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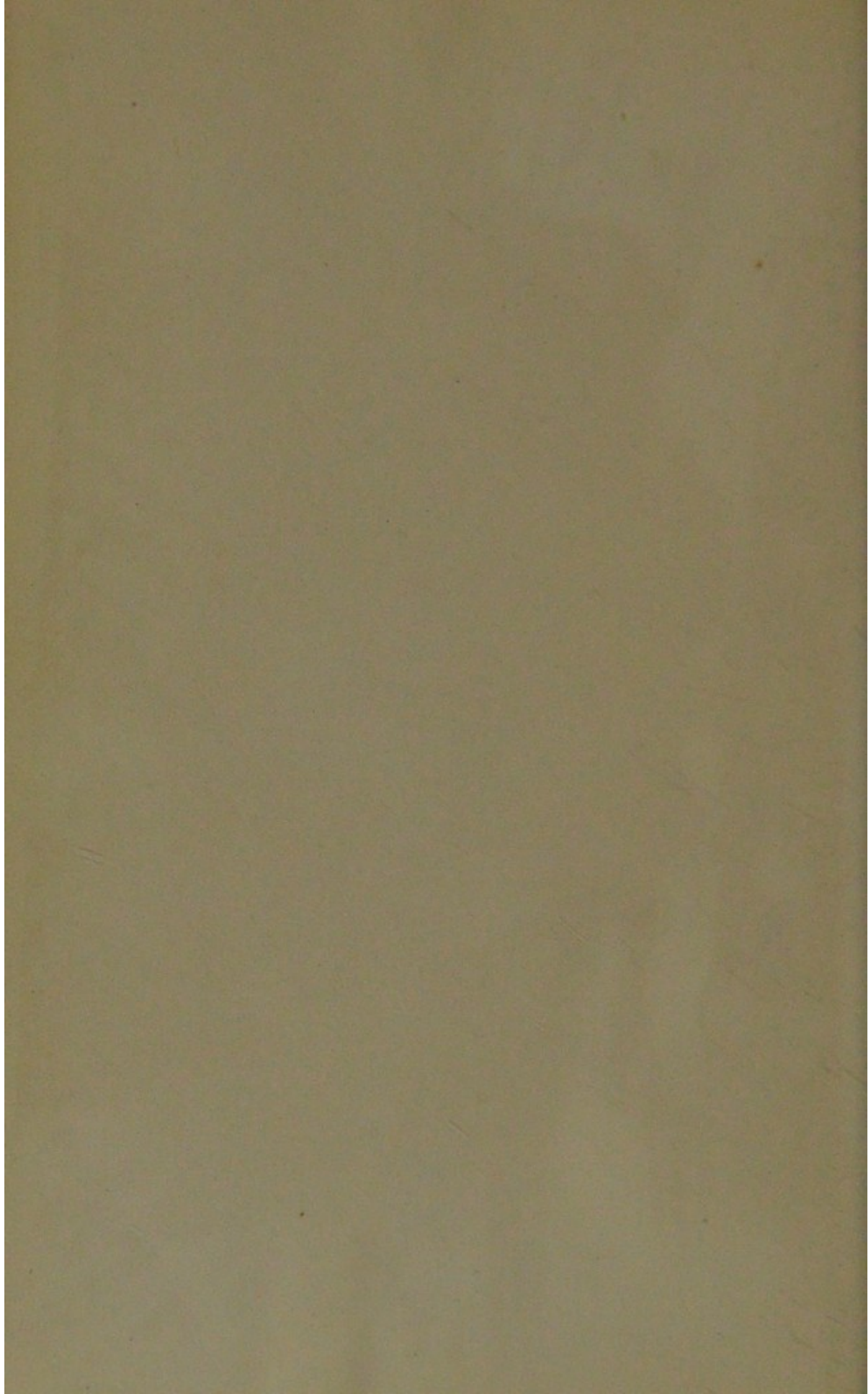


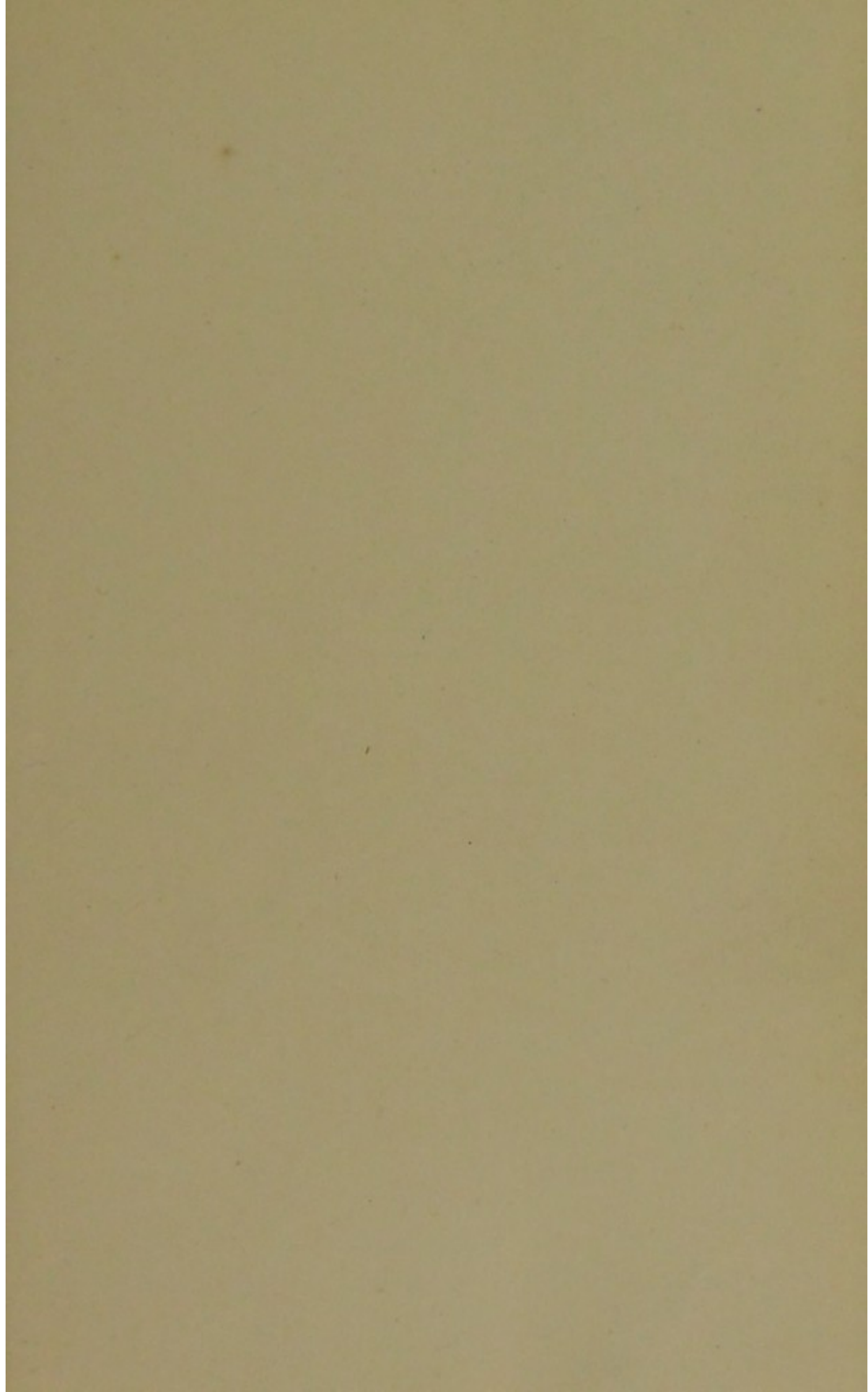
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Edwin Clarke

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A PHYSICIAN'S POEMS.



A
PHYSICIAN'S POEMS

PATRIOTIC, PASTORAL
PUNGENT

BY

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SENIOR PHYSICIAN TO GLASGOW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

GLASGOW
DAVID BRYCE AND SON

1893

(2) CUC / BEL

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PREFACE.

THESE poems, if they may be dignified by such a term, have been printed in compliance with the wish of many friends. The most of them, whether descriptive of persons or places, are the result of personal observation. In the former, the delineations are complimentary, when that is possible, but regret must be expressed that the writer has been impelled in many instances, to reverse the picture in his endeavour to portray characters which have thrust themselves upon his mental vision. Truth has never been sacrificed to plausibility. The poems are reflections of the rays proceeding from the various persons and objects which have impinged upon the mirror of his mind. Some of his readers may have met in real life the characters depicted, and the crystallization attempted will be

appreciated according to the insight of the observer. The sympathies of mankind are ever with their reminiscent associations, and are keen or dull, in reciprocation to the impressions made, or the feelings excited by past or present experience. What to one is insipid is to another exhilarating. The author's hope is that he may strike a genial chord between himself and his reader.

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P O E M S.

JUBILEE VERSES.

FIFTY years upon the scroll of time

Have left their tracings clear and well defined ;

But none shows brighter than the life sublime

Which thine as Queen and Mother hath combined.

These five decades have heaped upon thy head

Their weight of years, each laden with its cares,

And poignant grief upon thy life has shed

Its gloomy shadows on the track of years.

Yet though as daughter, mother, loving wife,

Remorseless death has laid his hand on thine,

Bereft thee of loved ones who gave to life

Support and solace, thou didst not repine.

Thy regal head has bowed to Heaven's decree,
No murmuring thought held sway within thy breast,
Than thine example nobler could not be,
And in return a nation calls thee bless'd.

Thy people's love deep rooted is and leal,
Uniting thee to them by filial ties ;
Thy joy is theirs and they thy sorrows feel,
While thy kind heart in sympathy replies.

And now rejoicings through thy vast domain
Fill each and every heart with joy and glee ;
Thanksgivings rise that thy unblemished reign
Has in this year attained its jubilee.

A JUBILEE SONG.

1887.

LET Oceana, with one voice,
Rejoice and again rejoice ;
Let every sea-girt shore,
Which the Union Jack floats o'er
Thrilling to the core,
Shout out o'er land and sea,
Thanksgiving on thy Jubilee.

Let Albion's fertile vales,
And the sterile hills of Wales,
Combine with Caledon,

And with Erin's sons, each one,
To sing in union,
A song of harmony,
To Heaven on thy Jubilee.

Let Indies, East and West,
Now their loyalty attest,
So that both hills and plains
Will re-echo with the strains
Of the glad refrains,
Full of joy and glee,
To celebrate thy Jubilee.

Let the isles of the southern main
Vibrate and echo again,
With joyful shouts and cries,
To which each isle replies,
Wafting to the skies,
In voice of melody,
Rejoicings on thy Jubilee.

Australia too will join the throng,
And New Zealand swell the song,
Throughout their vast domains,
Till mountains, wastes, and plains,
Repeat the joyous strains,
Of mirthful joy and ecstasy,
They pour²forth on thy Jubilee.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
CLARENCE.

JANUARY 17TH, 1892.

A NATION paralysed, all voices hushed,
By one fell blow its fondest hopes are crushed,
And prostrate lies in grief. With bated breath,
Each loyal heart has felt the sting of death.

Just as the day was opening bright and clear
On his young life and that of one most dear,
The avalanche of death enveloped all,
Casting o'er empires its funereal pall.

That clammy, subtle hand, with ruthless haste,
Has touched the throne and laid its pleasures waste.

Our joy to mourning turns, as we behold
His comely features, lying stiff and cold.

Hope has been withered by our mortal foe,
Bright expectation by life's overthrow ;
And we, a people, mourn with those whose love
Is pure as that which governs Heaven above.

IN MEMORIAM GARFIELD.

I.

It is not only those we've seen and known,
Whose love reflects the fervour of our own,
Whose every interest doth entwine with ours,
Whose every pleasure strews our path with flowers ;

Whose every sorrow lays a leaden hand
Upon our head, and clasps with iron band
The overburdened heart and weary brain,
Because we feel another is in pain.

It is not only those whose tender years
Mingle their laughter with their sobs and tears,
Like sunbeams blossoming on the shower,
Or as the dew-drops sparkle on the flower,

Whose tender forms, miniatures of our own,
Remind us of the days that, long since flown,
Yet still recall our happy childhood's years,
When laughing eyes shone through a cloud of tears.

It is not only such that grip the heart,
And in our lives would seem to bear a part ;
No, there are chords that vibrate to the core,
Touched by a hand they never felt before.

Nor is it only those whose twin delight
It is to dwell within each other's sight,
And lover-like drink in each other's love,
And daily live each other's love to prove.

This were affection in its selfish mood,
But generous souls will reverence all that's good ;
Let it illumine noble deeds of kin,
Or lighten up the lives of other men.

There is a generous impulse in mankind,
Spontaneous growth of the unselfish mind ;
It blossoms in the sunshine of esteem,
It fructifies in virtue's golden beam.

And when it blooms a fragrance will pervade
And shed its perfume through the world's arcade,
Destroying by its rich and fragrant breath
The foetid odours of a moral death.

It is sweet Sympathy I would extol,
Most noble essence of the human soul,
Relic of that divinity in man
Which dwelt in him when life on earth began.

A subtle influence radiant as the sun
Which on the morning's wings ascends his throne,
And from the zenith pours in brilliant streams
The glories of his vivifying beams.

So it a warmth of concord sheds on earth,
Breaks down the barriers of race and birth,
Grieves with bitter tears for other's grief,
And sacrifices self to yield relief.

II.

A man is not more noble when his fame
Rests only on the pageants of the name
His ancestors have borne in days of old,
Than he whose humbler life is yet untold.

The blood of kings may mingle in his veins,
And yet that man an erring man remains ;
'Tis not royalty that alone succeeds
To win a people's heart, but royal deeds.

It is not accident of birth and blood,
Nor is it valour on the field or flood
That yields a true nobility, and place
A man amongst the noblest of his race.

The story of his lineage may be dim,
But that at best would be to one like him,
As if the eagle borrowed from the kite
Its gayer plumes, to aid him in his flight.

For one may live, and from the cabin rise
By honesty and wisdom, till he vies
With emperors and kings upon their thrones,
And when he dies it is the world that moans.

The lily is not lovelier to-day
Because it bloomed in ages passed away ;
Nor is the rose more fragrant than of yore,
Although it blushed on ancient Canaan's shore.

III.

Oh ! woman's love, how deep, how strong, how wide,
Enduring more the more that it is tried,
And in its fervour, like the mid-day sun,
Clothing with beauty all it shines upon.

The noblest coronet that decks her brow,
A never-failing seal of nuptial vow,
Unswerving as the river as it flows,
Ever moving onwards, gathering as it goes.

Pure and exhaustless as the wayside spring,
Whose constant stream is ever offering
Its very self, that it may yield its store,
And grudges not to those who help implore.

Swift on the wing, and gentle as the dove
Is woman's sympathy, is woman's love ;
Spotless as the drift upon the mountain's side,
Pure as the foam which rides upon the tide.

Sweet as the light that shines in Paradise
Is the soft lustre of a woman's eyes,
When love illuminates those crystal spheres,
Where tender passion often melts in tears.

Then fortunate, twice fortunate is he
Whose mother's love, or mother's memory
Constraineth him, when other means would fail
To guide him right, and thus let right prevail.

IV.

Oh, let me breathe that unpolluted air,
The waftings of a heavenly atmosphere,
Unsullied by the jarrings of discord,
Untainted by a frown or angry word,

Where the uninterrupted rays reveal
A light so pure that it may not conceal
Aught that partakes of jealousy, or bears
Upon its visage tracks that anger wears.

The birthplace of Affection's tender form
Where it is watched and shielded from the storm,
And there is nurtured till its growth displays
Infinite happiness in after days ;

Where Brotherhood its focal strength attains,
And round each other casts its golden chains,
Binding together hearts whose one desire
Is to abjure self and love inspire !

And thus Affection—Love's own counterpart—
By its most potent force draws heart to heart,
Welding in one complete harmonious whole
The aspirations of each loving soul.

V.

O Life, most precious gift to man from God,
Part of the Self who hath the gift bestowed,
Immortal as the Giver, and to Him
As sacred as unfallen seraphim ;

Incomprehensible as is that power
Which, working in the bud, unfolds the flower,
And yields in all its richness and perfume
The sweets and beauty of the perfect bloom.

That which imprints upon the passive clay
The imagery of God, and day by day
Enables man to lift his thoughts on high
And hold communion with the Deity.

Like purest waters from a living spring,
It gushes forth, without impoverishing
Its mighty source, to which all nature owes
Spring, summer, autumn, and the winter's snows.

And like the crystal flakes that fall at Yule,
That life did come from God, free, fresh, and full,
In all its pristine purity and sheen,
Till sin did with its horrors intervene.

But that the Spirit might to him return
Unscathed by sin, unhurt by its sojourn
On earth, and pure as when it left the throne,
The Father's loving heart sent forth the Son.

In the deep anguish of a riven heart,
Th' Almighty heeded not the just desert
That cleaved to sin, but Mercy—Love's helpmeet—
Restrained the hands of Justice at its seat.

VI.

“Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.”
—GARFIELD.

Poverty may be cruel, but she is kind,
For with her penury there is combined
A discipline, that moulds, with artist's hand,
A hero from the clay at her command.

She dwells, and is allowed to dwell alone;
She's courted not, but feared by every one;
She's shunned and hated, is repelled and scorned;
Uncomely is her form and unadorned.

For where find we the joys that she confers?
What luxuries can she display as hers?
Of what pleasures do her sons partake?
Where are the jewels that hang round her neck?

Alas! the joys of poverty are few,
And evanescent as the morning dew;
The rags of pleasant memories she wears
Are worn threadbare by the lapse of years;

And treasures none, except what Nature's art
Has placed within the unhewn human heart,
Nobility of soul, reflecting clear
That man is destined for a higher sphere;—

Gems of intellect sparkling in the light
Of their own radiance, which dispels the night
Of dense obscurity that oft pervades,
And fain would hide them in its murky shades.

But as the sun, though mists and clouds obscure
His face, still shines with unabated power
In the vast infinitude, that huge domain
In which he doth a thousand worlds sustain,

So will Genius upwards lift his eyes,
And on the wings of true ambition rise
Till he attains the zenith of his fame,
And shines in all the glory of his name.

VII.

“Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle will never make soldiers or win victories.”—GARFIELD.

'Tis not the bugle, nor the thrilling note
That shrilly issues from its brazen throat,
And with imperious voice calls to the fight,
That makes a soldier or a man of might.

“Occasion” may, and often does demand
That peaceful men should take the sword in hand,
And wield in deadly feud the gleaming blade,
But theirs is to defend, not to invade.

Perchance “occasion” is the “bugle-call”
That echoes loud and long through cot and hall,
And calls forth lord and vassal to unite
In common cause—a common foe to smite.

And when “occasion” calls, who would refuse
Its mandate to obey? who would abuse
The latent power that doth within him lie?
Who would refuse with duty to comply?

Where is the man that dare abort this power
That God hath given him, and who, hour by hour,
Grants to him health and strength to use it, so
That by his life the world may richer grow?

Does he exist? and can his sordid breast
Heave in response to heaven, which doth invest
Anew, with every breath his lungs receive,
His wretched body with a fresh reprieve?

Can no "occasion" rouse his languid soul?
Or is it self alone that doth control,
And with a hellish force subvert and blight
All that would ennoble him and guide him right?

Then let me spurn him as a loathsome snake,
And from his presence quick my steps betake;
Let his rank growth, in selfish greed,
Proclaim his likeness to a loathsome weed.

VIII.

“ We cannot study nature profoundly without bringing ourselves into communion with the spirit of art, which pervades and fills the universe.”—GARFIELD.

There is a spirit which pervades and fills
And beautifies the world with dales and hills :
It paints the lichen on the boulder's crest ;
It gilds the chambers of the purpling West,
Where evening lingers ere it sinks to rest.

It permeates the earth, the sea, the sky ;
It echoes in the peewit's plaintive cry ;
It booms within the thunder cloud, and weaves
The gossamer that glints on autumn leaves.

It penetrates the depths of ocean's caves ;
It rides upon the crest of ocean's waves ;
It glimmers in the surf that bounds her shores—
Its melody is heard when ocean roars.

With divers shapes and forms and colours gay
It clothes the shingle of the sheltered bay ;
And when the wrath of ocean writhes in foam,
It welds the tangle to its rocky home.

When graceful seaweeds bend before the tide,
With tiny tendrils spread on every side,
And yet retain their beauty and their form
Unbroken by the surging of the storm,

Will we not own that Nature's art excels
Poor human skill, and in dumb language tells
Of an Almighty power and sovereign will,
That fashioned life its special sphere to fill ?

Whose power is seen when morning from the night
Comes blushing forth, and fills the world with light,
Loading each bush with song, whilst heaven's high arc
Thrills with the magic music of the lark.

When Spring unclasps the bonds of fettered earth,
Supplants sterility with joyous birth,
And wafts its vernal breath o'er moor and mead,
Moulding in lovely form the dormant seed,

We 'gain behold the art that Nature wields ;
It clothes the woodlands and the verdant fields ;
It fills the lap of Summer with its gems,
And gilds the Autumn with its laden stems.

IX

“It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow, that it finds solace in unselfish thought.”—GARFIELD.

When Sorrow's sombre shades brood o'er the heart,
How dismal life appears—all joys depart ;
Dark are the clouds that o'er the vision roll,
And dense the night when grief engulfs the soul.

But darker still the shadows gather round,
And further deepen, when no outlet's found
By which the pent-up stream may overflow,
And on the stricken heart relief bestow.

When poignant Grief, with its octopian arms,
 Enthral's its victim, strikes him to the core,
Robs him of that which gave to life its charms,
 And shrouds in gloom all that was bright before,

Man oft forgets that duty is not dead,
And grief is not assuaged if nursed and fed,
Nor does a weight of sorrow lightly rest,
When only thoughts of self possess the breast.

For then the shroud of melancholy hides
The light of joy that still in life abides,
But which like stars, though clouds obtrude their
 form,
Yet brightly glint beyond the frowning storm.

And when one feels that he is not alone,
That other hearts are sad beside his own,
That selfish sorrow ne'er will solace yield,
Nor broken hearts by selfish thoughts be healed,

He comfort seeks beyond the prison wall
Of grim Despair, and casts away the pall
That o'er his vision in funereal folds
Droops, and distorts all that the eye beholds.

He gathers pleasure from another's joy,
Another's grief his sympathies employ,
And thus his own distress begins to wane
While ministering to another's pain.

The ebbing tide of sorrow leaves exposed
The sands of life more pure than when it flowed ;
Its waves have smoothed the furrows which defaced
The silvery strand the hand of God had traced.

X.

“ It has been fortunate that most of our greatest men have left no descendants to shine in the borrowed lustre of a great name.”—GARFIELD.

Strange does it seem, yet not more strange than true,
That of those men whose names a lustre lend
To science, art, and war, there are but few
Whose sons can e'er to like renown pretend.

As the moon's faint presence is but dimly seen
When day dispels the sombre shades of night,
(And though she reigns as the nocturnal queen,
She does so only by a borrowed light),

So shines the child of an illustrious sire,
He yields no light—in him there is no fire ;
The lustre of his name alone begets
A twilight like the sun before he sets.

It is not e'en the glimmering of dawn,
For that would blossom into full-blown day ;
His, only, is what's left when day is gone,
Before the night assumes her swarthy sway.

But mindful of the trust reposed in her,
And careful that the gifts she can confer
May be dispensed that each receives a share,
Dame Providence matures her plans with care.

Her gifts are varied as the song of birds,
Whose music speaks without the aid of words,
Whose liquid notes in rippling wavelets float,
The echoings of an enchanted throat ;

Whose melody awakes the harp of day,
And tunes to song each quivering sprig and spray
When morning bursts the bonds of silent night,
And floods the landscape with a sea of light.

And when the day, consuming in the west,
'Midst flaming clouds of gold, sinks to its rest,
In cadence sweet, its lullaby they sing,
And Nature's curfew o'er the woodlands ring.

But as each songster varies in his song,
 Whilst others boast a plumage rich and gay,
So do the gifts which all creation throng
 Fulfil in every case their destiny.

Thus oft we find that men, whose talents shine
 Where'er the atmosphere of thought survives,
Are left, when age heaps on its years, to pine
 And pass alone the gloaming of their lives ;

While others, whose existence is a blank
 Save to the little circle of their friends,
Have pleasures which are not conferred by rank,
 And honours, too, which Heaven only sends.

Their children smooth the pathway to the grave,
Which but for them would be a thorny road,
And with tenderest love its threshold pave,
The dreary threshold of their last abode.

XI.

“We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance.”—GARFIELD.

When man from Eden's garden fair was hurled,
And sent to roam and wander through the world,
The curse of sin resounding in his ears
Proclaimed his doom, and limited his years.

But though the sin of Adam in its train
Brought death, with all its agony and pain,
There were provided laws which, when obeyed,
The sentence of the penalty delayed.

So, it were false philosophy to hold,
And dangerous alike to young and old,
That infant life should be a sacrifice
Which God demands because of Adam's vice.

No, 'tis ignorance, with its rank conceit,
Despising law, and trampling under feet
The gift of common sense, which deals the blow,
Just as the stream of life begins to flow.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

DUNSTAFFNAGE, could thy walls repeat
The story of those buried years,
When to the tread of royal feet,
And that of Scotland's proudest peers,
Thy rude walls echoed when the strains
Of merry music's sweet refrains
Fired the heart and led the dance,
When Highland chiefs and ladies fair
Mingled with cavaliers from France,
Till oaken floors and rafters bare
Shook and trembled with the reel,
O'er which there flooded laughter's peal.
Then courtiers danced with courtly dames,
When oft the embers of esteem
Were fanned to those more ardent flames
When love steps in and paints the dream,

Till on the canvas of their lives
Husbands appear as well as wives.
But now this canto is complete,
I long to hear thy walls repeat
The story of those chiefs and kings
With which thy battered ruin rings,
To learn when first the ancient keep
Rose high upon its rocky steep,
To yield both shelter and repose
To kings and chiefs, when Scotland's foes
Deluged the land with noble blood,
Till burn and brook and river's flood
Ran crimson from the foeman's steel ;
Yet still brave Scotland would not kneel.
She'd fight again to crush the foe
Who dared to lay her honour low ;
For this she reared her sons, that they
Might join their fathers in the fray.
She nursed them on the lap of war,
Mars ever was their guiding star,

Their lullaby wild war's alarms,
Their pastime was the crash of arms ;
And when for sport were at a loss
They shouldered high the fiery cross ;
For to them welcome was the sight
When brightly blazed the beacon light,
Which told that foemen were at hand,
Who dared invade their native land.
But hark ! methinks those ruined walls,
Those floorless, roofless, doorless halls,
Seek their story to unfold,
One that's never yet been told.
And fain I'd listen to a tale
Of years long dead, when Innishail,
Whose ruins now to us declare
Religion had its temple there ;
And when Iona's beacon bright
Shed abroad its holy light,
Firing with zeal those savage hearts,
Which ever to the soul imparts

That fervour which through Scotland's sons
In every pulse so constant runs.
Or when King Olaf's waning power
Held sway within Dunolly's tower,
Which, though in ruins, still conveys
The grandeur of its early days.
It was when Roman legions came,
Fired by conquest's quenchless flame,
To wrest the islands of the west
From those within whose dauntless breast
There throbbed a heart which brooked no foe
Till he had laid their bodies low ;
And, even then, refused to yield,
Although repulsed on battlefield.
For Liberty they ever fought,
Regardless of the price it brought.
Fathers, and sons, and brothers too,
To Liberty for ever true,
Swelled the armies of their chief,
To fight the daring foreign thief,

Who would presume on them to prey,
And subject them to Roman sway.
It was in these grand days of yore
There rose upon Loch Etive's shore
King Ewin's castle, which to-day
Is made the subject of my lay.
It was when Pictish monarchs reigned,
And long before their power waned,
Dunstaffnage raised its fortress tower,
Whose ruins tell of vanished power ;
Where kings and queens their courts did hold
And Highland dames and chieftains bold
Supped and dined within those halls,
Which now are only empty walls.
'Twas here MacAlpine claimed his throne,
Which he removed from hence to Scone,
And carried thence the sacred stone
On which the Sun of Freedom shone,
Assuring Scotland's liberty,
Still named "The Stone of Destiny."

Then Scandinavian Vikings came,
Who added to the castle's fame ;
But theirs was but a transient stay,
Soon they were worsted in the fray,
When Highland chiefs and vassals brave
Laid King Olaf in his grave,
Trampling down the Norseman's power,
Whose refuge was the castle's tower ;
For brave and bold good Scottish knights,
Scaled and stormed the castle's heights ;
Then Lords of Lorn, as victors, claimed
Dunstaffnage, now in fable famed.
The reason why this name it bore,—
'Cause Eilan-beag and Eilan-more
Faced the hill, on which was reared
The fort, now empty, scarred, and seared ;
For time, with its relentless hand,
Exacted has its last demand,
And only left the stone and lime
To tell the story of the time,

When, within this royal seat,
Were offered safety and retreat
To the noblest of that race
Through which our kings their lineage trace.
And proudly to this source they own
Their title to the British throne ;
For did not Bruce, to warfare born,
Wrest it from the Lord of Lorn ?
And held his court within those halls,
Where only now the echo calls,
To mock the voice of Brown and Jones,
Who come to view this heap of stones,
Which once within their masonry
Resounded to sweet minstrelsy,
And listened to the Bruce's speech,
Instead of to the howl and screech
Which now disturbs the ruined keep,
O'er which the ivy's tendrils creep,
And sheltering throw their kindly grasp,
Which firmly to each other clasp

The tottering weatherbeaten walls,
Whose memory still to us recalls
Their former strength, now passed away
While in its place the ruin grey
Repeats the story day by day—
“The end of all things is decay.”

GLENGYLE.

I'VE seen Glengyle in Summer's glow,
I see it now enshrined in snow ;
And though the rugged hills are white,
From Ben Venue to Docty's height,
And black Ben Dhu its name belies,
As viewed beneath these wintry skies
The beauties of MacGregor's land
Are still sublime and truly grand.

THE R.M.S. 'MAJESTIC.'

Written on board the "Majestic," June, 1892.

MAJESTY sits upon her prow,
Majestic is her mien ;
The "White Star" glints upon her brow,
She's peerless as a queen.

Her dominion is the ocean wide,
Stretching east and west ;
Her consort is the rolling tide,
Which bears her on his crest.

The billows are her pluméd knights,
Her path the trackless main,
The lightning's flash her signal lights,
The thunder's peal her drum's refrain.

And as her stately course she holds,
 Regardless of the storm,
She to her use the tempest moulds,
 And makes it to her will conform.

“SOCIETY”—SO CALLED.

THE world, no, not the *world*,
But the men that it contains,
Who, were their daily deeds unfurled,
And all their gotten gains,
Their trickery and knavery exhumed,
And who go to form ‘Society,’
Are by the innocent assumed
To be men of strict sobriety,
Honesty, virtue, nay, more,
Of integrity and honour too,
Yet the while are rotten to the core.
’Tis hard to say it, but it’s true,
Self is the motive power
That impels their every deed,
While every day, nay, every hour
Pays tribute to their greed.

Daily they acquire wealth,
But how, aye, tell me how?
Is't at the cost of other's health?
Or by the sweat of another's brow?
Are widows and children robbed?
Then to be cast adrift,
For whom a father's heart has throbb'd
And left plenty by his thrift,
To keep his dear ones free from care
And make their start in life
As bright, as honourable and fair
As now his widowed wife
Could ever wish it be.
'Tis hard to say it, but it's true,
Such men debase Society,
And their number's not a few.
They wear religion as a cloak
To hide their dirty deeds,
And thus deceive more honest folk
Whereby deceit succeeds.

Their holiness on Sunday glares
And dazzles all around,
For then, the burden of their prayers
Where zealous words abound,
Is for the healing of the blind,
The opening of their eyes,
That thus they may salvation find
Where true salvation lies ;
While all the while, the hypocrites
Are plotting in their hearts,
In which old Satan smiling sits
And prompts them in their parts.
'Tis thus the honest are deceived,
Religion is profaned,
And, while by some they are believed,
Their object is attained.
But how? Oh, tell me, I implore,
How does their conscience sit?
Or, have they any to the fore?
E'en of it, a wee bit?

No, no! if so, 'tis seared and scarred
Beyond all human ken,
So much is every feature marred
Of God's image in these men.
Their words are honey to one's face,
But slander at your back ;
Of honesty there's not a trace
Found in this treacherous pack.
With them there's nothing doth succeed
But that which spells "success,"
And this the essence of their creed—
"The prostrate we'll oppress,
And keep him where misfortune's thrust
Hath dealt its cruel blow,
And laid him grovelling in the dust,
For we'll no help bestow ;
But further still his prospects mar,
Which we can do so well,
Now that his fall has been so far,
We'll kick him farther—down to Hell."

Such is the Christianity
Which these base men profess,
But damn by their profanity
And selfish inhumanity
To those they would oppress.
Yet, these wretches, vile though they be,
Though full of rottenness,
Are welcomed in "Society."

BACKBITERS.

THERE are vipers other than the snake,
Which steal across one's track,
A human shape these serpents take,
They are a vicious pack.

Their venom's hid within their tongue,
Malign is their intent,
To right, to left their shafts are flung
On friends (?) their bows are bent.

Abuse most vile their poison tang,
And secrecy their den,
Their calumnies they fain would hang
On unoffending men.

In ambush they, like hidden foes,
Their loathsome forms conceal,
And as a dastard deals his blows,
So they no pity feel.

Charity is by them ignored,
Devilish their designs,
“Heartless slander” is their watchword,
In Hell their beacon shines.

ON THE ELECTION OF CHANCELLOR OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Refused insertion by the *Glasgow Herald*.

YE council of an ancient University,
Your Chancellor elect with greatest care ;
Be not arrayed in garments of perversity,
Do not elect the noble Earl of Stair.

Let not the bridle of a caucus guide you,
Nor canting bigotry with holy smile
And fawning sophistry decide you,
Put from your thoughts the noble Duke—Argyll.

Once more let me exhort you to refrain,
And this time only let me have my say,
By asking where would be the gain ?
If you elect that nobleman, Lord Reay

Who has been your benefactor 'mongst the three?

Which of his wealth to you did distribute,
And helped you in your dire necessity?

Did Stair? Reay? Argyll? 'Twas generous Bute.

Did he permit his noble soul to be betrayed?

Will you fanaticism to him impute?

Did he keep back when you would seek his aid?

Then why let bigotry bar the way of Bute?

And he can boast of more than generous deeds,

He is a scholar of no mean repute ;

Let us determine then that he succeeds,

And we will hail as Chancellor, Lord Bute.

SCOTLAND

I've travelled far,
I've wandered o'er
 And o'er the world again ;
I've seen the star
That high doth soar
 Above the southern main

And yet all through
The world's wide sphere,
 I never chanced to see
What to my view
Was half so dear
 As Scotland is to me.

What other land
Can e'er compare
 To Scotland—Scotia's pride—

Where on each hand
Proud mountains rear
 Their summits side by side?

Her heathery knolls,
Her pine clad hills,
 And bonny birken braes,
Her waterfalls,
Her brooks and rills,
 All echo in her praise.

There is no spot
On all the earth
 That I can love so well ;
Happy my lot,
For near my hearth
 There blooms the heather bell.

SPRING IN GLENORCHY.

THE remnant of Winter still clings to Ben Lui,
But like foam on the river 'tis passing away ;
The hoar frosts are gone, the grass is now dewy,
And Spring, wreathed in sunbeams, is smiling on
May.

The winds that are wafted o'er the brow of Ben Strone,
And fan with their wings Glenorchy's sweet vale,
Fondle the trees as a lover who's wooin',
And to his love is repeating that often-told tale.

The song of the river is rich in its sadness,
As through eddy and stream its waters roll on ;
The lute of the lark, thrilling with gladness,
Proclaims from the heavens that Winter is gone.

The notes of the cuckoo resound through the valley,
Like an echo, which over and over again
Repeats to itself and the woods of Dalmally
That Spring is now smiling on Orchy's fair glen.

The moorcock declares that he's king of the heather,
As he shakes off the dew from his gay plumaged crest,
And, carefully arranging each russet feather,
He cackles his love to his mate on her nest.

The fife of the mavis and flute of the blackbird,
The pipe of the bullfinch, and the linnet's sweet song,
The chirp of the sparrow from his perch in the stack-
yard,
All, rejoicing, repeat that Winter is gone.

Cleaving the ether on silvery pinion,
The seagull pursues unimpeded his flight ;
The ocean his home, the air his dominion,
Glenorchy's proud valley his chiefest delight.

In sheen of the emerald, the hawthorn, and rowan,
The beech tree, the elm, the larch, and the pine,
And the meadows, bedecked by the golden-eyed
gowan,
In silence proclaim that their Author's divine.

Then let me fly to that nook in the mountain,
Where Nature has lavished the gems of her art ;
Where the hills are bespangled by rippling fountains,
And mound, crag, and peak fresh beauties impart.

THE BRAES O' LOCH AWE.

THE gloom of stern Winter's but a memory now,
And the white mists which shrouded Ben Cruachan's
brow

Have gently been lifted by Spring's kindly thaw,
And Summer sits smiling on the braes o' Loch Awe.

A wealth of bright foliage now gladdens these braes,
And glints in the beams of the bright summer days ;
While the sweet-scented flower of the ruby red haw
Peeps out from the verdure on the braes o' Loch Awe.

The spruce and the larch and the rowan's white
flower

Climb up the steeps overhanging Blair Gower ;
And gang where ye like ye'll see naething sae braw
As the bonny pine woods on the braes o' Loch Awe.

And when the heather, with the bloom of the peach,
Stretches as far as the vision can reach,
A bonnier picture the eye never saw
Than that which adorns the braes o' Loch Awe.

Then as Autumn sinks into Winter's rude arms,
The picture is changed, yet still has its charms ;
And though mountain and hill are covered wi' snaw,
Beauties still crowd round the braes o' Loch Awe.

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND
IN AUGUST.

ALONE 'mongst the hills now purple with heather,
The last of the flowers that Summer begets,
And, though tiniest of all her gems put together,
Yet the bonniest on which the sun ever sets.

Away from the din and strife of the city,
Deep in the heart of Scotland's wild glens,
Banished from care, derisive of pity,
Alone I rejoice amidst Scotland's big bens.

Where sounds that first greet the ear of the morning
Are the song of the burn and the moorcock's cry,
As he plumes his gay crest and shouts out his warning
To his brood that repose in the heather close by.

Where the rocky ravine or steep mountain corry
Affords to the deer the seclusion he courts,
And from which at the approach of danger he'll hurry,
And fly with the wind as with distance he sports.

AUTUMN IN GLENORCHY.

THE harvest moon has waxed and waned,
Now Jove his sceptre sways ;
The Autumn rules, where Summer reigned,
On Orchy's banks and braes.

The river's dirge, in monotones,
A tale seeks to unfold,
For while it flows it ever moans—
“The year is growing old.

“The summer sun was wont to gleam
Upon my limpid tide,
And weave in cataract and stream,
And on my bosom wide,

“ Diadems glinting in the light,
Which with the starry host,
Upon the vaulted roof of night,
Could equal glory boast.”

And now the mountain slopes have lost
The bloom the heather shed,
The nights are snell, the hoary frost
His winding sheet hath spread.

The rowan hangs its coral beads
Amidst its fading leaves,
While all around, the fertile meads
Are bright with golden sheaves.

Yet still throughout fair Orchy's glen,
Though Autumn tints obtain,
There is a charm as sweet as when
The Spring or Summer reign.

In wild alarm the moorcock's cry
On ilka hill resounds,
As on the heath his watchful eye
Observes the sportsman's hounds.

Then to some distant heathery knowe
He wings his flight away,
To find retreat upon its brow,
And live another day.

While, clothed in faded green hard by,
Ben Lui rears his crest,
Who from his massive throne on high
Surveys the purpling west ;

And from the neighbouring hills and knolls
Receives obeisance meet,
Each of which before him falls
In homage at his feet.

ANNIE OF DALMALLY.

THE sun may shine brightly
In Glenorchy's proud valley,
And burnish the hill tops
 With the semblance of gold,
Still Annie alone is the light of Dalmally,
 Without her the sun would be cheerless and
 cold.

The snows of the Winter
And the bloom of the heather
Reflect each their glory
 On Glenorchy's fair vale ;
But look at them singly, or view them together,
 Before Annie's sweet face their beauty would
 pale.

The heath on the mountains
May rival in splendour
The sunsets which hover
 O'er Cruachan's Ben ;
But still I prefer thy smile gentle and tender,
 To all the grand features of Orchy's proud glen.

KILLIECRANKIE.

O'ERHUNG by rocks and birches cool
Is Killiekrankie's gloomy pool,
Where waters black as midnight lave
The margin of their rugged cave.

And like the weaver's warp and weft,
In front, behind, to right, to left,
Branches and twigs in fond embrace
With one another interlace,

Weaving in richness of design,
With art emblazoned on each line,
A network far beyond compare,
Pendant with beauty everywhere.

Embowering Killiecrankie's glen,
While towering high is Vrackie's Ben,
And in the distance Ben y Gloe
Holds up aloft his furrowed brow.

But see, within the bower immersed,
The wild rose bloom is interspersed,
And, mingling with the rowan's flower
The hawthorn blossom decks the bower.

While up the steep on either side
The birken trees deep shadows hide,
Their feathery branches, drooping, wave
Like plumes upon an Indian brave.

Gleaming with an emerald sheen,
So rich the hue, so bright the green,
They screen with beauty and with grace
Killiecrankie's shaggy face.

While all the time wild Garry's tide
Foams amidst rocks on either side,
Lashing his waters into spray,
Brooking nought that bars his way.

THE TAY.—PRELUDE.

WINDS that have bowed Breadalbane's firs
And rippled gaily o'er the lake,
Which scarcely now the aspen stirs,
But breathe sweet rest upon the brake,
Come, enter now my inmost soul
And carry with ye thoughts so rare ;
Thoughts that through endless years shall roll
Clothed in language rich and fair.
Come, stir within my waiting breast
The muse which lies so dormant there,
And as the evening drapes the west,
Casting its beauties in mid air,
So let my muse, like the eve that paints
Fair visions of the dying day,
Wake into life, cast off restraints,
And sing the glories of the Tay.

THE TAY.

WHERE art thou cradled, O majestic stream?
Where does the brooklet of thy childhood gleam?
Dost thou from yonder giants of the north
Derive thy being and come gushing forth?

Did thy young life find birth in mountain rill,
Where clouds forgather and the mists distil
Their crystal contents 'midst the frowning storm
Which hovers round the mountain's stalwart form?

Or art thou like the streams whose waters sing
Their childhood's song far up in limpid spring,
Where, nursed by lichened rocks, whose grateful shade
Affords retreats wherein their waters played?

Or dost thou draw from vales both rich and wide
The restless torrents of thy foaming tide,
Which to the varied landscape beauty lends,
As through Tay's glorious strath thy river wends?

No! thou art nobler born by far than these;
Thy fountain is the lovely Highland lake
On whose vast breast the mountain breeze
Oft falls asleep, but only to awake.

And when it sleeps, how still the placid tide
In which Ben Lawers and every tiny hill
Admire their image with that pride
Which rarest beauty can alone instil.

But when Æolus with his fiendish yell
Bursts from his fastness in the mountain caves,
'Twould seem as if the powers of Hell
Let loose, ride rampant on thy crested waves.

And yet it is not aye a scene of strife,
 Though gusty winds so often sport and play
And stir the lake to active life,
 Lashing its waters into silvery spray.

Nor yet does constant calm find resting place,
Though oft with noiseless tread it seeks to grace
The crystal region of the lake's domain,
And there in peace assert its fitful reign.

No, oftener far the winds and waters meet
In truest friendship, and each other greet,
Not with harsh sounds which tell of angry moods,
But with the gentle sough of distant woods.

And as the tiny wavelets scud along,
In monotones they waft their dying song
On rocky point as well as shingly bay,
Then lifting up their voice, they pass away.

As far as eye can reach, a glistening band
Of silvery spray now girds the naked strand,
Which, when no other sign the vision greets,
Points out the line where land the water meets.

But such are not the sights and sounds alone
Which flit around and greet the eye and ear ;
There's other music than the woodland's moan,
And other scenes which vary with the year.

When winter throws around his icy chains,
And holds all nature fast in his embrace,
Rude mountain slopes as well as fertile plains
Flash in the sun's pale light from top to base,

Which, lifting up their towering forms on high,
Draped in the spotless sheen of dazzling snow,
Their burnished summits mingling with the sky,
View from ethereal heights the world below.

'Tis here still Solitude—a naked form—
 Bewails in misery the callous fate
Which leaves it untended e'en by noise of storm,
 Or by the rush of angry mountain spate.

Still as the grave all nature lies at rest,
Spellbound the lake reflects the mountain's crest,
No sound disturbs the silence which surrounds
The passive calm, which everywhere abounds.

On every tree, the snowflakes in their flight
Now shed their lustre, and in radiant white
Have clothed each twig and branch, which outstretched
 throw
Their naked arms to woo the falling snow.

Such is the scene when winter holds at bay
The gusty winds that hover round Loch Tay ;
But like the days at Yule whose short career
Tell when the morning breaks that night is near,

Or as the waters of a river glide
Voiceless as the rocks on either side,
Before they're hurled with deafening din
Headlong roaring o'er the seething linn,

So Nature pauses, and with bated breath
Lies passive in the mountain's clasp ;
No sound disturbs the silence which, like death,
Throws round each living thing an unseen grasp.

But oh, how short and transient are the hours
When sweet repose all Nature doth embrace,
When on a bank of sleep, the latent powers,
Of heaven and earth reclining, hide their face ;

For soon the Æolian wings make speed,
And in their swoop destroy the spell
That bound the mountain and the mead,
The fitful loch and wooded dell.

Again all Nature toils and moans,
The fiendish blast scoops up the foam,
And in its arms, 'midst creaks and groans,
Shakes the firs in their mountain home.

Then hurrying onward through the glen
It wakes the wild ducks in the fen,
But yet they stir not from their lair—
Full well they know no danger's there.

In forest depths the timid deer
Scarce sniffs the air or pricks his ear ;
The creaking boughs and howling wind
Convey no terror to his mind.

But, hark ! the storm has ceased to roar,
The loch subsides to rest once more ;
And, lo ! a boat glides o'er the lake,
The boatman's song the echoes wake.

Another form we now discern,
Besides the boatman, in the stern.
He sits, and on two rods intent
His watchful eyes are ever bent.

And, as he sits the whole day long,
Hope always throbbing in his breast,
Anon he sings the fisher's song,
Now laughs he at the boatman's jest.

And, as he sings, his wandering eyes
Feast on a scene both wild and grand,
Where rugged peaks majestic rise,
The outposts of Breadalbane's land.

To right, to left, in front, behind,
Nought but grandeurs round him tower ;
Conception of an Eternal mind,
Workings of an Almighty power.

THE FILLAN.

WHERE do the drops of rain and dew,
The drip of clouds and melting snows,
Commingle and expose to view
The fountain whence the Fillan flows?

It is where Nature dwells alone,
'Mong heathery knolls which mist enshrouds,
Where, seated on her mountain throne,
She holds communion with the clouds;

'Tis where the portals of the day,
Swing wide on Orient's golden wall,
And morning, chasing night away,
Obeys with joy his sovereign's call,

Tinging mountain, crag, and peak
With blushes, like to love's sweet rose,
Which blossoms on a maiden's cheek,
The floweret fond affection sows.

It is where solitude remains,
Save when the moorfowl breaks the spell,
Or when the lambkins leave the plains
To seek the herbage of the fell.

'Tis where the booming thunders roar,
Rumbling through Strathfillan's glen,
Wakening echoes on Benmore,
Then die away to live again.

With fiery tongues the lightnings cleave
And smite the darkness to its core
With vivid glare, which aye doth leave
A denser darkness than before.

It is where storm, and sun, and cloud
Hover on ethereal wing ;
It is where hills and mountains crowd
The waters of the Fillan spring.

And dripping from the massive rocks
Which scar the mountain's rugged brow
In crystal threads, like hoary locks,
The limpid streamlets gleam like snow.

Then trickling down the mountain side
A thousand rills in one unite ;
But quickly moss and rushes hide
The river's embryo from our sight ;

Though from its matrix fresh and clear
Soon it emerges, and displays
A silvery brooklet, murmuring near
In liquid notes its song of praise.

How like the tender shoot which bears
The impress of a mighty tree ;
A fragile thing, before the years
Yield to it full maturity ;

Or, like to infancy which hides
Within its life the future seer,
Thus in its course the burn decides
The noble river's proud career.

And so within sweet Fillan's stream
There's coiled up the latent force,
Which from the noble Tay will gleam,
When through its strath it wends its course.

'Twas by this hallowed brooklet's side
St. Fillan strayed in pensive mood,
And often by its crystal tide
In attitude of prayer he stood.

'Twas on its banks he chose to rear
An altar and confessional ;
His font it was the streamlet near,
And thus 'tis called St. Fillan's well.

Urged on by faith which held full sway
And conquered barriers of space,
The sick from near and far away
In myriads thronged this hallowed place ;

For in the bosom of the pool
A healing virtue lay concealed,
And by its waters fresh and cool
The mind diseased was quickly healed.

'Twas here when in the golden west
The evening hung her ball of fire,
And burnished every mountain crest
Before the night bade day retire,

And give to all things that repose
Which only reigns when darkness veils
The face of Nature, and bestows
Sweet rest on hills and wooded vales,

That, wrapt in thought, with wondering gaze
He marked the radiance of the scene,
And viewed the mountains all ablaze
With emblems of a heavenly sheen.

And yet the streamlet, as of yore,
Doth through the glen its waters pour,
Gathering to its fold the rills
Which wander from the neighbouring hills.

Still doth it run its endless race,
And still it doth the landscape grace,
Till sinking into Dochart's arms
There it parts with all its charms.

ATHOLE.

O ATHOLE ! fairest scene of this fair land,
Where beauties outstretched lie on every hand ;
How I rejoice when morning's footsteps stray
Amongst thy hills to pave the path of day.

My heart, entranced with rapture, thrills and swells
As I look forth upon thy wooded dells,
And feast with eyes that aye with eager gaze
Drink in the glories of thy straths and braes.

Thine are the hills within whose bristling wood
The noble capercailzie rears her brood,
And where the roebuck, nimble as the wind,
Wanders at will beside his gentle hind.

Thine are the mountains, capped with granite peaks,
Where the antlered red deer safety seeks,
And in the rocky corries courts repose
And safety from his artful human foes.

What rapture do thy fir-clad hills evoke,
Where larch and spruce commingle with the oak,
And drape the landscape with a varied green,
When deeper shades like shadows intervene.

Where are the rivers which can e'er compare
With thine, sweet Athole, fairest of the fair?
As through thy vale their stately course they hold,
And gather in the streamlets to their fold.

The turbid Garry, foaming in its bed
Of clifted rock, through which the stream is led,
Lends a rich charm to Killiecrankie's dell,
And casts o'er crag and peak a mystic spell.

Its murmur hangs upon the summer breeze,
And mingles with the sighing of the trees
Which climb the rocky steep on either side,
And weave a maze wherein deep shadows hide.

Roll on then, Garry, till thy dusky tide
Is claimed by Tummel as his Highland bride ;
And when sweet Faskally the union sees,
He'll wave his pine tops in th' approving breeze.

Then soon, too soon, alas ! thou wilt forget
The rocky gorge where thou wert wont to fret,
The mountain glens through which thou once didst
 roam,
The waterfalls which lashed thee into foam,

The mountain loch, far up in yonder west,
Which nursed thy tender youth upon its breast,
And sent thy infant life adrift to gleam
In placid pool and cataract and stream.

For thou in Tummel's arms, whose fond embrace
Will close upon thee and thy form efface,
In silent pool and shingly stream will speed
Through fertile plains and by the grassy mead.

When Tummel in his pride will dance and sing,
And o'er his pebbly path his waters fling,
Leaving in his wake a silvery trail,
The loveliest feature of fair Athole's vale.

FAREWELL TO ATHOLE.

OH, but my heart sinks sadly within me
When I wave to fair Tummel a reluctant "Adieu,"
And I cannot but sigh when I think that it may be
For ever its beauties have passed from my view.

How happy the days that now have for ever
Sunk to their rest in the lap of the past,
Days by the burn side and days by the river,
Which now in the bosom of memory are claspt,—

Days still reflecting the bright beams of pleasure,
Stars shining out o'er the track of my life,
Cherished the more because of the leisure
They gave me when wearied by turmoil and strife.

Then, can it be wondered that I should with sorrow
Be leaving sweet Athole, no more to return,
Knowing full well each succeeding to-morrow
Will fade in the past and I still will mourn?

THE FISHER'S SONG.

WHEN gentle winds ripple the lake,
And clouds obscure the sun,
We're always sure the fish will take,
And we'll have a glorious run.

Then let's be off and man our boat
Or we may miss the fun
That is always to be had afloat
When we have a glorious run.

And may the music of the reel
Regale us every one ;
There is nothing like it when we feel
A fine salmon on the run.

And when we all come home at night,
 'Midst story, joke, and pun,
Our battles o'er again we'll fight,
 With the salmon on the run.

A LOCH TAY FISHER'S SONG.

WINDS from the west rippled over the lake,
And gave us a promising day ;
Hope swelled our hearts of a glorious take,
As our boat skimmed over Loch Tay.

We drop our lines at the mouth of the burn,
And make for the fir on the rock,
Full of the thought that at every turn
Our sport will commence on the loch.

We skirt the north shore where the Ben towers,
And buries his peak in a cloud,
Whose aerial folds his summit embowers,
And casts round its vapoury shroud.

The dip of our oars and the wild duck's cry
Are the sounds which around us steal ;
But the music for which we earnestly sigh
Is the glorious song of the reel.

We pass by the island—yet there's no sport,
But stern hope still lurks in our breast ;
For hope is ever the fisherman's fort,
And thus he is never depressed.

Ah ! there flies the stone, and out with a spin
Runs twenty-five yards of the line ;
Then, after a while, the fish is brought in,
And the angler says, " He is mine."

LOVE SONG.

COME let us wander side by side,
And I will be my darling's guide
O'er life's rough paths and slippery ways,
I'll shed the light of love's bright rays.

Where dangers lurk and threatening creep,
There I my darling safe will keep,
Her head shall pillowed on my breast
Find solace, comfort, and sweet rest.

Then say, sweet love, that thou wilt stay,
And walk with me o'er life's steep way,
And I will smooth all cause of strife,
For thou shalt be my darling wife.

THE RAAL LAGAVULIN.

WHAT'S wrang wi' ye, laddie? ye dinna look happy,
Surely for me your love is na coolin',
Or is't that ye want just a wee drappie
O' that heart-stirring stuff, which we ca' Lagavulin?

Na, na, my guid wifey, I lo'e ye far better
Than a' the braw lassies that dwell in the moulin,
But oh! wifey dear, I'll aye be yer debtor
If you'll dole out a glass o' yer raal Lagavulin.

It cheers up my heart and it drives away sorrow,
It keeps up ane's warmth as the finest o' woollen,
It droons in sweet nectar the cares o' the morrow,
And clothes a' wi' sunshine, does the raal Lagavulin.

Then oot wi' the bottle, and oot wi' the glasses,
And we'll hae yin apiece, no a hauf but a fu' ane ;
And I'll drink tae ye, wifey, the bonniest o' lassies,
And ye'll drink tae me, wifey, in the raal Lagavulin.

SONNET.

OH, let me breathe that unpolluted air,
The waftings of a heavenly atmosphere,
Unsullied by the jarrings of discord,
Untainted by a frown or angry word,
Where the uninterrupted rays reveal
A light so pure, that it would not conceal
A jealous thought, or that which would annoy,
Or cause the marring of another's joy ;
Where brotherhood its focus would attain,
And deep affection cast its golden chain,
Binding together hearts, whose one desire
Would ever foster love, and joy inspire ;
The birthplace of that attribute divine,
The very home of Charity, its fittest shrine.

THE TWELFTH.

TELL me the day that can ever compare
To the Twelfth, when the bloom's on the heather,
 With the fresh mountain air,
 The wild hills everywhere,
And freedom which no one can tether.

Oh, how I love to hear the moorcock cry
As he mounts with the birds of his feather,
 When my gun makes reply,
 And he drops down to die,
For the last time kissing the heather.

Then welcome the month that brings in its train
The Twelfth and a supply of good weather ;
 If there's no sign of rain,
 We will never complain,
And each day we will tramp the heather.

Then, oh for the Twelfth, with its joys and its fun,
And my boots that are made of stout leather,
 With a good shooting gun,
 Also dogs that can run
And point at the game in the heather.

THE DEERSTALKER'S SONG.

BLOOD, blood, blood, blood ;
Such is the raven's cry,
As o'er the forest he wings his flight,
Midway 'tween earth and sky.

Blood, blood, blood, blood ;
To-day a stag will die,
The bird of omen hath willed it so,
And told us as he flew by.

The scouts have spied the glens,
And scanned with eager gaze
Corries and hills and mountain slopes,
Where the red deer love to graze.

And beaming with delight,
They long to tell their tale,
A whole herd is now in sight,
High up in Corriegale.

Then over bog and hag,
With joy we'll creep and crawl,
Like snakes we'll wriggle through the moss,
And ne'er a sound let fall.

In shelter by the burn,
We'll pick our stealthy way,
And carefully at every turn
We'll bring our glass to play.

We fear both fog and mist,
But scorn the wind and rain,
And stalk with care to circumvent
The monarch of the glen.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

WE dance to the buzz of the bees,
And keep time to the wing of the wasp
Which sips sweets from the flowers,
In the bright sunny hours,
While the hawthorn perfumes the breeze.

We wake when the lute of the lark
Thrills its notes, as the march of the morn
Tramps the stars out of sight,
And brings light out of night,
Till sunbeams sail out of the dark.

And deftly we trip o'er the turf,
Till the sunshine drinks up the dew,
Then retire to our rest,
When the sun kisses the west,
And evening once more is in view.

ON RECEIVING A BOX OF FLOWERS FROM
A DEAR FRIEND.

THANKS, Shelah dear, for that kindly thought,
Which thy choice gift conveyed to me ;
Emblems of thy sweet self, they brought
Me back to happy days I spent with thee.

The flowers will fade, but let it not be so
With memory of that time now past,
But may it deeper rooted grow,
And over both our lives a halo cast.

AN ODE.

HOWEVER facile were my pen,
 However deft my hand,
Were I the readiest of men,
 With language at command,

Yet could I not, my Phoebe dear,
 Thy picture paint in words,
For not a language, far or near,
 Sufficient scope affords.

The rose, in beauty and in grace,
 Her compeers much excels,
So in thee, fairest of thy race,
 All that is lovely dwells.

No stars e'er shed a kindlier light
Than those twin orbs of thine,
Nor are the fringes of the night,
Through which bright planets shine,

More sable than those tresses' hue
Which round thy forehead twine,
And crown—my Phoebe dear—in you
That beauty only thine.

The sun has never kissed the flower
Whose blushes could compare
With those, which blossom hour by hour
Upon thy cheeks so fair.

The luscious cherry's crimson pales
Before those lips of thine,
And so my willing pencil fails
Thy graces to define.

When laughter dances in thine eye,
And ripples o'er thy face,
'Tis like to sunbeams passing by,
Or, when night to day gives place.

And when thy ruby lips divide,
They, parting each from each,
Display those pearly gates which hide
The casket of thy speech.

ANTICIPATION.

ANTICIPATION is a lovely flower,
With colours bright and gay,
But often the approaching hour
Beholds its bloom decay ;
For alas ! it does not always fruit,
But dies while in the bud,
Lying soulless as a broken lute
Whence music's strains once flowed.
Yet, though the future is not aye revealed,
Our hopes don't always die,
For, as the fruit is in the flower concealed,
These hopes may fructify.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

ANOTHER year its course hath almost run,
And Yule-tide, with its memories sad and bright,
Rekindles in each heart
The flame that flickers still for some lamented one,
Who in our life once took a part,
And shed on gloomy paths a kindly light.

But it has also memories bright and fair,
And Christmas chimes, whose cadence we love well
Like echoes from the past,
Recall those joyful scenes of youth when ne'er a care
Darkened our brow, or as a shadow fell
Upon life's path, which never then was overcast.

Peal out then cheerily, ye Christmas Bells,
Whose every note the oft told story tells,
When Heaven to earth did condescending send
Its choicest gift—the never failing Friend.
And yet again ring out, with music sweet,
Those loving notes with which our friends we greet,
And may thy tones, with harmony complete,
Re-echo those which hail from Regent Street.

LINES TO A LADY.

OH, would the muse at my disposal place
The magic of her art, that I might trace
In language meet, that thus I might extol
The sweetness of thy face and of thy soul.

For though my heart is filled with thoughts of thee,
I lack the power to give them liberty,
Or open swing the portals of my mind,
Wherein my choicest treasures are confined.

My feeble pencil lacks the artist's skill
To trace thy features to my mind and will,
Or to depict the radiance of thine eyes,
Before whose kindly light all anger flies

That rose which beauty paints adorns thy cheek,
And in thy voice I hear the angels speak,
While thy sweet presence sheds on all around
A heavenly light, there only to be found.

And so thine absence makes the world a void,
Life languishes, all pleasure is alloyed,
That sun which only gladdens life has set,
And will not rise till we again have met.

THE ABSENT LOVER.—No. 1.

The Refrain of the Swain.

OH, my darling, how I love thee,
Mortal tongue can never tell,
'Tis loftier than the heavens above me,
Deeper than the depths of hell.

Steadfast as yon massive mountains,
Boundless as the ocean wide,
Pure as the crystal of yon fountains,
Constant as the river's tide.

And thy love to me is dearer
Than all else on earth beside,
I'm only happy when I'm near her,
Who one day will be my bride.

Distance casts a shadow, lengthening,
 Growing denser day by day,
Yet the while my love is strengthening,
 Darling, let not yours stray.

For the hour when I shall meet thee
 Approaches fast on Time's fleet wings,
That gladsome hour when I shall greet thee,
 Which to my side my darling brings.

THE LADY'S REPLY.—No. 2.

The same by the Dame.

CANST thou doubt the love I gave thee?
Which is thine, and only thine ;
It alone could ere enslave me,
It is thine, as yours is mine.

Its bonds alone make life worth living,
It drowns in rapture every care,
Its growth and wealth, by constant giving,
Gain depth and riches by the wear.

'Tis unalloyed as gold, the purest,
Unsullied as the falling snow,
Of all that's thine, my love's the surest,
And daily doth more fervent grow.

There's not a joy that heaven could shower
 Would ere replace that love of thine,
Nor could Hell's most fiendish power,
 Though imps and devils all combine,

Deprive thee of that, which hour by hour
 More closely does my heart entwine,
And is by far the richest dower
 A woman ever can assign.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN budding trees and opening flowers
 Began to make the landscape bright and gay,
There blushed within fair beauty's bowers
 The loveliest bud that ever bloomed in May.

Her cherub form with fondest care
 Was tended by a loving mother's hand,
Who, gazing on her baby fair—
 No happier wife in all the land—

Would ponder o'er and o'er again,
 Wondering what would her darling's future be,
And if her prayer would be in vain,
 She offered daily on her bended knee.

Or would her heavenly Father hear,
And grant the prayer so fervently expressed,
To keep her darling's pathway clear,
When she had entered her eternal rest.

May, 1892.

HYMN.

Suggested on reading Dr. Macleod's book, "The Gentle Heart."

O, GENTLE heart ! O, heart divine !
Let thy gentleness be mine ;
Let thy love, with mellowing beam,
 Shine into my stony heart ;
Let it, in a constant stream,
 Ever to me love impart.
Let thy gentleness be mine,
O, gentle heart ! O, heart divine !

Oh, gentle heart ! oh, heart divine !
Let thy love my heart entwine,
And bind my erring soul to thee.
 Let the glory of its sheen
Shine with all its warmth on me,
 Not a cloud to intervene ;
Then will love this heart of mine
With gentle words and deeds entwine.

HYMN.

Suggested on seeing Sir Noel Paton's Picture, "Lux in Tenebris."

WHAT though the gloom of death o'ershadows me,
No fear shall haunt me, for I cling to thee ;
At thy bright presence densest darkness flies,
And heaven's own glories greet mine anxious eyes.

No claim to victory now the grave can boast,
The sting of death hath all its venom lost,
Triumphant o'er the fetters of the tomb,
My soul arrives at its eternal home.

THE BURN.

I LOVE the wee burnie which trips through the glen,
Far, far away from the rude haunts of men ;
I love its sweet music and its modest sing-song,
As it totters o'er shingle the whole day long.

I love its soft murmur, which repeats to the woods
Its varying strains as it changes its moods,
And the duet which so sweetly is sung by the trees
And the burnie together in the soft summer breeze.

Oft have I watched it child-like at play,
'Mongst the pebbles and rocks which studded its way ;
Then resting a moment in eddy pool,
It scampers away like children from school.

And child-like again, with no heed for the morrow,
It rushes right onwards, ne'er thinking of sorrow,
Till, reaching the fall, it leaps o'er the linn,
And is dashed into spray with monotonous din.

The boom of the linn's never-varying sound,
From day unto day and the whole year round,
Conducts to the spot where the cataract's spray
Glints in the light when the sunbeams play.

But when the spate from the mountain, turbid and red,
Descends to the burnie and writhes in its bed—
Farewell to that music whose hallowing strains
Is drowned by the roar of the child of the rains.

LINES.

Suggested on visiting Loch Coruisk.

LOCH Coruisk and solitude are one,
Fit resting place for storm and hurricane—
Sterility's chosen home—
Where massive crag and barren peak
Raise their rude forms and seem to seek
The abiding place of gloom.

MONOTONY.*

MONOTONY in sombre folds

Hangs on all nature like a shroud ;

In sullen mood it grasps and holds

The dripping earth, the leaden cloud.

'Tis echoed in the drenching rain,

Reflected from the drifting mist,

Murmurs in the burn's refrain—

Nothing can its power resist.

No sunshine dare its realms invade ;

It is a sea without a wave,

A landscape with no light or shade,

Lifeless as the silent grave.

* The above lines were written on a day when a heavy Scotch mist, alternating with rain, kept us prisoners within a shooting lodge in the Highlands.

AUTUMNTIDE.

THE green of summer from each leaf has fled,
And now autumnal tints of gold and red
Are blended by a tender purple glow,
Like distance when the western sun is low.

With gay festoons the forest's all ablaze,
Each leaf records the tracks of summer days,
And o'er the sylvan expanse far and wide
Are strewn the varied blooms of autumn tide.

A glorious scene, that all absorbent holds
The soul entranced, and to its gaze unfolds
Gems that the artist's hand can ne'er portray,
Yet they are but the blossoms of decay.

But ah ! 'tis not a bloom that long survives,
For death conceives it, hence it never thrives ;
Soon it is shed, despite its lovely form,
And fades like sunbeams 'fore the coming storm.

LINES

Suggested when driving to catch an early train at Dalmally.

Date, December, 1883.

THE silence of night still paused in Glenorchy,
The gates of the morning stood barely ajar,
The mists blushed at the thought that day was
returning,
As the sun drove up in his fiery car.

Kilchurn's grey turrets, so weird in the gloaming,
Seemed to rise from the loch at the touch of the
dawn,
To recount once again in the daylight their story
Of all they have witnessed in days that are gone.

The heath on the mountain, tanned by the autumn,
Which a short time ago was in purple arrayed,
Stretched far, far away beyond the horizon,
Till, lost in the distance its beauties would fade.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY, offspring of the soul,
Wherein the dead do live,
Which doth the living give,
As the waves of time roll,

And on their weary hearts do break,
Visions that are sweet
Of forms we once could greet
And love for their dear sakes.

A lasting echo of the mind,
Rebounding from the past,
A mould from which is cast
Impressions Time has left behind.

A land where caverns deep
Hide deeds we dare not own,
And fain would leave alone
To die, or e'en to sleep.

And yet, where sunny plains
Delight the mental sight
With visions clad in light,
Where nought but beauty reigns.

GREETING TO THE ORIENT.

I GREET thee, glorious Orient, from whose fertile
womb each day doth issue forth,
And displaces the darkness by one sweep of thy
magic wand,
Alike in Southern lands and those of the chilly
North,
While in thy doings is disclosed the Great Almighty's
hand.

All Nature, from the stalwart oak to the tiny mosses
greet thee, when gushing spring
Conquers winter, and yearns for the sunshine thou
alone canst give ;
The birds on meadow, moor, bush and tree rejoice
and sing
Their notes of warm welcome as in thy smile they
move and live.

Budding trees, heaving their bare arms on high, greet
thee with almost living speech,

As now with opening lips the buds display their
lovely hues,

And, expanding, soon their full and fair perfection
reach,

Exhaling their grateful thanks which thou wilt ne'er
refuse.

Verdant meadows and new-born blades of corn greet
thee with delight on every hand,

And dew-drops on grassy banks sparkle like a
Koh-i-noor,

As thou dost shower upon them, aye, at thy command,

The glorious sunbeams issuing from thy boundless
store.

The restless sea in its majestic way heaves its billows
upwards in delight,

Whilst thou, in thy profusion great, dost deck its
wide expanse

With jewels that twinkle like the stars, while its might
Roars forth a loud greeting, and on the beach its
billows dance.

The noble river and the tiny stream greet thee as they
wander on their way
Over rocky beds and silent pools towards the distant
sea,
And lifting up their voice, they cast their silvery spray
Heavenwards in snowy wreaths as their greetings rise
to thee.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER unfurls his ensign,
And waves it in the breeze ;
Its texture is the tinted leaves
Which the winds strip from the trees.

And soon the forest naked
Will shudder in the blast,
And send a mournful sound abroad
As the autumn gales rush past.

Each oaken bough and spray of birch,
Unclad, will join the wail,
As robbed of leaves, they bare their arms
To brave the autumnal gale.

A few short weeks have scarcely passed
Since tints of varied hue
Quivered, and now but empty stems
Show where the leaflets grew.

Those leaflets which combined to shed
On bracken, wood, and fen
The ruddy glow of autumntide,
And beautified the glen,

Are now tossed by fitful winds,
And driven to and fro,
Till at length they sink to rest,
Like flakes of fallen snow.

Thus did the autumn softly steal
The summer's fragrant breath,
And gave instead of living green
A gaily tinted death.

FAITH.

FAITH dispels the deepening gloom
Which doth around our pathway loom,
And like winds that rustle in the copse,
It fans to life our drooping hopes.

THE THING NOT TO DO.

If you wish to injure a man,
A stab in the dark is the thing ;
Say of him all the ill you can,
But never show your sting.

At his successes always sneer,
And insinuations fling,
That "he is partial to good cheer,"
But do not show your sting.

If you know a scandal's abroad,
By all means give it wing ;
Endorse it by a shrug and nod,
But never show your sting.

You often thus can ruin bring
That to one's life may cling,
And from him cries of anguish wring
While still you hide the sting.

A PRESCRIPTION.

You must fan love's dormant fire,
And every day fresh love inspire ;
Be not dismayed if this fair maid
Should in the end not condescend
To grant thy prayer.

Then do not waste your youthful years
In love-sick songs and useless tears,
But let another love console
Thy riven heart, and make it whole—
Dissipate thy fears.

There's fish as good within the sea
As e'er were seen by you or me ;
So, if you are thrown overboard,
Strike out for land and be assured
Fate will favour thee.

THE VILLAIN'S SONG.

I AM a man of double face,
And this is part of my creed :
“ To tell a lie is no disgrace,
If truth does not succeed.”

I care not what I do or say,
For I am devoid of heart ;
I'll practise craft if that will pay,
Or play a double part.

I act the spy, or play the knave,
Or traitor if required ;
I would not stretch a hand to save
One whom my envy fired.

'Twas in the month of December—
The date I can well remember—

A radical friend got into a mess,
Although to his folly he would not confess,
So I sent to him a friendly note,
And this is what I wrote :
“ Don't put your pen to paper
Till you converse with me,
Don't cut another caper
Till I advise with thee.”

We knew this man was in the right
And would not hesitate to fight ;
Full well we knew that we were wrong,
But you see he was weak and we were strong,
Yet we felt in an awkward fix,
For he could smash us all to sticks.
So I bethought me of my tricks,
And sent an invitation
For him to dine with me,
And then I took occasion
To play him false, you see.

THE MAIDENS' AMBITION.

We are two little maids,
Two little maids are we ;
Scarcely two decades
Have passed o'er her or me.

We'll make good little wives,
So everybody says ;
We'll devote our lives
To learn our husbands' ways.

We'll never with a frown
Look up into their face,
Nor mash it through the town,
But always keep our place.

And when the time arrives,

 If it should be ordained

That other little lives

 By us fall to be trained,

'Twill be our constant aim

 To make these lives sublime,

And feed love's cheerful flame,

 Which round our hearths will climb.

AN ASPIRATION.

IN all the world there's nought so clear
As the translucent atmosphere ;
We breathe it morning, noon, and night,
Without it, there would be no light.

Without it, we all soon would die,
Without it, there would be no sky ;
Then let me breathe that ambient air,
Whose trackless paths are everywhere.

And, oh ! may angels bright and fair
Preserve me from that tainted air,
Which like Miasma's foetid breath,
Breeds sickness, misery, and death.

Sweet spirits of that better land,
Oh ! take me gently by the hand,
And guide my footsteps far away
Beyond the reach of jealousy.

THE CONFESSION.

I WOULD like to make a confession
Anent our noble profession,
So draw very near
And lend me your ear,
That some strange disclosures you may hear.

We're as jealous as jealous can be ;
I'm jealous of him, he of me.
We hate each other,
Though he is my brother
In a professional capacity.

If he succeed in his special walk,
And pleases the public, they will talk
Of his great success,
Much to my distress
And my deep chagrin, I must confess.

I cannot bear to see him succeed,
Nor 'mongst his fellows take a lead :
 It makes me jealous,
 Then I grow zealous
Lest he violates our holy creed.

Should he by chance commit a mistake,
Of his error the most I would make,
 And do all I could
 To stir up bad blood,
And thus the public confidence shake ;

But when I do wrong my own dear self,
I place my conscience on a top shelf,
 And always take care
 To let it lie there,
And don't acknowledge it anywhere.

A WONDERFUL QUACK.

OH ! I am Kino of pharmacy fame,
From Cochin China my ancestors came ;
There's no chemist like me
Between this and the China Sea.
I make Stilton's pills,
Sell syrup of squills,
 Can give a description
 Of any prescription
'Twixt here and the Cheviot hills.

I make a profit, and a big one too,
Yet I give off it a discount to you.
If you've a cough or cold,
Then I hope you need not be told
To take my elixir ;
It beats Old Nick, sir,
 And the old sulphur cure,
 Which no one can endure,
So please try my famous mixture.

You will not recoil from my castor oil,
It won't make you sick if you gulp it quick—
Then swallow a peppermint ;
On this point I am very distinct.
Pray, try my emulsion,
'Twill cure a convulsion,
 It has not an equal,
 As you find by the sequel,
So please try my famous emulsion.

Have you a headache? then try my cough-cake,
It cures every pain in the chest or brain ;
It will make your hair grow,
Cure a corn on your little toe ;
'Tis a most wondrous sweet,
Which small children will eat ;
 It will teach them to walk,
 After which they will talk—
It yields strength to the tongue and the feet.

All my drugs are fresh and easily taken,
They tickle the flesh if they are well shaken ;
If you swallow a dose
You'll feel it course through your toes
In the crack of a whip,
And you will jump and skip
Like any lamb at play ;
Then this is what you'll say,
"Kino can all chemists outstrip."

A LAMENT.

It is a great pity that in a large city
We are constantly met by a mongrel set
 Of narrow-minded men,
Who cannot abide to see the popular tide
 Every now and then
Rush past their doors without flooding their floors,
 Though these doors are wide open.

To lengthen my ditty, I repeat it's a pity
That in a profession where men of progression
 Are supposed to exist,
We so often find they are lagging behind,
 And like one in a mist,
They grope about as if they were in doubt ;
 I score such men off my list.

It is both a pity, and not at all pretty,
When brethren disagree. But every one can see
That it is ten times worse
When in their daily walk, condescending to small
talk,
And muttering a curse,
They hurl an oath at a brother because
He is richer in brains and purse.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL MAN.

YOU'LL have heard of the sulphur cure—
Well, I am down upon that ;
Such a simple cure I cannot endure,
So on it I have often sat.

Then, there's the hydropathic cure—
I'd like to sit upon that ;
But it, I am sure, I could not endure—
'Twould give me cold under my hat.

Then there's the homœopathic cure—
I'd like to sweep away that ;
But it is secure, because it has fewer
Bitter enemies now to combat.

And there's the allopathic cure—

I'd like to succeed in that ;

By it, I felt sure, that I soon would procure

More patients than I could look at.

But sad disappointment I feel,

Few patients come my way ;

No pulses to feel, no ulcers to heal,

Is not quite the thing that will pay.

THE BELL-WETHER.

FROM me take your cue,
Just do as I do ;
When you see me wink
 You must all wink too ;
But if I take a drink,
 Pray do not get fou',
For I would like each one to see
'Tis well he keeps his eye on me.

When I lead the van
Let every man
 Follow me like sheep,
Fall in with my plan,
 Which is skilful and deep
And quite licks creation ;
For it is subtle, you'll all agree,
So always keep your eye on me.

Be docile as lambs,
Not skittish like rams ;
 Don't take your own way,
Nor drink many drams.
 In all things obey
And I'll grease your palms,
When thus you will not fail to see
'Tis best to keep your eye on me.

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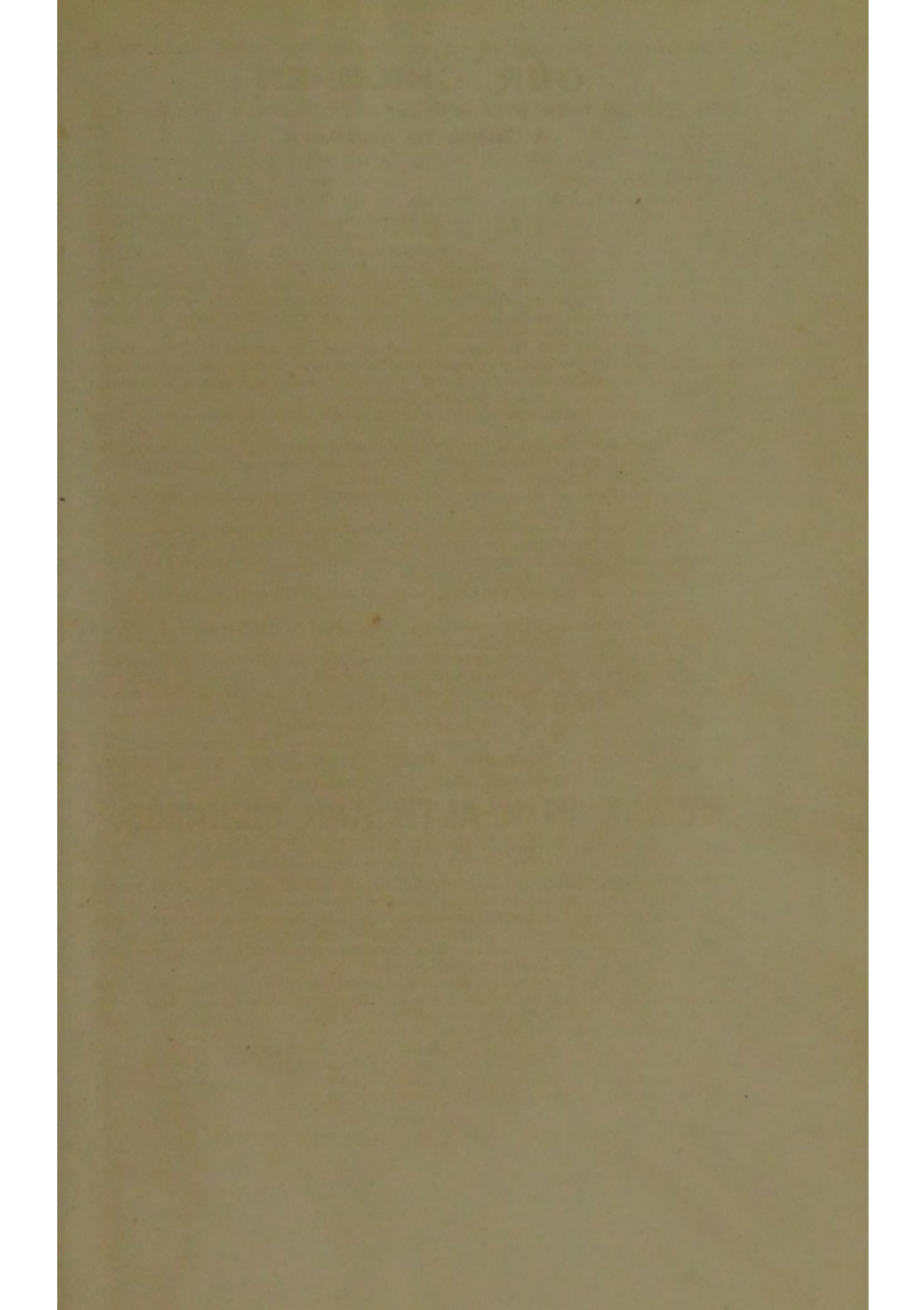
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