



T O J. S * * * *

*Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and folder of Society!
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the fleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;

And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, *Nature*,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerket up sublime
Wi' haasty summon:
Hae ye a leifure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu'
cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for *fun*.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the ruffet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a *random-shot*
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent*;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!"
"I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither Poets, much your better,
"Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' *letters*,
"Hae thought they had enfur'd their debtors,
"A' future ages;
"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
"Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!

Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic fang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' *inglorious* dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living found an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand,
That, wielded right,

Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The *magic-wand* then let us wield;
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O *Life!* how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the *rose* upon the brier,
Unmindful that the *thorn* is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the *sweet* and eat the *fat*,
But care or pain;
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

With steady aim, Some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry finew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And sieze the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble fervan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal fwervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our Sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye *Pow'rs*, and warm implore,
' Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
' In all her climes,
' Grant me but this, I ask no more,
' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to *countra Lairds*,
' Till icicles hing frae their beards;

‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine *Life-guards*,
‘ And *Maids of Honor* ;
‘ And yill an’ whisky gie to *Cairds*,
‘ Until they fconner.

‘ A *Title*, DEMPSTER merits it ;
‘ A *Garter* gie to WILLIE PIT ;
‘ Gie Wealth to some be-ledger’d Cit,
‘ In cent per cent ;
‘ But give me real, sterling Wit,
‘ And I’m content.

‘ While ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
‘ I’ll fit down o’er my scanty meal,
‘ Be’t *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
‘ Wi’ chearfu’ face,
‘ As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
‘ To say the grace.’

An anxious e’e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
As weel’s I may ;

Sworn foe to *sorrow*, *care*, and *prose*,
I rhyme away.

O ye, douse folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn baffes
Ye hum away.

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rambling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

