

years after, when fame had blown the name of my friend's tutor pretty widely as Dr. Duncan, Hebrew Professor in our Free Church College, and one of the most profoundly learned of Orientalists. Though separated, however, from my friend, I found a quiet pleasure in following up, in my solitary walks, the views which his conversations had suggested ; and in a copy of verses, the production of this time, which, with all their poverty and stiffness, please me as true, and as representative of the convalescent feeling, I find direct reference to the beliefs which he had labored to instil. My verses are written in a sort of metre which, in the hands of Collins, became flexible, and exquisitely poetic, and which in those of Kirke White is at least pleasing, but of which we find poor enough specimens in the "Anthologies" of Southey, and which perhaps no one so limited in his metrical vocabulary, and so defective in his musical ear, as the writer of these chapters, should ever have attempted.

SOLACE.

No star of golden influence hailed the birth
 Of him who, all unknown and lonely, pours,
 As fails the light of eve,
 His pensive, artless song ;
 Yea, those who mark out honor, ease, wealth, fame,
 As man's sole joys, shall find no joy in him ;
 Yet of far nobler kind
 His silent pleasures prove.
 For not unmarked by him the ways of men ;
 Nor yet to him the ample page unknown,
 Where, trac'd by Nature's hand,
 Is many a pleasing line.
 O! when the world's dull children bend the knee,
 Meanly obsequious, to some mortal god,
 It yields no vulgar joy
 Alone to stand aloof ;
 Or when they jostle on wealth's crowded road,
 And swells the tumult on the breeze, 'tis sweet,
 Thoughtful, at length reclined,
 To list the wrathful hum.
 What though the weakly gay affect to scorn
 The loitering dreamer of life's darkest shade,
 Stingless the jeer, whose voice
 Comes from the erroneous path.