

By growing older gain like wine,
 A flavour finest of the fine.
 And in hereafter *Albyn's* name
 Be gilded with posthumous fame !

Without adopting Goldsmith's phrase,
 When "all the world is mine" he says,
 We may indulge ourselves to trace,
 Some episodes in smaller space ;
 And just such items as invite
 To pencillings for pastime write.
 In our effusions, we admit,
 Less poetry than truth is writ.
 And tho' sublimity secures
 Approval among Amateurs,
 Our complets carelessly we cast,
 Into the debris of the past.
 Not doubting some aside are laid
 Forgot or into kindling made.
 And were the whole disposed of so,
 Some people would be glad we know.
 Beyond the latitude of these
 Can either irritate or please ;
 Within this hermitage of ours,
 Deaf to the would-be connoisseurs,
 And geniuses with owlsh looks,
 That passes sentence upon Books.
 As oranges are for deserts,
 Put out of sight by malaperts,