



Oak Leaves.

THE YOUNG BARRISTER.

YE Templars good, pray hear my lay,
A simple, honest tale,
Against the use of Whiskey Old,
Of Brandy, Gin, and Ale.

No fiction shall your ears enchain,
But truth will I rehearse;
My hero I will introduce
In strains of modest verse.

A Scottish youth of high degree,
In science deeply skill'd;
Well taught in legal mysteries,
His brain with knowledge fill'd,

Set out to view America,
Himself to satisfy
If any other land there was
Like his beneath the sky.