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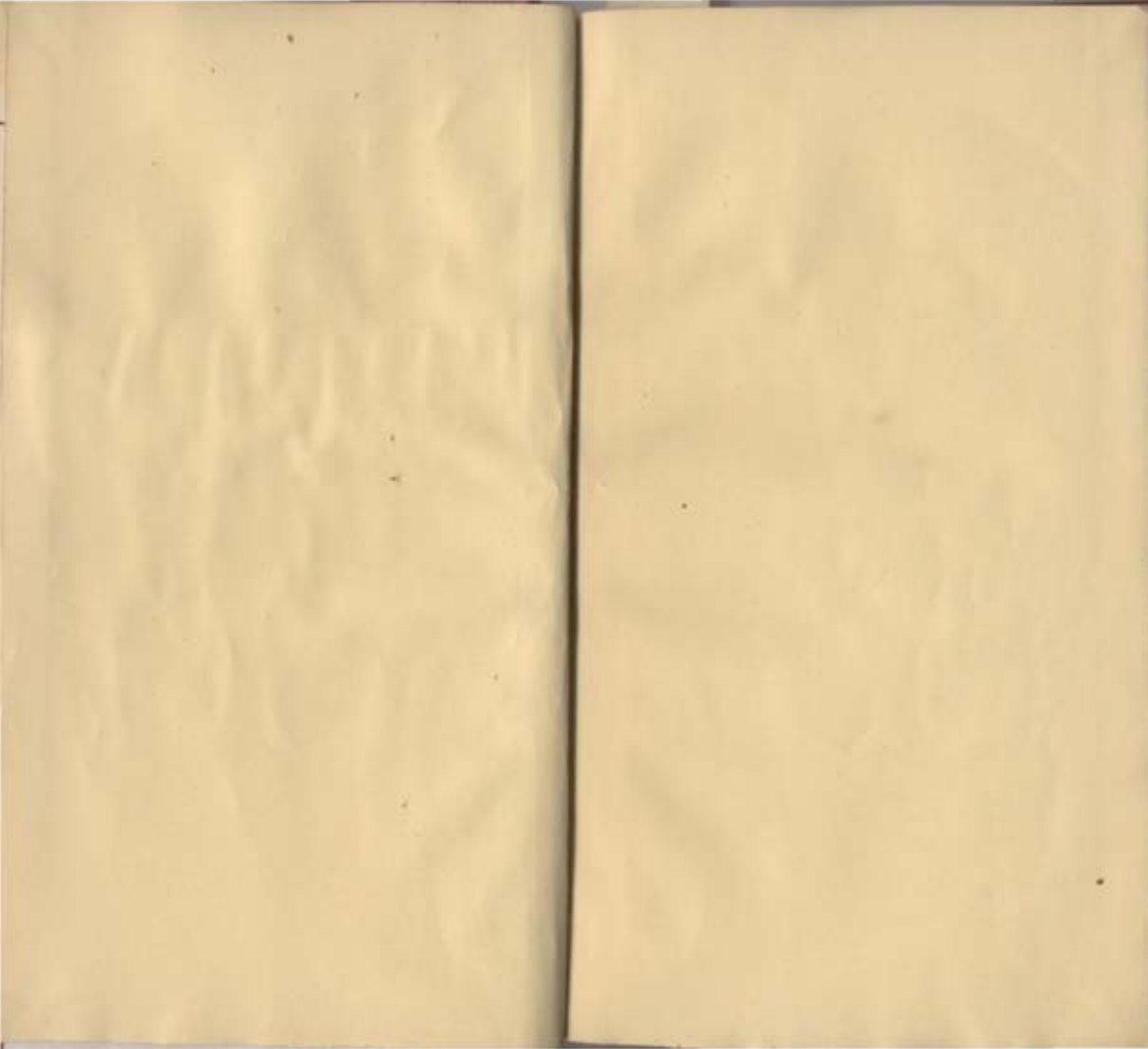
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Use Manual Issue

SAME DAY LOAN

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POETICAL ATTEMPTS,

BY

HUGH PORTER,

A COUNTY OF DOWN

WEAVER,

Then marvel not, if he should stammer,
Who never even read a Grammar.

BELFAST:

PRINTED FOR ARCHBOLD AND DUGAN,

BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,

Dungall-street.

1813.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON. EARL OF MOIRA,
LORD HASTINGS, K.G. K.T.

Sc. Sc. Sc. Sc.

WHEN a Patron was sought, to whose protection the Editor should commit these Poetical Attempts, it naturally occurred to him that a weak and tender plant of the County of Down could not thrive in any situation so well as under the fostering shelter of the prime growth of its soil:—the lowly and creeping ivy raises its head and even flourishes when supported by the strength of the majestic oak.

In permitting the following pages to be brought to light under your Lordship's protection, you have manifested a kind and charitable disposition, and have shown a condescension to matters of minor import, while the empire was turning their eyes towards you, as the Statesman who was to deliver, by your counsel, the vessel of the constitution from its perilous situation, or as the Warrior who was to chastise its insolent and ambitious enemy. No expectation of adding to your Lordship's far extended fame has caused the present address; but a desire of seizing an opportunity of publicly acknowledging unmerited favours conferred by your Lordship, on your much obliged and grateful servant,

THE EDITOR.

APOLOGETICAL ADDRESS

TO THE READER.

AS the Editor of the following pages must, he fears, be considered in a light different from any person that has ever undertaken a similar task, he thinks it incumbent on him to explain by what means he has been induced to come before the public in a character so peculiarly awkward as the publisher of his own praise, in which light he appears by editing these poetical attempts.

The Author, a linen weaver, who resides in the parish of which the editor has been thirty-four years minister, was known to him only by name and general character, till about thirteen years since, when the poem which appears first in the collection was presented to him. He could not but perceive marks of genius in the production, and he felt inclined to cultivate an acquaintance with the author. Poem succeeded poem from the same hand; some of these were shown to well known literary characters (among

whom was the RIGHT REV. DR. PEARCE, the editor's venerable Diocesan) and the editor was by them encouraged to collect, and to publish for the benefit of the author, the scattered productions of his humble muse: that he should submit to the judgment of that enlightened and highly respected man the late Bishop of Dromore is not wonderful; the literary talents of that esteemed character have been conspicuous for above half a century, but his amiable and social qualities have for the last thirty years been confined chiefly within his diocese; there his worth was known and prized; his liberality towards those who on religious subjects differed from him in sentiment, was in the highest degree conciliating; his philanthropy was so unbounded as to exclude none from a participation in his favours: his attention to merit in every shape and under every appearance was unlimited; not the least spark of genius or moral goodness was suffered to expire under his discerning powers; he fanned into a flame the humblest attempt of the weakest muse, and encouraged the efforts of the deserving in every line.—The editor would not be suspected by those who are acquainted with him, of being a panegyrist, even were the subject of his praise living; but bringing into view some of the traits of the late Bishop's character, he hopes to screen himself from public censure, by observing that he submitted to his Lordship's maturer judgment in laying aside his delicate feelings, and coming forward, after his praiseworthy example, as a protector of modest

worth; even a wish expressed by such a man as the Bishop could not fail to have weight with the editor, and be prepared to gratify that wish, as he conceived that his Lordship's approbation was a sufficient indication of the author's merit; yet he permitted more than two years to elapse in doubt and irresolution; the prominent part which he himself bore in the productions of HUGH PORTER caused this irresolution; he wished that some other person should have come forward, but that person was not found.—The hopes of the author (now in a nervous state) though at first raised very high, became, from the delay, bordering on despair, as may be seen in some of his productions, and the editor began to feel that he was not treating his modest worth as it merited....The reader is entreated to consider, that independent of his genius, the author is a very estimable character, that from an increasing weakness of constitution he is disqualified from supporting a wife and children by sufficient manual exertion, and he will acknowledge it became a more imperious duty on the editor not to shrink from the task, but to overcome the reluctance he felt, and to help to exhilarate the evening of the author's life by raising a little fund for that purpose, in a manner the most agreeable to his feelings, by exhibiting the energies and grateful effusions of his own mind...Whether this explanation will sufficiently excuse the editor in the eye of the public he cannot say; on the candour of his READERS he can rest; and the number

of distinguished subscribers who have encouraged the publication, have sanctioned it with their high authority. Should any incline to censure, he must have recourse to his own feelings which tell him he is right; for if through timidity or delicacy on his part a deserving member of society should suffer in mind or property, his sensations would be more painful than he can express. In a country where every exertion in behalf of worth or merit is sure to meet with encouragement, the editor of this little work has no fear that his endeavours to rescue from oblivion the well-meant effusions of the untaught and unlettered muse, will be without their reward.—The poetical attempts of a County of Down Weaver are now sent into the world as they came from his own pen, unaltered by the Editor, “with all their imperfections on their head;” should the keen critic count them worthy of his notice, and feel a desire of finding fault with the innocent sallies of his rustic muse, let him be prevailed on to spare the Author, and throw the blame, where it should rest, on

THE EDITOR.

1st. January, 1812.

is

THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION,

TO THE RIGHT HON. EARL OF MOIRA.

—ooooo—

MY LORD,

AS some weak harmless lame-spun wretch,
Unfit to cope wth e'en his match,
Yet sees assembling crowds—in strife
Which o' them first will take his life,
Looks round him for some generous friend
That may his innocence defend:

Now, such an one as this he sees—
But though his very vitals freeze
At thoughts of dire approaching blows,
And though his wish'd-for help he knows
To be intent on generous deeds,
Yet fears to ask what most he needs:
So I, in long suspense have stood,
Aw'd by the snarling Critic brood,
Elate with scientific pride;
But now since MOIRA joins my side,
Protected by that sheltering shield,
I'll brave the fiercest on the field,
Repenting still, where e'er I go—
If HE say ay, who dare say no.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

READER,

SINCE ye has gie'n your five an' sixpence,
 For this bit Beuk, that's no worth tippence;
 Anither page or twa o' paper,
 Wad mak it ye least something cheaper;
 At least mak usis o't for the money—
 Say, shall I then impose't upon ye?
 • Yes, if ye please, and after a'
 • Five shillin' will be thrown awa.
 • But stop—I think I have enough,
 • I b'live owre muckle o' sic stuff;
 • Yet, neither here nor there a leaf is;
 • Come, gie's it in the way o' preface.

First then, I naething write by rule,
 For o' the knowledge taught at school
 Mine was a very scanty share,
 I only learu'd the letters there;
 Yet, by degrees, wi' tentie head,
 At leisure hours I came to read;
 And thus, by bit an' bit I grew
 That I could write a little too,
 A willin' mind a deal can do.

And secondly, plain truth to tell,
 I made my sangs to please my sel',
 My dearest worthy frien's, and ithers
 No' just sae dear, but rhyming' brithers
 To whom, just as they are, I sent them,
 But never for the public meant them.

And thirdly, in the style appears
 The accent o' my early years,
 Which is nor Scotch nor English either,
 But part o' baith mix'd up thegither:
 Yet its the sort my neighbours use,
 Wha think shoon prettier far than shoes.

But fourthly, for I'm keen to close—
 ' Do—do—ye'll say—an' do't in prose
 ' For flesh an' bluid can bear nae langer,
 ' This doggerel sang a saint wuld anger.'

Content am I, and for the Muse,
 I'm sure she's glad to hear the news.

Then fourthly, as I said before,
 (But whist—for I must rhyme no more)
 If I be guilty of plagerism, it is only where I am
 unable to distinguish between the imagination and
 memory.

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The distance at which the Author and Editor live from the press, must be received as an apology for many errors in the printing; of which the following are the principal:—

Page	line	I <i>dele</i> that	read <i>oftimes</i>
— 31	— 13	for oftimes	— <i>oftimes</i>
— 41	— 8	— now	— <i>now</i>
— 44	— 5	— TV	— <i>To</i>
— —	— 7	— keep	— <i>keep</i>
— —	— 14	— misain	— <i>misain</i>
— 47	— 9	— ham's	— <i>ham's</i>
— 48	— 13	— and	— <i>I</i>
— —	— 20	— prevail	— <i>prevail</i>
— 50	— 10	— O	— <i>O of</i>
— 71	— 17	& elsewhere, for ay	— <i>ay</i>
— —	— —	for he'll	— <i>will</i>
— 79	— 2	— the	— <i>they</i>
— —	— 3	— breathe	— <i>breathe</i>
— 80	— 18	— a quotation "	— "
— 85	— 2	— truly	— <i>guilty</i>
— 90	— 12	— Bruce's	— <i>Bruce's</i>
— 108	— 11	— hopeless	— <i>hopeless</i>
— 109	— 8	— desire	— <i>desire</i>
— 111	— 7	— trodgin	— <i>trodgin</i>
— 114	— 4	from bottom, for fy	— <i>fy</i>
— 124	— 7	for Danb	— <i>Danb</i>
— 128	— 7	— sympathetic	— <i>sympathetic</i>
— 146	— 2	— win	— <i>win</i>
— 185	— 10	from bottom, after lesson, a pause	—

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

PARSON'S HILL.

REVEREND SIR,

I WOULD be laith,

Your honour in the least to skaith,

Tho' I repining bend beneath

The want of rare things;

But ye hae wealth and honour baith

An' mony mair things.

Few persons that can wi' you compare
 In what the great and worthy share,
 Yet och ! if I had but the lea'r

That ye hae gotten,
 I would not value a' your gear
 An eyeless button.

For then I could laith write and spell,
 An' speak, and leuk, grammatical,
 An' would sic rhyming blethers tell
 'Tween truth and lies,
 As Maister Dick, or e'en yoursel',
 Might may-be please.

But let us first our tale declare :
 Ae Sunday night to banish care,
 I to your dwelling-house repair,
 Wi' right guid will,
 An' if it was for sake o' prayer
 That's better still.

I entered in your parlour door,
 And as I stalked owre the floor,
 I saw—but sic a sight before
 I ne'er had seen,
 A thousand beuks I'm sure, and more,
 Surpriz'd my een.

Thought I—if e'er it be my lot
 To be a prisoner—here's the spot
 Of a' the world I would have got
 To be my jail,
 Here heart-corroding care should not
 My soul assail :

I could spen' mony a cheerfu' summer
 To crack wi' Virgil, Pope, an' Homer,
 It raises in my brain a rumour
 To hear them talk'd o' ;
 But waes my heart—what fits my humour
 I'm often baulk'd o' ;

While I survey'd this pompous pile,
O' beuks in order, rank and file,
This sweet reflection made me smile

 He's condescendin',
An' will, perhaps, for a short while
 Vouchsafe to lend aue.

Among the rest that me attracts
There's aue, of which I hear great cracks,
An' that's the "Elegant Extracts,"
 So, if ye hae it,
Your humble Rhymers, Sir, expects,
 Or hopes ye'll gie it.

I'll read as much o't as I can,
An' what I canna read—maun stan',
I'll keep it clean wi' carefu' han',
 Nor tear nor burn it,
An' ony time that you deman',
 I will return it.

Now gin your Reverence would please
To grant me this but twa-three days,
I'll teach the lanely barns and braes
 The heights an' hollows,
To join wi' me in Scottish lays,
 An' sing as follows :

Oh! may your Reverence be blest
Wi' health, an' strength, an' peace, an' rest;
An' may contention ne'er infest
 Your social meetings,
But mutual love be aye exprest
 In kindly greetings;

An' may ye lang enjoy wi' credit,
The douse black gown, for weel ye set it,
May nane ye wish weel e'er be fretit,
 I pray most fervent,
For want of lear, or means to get it
 As is your servant,

July, 1759.

HUGH PORTER.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

PARSON'S HILL.

I THANK ye, Sir, for your "Extracts,"
 As gratefully as can be,
 An' till the golden bowl it brakes
 What ance I say I'll stan' by,
 Though I'm owre apt mysel' to vex,
 I'm sometimes blythe as brandy,
 Sometimes I read, an' gather cracks
 Frae Larry's "Tristram Shandy."
 Sometimes I rake along a rill,
 And ither times I stan' there,
 Sometimes I think on Parson's Hill,
 But mair upon the Man there,
 Wha first indulg'd my tinklin skill
 An' took me by the han' there,

An' ca'd me frien' wi' free guid will
 An' frien'ship firm I fan' there.
 I own I dream'd o' sina' success,
 Before I was acquainted
 Wi' you or your true nobleness,
 Yet my request was granted,
 I got, I frankly maun confess,
 The very thing I wanted,
 I sought nae mair—I got nae less,
 Right suddenly ye sent it.
 For loss o' glory, or o' gear,
 I stan' in little danger,
 For to the twa I'll frankly swear
 I'm still a down-right stranger;
 Nae wonner he wad fortune fear
 That never friendly finds her,
 For she's or deaf, or winna hear,
 Or partial passion blinds her.

If I had by some lucky lot,
 Been born in sic a station,
 Where I might timeously hae got
 A mod'rate education,
 And some sequester'd lonely cot
 Wi' beuks o' information—
 Say, Rector, would I've had or not
 A sweeter situation.

Nae doubt ye'll say, P****, poor deil,
 For some self en's is clatt'rin',
 But ablin time might gar you feel
 I hae nae thought o' flatt'rin',
 When ilka lassie at her wheel,
 An' ilka aged matron,
 Shall sing, the Reverend Rector chiel
 Is now the Rhymer's Patron.

Sud fortune in a fit o' wrath
 This speech to you deliver,

• Wi' P****, Sir, your gear an' graith,
 • Ye maun exchange for ever,
 I doubt your honour wad be laith
 To knuckle to the niffer;
 Yet if the skin were aff us baith
 There wad be little differ.

• Your pardon, Sir, for makin' free,
 I own that I hae said ill,
 But yet I hope ye will forgie
 My random written schedule:
 For manners ye may plainly see
 I learn'd upon the treadle,
 An' for my state, my stats an' me
 Hae squabb'd frae the cradle.

If my unruly muse hae been
 Owre forward, I'll correct her,
 An' just before your Reverend een,
 Her noddle, here I'll fracture,
 For sure the like was never seen
 By the most sage inspector:

A frien'liness commene'd between

A Rhymer and a Rector.

Sud ill fate 'mang my barmy brain,

I'll never swing for awervin',

For o' a' ye possess—in plain

Me thinks ye're weel deservin' ;

A flattin' lie I winna feign,

Tho' I sud die in starvin',

What I was still, I still remain,

Your rhymin' crack-skull servan' ;

September, 1799.

HUGH PORTER

TO REVEREND T. T.

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SOME WEEKS.

Come my auld hide-bound Muse, draw near,

An' welcome hame our Maister dear,

For he it seems, has na been here

This month an' mair ;

We'll then salute him wi' this cheer,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

How com'st, my Muse, ye take the gait

At sic a sober cauld-rife rate,

Resume your wonted, wished-for state,

An' void o' care,

Let ev'ry stanza terminate,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

To tell the truth unfeignedly—

Indeed my heart was somewhat wae

To hear that Master Richard lay

Baith sick an' sair ;

But since he's weel—again I say,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

Ye hae been i' the royal city,

Amang the wealthy an' the witty,

An' far-fetch'd compliments an' pretty,

Are plenty there ;

But this is just a hame-spun ditty,—

Ye're welcome, Sir.

I need na talk about your entry

Amang the noble Dublin gentry,

'Twad keep me scribbling near a cent'ry,

This to declare ;

I'll just speak for my native country,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

God save the Rector, is a sang

That's learn'd long-syne—dear kens how lang

To greet your lugs as by ye gang ;

Whilst I prepare,

To give the echo to the thrang,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

I think, indeed, without a lie,

There's nane of any ae degree

But what will strive to join with me,

Wi' heart sincere ;

Nobles, and Squires, and Peasantry,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

While some, wi' slec an' cantie art

Do sing to please ye—for my part,

It was your safe return that gart

My Musie stiz,

An' tune this greeting frae the heart,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

At times, when I the Muse invoke

I just steal out frae 'mang the folk ;

Ye ken the bush beside the rock,

I trow 'twas there,

By her directed, thus I spoke,

"Ye're welcome, Sir."

Here often in the blaze of bliss,

I meet with the Parnassian Miss,

An' there I toy, and court, an' kin,

An' crack wi' her ;

An' there she bid me scribble this,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

I'll ne'er forget the sweet wee whiles,

I spend wi' her 'mang woodie wilds,

Her pretty gleesome dainty smiles

I'll aye revere ;

This oft the tardie time beguiles,

Ye're welcome, Sir.

I make na this rhyming report
For ony ends, but just for sport;
I'll min' December twenty-fort,

For ever mair;

But to make a long story short,
Ye're welcome, Sir.

That Gude may bless you a' your days,
An' grant you meat, an' drink, and claes,
An' aye defend you frae your faes,

Is P-----'s prayer;

An' now to read your Bantle's lays,
You're welcome, Sir.

26 December, 1802.



ON THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,

11 FEBRUARY, 1804.

O! BUT the fountain-head o' day
Shines bright this morn,
The south-east side o' many a brae
His beams adorn;

An' yet lang-headed bodies hae
Baith said and sworn,
E'er ye send forth your noon-tide ray,
Ye'll be forlorn.

Oh! but it is a pity ye
Sud thole disgrace,
Or that in masquerade sud be

Sae fair a face;—
Methinks that ither orbs to thee
Sud a' gie place,
An' let you always tak' and gie
Your will o' space.

Fy on ye, moon, they say its you
That does this deed,

That fills the kintra, thro' an' thro'
Wi' fellon dread;

Our tim'rous spirits to subdue

Ye strive to cleed
His life invigoratin' hue
In mournin' weed.

Come o' us wretches here what will,
Ye dinna care,

Gin ye by wiles can keep yourself
 Frae blot and scare;
 In brightness, ye would fain excel
 A' orbs that are,
 But bide some twa-three months, we'll tell
 What's then your share.

Within this while as mickle skaith
 Yourself has fan',
 Your visage was as dark as death,
 Whar' ye did stan';
 To rip auld sairs, I wad be laith
 To tak' in han',
 But ye hae shawn sae mickle wrath,
 Owre a' the lan'.

Ye ought to be content to shine
 In your ain sphere,
 An' no to make us mortals dwine
 In darkness here;
 Since ye in the dependant line,
 Get a' your gear,
 It fits ye weel, and a' your kin'
 To keep the rear.

Ye min' me o' ambitious man
 That's never right,
 Gin ony ither chap be fan'
 To shine mair bright;
 He'll mak' his merits, if he can,
 As dark as night,
 That foremost, he himsel' may stan'
 In glorious light.

But frae this time, I warn ye fairly,
 To keep awa
 Frae aff his suburbs, late and early,
 A mile or twa;
 For pay your debt, you'll blink but barely
 Aboon the ba';
 Your fickle face will leuk but queerly,
 An' far frae braw.

Whene'er yon glorious globe is set,
 Then wear the crown;
 But at his rise, what power ye get
 Ye maun lay down;

Suppose alternately ye're let
 Blink there aboon,
 I hope, my lass, ye'll no' forget
 Ye're but a Moon!

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

We talk o' ha'in' hoards o' treasure,
 That we may live a life o' leisure,
 An' pass our days in peace an' pleasure,
 Void o' vexation;
 But seldom do we min' to measure
 Their short duration.
 E'en frien'ship, that baith was, and is,
 Oftimes a pure an' lastin' blis,
 Takes wings like wealth, an' wi' a biz,
 Bounds quite away;
 I saw a noble proof o' this
 The ither day:

A sorry heart I had, to spy
 Your Reverence ride the door check by,

An' no' to tell the reason why
 I was forgotten;
 Before I'm sick, I see that I
 Am dead an' rotten.

Better to never be respected,
 Than afterwards to be rejected,
 For instantly we're a' infected,
 Heart, head, an' han';
 Much war we could na' be afflicted
 By mortal man.

'Mang mis'ry's posts, whar I did sit,
 My tongue took sic a faltrin' fit,
 I thought the wee remains o' wit
 I had, was quat me;
 Most Noble Rector, what is it
 That ails ye at me!

I did na want ye to come in,
 Nor much to mind my mither's sin,
 Yet ye might said, is sic na anc
 Alive or dead;

But like a man to save his skin

Ye fled wi' speed.

Weel, since my pass-time's at an en',

I'll spill my ink an' burn my pen,

For wha amang the sons o' men

Will ever mis' me ?

Since Rev'rend T****, my firmest frien',

Has now resign'd me.

How joyfu' was my heart, ere while,

When ye wad meet me wi' a smile,

Ye'd first shake han's, in kindly stile,

An' then hae cracked

As lang as ane could gape a mile

Ye wad na slacked.

'Mang ither things, ye whiles wad say,

What way comes on the Mine the day ?

Is she dung dumb, or what's the lay

That's now her cure ?

Oh ! are these glorious scenes away

For ever mair ?

But gin they be, I canna men' it,

Tho' deep in darkness, here I pen it,

The deafest lug ye hae shall ken it,

Come next what will ;

Therefore, I vow to GEORGE, I'll sen' it

To Parson's Hill.

August, 1804.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

O THOU ! on mischief ever bent,

As far condemn'd, as weel ye're kent ;

Few fellows will the loss lament,

When Grumphie gets ye ;

It seems ye hae been born in lent,

For a' flesh hates ye.

And O ! that ye had never yet

Been born, to keep my heart sae het,

Or had I been endow'd wi' wit

To keep far frae ye ;

For sure on earth, there's nane less fit

To wingle wi' ye.

O happy ye ! wha daily drudge
 Tho' dirt an' dung, without a grudge,
 Nor hope, nor fear, can e'er dislodge

 Your sluggish pace ;
 As deaf to honour, on ye trudge,
 As to disgrace.

Ye miserable, happy wretches,
 Nae canker on your conscience catches—
 Nae sic repose the thinker thatches

 Frae fear or fright ;
 But he or weeps, perhaps, or watches
 The live-lang night.

Ye're hale an' healthie now, an' therefore,
 Nae matter what comes next, or wherefore,
 What crams your kits, is a' ye care for
 To taste or touch ;

An' what we can be wantin' mair for,
 Ye marvel much.

Weel, happy be, ye peacefu' pack ye,
 Happy as blockishness can mak' ye,

An' may vexation ne'er owertak' ye,
 To gar ye grane,
 Nor blasted hopes, like mine, distract ye,
 Amen, amen.

TO REVEREND B. W. M.

DEAR REVEREND BEN,
 I'm tauld you mean
 To be nae mair amang us,
 A new addition to the train
 Of ills, that daily thrang us.

This hunted me away yestreen
 To Parson's Hill, right speedie,
 That I for ance might feast my een
 On you, and your fair lady.

But lugs, forsooth, as well as een,
 Were bravely entertained,
 And a' my secrets, leigh an' clean,
 Were openly explained ;

This het my heart, tho' it was caul',
 An' hard as flint, an' harder,
 Where I stood trembling in the hall,
 An' durst na mint nae farder.

I sigh'd, an' said wi' little din,
 (The crystal tears they fell tho'),
 Be wi' the time I had been in,
 An' sitting at his elbow.

But yet, his Reverence does na' stick
 His blessing for to gie us,
 To strengthen us anent auld Nick,
 Now when he's gaen to lea' us.

Had fortune in the least thee wrang'd,
 It wad been grun' for grumblin',
 But lumps of dainty luck she whang'd,
 And toss'd them to you tumblin'.

So that what lease o' life was gi'en
 By fate, ye might hae spent it
 Wi' Reverend T****, the man, the frien',
 An' dously been contented.

For had I fifty thousand pun'
 A year, o' ready money,
 An' life as lang as Enoch's son,
 I'd seek nae ither croonie.

But here I'm buried up alive,
 Wi' crowds o' cares contendin',
 Trampled beneath a hateful live
 O' wretches, unbefriendin';

Whar pleasure never gies a blink
 On saul or body either;
 An' black potatoes, a' the link
 That hauds the twa thegither.

So here I sit, misfortune's bairn,
 Lamentin', unlamented,
 Exertin' a' my powers to learn—
 Frien'less, to be contented.

But whether ye or stay, or go,
 May nae sic ills betide ye,
 An' round you aye, may pleasures flow,
 An' round your bonny bride.

Wi' saut tears tricklin' frae may een,
 My last adieu I gie ye—
 Fareweel my ever-honour'd frien',
 May a' that's gude be wi' ye.

21st October, 1805.

—♦—
 A SONG ON MARRIAGE.
 —♦—

THE day is come, my bonny bride,
 That ye're my ain, and a' that,
 Till death, we maun thegither bide:
 They say, it is the law that,
 The law that, the law that—
 It is an unco law that,
 The knot that tyes for life, it is
 A knot that winna draw, that.
 Weel, since it's sae, we'll ne'er complain,
 Nor ban our stars, an' a' that,
 When love and frien'ship form the chain,
 It never gies a ga' that,

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our kin'red sauls, an' a' that,
 Are baith now souther'd up in aye—
 It's love without a flaw, that.

There are o' ilka ne degree,
 Would curse oor state, an' a' that,
 Wha wadna toil to plant the tree,
 Would pow the fruit for a that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They're like the Cat, an' a' that,
 "That wadna wat her fit" for fish,
 But yet wad eat, for a' that.

They'll swear wi' love, they're like to dee,
 But wait a wee, for a' that;
 Gie them their will, they'll may be see,
 They're no' as ill as a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They'll deel, an' damn, an' a' that,
 To ruin some poor orphan thing
 That's no' awar o' a' that.

They'll grunt, an' grane, an' greet, an' glower,
 An' plot, an' scheme, an' a' that,

Their chastity to riot owre,
 Then fare ye weel, for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's lang owre late, for a' that,
 T' speak about a wadin' day,
 Gude faith, they'll keep awa' that.

But let them keep their heart within,
 When life's weel worn, an' a' that
 An' there they'll find a sting behin',
 Will wound their peace for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Tho' they repent, an' a' that,
 Wi' bitter tears, an' sorry hearts,
 It wianna sair for a' that.

But we, each ither's hearts shall keep
 Frae care, an' woe, an' a' that—
 Tho' some may think we're ty'd like sheep,
 They're far mistain, for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that;
 We're no' see bun' as a' that:
 The ban's are sweet—when love's the law
 Its no' like ban's awa, that.

We'll steal thro' life, unknown to time,
 In innocence, an' a' that,

An' if we live without a crime,
 'Twill mak' us dee right braw, that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 There is a place an' a' that,
 Prepar'd for sic aboon the lift—
 The realms of bliss, they ca' that.

Sud death, each ither part us frae,
 There's comfort here for a' that;
 Fall on the verge of perfect day,
 We'll meet again, for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that;—
 If ye maun sit, an' a' that,
 Ye Mammonites, an' quat your cash,
 'Twill drive your wits awa, that.

THE BARD.

BEHOLD the rustic Bard, O ye t
 Wha' fortune, frownin', seldom see,
 Wha's coffers daily swell,
 See pale-fac'd Age, an' Want arise,
 An' daring dance before his eyes,
 Meager an' mirk as hell;

Thus hector'd, half his face appears,
 In rigs an' shrougs already,
 Which mak' him aulder than his years,
 An' aulder than his daddie;
 His sun how its run now,
 Far west, ere he's awar';
 Now dead is, an' fled his
 Meridian summer star.

When Winter storms, he stan's aglast,
 To hear the desolatin' blast,
 Loud thund'rin' thro' the trees,
 Which, like himsel', are leafless left,
 Direct before the drivin' drift,
 To bear each bitter breeze;
 Nor is he free frae this assail,
 Within his crazy biggin';
 For even there, the pond'rous hail
 Can thump him thro' the riggin';
 Yet there he, can share free
 Contentment, in a sense,
 For a' we're to ca' gear,
 He has it, but the pence.

If in a snawie winter night,
 Ye watch the workin's o' the wight,
 Ye'll marvel what he's meanin',
 Whar he sits nestel'd i' the neuk,
 Whiles blinkin', may be, on a benk,
 Whiles on his elbow leanin',
 Whiles when a tunefu' notion comes,
 He's scribblin' wi' his pen;
 Anon he flings it by, an' hum's
 O' Shakspeare, klog of men!
 Tears thick now, an' quick how
 They canter frae his een,
 Then sad-like, an' mad-like,
 He'll ban his stars in teen.

An' then, if crosses should him crush,
 Or trains o' troubles on him rush,
 In a promiscuous thrang,
 (For sic, nae strangers are to him),
 He'll either hail them wi' a hymn,
 Or sooth them wi' a sang;
 Or should his daily visitant*
 About his pillow prance,

* Misfortune.

An' there, in frightful form, present
 Her iron countenance,
 To smother, an' bother
 The melancholy croon,
 A sonnet, upon it,
 He'll mutter to the Moon.

Then at the summer's sweet return,
 Low by the brink o' some bit burn,
 Or on some grassy bae,
 Reclin'd he lies, wi' up-turn'd ear,
 And een half steek'd, intent to hear

The lark's melodious lay;
 In this delirium, deep and ween,
 Foll monie a day he spen's,
 Till gray-ey'd glomin' shut the scene
 Upon him, ere he keeps;
 His heart then, will start when
 He hears the wakerife rail;
 Devotion's emotions,
 O'er all his pow'rs prevail.

Then he can sit nae longer still,
 But up he gets, an' roun' the hill

He steps sedately slow,
 Straight to the weel-kent creek he hies,
 While trains of bright ideas rise
 With many a grateful glow,
 There prostrate falls—but O! what tongue,
 What language could declare,
 What Cowper, Milton, or what Young,
 Could paint his powerful prayer?

Then peaceful, an' graceful,
 Frae 'mang the blossom'd broom,
 He danders, an' wanders
 Towards his little home.

Thus spends the peaceful Bard his days,
 With gratitude's refulgent rays
 Bright beaming in his breast,
 Till Morpheus, ever friendly, brings
 Sweet solace on his downy wings,
 An' lulls him into rest;
 Then streekit on his strawy bed,
 He lies, an' sleeps as soon'
 As royal Geordie ever did
 Upon his bed of down:

A stranger to danger,
 An' fear of foreign force—
 No traitor lies wait, for
 To drain an' empty purse.

O ye! wha bask in Fortune's ray,
 An' row in rowth, frae day to day,
 Wha's path-way, pleasure paves;
 How (shame upon ye), can ye stan' out
 An' heap preferment on a clan
 O saucy, senseless knaves;
 An' frien'less leave the simple Bard
 Among the rustic boors,
 And say his palate's no prepar'd
 For dainty bits like yours;
 For nature, the creature
 Has form'd plebeian, rude—
 Not so, we—for lo! we
 Are noble, great, an' good.
 Weel, weel, to let the contest be,
 Ye're as ye are, and so is he,
 An' that's nae great affair;

Tho' tramp'd beneath your pow'ful paws,
 He has an honest heart, whereas—
 But I dare say nae mair,
 Because I ken, he hasna cash
 To qualify his pouch,
 Or else, aneath your tinkler snash,
 He wadna hae to crouch;
 Yet honour, her banner
 Might wave aboon his brow,
 An' lead him, to freedom,
 Tho' he's your vassal now.

But be that matter how it will,
 He has a treble comfort still,
 That cheers him now an' then,
 That is, at death, his cares will quit,
 That thoughts are free through life, an' that
 His thoughts ye dinna ken:
 His daily hope's your daily fear,
 His pleasure is your pain;
 What least ye doat on, is his gear;
 What beets his bliss, your lane;

Ye're bad baith, an' mad baith,
 An' sae'l be seen upon ye—
 Gude men' ye, an' sen' ye
 Mair wit, an' me mair money.

ON SEEING HIS NAME IN
 ROBINSON'S BOOK OF POEMS,
 WITH "ESQ." ADDED TO IT.

My up-start brethren, ane an' a',
 Frae Dingle down to Derry wa',
 Say, if ye ever heard or saw

A thing sae queer,
 As next to naeboddy ava
 Become a Squire.*

Ere now, ye scarce wad met my match,
 Suppose ye had been set to watch,
 Or clad wi' patch on tap o' patch,
 Or buttock bare—

But now, the despicable wretch
 Is grown a Squire.

* Vulgarly pronounced Square.

Where druggot used to scrape my skin,
 Now holland sheets, I'll row me in,
 Instead o' brogues as hard as tin,

I'll hae a pair
 At least—a boot for ilka shin,
 Since I'm a Squire.

O, Robinson I may laurel green
 Ay blooming on thy brow be seen,
 And may nae crabbed critic, keen,
 Thy fame besmear;
 But for thy bays, I ne'er had been
 Created Squire.

Now, at a vast prodigious rate,
 I'll scale the steepest steps of state,
 There sit secure, and wink at fate,
 An' carpin' care;
 Thanks to the generous and great,
 I'm now a Squire.

For me, the base-born beggar train
 May pine, oppress'd wi' grief and pain,

For tho' I'm great, my greatness name
 Shall ever share;
 See, there its printed, pat an' plain,
 That I'm a Squire.

Nor age, nor want, to me need moan,
 For a' sic scoundrels I disown—
 Silence, I'll say, base vagabon',
 What brought ye there?
 Perdition seize ye, wretch begone,
 Sure I'm a Squire.

An' he that disna quick retreat,
 I'll tramp beneath my noble feet,
 Oh! but I'll gar him groan an' greet,
 Or else forbear,
 To mention money, milk, or meat;
 Yes, I'm a Squire."

Thus will I manage day by day
 And haud the grip o' what I hae,
 So by sic means, I may be, may
 Make mickle mair,
 And force the folk, at length, to say
 Most noble Squire.

Then, when I'll see the wretches stan'
 Before me tremblin', hat in han'
 O! I'll be big, an' great, an' gran',
 An' fat an' fair;
 I question if in a' the lan'
 There's sic a Squire.

And if my expectation hit,
 And I thrive on, I'll shortly sit
 A royal—noble—what is it?
 An Emperor;
 Preserve us! was there ever yet
 Sae great a Squire!

THE MUSE DISMISSED.

Bush'd my Muse, ye ken the morn
 Begins the shearing o' the corn,
 Whar knuckles monie a risk maun run,
 An' monie a trophy's lost an' won,
 Whar sturdy boys, wi' might an' main
 Shall camp, till wrists an' thumbs they strain,

While pithless, pantin' wi' the heat,
 They bathe their weazen'd pelts in sweat
 To gain a sprig o' fading fame,
 Before they taste the dear-bought cream—
 But bide ye there, my pens an' papers,
 For I maun up, an' to my scrapers—
 Yet, min' my lass—ye maun return
 The very night we cut the Chorn.

TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

GREAT sir; for every body owns
 They're very great that sit on thrones;
 An' rumour commonly agrees,
 That they can do what e'er they please;

So ye can spread your royal wing,
 As far as ony ither King;
 Can stem, at will, the starkest strife,
 An' deal about ye, death or life,
 As aye wad do a deck o' cards,
 Amang baith commoners an' lairds:

Besides, the voice o' fame assures,
 That just a single word o' yours,
 Can take a booby frae a byre,
 An' sen' him forth a gentle 'squire;
 An' that wi' you, it's labour light,
 Frae naething, to produce a Knight;
 Or wi' a sign frae whar ye sit,

Can form a famous Baronet,
 Can tak' a common country carl,
 An' fashion him into an Earl;
 An' what is still a task sublimer,
 Can mak' a marquis o' a rhymet,
 Or o' a nianny in a neuk,
 In twa three minutes mak' a Duke;
 In short, ye can do ony thing,
 E'en o' a cottier mak' a King.

Now since ye can perform wi' ease,
 Sic famous feats whon e'er ye please,
 I think, for certain, I'll get soon
 My next to naething o' a boon,
 Which is to fill yon vacant seat,
 That *Bellingham* made i' the state.

As cunning as a *For* I'll sit,
 An' deep as the profoundest *Pit*.
 I hae a body an' a spirit,
 Nor do I mutton hate or claret;
 What hinders then my exaltation,
 Whon I'm see fit for 'ministration;

Just whisk or nod your royal head,
 An' that will quickly do the deed.

I know that seat has mony seekers;
 Wha fish for it, by fine fore-speakers;
 But I'll tak' nae near cuts about it;
 Be thankit—I can live without it:
 I'd rather far expire in fetters
 Than cringe to you, or e'en your betters;
 Yet ye may b'lieve it as your creed,
 I fain wad *Perceval* succeed,
 An' if I do, it's my opinion,
 I'll wouners work in your dominion.

Our Marquis in my cause will join,
 For he's amaisht a frien' o' mine;
 The generous Earl will back me too,
 An' twa sic charmin' chiefs an' you
 Whon join'd thegither, quickly can
 Mak' o' me just the Gentleman;
 That I am almost sure to be,
 The instant you this letter see;
 But mark my leige, whon you endeavour
 To get or keep a great man's favour,

Ye maunna keep him in suspense,
 For at this crying-out offence,
 He'll cock his nose an' snort an' snuff—
 Ye know my meaning—that's enough—
 So fare ye weel;—I hope to boast
 An answer, by the morrow's post;
 But frank it, for I'm scarce o' money.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

THE King on a throne, who can set himself down,
 Belov'd by the people of country and town,
 May say for a certainty, sure of renown,
 It's monarchy makes the man.

The Statesman will study to settle such laws,
 As may from the house, gain the loudest applause,
 For then they will tell him in hearty huzzas,
 It's policy makes the man.

The Gallant and Gentleman often combine,
 In praise of the comforts of women and wine;
 They'll say at assemblies and balls, where they shine,
 It's pleasure that makes the man.

The Minister piously preaches and prays,
 And bids us be mindful to mend in our ways;
 Then nods with his head, and most solemnly says,
 Religion still makes the man.

The Scholar, who fondly would feast on the foliage,
 That springs from the ever-green branches of know-
 ledge,
 Cries as he comes home in a fess from the college,
 It's learning that makes the man.

The Poet sits puzzling all night o'er his pen,
 Here scribbling a sentence, there blotting out ten;
 And if he succeed, as he seldom does, then
 It's nature that makes the man.

The Quack, if he visit you, talks about nought,
 So much as the wonderful cures he has wrought
 He'll bid you of laud'num take daily a draught,
 For medicine makes the man.

The Soldier surrounded by foes in a ring,
 Can die like a hero, triumphant, and sing,
 O death! what art thou to my country and king?
 It's honour that makes the man.

The Beau struts about every day in his best ;
 His soul is well pleased, when his body's well dress'd ;
 He says, when he looks at his fine silken vest,
 It's clothing that makes the man.

The Gamester, who often addresses the ninny,
 With—sir, you have spirit, you'll play for a guinea ;
 Will shout, when he tricks him out of his last penny,
 It's fortune that makes the man.

The Drunkard who all he can scramble up drinks,
 And cares not a farthing what swims or what sinks ;
 In spite of religion and reason, still thinks,
 It's whiskey that makes the man.

The glutton has ever an appetite, able
 To equal the best epicure at the table ;
 He'll tell you that abstinence is but a fable,
 It's mutton that makes the man.

The Miser, full fifty feet deep in a delf,
 Will plunge for a penny to put to his self ;
 Then joyfully count it, and say to himself,
 It's money that makes the man.

Another poor wretch, but I know not his name,
 Lives hid in obscurity, shut out from fame,
 And thinks that assurance is only a shame
 When modesty makes the man—

The Beggar cries as he comes up to the door,
 O, Sir, would you lend a relief to the poor ?
 Its only but lent, for we're all very sure
 It's charity makes the man.

The Pick-pocket cries, he is rob'd in the fair,
 The Cozener—he's cheated will solemnly swear ;
 And a Thief will be ever the first to declare
 It's honesty makes the man.

But now in conclusion, observe by the way,
 If these verses live but a year and a day,
 Along with their Author, I'm certain you'll say,
 It's nonsense that makes the man.

ON THE APPOINTMENT OF
THE EARL OF MOIRA,
 TO BE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND COMMANDER OF THE
 FORCES IN INDIA.

MONARCH of the fearless Britons,
 Bid thy choicest sail prepare
 For thy choicest friend's admittance;
 Choicest seamen tend him there.

Steersman! mind thy task intently;
 Bursting billows cease to roar;
 Blow propitious gales, blow gently;
 Waft him safe to yonder shore.

O Bengal, rejoice for ever;
 Strew his steps with flowrets fair;
 Moira's equal surely never,
 Never breath'd your sultry air.
 If your sons be loyal hearted,
 He is noble, gen'rous, kind;

He's the friend that ne'er departed,
 Leaving worth in want behind.

Disappointed sons of Erin!

Take ye comfort, he's assign'd
 A more glorious task;—so herein
 Be submissive, be resign'd;
 He must fill a nobler station,
 He must o'er the Indian deep,
 He must bless another nation,
 'Tho' he leave his own to weep.

May all happiness betide him;
 Heaven defend him from his foes!
 May his guardian angel guide him
 Safe thro' life, where'er he goes;

May thy presence round him hover,
 Essence pure of lasting love;
 All his brilliant actings over,
 Call him to thy court above.

This, and the two preceding Poems have been misplaced by accident.

THE MUSE RETURNS.

TISANDER. Guid morrow to ye, honest woman,
 Are ye gawn to, or are ye commin'
 Frae *Hafiz*, *Robinson*, or *Drummon*;
 Your famous friend?
 Or is it *Boyd*'s restless summon,
 Ye now attend?

MUSE.....Na, na, an humble courie I steer,
 For aye *Tisander*, now I spier:
 A very vague, that's void, I hear
 O' shame and sense—
 A haxril fellow;—am I weir
 His residence?

TISANDER...See there, direct before your een,
 The creature's cottage may be seen;
 And there's the burn an' slopein' green,
 His pastime place;
 And here's the wight himsel', I ween
 Before your face.

MUSE.....Forgie me, Sir, I didna know ye;
 Far mair respect, I own, I owe ye;
 Tune up your harp, and I'll bestow ye
 A lyric string,
 Besides, a knack, which whon I'll show ye,
 Ye'll sweeter sing.

TISANDER...Aye, now begin an' mak' pretence
 Wi' witchin' wile, an' gleesome glance,
 And then, cast up your influence,
 An' shrewd assistance;
 But I hae yet a sort o' sense;
 So keep your distance.

MUSE.....Why man, ye sought me mony a time,
 To aid you, makin' up a rhyme;

Now, when wi' energy sublime,

I come, I'm treated

As if some past the common crime

I had committed.

TISANDER...A crime! a crime! an' did ye not?

Ye did, I'll prove it on the spot:

Ye plainly dealt a partial lot,

The world may see,

If they but view what *Drummond* got

Compared wi' me.

MUSE.....I think ye needna bounce a bit

For that, but soberly submit,

Ye got your favourite sort o' wit;

He got nae mair,

But only he was form'd fit

For twa folks share.

TISANDER...E'en that, shows plainly ye intended

That I should still be less befriended;

Yet like a genius, ye attended

Baith *Boyd* an' him;

And now, on *Fame's* wings wide extended,

See how they swim.

MUSE.....Swim! aye, an' may they swim an' shine

An' so they should, and a' their kin'.

How few are form'd to feel sae fine?

Scarce ane in ten;

Some feel like sheep, an' some like swine;

But few like men.

TISANDER...So, what I trembl'd at, is true,

That I'm among the swinish crew,

That what they're bid, dare only do,

Nor ever tire;

But grumphy-like, maun grumble thro'

Baith mud an' mire.

MUSE.....Ye needna storm, because ye stan'

Among the ignoramus clan;

As nature taught ye, tell, my man,

The thing ye think,

And I'll be ready at your han'

To mak' it clink.

TISANDER...Ye wadna like to be a dweller,

Deep in a damp unwholesome cellar,

An' wi' a stammerin' story teller,
That scarcely knows
The big A's; yet, a rank repeller
O' pithless prose.

MUSE.....Na, sic a place as that, I swear
I hate, an' will for ever mair;
My pupils in the open air
Delight to dwell;
So, if ye would the laurel wear,
Forego the cell.

TISANDER...Ye ken the wab mair be put out
To pay the rent—that's past dispute,
Else Starry, inoffensive brute,
Will be tane up;
Then drammock, dry, (or wau) I doubt,
I'd hae to sup.

MUSE.....Ye ken what that is, lang ago,
Then let it come to pass, or no',
Here by this brattlin burn, below
This bush o' broom,
We'll pass a pair o' hours, or so,
Let what will come.

TISANDER...I'm wedded, therefore, I agree
That ye may cheer me up a wee;
Och! Fortune surely doesna see
My constitution,
Or, some time, she had smil'd on me
In retribution.

MUSE.....Tho' fore'd to live in vassallage,
Within your little hermitage;
And tho' misfortune, ramp an' rage,
Ye may defy her;
Ye hae a frien' that canounge,
Her fiercest ire.

TISANDER...Aye, if ye wad but cast an e'e
Across that flowery vale, ye'll see
The mansion of the friend, so free
O' spite an' teen,
That ay the mair ye skaith, he'll be
The mair yod' frien'.

MUSE.....Then scorn a lowerin' look to wear;
Contemn that peace-destroyer—care,

Above depression's growlin' glare,
 Arise victorious;
 A noble soul delights to dare
 Each thought inglorious.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

ATTEND ye triants, in a trice,
 Wha wit sud buy at ooy price,
 And you, ye learned, great an' wise,
 Ye reverend, holy ban',
 O! take a friendly fool's advice,
 An' place nae trust in Man.

And next, ye lusty lasses a',
 Ye buxom blossoms, blythe an' braw,
 Put ye nae trust in men ava,
 Tho' flatterin'ly they fawn;
 But keep them at arms-length, awa',
 For Man is, only Man.

And ye to disappointment's lash,
 As senseless as a tinker's ass,

Tho' bless'd beyond the crack-scall class,
 Wi' happiness in han',
 Ye seldom lose a thought, I guess,
 On either Gude or Man.

If ye're a Man o' sober sense,
 An' wish for to maintain your mense,
 Grow great thro' dint o' diligence,
 As quickly as ye can;
 Make princes not your confidence;
 It's vain to trust in Man!

If ye're in a contented case,
 Ye're happy in whatever place,
 Despite his lordship an' his grace,
 For a' sae great an' gran';
 If ye enjoy internal peace,
 Ye're bless'd, but not by Man.

And you, to your ain lesson lost,
 Frae ill to waur, sae prone to post
 Ye rhymin' wretches, wretched most
 Of a' the wretched clan;
 It's you that ken it to your cost,
 The faithlessness o' Man.

Since ye're sae bent to break the but,
 Sae wretched apt to slip the foot,
 Keep close within your wattl'd hut,
 There speechless spen' your span',
 And O! be warn'd by me, and put
 Nae confidence in Man.

And since, at best, your listless lays
 Can scarce procure you palt'ry praise;
 Dear brither-heirs o' blasted bays,
 While on the stage ye stan',
 Mind what the Rector's Rhymer says,
 It's vain to trust in Man!

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE,

INSCRIBED TO T. T. ESQ.

I own, Sir, it's odd;—it's absurd to request
 You to peep at a picture you're known to detest.

DEAR THOMAS, quat your merry springs,
 Your fiddle, an' your fiddle strings;
 Gie owre a wee your skips an' flings,
 An' tak a' seat,
 An' listen while your bardie sings
 The Drunkard's fate:

Behold him! how he lurks an' stays
 About the ale-house, half his days,
 While oaths and horrid blasphemies
 Employ his breath.
 O, shun his works! aff shun his ways,
 As you would death.

See, how he wiles his neighbour in,
 Wi'—Sir, ye'll tak' a glass o' gin;

Damn hell, it's neither shame nor sin,

Let wia will know ;

Deil hae them drap we'll taste but ane,

An' then we'll go.'

Then grips him kindly by the han',

An' thus deludes the simple man :

So, in they're gane, an' till't they're fa'n,

Brisk, baith thegither ;

The wretch then whispers,—' boy its gran',

We'll hae anither.'

But still the varlet's laith to flit,

So, maun hae mair, an' mair o't yet ;

Then cries— (tho' he can scarcely sit),

' Let him be curs'd,

' An' hurled head-long to the pit,

That rises first.'

' Do we regard the sons of men ?

It's honestly our ain we spen' ;'

Then to the riggin', wi' a sten

His hat he flings,

An' wi' his social neighbour, then

Shakes hands, an' sings

' We'll drink till we fall, and we'll pay for it all

And who would not drink good liquor, brave boys."

Some leuker-on begins a sneerin' ;

Frae singin', then he fa's a swearin',

And aff his back, in pieces tearin'

His tatter'd coat,

An' b'lieve me, Sir, he's hard o' hearin'

That hears him not.

His neighbour ne'er had seen before,

Nor heard a human devil roar,

So, tremblin' pays the double score

For peace's sake ;

The landloed then, without the door

Soon lands the rake.

Leuk at him now ! see how he goes !

See how his streakit neeve he shows !

Now watch the pavement and his nose

How fast they'll meet,

An' hear him damn his blood, that flows

An' stains the street.

Tho' nane molest him, out he calls—
 'Foul play, ye dog,' and up he sprawls;
 Then twa-three steps before he falls,
 He runs ram-stam,
 Then down he goes, and out he bawls—
 The tither damn.

He strives to rise, an' then he stumbles,
 An' thro' the gutter-hole he rumbles,
 Till heels owre head at last he tumbles—
 'You lie,' he cries,
 'It's not a roun', then fykes an' fumbles,
 But canna rise.

So, like a sow, thro' mud an' mire
 He wallows, till himsel' he tire,
 Then whon he scarcely can respire,
 They drag him out,
 And in some dirty roofless byre,
 They throw the brute.
 There like a very beast he lies,
 From whence he never more shall rise;—

He's dieing now—his reeling eyes
 See how the glare!
 He breaths his last, his spirit flies—
 But where? O! where?

Thus, without either rape or knife
 He finishes the mortal strife;
 The value o' a virtuous life
 Owre late he learns,
 So, leaves a broken-hearted wife
 An' beggar'd bairns.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

TO THE REVEREND J. P.



DEAR SIR, they say that sic as you,
 Can read a tale, if it be true;
 Weel this ye ken yoursel',
 That I had never nae desire
 To rank me wi' an arrant liar—
 But listen, an' I'll tell:

It was (if I remember right),
 Upon a dark December night,
 When hail an' rain severe,
 Burst from each blast that Boreas blew,
 And fire, in flamin' flakes flew
 Thick thro' the gloomy air.

While deep resoundin' thunders rattle,
 Sonorous as the din of battle,
 Where ruin rages round ;
 This, louder still than that before,
 Wild echo, lengthening out the roar,
 Made horror still abound.

Now, terror shook her grizzly plume,
 Predicting man's approaching doom,
 An' time's eternal fall.
 I thought I heard the trumpet loud,
 I thought I saw th' immortal crowd
 Close clustering at the call.

I thought I saw the heavenly band,
 In regular succession stand
 Around the mighty throng,

And vengeance brandishing her sword,
 Impatient waiting for the word,
 To seize upon her own.

While thus imagination wrought
 In fancy's field, I heard (me thought),
 Without the door a din ;
 Wi' tremblin' hand I lift the latch,
 When lo ! a weather-beaten wretch,
 Half dead, came staggering in.

Wi' care I kitt'd up the coal,
 Conscious what houseless wretches thole
 Sic nights, when far frae hame.
 And soon as he came to himsel',
 I speer'd at him, if he could tell
 His country and his name ;

What bus'ness he had been about,
 Or what ill win' had drove him out
 In sic wild wasteful weather ;
 Or why he lodgin' didna get,
 When a' the elements were set
 To wrastle wi' each ither.

He sigh'd, but little answer made ;
 At length, he shook his head, and said,
 Vice has it's ain reward,
 And often is repaid in kind,
 For harden'd hearts not seldom find
 Hearts equally as hard.

This, sad experience lets me know,
 And this, I think, I'll plainly show,
 If ye will lodgin' lend.
 I granted that for which he pray'd,
 He thank'd me kindly for't, an' said,
 Now to my tale attend :

I once possess'd a fair estate,
 And had attendants too, to wait
 Upon me when I pleas'd ;
 But, wherefore o' my greatness crack,
 When underneath a pedlar's pack,
 My back maun now be breez'd.

But how I to sic greatness grew,
 Is what I want to show to you,
 That ye may see an' shun ;

I had a confidential pair,
 That did my business to a hair—
 A servant and a son.

We took a' gait to gather gear,
 My son would lie, my servant swear
 What e'er my son would say ;
 To ane anither's hands we wrought ;
 I plotted privately, an' thought
 Soon to be great an' gay.

About the blue time o' the year,
 When scarcity the wretched fear,
 An' beggars crowdin' come,
 It was my custom every day,
 To bid them bolt the gate, an' say
 There's nobody at home.

Thus, what we had, we held secure,
 Regardless o' baith rich an' poor,
 Nor thought on heaven or hell,
 Till sic a night as this—alake !
 When worlds did seem to reel to wreck,
 This incident befell :

A wight bewilder'd, wanders in,
While pendent frae his chitterin' chin,
Drops, frozen snow-drops hung;
His hoary haffet-locks were a'
Close cloted wi' the drivin' snaw,
Whar to his cheek they ching.

He sought to lodge till 'twad be day,
As now, he could not find his way
Thro' darkness so obscure—
Soon was deny'd his humble suit;
My orders were—go, turn him out,
An' quickly bar the door.

But in the morn, how shock'd was I,
To see the out-cast wanderer lie
Quite breathless, stiff an' caul';
Close by the porch he lifeless lay!
We knew not what to do or say;
We were confounded all.

The dropin' eve had wash'd awa
Frac aff his face the meltin' snaw;
O, what a sight to see!

His eyes turn'd up, as he departed,
That look—my guilty conscience darted;
He look'd, I thought, at me.

The news like light'ning flew an' flam'd;
My zealous servant soon was blam'd,
So was my seckless son;
They had but e'en a ragged name,
False oaths and lies had fil'd their fame;
So they were seiz'd upon.

A perjured villain, swore aff han',
He saw my servant slay the man;
So, in a little time

He strangl'd was upon a tree;
A just reward for perjury,
Which was his greatest crime.

My son was free'd by law, yet still
Was pointed at from every hill;
The worst may be belied,
As greatest liars often are;
So, being caught in his own snare,
He broke his heart an' died.

These facts eclips'd my prosperous day ;

My wealth took wing an' flew away ;

Thus, fortune whirl'd the wheel,
An' drove me down whar I maun lie

Below her lash, an' feel what I

Made ithers aften feel ;

Which makes me still imagine we

Plain in our punishment may see

Our most prevailing crime ;

Then, let's in time, while time we hae,

In an impartial balance weigh

Eternity wi' time.

He ceas'd, but left me deep in thought

How worldly things are sometimes bought,

Dear at the soul's expense ;

O ! may I ne'er be rich or great,

At so extravagant a rate ;

Better be pinch'd o' pence.

SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

O, LET me still thy sweets imbibe,

Thou darling of the tuneful tribe !

Since I have found thee—where ?

E'en where the wretched find thee still,

Adorning peace on Parson's Hill ;

Tisander found thee there,

Presiding o'er thy rotary's heart

With absolute controul ;

There, plying all thy healing art

To cheer *Tisander's* soul.

So, care then, go where men

Their span in spite, do spend ;

Here ever, we sever,

For *T***'s* *Tisander's* friend.

20th January, 1807.

AN EPISTLE TO BONAPARTE,
ON THE INVASION OF PORTUGAL.

O, BONY ! BONY ! what's this now ?
Has hell possess'd your breast ? or how ?
Or what ? or has the de'il and you
Now faun at odds ?

O, scandal ! rank affront in view
O' men and gods.

O, man ! I thought you wadna been
In sic a dirty action seen ;
I tell ye, Sirrah, I'll minteen,
It files your fame

To rob a broken-hearted queen ;
O, fye for shame !

What way can ye expect success,
Will follow sic an act as this,
To rive an' wreck, an' disposess
O' place an' pence,
The widow an' the fatherless,
For nae offence,

Except it was, for being true
To her best friends, and not to you ;
Now, fire an' flint, they'll force 'em through,
Till they get at ye ;

They'll chace ye to destruction's brow,
Before they'll quat ye.

I'll wad a groat, wha lives to see't,
That Britain's boys will gar ye greet ;
For what they gie, they're apt to gie't,
Sae, without slackings,

That e'en the de'il durst scarcely meet
Them, without backings.

Sae, up my lad, and dinna jauk,
But quick a moonlight flittin' mak' ;
And O ! take care, for if they track

Ye on the snaw,
Ye'll never, never mair get back,
But down ye'll fa'.

But if ye scorn th' advice I gie ye,
I'll no be farther bother'd by ye,

Sae, rin your race, an' de'il gang wi' ye;

Work on your way;

I dinna care, I never see ye,

Ye vex me sae,

'Twould vex auld Nick, to see ye commin'

Like some vile vague, in fury foamin',

Against a simple silly woman

To wreck your rage;

It wad bring credit, Sir, to no man,

Sic war to wage.

Lenk on, ye man—if *Maira* comes

Wi' a' his fifes, an' a' his drums,

An' a' his bucklers, bayonets, bombs,

In fury fell;

He'll trample down your lofty plumes,

As low as hell.

Ye could as muckle bear his bangs,

As *Brucye's* could great *Nelson's* whangs;

Releasin' lambs frae lions' fangs,

Was aye his trade;

He still was good at rightin' wrangs

Where'er he gaed.

So, keep it secret frae all those

That may the tale to him disclose,

For if ye hae to bear his blow,

My royal frien',

He'll leave ye wi' a blaidy nose,

An' twa black ee'n.

Besides, if this disgraceful tale,

Does e'er Sir *Sidney's* ear assail,

He'll just fa' on ye tooth and nail,

Full well ye know;

Ye mind he gart ye turn your tail

No' lang ago.

Sae, hame as hard as ye can lick,

For fear ye get a bain to pick,

Might break your teeth, perhaps, or stick

Within your gullet;

Ye ken, gin *Geordie* gies a kick,

Ye canna thole it;

An' if you reach your native isle,

Conceal your Bonyship a while,

Till folk forget that deed sae vile
 And unbecomin',
 And never march anither file
 Again' a woman.

24th November, 1807.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

FORM HIS PONY.

Och! och! what's this I'm hearin' noo,
 That like a dagger darts me thro',
 Or is, or can the news be true,
 That I maun flit?
 O Master, Rector, Doctor, do
 Not part me yet;

Keep mind that I was steadfast still,
 An' true to you as truth it sel',
 I never said or did you ill
 Sin' I was born,
 But was obedient to your will
 Baith e'en an' morn.

But since it's sae, that I maun hence,
 Sell me to somebody o' sense,
 That feelin' haes, an' moderate mence
 Towards beast an' man;
 I hope, wi' sic, for sake o' pence
 Ye winna stah'.

'Tis now full fifteen year, at least,
 Since I at first becam' your beast,
 An' wha I may belang to neist,
 They're wise that know—
 Be't Duke or Duchess, Pope or Priest,
 I needs must go.

Weel might my master dear, ador'd me,
 For wha mair frien'ship could afford me,
 Then cheerfully he might restor'd me
 My rack an' sta',
 Whon them I never chang'd a word w',
 Am sorry a'.

E'en there's Tisander, whon he'll hear
 That ye hae sel't your wee bit meere,

Watch, an' ye'll see the gushing tear

Start in his e'e,

For, to his heart she was as dear

As ye're to me.

The Rector may be laith to loss me,

When he laments, that scarcely knows me,

And naething, down-right naething owes me,

Plain truth to tell,

Nor ever laid a leg across me,

Nor ever will.

Poor creature! he was doom'd to paddle

Thro' clabour since he quat the cradle;

He never sat upon a saddle.

O' his ain yet,

Na na, a seat-board or a treadle

Wad better fit,

Yet still it made me merry-hearted,

When his bit Muse, her skill exerted,

For if I only neigh'd, he gart it

Turn out a sonnet;

Had I been his, we ne'er had parted

Till death had done it.

I b'lieve, we scarcely ever yet

Gade by his little garden fit,

But it produc'd upon the bit

Some rhymin' rant;

Dear save us, but the want o' wit

's a woefu' want.

Noo, after a' the rattle, I

Your kindness never will deny,

For meat or drink, I would defy

The worl' to beat ye,

Yet in some measure, by the bye,

I whiles repaid ye.

Had I like ither brutes been toil'd,

These tidings had na put me doil'd;

Or had I wi' a rung been oil'd,

When pride was buddin',

But like the fellow's pew, I'm spoil'd

For want o' roddin'.

I grew as sleekit as a mouse,

Which proves I got na great abuse,

Tho' mony a time I canter'd cruise
 To Mister M——'s,
 An' likewise, to the Bishop's house,
 Tho' ten mile aff it's.

We wad a thought it but a sport,
 At five, to lea'e Lord R——n's court,
 An' hame to Parson's Hill, unhurt;
 By early tea time;
 My souple shanks, be thanked for't,
 That fail'd me nae time.

Now, master, let me never sin,
 While I'm alive, if I'll gie in
 To carry man or mither's sin
 Upon my back,
 That wadna care a headless pin
 To break my neck.

So, if ye canna keep me, send me,
 An' either sell, bestow, or lend me
 To somebody that will attend me
 As weel as Hammy;
 Len' him his health, he'll recommend me,
 Least ill befa' me.

But best o' frien's maun part—I see,
 An' so maun I wi' thine, an' thee,
 Therefore, adieu;—my love ye'll gie
 To wee Mageein,
 For never was there yet to me
 A better bein'.

P.S. They say, a pound o' sorrow yet,
 Never has paid an ounce o' debt,
 Then, henceforth, I will never fret
 What e'er betide:
 I'll cock my tail, an' off I'll set.
 The world is wide.



TO W. B. Esq.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF
HUGH PORTER,
OF MONKELLAN, MOST HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT it petitioner greatly grieves,
That he's perplex'd wi' petty thieves,
That this ye needna think a joke,
That they're as plenty as the folk;
That half his pickle peets they tak',
That he has borne upon his back;
That if wi' care, he rear a pullet,
That same maun grease some glutton's gullet;
That if a frien' gies him a hen,
That night her life is at an en'
That e'en his constant-crowin' cock,
That sair'd him nightly for a clock:
That cock they stole—may sorrow switch him,
That had the heart or han' to touch him;
That if his Starry* stolen be,
That he expects to never see

* *Con.*

That day he could collect th'gither,
That which would purchase him anither,
That he need never think to waur them,
That has nor sword, nor gun to scar them;
That he had ance a fowlin'-piece,
That lang preserv'd his hens an' geese,
That cost him mair than thirty shillin',
That he gied up in Castlewellan;
That he expected back again
That which was lawfully his ain,
That he sae hop'd—behold the reason,
That he was never blam'd wi' treason;
That if she's gane, and nane kens whar,
That ye will grant him ane nae waur,
That in his morn an' evenin' prayer,
That ye may get a sonesie share—
That ye may aye be rich—but hush,
That is but a superfluous wish;
That ye may still be free o' foes;
That ye may aye hae rowth o' brose;
That far remote the day may stan',
That proves ye but a mortal man;

M

That mod'rately the stroke may fall
That strikes your body frae your saul.

That your Petitioner is a wight,
That's nae way tongue-ty'd day or night,
That tells the truth whon he can hit it ;
That he's het-headed an' half-witted ;
That he's a ram-stam, chaco-grace chiel,
That characters him—Sir, fareweel,

Jan. 1808.

TO J. J.

A BROTHER RHYMER.

HA ! Johnny boy, I'll bang ye now,
The laurel's buddin' on my brow ;
Na, that's a lie ;—I rue, I rue
That e'er I said it ;
'Twas you, stiff-neckit Muse, 'twas you
To mock me, made it.

There never was a laurel leaf
Ty'd roun' my temple to my grief,

An' to the best o' my belief,
There never will ;
The Muse, confound her dumb an' deaf,
She geeks me still.

That self-will'd, head-strong giglet, she
Does ought ava she likes for me,
I might as weel attempt to flee,
As put her fra't,
For when she means to lie, she'd lie
In spite o' fate.

Since miracles she maun be at,
There let her answer for her fant ;
But mony a trick as weel as that,
She puts upon me :
I'm proud, I'm ought ; but liein's what
I'll never own wi' :

It fills me sae wi' spleen an' spite,
That I can neither rhyme nor write ;
A something odd, this very night
I was inco'tin' ;
But this has put the hizrie hyte,
This talk o' printin'.

O printin' ! printin' ! cream o' craft !
 Ye'll sen' me—whar ? alaf, alaf ;
 Ye'll mak' me—whar ? I marvel af,
 A—a—a—poet ;

O ! O ! I fear 'twill drive me daf,
 Just thinkin' o' it.

An' author I nye, aye, there's the matter
 That's better boy, better an' better ;—
 What an I—in a humm creature—
 For see ! I'm climbin',

Up—up—I'm up, it's past a clatter,
 And I'm past rhymin'.

Preserve my heart ! whar will I light ?
 Whar will I end my airy flight ?
 See, see, I'm roarin' out o' sight,
 On Fame's fair feathers.

Fareweel my frien', and O ! gold night,
 My glorious blethers ;

But haud, I'm comin' to my wit,
 I'm gettin' better o' the fit ;

Th' enchantment's broke, and I can sit,
 An' calm consider
 The hale as nonsense, and I'm yet
 Your babblin' brither.

24th Feb. 1802.

ON BEING ASKED WHY POETS ARE POOR
 AND SELDOM CONTENTED.

ONE reason that Poets are poor,
 Misfortunes do often await them ;
 Another, as solid I'm sure,
 They're simple, and most people cheat them.

And that they are seldom content,
 I think that this plainly determines ;
 'Twould make a Right Reverend relent,
 To dig in a ditch and make sermons.

Besides, my good Sir, you will find
 This maxim is true, if you study,
 The body was made for the mind,
 And not the mind made for the body.

Who ever two masters doth serve,
 The one or the other abuses ;
 So, they of necessity swerve
 From Mammon, or else from the Muses.

While ye sleep on soft beds, unsound,
 They're snorin' on straw—if ye saw them,
 While ye have a benefice, bound,
 They scarce have the nails for to claw them.

O ! if they could live on the air,
 If nature had cloath'd them in feather,
 His Grace the gay garland would wear ;
 He would not go with them to gather.

Poor things ! they're still treated with scorn,
 And rarely with trust or attention ;
 I'm alive since before I was born,
 And I never knew one get a pension.

Yet something as wild as the wave,
 Their lunatic brain so bewitches,
 That honour, not riches, they crave,
 Yet still they would not despise riches.

Altho' I'm no poet, I wish
 That poets and patrons may never
 Abandon their title to bliss,
 But may they enjoy it for ever,
 7th March, 1808.

ON THE SUPPOSED LOSS OF A FRIEND.

Flow, ever flow, my gushing tears,
 For oh ! my too-well founded fears
 Are more than realiz'd !
 When will my sick'ning sadness end ?
 How, how again enjoy the friend ?
 The friend so highly priz'd ;

In whom the very essence dwelt
 Of purest tenderness,
 Who's sympathetic soul could melt
 For e'en a foe's distress ;
 For him, how I swim now,
 Thro' sorrow's swelling seas ;
 Still stretching and reaching
 At hope, which ever flees.
 20th March, 1808.

A SOLILOQUY

WRITTEN IN A STORM.

O! bless me, what an evening's there—
 Blast after blast still more severe,
 More shocking still the sound;
 The spreading branches from the ash,
 Are torn with terrifying crash,
 And tumbld to the ground.
 I'm weather-beaten with the wind;
 Yea, I'm out-wrestl'd so,
 That in me scarcely can I find
 Wherewith to stand or go;
 But here's a hawthorn hedge at hand,
 In lee of which, a while I'll stand
 And hear the tempest rave,
 And view yon heavy-hanging cloud,
 As dark as death's heart-shrinking shroud,
 Grim as the gaping grave;
 Black emblem of my muddy mind,
 Where once the radiant rays
 Of hope, without a shadow shin'd
 In bright unblended blaze.

But now, the haggard eye of care
 Pervades my bosom every where,
 And every nook explores
 In quest of peace, and if it's found,
 It's last remains this hateful bound
 Most devilishly devouring;
 Then raging, rankles in my veins,
 And drinks my bliss away,
 And leaves me in the dull demesnes
 Of dark despondency.

Ah, me! my shining summer sun
 Of pleasure-yielding youth is gone;
 In infancy, I'm old:
 Now health decays, desire dies;
 Now fortune frowns, and friendship flies;
 How dim is grown my gold,
 Who once could ocast so firm a friend?
 As tender and as true
 As e'er the sire of souls did send,
 O, toil-worn tribe, to you.
 Yet, wherefore, should I mourning go?
 I've yet a comforter, and O!
 What better bliss can be,

Than that the powers are pleas'd to spare,
 That she that shudders not to share
 A living death with me;
 Bereft of this most steadfast stay,
 O, world! what could you give?
 What could induce me then a day
 Beneath the moon to live?

But O, Supreme! want what I may,
 Grant with this blessing, grant I pray
 Thy glorious gift of grace;
 That when I yield my hapless breath,
 My safeguard from eternal death,
 May be the Prince of Peace!
 For who can wrath intrug'd repel,
 Almighty wrath? or who
 With wild devouring fire can dwell,
 And fire eternal too?

Come then, thou infinite I AM,
 And with thee, Gilead's blessed balm,
 To sooth my sin-sick soul;
 Come thou, that everlasting art,

And from thine altar, touch my heart
 With an enkindl'd coal;
 Come, in thy gospel's chariot, come,
 And all my doubts dispel;
 Come, rescue me—come, snatch me from
 The gorgon gripe of hell.

Yes, thou canst conquer all my care,
 Canst vanquish dolor, death, despair;
 Yea, hell itself destroy.
 Thou giver great, of greatest things,
 Who walk'st upon the tempest's wings,
 O! grant me to enjoy
 -Again, the favour of the friend
 Of friends the very best,
 On whom for life I could depend;
 With whom I could be bless'd.



SONNET TO DEATH.

O! TERROR's monarch! how I fear
 To meet thy desolating spear,
 Thy dire destructive dart!
 Not that alone could shock me, O!
 Unfitness for the bitter blow,
 Still rings my heavy heart;
 Yet if sweet health be mine no more,
 Why stand I ling'ring here?
 Shivering on dissolution's shore,
 Still enter'ing, still in fear,
 Still staying, delaying
 For that important morn,
 When I hence shall fly whenceso'er
 I never shall return.

AN ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

O! but ye're an unwelcome guest,
 As ever creature's cottage grac'd;
 My heart-strings ache to see ye plac'd

In sic a lodgin';

I wad gie a' I'm worth, anaaist,
 To see you trodgin';

Nor, is it wi' my will I wait
 Till ye think fit to take the gaet;
 For little, I wad break your pate,

Ye rax'nous rook;

O misery! misery! but I hae

Your ghastly look;

Ye oft bring wi' ye too, a class
 That deeper-ay make deep distress,
 And neathing know o' tenderness

For aye afflicted,

But aften strive to make him less,

And less respected;

For proof o' this, the ither day
 I met his honour on the way,
 I bow'd, and beg'd that he would stay

A moment wi' me,
 But a' that I could do or say
 He wadna see me;

Then, presently he was address'd
 By just a coof, o' cash possess'd;
 And O! what friendship was express'd

Between the twa,
 While I was scorn'd—and you, ye pest,
 I blame for't a'.

Twa tedious twalmonths now hae pass'd
 Since ye fell on me furious fast,
 And mony a vengefu' scheme ye've cast

To overcome me;
 But now, my boast, my hope, at last
 Ye've wrested from me.

Baith late an' early, day and night,
 I've us'd the utmost o' my might

To put your filthy form to flight,
 But oh! alas!
 I ne'er can banish from my sight
 That lang thin face.

I'd rather far that ye would slay me,
 Than constantly cohabit wi' me;
 For at the last ye're sure to lay me
 Sae wretched low,
 That I the joy o' gien' frae me,
 Shall never know.

O, dear be wi' the time, when I
 Could a' your ruthless rage defy;
 Then, then, I wad hae scorn'd t' lie
 Beneath your power,
 When glowin' friendship flow'd from T****,
 Fresh every hour.

An evening then, at P*****'s Hill
 Was weekly spent wi' right good will,
 Whar I had easy access—still
 My hope's foundation
 Was this, and under every ill,
 My consolation.

But now, my friends, the feeling few
 Yield my enfeebld frame to you;
 Now, desperation darts me thro',
 And worse than all,
 The generous T**** has left me too,
 To stand or fall.
 Yet, wherefore, should a wretch like me
 Be aye-complainin', while I see
 The worthiest o' the world by thee
 Deeply distress'd;
 Let beggin' *Homer* witness be
 Whom ye oppress'd.
 'Gainst *Vergil* too, your rage ran high,
 Whom ye compell'd without to lie;
Cervantes too, by want, to die
 In *Madrid* city;
 So *Spenser* perish'd—fly, O fly
 Upon your pity!
 Nae heart, but either stane or steel,
 Could ever stan' again' you weel,

Your very leuk wad scar the de'il,
 Or *Bonaparte*;
 Though i' the actions o' the fiel'
 They're baith expert.
 But, to conclude, between us twa,
 I wish the de'il, an' you, an' a'
 Alang wi' *Bonaparte*, may fa'
 As far as me,
 That ye may never rise ava,
 So let it be.

sch Sep. 1802.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

PARSON'S HILL.

DEAR RECTOR,

A stranger is comin' to see ye,
 A stranger that twonty lang evenings sat wi' ye,
 Wha now has lang lang been depriv'd o' that blessin',
 The best he could ever yet boast of possessin'—
 But, sir, to speak plainly, like ither plain fellows,
 Tho' he sud be strung by the neck on a gallows,
 He can bide nae langer fine what he's aae bent for,
 So, like the bad weather, he's comin' unsent for;
 He kens it's a fashion to send for each ither,
 An' comin' unsent for, ye know's but anither;
 But what can he do, sir, that's sent for to nae place,
 It's heartless to bide a' ane's lifetime in ae place,
 An' waur for a rhymet, than ony ae creature;
 It hurts his guid name, and it alters his nature,
 An' mak's him as crabbed as ony crab could be,
 An' gars him be a' things but just what he should be;
 Now, sir, if your counsel, your beukes, or your letters
 Can mak' a fool-fellow grow wiser or better,
 Perhaps in an hour, or may be in less,
 Ye'll see at your dwellin', the writer of this.

H. PERRY.

TO ONE WHO DEMANDED INTEREST FOR LENDING
FIVE SHILLINGS A FEW DAYS.

O MENCELESS miser! greedy grab,
 Ay for advantage gapin',
 I b'live sincerely, ye wad rob
 If ye could get escapin'.
 Search a' the world, ye wadna fin'
 A worldlin' to exceed ye,
 In daily study, how to grin'
 The noses aff the needy.
 You honest? na, ye canna be't,
 Ye narrow-hearted wretch ye,
 Ye say, ye wadna steal or cheat,
 Yet folk, I b'lieve, sud watch ye;
 An' tho' ye're rich as ony Jew,
 Ye've neither peace nor pleasure,
 But when ye're sittin' thoomin' thro'
 Your stockingfu's o' treasure;

Yet wi' this glorious golden gear,
 Your time might not be lastin',
 For ye might flit an' lea'e it here,
 Some mornin' fresh an' fastin'.

An' few will fret, whate'er befa' ye,
 I think, because I know some
 That wadna sigh, suppose they saw ye
 In *Haras's* brither's bosom.

An' whether gold be there, or gain,
 I vow, I never kent yet;
 But this I know, if there be nane,
 Ye'll no be weel contentit.

For O, ye had a strange delight
 In gatherin' gear thegither,
 Nor could ye think to part a mite,
 Suppose your very mither

In deep distress, on bended knee,
 Sat pleadin' for a penny;
 This answer ye were prone to gie:
 The devil sen' ye money,

Such kindness ye hae often shown
 To ony that apply'd for't;
 But yet your friendship ne'er was known,
 Unless ye were weel pay'd for't.

So that this moment were ye seen
 Expiring in a woodie,
 There never yet were mair dry e'en
 About a diein' body.

A chance if there wad be ava,
 A sorry heart behin' ye,
 For what the spoon put in, was a
 That ever was within ye.

11th Jan. 1803.

TO MISS — — —

MARIA, fair, as ye grow mair
 An' mair a lovely lassie,
 Watch roun' ye weel, for fear the deil
 Sud tempt ye to grow saucy,
 For if he get, the least inlet,
 He'll gaur ye think your graces
 Nae less, nor waur, but mair an' far
 Aboon the human species;
 Then, then I fear, a tumble near—
 But listen to my letter,
 That ye may bide, a bit aff pride,
 Ye'll fin' ye'll fare the better:
 It happen'd sae, the ither day,
 Beyont my expectation,
 That I did dine, wi' them that shine
 Out owre a' the nation.
 Nae matter wha, ye ken them a';
 But I got sae conceited,

Sae proud an' vain, I thought again
 I was a-new created.

My only fret, was how to get
 Enow o' folk to know it;
 Guid luck had I, that didna try
 Some shameless shift to show it.

I but cam' out, an' blink'd about
 Me, here an' there, an' yon'er,
 Ay thinkin' they wad some whar say—
 Your honour, O, your honour!

I thought in plain, that there was nane
 O ony rank or station,
 But what sud stan', wi' hat in han',
 In tremblin' consternation.

Had ye but kent, ye wad hae sent
 Or come yoursel' an' watch'd me,
 For ne'er a one, I'm sure frae Dan
 To Beersheba, could match'd me.

But hame I go, like ony bean,
 Possess'd o' pride past tholin',

That wadna finch a fit, an' inch
For Nickie, nor Napoleon.

It cam' to pass, a little lass
I met, that didna know me;
She sudden stop'd, an' down she drop'd
A courtesy unto me.

Hem, hem, quo' I, and inwardly,
I wish'd the world were near me,
Baith great an' sma, that they might a'
Be there to see an' hear me.

Upon my heel, about I wheel,
An' bigger grew, some inches;
My hat sat snug, on my left lug,
My hauns, upon my hanches.

While govin' thus, the country 'cross,
I owre a stane fell headlang,
An' there I got a mark, will not
Be aff me till I'm dead-lang.

Now ye may guess, I'm in distress,
When my condition such is,

That if I stann, or go, it maun
Be cripple-like, on crutches.

So here I lie, an' daily cry
Full moony a loud alas for't;
I rue it sair, for O severe!
I suffer i' the flesh for't.

I see conceit, however great,
Will never change our nature,
Nor mak' us mair than what we are,
Nor better, nor yet greater.

I canna write, nor yet indite
A bit the mair sublimer,
Which lets me see, I'll never be
But just the wretched rhymier.

WRITTEN

THE NEXT MORNING AFTER HAVING DINED AND
SUPPED WITH THE REV. MESSRS. T. AND R.

WHAR is the man, that could compute

What e'en ae night can bring about?

Yestreen, on Parson's Hill, my snoot

I cock'd, like—wha could tell what?

This morn immers'd in smoke an' soot,

I'm like—I ken mysel', that—

Yestreen, sedate I sat beside

My T****, my frien', my country's pride,

An' him wha cross'd the ocean wide,

An' brought us owre fu' cantie,

Upon a smooth castalian tide,

Th' Italic *Homer*, *Dand*.

Yestreen, like some great knight or squire,

I loll'd upon a cushion'd chair,

An' fed on rich an' dainty fare,

Whar kindness ay comes gratis;

This morn, I on a stool maun share

A breakfast o' potatoes.

Yestreen the privilege was mine

To drink the rich an' rosy wine

Like my favourite o' the nine,

And what's a serious matter,

This morn, the produce o' the vine

Is turn'd, wi' me, to water.

Yet, water, for to tell the truth,

Is famous ay for quenchin' drouth;

If we dislike it, in the mouth

We needna let it dally;

Whon past the pallet, then forsooth,

It does a body bra'ly;

But on the hale, I've learn'd to know

There's naething certain here below;

E'en *Bonaparte* might be laid low,

Wha fain our necks wad tread on,

An' whon he gets the hin'most blow,

Nae matter what he fed on.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE.

MY LORD,

WHILE friends an' folk o' fame,
Wi' compliments salute ye,
I maun contented sit at hame,
An' barely think about ye.
However ye may end, I'm sure
Ye make a braw beginnin',
So, may your fame be still as pure
And clean as new bleach'd linen.
Stan' forth for Erin's honour aye,
Whar *Downshire's* Marquis should stan'
By birth, if he would live an' die,
A glorious, great, an' good man;
And still be humble as ye are,
The nation will adore ye—
Then far and near, e'en every where,
Ye'll drive the world before ye:
For them that scarce dare hope to share
The boon your bounty's bringin',

'Twad glad your Lordship's lugs to hear
Them at their supper, singin'
' O may our Marquis happy be,
And healthy, e'en an' morning,
An' live his birth-day feast to see
Twice fifty times returnin';
And when the Powers are pleas'd to flit
That generous soul they've given,
May he be handel'd up to sit
Upon a throne in heaven;
For me, whate'er I may endure
O' plentiness or starvin',
Wi' due respect, my Lord, I'm your
Devoted, humble servan',

H. PEARCE.

25th October, 1803.



ON THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF
A FAVOURITE POINTER.

Ye youths! sportsmen, far and near,
Wha like a day's diversion dear,
Approach an' see me sittin' here

Wi' grief surrounded,
An' drap a sympathetic tear—
My Grouse is wounded.

Behold in lamentable case,
The best o' a' the settin' race!
Ah me! before my very face

There pantin', lyin'
In gaspin' anguish—Oh, alas!
My Grouse is dyin'.

There's mony an ill bred bitch's son,
Thro' pots an' pans, wad sneakin' run,
But he wha's days will soon be done,

Was better bred;
For now he's goin'—O! he's gone!
My Grouse is dead!

Now, flow ye briny fountains, flow,
Sad witness of heart-wrecking woe,
Amidst his wanton gambols, lo!

To ruin hurried;
But hush! let it suffice, to show,
My Grouse is buried.

THE EPITAPH.

HARD by this rock, bedeck'd wi' fog,
There lies, a past the common dog,
For reptiles food, a feast;
Ye'll soon conclude, he wass bad,
Whor this was a' the fault he had,
That he was born a beast.

9th Nov. 1809.

TO T. J. T. Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I'm just beginnin' to compose
 A rhyme or rather, crack-scull prose,
 An' that it may expel your woes
 In haste, is his
 Desire and earnest wish, that knows
 What sufferin' is.

O! but we are a wretched pair,
 As ever grapp'd wi' despair,
 Greetin an' gowlin' late an' ear'
 Wi' pain an' woe;
 How ill we're now, how weel we were
 Some time ago!

But since we can do little else,
 Wi' mirth we'll try to sooth oursel's;
 It's better far for monie ills,
 Than burning blisters,
 An' safer too, than draps or pills,
 Vomits, or g——s.

'Tis a' the same I plainly see,
 To be o' great or low degree,
 When ye're as ill, an' waur than me

 Wi' pain offended;
 The only odds is, ye can be
 Better attended;

We sudna at affliction spurn,
 Nor faint, because we're made to mourn,
 But kiss the rod, an' to it turn

 Wi' full intent,
 Least wrath, infinite wrath sud burn
 Ere we repent;

But blyther scenes wad better fit
 Us baith, at this important bit,
 Then let us down thegither sit,

 An' sing, an' laugh,
 An' mix a dose o' mirth an' wit,
 An' drink it aff.

Auld Orpheus play'd sic merry strains,
 He charm'd the very sticks an' stanes;

Then try to charm your aches an' pains,

For ye hae skill;

But I can only bother brains,

Do what I will.

I canna bear to use a treadle,

Nae mair can ye, a chaise or saddle—

Weel, since these pass-times ye were bred till,

Sma' joys impart;

Back-gammon, maybe, or the fiddle

Wad cheer your heart.

And I'll prepare me too, wi' speed,

To tune my harp or oaten reed;

An' may the Muse her votary lead

To sic a lay,

As may intice his T**** to read,

An' smile, an' say,

' Can my Tisander sing so well,

In poverty's sequester'd cell?

Can he contented daily dwell

With care and woe,

' Or would he only fain excel

In seemin' so ?'

Then tell him, Master Thomas dear,

That acquiescence whiles can cheer

This heart, tho' achin' aft for fear

O' fell confusion;

But to conclude, at least come near

To a conclusion.—

If when I strike the tremblin' string,

But antimebody I bring;

My ill-tun'd harp I'll frae me fling,

And you alone

Shall play, and I shall after sing,

By way o' drone.

And may *Apollo* fan the fire,

Till a' our ailings quite retire;

Then pleas'd, the patron an' the sire

Shall sit observant,

Which is the hope and sole desire

Of, sir, your servant.

H. P****.

27th June, 1810.

THE LAST SPEECH, AND DYING LAMENTATION OF
BALLYWARD LAKE,
[ADDRESSED TO THE REV. T. T. PARSON'S HILL.

O! FRIEND of all that need a friend,
My last lament to you I send,
But mark, it's no your aid I'm wooin',
To snatch me frae impendin' ruin;
Na, na, I know it's lang owre late
For me to think to shun my fate,
But just it does my spirit brace,
To talk wi' ane that kens my case.

Ah! wae is me, the day's at han',
That I maun lea'e my native lan',
To be forgotten quite an' clean,
An' never, never mair be seen;
For Messrs. B—— and B—— hae said it,
An' wha hae bauldness to forbid it,
And English John has mony a slave,
These eight days diggin' at my grave.

Yet still I think, they shudna heed me,
But let me keep what nature gied me;
Yet they're as sick, for that I know,
As *Ahab* was lang time ago,
Whon he by dying wi' regard
For honest *Naboth's* honey yard;
So, they by force, before my face,
Will rob, and drive me to disgrace,
An' maybe tear me spaul frae spaul,
Or if they let me live at all,
'Twill be in banishment, forgot
In ditches deep, to lie and rot.

But, sir, as ye shall plainly see,
They sudna first hae fa'en on me,
For aft I've grae'd the board of those
That are my most inveterate foes,
Wha think it neither sin nor shame,
To change my nature an' my name;
But shortly, they'll by force confess,
Th' inferiour qualities o' grass;
Tho' sair'd up in a siller bowl,
O! how unlike my fish an' fowl!

Fowl on my very bosom fed,
 And fish within my bowels bred:
 The former, nature has supply'd
 Wi' wings, that they can flee an' hide;
 The latter, harmless, helpless things,
 Hae neither legs, nor arms, nor wings,
 Nor ought ava for to defend them,
 So, ony aye that likes, may end them,
 Or frae my tenderness may tear them,
 An' quickly to destruction bear them;
 But twice twelve hours will end it all,
 For Thursday next—ah me! I fall;
 The country roun' will a' be here,
 At my calamities to sneer:
 Such is the fate o' folk in trouble,
 They strive to mak' them suffer double.

But yet, the bard beyond the bourn,
 I know, at my mishap, will mourn;
 For aft he play'd his youthfu' pranks,
 An angler on my henthery banks;
 But what o' him? he's aye neglected,
 An' by the great folk disrespected:

For his epistles, an' petitions,
 His eclogues, odes, an' exhibitions,
 If they sud fa' before the great,
 Wad fare like alm'nack's out of date.
 E'en tho' the numbers of his lyre
 Were warm'd by pure poetic fire,
 They'd prove too chilly to engage
 The attention of this luke-warm age;
 Yet watch him, for I understan'
 He likes to be about your han',
 An' so he may—but think on me,
 An' think on him—an' when you see
 The torrents tumblin' from his eyes,
 An' hear him chant my obsequies,
 Then join wi' him, for ye can feel
 For e'en a foe—but fare ye weel.

12th Sep. 1810.

ON BEING ALONE IN THE REV. T. T.'S PARLOUR.

11th October, 1810.

How often have I happy been,
 Within these sacred walls !
 Where never taunt nor jest obscene,
 The modest listener galls.

Here volumes, thousands, at my will,
 Diverting lessons lend,
 But oh ! there's something wanting still—
 The cheerful, generous friend.

How "lingering slow," the minutes pass,
 That fleetly flew before,
 And yet the time must be, alas !
 That he'll be here no more :

But hush ye gloomy thoughts, be still,
 Such thoughts affection spurns ;
 I'll hence, and back to Parson's Hill,
 When friendly T**** returns.

TO THE REV. D**** M*****.

THOU very reverend, mighty man,
 Whilst thou harang'st thy Christian clan,
 Or musest on the banks of Ban,
 To pass the time,
 Wilt thou at my bit Music's han'
 Accept a rhyme ?

I'm no designin' for to say,
 Ye're past the common every way,
 That barefac'd wheedlin' wad display,
 Which I detest ;
 For truth's ay truth, an' flattery
 Is praise misplac'd :

Gin fame or learning be a bliss,
 Ye've prosper'd baith in that and this,
 And as for size an' shapeliness,
 An' finish'd features,

Ye're just like *Saul*, the son of *Cir*,
 'Mang common creatures.

Ye've *Ajax* strength and *Nestor's* wit,
Ulysses' tongue, whon ye think fit—

WT' praise undae the ne'er a bit

I'll e'er bespatter ye,
 For *Stentor's* voice is wantin' yet,
 Sure that's nae flattery!

'Twad seem to me that ye were made

At first for the heroic trade
 Of brandishin' the glitterin' blade

About your pow,
 Whar noddin' plumes an' laurels shade
 The dauntless brow!

I'd like right weel to see ye lead
 An army, at an army's head
 WT' sword in han', your foammin' steed

Bitin' the bit;
 Just perfectin' some darin' deed
 Unequall'd yet.

O, O, for you an' *Wellington*,
 To join, and on *Massena* run,
 Fierce as *Achilles* on the son
 Of royal *Priam*;

An' may like fame by you be won
 If e'er you try him!

But tho' I talk of war's alarms,
 I hate the shrieks o' slaughter'd swarms,
 Whar' heads an' han' an' legs an' arms
 Are snap'd awa',

Without their leave—but frae sic harms
 Dear save us a'.

O sir, gin fortune wad assign
 To me, just e'en a pipe o' wine,
 And you to shut your fist on mine
 In frien'ship fast,
 I think I wadna much repine
 While it wad last.

But a' that I can say or think
 'Bout warlike deeds an' draps o' drink,

Can ne'er entice my muse to clink

Poetic time;

So here I vow I'll spill my ink,†

An' quat my rhyme;

Because in scrapin' up a letter,

I thought she might hae manag'd better,

Yet a' my int'rest canna get her

To shew her powers;

So since I canna mend the matter

Farewell, I'm your's.

H. P*****.

TO THE REV T***** M**** R***.

Tho' whether I'm alive or dead

Is hardly known to Mr. R——,

Yet aye a weel-wisher he'll fin' me

As lang as there is life within me,

And sure as death my days will end,

I fain would have him for a friend;

No that I'm wantin' muckle frae him,

Nor hae I ought ava to gie him,

Except a rhyme, if he'll hae that

He's get it quickly, 'ere I quat;

Sae much for preface—now for matter

Wherewith to bungle up a letter,

And here I'm fykin' in a fisle,

To know whether a pert epistle,

Or sang, or satyre, be the maist

Congenial to his reverend taste.

Some fellows entertain their frien's,

Wi' witches, ghaists, an' fairy queens;

One trav'ler firmly has protested,
 He saw a place which ne'er existed ;
 Another to our view discloses
 The spot whar *Michael* buried *Moses* ;
 And some their betters to excel,
 Describe the size an' shape of *Hell* ;
 Some talk about ethereal wars,
 And souse can easy count the stars ;
 Some say that kingdoms are aboon us,
 An' tell us a' that in the Moon is,
 An' if they treat *Miss Luna* fair,
Munchausen kens—for he was there ;
 Some rhymers raise an unco-din,
 'Bout consternations they've been in,
 Hearin' barangues o' learned rats,
 An' manly mice outwittin' cats ;
 Then whon they labour out their label
 They'll own forsooth it's all a fable,—
 But if ye will attention gie,
 Ye'st hear a tale o' truth frae me—
 'Twa fellows ance o' equal fame

Did each a place o' profit claim,
 They were alike in birth an' breedin',
 In leuk alike, alike in cleedin',
 The tane was as the tither gude,
 An' baith were form'd o' flesh an' bluid ;
 In person equally complent,
 They differ'd only in estate,
 And in opinion—wha wad get
 The place for which they baith were set ;
 So off they gade wi' nimble pace
 To let the Justice ken the case,
 Wha had the gi'cin' o' the thing,
 A man as great as ony king ;
 His honour saw at the first sight
 They baith had just an equal right,
 An' so to end the hale dispute
 He bade them lug their purses out ;
 Wha haes maist cash (quoth he) shall fa'
 The place by right, for that's the law ;
 So when he did the purses view
 The tane was toom, the tither fou,—

Then says to him that had the gear,
 Ye fairly won, the case is clear,
 Ye're fortune's frien' an' shall be mine,
 The mortow ye'll come here an' dine;
 Then says to him that was rejected,
 Sic things ye sudna hae expected,
 Gang hame, my frien', an' be at rest,
 Folk us'd wi' want can bear it best.—

Now sir, this tale that I hae ended
 Is but by verity commended,
 Sae if ye dinna like sic bletherin',
 Ye'se no be bother'd wi' anither ane,
 Yet frae it ony common creature
 May see the qualifying nature,
 And the prevailin' power o' pelf:
 But I beg leave to write myself

Your very humble servant.

H. P.....

ANSWER TO BURNS' "LOVELY JEAN."

My *Burns* is gang, I'm left alane,
 My dearest spouse no more
 Shall bless my arms, an' praise my charms,
 An' tell them o'er an' o'er.—
 We baith confess'd we haith were bless'd,
 But O! transportin' scene,
 Too soon ye fled, my *Burns* is dead,
 And I'm no more his Jean!
 In summer days when owre the braes,
 The gentle breezes blaw,
 The fields wad ring to hear him sing
 "My Jenny dings them a';"
 Nae lover's lass that ever was,
 Nor the most happy Queen
 That e'er sat on a royal throne,
 Was half sae bless'd as Jean.
 How often he wi' sang an' glee,
 Has charm'd my ravish'd ear,

An' made to glow, this cheek that now
Sustains the gushin' tear;

Whon by my side my *Burns*, my pride,
Wad sit him down at e'en,

Few, few could vie wi' me, for I
Was then his happy Jean.

Nae man alive need ever strive
To gild my bosom's gloom,

No, no, I swear he breathes not air
Shall fill my *Robin's* room,

Wha's pen could paint each lovely tint
That decks the flowery green,

Wha's haun could twine the laurel fine,
An' dress it on his Jean.

What raptures thro' my bosom flew
The day he first was mine,

What joys possess'd this pantin' breast,
Now left by him behin' :

But why complain, departed swain,
A few short months between,

An' then I come to share thy tomb
An' be again thy Jean.

REFLECTIONS

OCCASIONED BY THE ILLNESS OF THE

REV. T***** T*****.

MUSE awake—a scene distressing
Claims a melancholy strain,

All that made my life a blessing
Lies upon a bed of pain.

Weary watching, never sleeping,
Doctor's efforts fruitless all,

Nothing but the voice of weeping
Murmurs thro' the lonely hall.

Weeping sons—the father ever
Marks you with his last regard,

Weep you may—your loss can never
Never, never be repair'd.

O! ye poor that need protection,
Let your sighs to Heaven ascend,

Mourn ye sons of sad affliction,
Mourn for your afflicted friend:

Mourn with lamentation double,
 Thou who dost already bow
 Underneath a load of trouble,
 Who will share thy sorrows now?

Who will ever soothe thy sadness,
 Who will smother all thy smart?
 Who will gild thy gloom with gladness,
 Who will bind thy broken heart?

None thy lyre will ever listen,
 None will cheer thy spirit—no—
 None with generous wine will hasten
 To alleviate thy woe.—

Woful now be thy existence,
 Dormant be thy rhyming skill,
 Thou shalt only at a distance
 View the groves of Parson's Hill.

O how fleeting, how beguiling
 Sweetest scenes of pleasure are!
 Now there's none to meet thee smiling,
 None to bid thee welcome there.—

But to Heaven's will refer him—
 Mercy pities—mercy spares—
 O indulgent Maker spare him,
 Answer thus a thousand prayers.

Ye who watch the walls of Zion
 Pressing forward for the prize,
 Ere a bed of death ye lie on
 Live like him "and claim the skies."

12th January, 1811.

ON HIS RECOVERY.

HURRY ye sounds of lamentation!
 Social joys again return,
 Bringing cordial consolation
 To this heart so prone to mourn.—

Discontent now fly forever,
 Every trifling care I'll spurn,
 Having health and him, I'll never
 Be again dispos'd to mourn.—

Lately I my sorrow vented,
 Whilst my bleeding heart was torn,
 Now I'm happy—quite contented,
 Not inclin'd at all to mourn.—

Now again he soothes my sorrow
 With his wonted tender turn,
 'Come, *Tisander*,—come to-morrow,
 'Come to me—but not to mourn.'

Now the fear of dire disaster
 I can conquer—I can scorn,
 Now I share the rich repast, where
 None had ever cause to mourn.—

May the smiles of bounteous Heaven
 Every deed of his adorn!
 And may many days be given,
 For to comfort those that mourn!

Now may anguish never grieve him,
 May he never be forlorn
 Till the gates of bliss receive him,
 Never never more to mourn.

22th February, 1811.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE RATHFRILAND BOOK SOCIETY.

DEAR WORTHY SIRS,

Will ye attend,
Or as I should say, condescend,
To hear my supplication?
Ye're wi' the truly noble class'd,
And that's the basis where I rest
My hope and expectation,—

O, if I some great something were,
An' had as muckle cash to spare,
As might mak' me a member,
And ye wad sic a wretch admit,
Ye'd see how saucily I'd sit
Amang ye 'ere December.

But miracles are ceas'd, an' so
I sud contented lie below
My cross—without distraction,

Yet such, alas! my passions are,
That I as much could tame a bear,
As keep them in subjection.

'Tis not for want o' pence, I pine,
Nor want o' pratoes, when I dine—
Worse, far far worse, assails me,
Aye worse, in almost every sense;
But least I keep ye in suspense,
'Tis love, 'tis love that ails me:

A Highland lassie, baskit braw,
Wha's face, I'm sure, I never saw,
Tho' very fair her fame is;
O, how I languish for her sake!
The lovely *Lady of the Lake*,
For that I think her name is.

She lodges, I'm inform'd, wi' you;
So what ye bid, I deem she'll do
Without all hesitation.
O, do not then my suit deny,
That on her matchless beauties, I
May gaze wi' admiration.

Her sire, his approbation gies,
An' so will she, I'm sure, for she's

A courteous, kindly creature,
An' fitted out in every case,
To gratify the human race,
For graces and good nature.

I wianna, sirs, upon my honour,
Lea'e an offensive haun' upon her,
Nor name that would, shall see her;
Na, na, I'd think nae sin to tak'
The rascal's life that would e'en mak'
The sma'est freedom wi' her.

Indeed she sometimes, may be, may
See twa true comrades that I hae,
A preacher*, and a plew-man†;
But they're a chaste an' modest pair,
An' few as famous ever were,
For keekin' clearly through man.

She therefore canna be beguil'd,
Nor frae your humble servant wil'd
By man, or maid's invention,

* Young. † Burns.

For come o' me, or mine, what will,
While she bides wi' me, she shall still
Command my whole attention.

Now, a' that I desire or seek,
Is just her company a week,
To keep my spirits cheery;
'Twad mak' me happy, I declare,
To corlie wi' a lady fair,
At e'en when I am weary.

Perhaps, 'tis this much labour lost,
For oh! I ken it to my cost,
I never can command her;
So, I'll put up my quill an' quat,
Tell her I'm truly hers, an' that

Her lover is

TISANDER.

22d Sep. 1811.

ANSWER FROM THE SOCIETY TO
TISANDER.

THE *Lady of the Lake*, to you
Returns her thanks and service due;
Nor, tho' the bard of Selkirk sung,
In sweeter notes than ever rung
Thro' Scotia's vales, her deathless praise—
Does she disclaim *Tisander's* lays.
'Tis true, she long has left the court
Of Kings and Thrones, the proud resort;
And cannot plead your humble claims
In *Stirling's* hall, to royal *James*—
True, she has left her favourite island,
And now salutes you from *Rathfriland*:
There she on lofty shelf reclines,
'Mongst sages, poets, and divines;
And hither, in their name invites
Tisander to the pure delights,
That virtue, wit, and solid sense,
By type and paper can dispense:

There you, with all a poet's wonder,
Upon their various lore may ponder,
And rise, perhaps, to loftier lays,
That late posterity may praise,
(If you can gain the nine braw lasses,
That rent out acres on Parnassus,
In fair fee simple, to assign
A rood or twa without a fine),
Then welcome to the bright *Dian*,
Thrice welcome, bard of *Moneyland*!

TO MR. G. A.

WHO PROPOSED HIM AS AN HONORARY MEMBER.

1st October, 1811.

PLAIN, honest, downright, *Gilbert Adams*,
 (For I'm ill vers'd in sirs an' madams),
 I hum ye owre my hearty thanks,
 While here I rest my weary shanks,
 Within the peet-neuk on a stool,
 'Forfoughten sair, wi' spade an' shool,
 Which aft hae blistered baith my hauns ;
 Yet while this fleshly fabric stauns,
 An' while fair Phœbus burns aboon me,
 I'll min' the bonour ye hae doon me."

Wow ! man, but ye hae made me happy ;
 A bottle o' the stoutest nappy,
 That ever yet could boast the birth
 O' either anger, wit, or mirth,
 Couldna hae made me half sae vauntie,
 Or made me 'cock my crest' sae cantie.

The love-lorn wretch, wha lang had born
 His sweet-heart's insolence an' scorn,

Resolv'd to terminate the strife,
 By snigin' thro' the thread o' life,
 To let the crimson current spout,
 An' carry the infection out,
 For which dire purpose he doth staun,
 Wi' grewsome-gully in his haun,
 Ready to cut his throat—dear bless us !
 Whon lo ! the object o' his wishes,
 Comes flyin' wi' her heavenly charms,
 An' clasps him in her yieldin' arms,
 An' bids him hope, an' have, an' live,
 And all that honour can, she'll give :
 E'en he amid this gush of treasure,
 Could not be mair o'er power'd wi' pleasure,
 Than I was, when your lady fair,
 In answer to my ardent prayer,
 Did send and say, ' *Tuander, come,*
 Conduct me to your little home ;
 Behold, I'm yours by fate's decree,
 Deliver'd, sign'd, and seal'd by me,'

The Lady of the Lake.

Now, Gilbert, I've nae mair to say,
 I'll see you on my nuptial day,
 Which ye'll observe is firmly fix'd,
 To be sometime December next;
 I canna tell the day exac',
 For I hae ne'er an almanac;
 I'll be beside your frien', the Rector,
 May patron, pride, an' benefactor.

For master Sam*, my ither frien',
 Pray tell him, Gillie, that I mean
 To drink his health in water clear,
 For that's the plentiest potion here;
 But whon to Parson's Hill I fare,
 To mak' my weekly visit there,
 I'll toast it round in stuff as stout
 As ever gade in glass about;
 He may depend on that for ae thing,
 For I get plenty there for naething.

* Samuel Murphy, Jun. who seconded, &c.

An' that's the cheapest way o' drinkin';
 We'll no dispute on this I am thinkin'.

Tell Rev. B***, the bard of Hillton,
 That he's the person I hae built on,
 To solemnize my marriage rites,
 An' licence me for love's delights

An' tell the rest that I'll rememoer
 The hin'most Friday o' September;
 While I a couplet can contrive,
 An' that I hae a heart alive
 To frien'ship, tho' I canna show it;
 But that's the fate o' mony a poet.
 I'd fain string up their names in rhyme,
 But want o' paper an' o' time,
 Gaur's me abruptly quat my theme—
 I've scarcely room to write my name.

TISANDER.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS LORD,

BISHOP OF DROMORE.

O *Percy*, may the meanest Muse

That ever tun'd the lyre,

Attempt the dirge, when fatal news

Sets every soul on fire!

Apollo, do thou teach me skill,

To swell the solemn sound;

My best friend weeps! can I be still?

Ah no! let tears abound.

Now *Robinson*, thy Muse alarm'd,

Shall sound from shore to shore:

Him whom thy infant numbers charm'd—

Thy *Percy*, is no more!

Ye bards of loftiest note and name,

Your efforts join in one,

And vent your sadness on your theme—

Your friend, your patron's gone.

Ye sons of *Levi*, join the choir,

The general sorrow share;

And every bough about *Dromore*,

The sable cyprus wear.

O *Campbell*, be not silent now!

Let all thy powers appear;

O *Drummond*, *Drummond*, where art thou!

When anguish calls thee here?

Attend ye worthies—do, ah! do

Produce the funeral song;

I'll chant my little requiem too—

But far behind the throng:

Yes, far—alas! far, far behind

The wailing crowd I'll crawl,

And bid ambitious worldlings mind,

That great men weep, when good men fall!

3d October, 1811.

THE PROFLIGATE.

TO ITS AIN TUNE.

I AM a brave jolly brisk boy,
 I daily carouse to keep care away;
 A bottle's my life and my joy,
 And makes a dull moment soon wear away;
 Let afterwards do as it may,
 I like to have happiness still in han';
 If creditors crave me, I'll say,
 'Tis hard to get brecks aff a Highlan'man.

I aft' gave the shirt aff my back,
 The full-flowing bumper to bring again;
 Then come on the table a crack,
 Till glass and jugs I make ring again;
 The landlord then calls for his jink,
 I answer, I have not a shillin' man;
 And this often pays a good drink,
 'Tis hard to get brecks aff a Highlan'man.

The miser, a purse full of pelf,
 (Perhaps for a spend-thrift), keeps craftily,
 But I only care for myself,
 And let him take chance that comes after me;
 If any to gambling incline,
 There never was yet a more willin' man;
 But soon my gay game-fellows find,
 'Tis hard to get brecks aff a Highlan'man.

Thus, time I pass jovially by;
 And mean, while I live, to live merrily;
 What tho' I insolvent should die,
 The priest or the parish will bury me.
 My friends do me daily advise,
 But they might as well take the deil in hand;
 I want will and power to be wise;
 'Tis hard to get brecks aff a Highlan'man.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ———

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,
 I'm settled on for certain here,
 Ye've got me mickle gowden gear,
 Ye know us how to use it;
 In consequence o' sic a talk,
 I hae a wee request to mak';
 I think ye'll no refuse it:
 I know your Grace can easy grant,
 The little yearly thing I want—
 Five hun'er poun's the hale o't;
 A very triflin' sum, it's true,
 But comin' frae the like o' you,
 A body thinks a deal o't.
 Now, when I hae obtain'd this boon,
 (And that, I'm certain, will be soon),
 The people will ludloo it,
 In every public place, I wean;
 'Ho! heard ye that his Grace has giv'n
 A pension to a poet.'

Ha, ha, but I'll be unco cheerie,
 When hunders, hunders by the year, ay
 Come cannillie unto me.
 Whar will I ride, whar will I rio,
 This world's owre wee to spen' it in;
 O sirs, what will come o' me.
 O for a pocketfu' o' purses!
 A coach an' fifty pair o' horses
 To whip me owre to Lon'on!
 Whar I'll grow some uncommon thing;
 Dear keep me—it might be a king,
 And then I'll sit my throne on.
 O bless me, Loys, how big I'll be—
 I think, I really think I see
 Myself subduin' Bony;
 But haud a wee—I ought to wait,
 And no to grow sae glorious great,
 Until I get the money.

EPIGRAM TO A LIAR.

O MAN, but ye think much o' truth;
 Ye surely hae a hoard o't
 Laid up in store—for frae your youth,
 Ye seldom spent a word o't;
 But falsity, ye mak' a slave,
 For every day ye wear it,
 While truth, ye like your siller save,
 Ay speakin' lies, to spare it.

AN EPITAPH ON A MISER.

He's flitted, an' whether for waur or for better,
 We canna weel say, nor it's no muckle matter;
 But this we can safely assert, without study,
 A narrower soul never fled frae a body.

ANOTHER.

His body's buried here,
 And how his spirit fares,
 I canna say—but this I'll swear:
 There's nane that kent him, cares.

ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

BELOW this bit slate

He lies lifeless and cold,

That drank an estate,

An' was dry after all.

ON A SLUGGARD.

He's dead, an' he's rotten, and few for him weepin';

He couldna be bother'd wi' breath:

He was so extremely delighted wi' sleepin',

He's lien down to doze here wi' death.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

O THOU! who's word, who's healing word,

Has often conquer'd care

Within this breast, and joy restor'd,

When grief had fester'd there.

O that I in return, could yield

The blissful balm to thee,

And guide thee thro' the mazy field

Of grief, as thou didst me.

Thou first and best of friends! O say,

What theme could heal thy heart?

Tell me—O tell me, that I may

Pluck thence the deadly dart?

I fain would sympathy avow—

Fain, fain with thee condole;

I fain would yield thee comfort now
 When anguish wrings thy soul.
 O for an angel's tongue, to cheer
 Thy melancholy mind;
 But ah! what friendly power will hear?
 What subject shall I find?
 A comfort sure it needs must be,
 Amidst a father's fears,
 Never to hear the sighs nor see
 The tender mother's tears:
 It's true, when health is scarce mature,
 And feeble is the frame,
 A wounded spirit to endure,
 Is trouble in extreme;
 Yet, on affliction's dreary bed,
 I saw thee not repine;
 Tho' hopes of life were almost fled,
 Hear'n's will was ever thine.

Now value health, thy tears forego,
 Let cheerfulness return—
 I ask it with a sigh—for O!
 I cannot see thee mourn.

Dec. 1811.

ERIN'S WELCOME TO
THE EARL OF MOIRA,

ON A REPORT OF HIS BEING APPOINTED LORD LIEUTENANT.

YOUR welcome, my *Moir*a, the chief o' my kin,
As dear to my breast, as the heart that's within,
Wi' London's fair lassie, the pride o' the plain,
Ye're welcome to Erin, my laddie, again.

Ye left me, my *Moir*a, to stan' or to fa',
Wi' nane to defend me frae villains ava;
But now, if they meddle, they'll fin' they're mista'en,
Since *Moir*a's come back to auld Erin again.

I own, I provok'd you, my *Moir*a, to go,
Yet blood is ay warmer than water, you know;
My Paddies to meet you, will march in a train,
And welcome you back to auld Erin again.

Now rule me, my *Moir*a, your will mak' a law;
I'll sleep at your biddin', I'll rise at your ca',
I'll tell my foes roundly, that *Moir*a's my ain,
And welcome you back to auld Erin again.

For glory, my *Moir*a, ye wander'd right wide,
An' London's fair lassie, to win for your bride;
Now haith ye hae gotten, to pay for your pain,
And mak' ye thrice welcome to Erin again.

Frae Britain, her *Hastings* the laurel may claim;
Her hero abroad, her defender at hame;
A match for my *Moir*a she never nup'd nane,
Then welcome my laddie to Erin again.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

PARSON'S HILL.

ON THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1819.

MY lov'd, my honour'd Patron, say

Wilt thou again give ear?

Wilt thou again indulge the lay,

To hail the youthful year?

Twelve times twelve months have roll'd around,

Since first my simple song

Sought patronage in thee, and found

The friend I look'd for long.

The first seven years of which I spent

Without a careful thought;

Then three, on hopes and fears intent,

And two, with anguish fraught.

But have I anguish felt alone?

Are great minds free? ah! no,

For my *Mæcenaz* too has known

Full well the weight of woe.

A little sorrow more, and shut

Will be the scene of strife;

Fate soon the silver cord can cut,

That whirls the wheel of life.

'Tis heaven that has that crisis fix'd;

What angel's arm can save?

This moment's ours—but where's the next—

Perhaps beyond the grave.

How bless'd the hour that sets us free,

From such a life, as meets

By Fate's unchangeable decree

More bitter far than sweets.

Of those few joys this earth can bring,

My portion is but small:

'Bove nothing—scarcely any thing—

Existence almost all.

But yet I do not, will not mourn
 Tho' heaven has health deny'd;
 The little sordid soul I scorn,
 That would make gain its guide,

Tho' with each hour's returning wheel,
 Returning wants do ask
 Exertions great, and tho' I feel
 Unequal to the task,

Yet strange! I almost am content
 When I recount, with glee,
 The many blissful hours I've spent
 On Parson's Hill, with thee.

Thy friendship, try'd by time so long,
 Brings honour to my side—
 'Tis not myself, 'tis not my song—
 My patron is my pride.

How few of elevated rank,
 But would, with scorn, regard
 Th' illiterate, incoherent clank
 Of an ignoble bard;

But thou hast often taught this heart
 To wander from its wo;
 Yea often, often smooth'd the smart
 Of many a throb and throe.

Therefore, on prospects fair I gaze,
 And hope anon to see
 Far better times, far happier days;
 Amen—so let it be.

TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

ON A REPORT THAT HE WAS TO RECEIVE £3000 FOR THE

COPY OF "ROSEMARY."

THREE thousand in a lump—ha, ha;
That wins frae ought I ever saw,
Forby the honour it will draw
Frae every art to thee, *Wattie*;
Right far the trumpet voice o' fame,
Extends thy glory an' thy name;
But oh! it plays the very shame,
On little hards like me, laddie.

Each hardie now, tho' ne'er sae keen,
May quat the scribblin' trade, I ween,
For a' the world, wi' earnest een,
Are glowerin' up at thee, *Wattie*;
Nae poem, now, is worth a groat,
Unless it comes frae *Walter Scott*;
A' rhymers else are now forgot,
Forgot alang wi' me, laddie.

Full sweetly thou hast Marmion sung,
But sweeter far Lough Cathrine rung;
Now Rokeby sets baith auld and young.
A dootin' about thee, *Wattie*;
O for the gleanings o' thy praise,
To cheer my melancholy days!
But oh! these life-inspiring rays,
Will never blink on me, laddie.

Yet b'lieve this simple truth frae me:
Tho' I should beg 'em on my knee,
I would five golden guineas gie,
For leave to leuk at thee, *Wattie*;
The laurel's gatherin' every where,
For Selkirk's honour'd hard to wear;
But oh! there's no' a sprig to spare,
No, not a leaf for me, laddie.

Bays lately bloom'd on *Burns's* brow;
Incircling his immortal pow;
But now the garlands only grow
For *Campbell* an' for thee, *Wattie*;

Thy skill in legendary lore,
 Has set thee, ilka bard, before ;
 To be the king o' a' the choir,
 Thou'lt get a vote frae me, laddie.

TO THE REVEREND T. T.

OF THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON, LIEUTENANT IN THE 5TH
 REGIMENT, IN SICILY, APRIL, 1812.

A DEEP "indebted Muse," O, T^hou !

Would very humbly join

Thy bitter wallings with a sigh—

Would mix a tear with thine ;

Assur'd that thou wilt not repine,

Nor deeply be concern'd ;

That heavenly lesson to resign,

Already thou hast learn'd ;

'Tis thine to heal the wounds of woe,

That make the wretched mourn ;

'Tis thine to feel the friendly glow,

That bids the bosom burn ;

And oh ! 'tis thine to be forlorn,

Which deeper drives the dart ;

For fate a tender tie has torn,

That closely clasp'd thine heart ;

I know a very pond'rous part
Of sorrow is thy share ;
I know the throbbings of thy heart,
When grief inhabits there :
Alas ! that ever part'al care,
Or sweet paternal peace
Should usher in a pang severe—
A youthful son's decease !

Upon a foreign shore, alas !
'Mid strangers to expire !
'Mid soldiers, soldiers pitiless,
Made death itself more dire ;
No friend to mitigate the fire
Of dissolution's dread ;
Far from a kind indulgent sire,
Life's trembling taper fled !

Thy bard presumes not to forbid
Thy bursting tears to flow ;
He knows thy grief cannot be hid,
So deep thou wad'st in woe ;
Yet suffer not that grief to grow,
Nor fortitude to fail ;
Heaven blesses those that bless the blow ;
" Heaven often wounds to heal."

A CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Now reader, I'm supposin' you
Hae read this bunch o' blethers thro',
And that ye're wond'rin' what he's like,
That's keepin' sic an unco fyke,
About his ill digested jargon,
For which ye made sae blin' a bargain.

Come then, observe, he is a callan
That's ay a foe to strife an' brawlin',
Likes peace an' frien'ship won'er wrel,
And hates nae creature but the deil ;
Ambitious o' a fair-won fame,
An' gets, I b'lieve, an honest name,

(Honest, ye'll say, he canna be,
The scoundrel, for he cheated me ;

O! but I was a silly gowk,
 To buy a pig within a poke;
 But for the time to come, I'll watch him,
 And if we meet, I'll may-be match him;
 However, as I dinna know him,
 Gang on wi' your description o' him;
 I winna put his faults in rhyme,
 For that would waste owre muckle time,
 Besides, if I conjecture right,
 He'd rather keep them out o' sight:
 Tho' guidness he has little skill o',
 He hates to hear guid folk spoke ill o';
 And tho' he can baith eat an' drink,
 He's no an epicure I think;
 O' fric's he has a glorious raw,
 Right saucy too he's o' them a';
 Yet backward ay among his betters,
 Because he's no a man o' letters;
 For learning, there was ne'er a clown,
 Knew less about a verb or noun;

Then marvel not suppose he nammer,
 That never even read a grammar—
 He's nae-way stupid, dull, or sour,
 But whon folk would him paddle owre;
 That he could never weel abide,
 His passions were sae ill to guide;
 In spite o' reason, care, or craft,
 A disappointment drives him daft.

These hints, his inward powers comprise;
 Now for his outward shape an' size:
 He's midlin' feat, an' pretty straight,
 Just ten stane, even-beam, in weight,
 In height, exactly five feet seven;
 His age twice five an' twice eleven;
 No clumsy made nor nicely bred,
 Nor brag'd o' or for white or red;
 His hair a sort o' sooty pale,
 An' tho' his pelt be brown, it's hale;
 He's neither strong nor very healthy,
 Nor just a beggar, nor yet wealthy;
 His daily pratoes he gets fairly,

By workin' ilent late an' early;
 And if description true be given,
 He's neither fit for earth nor heaven,
 Nor life, nor death, nor ought I ken o';
 But this address to mak' an en' o',
 In Monyslan his little hame is,
 A watti'd cottage—an' his name is

HUGH PORTER.

GLOSSARY.

A

A', all
 Aboop, above
 Ae, one
 Ae, off
 Aiblin, perhaps
 Ain, own
 Along, along
 Among, among
 Amist, almost
 An', and
 Amer, once
 Ane, one, pronounced yin
 Anath, beneath
 Aent, against
 Anither, another
 Auld, old
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away

B

B' bail, the earth
 Bairns, children
 Baith, both
 Ban, to swear
 Baner, banner
 Beahl, bold
 Beet, few; added to fire
 Befu', beful
 Beuk, book
 Beggis, building
 Bir, nick of time, crisis
 Blow, blow
 Blesher, idle talk
 To blink, to shine by fits
 Bluid, blood
 Bony, pretty
 Braw, declivity, slope of a hill

B

Braw, handsome, fine, brave
 Brattling, hurrying
 Brees, bruise
 Biechers, brothers
 Bress, porridge
 Bon', bound
 Burn, water, rivulet
 Boskit, dressed
 Byre, cow stable

C

C', call
 Callan, boy
 Cam' came
 Camp, to struggle for superiority
 Canna, cannot
 Canie, gentle, dextrous
 Cantie, merry
 Carle, old man
 Cauldrife, chilly or cold
 Chiel, young fellow
 Cloed, clothed
 Commis, coming
 Coof, blockhead
 Corlie, to talk familiarly
 Crack, conversation
 Croun, a hollow moan
 Crouse, cheerful

D

DADDIE, father
 Daft, glibly
 Dander, to walk slowly
 Deil, devil
 Ding, to wear
 Doided, stupified

D

Damn, done
Dance, sober, wise, prudent
Drop, drop
Drove, drive
Dwight, tedious
Dwight, drought
Drumstick, meal and water
Dung, pushed, driven

E

EAR, early
E'e, een, eye, eyes
Eo, end
Enow, enough

F

FAW, fall
Fas' fan'd, found
Fash, to trouble, to care for
Fawn, fallen
Faut, fault
Feat, neat, spruce
Fin' find
Fippence, five pence
Fist, bustle
Fit, foot
Forthrighten, fatigued
Forky, beside
Forsie, forgive
Foster, foster
Foss, full
Frow, from
Fretit, fretted
Frien', friend
Fyke, a fun about trifes

G

GA, gall
Gale, went
Gae, go
Guet, way, manner
Gow, goose
Gung, go
Gar, to make, to faye

G

Gown, going
Gear, riches, goods
Geck, to toss the head in some
Ghost, ghost
Gie, to give
Giel, gave
Gien, given
Gie's, give us
Giglet, a young girl
Gin, if, against
Girts, jerks
Glanin', twilight
Gloor, stare
Gosing, gazing
Goud, gold
Gouk, cuckoo
Goul, to haul
Graith, accompaniments
Grane, a groan
Greet, to weep
Grin', grind
Grossome, grim
Grunphie, a sow
Grun', ground
Guld, good
Gully, a large knife
Gule, the Supreme Being

H

HAE, have
Haffet, temple or side of
the head
Hale, whole
Hame, home
Haud, hold
Hann, han'—hands, hand
Hann, home or dwelling
Haverel, half-witted
He's, he will
Het, hot, made hot
Hinches, hanches
Hin'most, hindmost
Hizzle, hussy
Hornie, a name for the Devil
Hunner, hundred
Hyts, delicious

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The Editor has to apologise for not inserting a great number of subscribers' names that came too late.

NOTES.

Page 33, line 11, "Misery's Posts:" a name given by weavers to the posts of a loom.

56, line 8, the Churn is a parcel of the stalks of corn which are left standing in the field, tied together, after all the rest of the harvest has been cut down; at which the reapers, each in succession, from a given distance throws his reaping hook:—The person who has the good fortune to cut it down carries it home in triumph, and claims an immemorial right to as much of the cream which is in the Churn, ready for churning, as he chooses to drink.

68, line 10, Tisander: a name given to the Author by a gentleman, well-known in the literary world, a neighbour and friend of the Editor.