

When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;  
 'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
 mourn;  
 O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass  
 away;  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
 Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with  
 dew:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science be-  
 tray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward  
 to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

'O, pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,  
 'Thy creature who fain would not wander from  
 thee;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst  
 free!'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-  
 ing,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are  
 blending,  
 And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

#### COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

Could aught of song declare my pain,  
 Could artful numbers move thee:  
 The muse should tell in mournful strain,  
 O, Delia, how I love thee.  
 They who but feign a wounded heart,  
 May teach the lyre to languish;  
 But what avails the pride of art  
 When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh  
 The heartfelt pang discover:  
 And in the keen, but tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising:—  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,  
 The voice of nature prizing.

## ALEXANDER GEDDES.

BORN 1737—DIED 1802

ALEXANDER GEDDES, a divine of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in 1737 in the parish of Ruthven, Banffshire. His education was completed at the Scots College at Paris, and in 1764 he returned to Scotland. After officiating as a priest for a year in Forfarshire, he was invited to reside at Traquair House, where he formed

an attachment to a member of the earl's family, which was returned with equal warmth by the lady. Not wishing to violate his vow of celibacy, Geddes abruptly left the ancient mansion, leaving behind him a beautiful poem addressed to the fair yet innocent cause of his departure. He spent a winter in Paris, and then returned

to Scotland, being appointed to the charge of a congregation in his native county. The liberality of his sentiments, and the friendships that he formed with Protestant clergymen, at length caused his suspension from ecclesiastical functions, and so, after having for ten years acceptably performed his pastoral duties, he proceeded to London, receiving before his departure, from the University of Aberdeen, the degree of LL.D., being the first Roman Catholic to whom it had been granted since the Reformation. The remainder of Dr. Geddes' life was chiefly spent in London, where he died February 26, 1802. He was an accomplished scholar, being familiar with various ancient and modern languages; a voluminous

prose writer, and the author of numerous now-forgotten poems and translations from Homer, Horace, &c.; but he is chiefly entitled to remembrance as the writer of two popular and pleasing songs. The life of this able and eccentric divine, with criticisms on his various prose and poetical works, was written by Dr. John Mason Good, and published in 1804. Dr. Geddes began a translation of the Bible, with notes, which he did not live to complete. While this work is generally admitted to contain many happy renderings, and to exhibit a profound knowledge of Hebrew, its rationalistic tendency gave great offence to Christians generally, and both Protestant and Romanist united in rejecting it.

### THE WEE WIFUKIE.

There was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,  
Had got a wee bit drappukie that bred her meikle care,  
It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew;  
O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.  
I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou;  
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-siek, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;  
But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.  
Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,  
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.  
Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,  
By came a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae lang;  
He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran;  
And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,  
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and bir'd my baw-bee,  
And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me.  
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunye be:—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man;  
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie, if this be me he'll fawn;  
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome gi'e,  
And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.  
This is nae me, &c.

The night was late and dang out weel, and oh but it was dark,  
The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark;  
Oh, when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was he,  
Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;  
Is that you, Bessukie? Wow na, man!  
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be,  
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,  
I've gatten sie a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;  
My wife's come hame without a head, erylng out most piteously,  
Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!  
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful  
to me,

How that a wife without a head could speak, or  
hear, or see!

But things that happen hereabout so strangely  
alter'd be,

That I could maist, wi' Bessie, say, 'tis neither  
you nor she.

Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you  
nor she;

Wow na, Johnnie, man, 'tis neither you nor  
she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and, oh! but  
he was fain

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.

He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her  
knee,

Oh! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to  
me;

For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now  
me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now  
me;

I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now  
me.

LEWIS GORDON.<sup>1</sup>

Oh! send my Lewis Gordon hame,  
And the lad I daurna name;  
Although his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.

Heeh, hey! my Highlandman!  
My handsome, charming Highlandman!  
Weel could I my true love ken  
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his kneec.  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!

This lovely lad, of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
And on his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one,  
Seated on his father's throne!  
Our griefs would then a' disappear,  
We'd celebrate the jub'lee year.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

BORN 1738 — DIED 1796

JAMES MACPHERSON, the translator or author of *Ossian*, was born in the parish of Kingussie, Inverness-shire, in 1738. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Inverness, and, with a view of studying for the church, he in 1752 entered King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards the University of Edinburgh. As a student he was not distinguished beyond his class-mates, except for a love of poetical idling in preference to abstruse study; diverting the attention of the younger students from their more serious pursuits by his humorous and doggerel rhymes. On leaving college he was for some time schoolmaster at Ruthven, near his native place, and was subsequently employed by a gentleman as a tutor for his sons. In 1758 he published a heroic poem in

six cantos, entitled "The Highlander," which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is beneath criticism. About the same period there appeared in the *Scots Magazine* several poems from his pen. In 1760, by the advice of John Home, author of "Douglas," and Dr. Carlyle, he published "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language." These fragments, sixteen in number, attracted very general attention, and as other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to visit the Highlands for that purpose.

The fruits of this mission he soon after published in two volumes. In 1762, "Fingal, an ancient epic poem in six books, with other

<sup>1</sup> The Lewis Gordon alluded to was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. He declared for Prince Charles in 1745, and was afterwards attainted, but escaped to

France, where he died in 1734. "It needs not," remarks Burns, "a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song."—ED.

lesser Poems," appeared; and the year following, "Temora, an epic poem in eight books, with other Poems." The impression produced was marvellous, and is the only previous instance in the history of Scottish literature which at all resembles the sudden burst of popularity which welcomed the Waverley Novels. Within a year of the publication of the poems they were translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The sale of these works was immense, and Macpherson is said to have realized upwards of £1200 by their publication. Both poems were represented to have been composed by Ossian; and the possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the Highlands of Scotland there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalric feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through a thousand years among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astonishing. Many doubted, but still a greater number, including Dr. Blair, Fergusson, Carlyle, and Home, "indulged the pleasing supposition that Finгал fought and Ossian sang." It seems now, however, after a hundred years of controversy, to be the established opinion that "Ossian" was composed by Macpherson himself, founded on fragmentary poems and ballads preserved by tradition among the Highlanders. "The skeleton was furnished him, but it was he who clothed it with flesh, endued it with life, and gave it the form it now wears. He caught the tone and spirit of the Celtic lyre from hearing its strings vibrating in the wind. The starting note was given him, but the strain is his own. Whatever degree of merit, therefore, may be allowed to these strains, belongs to Macpherson." Matthew Arnold, writing on the subject of Ossian, remarks—"The Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, this Titanic element in poetry. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please, there will still be left a residue with the very soul of Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven,

and echoing Lora, and Selma with its silent halls? We all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!"

In 1764 Macpherson accompanied Governor Johnstone to Florida, acting as his secretary, and after visiting the West Indies he returned to England in 1766, with a pension of £200 a year for life. Fixing his residence in London, he became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he appeared with a translation of the "Iliad," in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, but it proved a complete failure, exciting only ridicule and contempt. Being appointed agent of the Nabob of Arcot, it was thought requisite that Macpherson should have a seat in parliament, and he was accordingly elected member for Camelford in 1780, and twice re-elected for the same place in 1784 and 1790. The poet, having now realized a handsome fortune, in 1789 purchased a property in his native parish, on which he built a splendid residence called Bellville, where he died February 17, 1796. By his will, besides bequeathing legacies and annuities to various persons, he left £1000 to John Mackenzie to defray the expense of publishing Ossian in the original; and £300 to defray the cost of a monument to his own memory, to be erected in some conspicuous situation near his residence of Bellville. His remains were interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, in accordance with his instructions; and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of Macpherson, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

Agreeably to the will of the poet, the pretended originals were published in a splendid form, accompanied by two dissertations, one by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., and the other by Dr. Macarthur, besides a translation by the latter of an Italian dissertation on the Ossianic controversy, written by the Abbe Cesaratti, who had translated the poems of Ossian into Italian; but both editors appear to have fallen into the mistake of attempting to keep up the old fiction that Macpherson was a mere translator; whereas, we believe the poet's own intention in directing the publication was to put an end to this fiction, and to inform pos-

terity to whom their gratitude is really due for the so-called poems of Ossian.

A new edition of the Gaelic Homer

“Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,  
Whom English infidels Macpherson call,”

appeared in 1871, containing the Poems of Ossian, the original Gaelic with Macpherson’s English text, a new literal translation and dissertation on their authenticity, &c., by the

Rev. Archibald Clerk. This last and noblest edition of Ossian is due to the munificence of the Marquis of Bute, of whose ancestor, the celebrated minister of George III., Macpherson was a protégé. From this work we take blank-verse translations of the two perhaps most popular and descriptive passages in the Ossianic poems—the “Address to the Sun,” and the “Desolation of Balclutha.”

## OINA - MORUL :

A POEM.

ARGUMENT.—After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-droulo (who had demanded in vain the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage), Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter, Oina-morul, to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon’s grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night! When birds are removed to their place, when harps are hung in Selma’s hall, then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song? We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin<sup>1</sup>

on high, from ocean’s nightly wave. My course was toward the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild; for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled I bound my sails. I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. “Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-droulo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-Morul. He sought. I denied the maid, for our fathers had been foes. He came with battle to Fuärfed: my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a fallen king?”

“I come not,” I said, “to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves the warrior descended on thy woody isle: thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise, and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.”

“Descendant of the daring Treumor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-Loda, when he speaks from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at

---

is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia, which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations subsisting in those times dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident than any merit of ours.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>1</sup> “Con-cathlin,” mild beam of the wave. What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute among the seafaring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit which perhaps few of us moderns will allow him, or any, in the age in which he lived. One thing

my feast; but they have all forgot Mal-orehol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen! but steel<sup>1</sup> resounds in my hall, and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs from the Maid of Fúarféd wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-Morul. She waked her own sad tale from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tornul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, fast bound with thongs, to Mal-orehol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fúarféd, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away from Oina-morul of isles.

"Son of Fingal," began Mal-orehol, "not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul, of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma through the dwelling of kings."

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ears. It was like the rising breeze, that whirls at first the thistle's beard, then flies dark-shadowy over the grass. It was the maid of Fúarféd wild! she raised the nightly song: she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed

at pleasant sounds. "Who looks," she said, "from his rock on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast.—Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant afar, a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Treumor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! within this bosom is a voice: it comes not to other ears; it bids Ossian hear the hapless in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orehol heard my words in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of Fúarféd wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young; though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

## THE SONGS OF SELMA.

ARGUMENT.—Address to the evening star. An apostrophe to Fingal and his times. Minona sings before the king the song of the unfortunate Colma, and the bards exhibit other specimens of their poetical talents, according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light! But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they

<sup>1</sup> There is a severe satire conched in this expression, against the guests of Mal orehol. Had his feast been still spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He poetically compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him," says he, "are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk which fed the fire is consumed the smoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose and frothy, notwithstanding the sentimental merit of the author. He was one of the less ancient bards, and their compositions are not nervous enough to bear a literal translation.—*J. Macpherson.*

bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin,<sup>1</sup> with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona<sup>2</sup> came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar,<sup>3</sup> the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma.<sup>4</sup> Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

*Colma.* It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around!

<sup>1</sup> Alpin is from the same root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; Alp, high island or country. The present name of our island has its origin in the Celtic tongue; so that those who derived it from any other betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country. *Brait*, or *Braid*, extensive; and *in*, land.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> Ossian introduces Minona, not in the ideal scene in his own mind, which he had described, but at the annual feast of Selma, where the bards repeated their works before Fingal.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>3</sup> Sealg-er, a hunter.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>4</sup> Culmath, a woman with fine hair.—*J. Macpherson.*

Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayedst thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar! why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me: hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard the strife on the hill: their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of ear-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon

in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

*Ryno.* The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

*Alpin.* My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar;<sup>1</sup> the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglau.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father,<sup>2</sup> O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low thy pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call.

<sup>1</sup> Mór-ér, great man.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> Tormán, the son of Caithul, lord of I-mora, one of the Western Isles.—*J. Macpherson.*

When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou has left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona,<sup>3</sup> the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

#### THE ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

(FROM CARTHON.)

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But

<sup>3</sup> Ossian is sometimes poetically called the *voice of Cona*.—*J. Macpherson.*



thou art perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.<sup>1</sup>

THE DESOLATION OF BALCLUTHA.<sup>2</sup>

(FROM CARTHON.)

Raise, ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of the unhappy Moina. Call her ghost with your songs to our hills; that she

<sup>1</sup> The following blank-verse translation of the same passage is by the Rev. Archibald Clerk: —

O thou that travellest on high,  
Round as warrior's hard, full shield,  
Whence thy brightness without gloom,  
Thy light which lasts so long, O Sun?  
Thou comest in thy beauty strong,  
And the stars conceal their path;  
The moon, all pale, forsakes the sky,  
Herself in western wave to hide;  
Thou, in thy journey, art alone;  
Who to thee will dare draw nigh?  
Falls the oak from lofty crag;  
Falls the rock in crumbling age,  
Ebbs and flows the ocean (tide);  
Lost is the moon in heavens high;  
Thou alone dost triumph evermore,  
In joyancy of light thine own.

When tempest blackens round the world,  
In thunder fierce and lightning dire,  
Thou wilt, in thy beauty, view the storm,  
Smiling 'mid the uproar of the skies.

To me thy light is vain;  
Thy face I never more shall see  
Spreading thy locks of gold-yellow wave  
In the east on the face of the clouds,  
Nor when (thou) tremblest in the west,  
At thy dusky doors on the ocean.

And perchance thou art even as I,  
At seasons strong, at seasons weak,  
Our years, descending from the sky,  
Together hastening to their close.  
Joy be upon thee then, O Sun!  
Since in thy youth thou art strong, O chief!

Dark and unpleasing is old age,  
Like dim light of a sickly moon  
When she looks through clouds on the plain,  
The hoary mist on the side of cairns,  
The blast from north on the field,  
The wayfarer weary and slow.

may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest upon thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast

<sup>2</sup> Rev. A. Clerk's translation of the same passage:—

“Raise, ye tuneful bards, the song,”  
Said Fingal, high chief of shields;  
“Raise praise to gentle Moina of the waves—  
She sleeps amid the music of the hills;  
Let her soul be slowly called by song  
To the land of the great clouds,  
Her gentle course by edge of peaks,  
On the great Bens of happy maidens—  
The sunbeams of days that are gone,  
The womanly joy of the men who have been.  
Sear was the wall of Balclutha of swords,  
When the people's voice now rises faint;  
In the hall devouring fire had been.  
To-day no converse there 'twixt brave and fair  
Turned Clutha by, in light stream, on the plain,  
From lofty walls which fell, all prone, in dust.  
There, in the wind, the thistle sways,  
And weeps the moss beneath the tower.  
The russet fox, in window all his own,  
The grass slow-waving round his back;  
Desolate is the dwelling of the tuneful Moina—  
Dark is the spacious hall in the tower.  
Raise, ye bards, the grief of songs,  
For the wave girt hall which has been.  
The fallen brave have long lain in the mound,  
But the heroes' days will (to us) come down.  
Why built by thee has been the festive hall,  
Thou Son of time, with many wings?  
Thou lookest to-day from turret high.  
The next (from) beneath the mountain crag.  
Not tardy are the years whose tread is power,  
With blast from mountains dark and desert;  
They lift their voice in lordly hall,  
Which fall in ruins to the ground.  
Come on, dark blast, from mountain drear,  
We shall be noble in our day;  
My sword shall have its mark in war,  
My soul shall be with bards of heroes.  
Raise ye the tune; send round the shell;  
Let joy be carolled round me.  
When thou, whom I behold on high, shalt fail  
If fail thou shalt, thou mighty light;  
If thou, from time to time, grow faint,  
As Fingal of the fleetest step;  
My fame shall be as lasting as thy gleam.”

of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round the half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! the mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song; send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; so our fame shall survive thy beams!

---

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

(FROM DAR-THULA.)

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! they brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? hast thou thy hall like Ossian! dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? have thy sisters fallen from heaven? are they who rejoiced with thee at night no more? Yes, they have fallen, fair light: and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they who were ashamed in thy presence will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind; that the daughter of night may look forth; that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light!

---

FINGAL'S AIRY HALL.

(FROM BERRYTHON.)

His friends sit around the king on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp. He raises the feeble voice. The less-er heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers. She turns aside her humid eyes. "Art thou come so soon?" said Fingal, "daughter of generous Toscar.

Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son<sup>1</sup> is sad! I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there. Its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers! Go, with thy rustling wind, O breeze! sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids<sup>2</sup> are departed to their place. Thou alone, O breeze, mournest there!"

---

COLNA-DONA.<sup>3</sup>

Colamon, of the troubled streams,  
Dark wanderer of the vales!  
Through shadowy trees I see thy gleams,  
Near Car-ul's echoing halls.

There dwelt fair Colna-dona bright,  
The daughter of the king;  
Her eyes like stars, her arms as white  
As foam the billows fling.

Her breast was like the new-fall'n snow,  
Or waves that gently move;  
Her soul was like a stream of light;  
The chiefest heroes' love.

We march'd, at Fingal's high command,  
To Crona's banks afar;  
Toscar, from Lutha's grassy shores,  
And Ossian, young in war.

Three bards attended with their songs;  
Three shields before us borne;  
For we a monument must raise  
To mighty deed he'd done.

For Fingal there, on Crona's banks,  
His foes had triumph'd o'er,  
And backward turn'd their foreign ranks,  
Like surges from the shore.

We halted at the field of fame;  
Nigh from the hill came down;

---

<sup>1</sup> Ossian, who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oscar, and her attention to himself.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> That is, the virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>3</sup> In this metrical paraphrase of one of the shortest of the twenty-one Ossianic poems, not an idea has been added or altered, and but seldom any omitted, while the words have only been changed when necessary to complete the imperfect poetical measure, to avoid obscurity or to introduce rhyme.

I fell'd an oak, and soon its flame  
O'er all the mountain shone.

I call'd my sires to look below,  
From cloudy mansions down;  
Their noble hearts with joy must glow  
At deeds their sons had done.

I rais'd a stone from Crona's stream,  
Amidst the bards' loud song,  
Staining with foemen's clotted blood  
The waves that roll'd along.

A boss from ev'ry stranger's shield  
I placed below in earth,  
While Ullin's harp alternate peal'd  
Its sounds of woe and mirth.

Then Tosear laid a dagger down,  
With mail of sounding steel;  
We heap'd the mould, and bade the stone  
Its tale of fame to tell:

“Thou oozy rock, now rais'd on high  
Above the river's bed,  
Speak to the feeble when we die,  
When Selma's race have fled.

“In stormy night some traveller here  
Shall rest from weary roam;  
Thy moss shall whistle in his ear,  
And dreams of war shall come.

“Then battles shall before him rise;  
Kings, with their dark-blue shields,  
Descend from clouds, and round him fight  
Upon their moonlight fields.

“Waking at morning from his dream,  
He'll see the tombs alone,  
And ask, and aged men reply:  
‘Old Ossian rais'd this stone.’”

A bard, for Colna-dona bright,  
Car-ul, the stranger's friend,  
To the rich feast of kings t' invite  
At Colamon did send.

From his white locks on us he smil'd—  
The sons of his friends—with love,  
When there we stood, like two young trees  
Within an ancient grove.

“Sons of the mighty,” said the chief,  
“Ye bring old days to mind,  
When first I landed from the sea,  
Where Selma's valleys wind.

“I'd come across the waves, to chase,  
And Duthmocarglos find;

I overtook him in the race,  
Dweller of ocean's wind.

“Our fathers had been foes; we met  
By Clutha's stream so bright;  
He fled upon the sea, my sail  
Pursued him fast till night.

“Straying through darkness, soon I came  
To Selma's royal seat,  
Where Fingal's bards, with beauteous maids,  
And Conlath came to greet.

“Three days I feasted in the hall  
Where Erin's beauty shone;  
Roscranna, with her eyes of blue,  
The light of Cormac's throne.

“The chiefs, at parting, gave their shields,  
Which on my walls ye find,  
Hanging in Colamon. Young men,  
Ye bring old days to mind.”

Then Car-ul fir'd the festive oak,  
And from our shields did place  
Three bosses underneath a rock,  
To teach the younger race.

“When roars the battle,” said the king,  
“Our sons, perchance, may here  
Meet at this same old mossy stone,  
When they prepare the spear.

“They'll say, ‘Our fathers met in peace  
Upon this ancient field;’  
Then they from rage and strife shall cease,  
And lay aside the shield.”

Night came; and in her flowing locks  
Came Car-ul's daughter there;  
And, with her harp, rose the sweet voice  
Of Colna-dona fair.

Tosear sat darkened in his place,  
Before the heroes' love;  
But on his soul bright shone her face,  
As when, from clouds above,

On the dark-heaving ocean surge,  
The beams of sunshine come,  
And brighten, with their cheerful rays,  
The side that curls in foam.

At morn we wak'd the silent woods,  
The flying deer to chase;  
They fell beside their wonted streams  
Till we our steps retrace.

But from a wood a youth came forth,  
With shield and pointless spear,

And Toscar asked of Colamon  
If all was peaceful there.

The stranger said: "Colamon's stream  
Was Colna-dona's home:  
But she has chang'd her course afar,  
Through desert wilds to roam.

"Her path is over regions rude,  
In forests dark and lone,  
With one who captive leads her soul,  
And he's the king's fair son."

"Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "then  
Thou'st mark'd the warrior's path,  
And he must die: give me thy shield!"  
He took the shield in wrath.

When lo! he saw behind it stand  
A maid, with breast of snow,  
White as the graceful swan that floats  
Where swelling waters flow.

'Twas Colna-dona, queen of harps,  
Who thus the truth did prove:  
The daughter of the king; her eyes  
On Toscar roll'd in love.

#### OSSIAN'S "SONG OF SORROW" IN HIS OLD AGE.<sup>1</sup>

(A FRAGMENT.)

*Six* childless men were we, who ne'er thought  
harm—

A brave and blameless life we lived away;  
But one of us soon slept beneath the cairn;  
Remembering him this night I'm sad and wae.

*Five* were we now, five warriors of renown;  
Woe to the foe that dared to beard us then!  
Death came again, as he had come before—  
Another hero vanished from our ken.

We then were *four*, hunting the forest free,  
Fair were the arms our good right hands did  
wield;  
But even valour saves not from all seath—  
Another warrior fell in battle-field.

We then were *three*, far famed for valorous deeds:  
Bards o'er their harps sang of our feats the  
while.

The sun pursued his course from east to west,  
We lost another—chief withouten guile!

We *two* then sat upon the green hill side  
(From all we love we're fated still to part);  
Insatiate Death, unlooked for, came again,  
And took the sole companion of my heart.

Sad and *alone*, the last of that brave band,  
Remembering other years, I sit and mourn;  
'Tis fated we must die, but still 'tis sad  
To go the journey whence shall none return.

Of the nut cluster on the hazel bough,  
The last nut I—the rest are fallen and gone;  
About to fall, I tremble in the breeze  
That wandering through the woods makes eerie  
moan.

The last tree of the clump upon the hill,  
Sapless and withered, I stand all alone;  
All that I loved are gone, and soon must I  
Fall like my leaves that on the earth are strown.

*Sholto* bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*,  
And *Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,  
*Mysel*; and *Runo* from the hill of fawns—  
These were the *Sie*, in love and war akin.

#### THE CAVE.

(WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.<sup>1</sup>)

The wind is up, the field is bare,  
Some hermit lead me to his cell,  
Where contemplation, lonely fair,  
With blessed content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,  
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;  
Dry fern around obstructs the light;  
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see  
The downward mountains and the skies,  
The flying bird, the waving tree,  
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow;  
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;  
A freckled pointer scours the brow;  
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak  
The woodman lifts his axe on high;  
The hills re-echo to the stroke;  
I see—I see the shivers fly!

<sup>1</sup> First appeared in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, March, 1872.—ED.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's poems, when he had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, were almost invariably signal failures. "The Cave," however, gives evidence of poetical fancy, accompanied by defective taste.—ED.

Some rural maid, with apron full,  
 Brings fuel to the homely flame;  
 I see the smoky columns roll,  
 And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,  
 Two well-met hunters talk at ease;  
 Three panting dogs beside repose;  
 One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,  
 Skirted with shady forests round;  
 In midst an island's rocky height  
 Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;  
 Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;  
 By intervals a fragment falls,  
 As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide  
 With labouring oars along the flood;

An angler, bending o'er the tide,  
 Haugs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,  
 On grassy bank two lovers lean;  
 Bend on each other amorous looks,  
 And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;  
 They seem to hear the tread of feet;  
 They start, they rise, look round the rock;  
 Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake  
 Ascends upon the shady hills;  
 Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,  
 Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's lonely hut I fly;  
 I see it smoking on the plain;  
 When storms are past, and fair the sky,  
 I'll often seek my cave again.

## JAMES MUIRHEAD.

BORN 1742—DIED 1806.

JAMES MUIRHEAD, D.D., was born in 1742, in the parish of Buittle, Dumfriesshire. His ancestors were for several centuries considerable landed proprietors in Galloway. Muirhead graduated at the University of Edinburgh, after which he adopted the law as a profession. A few years later, abandoning his legal pursuits, he became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and was settled as minister of the parish of Urr in Galloway, where he continued in the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties till his death, May 16, 1806. Muirhead was a man of warm heart, lively fancy, and ready wit, and maintained a correspondence with many of his literary contemporaries. His only poetical production, "Bess the Gawkie," a favourite song for many years, was written prior to the year 1769, when it appeared anonymously in Herd's Collection. "It is," says Burns, "a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste; we have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature,

that are equal to this." Allan Cunningham, whose father was well acquainted with Muirhead, and who makes the mistake of calling him Morehead, pronounces it "a song of original merit, lively without extravagance, and gay without grossness—the simplicity is elegant, and the naïveté scarcely rivalled." The same writer remarks on the singularity of the circumstance of his composing nothing more, having written once so ably and successfully as he certainly did in "Bess the Gawkie." "How he contrived," he continues, "to disobey that great internal call, that craving of the heart and the fancy to break out into voluntary song—an impulse which men call inspiration, surpasses my understanding. Morehead, Lowe, Mackay, and others—all men of Galloway, all poets—are all single-song men, but Morehead is the most original; and as his writing has increased our rational amusement, I am sorry he did so little for us, when he could do it so well."

BESS THE GAWKIE.<sup>1</sup>

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah, na lass! I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see young Jamie pass  
 Wi' meikle blythness in his face,  
 Out o'er the muir to Maggie?  
 I wat he ga'e her mony a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss.  
 'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,  
 "That Bess was but a gawkie:

"For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head and throws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll hardly speak;  
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?  
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,  
 She'll gi'e a score without offence;  
 Now gi'e me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie."

"O Jamie, ye ha'e mony ta'en,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa when we do meet again;  
 So ne'er think me a gawkie."

"Ah! na, lass, that canna be;  
 Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But whisht! nae mair o' this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
 Instead o' Meg he kissed sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.

"O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I cam' by, your gown sae new;  
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew!"  
 Quoth she, "That's like a gawkie;

"It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane;  
 Say ye may gang the gate ye came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie."  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;  
 He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet!  
 If I should gang anither gate,  
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
 Or yet ea'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they ga'ed o'er the muir they sang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 "Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

## MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

BORN 1742—DIED 1821.

ANNE HOME, born in the year 1742, was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, a surgeon in the army, and sister of Sir Everard Home. In early life Miss Home gave evidence of poetical talent, and also exhibited very considerable musical taste and skill. In 1771 she married John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, and during the life-

time of her husband Mrs. Hunter received at her table and shared in the conversation of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the day. A few years after Dr. Hunter's death, which occurred at his London residence in 1793, she published, in an octavo volume, a collection of her poems and songs, dedicating it to her son John Banks Hunter. She died in London, after a lingering illness, January 7, 1821. Many of her songs, which evince delicacy of thought combined with force and sweetness of expression, have appeared in

<sup>1</sup> We have the authority of the author's son for saying that this song was written on a love adventure of his early days, and that Muirhead was the fortunate and unfortunate hero.—Ed.

numerous collections of Scottish poetry, and have maintained to this day a wide popularity. Several of Mrs. Hunter's productions were married to immortal music by one of the great masters—Francis Joseph Haydn. On the appearance of her volume in 1802 it met with but little mercy at the hands of Francis Jeffrey, who said, "Poetry does not appear to be her vocation, and rather seems to have been studied as an accomplishment than pursued from any natural propensity;" while another critic remarks, "All of her verses are written with elegance and feeling, and her 'Death-song' is a noble strain, almost worthy of Campbell himself." The "Indian Death-song" is included among our selections, although we are well aware that its authorship is a subject of controversy, many writers believing that Philip Freneau, an American poet (born 1752, died 1832), is entitled to the honour. As the poem attri-

buted to Freneau has several lines differing slightly from Mrs. Hunter's version, we give it in the American poet's language. It is called by him "The Death-song of a Cherokee Indian."

"The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

"Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,  
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.  
Why do ye delay? . . . 'til I shrink from my pain?  
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

"Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
The flame rises high, you exult in my pain,  
But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

"I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his song.  
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,  
And thy son, O Alknomock, has scorn'd to complain."

#### THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,  
By secret sorrow close concealed,  
We shrink lest looks or words impart  
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,  
To speak when one would silent be;  
To wake when one would wish to sleep,  
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,  
Who wander in this world of care,  
And bend beneath the bitter blast  
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits, her guests to greet,  
Where disappointments cannot come,  
And Time guides with unerring feet  
The weary wanderers home.

#### THE OCEAN GRAVE.

Friends, when I die, prepare my welcome grave  
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave;  
Rough though the blast, still let his free-born  
breeze,  
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,  
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray

Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray:  
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,  
And nature deepen, while it soothes, the gloom.

Oh! let that element whose voice had power  
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,  
Which, through my life, my spirit loved so well,  
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear  
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,  
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky,  
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously:  
Emblem of God! unchanging, infinite,  
Awful alike in loveliness and might,  
Rolls still untiring, like the tide of time,  
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime;  
And as the sun, which from each lake and stream  
Through all the world, where'er their waters  
gleam,  
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,  
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,  
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,  
To bid each climate know its want no more.

Exiled on earth, a fettered prisoner here,  
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds  
dear,  
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,  
Whilst hope hath fled, which once each vision fired;  
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow  
Streams of delight, which heavenward thoughts  
bestow;  
Not, then, in death shall I unconscious be  
Of that whose whispers are eternity.

## OH, TUNEFUL VOICE!

Oh, tuneful voice! I still deplore  
 Those accents which, though heard no more,  
 Still vibrate in my heart;  
 In echo's cave I long to dwell,  
 And still would hear the sad farewell  
 When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes! O that the task were mine  
 To guard the liquid fires that shine,  
 And round your orbits play—  
 To watch them with a vestal's care,  
 And feed with smiles a light so fair  
 That it may ne'er decay!

## ADIEU, YE STREAMS.

Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide  
 Through mazy windings o'er the plain;  
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,  
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.  
 Flower of the forest was my love,  
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale;  
 Gentle and constant as the dove,  
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,  
 For me he search'd the banks around;  
 But ah! the sad and fatal day  
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd!  
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,  
 Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,  
 Dire fancy paints him in my dream,—  
 Awake, I mourn my hopeless love!

## TO-MORROW.

How heavy falls the foot of Time!  
 How slow the lingering quarters chime,  
 Through anxious hours of long delay!  
 In vain we watch the silent glass,  
 More slow the sands appear to pass,  
 While disappointment marks their way.

To-morrow—still the phantom flies,  
 Flitting away before our eyes,  
 Eludes our grasp, is pass'd and gone;  
 Daughter of hope, night o'er thee flings  
 The shadow of her raven wings,  
 And in the morning thou art flown!

Delusive sprite! from day to day  
 We still pursue thy pathless way:  
 Thy promise, broken o'er and o'er,  
 Man still believes, and is thy slave;  
 Nor ends the chase but in the grave,  
 For there to-morrow is no more.

## TO MY DAUGHTER.

ON BEING SEPARATED FROM HER ON HER  
 MARRIAGE.

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream,  
 Which animates this mortal clay;  
 For thee I court the waking dream,  
 And deek with smiles the future day;  
 And thus beguile the present pain  
 With hopes that we shall meet again!

Yet will it be as when the past  
 Twined every joy, and care, and thought,  
 And o'er our minds one mantle cast  
 Of kind affections finely wrought?  
 Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,  
 For so we ne'er can meet again.

May he who claims thy tender heart  
 Deserve its love as I have done!  
 For, kind and gentle as thou art,  
 If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.  
 Bright may the sacred torch remain,  
 And cheer thee till we meet again!

## MY MOTHER BIDS ME.

My mother bids me bind my hair  
 With bands of rosy hue,  
 Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
 And lace my boddice blue.

“For why,” she cries, “sit still and weep,  
 While others dance and play?”  
 Alas! I scarce can go or creep  
 While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone  
 When those we love were near;  
 I sit upon this mossy stone  
 And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
 And sing my simple lay,  
 The village seems asleep or dead,  
 Now Lubin is away.



THE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.<sup>1</sup>

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the  
pain?  
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation  
away:

Now the flame rises fast, ye exult in my pain;  
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from  
pain,  
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to com-  
plain!

## HENRY MACKENZIE.

BORN 1745 — DIED 1831.

The gentle-hearted Mackenzie, as Lord Lytton has styled him in "Lucretia," was born at Edinburgh, August 19th, 1745, the day on which the standard of Prince Charles Edward was unfurled in the Highlands. He was educated at the high-school and university of his native city; and became one of the attorneys in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. His professional duties while he held this place must have left him abundant leisure for literary pursuits. While in London in 1765, studying the English practice in exchequer, Mackenzie had begun to write his earliest and best novel, "The Man of Feeling," which was published anonymously in 1771, and for several years remained unacknowledged by the author. Its great popularity induced a Mr. Eccles of Bath to lay claim to the authorship, and to support his pretensions by a copy transcribed in his own hand, with interlineations and corrections. It became necessary, therefore, for Mackenzie to acknowledge himself the author. His second novel, "The Man of the World," appeared in 1783, followed by

"Julia de Roubigné." The three works won for him great fame. Scott said that "Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition." He was the editor of the *Mirror* and *Lowmger*, two works after the model of the *Spectator*; they extended to upwards of two hundred numbers, and of these Mackenzie wrote nearly one-half. Among his contributions was a kindly criticism of the poems of Burns, and "The Story of La Roche," which is generally regarded as one of his finest efforts.

Mackenzie was also a dramatic writer, though not a successful one. Besides a tragedy written by him in early life, entitled "The Spanish Father," but never represented, he was the author of "The Prince of Tunis," which was performed at Edinburgh in 1773; and was followed by "The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity," "The Force of Fashion," and "The White Hypocrite," all of which are more remarkable for refinement of feeling, imagery, and language, than for dramatic force or effectiveness. The collected edition of Mackenzie's works contains these plays, together with a few poems and several dramatic translations from the German, which are said to have first drawn the attention of Sir Walter Scott to the literature of that land. Mackenzie was also the author of memoirs of the poets Blacklock and Home, and various papers published in the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hunter states that "the idea of this ballad was suggested several years ago by hearing a gentleman, who had resided many years in America, among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me it was customary for those people to chant, with a barbarous jargon implying contempt for their enemies, in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavoured to give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."—Ed.

Transactions of the Highland Society, of which he was an original member. In one of these he took strong ground against the genuineness of the Ossianic poems. He also wrote a number of political pamphlets, with a view of counteracting the progress of democratic principles at the period of the French Revolution. One of these introduced Mackenzie to the notice of Mr. Pitt; and in 1804, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and others, he received the lucrative but laborious appointment of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which he held until his death.

In 1808 Mackenzie brought out an edition of his works in eight octavo volumes, which may be said to have been almost his last literary labour. His house was for many years the principal resort of the distinguished literary and political characters of that period, and of all visitors to the Scottish capital who could obtain a proper introduction. Sir Henry Holland said to the writer that in no city of similar rank in Europe was the society to be met with at Mackenzie's and elsewhere in Edinburgh, in the early part of the present century, surpassed; and Lord

Cockburn has remarked that his "excellent conversation, agreeable family, good evening parties, and the interest attached to united age and reputation, made his house one of the pleasantest." Mackenzie was particularly fond of fishing and shooting, sports which he pursued as long as his strength permitted. His old age was healthy, cheerful, and happy, a slight deafness alone indicating the decay of nature. He passed away January 14, 1831, aged eighty-six, and so gradually did his life depart that it may truthfully be said of him, in the words of the poet—

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,  
Even wondered at because he fell no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on six summers more,  
Till, like a clock worn out in eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Mackenzie in 1776 married the daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, by whom he had eleven children. His eldest son, known as Lord Mackenzie, was long a judge in the supreme court of Scotland; and his youngest was for many years a member of the privy-council.

## THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS.

Yes, by the phrase of schoolmen unconfined,  
To trace some striking features of the mind;  
Some wandering lines, that mark the rising  
thought,

Ne'er in the depths of tangled study sought,  
These may be mine; below the critic's view  
To sport with verse, and trust for praise to  
you.

O'er every beating heart confessed to reign,  
Pursued by all, by all pursued in vain,  
The sage's secret, and the poet's dream,  
Be the wide wish of HAPPINESS my theme.

Come, then, and let us lecture by the hour  
On these great subjects, Wisdom, Wealth, and  
Power,

The boasted source of every bliss deny,  
And show their empty urns, their fountains dry.  
Alas! from me no learned lectures hope,  
A simple rhymster—look for these in Pope.  
I boast no magic verse, no matchless mind,  
That deep in science leaves the crowd behind,  
To —— leave a system's pert pretence,  
Nor, where I cannot fathom, take offence;  
Some passing figures only dare to show,  
And give the Muse's comment as they go.

All, said the Dane,<sup>1</sup> have business and desires;  
All human kind this touch Promethean fires,  
By every rank, by every temper sought,  
Something to be, and something to be thought:  
This on the many's changing will depends,  
That on our own, uncertain of its ends;  
To that our tastes affix no certain name,  
This roves through all the lengthened scale of  
fame.

'Tis Vapid's bow, his minuet, his walk,  
His smiles, that simmer into gentle talk,  
Fashion in youth, and decency in age;  
With prudens 'tis honour, prayer-book, and page.

Some fleeting hope we start, pursue, and miss,  
Then rouse another, and pronounce it bliss.  
Yet may not spleen the sovereign will arraign,  
Yet may not spleen believe we run in vain.  
'Tis the pursuit rewards the active mind,  
And what in rest we seek, in toil we find.

The friend of Pyrrhus bade him feast and live,  
Possessed of all the finished war could give.  
Vain were his banquets, had not Pyrrhus fought;  
The chase, and not the quarry, Pyrrhus sought.

<sup>1</sup> Hamlet.

'Midst all the sweets of Tempe's roseate vale,  
Where every fragrance breathes on every gale,  
The fabled pleasures of Elysian bowers,  
The nectar quaffed on beds of blushing flowers,  
Give all to sense that sense could wish to prove,  
And give immortal, as the joys of Jove.  
The soul would sicken 'mid the stagnate air,  
And wish the ruffian blasts of human care,  
Where passive sense, with all her powers, would  
miss;

The springs of action move the wheels of bliss.  
Hence, bustling natures, in a wayward state,  
And thrown at random on the coil of fate,  
Stanch to each purpose, still unwearied press  
Where dark misfortune low'rs, or beams success,  
Teach every curse the happiness it brings,  
And reap the vintage 'midst the wild of things:  
Hence Balbus triumphs o'er the ills of life,  
With duns, bad debtors, lawsuits, and a wife.

Hence vain the rule that moral coldness gives,  
And bids Lothario live as Probus lives.

"I sit," says Probus, "on the peaceful shore,  
And hear the billows round me idly roar;  
I hear unmoved. Within my humble cell  
The blissful powers of calm contentment dwell.  
Soft as the sleep of babes my passions lie."—  
Lothario yawns, and Probus wonders why—  
Lothario, swelling with a soul of fire,  
Winged with the lightning wish, the fierce desire.  
"Contentment, peace, the blissful scenes of ease!  
The hell your fancies paint were heaven to  
these."

If certain bounds the impulsive ardour kept,  
Nor maddened joy, nor melancholy wept,  
But where, amid the intricate of fate,  
Our reason gave to love, and gave to hate;  
Were the true blissful always understood,  
And sought alone amidst the wise and good,  
Sunk in the calm would Virtue's labour cease,  
And lose her triumphs in the lap of peace;  
The pulse of active life would cease to beat,  
No wish to agitate, no hope to heat,  
Unnerved each effort, every power unent,  
Lulled in one listless apathy, Content.

Men must have passions; point them, if you  
can,

Where less the brute enjoys, and more the man.  
To combat passion when our reasons rise,  
Reasons are better passions in disguise.  
In every climate, and in every age,  
With poet, priest, philosopher, and sage;  
Let pedant preachers smooth it as they will,  
They preach successful to the passions still;  
Direct the wish to rise, the tear to fall,  
Give fear to some, and vanity to all.

The world's dull reason, sober, cool, and pure,  
The world's dull reason is a knave demure.  
See, fresh from Nature's hand, unfettered youth  
Romantic friendship boast, romantic truth;  
With all the mist of fond delusion blind,  
The venial errors of an honest mind,

High beat their hearts with every generous aim,  
And grasp the golden hope of endless fame:  
Majestic visions, forms of transport wild,  
Where bloomed the arts, or hardy valour toiled,  
Rise from the pictured walks of Greece or Rome,  
Rise from the past, and point the time to come.  
But soon, too soon, the airy fabrics fall,  
And servile Reason laqueys Interest's call;  
Now Caution creeps where Virtue stalked before,  
And cons the battered page of Prudence o'er.  
Get wealth, the bell of every idiot chimes,  
Immoderate wealth, the madness of the times;  
Get wealth abroad, beneath the furthest sky,  
Or cheat at home, game, perjure, fawn, and lie.  
See, at the goal, to tempt the kindling race,  
See Stukely's laurels blooming in thy face!  
Stukely, whose youth the weakness was denied  
To hide the villain, or desire to hide;  
(Though in his face, at times, the fiend within  
Half veils his portrait with a bastard grin,)  
Plays with my Lord, is favoured by her Grace,  
Now grasps a title, and obtains a place,  
Drinks precious Burgundy, is served in plate,  
And winds their schemes with ministers of state;  
Nay, shame to virtue in a woman's shape!  
Aspasia is his wife—without a rape.—

All this is owned; but prudent men are glad  
To take mankind as mankind may be had:  
Stukely has parts; has gained, from nothing, clear  
(Or fame has lied) eight thousand pounds a year.  
"His virtue!" cries a sage, "my good young  
man,

Leave rhyming and get money, if you can;  
For Stukely's worth and yours, the world will  
scan 'em,

Trust me they will, at just so much per annum."

The blushless sons of these degenerate days,  
Not virtue scorn alone, but virtue's praise.

Yet not the suffrage of the world bestows  
The bliss our vices chase, our virtue knows;  
The glare that blazes in a public show,  
The courtier's whisper, and the great man's bow;  
To dance with princes, and to dine with lords,  
These are the joys their envied lot affords.  
Yet they, whom gaping crowds with envy see,  
Have years to seem, but scarce an hour to be;  
Set, like some hauble gaily trimmed, on high,  
Their life, their friendship, and their love a lie

If e'er reflection renders up its trust,  
The rapid medley rises in disgust,  
Without the sparkle, and the gold, remain  
The sparkling poison, and the gilded chain;  
And memory gathers, with unwearied wing,  
But thoughts that torture, and but joys that  
sting.

But far more solid joys may wealth produce,  
With those who spend it not for show, but use;  
Its decent sober sons, who calmly taste  
What riches give, without intemperate waste.  
Thus honest Balaam—yes, the title's meet,  
No rich man is a rogue in Lombard Street.—

"What! honest? he whom orphan minors curse,  
Robbed of their rights to pamper Balaam's  
purse;

A suit in chancery shall set you right"—  
A knave! I scorn the word—the man's a knight;  
His honour's proof I draw from high records,  
True, as his turtle, in the mouth of lords.

"To lords a bubble, and to wits a sport,  
A man of moment (as he says) at court"—  
"There, while I breathed a prayer for Britain's  
good,

The best of princes marked me where I stood,  
My absence from the last day's levee chid,  
And asked how Lady Balaam's toothache did?"

Our friends may fail us, and our fortunes fall,  
Self-consequence alone is true to all:  
Search where you will, the dullest herd explore,  
Where muddy nature seems to roll no more,  
Who calmly bear, in business' hackneyed ways,  
The listless habitude of passive days,  
Who breathe an air that feels no active spring,  
Unfamed by Fancy's ever vivid wing,  
Guiltless of thought, who creep their round of  
time,

Like some old orloge, with one drowsy chime,  
And 'mongst their whiter notes of memory keep  
One better dinner and one sounder sleep,—  
Yet there has pride its little objects too,  
The wig best powdered, or the blackest shoe;  
Hence Chandler Gripe his wife's shrill tongue  
belabours,

For Sukey's flounce is narrower than her neigh-  
bour's;

Hence Pastry Figg, who claims superior parts,  
Steals half the paper bottom from his tarts,  
And dares the boldest of his Friday's club  
With doubts deistical from Father Chubb.

To self-conceit the meanest knowledge swells;  
Of Lælio's motions Lælio's butler tells,  
The last supply can figure to a sous,  
And counts the patriot noses of the house.

Proud of his post his Grace's footman see,  
As pert, as wicked, and as drunk as he,  
With shoes as shining, with as broad a lace,  
With all his idiot sauciness of face.

The boy whose bawling merit boasts to sweep  
The greasy crossings of the ward of Cheap,  
Who serapes for farthings plump Sir Pipkin's  
door,

For trade and freedom swells the city roar.  
Through all her ranks the law's importance runs,  
And Mansfield's words are mouthed by scribes' <sup>sons</sup>

With eyes that keep one vacant point in view,  
Like pap the sun had bleached and hardened too,  
That took some odd fantastic form by chance,  
See milky Lamio, mute and grave advance:  
O'er locks that nature gave, but solenn law,  
A foe to nature, with aversion saw,  
A needless peruke's snowy round is thrown,  
And blanks his face with folly not its own.

His words, in one long even tone that draw,  
When drowsy Dulness yawns her opiate call,  
Let Pity suffer (for she can no more)  
To mark the weather, or to count the hour;  
But should the youth, amid the circling pit,  
Decide on Shakspeare, and pronounce on wit,  
We laugh in scorn—yet Lamio still is blessed;  
He thinks, poor soul! the rogues have found his  
jest.

Some few there are, who by impartial rules  
Half find the secret that themselves are fools,  
Who, never deep in thought, nor mazed in doubt,  
Can laugh at wisdom, and are blessed without,  
Who beat, unmoved, the beaten track, to find  
Each grosser sense, that mocks the reasoning  
mind;

Hunt in a squire, an alderman regale,  
Or swill a parson, politics, and ale.  
Others by Dulness' brisker efforts made,  
(For there are fools of feather, as of lead)  
Are borne by pride beyond their native fence,  
And cheat mankind, the hypocrites of sense.

The soft, the delicate Favonius hear  
Jingling his baubles in my aching ear,  
So dully sweet, so pertly debonnaire,  
Wit with a grin, and wisdom with a stare;  
Blessed youth! whose skin so white, whose talk  
so smart,

Wins every male and every female heart.

With tags of jests in Brown and Durfee found,  
With puns that lie in ambush for a sound,  
With mottoes from the wits of ancient days,  
Stolen from the tops of magazine essays,  
With painters' names at print-shops daily sought,  
With one poor epigram his tutor wrote,  
Favonius rose, and all the ladies know it,  
A wit, a scholar, connoisseur, and poet;  
Or, if these titles should not please his ear,  
Give him his own—Favonius is a peer.<sup>1</sup>

"Friendship's the wine of life." I hold at least  
Folly the nuts and apples of the feast.

That flippant folly, with the jaunty mien,  
At midnight balls in Florio's figure seen;  
Skilled in those little arts that always please,  
With pertness fluttering on the wings of ease,  
He wears a smile perpetual in his face,  
And talks perpetual nothings with a grace;  
Or, when his stars are in a blessing fit,  
Plays with a fan, and stumbles upon wit,—  
Something by fops called wit, that fools may find,  
No words describe, for no ideas bind;  
That, far from sense, with whim's exotics grew,  
That much applauds itself, and laughs at you.

Not Prisesn thus; he boasts an honest heart,  
An open soul, that hates the name of art;  
With sense unpolished grating on his mind,  
He holds perpetual war with human kind,  
Storms at a fop, is angry at a fool,  
And bears good-nature just within a rule.

<sup>1</sup> This couplet is restored from the original copy.

Where tyrant Priseus scowls his reddening eye,  
Mirth waves his wing, and all the Cupids fly:  
On him what joys of other names await,  
Blessed with a foe, and proud to purchase hate.  
Is this to truth, to wisdom this allied?  
All this is nature, or perhaps 'tis pride.

We seldom simply judge of good or ill  
By genuine laws or unperverted will;  
The means of bliss with you, with me, or him,  
Are fixed by narrow codes of partial whim,  
But in one passion (sings the bard of night,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor sings he false) all human hearts unite;  
If from their folds their motives you unbind,  
Instinctive vanity rules all mankind.

And rules it love, my Florio? ask your Chloe,  
Your last year's charmer, she perhaps may show  
ye;

Her Florio once, her Florio to the heart  
Pierced and transpierced by Cupid's golden dart.  
With many a stolen sonnet to her praise,  
"And many a window scratched with amorous  
lays."

But now your Chloe is so changed a creature,  
These sonnets are the falsest things in nature.  
By what sad chance are all her beauties lost?  
She's quite as handsome—but no more a toast;  
Some newer beauty caught the public eye,  
And Florio took the hint—to gaze and die.

Alas! so tame our modern love is grown,  
That dying lovers die in rhyme alone;  
Harmless its fires, like playhouse lightnings, glare,  
And each impassioned votary's but a player.

When from the yoke of Afric's tawny son  
His half-unpeopled land the Spaniard won,  
When, midst the lonely castle's echoing hall,  
The Giant-Cuisses decked the ragged wall,  
And dark Enchantment, Superstition's child,  
In midnight mazes walked the howling wild,  
Romance, with all her fancy-fashioned creed,  
Saw heroes pine, and desperate lovers bleed,  
Through circling years the virgin flame con-  
fessed,

And blazing fiercest when by Fate repressed;  
The poisoned chalice, and the dagger bare,  
She taught the tender-bosomed nymph to dare,  
With magic hand untwined the threads she wove,  
And poured on virtue all the bliss of love.

But when, her canvas opening to the wind,  
Had Traffic wafted wealth from either Ind,  
Attendant Luxury she wafted too,  
Refinement flourished, and Politeness grew;  
Then Love was listed in her mimic train,  
And Fashion's lip his ardours taught to feign;  
Debauched by art, he lost his genuine power,  
And idly frolicked midst the vacant hour.

"'Tis woman's fault," the surly Priseus says,  
"Degenerate woman in these waning days;  
True to no worth, in female bosoms reign,  
Despite of love, the fickle and the vain;

Still idly soaring, with untaught desire,  
Squire yields to lord, and merit to a squire."

'Tis *their* ambition; lords are noble game,  
And mighty minds at mighty quarries aim:  
Though tyrant man would fain monopolize  
The thirst of glory and of great emprise,  
Yet female breasts the generous ardent own,  
Their sceptre beauty, and our hearts their throne.

Her soul unbroken, and unquenched its flame,  
See yonder veteran in the lists of fame;  
See, at the closing of some public show,  
Canidia jostling in its hindmost row:

('Tis but the decent rudeness of her state,  
For simple ladies come an hour too late,  
Canidia, still in beauty's *second* prime,  
At sixty bends not to the hand of Time;  
Time can but draw his wrinkles o'er her brow,  
Time can but spread her glossy locks with snow;  
These are no parts of her—that head-dress see,  
Triumphs in youthful immortality!  
Eternal bloom—is in the power of paint,  
And yet Canidia's more than half a saint;  
Constant at church, for sometimes beaux are  
there,

And thus, one fasting morn, she closed a prayer:—  
"And as for death, since die the youngest must,  
And this fair frame be mouldered in the dust,  
Be all these errors of my youth forgiven,  
And let me wear this Denmark fly<sup>2</sup> in heaven!"

But rapid now, like fruit preserved by art,  
Canidia's youth is harmless to my heart;  
But seek its power, its native empire seek,  
Where the blood dances in Flavilla's cheek,  
Glows in her lip, her panting bosom warms,  
And swells redundant in a thousand charms.  
Her winged thoughts, from torpid reason flown,  
Flit in a sunny region of their own:  
Wisdom forgets to chide, when Wisdom spies  
The dear imprudence sparkling in her eyes;  
Her eyes, that in their beamy courses roll  
Luxuriant feelings, and a waste of soul:  
Yet would he speak, not reason's musty saw  
Would give thy pleasure, not thy conduct, law;  
For pleasure's self, too headlong in the chase,  
Flavilla stifles with a rude embrace;  
From life's gay bustle panting and distressed,  
And still more feverish in the lap of rest,  
Pursues the bubble where it glanced before,  
The bursting bubble glances now no more;  
For know, Flavilla, though it sounds but ill,  
That even in folly sense is something still.

But in what class Lennira will you scan?  
Too grave for woman, and too weak for man;  
Too dull for whim, too simple much for sense,  
Hers is the region of indifference.  
One civil question, and one sober stile,  
One decent curtsey, and one settled smile;  
Discreetly cold, she never soars above,  
These all her friendship, these are all her love;

<sup>1</sup> Young.

<sup>2</sup> A particular kind of head-dress.

And as for hate, to woman or to man—  
Her lip just pressing on her folded fan!  
With pulse unquickened, with unreddened cheeks,  
This cold no-bliss is all the bliss she seeks.

Close by her side her withered lord the while  
With toothless visage tries an awkward smile;  
So on some moral tombstone sculptors place  
A death's-head grinning in a cherub's face.  
Him Folly tempted in some weaker hour,  
(For long had Love been foiled, and lost his  
power,)

To covet, in the crazy wane of life,  
Imputed honour from a beauteous wife,  
With the faint *No*, which love interprets *Yes*,  
The nymph had doomed another suitor's bliss,  
When this Antonio, like the god of old,  
Came, saw, and conquered in a shower of gold;  
Lemira's prudent phlegm had time to see  
That six in jointure fairly doubles three.

Some venial errors to the sex allow;  
All these were women:—Lucia, what art thou?  
Thee, gentlest, wisest, nature formed to move  
The wise to wonder, and the soft to love:  
With all the prudence coldest natures know,  
The warmth that bids a seraph's bosom glow,  
Humility to learn, with skill to guide,  
The blush of mee'ness, yet with virtue's pride:  
Mild with each grace, with reason's strength to  
soar,

Thy heart is woman's, but thy mind is more,  
Yet ask the world, has Lucia ne'er a failing?  
And shall its railers burst for want of railing?  
Lucia, an angel, goddess, what you will,—  
Sighs for a title, and is woman still.

How start my feelings from desires like these!  
How swells my wonder that a sound should please!  
With like surprise the world's gay sons would see  
Thin fancy charm, or musing sadness, me.  
How would they view me from their crowds retire,  
To feast on thought beside my evening fire!  
By nature formed to dwell on fancy's themes,  
With sacred faith I hear her wildest dreams;  
On all her clouds impress a livelier glow,  
And flush the painting of her gaudiest bow,  
Or sometimes, stung by virtue's broken rules,  
The pomp of villains, and the pride of fools,  
Grown sick of life, a wistful thought I east  
Where thought had scarce begun to guide the  
past;

Where truth sad brooding, like a white-plum'd  
dove,  
O'er infant friendship, and o'er infant love;  
The fairy tale by simple nurses told,  
And memory rushing in the songs of old.

One hallowed satchel still recalls the boy,  
The hallowed satchel draws a tear of joy!  
Oh, golden days! that ne'er return again,  
When life's full current ran without a stain;  
Warm from the heart each pointed wish was led,  
Without the cold conclusions of the head.  
Some little cares, that fluttered as they rose

Just sunk again to sweeten new repose;  
No tangled knowledge did the soul endure,  
And this was wisdom, for the soul was pure.

Nor yet, for all the powers of boastful art,  
Each deeper science, each sublimer part,  
Did pride allow me, would I barter this,  
The meek-eyed virtue, with her peaceful bliss.

Cease then to chase the meteor as it flies,  
Be humbly happy, and be humbly wise.  
To know what nature meant, what Heaven allowed,  
Too great for vice, too little to be proud,  
With mirth to cheer, with temper ne'er forgot,  
This may be ours—'twas Lentulus's lot.

Born in that middle state which gives to know  
What greatness is, what greatness can't bestow;  
With moderate wishes, but no cares that vex;  
With knowledge just to guide, but not perplex;  
That ne'er at truth's plain dictates took offence;  
That ne'er in subtlety was lost to sense;  
With taste that knew the pleasing path to strike,  
Without the nice discernment of dislike;  
Warm from his heart though virtue's zeal arose,  
Compassion cheeked the flame, and spared her  
foes,

With pious awe her jealous sense suppressed,  
And took the worst of seemings at the best;  
Even for the worst a brother's yearnings kept,  
And where his faith condemned, his nature wept.

Free from her proudest good, her direst harm,  
He fled from fortune to an humble farm;  
There shunned the crowd his virtue ne'er ap-  
proved;

There saw the better few his virtue loved.  
Oh, let me oft the blissful scene recall,  
(While proud ambition's plummy visions fall,)  
His barn when autumn's yellow bounty stored,  
The modern patriarch o'er his festive board!  
His festive board, which modest nature graec'd,  
Nor tortured appetite, and called it Taste;  
Where towered no plate, no saucy lacqueys  
frowned,

But rosy children sat like cherubs round:  
There, on the welcome guest, the wife, the child,  
The friend, the husband, and the father smiled;  
There, mildly joind o'er the temperate bowl,  
Free rose the mirth that poured his spotless soul;  
And warm good nature roved where pleasure lies,  
Betwixt the gaily mad and dully wise.

Such was his life; a life his death confessed,  
That gave the saint to live, the man to rest.  
Heaven took him at an age that just bereft  
His keener passions, but his reason left;  
That just could feel the present as it passed,  
Look o'er his former days, nor fear his last.

Oh, spare his grave, ye proud!—the mouldering  
clod

No marble covers, but a simple sod;  
Near where its withering arms the ancient yew  
Leans to the east, and drops the hoary dew:  
There on the sward I saw them rest his bier;  
(By faith forbidden, starts one human tear,)

Some sons of virtue, now themselves forgot,  
Walked, with a pausing step, the silent spot;  
On Heaven their eyes they cast, their hopes relied,  
"Father, thy will be done!"—they said, and  
sighed.

Oh that my verse a memory could give  
To live for ages, that so pure could live!  
Proud to attend on virtue's train alone,  
Mark his untainted life,—and mend my own.  
Then should no sigh my wounded bosom tear  
For aught that fortune's glittering sons may wear;  
But reason teach me that we idly roam  
For bliss abroad, which she can find at home.

Placed where no spark of genius dares to rise,  
Where dulness scarce unfolds her leaden eyes,  
With all th' inextricable maze around,  
Of Gothie jargon and unmeaning sound,  
Virtue may teach to feel but half the chain,  
And strew her roses o'er the barren plain.  
Blessed if no crime its shameful wages bring,  
Nor wealth be wafted on dishonour's wing;  
Gay where I can, nor always loving mirth,  
Not Fancy's quite, nor quite a son of Earth;  
May I, what wisdom can, what weakness should,  
Harmless at least, attempt a little good;  
And, calmly noting where the pageants end,  
Smile at the great, and venerate my friend.

## THE SPANISH FATHER.

### ACT FIRST.

PEREZ and SAVEDRA.

*Per.* Yet once again, Savedra, let me give thee  
A soldier's welcome to his native land.

*Sar.* I thank thee from my soul. The common  
perils

We passed together, make this greeting warm.  
How fares our noble chief, the brave Alphonzo?

*Per.* Even as the warrior should, whose days of  
danger

Have deeked his age in honours hardly purchased.  
Scarce hath an hour elapsed since here, in safety,  
He reached the ancient dwelling of his fathers.  
You ivy'd turrets, beetling o'er the cliff,  
Mark the rude grandeur of his warlike race.

*Sar.* Conduct my steps to find him.

*Per.* From the castle  
His lovely daughter hither led our search:  
For, ere we reached it, she forsook her chamber,  
To taste the freshness of the breathing morn.  
He left me here, and with an anxious haste  
Pursues her steps.

*Sar.* When from my country's shore  
Its service called me, she was scarcely past  
The years of childhood; but Ruzalla's name  
Hath often reached me.

*Per.* 'Tis a sound that carries

Health to my frame; mine age hath pleasure in't.  
As yet a boy, when fortune left me friendless,  
His father took, and placed me near Alphonzo.  
Our ages were alike, our tempers suited.  
Perhaps I owed dependence; but too noble  
To claim returns so mean, he gave me friendship.  
And ever since we have been linked as brothers,  
In war's worst danger have we stood abreast,  
And, midst the good or ill of private life,  
Our joys and griefs were common. I have seen  
His two brave sons, in valour's glorious cause,  
Untimely fall together. Of his children  
This darling daughter now alone remains,  
And such this daughter as Alphonzo merits.  
Her beauty charms all eyes; but that were little:  
Compassion, sweetness, every tender grace  
That melts in woman, these adorn Ruzalla.  
Yet common observation gives its judgment  
Short of her worth; for she is formed so gentle,  
That she doth put her very virtues forth,  
Like buds i' the spring, with fearful modesty.

*Sar.* I marvel much that qualities so rare  
Should not have sounded louder on the tongue  
Of praise or envy.

*Per.* She has 'scape'd them both.

Here has she grown beneath a parent's eye,  
Unsoiled by common notice: here Alphonzo  
Throws off the rugged war, and smooths his soul  
To all the soft affections of a father:  
For seldom is he seen to haunt the city,  
Or list him in the train of smiling courtiers;  
His virtues are not made for scenes like those.

*Sar.* I have not been a laeqey of the court  
When braver business called me; but report  
Speaks doubly of the king. It speaks him open,  
Generous, and brave; but rash and unrestrained  
In passion's or in pleasure's warm career.  
His favourite minister, the Lord Alvarez,  
Whose fiery spirit in the cause of pleasure  
From early youth had mated with the king's,  
Is said to mould his master to his will.

*Per.* 'Tis as thou say'st. Impetuous as he is,  
The youthful sovereign does but play a part,  
Which this man dictates; like the fabled god  
Ruler of storms, even in its wildest course,  
He bends the monarch's passion as he lists.

*Sar.* And brooks Alphonzo well this minion's  
sway?

*Per.* Be sure he does not. Who in Spain, that  
loves

His country, can? Besides the general hate,  
He held in early scorn the proud Alvarez,  
For that his name, by favour only graced,  
Bears not the stamp of generous ancestry:  
And 'tis a weakness, you might note in him,  
To fasten an hereditary claim  
From noble lineage to a noble mind.

*Sar.* I have observed it.

*Per.* 'Tis most open in him.  
Last of a long-ennobled race, that yields,  
And scarcely yields, to royalty alone,

The purity and honour of his blood  
 Bear not the least impeachment unrevenged.  
 Though, in the gentle bearings of his nature,  
 Most gracious to his friends, and to the man  
 Whom fate hath placed below him, or whom  
 fortune

Hath tried with sorrows, mild and piteous;  
 Touch but this tender part, his family's honour,  
 And not the tigress, when her foaming chaps  
 Grind on the hunter's spear, hath deadlier fury.

*Sar.* Though he is somewhat sparing of complaint,

Nor lets his great soul waste itself in words,  
 Yet have I marked him feel his services  
 But ill repaid. The conquest Afric witnessed  
 Has Spain forgot!

*Per.* Perhaps her monarch did;

Alphonzo's haughty spirit never stoops  
 To make the time his friend: warm in the right,  
 The voice of custom, or the rod of power,  
 He equally disdains to court or fear.  
 Hence, in the obsequious region of the palace,  
 He is not always welcome.—But he comes.

*Enter ALPHONZO.*

*Alph.* (*To SAVEDRA*). Thus let me clasp my soldier!  
 (*Embracing him*). Thou hast speeded  
 Beyond the steps of age, and overta'en me  
 Somewhat before my hopes.

*Sar.* The storm that bore

Your vessel from its course, our voyage missed,  
 And gave us vantage.

*Alph.* 'Twas indeed a fierce one.

But dangers past will serve to furnish out  
 An old man's talk. Thou seest me now returned,  
 My term of service out, to claim from Spain  
 Some days of quiet, and a peaceful grave.  
 But I have placed SAVEDRA in my post,  
 To turn the tide of battle from her shore,  
 And more than fill the void my age hath left.

*Sar.* If Spain shall mark SAVEDRA's deeds with  
 praise,

'Twill be to think of him to whom she owes them.  
 Alphonzo's battles taught him how to fight;  
 Alphonzo's battles taught him how to conquer.

*Alph.* Of that no more. But I have much to  
 ask;—

First of my fellow-soldiers.

*Sar.* On the coast

Of bleeding Afric, as your orders bore,  
 I left the troops commanded by Franeiseo.  
 The rest with me returned to find at home  
 Their country's recompense for ten years' service.  
 Before I left them, in our little camp  
 Had mirth and festival begun to reign.

Forth from their villages, with eager looks,  
 The wife, the children of the veteran, came  
 To meet a husband's and a father's smile;  
 While joyous bands, with rural minstrelsy,  
 Danced round our tents, or chorus'd loud and  
 long

The ancient roundelay.

*Alph.* Blessed be their joys!

A soldier buys them dear, and feels them warmly.  
 Alphonzo should have shared the joyous scene,  
 But that his sovereign's mandate called him  
 thence.

Ere noon I must attend him at Toledo;  
 The time between I steal from state and business,  
 To look upon my haunts of early youth,  
 Here, in the well-known fields, and meet my child  
 With nature smiling round her.

*Sar.* Fair Ruzalla

Is well, I hope!

*Alph.* I have not seen her yet.

By dawn of day, it seems, she wandered forth  
 Amidst the windings of the woody dell,  
 And I have missed her path. But say, my friend,  
 (*For the fond picture, which my fancy caught,*  
*Broke off thy speech,*) how fares your princely  
 captive,

The brave Abdalla?

*Sar.* Taught by you, we held him

But as an honoured stranger in our camp,  
 Not as a prisoner: from his fellow captives,  
 Who shared his fortune in the fields of war,  
 He chose attendants, whom our courtesy  
 Freed for his service.

*Alph.* That became my friends.

The man I'd wish to conquer is the man  
 Whom, conquered, I would love. Ignoble foes  
 Make victory unhonoured. But the rest,  
 Whom chance had thrown our chains on, they  
 are men too;

Know them as such, and treat them with humanity.

*Sar.* I have been taught by my own heart, and  
 you, sir,

To reverence misfortune in the meanest.  
 Their fetters have sat easy.

*Per.* So they should do.

But the court luxuries have sometimes loaded  
 The chains that ruthless war itself made light.  
 When last a tawny file of Moorish captives  
 Had graced your conquest, by the king's com-  
 mand,

Alvarez, and some courtiers of his train,  
 Had them allotted for their private use,  
 Though Spain had prisoners languishing in Afric,  
 Whose freedom waited theirs.

*Alph.* 'Tis well remembered,

And shall be talked of. I have other wrongs  
 To prologue that,—but more of these hereafter  
 Perez, attend SAVEDRA to the castle,  
 And play the host for me. I'll join you soon,  
 And bring a daughter's smiles to sweeten welcome.

[*Exit SAVEDRA and PEREZ.*]

ALPHONZO *alone.*

The Moorish prisoners,  
 The captives of our valour, won with blood!  
 And shall they swell the train of this Alvarez,  
 Fall on their knees to lift him to his stirrup,



Or toil to smooth his garden terraces?  
By Heaven, they shall not.

[*As he is going off he meets RUZALLA.*]

*Ruz.* My father!

*Alph.* My Ruzalla! let me press thee  
Thus to my heart, and weep its fondness o'er thee!  
Even in the battle's front I thought on thee;  
Midst all the hardships of a soldier's life,  
The image of my darling crossed my fancy,  
And smiled their force away. Oh! tell me, tell me,  
All that my absence missed!—I cannot question—  
This throbbing here—Thou hast been well, and  
happy:

Hast not, my love?

*Ruz.* Tranquillity and peace  
Dwell in my native groves, nor e'er beyond  
I strayed to lose them.

*Alph.* That was well.—Thou sighest;  
But woman's very joy should still be tender,  
As if it twinned with sorrow. We shall part  
No more, my child; Alphonzo's toils are past;  
Here shall he rest, his course of glory run,  
And give his closing days to Heaven and thee.

*Ruz.* And shall we be so happy! Oh! my father!

*Alph.* Ay; wherefore should we not!

*Ruz.* I know not why.

To see thy safe return, to meet thee thus,  
Has been Ruzalla's prayer. Yet now, methinks,  
There is an ugly boding at my heart,  
That weighs it down.

*Alph.* Think not so deeply on't.

"Tis not in augury to trouble virtue.

*Ruz.* Oh! teach my feebler mind the strength  
of virtue.

You know not how much weakness hangs about  
me;

How little I am worthy of the fate

That gave me birth from such a sire as thou art.

*Alph.* I will not think so; be it thy father's praise  
That he has better taught thee. There are fathers  
Who treat their daughters as if nature formed  
them

In some inferior mould, fit to obey,  
But not to judge; to learn, if they have beauty,  
The little arts that teach them how to charm;  
Or, if they want it, in domestic office,  
To creep this life, and aim at nothing further.  
But thou hast learned the mind's exalted purpose,  
To feel its powers divine, of thought and reason.  
And use them as the immortal gifts of Heaven.

*Ruz.* Such have the lessens of a parent been.  
I owe him more than nature's common debt,  
And more than common duty should repay him.  
Heaven knows—but feeling is not eloquent—  
Silence shall better thank you.

*Alph.* 'Tis enough.

I know thy love, my child, the only good  
That I would husband life for. My brave boys  
Fell ere their time, and fell in glory's lap;  
And other fathers envied me their fall.

It was a soldier's.—All may do their duty,

But 'tis a privilege not all enjoy  
To die in doing it.

*Ruz.* Should not Ruzalla

Then comfort thee for all! Oh! that she could!

*Alph.* I know thou wilt, my child. Here have  
I seen thee

Grow up and flourish, with the sweets of nature,  
To bless thy father's eye, and glad his heart.  
But now the world expects thee; and thy virtues  
Shall show thee worthy of thy father's name.  
To-day I lead thee to Rodriguez' court.

*Ruz.* Rodriguez!

*Alph.* Wherefore startst thou at the sound?

*Ruz.* Did I!

*Alph.* Why, yes; but know, Alphonzo's race  
May look on kings unmoved. Thy gallant fathers  
Fought in their cause, and propped their trem-  
bling throne.

Thither I lead thee, in the hand that struck  
Embattled Afric on her burning plains.

Forgive an old man's boasting—thou art his  
pride too;

His fond exulting heart anticipates

The praise and wonder of his friends around thee.

*Ruz.* Oh! I deserve not praise; indeed I do not.

I would shrink back, and hide from public notice,  
Within thy arms, if there thou wilt receive me,  
With all my errors, all my imperfections.

*Alph.* This modesty becomes thee; yet the  
suffrage

Of worth and virtue may be fairly wished for.

There is indeed a shallow talking race,  
Insects the sun of royal favour breeds,  
Whose flattery you will hold but words of fashion.  
Which courtesy must hear, but sense despise.

Allow them the observance of civility,  
But not an eye of favour; even the freedom  
That innocence might take, must be denied them.  
For busy tongues might talk on't; and in woman  
The sense of right should ever go beyond  
The right itself. Methinks my cautions wrong  
thee;

But thou'rt the treasure of thy father's age,  
And, like the miser trembling o'er his hoard,  
He fears, he knows not why.

*Ruz.* Oh! speak not thus,

Nor add to all those debts of past indulgence,  
That make a wretched bankrupt of Ruzalla.

*Alph.* My two brave boys have fallen for their  
country—

Peace to their souls! for I have heard their fame  
Thou, my Ruzalla, art the single ray  
That gilds the evening of thy father's age.  
Could'st thou but know how dear this bosom  
holds thee—

Thou canst not till thy heart has felt the throbs  
A parent's feels!—Wipe off that falling tear.  
Amidst the gentleness that suits her sex,  
Even soft-eyed woman has a proper pride.  
Revere thyself—the daughter of Alphonzo.

[*Exeunt.*]

## MICHAEL BRUCE.

BORN 1746 — DIED 1767.

The name of MICHAEL BRUCE may be placed by the side of his countrymen John Finlay, Robert Nicoll, and David Gray, each of whom possessed poetical genius, and all of whom were cut off in "life's green spring." He was born at Kinnesswood, in the parish of Portmoak, Kinross-shire, March 27, 1746. His father was a weaver in humble circumstances, but well known for his piety, integrity, and industry. He early discovered in Michael evidences of superior intelligence to that possessed by his other children, which, with his fondness for reading and quiet habits, determined him to educate his son for the ministry. In winter Michael attended the village school, and during the summer months was sent to herd cattle on the Lomond Hills. His education was retarded by this employment, but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communing with nature amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its castle. It is worthy of notice that in his early partiality for poetry he was encouraged by two judicious friends—Mr. David Arnot and Mr. David Pearson, who praised his juvenile attempts at versification, and gave him the advantage of reading such books as Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Pope.

In 1762 Bruce was sent to the University of Edinburgh, a portion of the expense being met by a small legacy left to him by a relative of his father's. During the summer vacations of his later sessions at college he taught a small school at Gairney Bridge, near Kinross, and afterwards one at Forrest Mill, near Alloa. It was here that he wrote his poem of "Lochleven," and also his exquisite "Elegy to Spring," one of the finest of all his productions; this, too, after he felt that he was soon to fall a victim to consumption, engendered, it is believed, chiefly by his confinement to the low-roofed and damp school-room at Forrest Mill. His "Elegy" was the last composition which he lived to finish.

"Now Spring returns; but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown,"

are four lines of the pathetic poem in which his premature death is foreshadowed. Ere the period arrived for returning to the university he became so weak that he was compelled to give up his employment at Forrest Mill, and return to the shelter of the parental roof. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and prepared for the final conflict with the calmness and resignation of a Christian. Although from the first moment of his return to his humble home he was so reduced in strength as to be seldom able to walk out, he lingered through the winter, and was gladdened by the sight of the woods and fields again blooming in all the freshness of new life. He was cheerful to the last, and died July 6, 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months:—

"'Twas not a life,  
'Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away."

Bruce's Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him;" and this verse written on a blank leaf:—

"'Tis very vain for me to boast  
How small a price my Bible cost,  
The day of judgment will make clear  
Twas very cheap or very dear."

His death was a terrible blow to his poor and aged parents, who had struggled hard in their deep poverty to give the gifted child of their household an education befitting his genius. Soon after his death his poems, which are not numerous, were given to the world by his college friend John Logan, who speaks of his departed class-mate in terms which do honour to the goodness of his heart. "Michael Bruce," he says, "lives now no more but in the remembrance of his friends. No less amiable as a man than valuable as a writer—ended

with good nature and good sense—humane, friendly, benevolent—he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the era of youth and innocence.” But unfortunately Logan did not prove so scrupulously just to the literary fame of his friend, as he was liberal in praise of his personal character; for in preparing the volume of Bruce’s poems he mingled with them some of his own, and never gave any explanation by which these might be distinguished. In 1797 a new edition, including several of Bruce’s unpublished poems, was issued by subscription, under the superintendence of the venerable Principal Baird, for the benefit of the poet’s mother, then in her ninetieth year. In 1837 a complete edition was published, with an interesting memoir of the author from original sources by the Rev. W. Mackelvie, in which ample reparation is made to the injured shade of Michael Bruce for any neglect or injustice done to his poetical fame by his early friend Logan. Still another edition of his poetical works has recently appeared, accompanied by a memoir of the “inheritor of unfulfilled renown,” by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

With respect to the disputed authorship of the immortal lyric the “Ode to the Cuckoo” (“Magical stanzas,” says D’Israeli, “of picture, melody, and sentiment!” and which Edmund Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh he sought out Logan to compliment him), the evidence may be thus stated:—In favour of Logan, there is the open publica-

tion of the ode under his name; the fact of his having shown it in MS. to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his own composition; and that during his whole life his claim to be the author was not disputed. On the other hand, in favour of Bruce, there is the oral testimony of his relations and friends that they always understood him to be the author; and the written evidence of Dr. Davidson, professor of natural and civil history, Aberdeen, that he saw a copy of the ode in the possession of a friend of Bruce, that it was in his handwriting, and was signed Michael Bruce, and below it was written these words—“You will think I might have been better employed than writing about a *gowk*”—Anglice, cuckoo.

In 1812 a handsome obelisk was erected over Bruce’s grave in Portmoak Churchyard, bearing the simple inscription—“MICHAEL BRUCE, born March 27, 1746. Died July 6, 1767.” The epitaph written by a child of song for himself, one who died young, and, like Bruce, of consumption, might fitly be applied to the author of “Lochleven,” the “Ode to the Cuckoo,” and the deeply pathetic “Elegy”—

“Below lies one whose name was traced in sand,—  
He died not knowing what it was to live:  
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood  
And maiden thought electrified his soul;  
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.  
Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh  
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God,  
In other kingdom of a sweeter air:  
In Eden every flower is blown. Amen.”

## LOCHLEVEN.<sup>1</sup>

Hail, native land! where on the flow’ry banks  
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells;  
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews  
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks  
Loose-waving o’er her shoulders; where she treads,  
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring

And Summer wait, to raise the various flow’rs  
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds  
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,  
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

Attend, Agricola, who to the noise  
Of public life preferr’st the calmer scenes  
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss,  
Joys all thine own! attend thy poet’s strain,  
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints  
The past’ral mountains, the poetic streams,  
Where raptur’d Contemplation leads thy walk,  
While silent Evening on the plain descends.

Between two mountains, whose o’erwhelming  
tops,

<sup>1</sup> Though the poem on Lochleven contains little more than six hundred lines it is astonishing with what a variety of landscapes it is decorated; these are for the most part touched with a spirited pencil, and not seldom discover considerable originality, both in conception and execution; they are not mere copies of still life, but abound in the expression of human passions and feelings, and excite the most permanent and pleasant emotions.—*Dr. Nathan Drake.*

In their swift course, arrest the belying clouds,  
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south,  
A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills;  
Thro' which the lake, that beautifies the vale,  
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,  
And wid'ning by degrees, it stretches north  
To the high Oehel, from whose snowy top  
The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring  
down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,  
Trinkling with dew; and whilst the bird of day  
Times his ethereal note, and wakes the wood,  
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,  
The sun, appearing in his glory, throws  
New robes of beauty over heav'n and earth.

O! now, while nature smiles in all her works,  
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,  
O! Leven, and the landscape measure round.  
From gay Kinross, whose stately tufted groves  
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye  
Wander o'er all the various checker'd scene,  
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring streams,  
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height  
Of rocky Lomond, where a riv'let pure  
Bursts from the ground, and through the crum-  
bled crags

Tinkles anusive. From the mountain's top,  
Around me spread, I see the goodly scene!  
Inclosures green, that promise to the swain  
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;  
Irriguoous vales, where cattle low, and sheep  
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms  
Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love  
And innocence; with many a spiry dome  
Sacred to heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls  
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.  
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,  
Like constellations in the starry sky,  
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,  
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,  
Send out a gen'ral song: 'tis beauty all  
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,  
His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep,  
Slow-paced, tow'rds school; intent, with oaten  
pipe,  
They wake by turns wild music on the way.

Behold the man of sorrows hail the light!  
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,  
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,  
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for  
morn.  
Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of heav'n,  
And balmy breath of May, among the fields  
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk: his heart  
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;  
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek; renew'd

In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue  
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n.

In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung,  
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak  
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top  
The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash  
Rear'd high his nervous stature, while below  
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.  
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood  
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove  
Coo'd, amorous, all the livelong summer's day.  
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast, plain'd,  
Sole-sitting on the bough. Blythe on the bush  
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir,  
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd swain  
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,  
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,  
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,  
In sportive races, through the forest flew  
With feet of wind; and, vent'ring from the rock,  
The snow-white coney sought his ev'ning meal.  
Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve  
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook  
That piece-meal printed ruins in the rock,  
Beheld the blue-eyed Sisters of the stream,  
And heard the wild note of the fairy throng  
That charm'd the Queen of heav'n, as round the  
tree  
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,  
With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,  
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,  
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,  
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north  
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.  
Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks  
Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek;  
His farm his only care; his sole delight  
To tend his daughter, beautiful and young,  
To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,  
To see her spread into the bloom of years,  
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.  
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,  
Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair Levina grew  
In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.  
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs  
Of May, and blyther than the bird of dawn,  
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,  
Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n  
And innocence illum'd her virgin eye,  
Lucid and lovely as the morning star.  
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom  
Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r;  
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,  
The glory of the year, when first she comes  
Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,  
And breathing summer breezes; from her locks  
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.  
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,

And better far than beauty, in her looks  
 Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty;  
 The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;  
 Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul;  
 Each height'ning each, diffus'd o'er all her form  
 A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew  
 The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd  
 The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale,  
 Who laid the spoils of summer at her feet,  
 And made the woods enamour'd of her name.  
 But pure as buds before they blow, and still  
 A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;  
 But all alone, amid her garden fair,  
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,  
 She spent her days; her pleasing task to tend  
 The flow'rs; to lave them from the water-spring;  
 To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,  
 Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.  
 In youth the index of maturer years,  
 Left by her school-companions at their play,  
 She'd often wander in the wood, or roam  
 The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,  
 Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,  
 And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,  
 Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,  
 She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their  
 names.

Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,  
 Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd  
 That paints the robe of spring, and knew the voice  
 Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river-side,  
 High up a sunny bank: on either side,  
 A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,  
 An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.  
 Transplanted here by her creative hand,  
 Each herb of nature, full of fragrant sweets,  
 That scents the breath of summer; every flow'r,  
 Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days  
 In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,  
 In beauteous clusters flourish'd; nature's work,  
 And order, finish'd by the hand of art.  
 Here gowans, natives of the village green,  
 To daisies grew. The lilies of the field  
 Put on the robe they neither sew'd nor spun.  
 Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading  
 trees,

Unfrequent scatter'd, as by nature's hand,  
 Shaded the flowers, and to her Eden drew  
 The earliest concerts of the spring, and all  
 The various music of the vocal year:  
 Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth  
 Her life she led; one summer's day, serene  
 And fair, without a cloud: like poet's dream  
 Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,  
 And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,  
 Eternal spring and autumn rule the year,  
 And love and joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs  
 Had wak'd the various vegetable race  
 To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.  
 Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd  
 To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,  
 That nature's hand creative pours at will,  
 Beauty unbounded! over earth's green lap,  
 Gay without number, in the day of rain.  
 O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,  
 Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd  
 The echoes of the vale, with native notes  
 Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet;  
 Sweet as th' hosannahs of a form of light,  
 A sweet-tongu'd seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.

Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,  
 A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,  
 In golden ringlets glitt'ring to the sun,  
 Upon her bosom play'd. Her mantle green,  
 Like thine, O nature! to her rosy cheek  
 Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf  
 The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,  
 Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye  
 Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft  
 He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye  
 In all the silent eloquence of love;  
 Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:  
 "Fair wanderer of the wood! what heav'nly  
 pow'r,

Or providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps  
 To this wild forest, from thy native seat  
 And parents, happy in a child so fair?  
 A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,  
 Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,  
 And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess  
 Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:  
 As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils  
 Her virgin orb, appears the Queen of heav'n,  
 And with full beauty gilds the face of night.  
 Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,  
 And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,  
 Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,  
 And wildings of the wood: soft under shade,  
 Let us recline by mossy fountain side,  
 While the wood suffers in the beam of noon,  
 I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;  
 First-fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;  
 And clust'ring nuts, that burnish in the beam.  
 O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become  
 The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all  
 That I possess, and all thou seest is mine."

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,  
 And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:  
 "Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,  
 Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,  
 The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;  
 Yet at his frugal board health sits a guest,  
 And fair contentment crowns his hoary hairs,  
 The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door  
 The needy pass'd, or the wayfaring man.

His only daughter, and his only joy,  
 I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,  
 At times retiring, lose me in the wood,  
 Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb  
 That opes its virgin bosom to the moon.  
 No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows  
 Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale.  
 The Queen of flowers—But sooner might the weed  
 That blooms and dies, the being of a day,  
 Presume to match with yonder mountain oak,  
 That stands the tempest and the bolt of heav'n,  
 From age to age the monarch of the wood—  
 O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,  
 To feed your flock beside me, and to rest  
 With me at noon in these delightful shades,  
 I might have listen'd to the voice of love,  
 Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd  
 Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,  
 When heav'n and earth in all their glory shine  
 With the last smiles of the departing sun;  
 When the sweet breath of summer feasts the sense,  
 And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;  
 We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,  
 Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon  
 To hear the music of true lovers' vows.  
 But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,  
 And honour, inmate of the noble breast.  
 Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.  
 Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!  
 To vex a heart that never can be yours."

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,  
 Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,  
 Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth  
 Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul  
 Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,  
 And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows  
 Of love: "O, virgin! fairest of the fair!  
 My one beloved! were the Scottish throne  
 To me transmitted thro' a sceptred line  
 Of ancestors; thou, thou should'st be my queen,  
 And Caledonia's diadems adorn  
 A fairer head than ever wore a crown."

She redd'n'd like the morning, under veil  
 Of her own golden hair. The woods among,  
 They wander'd up and down with fond delay,  
 Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning; parted then,  
 The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,  
 Half under shade of willows, by a spring,  
 The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,  
 Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.  
 Thro' many a winding walk and alley green,  
 She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,  
 He gaz'd, all eye, o'er the enchanting scene:  
 And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the  
 flow'rs,  
 Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd  
 The beautiful creatress; and awak'd

The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,  
 Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,  
 When newly come from their Creator's hand,  
 Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,  
 In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,  
 That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,  
 And found the paradise that Adam lost.  
 Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,  
 Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day  
 That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes  
 An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness  
 That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the morning, like a rosy bride,  
 Adorned on her day, put on her robes,  
 Her beauteous robes of light: the Naiad streams,  
 Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,  
 Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,  
 And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,  
 Sung overhead, and there was joy in heav'n.  
 Ris'n with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids  
 Stray'd thro' the woods, and o'er the vales, in  
 quest  
 Of flow'rs and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

Fair in the bosom of the level lake  
 Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring  
 Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,  
 And blooming from afar. High in the midst,  
 Between two fountains, an enchanted tree  
 Grew ever green, and every month renew'd  
 Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold,  
 Here ev'ry bride (as ancient poets sing)  
 Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,  
 To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,  
 The pledge of nuptial concord and delight  
 For many a coming year. Levina now  
 Had reached the isle with an attendant maid,  
 And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit:  
 But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.  
 Not fonder sought the first created fair  
 The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,  
 The source of human woe. Two plants arose  
 Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs  
 In miniature. One, with audacious hand,  
 In evil hour she rooted from the ground.  
 At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe  
 At times were heard, amid the troubled air.  
 Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her  
 face,  
 Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her died.  
 Trembling, and pale, and boding woes to come,  
 They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,  
 And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,  
 They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,  
 Sent by the angry demon of the isle,  
 A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake  
 To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk

The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.  
 Her sad companions, bending from a rock,  
 Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands  
 Held up to heav'n, and heard the shriek of death:  
 Then overhead the parting billow clos'd,  
 And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays  
 The muse relates, and sure each tender maid  
 For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,  
 And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul  
 Is pity's self,) as, void of household cares,  
 Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the lake,  
 Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop  
 A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,  
 And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,  
 Whom from his mistress death did not divide.  
 Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,  
 All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,  
 Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times  
 The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd;  
 Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,  
 And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head  
 Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,  
 Who much had seen, and from the former times  
 Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth  
 In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,  
 And children circling round the fire, would tell  
 Stories of old, and tales of other times.  
 Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;  
 And how of old, in Britain's evil days,  
 When brothers against brothers drew the sword  
 Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war  
 Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,  
 And all the country to devouring fire.  
 Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,  
 In one great conflagration, flamed to heav'n.  
 Barren and black, by swift degrees arose  
 A mirish fen; and hence the lab'ring hind,  
 Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks  
 Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!  
 Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode  
 Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides  
 The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;  
 Leads the long drain along th' unfruitful marsh;  
 Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,  
 The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath  
 With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand behold the village rise,  
 In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!  
 Above whose aged tops the joyful swains  
 At even-tide, descending from the hill,  
 With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths  
 Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.  
 The street resounds with Labour's various voice,  
 Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green  
 Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,  
 Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,

The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,  
 Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun  
 Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,  
 The well-remember'd stories of their youth  
 Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,  
 Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,  
 For ever pleasant, and for ever new!  
 Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,  
 Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train  
 Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.  
 Imagination rouses at the scene,  
 And backward, through the gloom of ages past,  
 Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,  
 Eneireled with her swains and rosy nymphs,  
 The mazy dance conducting on the green.  
 Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales  
 Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand  
 Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,  
 With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice  
 With all the riches of the golden year.  
 Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,  
 Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,  
 Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air  
 With music, grateful to the master's ear.  
 The traveller stops, and gazes round and round  
 O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart  
 With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,  
 Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,  
 Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,  
 Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the lake outspreads  
 Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales  
 Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,  
 Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,  
 Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po,  
 That thro' the quaking marsh and waving reeds  
 Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,  
 Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep  
 Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave  
 Of flow'ry Leven, for the canine pike  
 And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,  
 O! Gairny, sweetly winding, claims the song.  
 First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,  
 Stretch'd on the verdant grass; while twilight  
 meek,  
 Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing thro' the air,  
 Silent and still, on ev'ry closed flow'r  
 Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields  
 No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring  
 reeds  
 Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air  
 The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lea,  
 And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.  
 There would I sit and tune some youthful lay,  
 Or watch the motion of the living fires,  
 That day and night their never-ceasing course  
 Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee  
 To him the Maker of yon starry sky,

Omnipotent ! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,  
 Yet ever present through the peop'd space  
 Of vast creation's infinite extent,  
 Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours himself,  
 His own essential goodness, o'er the minds  
 Of happy beings, thro' ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the muse forget thy friendly heart,  
 O Lelius! partner of my youthful hours;  
 How often, rising from the bed of peace,  
 We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,  
 Inhaling health and harmony of mind;  
 Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd,  
 With ray divine, as lovely on our minds  
 As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light  
 Revea'd the vernal landscape to the view.  
 Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,  
 Much of the looser follies of mankind,  
 Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would  
 laugh;  
 While, ever and anon, their foibles vain  
 Imagination offer'd to our view.

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn  
 Into the lake, an island lifts its head,  
 Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd  
 Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd  
 Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt  
 Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd  
 That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times  
 Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons  
 (Before the triple-crowned giant fell)  
 Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.  
 Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons  
 A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;  
 Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight hour,  
 In many a mournful strain of melancholy,  
 Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.  
 It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,  
 The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,  
 The patient heron, and the bitter dull,  
 Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe  
 That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,  
 'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music  
 wild;  
 Such as in Selma, by the burning oak  
 Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,  
 Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling  
 chords  
 Of untouched harp, self-sounding in the night.  
 Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake,  
 That leaves the wat'ry groat, each night to mourn  
 The waste of time, his desolated isles  
 And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice  
 Is heard resounding thro' the dreary courts  
 Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once,  
 Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;  
 Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,  
 With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence

Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!  
 No more its arches echo to the noise  
 Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance  
 Of blazing taper thro' its window's beams,  
 And quivers on the undulating wave:  
 But naked stand the melancholy walls,  
 Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,  
 That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,  
 And piecemeal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.  
 Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,  
 That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,  
 Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;  
 While from above the owl, musician dire!  
 Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,  
 A row of moss-grown trees around it stand,  
 Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,  
 A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year;  
 Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,  
 When man draws nigh his everlasting home,  
 Within a step of the devouring grave;  
 When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,  
 And ev'ry appetite before him dead.

Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east  
 The sun hangs hov'ring o'er th' Atlantic wave.  
 Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,  
 Seren'd with all the music of the morn,  
 Attentive let me sit; while from the rock,  
 The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,  
 Bounding elastic from th' indented grass,  
 At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots  
 O'er rocks and precipices to the plain.  
 And let the shepherd careful tend his flock  
 Far from the dang'rous steep; nor, O! ye swains,  
 Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears  
 You wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse  
 Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!  
 Cheerful and strong, went forth at rising morn  
 To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,  
 His sad companions bear him lifeless home.  
 Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,  
 A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,  
 Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,  
 Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;  
 When now arriv'd the instrument of death,  
 And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land  
 Drank up his blood; such was the will of Heav'n.

How wide the landscape opens to the view!  
 Still, as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,  
 Till high above them northern Grampius lifts  
 His hoary head, bending beneath a load  
 Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields  
 I see the Cheviot Hills, the ancient bounds  
 Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight  
 Brave Piercy and the gallant Douglas bled,  
 The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!  
 Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic Forth,  
 Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,



With many a vessel trim and oared bark  
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er  
The wealth and product of far-distant lands.

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale  
Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees,  
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,  
The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,  
And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.

How blest the man! who, in these peaceful  
plains,  
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,  
The care, and bustle of a busy world.  
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale  
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path  
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells  
Peace and Content, twins of the sylvan shade,  
And all the graces of the golden age.  
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,  
By nature formed for the calm retreat,  
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught  
With self-importance, as the starched fool;  
Who challenges respect by solemn face,  
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.  
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.  
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,  
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,  
But man his study, and the better part;  
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act  
The various scenes of life with God's applause.  
Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,  
With blooming shallows and the leafy twine  
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands  
Complete in rural elegance. The door,  
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,  
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.  
There, O! how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs  
At ev'ning cool to sit; while, on their boughs,  
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young,  
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks  
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,  
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge  
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives  
The stealing foot of time. Or where the ground,  
Mounded irregular, points out the graves  
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd faie,  
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,  
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,  
As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,  
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal  
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,  
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds  
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!  
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus  
The dear remembrance of his native fields,  
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease  
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts  
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.<sup>1</sup>

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs  
Of high and mighty name,  
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,  
That crowns the mountain's brow;  
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large;  
And large his flocks of sheep;  
And num'rous were his goats and deer  
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Ross,  
A firm and warlike band;  
Five hundred warriors drew the sword  
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood  
Against the English keen,  
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs  
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,  
A maid of beauty rare;  
Even Margaret on the Scottish throne  
Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd; long she refused  
With seeming scorn and pride;  
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love  
Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,  
Allow'd his tender claim:  
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
Their passion disapproved;  
He bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,  
And leave the youth she loved.

One night they met, as they were wont,  
Deep in a shady wood;  
Where on the bank, beside the burn,  
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Coneal'd among the underwood  
The crafty Donald lay,  
The brother of Sir John the Graeme,  
To watch what they might say.

<sup>1</sup> "Sir James the Ross" is, for so young a poet, a most admirable composition, and contains all the attributes of the historical ballad.—*William Wilson*.

When thus the maid began: "My sire  
Our passion disapproves;  
He bids me wed Sir John the Graeme,  
So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obey'd,  
Nought boots me to withstand;  
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom  
Shall bless thee with her hand.

"Soon will Matilda be forgot,  
And from thy mind effaced;  
But may that happiness be thine  
Which I can never taste!"

"What do I hear? is this thy vow?"  
Sir James the Ross replied:  
"And will Matilda wed the Graeme,  
Though sworn to be my bride?"

"His sword shall sooner pierce my heart  
Than reave me of thy charms"—  
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,  
Fast lock'd within her arms.

"I spoke to try thy love," she said;  
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee:  
The grave shall be my bridal bed  
If Graeme my husband be.

"Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss  
In witness of my troth;  
And every plague become my lot  
That day I break my oath."

They parted thus—the sun was set:  
Up hasty Donald flies,  
And "Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!"  
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,  
And soon his sword he drew,  
For Donald's blade before his breast  
Had pierced his tartans through.

"This for my brother's slighted love;  
His wrongs sit on my arm."—  
Three paces back the youth retired,  
And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd  
Fierce Donald's head above;  
And through the brain and crashing bone  
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,  
A lump of lifeless clay:  
"So fall my foes," quoth valiant Ross,  
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood in haste he pass'd,  
Unto Lord Buchan's hall;  
Beneath Matilda's windows stood,  
And thus on her did call:

"Art thou asleep, Matilda fair?  
Awake, my love! awake:  
Behold thy lover waits without,  
A long farewell to take.

"For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
His blood is on my sword;  
And far, far distant are my men,  
Nor can defend their lord.

"To Skye I will direct my flight,  
Where my brave brothers bide;  
And raise the mighty of the Isles  
To combat on my side."

"O! do not so," the maid replied,  
"With me till morning stay;  
For dark and dreary is the night,  
And dangerous is the way.

"All night I'll watch thee in the park:  
My faithful page I'll send  
In haste to raise the brave clan Ross,  
Their master to defend."

He laid him down beneath a bush,  
And wrapp'd him in his plaid;  
While, trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale:  
Till, in a lowly glen,  
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,  
With twenty of his men.

"Where goest thou, little page?" he said;  
"So late who did thee send?"—  
"I go to raise the brave clan Ross,  
Their master to defend:

"For he has slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
His blood is on his sword;  
And far, far distant are his men,  
Nor can assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"  
The furious chief replies:  
"Dishonour blast my name, but he  
By me ere morning dies.

"Say, page! where is Sir James the Ross?  
I will thee well reward."—  
"He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;  
Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,  
Like lightning, o'er the lae:  
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
Upon a rising ground,  
And watch'd each object in the dawn,  
All ear to every sound.

"Where sleeps the Ross?" began the Graeme,  
"Or has the felon fled?  
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth  
By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,  
The virgin shrieking heard;  
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

"Your sword last night my brother slew,  
His blood yet dims its shine;  
And ere the sun shall gild the morn  
Your blood shall reek on mine."

"Your words are brave," the chief return'd;  
"But deeds approve the man;  
Set by your men, and hand to hand  
We'll try what valour can."

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dared him to the fight:  
The Graeme gave back, and fear'd his arm,  
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword;  
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,  
And pierced him in the side:  
Out-spouting came the purple stream,  
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,  
Nor sunk he to the ground,  
Till through his enemy's heart his steel  
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay;  
And down beside him sunk the Ross,  
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:  
"O! spare his life," she cried;  
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life:  
Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;  
He raised his death-closed eyes:  
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs a life  
By death's arrest denied;  
My race is run—adieu, my love!"  
Then closed his eyes, and died.

The sword yet warm from his left side,  
With frantic hand she drew:  
"I come, Sir James the Ross," she cried,  
"I come to follow you."

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,  
And bared her snowy breast;  
Then fell upon her lover's face,  
And sunk to endless rest.

#### ELEGY TO SPRING.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;  
Stem Winter now resigns the lengthening day;  
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,  
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,  
From southern climes, beneath another sky,  
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;  
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,  
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;  
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;  
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests  
roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground  
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,  
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,  
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;  
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,  
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;  
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene;

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:  
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Chambers remarks, "In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, 'The Elegy,' must ever rank the first in his productions."—Ed.

Soon 'as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;  
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;  
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she  
sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden  
blooms,  
That fill the air with fragrance all around,  
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,  
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,  
Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman  
mound,  
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,  
The cheerful lambskins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,  
And follow nature up to nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied nature's laws;  
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;  
Thus Heaven-taught Plato traced th' Almighty  
cause,  
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;  
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,  
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,  
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;  
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;  
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,  
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,  
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:  
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,  
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;  
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;  
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;  
Heaven gave content and health—I ask'd no  
more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in the inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass;

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;

Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Of morning dreams presage approaching fate;  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless  
ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
Where sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn  
arise.

#### TO A FOUNTAIN.

O Fountain of the wood! whose glassy wave,  
Slow-welling from the rock of years,  
Holds to heaven a mirror blue,  
And bright as Anna's eye.

With whom I've sported on the margin green:  
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,  
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,  
Young Naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet  
My ear, like poet's heavenly strain:  
Fancy pictures in a dream  
The golden days of youth.

O state of innocence! O paradise!  
In Hope's gay garden, fancy views  
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,  
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!  
Ye brothers of my bosom! where  
Do ye tread the walks of life,  
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,  
The merry minstrels of the morn:

New to heaven they mount away,  
And meet again no more.

All things decay—the forest like the leaf;  
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,  
Planet-struck, shall pass away;  
Heavens with their hosts expire:

But hope's fair visions, and the beams of joy,  
Shall cheer my bosom: I will sing  
Nature's beauty, nature's birth,  
And heroes on the lyre.

Ye Naiads, blue-eyed sisters of the wood!  
Who by old oak, or storied stream,  
Nightly tread your mystic maze,  
And charm the wandering moon.

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams  
With visions, like the landscapes fair  
Of heaven's bliss, to dying saints  
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays  
Thy waves shall flow; this wreath of flowers,  
Gather'd by my Anna's hand,  
I ask to bind my brow.

#### DANISH ODE.

The great, the glorious deed is done!  
The foe is fled! the field is won!  
Prepare the feast; the heroes call;  
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall!

The raven claps his sable wings:  
The bard his chosen timbrel brings;  
Six virgins round, a select choir,  
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown:  
With mighty ale your sorrows drown:  
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield:  
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,  
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave:  
Joy shines with genial beam on all,  
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,  
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire;  
When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,  
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music's the med'cine of the mind;  
The cloud of care give to the wind:  
Be every brow with garlands bound;  
And let the cup of joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;  
We're guests that tarry but a night:  
In the dark house, together press'd,  
The princes and the people rest.

Send round the shell, the feast prolong.  
And send away the night in song:  
Be blest below, as those above  
With Odin and the friends they love.

#### SWEET FRAGRANT BOWER.

Sweet fragrant bow'r, where first I met  
My much-lov'd Anna dear;  
I fancy still her form I see,  
And think her voice I hear,  
Warbling, in gentle accents sweet,  
Such sounds as cheer my heart.  
Ah! never can their melody  
From my rack'd mind depart.

Her charming tongue such pleasure gave,  
Such sweets from it did flow,  
As charm'd each shepherd to her bow'r,  
Where sooth'd was ev'ry woe.  
But, ah! these joys flew fleeting past;  
Her lovely form is gone  
To kindred angels in the sky;  
For man too great the loan.

#### THE WISH.

Gie me not riches over much,  
Nor pinching poverty, Jo,  
But let Heav'n's blessings still be such  
As keep in mid degree, Jo.  
Tho' low my cot, an' plain my fare,  
Yet will I ne'er complain, Jo;  
No, tho' my darg shou'd be fu' sair,  
Frae rising sun till e'en, Jo,  
Frae rising sun till e'en.

For how can man be better plac'd  
Than at his daily toil, Jo.  
Or what can be a sweeter feast  
Than produce o' his soil, Jo.  
If season'd weel wi' exercise,  
Health mak's a sweet desert, Jo:  
Then spleenish vapour, banished, flies  
Far frae his manly heart, Jo,  
Far frae his manly heart.

Another blessing I'd implore,  
To hae a lovely fair, Jo;  
At gloamin', whan my task is o'er,  
My happiness to share, Jo.

Owre brecken brae, or thro' the grove,  
 Or owre the gow'nic green, Jo,  
 We'd careless stray, an' tell our love  
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en, Jo,  
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en.

A friend, too, wad kind Heav'n indulge  
 Me wi' a boon sae great, Jo,  
 To whom my heart I could divulge  
 In ilka little strait, Jo.  
 Ane wha amid the ills of life,  
 His kind advice cou'd gie, Jo,  
 To ward awa' ilk care and strife;  
 How happy shou'd I be, Jo,  
 How happy shou'd I be.

---

### THE ADIEU.

Ah! can I behold, love, that heart-rending sigh,  
 The tear that bedims my dear Mary's fond eye!  
 Can I kiss those lips of the coral's bright hue!  
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, adieu!  
 Can I view that fair face, that form so divine,  
 Whom once flatt'ring hope whisper'd soon would  
 be mine?

Can I press to my bosom that heart so true?  
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, adieu!

Can I think on thy smile, when at twilight we met!  
 And thy last killing glance when next meeting  
 was set?

The love-gliding hours, ah! how fleetly they flew!  
 Ne'er thought I, dear Mary, to bid thee adieu!  
 But while this sad bosom can breathe a fond strain,  
 Or while in my mind recollections remain,  
 With love, my fair maid, shall it breathe still to  
 you,  
 Tho' fore'd, lovely Mary, to sigh now—adieu!

---

### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.<sup>1</sup>

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,  
 Attendant on the spring!  
 Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear:  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 When heaven is fill'd with music sweet  
 Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wand'ring in the wood  
 To pull the flowers so gay,  
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vail,  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:  
 We'd make, with social wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

---

themselves if his emendations are any advantage to the ode as first published:—

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
 Thou messenger of spring!  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear:  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fleest thy vocal vail,  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
 We'd make, with joyful wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

An additional interest cannot but be felt in Bruce's ode if it, as Archbishop Trench thinks, suggested to a much greater poet one of his most lovely lyrics. "It was," he says, "a favourite with Wordsworth, and one who listens attentively may catch a faint prelude of his immortal ode addressed to the same bird"—Ed.

<sup>1</sup> This ode has been characterized by Edmund Burke as "the most beautiful lyric in the language." The original version appeared in 1770 among Bruce's poems. In 1781 Logan included it with some alterations in a collection of his own poems. Readers may judge for

## HECTOR MACNEILL.

BORN 1746 — DIED 1818.

HECTOR MACNEILL was born October 22, 1746, at Rosebank, on the Esk, near Roslin; and, to quote his own words, "amidst the murmur of streams and the shades of Hawthornden may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet." He was sent by his father, Captain Maeneill, to the grammar-school at Stirling, then under Dr. David Doig, to whom in after-life the poet dedicated his popular composition "Scotland's Scath, or the History of Will and Jean," of which 10,000 copies were sold in a single month. His father's circumstances being such that he was unable to give his son a university education, he, at the age of fourteen, was withdrawn from his studies, and went to reside at Bristol with his cousin, an opulent West India trader, who had noticed the shrewdness of his young namesake, and had engaged to provide for him. He soon after made a trial of sea-life, but this proving distasteful, he entered the counting-house of a merchant in the island of St. Christopher, to whom he had been recommended by his kinsman. He soon made himself so valuable an assistant, that there was every prospect of his being admitted to a partnership, when the whole tenor of his life was altered by a single imprudent kiss! His employer having admitted him to his house on terms of intimacy, Maeneill so far forgot himself as to snatch a kiss from the lips of the merchant's young and beautiful wife, with whom he was seated in the garden. For this indiscretion he was dismissed.

Maeneill remained in the West Indies for nearly a quarter of a century, under circumstances less prosperous than those in which he began his career there. He appears to have filled various subordinate positions, and at one period to have been the manager of a sugar plantation in Jamaica, in which capacity he prepared a pamphlet in defence of the system of slavery in the West Indies. It was published in 1788, about which time Maeneill

returned to his native land in poor health and by no means prosperous circumstances. Taking up his residence at Stirling, he entered upon a literary career, by publishing in 1789 "The Harp, a Legendary Tale," which met with but little success. During the succeeding ten years he divided his time between Jamaica and Scotland, at the expiration of which period he found a friend in the person of Mr. John Graham, a West India planter and former employer, who, at his death, left the poet an annuity of £100 per annum. It was on this gentleman's estate of Three-Mile-River that Maeneill wrote "The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland." He now took up his abode at Edinburgh, where he was admitted to the literary circles of that city, and numbered among his friends James Sibbald, and Mrs. Hamilton, authoress of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*.

The poet being now in more easy circumstances, added to his income by systematic literary efforts. He wrote several novels, and for a time was the editor of the *Scots Magazine*. In 1801 he published an edition of his poems in two volumes, which was followed by a second in 1806, and a third in 1812. Although himself possessing

"The vision and the faculty divine,"

Maeneill invariably warned all aspirants for poetic fame against embarking in the precarious pursuit of writing poetry as a means of support, or indeed to trusting to authorship of any kind. Writing to a friend in 1813 he says, "Accumulating years and infirmities are beginning to operate very sensibly upon me now, and yearly do I experience their increasing influence. . . . My pen is my chief amusement. Reading soon fatigues and loses its zest, composition never, till over-exertion reminds me of my imprudence." A few years after penning these lines the poet passed away, March 15, 1818, in his seventy-second year.

Macneill's reputation rests chiefly upon his poem of "Will and Jean," first published in 1795. Between this production and Alexander Wilson's "Watty and Meg" it would not perhaps be fair to institute a comparison. Our author acknowledged his obligations to the American ornithologist, and availed himself of all his own advantages. "The Waes o' War, or the Upshot o' the History o' Will and Jean," issued in 1796, is also a simple and pathetic strain, which speedily found its way to the hearts of the people of Scotland. Several of Macneill's songs, such as "Saw ye my Wee Thing?" "My Boy Tammy," "Come under my Plaidie," and his touching ballad of "Donald and Flora," are well-known favourites, and enjoy a popularity perhaps unsur-

passed by similar productions of any Scottish poet save Burns alone.

An aged man, who in his youth knew Macneill, and frequently heard him sing his own songs during the early years of the present century, described him to the writer as a tall fine-looking old man, of a sallow complexion, fond of dress, with an exceedingly dignified manner on ordinary occasions, but at a dinner-table he would unbend, and become with his songs and stories the gayest spirit of the company. He sang the old Jacobite lays of his native land with deep feeling, and although his voice was somewhat rough, his singing was more admired than that of others possessing more musical voices, but who lacked the poet's pathos and spirit.

## SCOTLAND'S SCAITH,

OR THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

### PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?  
Throw the sledge or toss the bar?  
Hap what would, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu',  
Purse and service aye were free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—  
Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
But were ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,  
Glintin' owre Demait's<sup>1</sup> brow:  
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning  
Strevlin's<sup>2</sup> lovely plains below.

Kind and gentle was her nature;  
At ilk place she bare the bell;—

Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!  
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean whan Will first, mawing,  
Spy'd her on a thraward beast;  
Flew like fire, and, just whan fa'ing,  
Kepp'd her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,  
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green,  
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,  
Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was Will, whan poor Jean, fainting,  
Draopt into a lover's arms;  
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;  
Sigh'd and blush'd a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd and soon were buckled,  
Nane took time to think and rue;—  
Youth and worth and beauty coupl'd,  
Luvè had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' cauty,  
Jean and Will thought them but ane;  
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;  
Jean the hale day span and sang;  
Will and weans her constant treasure,—  
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.

<sup>1</sup> One of the Ochil Hills near Stirling.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient name of Stirling.



Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye  
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!  
 But at this time NEWS and WHISKY  
 Sprang nae up at ilk roadside.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,  
 Hame returning frae the fair  
 Ow'rtook Tam, a neebor billie,  
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;  
 Calmly smil'd the sober een;  
 Lassies on the bleachfield hurry,  
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
 Cauty hairst was just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowpin,  
 Markt the hale, but could nae bide;  
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,—  
 Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,  
 Cracking owre the news in town;  
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye  
 Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens  
 To poor merit's modest pray'r,  
 And on fools heaps needless blessings,  
 Harken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a hoom, whase bonnie burnie  
 Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,  
 Near the road whar travellers turn aye,  
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
 Window broads just painted red:  
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
 Halfins seen and halfins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick spreading  
 Crap the clasping ivy green,  
 Back over, firs the high craigs cleading,  
 Rais'd a' round a cozy screen.

Down below, a flow'ry meadow  
 Join'd the burnie's rambling line;  
 Here it was that Howe, the widow,  
 That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
 Bottom, Will first marv'ling sees,  
 "Porter, Ale, and British Spirits"  
 Painted bright between twa trees.

"Dear me, Tam! here's walth for drinking!  
 Wha can this new comer be!"—  
 "Hout!" quo' Tam, "there's drouth in  
 thinking;  
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
 Think o' ought but reaming jugs,  
 Till three times in humming liquor,  
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slooken'd now, refreshed, and talking,  
 In cam' Meg (weel skill'd to please):  
 "Sirs, ye're surely tir'd wi' walking—  
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks," quo' Will, "I canna tarry,  
 Piek-mirk night is setting in;  
 Jean, poor thing, 's her lane and cerie;  
 I maun to the road, and rin."

"Hout!" quo' Tam, "what's a' the hurry?  
 Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate;  
 Come, sit down, Jean winna weary—  
 No, I'm sure it's no sae late."

"Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,  
 Baith fell to and ate their fill:  
 "Tam," quo' Will, "in mere diseretion,  
 We maun hae the widow's gill."

After ae gill cam' anither—  
 Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa;  
 Bang! cam' in Mat Smith and's brither,  
 Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,  
 Now sat down wi' double glee;  
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter,—  
 Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greeting:  
 Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes:  
 But ere lang a weekly meeting  
 Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

## PART II.

Maist things hae a sma' beginning,  
 But wha kens how things will end?  
 Weekly elubs are nae great sinning,  
 Gin folk hae enough to spend:

But nae man o' sober thinking  
 Ere will say that things can thrive,  
 If there's spent in weekly drinking  
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink mann aye hae conversation,  
 Ilka social soul allows;

But in this reforming nation  
Wha can speak without the news?

News, first meant for state physicians,  
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs,  
Now, when a' are politicians,  
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light  
On some things that should be clear.  
Found ere lang the fan't. and ae night  
Clubb'd and gat the *Gazetteer*.<sup>1</sup>

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
Swift by post the papers fled;  
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house  
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—  
"Things are no ga'en right," quo' Tam;  
"Let us aftener meet thegither—  
Haud me bye anither dram."

See them now in grave convention,  
To mak a' things "square and even,"  
Or at least wi' firm intention  
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinkin',  
Gathering a' the news that fell,  
Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin',  
Had some battles wi' himsel'.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison  
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;  
On the ither, Jean's condition  
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow;  
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;  
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow.  
Whan, poor thing, she couldna speak.

Jean at first took little heed o'  
Weekly clubs 'mang three or four,  
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'  
Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings  
Sat and drank frae sax till twa,  
When she found that hard-earn'd gettings  
Now on drink were thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie  
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,  
Now grown manchless, dowf, and sweer aye  
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
Healthy bloom and sprightly ee;  
And o' luvie and hame grown wearit,  
Nighly frae his family flee;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?  
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?  
Or the tears that now ilk e'ning  
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had ru'd and swither'd,  
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)  
Mark't the roses as they wither'd  
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

Mark't—and felt wi' inward racking  
A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—  
Swore neist night he'd make a breakin'—  
Leave the club at hame to dwell.

But, alas! when habit's rooted,  
Few hae pith the root to pu';  
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,—  
Promis'd aye, but aye gat fu';

Aye at first at the convening  
Moraliz'd on what was right;  
Yet o'er clavers entertaining  
Doz'd and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length drew near an ending;  
Cash rins out; Jean, quite unhappy,  
Sees that Will is now past mending,  
Tynes a' heart, and tak's a—drappy.

Ilka drink deserves a posey;  
Port mak's men rude, claret civil;  
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy;  
Whisky mak's ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction  
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
School'd by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
Flytes and storms and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,  
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean;  
Now, heart hardened a' thegither,  
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, loo'd to busk aye  
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,  
Now sells a' her braws for whisky.  
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;  
Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity  
E'er on it he wared sic lays.

<sup>1</sup> A violent opposition paper, published in Edinburgh in 1793-4.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in bell's black Pandemonia.  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?  
 Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?  
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 But were ony half sae fair?"

See them now! how chang'd wi' drinking!  
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane!  
 Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and blinking—  
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November  
 (Claise and cash and credit out),  
 Cow'ring owre a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,  
 Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here;  
 No a friend their cause to plead,—  
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She wi' weans to beg her bread!

"O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia.  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!"

### THE WAES O' WAR,

OR THE UPSHOT O' THE HISTORY O' WILL  
 AND JEAN.

#### PART I.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider  
 What it is to tyne a—name,  
 What this warld is a' thegither,  
 If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour,  
 Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,  
 If bright Conscience tak's upon her  
 To shed sunshine round the heart:

But, wi' a' that wealth can borrow,  
 Guilty shame will aye look down:  
 What mair then, shame, want, and sorrow,  
 Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,  
 Ance sae happy, good, and fair,  
 Left by Will, neist morning drearie  
 Tak's the road o' black despair.

Cauld the blast!—the day was sleetin';  
 Pouch and purse without a plack!  
 In ilk hand a bairnie greetin',  
 And the third tied on her back!

Wan her face, and lean and haggard!  
 Ance sae sony, ance sae sweet!  
 What a change!—unhoused and beggar'd,  
 Starving, without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,  
 Skulking like a guilty thief;  
 Here and there, uncertain, daundered,  
 Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygone errors  
 Fled ower fast for ee to trace,  
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,  
 Cam' o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger.  
 Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat'  
 "Dais'd and doited" now nae langer.  
 Thought, and felt—and, burstin', grat.

Gloomin' fast, wi' mirky shadow,  
 Crap o'er distant hill and plain:  
 Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,  
 Adding fearfu' thought to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,  
 Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee!  
 Round and round for some protection!  
 Face nor house she couldna see.

Dark and darker grew the night aye;  
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud;  
 Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie  
 Blinkin' through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantie haste she started;  
 Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair:  
 Hope for ae bright moment darted  
 Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled;  
 Deep she wade through bog and burn:  
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,  
 Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple Nature,  
Stately auld, a mansion stood,  
On a bank, whase sylvan feature  
Smiled out-owre the roaring flood.

Summer here, in varied beauty,  
Late her flowery mantle spread,  
Where auld chestnut, aik, and yew tree,  
Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage—  
A' their gaudy livery cast;  
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
Sough and howl to ilka blast.

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror;  
Mountains moved and castle rockel;  
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,  
Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

"Wha thus loudly wakes the sleeping?"  
Cried a voice wi' angry grane.  
"Help! oh, help!" quo' Jeanie, weeping,  
"Help my infants, or they're gane.

"Nipt wi' cauld, wi' hunger fainting,  
Baith lie speechless on the lea!  
Help!" quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,  
"Help my lammies, or they'll die!"

"Wha thus travels, cauld and hungry,  
Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?  
Beggars!" cried the voice mair angry,  
"Beggars wi' their brats, I ween."

"Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!"  
"Fye, gudeman!" cried aue discretely,  
"Taunt na poortith at our door.

"Sic a night and tale thegither  
Plead for mair than anger's din;  
Rise, Jock," cried the pitying mither,  
"Rise, and let the wretched in."

"Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!"—  
"Enter," quo' the youth fu' sweetly,  
While up flew the open door.

"Beggar, or what else, sad mourner;  
Enter without fear or dread;  
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner  
To defend the houseless head.

"For your bairmies cease repining;  
If in life, ye'll see them soon."  
Aff he flew; and brightly shining  
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

## PART II.

Here, for ae night's kind protection,  
Leave we Jean and weans awhile;  
Traeing Will in ilk direction,  
Far frae Britain's fostering isle.

Far frae scenes o' saft'ning pleasure,  
Luve's delights and beauty's charms;  
Far frae friendship's social leisure,  
Plunged in murdering War's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,  
Or ambition's feverish brain,  
That sae aft, wi' melancholy,  
Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,  
(Emblems o' thy spotless life,)  
And in war's grim look alarming,  
Arms thee with the murderer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows,  
Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!  
And for hope and joy (twin marrows),  
Leaves the mourner drowned in tears.

Willie Gairlace, without siller,  
Credit, claise, or aught beside,  
Leaves his ance-loo'd Jeanie Miller,  
And sweet bairns, to warld wide.

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin',  
Sheltered haughs and birken braes;  
Greenswaird hows and dainty mealin,  
Anece his profit, pride, and praise.

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,  
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain,  
Fleeced and flattered, roosed and buskit,  
Wow, but Will was wondrous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,  
How could thought her station keep?  
Drums and drumming (faes to thinking)  
Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But, in midst o' toils and dangers,  
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed—  
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,  
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,  
Waving to the widow's moan,  
Will saw Glory's boasted honours  
End in life's expiring groan.

Round Valenciennes' strong-wa'd city,  
Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,  
Will (though dauntless) saw wi' pity  
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fired by freedom's burning fever,  
 Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell,  
 Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river  
 Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided, though cemented  
 By the faith o' friendship's laws;  
 Fell unpitied, unlamented,  
 Bleeding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,  
 Fighting foremost o' them a',  
 Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing,  
 And took Willie's leg awa'!

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain;  
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
 Sighed, and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

Battle fast on battle raging  
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';  
 Day by day fresh faes engaging,  
 Forced the weary back to fa'!

Driven at last frae post to pillar,  
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;  
 Trick'd by knaves, wha pouch'd our siller,  
 What could worn-out valour do?

Myriads, dark lik' gathering thunder,  
 Bursting, spread o'er land and sea;  
 Left alane, alas! nae wonder  
 Britain's sons were forced to flee!

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,  
 Deep through bogs and drifted snaw,  
 Wounded, weak, and spent! our chosen  
 Gallant men now faint and fa'.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,  
 Stiff wi' gore and cauld as clay,  
 Without cover, bed, or bedding,  
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,  
 (Left behint, wi' hundreds mair,)  
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,  
 Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
 Doctors cured wi' healing art;  
 Cured, alas! but never, never,  
 Cooled the fever at his heart!

For whan a' were sound and sleeping,  
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
 Mourning o'er his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanished,  
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame,  
 A' his glittering phantoms banished—  
 Will could think o' nought but hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
 Rural labour, rural ploys;  
 Far frae earnage, blood, and riot,  
 War and a' its murdering joys!

## PART III.

Back to Britain's fertile garden,  
 Will's returned (exchanged for faes),  
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,  
 Friend or credit, meat or elaise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city  
 Crippling on a wooden leg,  
 Gathering alms frae melting pity,  
 See! poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,  
 Now to langer beg thinks shame,  
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—  
 Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions  
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;  
 While the thoughts o' dear connections  
 Swell his heart, and blind his ee.

“Monster! wha could leave neglected  
 Three sma' infants and a wife,  
 Naked—starving—unprotected!  
 Them, too, dearer ance than life!

“Villain! wha wi' graceless folly,  
 Ruined her he ought to save!  
 Changed her joys to melancholy,  
 Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!”

Starting! wi' remorse distracted—  
 Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,  
 Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,  
 Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,  
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;  
 On a cart, or in a waggon,  
 Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tir'd ae evening, stepping hooly,  
 Pondering on his thraward fate,  
 In the bonny month o' July,  
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Soft the southland breeze was blawing,  
 Sweetly sug'h'd the green ake wood;

Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;  
Linties sang on ilka tree;

Frae the west, the sun, near setting,  
Flam'd on Roslin's tower sae hie!

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny,  
Craig and water, woods and glen,  
Roslin's banks unpeer'd by ony,  
Save the muse's Hawthornden.

Ilka sound and charm delighting:  
Will (though hardly fit to gang)  
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,  
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
On a fragrant strawberry steep,  
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,  
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

"Soldier, rise! the dews o' e'enin'  
Gathering fa' wi' deadly skaith!  
Wounded soldier! if complaining,  
Sleep nae here and catch your death.

"Traveller, waken!—night advancin'  
Cleads wi' gray the neboring hill;  
Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—  
A' the woods are mute and still."

"What hae I," cried Willie, wakin',  
"What hae I frae night to dree?  
Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,  
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

"House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding!  
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!  
House nor hame, nor bed nor bedding!  
What hae I frae night to dree?"

"Sair, alas! and sad and many  
Are the ills poor mortals share!  
Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,  
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

"What's this life, sae wae and wearie,  
If hope's bright'ning beams should fail?  
See! though night comes, dark and eerie,  
You sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

"There, though walth and waste ne'er riot,  
Humbler joys their comfort shed,  
Labour—health—content and quiet—  
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed!

Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,  
There, alas! ye need nae seek—

Yet there bairns, ilk care beguiling,  
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

"A' her earthly pride and pleasure,  
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!  
A' her warldly walth and treasure,  
To adorn her lanely cot!

"Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction  
Bright'ning joys will aften shine;  
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection;  
Trust to Providence divine!"

## PART IV.

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river,  
Cool when simmer's sunbeams dart,  
Cam ilk word, and cooled the fever  
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stopt he on, poor fallow!  
Listening to his guide before,  
O'er green know and flowery hallow,  
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Ligh it was; yet sweet, though humble;  
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round;  
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,  
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,  
Dim by gloaming, glint to view;  
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly  
Skies sae red and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle  
Mither fond, and happy wean,  
Smiling round a canty ingle  
Bleising on a clean hearth-staen.

"Soldier, welcome! come! be cheerie—  
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—  
Faint, waes me! ye seem, and wearie:  
Pale's your cheek sae lately red!"

"Changed I am!" sighed Willie till her;  
"Changed nae doubt, as changed can be;  
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller  
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?"

Hae ye markt the dews o' mornin'  
Glittering in the sunny ray,  
Quickly fa', when, without warning,  
Rough blasts came and shook the spray!

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing  
Drap, whan pierced by death mair fleet?  
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,  
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction

(A' their waes now hushed to rest)

Jean anee mair, in fond affection,  
Clasps her Willie to her breast;

Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings!

How she wandered, starving, poor,

Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,

Wi' three bairns frae door to door!

How she sewed, and toiled, and fevered.

Lost her health, and syne her bread;

How that grief, when scarce recovered,

Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county

Mony a live-lang night her lane;

Till at last an angel's bounty

Brought her senses back again!

Gae her meat, and claise, and siller;

Gae her bairnies wark and lear;

Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,

Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, harkening, wiped his e'en aye:

"Oh! what sins hae I to rue!

But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"

"Wha," quo Jeanie, "but Buccleuch

"Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,

Nine blest months I've lived and mair;

Seen these infants elad and nourished,

Dried my tears and tint despair:

"Sometimes sewing, sometimes spinning,

Light the lanesome hours gae round;

Lightly too ilk quarter rinnin,

Brings yon angel's helping pound!"

"Eight pounds mair," cried Willie, fondly.

"Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!

And, O Jean! gin friends were kindly,

Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

"There, anee mair, to thrive by plewin,

Freed frae a' that peace destroys,

Idle waste and drunken ruin!

War, and a' its murdering joys!"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure:

Thrice ilk bairn—but couldna speak:

Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure.

Streamed in silence down his cheek!

#### MARY OF CASTLEARY.

"Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?"

Saw ye my true love, down on yon lea?

Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'!  
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-  
tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;

Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;

Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

Nor saw I your true love, down on yon lea;

But I met my bonnie thing, late in the gloamin',

Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-  
white;

Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;

Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,

It was na my true love ye met by the tree;

Proud is her leal heart—modest her nature;

She never lo'ed ony till anee she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castleary;

Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee;

Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,

Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to  
thee."

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castleary;

It was then your true love I met by the tree;

Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek  
grew;

Wild flashed the fire frae his red-rolling e'e—

"Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and  
your scornin;

Defend, ye fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie."

"Awa' wi' beguiling," eried the youth smiling;—

Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing;

Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.

"Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?"

"Is it my true love here that I see?"

"Oh, Jamie, forgie me! your heart's eonstant to me;

I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

#### MY BOY TAMMY.

"Whar hae ye been a' day,

My boy Tammy?"

Whar hae ye been a' day,

My boy Tammy?"

"I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,

Meadow green, and mountain gray,

Courting o' this young thing.

Just come frae her mammy."

“And whare got ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy.”

“What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou’:  
I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow;—  
She said she’d tell her mammy.”

“I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
I hae a house, it cost me dear;  
I’ve wealth o’ plenishin’ and gear;  
Ye’se get it a’, wer’t ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.’

“The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
I maunna leave my mammy:  
She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,  
She’s been my comfort a’ my days;  
My father’s death brought mony waes—  
I canna leave my mammy.”

“We’ll tak her hame, and mak her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie;  
We’ll gi’e her meat, we’ll gi’e her claise,  
We’ll be her comfort a’ her days.”  
The wee thing gi’es her hand and says—  
“There! gang and ask my mammy.”

“Has she been to the kirk wi’ thee,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“She has been to the kirk wi’ me,  
And the tear was in her e’e;  
For, oh! she’s but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.”

#### DONALD AND FLORA.

When many hearts were gay,  
Careless of aught but play,  
Poor Flora slipt away,  
Sadd’ning to Mora;<sup>1</sup>  
Loose flow’d her yellow hair,  
Quick heaved her bosom bare,  
As thus to the troubled air  
She vented her sorrow.

“Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter’s blast;

Haste, then, O Donald, haste,  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o’er,  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promised to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

“Where now is Donald dear?”  
Maids cry with taunting sneer;  
“Say, is he still sincere  
To his loved Flora?”  
Parents upbraid my moan,  
Each heart is turn’d to stone;  
Ah, Flora! thou’rt now alone,  
Friendless in Mora!

“Come, then, O come away!  
Donald, no longer stay!  
Where can my rover stray  
From his loved Flora?  
Ah! sure he ne’er could be  
False to his vows and me;  
Oh, heavens! is not yonder he,  
Bounding o’er Mora!”

“Never, ah! wretched fair!”  
Sigh’d the sad messenger,  
“Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his loved Flora!  
Cold as yon mountain snow  
Donald, thy love, lies low;  
He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
Weeping in Mora.

“Well fought our gallant men  
On Saratoga’s plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But, ah! though our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory—  
Youth, love, and loyalty  
Fell far from Mora.

“Here, take this love-wrought plaid;  
Donald, expiring, said:  
‘Give it to you dear maid  
Drooping in Mora.  
Tell her, O Allan! tell  
Donald thus bravely fell,  
And that in his last farewell  
He thought on his Flora.’”

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
Speechless with wild despair;  
Then, striking her bosom bare,  
Sigh’d out, “Poor Flora!  
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!”  
Was all the fond heart could say:  
At length the sound died away  
Feebly on Mora.

<sup>1</sup> A retreat so named by the lovers.



## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to mak' me his ain,  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land and their lordly degree:  
 I carena for aught but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:  
 His words are sae sugar'd and sweet:  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet O how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld ones will say;  
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear—  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly than gear!  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ough ye tyne;  
 Guard your treasures wi' loek, bar, and door,  
 While here in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me! can I tak' it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'm Jamie's for life!

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';  
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the  
 snaw;  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,

I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:  
 Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me!  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, ga'e 'wa,  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit beside ye;  
 Ye may be my gatcher;—auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's  
 bonnie;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' brow;  
 Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae  
 tightly!  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the  
 snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stiek fast to the wa':  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava:  
 The hale o' his paek he has now on his back—  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae brow;  
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father's aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye brow:  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie:  
 But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava.  
 I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma':  
 Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye—  
 I thoet ye'd been aulder than threescore and  
 twa."

She erap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
 Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a':  
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary;  
 And, throwless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep  
 snaw;  
 The howlet was screamin' while Johnnie cried,  
 "Women  
 Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep them aye  
 brow."

## THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

The wind blew hie owre muir and lea,  
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
 The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near  
 But my love's plaid amang the heather.

Close to his breast he held me fast:—  
 Sae cozie, warm we lay thegither;  
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet  
 As my love's plaid amang the heather!

'Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;  
My lightsome heart grew like a feather:  
It lap sae quick, I cou'dna speak,  
But silent sigh'd among the heather.

The storm blew past; we kissed in haste;  
I hameward ran and fauld my mither;  
She gloom'd at first, but soon confest  
The bowls row'd right among the heather.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,  
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather:  
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear  
Kind-hearted lad among the heather.

---

### DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again  
and see thee.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night  
and eerie;

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night  
and eerie;

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night  
and eerie;

O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang  
and leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my  
dearie;

But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;

But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come  
again and see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and  
leave me;

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and  
leave me;

When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and  
erie;

And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on  
my dearie.

O! dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave  
thee;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come  
again and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud  
and fear me;

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud  
and fear me;

While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae  
and drearie.

And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and  
leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave  
thee;

Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave  
thee;

Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave  
thee;

E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at  
hame and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick: I winna gang  
and leave thee;

Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve  
thee;

Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, My lass,  
be cheerie;

I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never  
leave my dearie.

---

## SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

BORN 1747 — DIED 1794.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE was born at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, January 12, 1747. In early childhood she lost her mother, and was brought up by her aunt Mrs. Simpson of Thackwood, a substantial manor farmhouse still standing in "canny auld Cumberland;" and on their father's second marriage Susanna's two brothers and a

sister removed to the same home. The "purple light of love" appears to have gleamed only to die out on the pathway of the young poetess. While visiting at Chillingham, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, his heir, young Lord Ossulston, fell in love with Susanna; but though the Blamires had an excellent pedigree,