

**MISCELLANEOU  
S POEMS**

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Miscellaneous Poems by James Mackintosh

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**JAMES MACKINTOSH**

**MISCELLANEOU  
S POEMS**



MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS.

BY  
JAMES MACKINTOSH,  
BAND,  
*93rd Sutherland Highlanders.*

ABERDEEN:  
PRINTED AT THE FREE PRESS OFFICE,  
FOR THE AUTHOR.  
1871.

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TO HER GRACE

*The Duchess of Sutherland,*

THIS VOLUME IS, BY KIND PERMISSION, GRATEFULLY AND  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

BY

HER HUMBLE SERVANT,

*The Author.*

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## P R E F A C E.



It is not in the hope of attaining high literary success or fame that the author of the following trifling effusions hazards the undeniably doubtful results attending their publication. Notwithstanding the unanimous voice of encouraging and applauding friendship, and the promptings of his own breast, he feels that he stands, as it were, on a pinnacle of projecting rock, immediately over a darkly yawning abyss, into which he is, perhaps, to be precipitated, followed by the withering shafts which justice has in her power to hurl from the bow of formal criticism. The picture awes—the thought awakens a multiplicity of horrors! But of all his readers, learned and unlearned, particularly the former, he begs, in the words of that mighty bard, immortal Burns, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life.

Though he has traced the hazy footprints of his own peculiar imagination, and followed with almost idolized pleasure the various flights of his fancy, whose creations, however tame and lacking in vigour, were a source of amusement and pleasure to himself in many an hour that would have otherwise passed wearily away, it must not be imagined that all this was done with a view to future celebrity as a poet; such was not his dream *then*, though certainly his dearest wish *now* would be to meet some little meed of approval.

Many, indeed the greater portion, of the pieces were written during a protracted monotony of weary, sultry, and tediously passing hours in Indian barrack-rooms, and amidst the unavoidable difficulties attendant on camp life in that bright land of the sun. Thus, many of them may lack the freshness breathing through similar productions by some of the song-bards of the land

Where Burns awoke his mighty lyre  
To songs aglow with living fire.

Should the question be asked, Why he never wrote anything characteristic of India? he answers, that, during his stay in the *golden* land of

Shah Jehan, he had literally failed to discover any of those blissful abodes and ambrosial bowers which arose, on every side replete with flowers, fragrance, and soul-soothing odours, to welcome and receive the immortal Lalla Rookh. Thus, then, it need not be wondered that his Muse, forsooth, has never been fascinated, or inspired by the fabled beauty of its scenery, or the exaggerated grace and loveliness of its daughters. When he sang in the far East, it was on the immediate presentation of some object of endearment, striking image, or pleasing souvenir, connected in some manner with his boyhood and the

“Land of mountain and of flood.”

To subscribers and friends, whose disinterested efforts for his success and well-being he can never enough esteem, he owes a lasting heartfelt gratitude. And, in conclusion, being only a soldier, practically inexperienced in the art of verse-making, he humbly ventures to express a hope that the gallant followers of Mars may never have occasion to bow their heads—ashamed of

THE AUTHOR.