

some little cleverness in them, regarded as the work of a boy, and as the known eccentricities of their subject gave me large scope—occasioned a good deal of merriment in the place ; and of the verses a fair copy, written out by Finlay, was transmitted through the Post-Office to the pedagogue himself. But the only notice he ever took of them was incidentally, in a short speech made to the copyist a few days after. “I see, Sir,” he said,—“I see you still associate with that fellow Miller ; perhaps he will make you a poet !” “I had thought, Sir,” said Finlay, very quietly, in reply, “that poets were born,—not made.”

As a specimen of the rhyme of this period, and as in some degree a set-off against my drubbing, which remains till this day an unsettled score, I submit my pasquinade to the reader.

#### THE PEDAGOGUE.

With solemn mien and pious air,  
S—k—r attends each call of grace ;  
Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,  
And formal sanctity his face.

All good ; but turn the other side,  
And see the smirking beau displayed ;  
The pompous strut, exalted air,  
And all that marks the fop, is there.

In character we seldom see  
Traits so diverse meet and agree :  
Can the affected mincing trip,  
Exalted brow, and pride-pressed lip,  
In strange incongruous union meet,  
With all that stamps the hypocrite ?  
We see they do : but let us scan  
Those secret springs which move the man.

Though now he wields the knotty birch,  
His better hope lies in the Church :  
For this the sable robe he wears,  
For this in pious guise appears.  
But then, the weak will cannot hide  
Th’ inherent vanity and pride ;  
And thus he acts the coxcomb’s part,  
As dearer to his poor vain heart :  
Nature’s born fop ! a saint by art ! !