

Mr. William Smellie -A Sketch

Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came;
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night:
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.