of weather-beaten Scotch firs, which form part of its southern boundary. Also, there runs to the eastward, through this glen, a winding streamlet, on whose sloping banks, the broom, the whin, the bramble, and wild rose are found growing confusedly tangled, and there, on the north bank, I have found, in my younger days, in an open position, and not more than eighteen inches from the ground, the nests of two or three pairs of black-caps, constructed of dried grass and moss, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers, containing, when full, generally five eggs, of a pale reddish brown, sprinkled with spots of a darker colour. I have seen their nests in all the different stages, from a few dried piles of moss and grass up to the time when the young were fledged, and fitted to go abroad, and heard the males, throughout the summer months, pour forth their exquisite melodies. Since then, on the north bank of the Esk, in the enclosures of the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, I have both seen and heard the black-cap sing; and also from the shrubby islands amidst the Whim Pond in Peeblesshire, I have heard him, as it were, draw his bow across the strings of his fiddle, which produced one full harmonious tone; and, lastly, a few years ago, from a hawthorn hedge on the banks of Newland Water, which bounds the garden of the manse, I heard him singing vigorously. Therefore, according to these facts, this bird is not partial to gardens, as is generally said, but rather inclines to live near water, either a pond, or a running stream, and I can honestly declare that, in all my travels, I have never seen or heard him in a garden, except at the above-mentioned place, whither perhaps he may have been either enticed by the sancity of the ground, or sent in answer to Mr C——'s prayers.

Whence hast thou come sagacious bird?

What climate misseth thee?

Hath instinct led thee towards us,

Our April morns to see?

Thou know'st the time when cowslips bloom,

And vernal show'rs descend,—

Oh! tell me what hath brought thee hither;
I still to thee propend.

The thousands sing of other birds
Unmindful of thy strains,
But, henceforth, I will spread thy praise,
Amongst the country swains.

“Ah! no, I will not tell thee why
I came thy land to see,
For man is placed for to find out
What errand loadeth me.”

Then, wilt thou tell me where thou lov'st
To build thy tiny nest?
And what food thou art wont to eat,—
Pray tell me what's thy best.

“I choose the sunny, braky vale,
Where broom and furze do grow,
With briars and brambles,—stretch, and twine,—
That truth some men should know.

“As for my food, in April's days,
I have no choice to bother,
Necessity then tells me that
She's still invention's mother.

“But, when the days of June come forth,
I charm the insect tribe,
And though I thousands kill and eat,
Still swarms around me gibe.

“The smaller that the insect is,
I relish it the more,

My tender young I feed with such—
They eat them by the score.

“When these are scarce, I nip the flies,
And send the worms to jail,
And e’en, at times, wild berries try,
When famine fills the dale.”

Art thou the bird which I heard sing,
From yonder garden fence?—
I like a statue stood aghast,
And bound up was my sense!

“Oh! no, it was a brother cock,
Just searching for a mate,
He lodged one night on holy ground,
To soothe his lonely fate,”

What made him chant so loud, and long,
All in the noontide hour?
Indeed, I thought, he charm’d the priest,
With his melodious pow’r.

“That’s true he did, he told me so,
It was his parting song,
He found the priest as lone’s himself,
And left him, still to long;

“And join’d us in yon broomy vale,
A charming mate he got,
We spent the summer, in full glee,
For, oh! ’twas calm and hot.

“We sang and sported, while the rose
Display’d its tender hue,

While broom and whin with blossoms glow'd,
And brambles wreath'd the view ;

“ At last our broods got all abroad,
And stout and thriving they ;
The mothers sooth'd their little cares,
We fathers hymn'd away !”

Thou speak'st the truth, thou grave black-cap,
I've heard thee with delight,
When thou wert free from care, thou sat'st,
And chanted'st, all thy might.

I've seen thee perch'd within the bush,
That yields the fragrant rose,
Then thy harmonious cadences
Thou did'st full well dispose.

Thy blended notes are most complete,
Yet varied all the while,
Thy symphonies display the grace
Of nature's complex style.

Methought, at times, that all the birds
Which sing were perch'd with thee,
Thou didst so exquisitely send
Their sev'ral tones to me.

Nor broken, harsh, but chain'd in one
Nice, graduating sound ;
Full, deep, sweet, loud, yet, mild's thy strain,—
Thou spread'st a heaven around.

I've heard thee 'neath the moon's pale beams,
When sounds disturb'd thine ear ;

Thou told'st the wand'rer that thou wert
Both late and soon a-steer.

No words can paint, nor pen describe,
Thy tones, so bland and free,
And when thy warbling throat distends,
No bird can equal thee.

But all their notes thou hast refin'd,
All are in thee contain'd,
Within thy well develop'd head
Thou hast them link'd and chain'd.

Now, oh! my wee, sweet, modest bird,
Do hush thy descant now,
For Phœbus has this very day
Re-enter'd Libra's* howe.

I wish thee speed as thou migrat'st,
To some far distant land,
And, when thou dost return again,
I'll shake thy tiny hand.

And thus he left with quiv'ring flight,
Perhaps no more to see
The broomy glen where brackens grew,
As gowans gemm'd its lea.

Now lone and cheerless lies the glen,
The old firs howl and groan,
As wintry winds do shake the boughs,
The owlet vends his moan.

* Libra. The entry of the sun into Libra takes place on 23d Sept., when autumn, one of the four astronomical seasons of the year, begins.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

A houseless stranger once appear'd
Before a cottage door,
To ask an alms, but, ah! he fear'd
To learn that gastric lore.

He turn'd, and left it as he came,
For Scottish blood did flow
Throughout his ill-clad shiv'ring frame,
That age had bent so low.

His hoary locks were clotted much
With boreal, powder'd flakes ;
His chinky vesture smear'd with such ;
His shoes bore diff'rent makes,

Were cut and clasped to and fro,
To give his feet more ease,
Whose forms were chang'd by plodding so,—
Half-frozen, gall'd were these.

And poortith's fashion cloth'd his head
With bonnet hung askew,
Its tatter'd frame thus blithely said,—
“I am the old Scotch blue.”

His heart was warm, his head was clear,
His mind seem'd free from guile,
And what befell him, (ah! 'tis queer,)
He told me with a smile.

And thus he did relate his woes,—
His locks yet dripping hung
With pearly gems of frozen snows,
While to the bite he clung;—

“ My former days were not of those
Which grandeur deigns to give,
No glutted fashion did me close,
I in the mean did live.

“ From which I frankly fed the poor,
As far as it would go,
The sated cripple left my door,
And bless'd me with a bow.

“ Till fate saw fit to change my state,
That done by Heaven's decree,
Yet quite content, no man I hate,
Tho' I a beggar be.

“ And thus grim want did force me out,
The beggar's shift to try,
In midst of which I often lout
To God, who rules on high.

“ My grizzly locks display my years,
My ragged dress my fate,
Yet God the Lord shall keep my tears,
Although I'm poor in state.

“ My earthly course will soon be run,
Death's pangs will give me ease,
Throughout, I'll trust in God's own Son,
To Him my soul aye flees.

“ And when the mouldy grave me hides,
My soul shall joy above,
Thus firm resolv'd, 'gainst fortune's tides,
I'll praise the God of love.

“ ’Twas on a bleak December’s day
I on the world was cast,
Unhous’d, unfriended, forth did stray,
Beneath misfortune’s blast.

“ The stormy winds did breathe on me,
As thus I crawl’d alone,
I sought for shelter ’neath a tree,
But there I could find none.

“ The whistling winds swept through its boughs,
And past its trunk they flew,
It seem’d to say—‘ Behold my woes,
I stand alone like you.

“ ‘ The shelter’d trees in yonder groves,
They oft laugh me to scorn,
As when the trolling tempest shoves,
I wish I’d ne’er been born.

“ ‘ And as your rags, so are my stems,
Thro’ which gusts drive and seek,
My trunk they batter with their gems,
As they your wrinkled cheek.

“ ‘ The time will come when I, like you,
Shall bent and crippled be,
And, at the most, in years a few,
I’ll cease to be a tree.

“ ‘ By nature’s law I’ve grown and bloom’d,
And many a breeze have stood,
The lightn’ings oft have me illum’d,
While peals roll’d fiercely rude.

“By that same law I’ve shed my leaves,
Which moulder and decay,
An emblem, which mutation weaves,
That none can e’er gainsay.

“Since change then stamps all earthly things,
Among which trees and men,
Good-night, old friend, the vesper sings,
'Haps ne’er to meet again?’

“I left that intellectual tree,
For such may well be said,
It told me what I soon should be,
As men of every grade.

“Then round me hung th’ impending storm,
And darkness dimm’d the night,
While youthful Luna did in form,
Display a transient light.

“Behind yon waves she sunk to rest,
And left me in the moor,
While drifting gusts thus me o’erprest,
Down to its heathy floor.

“I tried to rise, but brawny shocks
Maintain’d me where I lay,
I lonely sprawl’d where should heath-cocks,
Till sol proclaim’d the day.

“His cheering beams did pierce the haze
Of that chaotic night,
And on my pallid cheek his rays
Shin’d with resplendent light.

“Half-frozen, batter’d, weak, and faint,
I crawl’d up to my feet,
I reel’d and stagger’d, while my plaint
Sought God’s sublime retreat.

“My half-blind vision now descried
Yon cottage near the wood,
And, through my stagg’rings, thither plied,
To crave a bit of food.

“At last arriv’d before the door,
I hesitating grew,
I’d rather swum to death’s bleak shore,
Hid from all mortal view.

“I left the spot, tho’ hungry I,
My staff my only friend,
The drift clung to my frozen thigh,
And weary sigh’d the wind.

“Then, by mysterious providence,
I bent my course to you,
That proof alone does me convince
God keeps me still in view.

“And your keen modest kindness thus
Shall dwell with me for aye,—
May peace and plenty fill your house,
Until your dying day.

“And may God’s blessing rest on all
Your family and friends ;
On store and basket spread its pall,
Throughout life’s blighting winds.

“My outset has been very hard,
 A good one folks may say,
 Your kindness has the storm debarr'd,
 With thanks, I bid good-day.”

And thus he left with joyful tears,
 Which wimpled as he trod,
 He seem'd renew'd, tho' threescore years
 Did form his galling load.

And thus these simple lines may serve
 To mark out human life,
 And show how fortune soon may swerve,
 And make our woes more rife.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Wand'ring 'neath sweet Luna's beams,
 By the owlet-haunted tower,
 List'ning to the hum of streams,
 Chiming at the gloaming hour.

Come, my love, disclose thine heart,
 Charm me with some loving theme,
 Soothe me with young Hebe's art,
 Lull me to love's waking dream.

Down beneath yon birken bush,
 Where the flow'rets scent, so boon,
 There the glowing charms will flush,
 Like the ev'ning sky in June.

Then thy magic strains will flow,
 Binding me to love thee more,

Then thy honied mouth will glow,
As I kiss its rubied shore.

See, the rose now folds its leaves,
Pinks and vi'lets modest hang,
Dewy evening weeps and weaves
Pearly gems to deck the gang.

But thy beauties far excel
All that nature can display ;
Thou art mine, with thee I'll dwell,
Fain I'd name the bridal day.

THE OFFICER.

These lines suggested themselves on my reading in a newspaper of 11th January 1860, under the title of "A Scene in Oude," the following extract:—"After the Fusiliers had got to the gateway, a Cashmere boy came towards the post, leading a blind and aged man, and throwing himself at the feet of an officer, asked for protection. That officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men cried, "shame" on him. Again he pulled the trigger, again the cap missed ; again he pulled, and once more the weapon refused its task. The fourth time (thrice had he time to repent) the *gallant officer* succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amid the indignation, and the outcries of his men.—*My Diary in India, in 1858-9, by W. H. Russell, LL.D.*

Thou ruthless boor, *an officer*,
Thou 'st stain'd the very name,
My very blood aye boils with rage
When thinking on thy fame.

Thy weapon felt more than thou didst,
It thrice refus'd to kill,
In spite of all, thou didst send forth
The sombre deadly pill,

Which null'd the worthy Cashmere boy,
Who led forth helpless age,
And crav'd for mercy at thy feet,
It should have calm'd thy rage.

'Haps, if the boy had been equipp'd,
Thou would'st have shunn'd the charge,
For cruel men can ne'er be braves,—
Their hearts are calm and large.

Had indignation sway'd thy men,
Thou should'st have felt the smart,
Some of their rifles' due contents
Would quell'd thy flinty heart.

But milder feelings ruled their hearts,
And thou mad'st them to bleed,
While from their cores ooz'd tender tears,
At that blood-thirsty deed.

Be what thou wilt, we care not what,
Thou wolfish-hearted screw,
Thon 'st damn'd thy name, likewise thy soul,
Unless thou 'rt made anew.

And if not that, thou 'lt shock the squad
Which broils on Fiddler's-green,
Which lies seven miles within deep-hell,
With seven-fold flames I ween.

Where some are dying, yet ne'er die,
And burning, ne'er consume ;
Repent, thou savage officer,
And chose a better doom.

Almighty God did interfere,
And made three caps worth nought,
Thou, unrelenting, triedst the fourth,
The which with death was fraught.

No chance was there—away blind chance—
A sparrow cannot die,
Unless God giveth His consent,
Or else His Word must lie.

Ah! no, He stands immutable,
His words are firm and sure,
All things shall fail, but God, our God,
Eternal, shall endure.

Then ask for shelter 'neath that God,
As did the boy 'neath thee,
He is not slack, but full of love,
Thou shalt forgiven be.

He'll grant thee mercy, not that kind
Which thou didst show the boy,
But keep thee with His love throughout,
And deign thee endless joy.

Then shame to thee, thou learned gent,
Be not a burly fool,
But grant full mercy, as thy God,—
Aye mind the golden rule.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEASON.

It noo fa's the time when the heather blims rarely,
And blae-berries glint' mang the green, sunny braes,

And lang wavin' brackens ha'e cled the glen sparely,
 And bluebells lout modest, in braw azure claes.

I see the lone fox-glove half-reft o' its tassels,
 A' tarnish'd it kythes in the braw birken dell,
 I fin' my heart wae, as the drawlin' win' jostles,
 And sets it a-noddin', till doon fa's the bell.

It mak's me look dowie in seein' sic tokens,
 It gars me a' gruisse as I pore on decay,
 That grim lyart felon impairs youthful jokin's,
 And skaiths bonny pinks in the lap o' the day.

Alang the braid holme, see the flow'rs nae sae cheery,
 The braw slopin' knowes tell the same waefu' tale,
 When Flora sits mootin', she looks aye sae dreary,
 Sic gars me aye drap the saut tear wi' the wail.

Far owre the wide lea, aft the win' dauds and whistles,
 And whisks the puir ragweed wi' elphin-like slicht,
 And scoors doon the loan as it soughs and it fissles,
 And shakes the auld thorn at the dusk o' the nicht.

On the braw marlit mantle that haps the yird's hurdies,
 The flow'rs dreighly nod to the cauld blawin' breeze,
 And seem sair forfairn, like the half-nakit burdies,
 That cast their auld claes 'mang the hedges and trees.

A' ourie and dull sit the buds o' creation,
 Some roost in the bushes, some cling to the lea,
 Some choose the laigh glen, whare, in eydent prostration,
 Thae spend the lang nichts, wi' the tear in their e'e.

Noo day fa's to rest, as the nicht weaves the gloamin',
 And green fairies trip owre the mirk, moorlan' fell,

And grim carlins heeze, as the win' 'gins a-roamin',
 Syne skim ower the crags to the auld hauntit dell.

This time marks the time when the bear waves sae awnie,
 The clock tells the 'oor, as it jows oot the nine,
 I'm noo toddlin' hame, maist as hoolie's a grannie,
 A' pechin' to mak' oot the moral in fine.

There's mony a ane like mysel' quat the bli'min',
 Life's simmer is gane, and the cauld wunter blaws,
 And shoves doon life's loanin', men, bairnies, and women,
 Till ilk ane plays thud into death's grisly jaws.

Hech, trowth that's life's gloamin', death's jaws are the
 hedges,

Whare some roost and moo't thro' the lang dreary night,
 The laigh glen is hell, whare among lowin' sedges
 Some think the time dreigh, as thae wail a' their micht.

Ae na speak mair couthie to puir mortal bein's,
 Let a' rest in peace till the great feenil day,
 And fin' that kind Heaven has forgi'en a' oor geeing's,
 Syne heeze to that heav'n in the whitest array.

WORTH AND GENIUS.

True worth and genius are very often disregarded at the time, and are mostly left unheeded to grapple with stern poverty arrayed in the most piercing phases. They only come to be revered when the noble possessor has, through the dull sleep of death, and amidst the calm profundity of revolving years, slept his memorable qualifications into existence. Then, but not generally till then, does human remembrance grasp them with the keenest avidity, and view them with the fondest delight, and seems to idolize these living realities, which once adorned the suffering men who now lie deep-sunk in the bourn of oblivion, deaf to all the eulogiums which existing man can bestow, which, certainly, must now appear to be as useless to the mouldering dust as the showering of water upon dying embers of a consumed pile.

Why look so sad, thou genius bright ?
 What aileth thee, pray tell ;
 Hath some fond beauty sent the slight,
 Yet binds thee with her spell ?

“ Ah no ! I feel that genial souls
 Which drink Castalia's mean
 In poortith, swamp amongst death's shoals,
 Unheard by prince or queen.”

THE SCORNER.

The following poem was occasioned by accidentally handling a page of waste paper (for so I call it), which had been used in wrapping a parcel of soap. Upon examination, I found it to be entitled, and that it contained some of the Memoirs and Correspondence of one F——s H——r, who either belonged to Edinburgh, or happened to reside there, in high life, studying Scots law, &c. That is all I know about him, and care as little. After I saw the unseemly epithet recorded, which he had so petulantly bestowed upon poor working-men, I consigned the page to merited degradation, by committing it to the flames, for such it well-deserved. But, before doing so, I copied, verbatim, part of the paragraph, under the date of 26th May, page 68, which constitutes the following:—“ I went with Kennedy so see the manufacture of tobacco-pipes, which is a very neat operation. A knowledge of the arts, as they are practised in different parts of the country, is what I am desirous to possess on many accounts, but especially the subserviency of such knowledge to the study of political economy. To collect information from workmen is a matter of some address,—for they are in general mere machines, and not unfrequently more ignorant, literally speaking, than the tools which they employ. I may gain sufficient practice of this address in the few manufactories that are in the neighbourhood of this place, to prepare me for more ample opportunities ; but I must reflect on the best mode of acquiring this *habilete* of interrogating the lower orders. Locke and Franklin are said to have possessed this power in an eminent degree,—the latter acquired it, of course, spontaneously, by his early habits, the former must have made it a matter of study.

It fell upon a morn, by chance,
 I lighted on a truth—romance,
 And penn'd by F——s H——r,
 In shape of memoirs, he, young sage,

With correspondence fill'd the page,
 And pertly tried the scorner,
 To make poor workmen, with his wipes,
 More senseless than the clay,
 Which he saw moulded into pipes,
 On twenty-sixth of May.
 The working bees, he stamped these
 Inanimate machines !
 In gen'ral they, inferior clay,
 Sir H——r so misweens.

I wonder that he went to draw
 His information from such raw
 And ignorant poor blocks.
 He saw them nimbly mould the clay,
 Which he, great don, could not essay,
 Although he prims and smokes.
 He stamp'd the toiling race, in whim,
 More inert than their tools !
 See how they nicely handle them
 Before such learned fools.
 So can this race with genius chase
 The languag'd snots away,
 From stunning plans, each briskly fans
 The commerce of the day.

Ah ! H——r, boy, you seem to want,
 What Locke and Franklin could not grant—
 A meek and mild address ;
 I rather think you choose to wear
 A swell'n bump beneath your hair,
 The which I well might guess.
 And if you grope you'll find the which
 In your posterior brain,

Protruding high, it makes you teach
 A stale and selfish gain.
 As it is nurs'd, so shall it thirst,
 And heave the dovetail'd vault,
 Until you think that rich folks stink—
 Yourself without a fault.

And if you wish to know its rank,
 I'll give it briefly, plain, and frank,
 And robed to the extreme ;
 Although it makes you prance and sail,
 And tread the poor man as a snail,
 That's grovelling self-esteem ;
 Which makes the haughty strut with pride—
 In them no prudence reigns,—
 And drowns them with a selfish tide,
 That wisdom so disdains.
 It swells the pan, it stains the man,
 Who wears it to excess.
 Then H——r, dear, now drop a tear,
 And self-esteem suppress.

For, bear in mind, the self-same God
 Who form'd the poor, that toil and plod,
 Hath also framed you ;
 And that His potent arm sustains
 The dungeon-slave, so bound with chains,
 Amidst the chilling dew ;
 And feeds the vulture when he cries,
 More so the sons of toil,—
 Ah ! H——r, henceforth rightly prize
 The poorer race the while.
 Ah ! cease to blame, and scorn to name
 Industrious men "*machines*,"
 Then, if thou *art*, or past death's smart,
 Go, bask ! 'midst heav'n's bright sheens !

A NIGHT IN COURTSHIP.

It was a dreary, moonless, wintry night,
When few of Heav'n's bright torches lent their light,
T. thus began to cross the lonesome plain,
Impell'd by love to press his Love again.
Meanwhile he trod the moorland's mossy lap,
A wild'ring haze seem'd prone to have a nap,—
Too well aware that ventus was from home,—
As thus its form lay stretch'd where flocks do roam.
Its subtile atoms fill'd the yawning glen,
And pall'd the mount, and clogg'd the drowsy den,
Tho' calm the night, the stillness oft was broke
By surging waters, as the surges spoke,
And stream'd in sequence through the mazy run,
To charge the ocean when the night was done.
At times, the lonely plover told with skill,
His threefold whistle, plaintive, wild, and shrill,
The while he wing'd and scour'd the humid fen,
Far in the haze beyond the vision's ken.

T. wond'ring stood to hear what next might come,
No sounds he heard, except the waters' hum ;
The rest of nature wore a thoughtful mien,
And deep in silence sat the gloomy scene.
The ambient haze bedew'd the heathy spray
With tears it shed, in slumb'rings as it lay ;
And cold and gelid were the tears it shed,
Bestrewn throughout the humid mossy bed.
While her bright form abode in that heart's core,
Which beats with hers, and loves her still the more,
Enticed and drew him from his short-lived stand,
As thus he thought she fondly press'd his hand.
Restrung with love, he trod, without dismay,
While cupid led and lighted up the way.

Just at the ford, and bounding high in hope,
 A distant quack proclaim'd the mallard's scope,
 And then the whistling of his oily wing
 Confirm'd that he was no infernal thing.

T. stood awhile to hear him trump again,
 But waxing distance swamp'd his wonted strain,
 The turbid torrent stream'd, without control,
 And headlong plunged into the drummer's hole,*
 From which proceeded hollow, rumbling sounds,
 In solemn grandeur, o'er the circling grounds.

T. left the ford, with no unpleasant dream,
 But quite elate, as hopeful lovers seem,
 And though the road was long, and dark the night,
 The way seem'd short, and darkness lent its light.
 Nor wild'ring haze, nor plover's wonted wail,
 Could keep love's bark from stretching forth its sail.
 Yea, though the tumbling waters roar'd delay,
 Love drown'd that sound, and bade him come away,—
 'Twas not in mallard's pow'r, nor drummer's pool,
 To stifle cupid, bred at love's own school;
 Nor could these sounds, tho' blended into one,
 And hurl'd at him, e'er make his flambleau dun.
 Nay, love has been in every age the same,
 A curse, a cure, an unextinguish'd flame,
 A stream which took its rise and spread so fast,
 Far down the vista of the sunken past,
 Coëval with the tenants of those bow'rs,
 Where first were felt its healing, baneful pow'rs.
 Up to this time, it ne'er has ceased to flow
 Throughout the human channels fast or slow,
 Whose swelling numbers soon might drain its store,
 But ample still, it only yields the more.

* Drummer's hole, a pool, situated in a lonesome moor, which is still growing larger, by the action of the stream falling over a cascade, and excavating the friable peat and clay; and where, as tradition says, a drummer was murdered, robbed, and deposited.

And as it flows throughout the human runs,
It gleans men's vices, virtues, and their puns ;
In some, grows putrid, they disdain to smile,
Wax misanthropic for a lengthen'd while ;
In others, grows more sweet, behold they vie,—
If female beauties, how they charm the eye !
While, in the few, the medium seems to flow,
Replete with fun, they vouch the yes was no.
Yea, from these classes, endless grades have sprung,
No two alike are found, the whole among ;
The pungent seems to nurse that sour decree,
The luscious smiles, and glows with Cupid's glee ;
The hum'rous serves the jokeful ambigu,
The sanguine longs to grasp the fairy crew.
Detail is endless, I must only say,
In Eden's grounds that stream began to play ;
Thence, up to this, it has been led and fed,
Nought can retard it, o'er the flood it sped,
And from the deluge up to present day,
Which thousand belles and beaux cannot gainsay.

T. had his share of that inflating river,
With sev'ral yewen bows and well-stored quiver,
Thus cap-a-pie, he gain'd and took the stile,
Where oft they'd parted, changing smile for smile,
Throughout which oozed a mixture of the sad,
That told these smiles not to be over-glad.

From thence he plied along th' unmortar'd wall,
Where oft they'd stood half-screen'd from winter's bawl,
A little concentration brought him up,
For well he knew he'd soon be ask'd to sup.
Forthwith the homely scent of peat then told
That from this time he must be frank and bold,
And also whisper'd that the house was near,
For yet the night was hazy, dark, and drear.
A few more steps, and then, just like a thought,

The house through haze seem'd like a distant mote ;
 And then, in turn, its comates seem'd the same,
 Tho' far down time they'd been a place of fame.
 Although divested of that fleeting pall,
 The inmates still were free, and kind to all ;
 Among the which a complex form was there,
 Whose graceful mien had often made him stare ;
 And he that night was wont to stare anew
 Upon that picture gloss'd with Hebe's hue.
 What man is he who hath not felt the smart
 Which Hebe's glosses often do impart ?
 I say that man was never made to love,
 He only through the spirit seems to move.

T. gain'd the door, and saw a cheerful sight,
 Exchanged respects, and fool'd the darksome night ;
 That hope which cheer'd him on throughout the moor,
 Received an impulse when he cross'd the door ;
 Not to the full, for then he had not seen
 That beauteous form where youth did stretch and lean.
 Meanwhile he fill'd the chair and gazed around,
 Aware that she would soon adorn the ground ;
 When, like a sunbeam, who then fill'd his view ?
 The fairy queen, and whisper'd "How are you ?"
 His paralysed response said "Very well."
 Oh, goodness ! how he felt the magic spell,
 Which pierced and fill'd him to the overflow,—
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasures still on earth do grow !—
 Yea, made him drunken with that genial stream
 Of love from her, where grace itself did beam ;
 And seem'd to cause a sund'ring of his frame,
 As if cohesion there had lost its claim.
 But as the talk went round, that ceased to be,
 And restitution did the rest for T.
 In short, throughout the drama of the night,
 He play'd his part with no peculiar slight ;

And often as she pass'd him in review
 She stole a glimpse, and that glimpse was askew ;
 Although at times she took a placid stare,
 While he in conversation lost his share,
 But yet he had equivalents, and more
 Which he had caught, and fondly kept in store.
 Few doubtful tremours ever cross'd his mind,
 For to the last, she proved both leal and kind,
 A mutual trust reposed within them both,
 As if kind heaven had seal'd the bifold oath;
 Their minds in unison did fondly play,
 While in the distance loom'd the coming day.

Oh ! blissful moments, more than tongue can tell,
 Why did ye fleet and damp the magic spell ?
 Was it because our prototype and sire
 Had dimm'd the lustre of his heavenly fire,
 And stain'd the earth, and marr'd resplendent heaven,
 Such mighty boons by the Omnific given ?
 Yea, Eden's blossoms then began to weep,
 And man himself reclined in sinful sleep,
 And vengeance spread throughout the vast terrene,
 And search'd the ocean's depths and turgid mien.
 No age, no clime, could e'er exemption gain,
 In circumfusion stroll'd the dreadful bane.
 And T. that night, tho' half-bewitch'd with love,
 Still felt its pangs, tho' much against them strove,
 Yet, in proportion, as the spell withdrew,
 The pangs increased, and still more poignant grew.

In days of yore when heathen gods prevail'd,
 And men themselves 'midst artful darkness trail'd,
 They said two gods presided o'er love's tank,
 'The one was pure, the other foul and lank.
 In truth their godships' names comprised the trade,
 As cupid pure, and cupid foul were said ;
 'The former was to love, but not to kiss,

The latter was to smack without remiss.
 But whence came two? for cupid's self implies
 The endless grades of love beneath the skies.
 The constituents of that word are *loves*,
 Which actuate mankind, as well as doves.
 Each warms the sphere wherein it deigns to play,
 And sometimes fills its owner with dismay;
 Then, why say *two*, since there is only *one*?
 If there be two, let thousands more be spun;
 Until the endless grades be well supplied,
 And cupids to their owners duly tied.
 The number then would show a bulky frame,
 And be a tedious task to count and name.

The night sped on, and labour sought repose,
 While some in chairs enjoyed a luscious doze;
 And with reluctance T. surveyed the plain,
 Which he had crossed, and had to do again.
 But still her form and gait prolonged his stay,
 The while her eyes said fondly, stop till day.
 I said they spoke, indeed, we often find
 That eyes display the workings of the mind,
 And that the magic of the young and fair
 Is oft imparted by their vision's glare.
 Such was the case with her, this is no joke;
 In truth she often meant more than she spoke;
 Was not loquacious, neither was she dumb,
 But kept the mean, and spoke without a hum.
 She was unfond that T. should go away,
 And she as fondly told him he might stray;
 While, in return, he sooth'd her with a kiss,
 And told her that the moor was nought like this.
 Yea, to be candid, T. did frankly tell,
 That he was loath to leave the handsome belle.

But now the clock had chimed the longest hour,
 When gloomy agents roam with stygian power,

While guardian angels keep these fiends in awe,
And lead the wand'rer through the swelling thaw.
Yea, Morpheus reign'd and eased the stress of toil,
And midnight winds awoke to moan the while,
And still the hazy darkness seem'd to grow,
Which clothed the night in sable weeds of woe.
T. braced himself, and slowly took the road,
While she in close conjunction with him trod.
And as they pass'd along the verdant path,
Both just emerging from love's genial bath,
A sadd'ning chillness through their systems stroll'd,
And strove to damp the sweets of love untold ;
But was repulsed by love's congenial glow,
Which foil'd the elf, and caused his overthrow.
And now arrived at their accustom'd stand,
Where oft they've stood for hours chain'd heart and hand,
Then interchanging streams of love would flow,
While summer breezes fell as winter's snow.
And that same night they took their fill again,
Before from thence T. cross'd the lonesome plain.
No time nor place can blot these from his mind,
Ambrosial moments which true lovers find.
The seas may waft him, storms may bounce and blow,
Ungenial climes may chill his with'ring brow,
Misfortune's gales may pinch him to the last,
And nought but poortith round him stare aghast.
Still these unchanged shall bear the badge of spring,
Until the soul that wears them takes its wing.
As thus they stood absorb'd in cupid's theme,
And loath to wake, as from a luscious dream,
A sound came far, and broke the pleasing turn,
As mansion clock proclaim'd 'twas one in morn.
Released, as from a trance, they strove to part,
But still she bound him with her witching art.
They knew they had to part, but not for ever,

Nay, God forbid, 'twould be a fearful sever.
 Both seem'd pervaded with a sadd'ning joy,
 As now their pleasures had their own alloy.
 The while he press'd her hand and bade good-bye,
 Soon to return, she seal'd it with a sigh.
 T. took the style, and scour'd the shaggy heath,
 Half-glad, half-sad, yea scarce could think to breathe,
 For strange sensation clogg'd him with dismay,
 And said, perhaps, "ye 've parted hence for aye ;"
 Still hope extant increased and fill'd its place,
 And gain'd th' ascendant with a quick'ning pace.

And now his thoughts got centralized on God,
 At whose bright presence phantoms cease to bode,
 Who spread the boundless starry vault of heaven,
 Yea, points the lightning, as the cloud is riven;
 Who reigns and rules throughout infinite space
 The great, eternal, mighty God of grace ;
 Whose grand omnific power owns no control,
 The Cause and Guide of countless worlds that roll ;
 Infinite wisdom stamps His triune name,
 Yea, boundless knowledge tells His mighty claim.

The morn, still dark, the haze in squadrons lay,
 For ventus had return'd to chase 't away.
 It, like a host, had form'd to meet the charge,
 Aware that ventus' force was fierce and large.
 A time elapsed before he made the rush,
 T. did not wait to see the final crush;
 But homeward bent he pass'd the drummer's pool,
 Which still kept drumming like some tipsy fool.
 Tho' just the time whom goblins move abroad,
 No wispy-will allured him from the road.
 The owlet's screams, at times, fell on his ear,
 As hollow winds began to howl and steer.
 The distant hummings of the wat'ry mean
 Retold him that they were as they had been.

While in the west a single star broke through,
 But waned and twinkled till its rays withdrew.
 The fox gave out his dreary yelping song,
 A call to courtship, as he went along,
 And then the horned owl would sound his hoot,
 Which went afar, and told he was not mute.
 The wind, in gusts, sigh'd through the darkling trees,
 Which seem'd to war amidst th' inconstant breeze.
 The clock from yonder mansion told its twain,
 Which spread a solemn stillness o'er the plain,
 Which T. had left, as now he trod the glade,
 Where flocks find shelter, as a summer's shade.
 T. there, himself, had paused in recent days,
 But not that morn amidst such strange huzzas ;
 Yea, through the lawn he sped, while in that split,
 No elphin candles seem'd to dance and flit.
 These foul, nocturnal simples acted right,
 For none, up to this time, had hove in sight.
 But yet he had to cross the yawning glen,
 What might be there, was still beyond his ken.

Meanwhile, he gain'd the brow and downwards plied,
 As gusty winds show'd life, then calmy died.
 The rush of waters told the Esk was near,
 While, through the glen, the wind sigh'd lone and drear.
 Along the rocky banks it seem'd to play,
 Then startling whirl'd, as if in great dismay.
 And as he pass'd, it shook the stunted trees,
 Which seem'd so loath to be deprived of ease.
 There, in the bosom of that gulphy dell,
 The Esk has windings, more than T. can tell.
 In serpentine conformity it flows,
 Adorn'd with banks, where nature blooms and grows.
 As through the brake it streams, with murm'ring sound,
 The dipping willows seem to frisk, and bound ;
 The blushing rose, and languid there are seen ;

The broom, the sloe, the birch, in youthful green ;
 The mountain ash, adorn'd with scarlet clots ;
 The primrose blooms, within the hazel grots.
 No eye can once survey the fairy view,
 But must have longing to behold anew.
 'Twould cause a vast description to relate
 The seeming beauties there display'd in state.

The undulations of this fleeting life
 To some are many, t' others not so rife.
 And in the various tracks which thousands stroll,
 Each treads his own, and seeks the darkling goal.
 And that the vast economy of man
 Just represents kind nature's special plan;
 Both have their hazes, and their darksome nights ;
 Their vernal dews as radiant noontide lights ;
 Their trackless moors, their streams, with drumming pools ;
 Their owls, their gusty winds and Cupid's schools ;
 Their calms, their storms, their foxes, and their glades ;
 Their winter's shelters, as their summer's shades ;
 Their bleak and fertile plains, their countless creeks ;
 Their deep-sunk glens, as hills with snow-clad peaks ;
 Their subtle fairies, and their elphin lights ;—
 Scan well, ye 'll find that nature has its sprites.
 Throughout them, see, a striking sameness flows,
 As special times of labour and repose ;
 And shall obtain until the valve be closed,
 As T. had gain'd his bed and quickly dozed.

TO BUSYBODIES.

Some busybodies, men and women,
 Choke their minds with baneful gains,
 And think such stuff as sweet's a lemon,
 While surmises wrack their brains.

Much interested in their neighbour's
Goods and chattels, state, and place ;
And think to profit by such labours,
Which do yield hell-doom'd disgrace.

With putrid hearts, and double faces,
Subtle tongues, would make you feel ;
With such keen weapons slash fell traces,
In their honest neighbour's weal.

And slake their drought with evilspeaking,
Cram their maws with hellish spleen ;
Such dire combustion keeps them reeking,
Fumed are they, and seldom clean.

Unsated vultures, lank and greedy,
Always gorged, yet never done ;
For morbid carrion makes them needy,
Nought can cloy beneath the sun.

Although they often spew stale morsels,
Sour and loathsome to behold ;
As oft are glutted with such parcels,
Naseous, filthy, stinking old.

Such baleful gluttons can't be easy,
Cholic must abound within ;
So clogg'd with malice, rank, and greasy,
Must have itching in their skin.

They oft forget their own position,
Plotting well another's woe ;
And heedless sink into perdition,
As they waddle to and fro.

Their own affairs are not in question,
Others do engross their mind ;
And, though their faults might form a bastion,
Think themselves most pure and kind.

The thousand failings others handsel'd,
They could ne'er have done at all ;
If so, long since they have been cancell'd,
Wrapt in dark oblivion's pall.

But ah ! the foibles of their fellow,
Stem their vision's ravenous glare ;
They paint his faults black, green, and yellow,
Swell and send them everywhere.

From vast resources feed their choler,
To obeseness it has grown ;
Would change their souls, each for a dollar,
Pledge their brother's for a loan.

Thus certes they fulfil the maxim,
" Mind thy fellow as thy self,"
And with lame kindness often tax him,
Keenly laud his worth and pelf.

Not through the ardour of the Bible,
Prone their hearts to stygian wiles,
They think that Book's a musty libel,
Set with fables, gaps, and stiles ;

And gull themselves with this delusion,
Thinking they are not so bad ;
And go to rest with that conclusion,
Holding others vile and sad.

Such vague seducers should be shunted
From the moral line of life,
Until their rancour be well blunted,
Be they maiden, man, or wife.

And purge them of such gome so hateful,
As it shocks the goodly mind;
And mop them 'till they seem so grateful,
As the worthy, meek, and kind.

That gome pollutes the tangent passer,
As it stains the distant maid,
And chokes the brawny deep-toned basser,
Fumes the swain though wrapt in plaid.

Such banes do mar the healthful traffic,
As it glides along the way,
And are a cumbrance, stale, and graphic,
In this lighten'd sinful day.

Ye harpies, why annoy and pester?
Never sated, gaunt, ye grin;
Tho' gaily plumed, within ye fester,
Death itself shines through your skin.

But hold, I'm erring from my duty,
Shunt them not, that is a crime;
Let love prevail in pristine beauty,
Which shall last through endless time.

May Word and Spirit so renew them,
That the suff'rings of the cross
May melt their hearts and thus subdue them,
Justified and cleansed from dross.

May all share that mild renovation,
Subtle as the wind that blows,
And in God's word find recreation,
Not in scheming human woes.

And bear in mind the Saviour's mandate,
See that ye love each and all,
And caution well the froward bandit,
With a spirit free from gall.

Busybodies cease from prattling,
Strive to learn God's holy law,
And give it place in lieu of tattling,
Then shall love each other draw.

HOPE.

Hope is a spring of lasting joy
That flows thro' want and woe ;
It cheers the soul of erring man,
And bids the trav'ler go.

It soothes the toils and cares of life,
The heaven-ward course it steers ;
It prompts to action high and low,
And damps all doubts and fears.

It radiates the human mind,
With rays of purest light ;
It makes the heart redound with joy,
And cheers the drooping sight.

It hovers round the Christian's couch,
Until the soul is freed ;

And with divine consent it wings
The soul to heaven with speed.

It crowns the upward onward soul,
With palms of heavenly love ;
And clothes it with the wedding robe,
Bright emblem of the dove.

It opes the distant land to view,
Where God in beauty reigns ;
And gives the soul in charge to Him
Who bought it with His pains.

Hope is a spring of lasting joy,
Its origin's divine ;
It cheers the present, as the past,
And makes the future shine.

ROSLIN.

Descend ! O muse, and wonder, at the curious structur'd Fane ;
Behold the hoary Castle walls, tho' crumbling, yet remain.
In declination trace the Esk, and view the lonely linn,
Where moonbeams gild the wending stream, that spreads a
solemn din.

What agents can we mention, or what era claims the time,
Which roll'd and placed these boulders five to make
the waters chime ?
Had fulgent Eden flush'd the bloom, or man incurr'd
the woe ?—
With prudence I must draw the line, and gravely
answer, No.

Long 'fore old Eden's tenants had enjoy'd the blissful noon,
And there, in sinless imagery, display'd the short-
lived boon,
Denuding pluvial agency had sapp'd these pond'rous blocks,
By gravity, thus prone to fall, when torn from kindred rocks.

All hail! thou luscious hamlet, yea of thee my muse
shall sing,
And, o'er thy sylvan scenery, she'll soar on wanton wing ;
In spiral circles float and mount, imbued with love descend,
And fondly trace thy fairy dells, where summer's loath
to end.

Oft has my harp been hung untuned, exposed to calm
and breeze,
While nightly winds, with lonesome wail, sigh'd through
the glens and trees ;
Anon have touch'd its untense strings, which breathed
out dreary tones,
And join'd in concord with the night, with all its
plaints and moans.

But now, my harp shall be returned, in ecstacy I'll play,
And join, in concert, while I sing with Colin's rural lay ;
While glens, and caves, with keen response, shall echo
from afar,
And plains, and glades, and aged trees, sound the
symphonious bar.

Thence, Roslin's self shall skip and dance, the castle
laugh, and nod ;
The chalice'd fane shall bound and smile, in answer
to the God ;
The winding Esk, in cheerful strains, shall stream
throughout the linn,

And tombs, which stud the sexton's yard, shall cease
to stare and grin.

Revolving years do sap the mound, as endless forms
decay,

And youth and beauty fade alike, the handsome and the gay;
But thou, fair hamlet, seems to be akin to the sublime,
For years have only garnished thee, and shall through
swelling time.

Here tassell'd alders fringe the Esk, as stalwart trees
o'erhang,

And briars and brambles stretch and twine, adorn'd with
many a fang ;

And scarlet rowans deck the ash, in pendent clusters shown,
While ivy-berries in festoons throughout the banks are
strewn.

Behold the woodbines how they climb, and circumvolve the
stems,

And thus embrace the sapless trunks which time or place
condemns ;

While brawny limbs, with frondy boughs, do shade and
vault the vale,

Where lovers oft have passed the day, and owlets nightly wail.

Lo ! mark that thorn which stands apart into the glen sublime,
Impress'd and bent with rolling years, the stamp of subtle
time,

An emblem of the sage whose days are in the wanning leaf,
Soon may the baneful tempest howl, and fell the hoary chief.

Yet verdant hollies gem the banks, like cones of em'rald seen,
Whose vandyked leaves so lusciously display their glossy
sheen,

And like the virgin whose bright form seems polished to
 the last ;
 Oh ! spare such forms, ye orient gales, blight not that
 noble caste !

And low in the Crypt, silent, lonely, and pale,
 Lies the line of the noble St Clair ;
 The once sprightly fabrics, now deaf to the wail,
 Of the night-raven's doubtful despair.
 And long will they be thus consign'd to the fane,
 In whose dark mouldy antres they sleep,
 And their mould'ring residue long shall remain,
 As the vaults seem to languish and weep.

While matins at times shall ascend to the throne,
 Like the mild blended shades of the bow ;
 And vespers in beauty shall tow'r like the cone,
 While the fane's festoon'd bosom shall glow.
 And worshippers calmy shall kneel at the shrine,
 And adore as the King looketh down ;
 And the fane shall be stream'd with a glory divine,
 And imbued with a lasting renown.

For beauties new dawn on the sense from every sylvan nook ;
 Along the banks, adown the vale, the woodbine wreaths the
 crook ;
 And flow'ry coignes exalt the mind as mottled blooms abound ;
 On gow'ny leas the bluebells hang as crowflowers bask around.

And here the rose seems deeper tinged with nature's glowing
 hue ;
 The pallid seems to me more pale whene'er I look anew ;
 The bluebell's azure richer grows, the primrose deigns to vie ;
 The vi'let seems imbued with love, the broom to daze the eye.

While stately trees, throughout the scene, in harmony preside,
 And fondly seem to shield the spot with reverential pride;
 While their majestic umbrage fans the hazel, birch, and sloe,
 As mountain-ash, and hoary thorn, in grandeur seem to bow.

And braky knolls adorn'd in full, with blossoms richly mild,
 Thus gemm'd with pinks of various hues the choicest of the
 wild,
 And harmonized with warblers rare, like pilgrims they've
 come far,
 There to enjoy connubial love 'neath Roslin's genial star.

There sits the famed castle sublimely at ease,
 On an arenose conical throne;
 So dense, yea, adorn'd, with a pall made to please,
 Spun and wove by old nature alone.

What changes have rung since the songs of the brave,
 And been chimed 'midst these massive-built walls;
 And mirth, dance, and music, like wave kissing wave,
 Gently stream'd, and responded the calls.

While mild manly figures did mingle in dance,
 With the fairest that nature could yield;
 But else see them mail'd to the foe they advance,
 With a prowess their conquests have seal'd.

Ah ! changed are the days ; lo ! the castle's lone vaults
 Seem to drowse all bespangled with tears ;
 Yet Roslin, thy fame shall distil, as it malts,
 Down the winding of dark future years.

Still shall the linn, in grandeur reign when centuries have fled,
 And men unborn shall laud the fame which Roslin's hero
 bred;

Until some future cycle may with terrors in it frown,
Try to obscure old Roslin's fame, or blight St Clair's renown,

Ay nature's boons throughout thy bounds are circumfusely
spread,

Where thousands long to feast on scenes where millions more
have fed.

And lofty trees around thee bow, while some adoring kneel,
Yea, all seem fond to cherish thee, and nurse romantic zeal.

Farewell to thee fair Roslin, yea, all-hail to thee and thine !
Long may thy Baron and thyself 'midst peace and plenty shine.
Still may thy relics yield delight, through days and years
unborn,

To those who venerate thy name, all beauteous as the morn.

Then coming cycles may revolve, and time itself wax hoar,
And direful changes stun the sense, and woes condignly pour;
Still shall thy fame untarnish'd flow throughout that dismal
gloom,

And only come to be no more when time shall cease to bloom !

TO H——.

Sweet theme of my muse, thou art ever so dear ;
Thy words are a solace and balm to mine ear,
Like exquisite tones from the harp play'd in tune,
And they thrill through my heart to its innermost lune.

The leaves of the holly, refreshing to sense,
Retain all the splendour through winters intense,
Unchanging in seasons, still fresh they appear,
So thy words are a solace and balm to mine ear.

The snowdrop, in winter, its modest head hangs,
Adorns the cold grave where its beauty gives pangs ;—
In adversity's winter thy beauties appear,
And thy words prove a solace and balm to mine ear.

As the ivy that clings to yon old stately wall,
Still clings to the last, till it moulder and fall,
So with you, and those given us, till death doth us part,
Thy words still shall solace and comfort my heart!





