

**INDECISION, A TALE
OF THE FAR WEST;
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Indecision, a Tale of the Far West; And Other Poems by J. K. Mitchell

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OTHER POEMS.

BY A. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

"Hurrsh, for the Prairie! no blight on its breezes,
No mist from the mountain, no shadow from trees;
It steals, incense-loaded, that gale, from the west,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to the nest."

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

MDCCCXXXIX.

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DEDICATED

TO N. CHAPMAN, M.D.

DEAR Doctor, though I hae the will,
I fear I want poetic skill

To do ye muckle credit;
But yet I'll imp my youthfu' wing,
And o' my guid preceptor sing,
Though ye y'ersel may dread it.

I've aften wished for Burns's pen,
And thochts frae Ramsay's fairy glen,

To do ye fitting honour,
But tak the will and no the deed,
My muse, the jade, awa will speed,
Sae I maun s'en get on her.

DEDICATION.

Ah! weel I mind when first I saw
Ye laying down the morbid law
 O' nature to the student;
To dry detail and dusty lore,
Brocht frae y'er inexhausted store,
 A new enchantment you lent.

Frae worthies o' the aulden time,
To those wha yet were i' their prime,
 Ye drew y'er rich resources;
And last, not least, frae y'er ain sel,
Baith thochts and words o' magic spell
 Adorn'd y'er ripe discourses.

Wi' easy grace and potent sense,
Clear order, a' without pretence,
 And learning without show, sir,
Ye charm'd the eye, and pleas'd the ear,
And made y'er thochts see richly clear,
 The darkest truth did glow, sir.

DEDICATION.

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But faith, I scarce believ'd my eyes;
Ye took me, sir, wi' sair surprise,
 When mang y'er friends I saw ye
Let loose the wit by science chain'd—
Humour that nae ane ever pain'd—
 Oh! thus I'd like to draw ye!

They little ken ye wha has known
Y'er science and y'er skill alone,
 Though they are mair than ample;
The racy pun, rich repartee,
The gushing joke frae malice free,
 Wad na complete the sample.—

But better far, a heart that ne'er
Did o'er a human ill forbear
 To heave a feeling sigh,
That readily forgave a foe,
And never dealt a jealous blow,
 In keenest rivalry.

DEDICATION.

Mair I might say, but this I fear
E'en frae a friend ye'll hardly bear,
 Sae I'll nae mair offend ye;
Though if ae man beside y'ersel
Says that the truth I dinna tell,
 That man has never kenn'd ye.

J. K. MITCHELL.