

But, hold, he wears no fopling's dress;
 Each seam, each thread the eye can trace,
 His garb all o'er;—the eye, though true,
 Time-blanch'd, displays a fainter hue:
 Dress forms the fopling's better part;—
 Reconcile this and prove your art.

“Chill penury represses pride;”—
 A maxim by the wise denied;
 For 'tis alone tame plodding souls,
 Whose spirits bend when it controls,—
 Whose lives run on in one dull same,
 Plain honesty their highest aim.
 With him it merely can repress—
 Tailor o'er-cowed—the pomp of dress;
 His spirit, unrepressed, can soar
 High as e'er folly rose before;
 Can fly pale study, learn'd debate,
 And ape proud fashion's idle state;
 Yet falls in that engaging grace
 That lights the practis'd courtier's face.
 His weak affected air we mark,
 And, smiling, view the would-be spark;
 Complete in every act and feature,—
 An ill-bred, silly, awkward creature.

My school-days fairly over, a life of toil frowned full in front of me; but never yet was there half-grown lad less willing to take up the man and lay down the boy. My set of companions was fast breaking up;—my friend of the Doocot Cave was on the eve of proceeding to an academy in a neighboring town; Finlay had received a call from the south, to finish his education in a seminary on the banks of the Tweed; one Marcus' Cave lad was preparing to go to sea; another to learn a trade; a third to enter a shop: the time of dispersal was too evidently at hand; and, taking counsel one day together, we resolved on constructing something—we at first knew not what—that might serve as a monument to recall to us in after years the memory of our early pastimes and enjoyments. The common school-book story of the Persian shepherd, who, when raised by his sovereign to high place in the empire, derived his chief pleasure from contemplating, in a secret apartment, the pipe, crook, and rude habiliments of