

This faithful associate he knew  
 Would cull every simple of use ;  
 For Galen had taught where they grew,  
 And what the effects they produce.

Thus furnished from every clime,  
 His arduous work he began ;  
 And still, as he tried to refine,  
 Exclaim'd, What a compound is Man !  
 Then flush'd with apparent success,  
 He thought all the hazard was o'er ;  
 And, as he had made such a mess,  
 'Twas needless to add any more.

But alas ! though the compound was fine,  
 One simple for ever was lost ;  
 'Twas Memory, that blossom of time ;  
 So Man remain'd dull as a post.  
 Good from evil by chemical art  
 An anodyne extract may prove ;  
 But had Time not left out this one part,  
 Absence né'er had been made to cure love.

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 WHEN NIGHT'S DARK MANTLE.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,  
 And nature's self was hush'd to sleep,—  
 When gently blew the midnight breeze,  
 Louisa sought the boundless deep.

On the lone beach, in wild despair,  
 She sat recluse from soft repose,  
 Her artless sorrows rent the air,  
 So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought  
 Her love, her Henry would return;  
 But ah! the fatal news were brought,  
 The sea was made his watery urn.  
 Sweet maids, who know the power of love,  
 Ye best can tell what she must feel,  
 Who 'gainst each adverse fortune strove  
 The tender passion to conceal!

The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,  
 While madness ran through every vein,—  
 Poor mourner! sought from death relief,  
 And frantic plung'd into the main.  
 The heavens with pity saw the deed—  
 The debt the fair one paid to love,  
 And bade the angel-guard proceed,  
 To bear Louisa's soul above.

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 O DONALD! YE ARE JUST THE MAN.

O DONALD! ye are just the man  
 Who, when he's got a wife,  
 Begins to fratch—nae notice ta'en—  
 They're strangers a' their life.