



THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST. *

THE sun had clof'd the *winter-day*,
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,
 And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*,
 The lee-lang day had tir'd me;

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, Vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.

And when the Day had clof'd his e'e,
 Far i' the West,
 Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
 The auld, clay biggin;
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward muf'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my *youthfu' prime*,
 An' done nae-thing;
 But stringing blethers up in rhyme
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harket,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
 My *Cash-Account*;

While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farket,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my wauket loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click! the *string* the *snick* did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezan bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in fight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like *modest Worth*, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

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Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With furling foam;
There, distant shone, *Art's* lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, DOON pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods;
There, well-fed IRWINE stately thuds:
Auld, hermit AIRE staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient BOROUGH rear'd her head;
Still, as in *Scottish Story* read,
She boasts a *Race*,
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To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair* ;
 A whisp'ring *throb* did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

' All hail! *my own* inspired Bard!
 ' In me thy native Muse regard!
 ' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low!
 ' I come to give thee such *reward*,
 ' As *we* bestow.

' Know, the great *Genius* of this Land,
 ' Has many a light, aerial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,

‘ As *Arts* or *Arms* they understand,
‘ Their labors ply.

‘ They SCOTIA’S Race among them
share;

‘ Some fire the *Sodger* on to dare;

‘ Some rouse the *Patriot* up to bare

‘ Corruption’s heart:

‘ Some teach the *Bard*, a darling care,

‘ The tuneful Art.

‘ ’Mong fwelling floods of reeking gore,

‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour;

‘ Or, mid the venal Senate’s roar,

‘ They, fightless, stand,

‘ To mend the honest *Patriot-lore*,

‘ And grace the hand.

‘ Hence, FULLARTON, the brave and
young;

‘ Hence, DEMPSTER’S truth-prevailing
tongue;

‘ Hence, sweet harmonious BEATTIE fung

‘ His “Minstrel lays;”

‘ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 ‘ The *Sceptic’s* bays.

 ‘ To lower Orders are assign’d,
 ‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
 ‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
 ‘ The Artisan;
 ‘ All chuse, as, various they’re inclin’d,
 ‘ The various man.

 ‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ‘ The threat’ning *Storm*, some, strongly, rein;
 ‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 ‘ With *tillage-skill*;
 ‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

 ‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
 ‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his *cottage-scenes* beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
‘ Explore at large Man’s *infant race*,
‘ To mark the embryotic trace,
‘ Of *rustic Bard*;
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—COILA* my name;
‘ And this district as mine I claim,
‘ Where once the *Campbell’s*, chiefs of fame,
‘ Held ruling pow’r:
‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
‘ Fond, on thy little, early ways,
‘ Thy rudely-caroll’d, chiming phrase,
‘ In uncouth rhymes,
‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the founding shore,
‘ Delighted with the dashing roar;

‘ Or when the *North* his fleecy store
‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,
‘ Struck thy young eye!

‘ Or when the deep-green-mantl’d Earth,
‘ Warm-cherish’d ev’ry floweret’s birth,
‘ And joy and music pouring forth,
‘ In ev’ry grove,
‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
‘ With boundless love!

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
‘ Call’d forth the *Reaper’s* rustling noise,
‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
‘ And lonely stalk,
‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,
‘ In pensive walk!

‘ When *youthful Love*, warm-blushing,
‘ strong,
‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,

' Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored *Name*,
 ' I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To soothe thy flame.
 ' I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 ' Wild-fend thee Pleasure's devious way,
 ' Missed by Fancy's *meteor-ray*,
 ' By Passion driven;
 ' But yet the *light* that led astray,
 ' Was *light* from Heaven.
 ' I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ' The *loves*, the *ways* of simple swains,
 ' Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
 ' Thy fame extends;
 ' And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
 ' Become thy friends.
 ' Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
 ' To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow;
 ' Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ' With *Shenstone's* art;
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‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow,

‘ Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet all beneath th’ unrivall’d *Rose*,

‘ The lowly *Daisy* sweetly blows;

‘ Tho’ large the forest’s *Monarch* throws

‘ His army shade,

‘ Yet green the juicy *Hawthorn* grows,

‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine;

‘ Strive in thy *humble sphere* to shine;

‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s mine*,

‘ Nor *Kings regard*,

‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,

‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,

‘ Thy *tuneful flame* still careful fan;

‘ Preserve the *dignity of Man*,

‘ With Soul erect;

‘ And trust, the *UNIVERSAL PLAN*

‘ Will all protect.

' *And wear thou this*'—She solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head;
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away.

