JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1771 — DIED 1854.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the Christian poet, was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, November 4th, 1771. His father, John Montgomery, was a Moravian missionary, who died while propagating Christianity in the island of Tobago. James was educated at the Moravian settlements of Gracehill, Ireland, and Fulneck, in Yorkshire. In his sixteenth year he was placed in the shop of a baker at Mirfield in the vicinity of Fulneck, where, notwithstanding the occupation was uncongenial, he remained for a year and a half, when he obtained a situation with a shopkeeper at Wath, in the same county. This he relinquished at the expiration of a year, and proceeded to London. He had previously sent a manuscript to Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, who, while declining to publish it, praised his talents and took him into his establishment.

In 1792 he went to Sheffield as assistant in the office of the *Register* newspaper, conducted by Mr. Gales, and two years later, through the aid of a wealthy friend, became the proprietor of the paper, the name of which he changed to the *Sheffield Iris*. Amidst the excitement of that agitated period he was tried for printing a ballad celebrating the fall of the Bastille, which was interpreted into a seditious libel. Notwithstanding the perfect innocence of the poet's intentions he was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York and to pay a fine of £20. During the same year he was condemned to a second imprisonment of six months for inserting in the columns of the *Iris* an account of a riot, in which he was considered to have cast aspersions on one of the Sheffield magistrates. "All the persons," says the poet writing in 1840, "who were actively engaged in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and without exception they died at peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly in the sequel I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers."

The mind of the amiable poet did not sink under the persecutions to which he was subjected; *au contraire*, some of his best productions were written during his confinement in York Castle. In 1797 appeared a series of beautiful pieces entitled "Prison Amusements." In 1805 he published his poem "The Ocean," and the year following appeared "The Wanderer in Switzerland, and other Poems." The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the volume in a style of "such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive;" yet it rapidly passed through four editions. The next production of Montgomery's was "The West Indies," a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. In 1813 he published a more elaborate performance, "The World before the Flood," a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley are particularly touching and beautiful.

Our author's next poetical publication was "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, giving a sketch of the Moravian Church in ancient days, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland. His last volume, "The Pelican Island, and other Poems," appeared in 1827. The principal poem is in blank verse, and was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders' voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small

islands on the coast of Australia. It is characterized by great felicity of diction and expression, and altogether possesses more power than any of his earlier productions, although it never attained the same degree of popularity as his "Wanderer in Switzerland," which, notwithstanding the dictum of the *Edinburgh Review* at the date of its publication, "that in less than three years nobody would know the name of its author," has passed through sixteen editions.

On his retirement in 1825 from the "invidious station" of editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, which he had maintained for the long period of thirty years, a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided, was given in his honour. On this happy occasion the poet "ran through the story of his life, even from his boyish days," when he came among them friendless and unknown, and spoke with pardonable pride of his success as an author. The general character and tendency of his poems were thus described in the course of his address: "I sang of war, but it was the war of freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the abolition of the slave-trade, that most glorious decree of the British legislature at any period since the Revolution, by the first parliament in which you, my lord, sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh, how should I rejoice to sing the abolition of slavery itself by some parliament of which your lordship shall yet be a member! This greater act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our own day. Renouncing the slave-trade was only 'ceasing to do evil,' extinguishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.' Again, I sang of love—the love of country, the love of my own country; for,

> 'Next to heaven above,
> Land of my fathers! thee I love;
> And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
> With all thy faults I love thee still.'

I sang likewise the love of home—its charities, endearments, and relationships—all that makes 'Home, Sweet Home,' the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred, and country, and clime upon earth. I sang the love of virtue, which elevates man to his true standard under heaven. I sang, too, the love of God, who is love. Nor did I sing in vain. I found readers and listeners, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and piety will not soon cease out of the land, I may expect to be remembered through another generation at least, if I leave anything behind me worthy of remembrance. I may add, that from every part of the British empire, from every quarter of the world where our language is spoken—from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland (Australia) and the South Sea Islands themselves—I have received testimonials of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms and eulogiums from the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch—the voice of posterity."

In 1830 and 1831 Mr. Montgomery was invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on poetry and general literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. In addition to the works we have enumerated, he published *Thoughts on Wheels, Climbing Boy's Soliloquy*, and *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, which appeared in 1853. A pension of £150 was conferred upon the poet as an acknowledgment of his great services, literary and philanthropic, which he was long spared to enjoy. He died suddenly at his residence, The Mount, Sheffield, April 30, 1854, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He bequeathed liberal legacies to various public charities.

As a man Montgomery was gentle and conciliatory; a warm friend, a generous promoter of benevolent institutions, and of irreproachable character; and as a poet, he is conspicuous for the smoothness of his versification and fervent piety pervading his productions. His fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he showed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that neither his language nor taste was restricted to purely spiritual themes. Many of Montgomery's smaller poems enjoy a

popularity exceeded by but few contemporary productions.

"He is essentially a religious poet," writes William Howitt; who adds, "It is what of all things upon earth we can well believe he would most desire to be; and that he is in the truest sense of the word. In all his poems the spirit of a piety profound and beautifully benevolent is instantly felt. Perhaps there are no lyrics in the language which are so truly Christian,—that is, which breathe the same glowing love to God and man, without one tinge of the bigotry that too commonly eats into zeal, as rust into the finest steel. . . . The longer his fame endures, and the wider it spreads, the better it will be for virtue and for man." Another writer says, "With the exception perhaps of Moore, Campbell, and Hemans, I doubt if an equal number of the lyrics of any other modern poet have so completely found their way to the national heart, there to be enshrined in hallowed remembrance. One great merit which may be claimed for James Montgomery is, that he has encroached on no man's property as a poet: he has staked off a portion of the great common of literature for himself, and cultivated it according to his own taste and fancy."

Mrs. Sigourney, an American poetess, who visited England in 1840, and made the acquaintance of Montgomery, described him as "small of stature, with an amiable countenance, and agreeable, gentlemanly manners. His conversation was unassuming, though occasionally enlivened by a vein of pleasantry. Some one of the company present happening to remark that they were not aware of his having been born in Scotland, he replied that he had left it in his early years, adding with naiveté, 'You know that Dr. Johnson has said there is hope of a Scotchman if you catch him young.'"

GREENLAND.[1]

(EXTRACT.)

The moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
—No!—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echo'd to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
Then to *his* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *his* ear, that gathers in one sound

[1] In "Greenland" Mr. Montgomery appears for the first time to have found a theme at once calculated to be popular from the richness and variety of the poetical development of which it was susceptible, and from being perfectly in unison with his own strongly devotional cast of mind. . . . The descriptions are animated by the same spirit of reality and truth which dictated the idea of the poem. The vagueness which pervades the sketches of scenery in "The Wanderer in Switzerland" has vanished. Every line is expressive; every feature is clear and sharply defined as the objects themselves against the sky.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day.
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind:
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcast and exiles from their natal soil;)
Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts and wilder men;—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus—to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'Tis morn:—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean;—while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours o'er the autumnal plain:
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
—Where is the vessel?—Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Lo! on the deck with patriarchal grace,
Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
Stands Christian David;—venerable name!
Bright in the records of celestial fame,
On earth obscure;—like some sequester'd star,
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
Unseen by man, till telescopic eye,
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
Though hoary with the multitude of years,
Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers
He towers;—with faith, whose boundless glance can see
Time's shadows brightening through eternity;
Love—God's own love in his pure breast enshrined;
Love—love to man the magnet of his mind;
Sublimer schemes maturing in his thought
Than ever statesman plann'd or warrior wrought:
While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.[1]

Whence are the pilgrims? whither would they roam?
Greenland their port;—Moravia *was* their home.
Sprung from a race of martyrs; men who bore
The cross on many a Golgotha of yore;
When first Sclavonian tribes the truth received,
And princes, at the price of thrones, believed;
When Waldo, flying from the apostate west,
In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd;
—When Wickliffe, like a rescuing angel, found
The dungeon where the Word of God lay bound,
Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,
In its own sunshine, through his native land:
When Huss—the victim of perfidious foes,
To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose;
And, ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
Foretold the immortal triumphs of his death:
—When Ziska, burning with fanatic zeal,
Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
And through the heart of Austria's thick array
To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way;
But there (as if transfigured on the spot
The world's Redeemer stood) his rage forgot;
Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,
While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around:
—When mild Gregorius, in a lowlier field,
As brave a witness, as unwont to yield,
As Ziska's self, with patient footsteps trod
A path of suffering, like the Son of God,
And nobler palms by meek endurance won,
Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun:
Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
He felt the joys which parted spirits feel;
Rapp'd into bliss from ecstacy of pain,
Imagination wander'd o'er a plain:
Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
A Tree its ample branches bore on high,
With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung;
All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw;
A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching there;
At hand three venerable forms were seen,
In simple garb, with apostolic mien,

[1] The names of the first three Moravian missionaries to Greenland were Christian David, Matthew Stach, and Christian Stach.

Who'd mark the distant fields convulsed with strife,
—The guardian cherubs of that Tree of Life;
Not arm'd, like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
Alike to friends and foes they stretch'd their hands
In sign of peace, and, while Destruction spread
His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled:
—When poor Comenius, with his little flock,
Escaped the wolves, and, from the boundary rock,
Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind;
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear were seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body, for his country's sake;
While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
That God would make that martyr-land his care,
And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
Of Gregor's tree, to bear perennial fruit.

His prayer was heard:—that Church, through ages past,
Assail'd and rent by Persecution's blast;
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
(Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles;)
—That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves;
Where, 'midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;
From east to west while Priestcraft's banners flew,
And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew:
—That Church advanced, triumphant o'er the ground
Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
Fearless her foes' whole malice to defy,
And worship God in liberty,—or die:
For truth and conscience, oft she pour'd her blood,
And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,
Wresting from bigotry the proud control
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
Where God, the judge of all, should fill the throne,
And reign, as in His universe, alone.

'Twas thus through centuries she rose and fell;
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell;
But founded on a rock, which cannot move—
The eternal rock of her Redeemer's love—
That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place for ever void,
Alive once more, respired her native air,
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer:
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains,
(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
But in his heart he was a murderer still:)
Then Christian David, strengthen'd from above,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;
Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart;
Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,
(Even as a mother from the felon-jaws
Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,)
The little remnant of that ancient race:
—Far in Lusatian woods they found a place:
There—where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
Thine altar, God of hosts!—*there* still appear
The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear;
Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,
Abroad in every place,—in every hour
Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
No; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers;
—The Lord has set his watch upon her towers!
Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
Raised sweet society in solitude:
And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light
Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd;
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
Music of all his soul's affections made;
Where through the trackless wilderness, erewhile,
No hospitable ray was known to smile,—
Or if a sudden splendour kindled joy,
'Twas but a meteor dazzling to destroy:
While the wood echo'd to the hollow owl,
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.

Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
To cool the fervid current in his veins,
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
The gold and gems of Ethiopian kings:
So Christian David, spending yet unspent,
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went;
Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
And safely to that land of promise brought;
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
A secret well of consolation flow'd,

Fed from the fountain near th' eternal throne,—
Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose:
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,
Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd;
Their love to Christ beyond the Atlantic burn'd.
Forth sped their messengers, content to be
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity;
Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,—
The tyrant, and the slave that licks his feet.

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept:
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
With pious forethought, while their hands prepare
Beds which the living and unborn shall share
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,
His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)
They told their purpose, each o'erjoyed to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.
For council in simplicity they pray'd,
And vows of ardent consecration made:
—Vows heard in heaven; from that accepted hour,
Their souls were clothed with confidence and power,
Nor hope deferr'd could quell their heart's desire;
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire:
But ere its shoots a tree of life became,
Congenial spirits caught the electric flame;
And for that holy service, young and old
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd;
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
For life-long labours on barbarian ground;
To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise,
And light beneath the shadow of the pole
The tenfold darkness of the human soul:
To man,—a task more hopeless than to bless
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness;
With God,—as possible when unbegun
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north;
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
To dwell, by sufferance, in a land, decreed
The future birthright of his promised seed,)
Unknowing whither;—uninquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt;
—Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt:
They knew—and 'twas enough for them to know—
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made his call their choice.

See the swift vessel, bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts, with Christian David for their guide,
Two young apostles on their joyful way
To regions in the twilight verge of day:
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And, glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;
—Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world;
—Not the vain image, which the devotee
Clasps as the god of his idolatry;—
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore;
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by Sacrifice Divine;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.

———

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; O my mother earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the grave!

"The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By death and hell;

"I charge thee, live!—repent and pray:
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a mourner?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flow,
And tranquil nights?

"O live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a wanderer?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A ship-wreck'd sufferer, hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"Live!—'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply,

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove:
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"——Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(FROM THE WEST INDIES.[1])

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced:—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters:—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God!
Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.
"Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise!"
Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest:
"Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee."
Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sank below:
"Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?"
Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains:—"Lights of heaven!" he cried,
"Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride;
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
Hope swells my sail;—in spirit I behold
That maiden-world, twin-sister of the old,
By Nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
Denied to ages, but betrothed to me."
The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the New World on his enraptured sight!
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore!

[1] A poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807.—*Ed.*

ROBERT BURNS.

What bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flowed his moral lay;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl,
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein:
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

When "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humour smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

From these beautiful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

THE RECLUSE.

A fountain issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humble course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the older branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing:
But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,—
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

Welcome, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat:
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty!

Now, though tyrant winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapours scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blessed with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river
Mourns in solid icy chains,
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
On the desolated plains:—
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board:
Robin! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear:
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough, unfeeling dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my robin,
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor prisoner! think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow:
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:—
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:—
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up;
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:—
When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up;
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:—
Though dread artillery rattle,

And ghostly corses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast, go round.

Toil brings repose:—
With noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:—
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up;
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and who was he?—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise an fall:
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more·
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man!

GERMAN WAR-SONG.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word;
Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your fatherland.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake! put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone;
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in our veins.

On to the battle, on!
Rest will be sweet anon:
The slave may yield, may fly,—
We conquer, or we die!

O Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm,
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
There woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found!
Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around,
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

———

SLAVERY THAT WAS.

Ages, ages have departed,
  Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken hearted,
  To the Caribbean shore;
    She, like Rachel,
  Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd,
  In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have watered,
  With such tears as captives weep,
    Fields of travail,
  Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
  Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice from Heaven proceeding,
  Gladden'd all the gloomy west,—
    "Come, ye weary,
  Come, and I will give you rest!"

Tidings, tidings of salvation!
  Britons rose with one accord,
Purged the plague-spot from our nation,
  Negroes to their rights restored;
    Slaves no longer,
  Freemen,—freemen of the *Lord.*

———

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest!—
  How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
  The curtain of repose,—
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams!—
  The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
  Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams, by daylight, are!

Night is the time for toil!—
  To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
  Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep!—
  To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
  The joys of other years,—
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch!—
  O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades,—or catch
  The full moon's earliest glance;
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved, and left behind!

Night is the time for care!—
  Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
  Come to our lonely tent,—
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Caesar's ghost!

Night is the time to think!—
  When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight,—and, on the utmost brink
  Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns, beyond the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light!

Night is the time to pray!—
  Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;—
  So will his follower do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God!

Night is the time for death!—
  When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,—
  From sin and suffering cease,—
Think of heaven's bliss—and give the sign
To parting friends.—Such death be mine!

TO A DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise:
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies!

EVENING IN THE ALPS.

Come, golden evening! in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain tops. 'Tis done:—
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
Mount Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly overhead
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of time
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to nethermost abyss.
Invisible, the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon.
In half eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere:
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in child suspense—
They seem so exquisitely frail—
Lest they should vanish thence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe:
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent, far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot—
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been.

HAMILTON PAUL.

Born 1773 — Died 1854.

In the classic county of Ayr there are not a few cottages of which it can be said that within their walls a poet was born. But on the fairy-haunted banks of the Girvan, at a point in the parish of Dailly about a quarter of a mile from the old manor house of Bargeny, there is a cottage still standing distinguished from all other dwellings in that lovely land of song. Within that finely situated but humble home *two* poets first saw the light. There, in the month of April, 1792, the venerable Hew Ainslie was born, and there, on April 10, 1773, little more than a hundred years ago, Hamilton Paul first opened his eyes. He received the elements of his education at the parish school, and completed it at the University of Glasgow, where he had for a friend and classmate Thomas Campbell, from whom he carried off a poetical prize. Several of Paul's first poetical efforts, composed while a student, attracted a great deal of attention, particularly one entitled "Paul's First and Second Epistles to the Dearly Beloved the Female Disciples or Female Students of Natural Philosophy in Anderson's Institution, Glasgow," an 8vo brochure which appeared anonymously in the year 1800. Another of his productions of this period, a witty description of one of the college classes, enjoyed a wide popularity; as was the case with his ballad "The Maid of Inverary," written in honour of Lady Charlotte Campbell.

After leaving the university Paul became tutor to a family in Argyleshire, Campbell obtaining a similar position in the family of General Napier, then residing on the romantic banks of Lochgoil. The friends then, as well as previously during the college vacations, carried on a humorous correspondence, chiefly in verse, which was continued for several years, until both returned to Glasgow, Campbell to enter upon the career of a man of letters, Paul to prepare for the ministry. The latter, during his residence in the Highlands as well as on his return to Glasgow, continued to indulge his poetic predilections, contributing verses of variable quality to several journals and magazines. On obtaining his license to preach the poet returned to Ayrshire, and during a probation of thirteen years he was an assistant to several ministers. At the age of forty he obtained ordination to the pastoral office in the united parish of Broughton, Kilbucho, and Glenholm, in Peeblesshire. He maintained during a lengthened incumbency the character of an able and affectionate pastor, and amidst his clerical duties still found time to engage in literary pursuits. In 1819 his admirable edition of Burns, accompanied by a memoir of the poet from his pen, was published at Ayr, and very highly commended by Professor Wilson.

It is, however, rather as a humorist than as a poet that Paul is best remembered at Ayr and Broughton, where many amusing anecdotes are still told about him. Ainslie relates that when the Burns Club was founded at Alloway Paul furnished an annual ode; and when Chalmers, who was then engaged on his *Caledonia*, saw one of them in the Ayr newspaper, he wrote from London to a friend, saying that

he would give "all Ayrshire" for copies of the previous eight odes. "I would be contented with a single farm," said the impecunious Paul, when he was told of Chalmers' request. On another occasion, knowing that a lady to whom he was attached would be present—a certain Lydia with whom his suit had not prospered—the preacher took for his text, "And a certain woman named *Lydia*, which worshipped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord opened, and she attended unto the things which were spoken of *Paul.*" His eloquence was in vain, the maiden's heart was obdurate to the poet and preacher, and Hamilton Paul lived and died a bachelor.

Many more anecdotes could be told of his facetious selections of texts, but another must suffice. It is certainly a practice that cannot be justified, although many distinguished divines, such as Dean Swift, Dr. Paley, and Sydney Smith, have indulged in the habit. When Paul was about to leave for his new field of labour he was invited to deliver a farewell discourse in the parish church of Ayr—in which town he had occasionally preached during his residence there, though he had no charge in the place—and on this occasion his troops of friends and admirers, including a large number of ladies, gathered together to listen to the departing poet. He accordingly took for his text, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him!"

When by reason of advancing years the poet became too infirm to properly discharge the duties of his charge, an assistant was employed, somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Paul. The young preacher soon became popular in the parish, his pulpit services being greatly enjoyed by the congregation, to whom the change was an agreeable one. The large crowds attracted by his lieutenant were not viewed with unmingled satisfaction by the superannuated incumbent. "So you think yourself a very great man because ye're followed by the multitudes," remarked Mr. Paul; "a still greater crowd, let me tell you, my man, would gather to see you hanged."

Hamilton Paul composed with rapidity and ease, many of his effusions being dashed off at a sitting. His verses are characterized by tenderness and simplicity, and it is to be regretted that so many of his productions have been lost. No collection of his prose and verse has been published, and they are only to be found in the periodicals and papers of his day. He died February 28, 1854, aged eighty-one years. One who knew him well writes: "His society was courted by rich and poor, the learned and unlearned. In every company he was alike affable and unostentatious; as a companion he was the most engaging of men; he was the best story-teller of his day."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his pleasant volume entitled *Our Old Home*, says he never saw a lovelier scene than the one at the Brig o' Doon. "The ivy-grown ancient bridge," he writes, "with its high arch, through which we had a picture of the river and green banks beyond, was absolutely the most picturesque object, in a quiet and gentle way, that ever pleased my eyes. Bonny Doon, with its wooded banks, and the boughs dipping into the water! The memory of them, at this moment, affects me like the song of birds, and Burns crooning some verses, simple and wild, in accordance with their native melody! It was impossible to depart without crossing the very bridge of Tam's adventure; so we went thither, over a now disused portion of the road, and standing on the centre of the arch gathered some ivy leaves from that sacred spot." It ought to be remembered gratefully that Hamilton Paul did much to keep the Auld Brig o' Doon in existence. While he was resident at Ayr the road trustees actually sold the old bridge as a quarry to the contractor for the new one. No sooner was he informed of this intended act of sacrilege than Paul at once wrote the "Petition of the Auld Brig o' Doon," which was printed and circulated over the county, and in two or three days a sufficient sum was subscribed to repurchase the materials of the old bridge, and also to keep it in repair. A good many years afterwards, the waters of the Doon had so much undermined the buttresses of the old bridge as to threaten its speedy overthrow. David Auld, a hairdresser of Ayr, who had made a fortune by the exhibition of Thom's statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, and who built the inn and shell palace in the vicinity of Burns' Monument, applied to the new set of trustees for money to prevent the menaced ruin of the ancient fabric; but they told him that as it was only a private footpath, they would not

be justified in applying any portion of the public funds to such a purpose. Thereupon Mr. Auld procured a copy of the poetical petition which had formerly saved the bridge, and of which the new trustees were ignorant; and on reading Paul's production they at once contributed out of their own means a sufficient sum to complete the required repairs.

THE BONNIE LASS OF BARR.

Of streams that down the valley run,
  Or through the meadow glide,
Or glitter to the summer sun,
  The Stinchar is the pride.
'Tis not his banks of verdant hue,
  Though famed they be afar;
Nor grassy hill, nor mountain blue,
Nor flower bedropt with diamond dew;
'Tis she that chiefly charms the view.
  The bonnie lass of Barr.

When rose the lark on early wing,
  The vernal tide to hail;
When daisies deck'd the breast of spring,
  I sought her native vale.
The beam that gilds the evening sky,
  And brighter morning star,
That tells the king of day is nigh,
With mimic splendour vainly try
To reach the lustre of thine eye,
  Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

The sun behind yon misty isle
  Did sweetly set yestreen;
But not his parting dewy smile
  Could match the smile of Jean.
Her bosom swell'd with gentle woe,
  Mine strove with tender war.
On Stinchar's banks, while wild-woods grow,
While rivers to the ocean flow,
With love of thee my heart shall glow,
  Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

HELEN GRAY.

Fair are the fleecy flocks that feed
  On yonder heath-clad hills,
Where wild meandering crystal Tweed
  Collects his glassy rills.
And sweet the buds that scent the air,
  And deck the breast of May;
But none of these are sweet or fair
  Compared to Helen Gray.

You see in Helen's face so mild,
  And in her bashful mien,
The winning softness of the child,
  The blushes of fifteen.
The witching smile, when prone to go,
  Arrests me, bids me stay;
Nor joy, nor comfort can I know,
  When 'reft of Helen Gray.

I little thought the dark-brown moors,
  The dusky mountain's shade,
Down which the wasting torrents pours,
  Conceal'd so sweet a maid;
When sudden started from the plain
  A sylvan scene and gay,
Where, pride of all the virgin train,
  I first saw Helen Gray.

. . . . . .

May never Envy's venomed breath
  Blight thee, thou tender flower!
And may thy head ne'er droop beneath
  Affliction's chilling shower!
Though I, the victim of distress,
  Must wander far away;
Yet till my dying hour I'll bless
  The name of Helen Gray.

PETITION OF THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, which proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle to Carrick's shore,
Be suffered in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it, every tutelary power,
That guards my keystone at the midnight hour;
Forbid it ye, who, charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid those scenes can linger out the day,
Let Nanny's sark and Maggie's mangled tail
Plead in my cause, and in the cause prevail.
The man of taste who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told "the Auld Brig is no more."
Stop then; stop the more than Vandal rage
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your fathers last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
For never let your children's children tell
By your decree the fine old fabric fell.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BORN 1774— DIED 1810.

Since the days of Robert Burns, no Scottish poet has written so many lyrics that have been sung both in hall and cottage throughout the land "where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green," as Robert Tannahill. If, as was said by Fletcher of Saltoun, song-writers are to be classed above lawgivers, then may we hail Tannahill as one of the foremost Scottish legislators—ruling by the sceptre of song. He was born at Paisley, June 3, 1774, and was the fourth child of a poor silk-gauze weaver there, named James Tannahill, and Janet Pollock, a farmer's daughter. Both of the poet's parents were much respected for their intelligence and worth; the mother, in particular, was a woman of more cultivation than is usually met with among persons of her station in life. From her Tannahill inherited the poetic temperament, and when a school-boy distinguished himself by writing verses, many of which have been preserved as literary curiosities by the poet's family and friends. On a well-known character, who used daily to parade the streets of Paisley during the last quarter of the last century—old grumbling Peter Anderson—he composed the following juvenile lines:

> "My colour's brown, my shape's uncouth,
> On ilka side I hae a mouth;
> And, strange to tell, I will devour
> My bulk of meat in half an-hour."

This enigma, on being solved, was discovered to allude to the big, brown, unshapely nose of the notorious Peter, who consumed enormous quantities of snuff.

From the school Robert was sent to the loom, the high wages then realized from weaving inducing parents to teach their children the handicraft at a very early age, so that their apprenticeships were generally finished by the time they were sixteen years of age. It was young Tannahill's custom, while at work, to occupy his thoughts with the composition of verses, which he jotted down upon a rude desk he had attached to his loom. In this way he was enabled, without rising from his seat, to compose some of his most celebrated songs. He had an excellent ear for music, and was an expert with the fife and flute; and whenever an air greatly pleased him, it immediately became his ambition to wed it to words of his own. The first poem of Tannahill's which appeared in print was in praise of Ferguslee Wood, which was one of his favourite haunts, and often rang in the summer evenings to the notes of his flute. The lines were sent to a Glasgow magazine, and obtained immediate insertion, accompanied by a request for other contributions of a similar character.

For a period of two years at the commencement of the century he pursued his vocation at Bolton, England, to which place he was attracted by the increased wages paid for figured loom-work, then beginning to be manufactured there. His stay in England was cut short by the intelligence of the fatal illness of his father. He hurried home, and arrived in time to receive his dying blessing. Filial duty was perhaps the strongest of all Tannahill's traits; and it is recorded to his honour, that the vow which he made in those energetic lines beginning—

> "Why heaves my mother oft the deep drawn sigh?"

were most faithfully kept to the last hour of his life.

He was now offered the situation of overseer of a manufacturing establishment, but he preferred to resume his labours at the loom, and remain master of his own thoughts, that he might continue to cultivate his poetic gifts. Very soon after his return to Paisley he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Robert Archibald Smith, the celebrated musical composer, which was the means of stimulating him to still higher efforts. Wedded to his music, some of Tannahill's songs were now known and sung from one end of Scotland to the other; among them, "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane," "The Braes o' Balquhither," "The Lass o' Arranteenie," and "Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes." In 1807 he published the first edition of his "Songs and Poems," which

was favourably received, the previous popularity of his lyrics making it eagerly sought for. The poems, indeed, properly so called, are few in number, and are inferior to the songs contained in the volume, which are the very perfection of that species of composition, so far as it consists in the simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. "The lyre of Scotland in his hand retained its native, artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognized and welcomed the Doric strain."

Tannahill made another collection of his poems, which he offered to Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, for a very moderate sum. At the time the hands of this famous firm were full, and they declined to become his publishers. Their refusal preyed deeply on a soul far too sensitive for this "working-day world," and brought on that melancholy which was soon to bring his life to a deplorable end. He formed the rash resolution of destroying everything which he had written. All his songs, to the number of above one hundred, including many that had never been printed, and improved and corrected versions of those that were printed, he put in the fire; and so anxious was he that nothing should escape, that he requested his friends and correspondents to return any manuscript which they had ever got from him.

Among others who saw the poet at this time—the spring of 1810—was the Ettrick Shepherd, who visited Paisley for the sole purpose of forming his acquaintance. Tannahill was naturally highly gratified with such homage to his genius. The poets spent a night together; and in the morning Tannahill accompanied the shepherd half-way to Glasgow, mournfully exclaiming before they parted, "Farewell, we shall never meet again!" The day previous to his death Tannahill went to Glasgow, where he displayed such unequivocal proofs of mental derangement, that one of his friends considered it necessary to accompany him back to Paisley. On being apprised of the condition of his mind, his brothers, who were married, and resided in different parts of the town, hastened to their mother's house, where they found that he had gone to bed, and was apparently asleep. Returning about two hours later to inquire for him and their mother, who lay sick in the next apartment, they found that Robert had left the house. Arousing the neighbours, an immediate search was instituted, and at length the lifeless body of the unfortunate poet was discovered in a pool in the neighbourhood. This melancholy event occurred May 17, 1810, before he had completed his thirty-sixth year.

Although neither a great man nor a great poet, Tannahill has left some simple songs, distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and beauty of diction, which promise to live as long as the language in which they are written; and it is gratifying to know that the poet was in a measure witness of his success, and lived to hear his songs sung by all classes of his countrymen. Many tributes were also paid to his genius while he lived, but none pleased him so much, not even the visit of the "Ettrick Shepherd," as during a solitary walk, on one occasion, when his musings were disturbed by the voice of a bonnie country lassie in an adjoining field singing by herself one of his own sweet songs—

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside."

In 1838 an edition of Tannahill's "Poems and Songs," with memoirs of the author and of his friend R. A. Smith, by Philip A. Ramsay, was issued at Glasgow; and in 1874 there appeared a centenary edition of Tannahill's poetical works, which went out of print within a few days of its publication.

The good people of Paisley have cherished the memory of Tannahill. The house in which he was born has inserted in its front wall a granite memorial-stone recording the circumstance. His brother, when old age compelled him to cease from labour, was provided with a competency by his fellow-citizens, who long ago formed a Tannahill Club, which always celebrated the anniversary of the poet's birth. The centenary of the "prince of Paisley poets," as he has been called, was celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Paisley. A general holiday was held, and the town was decorated with flags and flowers. More than 15,000 persons assembled on the Braes o' Gleniffer to listen to addresses spoken in the poet's honour, and to the singing of his own sweet songs—songs that are a priceless heritage to his native land.

TOWSER: A TRUE TALE.

"Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;
And I'm a friend to dogs,
They ne'er betray their masters."

In mony an instance, without doubt,
The *man* may copy frae the *brute*,
And by th' example grow much wiser;
Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With deference to our great Lavaters,
Wha judge o' mankind by their features,
There's mony a smiling, pleasant-fac'd cock
That wears a heart no worth a custock,
While mony a visage, antic, droll,
O'erveils a noble, gen'rous soul.
With Towser this was just the case,
He had an ill-faur'd, tawtie face,
His make was something like a messin,
But big, and quite unprepossessin'.
His master coft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,
Because (sae happ'd poor Towser's lot)
He wadna tear a comrade's throat;
Yet in affairs of love or honour
He'd stand his part amang a hun'er,
An' whare'er fighting was a merit,
He never failed to shaw his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
Wi' wild ill-natur'd scant o' grace,
Nor e'er accosted ane wi' smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, wad bite his heels;
Nor ever kent the courtier art,
To fawn wi' rancour at his heart,
Nor aught kent he o' cankert quarreling,
Nor snarlin' just for sake o' snarlin'.
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilk shows he had a mighty soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
An' will immortalize his name—
"Immortalize!—presumptuous wight!
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
To licht them through futurity."
E'en be it; sae poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,
When Nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
An' growlin' winter bellow'd forth
In storms and tempests frae the north—
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o' the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist burrow town,
To buy some needments o' his own:
An' ease some purse-pest should waylay him,
He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His business done, 'twas near the gloamin',
An' aye the king o' storms was foamin',
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbl'd,
The strawns gush'd big, the sinks loud rumbl'd.
Auld grannies spread their looves, an' sigh'd,
Wi' "O, sirs! what an awfu' night!"
Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,
And's master grudged that he had taigl'd;
But wi' his merchandizing load,
Come weal, come wae, he took the road.
Now clouds drave o'er the fields like drift,
Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift:
An' through the naked trees and hedges
The horrid storm redoubled rages;
An' to complete his piteous ease,
It blew directly in his face.—
Whiles 'gainst the footpath stabs he thumped,
Whiles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;
But on he gaed, and on he waded;
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded:
To gang he could nae langer bide,
But lay doun by the bare dyke-side.—
Now, wife an' bairns rush'd on his soul.
He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
An' mourning cower'd doun aside him.
But, oh! his master couldna heed him,
For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
His vera life-streams maist were frozen,
An't seemed as if the cruel skies
Exulted o'er their sacrifice;
For fierce the winds did o'er him hiss,
An' dashed the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
Twa shipwreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
If chance a vessel they descry,
Their hearts exult with instant joy.
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
The tread o' travellers drawing near;
He ran an' yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
But couldna make them understand him,
Till tugging at the foremost's coat,
He led them to the mournfu' spot
Where, cauld and stiff, his master lay,
To the rude storm a helpless prey.

Wi' Caledonian sympathy,
They bore him kindly on the way,
Until they reach'd a cottage bein,
They tauld the case, were welcom'd in—
The rousin' fire, the cordial drop,
Restor'd him soon to life and hope;
Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
An' antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale may see
The worth of sensibility,
And learn frae it to be humane—
In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

"Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin' breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheery, O!
Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never weary, O!
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery, O!
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

"Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie:
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Wad gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field o' danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes
When I am far awa', lassie."

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

"O! resume thy wonted smile!
O! suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie:
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie."

MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw:
The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scotch callan',
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

The evening sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree;
All nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play,—
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.
Good night, and joy—good night, and joy.
Good night, and joy be wi' you a';
For since it's so that I must go,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore;
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts maun now be hushed,
When danger calls I must obey,
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.
Good night, and joy, &c.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean tost
I'll cast a wishful look to thee!
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well,
May Providence thy guardian be!

Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee!
Good night, and joy, &c.

THE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantain's shade
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O! in pity, let them be!
Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though Fate should drag me south the line.
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever mind
That I, in youth, hae spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou canst never give pleasure again,
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep tinged with the blood of the slain.
Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd our undoing,—
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Even valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enrolled with the sons of the brave.
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder,—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling;
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming:
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

CLEAN PEASE-STRAE.

When John an' me were married
Our haudin' was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carlin,
Would gie us nocht ava;

I wair't my fee wi' eanny care,
As far as it would gae,
But weel I wat, our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' workin' late an' early
We're come to what ye see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eident aye were we:
The lowe o' luve made labour light,
I'm sure you'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on eairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
An' luve will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
O' clean pease-strae.

THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! wae's me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the rowan, frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and seroggie, O,
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
I will leave you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

O, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night;
No a starn in a' the carry:
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the bour-tree bank;
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank:
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I raise your waukrife daddy;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek:
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

She oped the door; she let him in:
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
Now, since your waukin', Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bour-tree bank and warlock craigie?

LANGSYNE, BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow;
A' round my seat the flowers were strew'd
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a summer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow:
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose
To busk the sedge sae yellow.
The crow-flow'r blue, and meadow pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link;

But little, little did I think
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,
Tost on the raging billow;
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,
Or wrecked on rocky shallow.
Yet aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn;
And often by the woodland burn
I pu' the weeping willow.

THE HARPER OF MULL.[1]

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by:
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feed my despair:
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequall'd before:
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

MRS. MARGARET M. INGLIS.

Born 1774 — Died 1843.

Margaret Maxwell was the youngest daughter of Dr. Alexander Murray, and was born at Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, October, 27, 1774. She received a good education, and from an early age exhibited a taste for music and poetry. Several of her juvenile compositions were much admired by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She was married first to a Mr. Finlay, who held a subordinate position in the navy; and on the death of her husband she again resided with her father's family until 1803, when she married Mr. John Inglis, only son of the Rev. John Inglis, D.D., minister of Kirkmabreck in Galloway. Her second husband died in 1826. In 1838 she was induced by her friends to publish a volume of her com-

[1] The following abridgment of the story of the "Harper of Mull," on which Tannahill founded this song, will interest such readers as are not familiar with the pathetic story:—"In the Island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower of the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank almost lifeless into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid round her shivering frame, but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspicious of others, paced slowly along, leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed, 'Fool that I was to burn my harp for her!'"—Ed.

positions, entitled "Miscellaneous Collection of Poems, chiefly Scriptural Pieces." Mrs. Inglis died in Edinburgh, December 21, 1843, leaving a very large number of unpublished songs and poems. She was eminently gifted as a musician, and could boast of having been complimented by Robert Burns on the grace and sweetness with which she had, in his presence, sung "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," and others of his own matchless songs and ballads.

SWEET BARD OF ETTRICK'S GLEN.

Sweet bard of Ettrick's glen!
Where art thou wandering?
Miss'd is thy foot on the mountain and lea.
Why round yon craggy rocks
Wander thy heedless flocks,
While lambies are list'ning and bleating for thee?
Cold as the mountain stream,
Pale as the moonlight beam,
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine e'e.
Wild may the tempest's wave
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave:
Thou art deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Like a meteor's brief light,
Like the breath of the morning,
Thy life's dream hath pass'd as a shadow gone by;
Till thy soft numbers stealing
O'er memory's warm feeling,
Each line is embalmed with a tear or a sigh.
Sweet was thy melody,
Rich as the rose's dye,
Shedding its odours o'er sorrow or glee;
Love laugh'd on golden wing,
Pleasure's hand touch'd the string,
All taught the strain to sing, shepherd, by thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow
Flickers the drifted snow,
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;
Winter's mad winds may sweep
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.
And when on dewy wing
Comes the sweet bird of spring,
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree:
The Bird of the Wilderness,
Low in the waving grass,
Shall, cow'ring, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

When the morning's first ray saw the mighty in arms,
And the tyrant's proud banners insultingly wave,
And the slogan of battle from beauty's fond arms
Roused the war-crested chieftain, his country to save;
The sunbeam that rose on our mountain-clad warriors,
And reflected their shields in the green rippling wave,
In its course saw the slain on the fields of their fathers,
And shed its last ray on their cold bloody graves.

O'er those green beds of honour our war-song prepare,
And the red sword of vengeance triumphantly wave,
While the ghosts of the slain cry aloud, Do not spare,
Lead to victory and freedom, or die with the brave;
For the high soul of freedom no tyrant can fetter,
Like the unshackled billows our proud shores that lave;
Though oppressed, he will watch o'er the home of his fathers,
And rest his wan cheek on the tomb of the brave.

To arms, then! to arms! Let the battle-cry rise
Like the raven's hoarse croak, through their ranks let it sound;
Set their knell on the wing of each arrow that flies,
Till the shouts of the free shake the mountains around;
Let the cold-blooded, faint-hearted changeling now tremble,
For the war-shock shall reach to his dark-centered cave,
While the laurels that twine round the brows of the victors
Shall with rev'rence be strew'd o'er the tombs of the brave.

HEARD YE THE BAGPIPE?

Heard ye the bagpipe, or saw ye the banners
That floated sae light o'er the fields o' Kildairlie;
Saw ye the broad-swords, the shields, and the tartan hose,

Heard ye the muster-roll sworn to Prince Charlie?
Saw ye brave Appin, wi' bonnet and belted plaid,
Or saw ye the Lords o' Seaforth and Airlie;
Saw ye the Glengarry, M'Leod, and Clandonachil,
Plant the white rose in their bonnets for Charlie?

Saw ye the halls o' auld Holyrood lighted up,
Kenn'd ye the nobles that revell'd sae rarely;
Saw ye the chiefs of Lochiel and Clanronald,
Wha rush'd frae their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
But saw ye the blood-streaming fields of Culloden,
Or kenn'd ye the banners were tatter'd sae sairly;
Heard ye the pibroch sae wild and sae wailing,
That mourn'd for the chieftains that fell for Prince Charlie?

Wha in yon Highland glen, weary and shelterless,
Pillows his head on the heather sae barely;
Wha seeks the darkest night, wha maunna face the light,
Borne down by lawless might—gallant Prince Charlie?
Wha, like the stricken deer, chased by the hunter's spear,
Fled frae the hills o' his father sae scaredly;
But wha, by affection's chart, reigns in auld Scotland's heart—
Wha but the royal, the gallant Prince Charlie?

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall Peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
When shall our hearts repose,
Safe from each breath that blows,
In this dark world of woes?
Never! oh! never!

Fate's unrelenting hand
Long may divide us,
Yet in one holy land
One God shall guide us.
Then, on that happy shore,
Care ne'er shall reach us more,
Earth's vain delusions o'er,
Angels beside us.

There, where no storms can chill,
False friends deceive us,
Where, with protracted thrill,
Hope cannot grieve us;
There with the pure in heart,
Far from fate's venomed dart,
There shall we meet to part
Never! oh, never!

ROBERT ALLAN.

Born 1774—Died 1841.

Robert Allan, a friend and companion of Tannahill, was born at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, November 4, 1774. Inheriting a taste for music, he early evinced talent in the composition of song, which was afterwards fostered by the encouragement of the poet Tannahill. His occupation was that of a muslin weaver in his native place, and many of his best songs were composed at the loom. A number of them he contributed to the *Scottish Minstrel*, published by R. A. Smith. Several of Allan's songs also appeared in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In 1836 a volume of his poems was published under the editorial revision of Robert Burns Hardy of Glasgow, and attracted a great deal of attention among lovers of Scottish song, although financially the publication proved a sufficient failure to deter him from putting forth another volume. Several of Allan's lyrics will compare very favourably with the best specimens of the minor poets of his native land. In his more advanced years he became possessed with the idea that he was not appreciated in Scotland as a poet, and determined, in opposition to the wishes of friends, to join his youngest son in the United States. He accordingly sailed for the New World, April 28, 1841, at the age of sixty-seven, and only survived the passage six days, having died in New York, June 1, 1841. His funeral was attended by a large number of his son's friends, including several prominent

American literary men, as well as his own countrymen residing in New York city. Many of Allan's unpublished poems and songs were left in MS. in his son's possession.

On November 4, 1874, the inhabitants of the village that gave birth to Robert Allan, with the praiseworthy spirit of reverence for departed worth which has latterly prevailed throughout Scotland, enthusiastically observed his centennial anniversary by a public soirée in their principal hall, and by other meetings of a festive and social character. At the same time they set on foot a movement for erecting in Kilbarchan some suitable monument to the poet's memory, to which doubtless many natives of that place in Canada and the United States will cheerfully contribute, thus manifesting a tangible sympathy with their countrymen at home in honouring the memory of a simple leal-hearted Scotchman.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

There grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasp'd,
Like sisters kind and dear.
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
And the leal hearts of Scotland
Pray'd it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonny green.
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappear'd,
And withered in the sun.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' an late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it.
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it withered,
Winds bore it far awa',
And Scotland's heart was broken,
For the rose sae like the snaw!

THE TWA MARTYRS' WIDOWS.

Sit down, sit down by thy martyr's side,
And I'se sit down by mine;
And I shall speak o' him to my Gude,
And thou may speak o' thine.

It's wae to thee, and it's wae wi' me,
For our day o' peace is gane,
And we maun sit wi' a tearfu e'e,
In our bouroch-ha' alane.

O Scotland! Scotland, it's wae to thee,
When thy lichts are ta'en awa';
And it's wae, it's wae to a sinfu' lan'
When the richteous sae maun fa'.

It was a halie covenant aith
We made wi' our Gude to keep;
And it's for the halie covenant vow
That we maun sit and weep.

O wha will gang to yon hill-side,
To sing the psalm at e'en?
And wha will speak o' the luve o' our Gude?
For the covenant reft hath been.

The gerse may grow on yon bonnie hill-tap,
And the heather sweetly blume;
But there nae mair we sall sit at e'en,
For our hearts are in the tomb.

The hectic glow is upo' my cheek,
And the lily hue on thine;
Thou sune will lie by thy martyr's side,
And sune I sall sleep by mine.

BONNIE LASSIE.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Fondly wooing, fondly sueing,
Let me love, nor love in vain,

Fate shall never fond hearts sever,
Hearts still bound by true love's chain.

Fancy dreaming, hope bright beaming,
Shall each day life's feast renew;
Ours the treasure, ours the pleasure,
Still to live and love more true.

Mirth and folly, joys unholy,
Never shall our thoughts employ;
Smiles inviting, hearts uniting,
Love and bliss without alloy.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

A LASSIE CAM' TO OUR GATE.

A lassie cam' to our gate yestreen,
An' low she curtsied doun;
She was lovelier far, an' fairer to see
Than a' our ladies roun'.

Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whar may your dwelling be?
But her heart, I trow, was liken to break,
An' the tear-drap dimm'd her e'e.

I haena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
I haena a hame, nor ha';
Fain here wad I rest my weary feet,
For the night begins to fa'.

I took her into our tapestry ha',
An' we drank the ruddy wine;
An' aye I strave, but fand my heart
Fast bound wi' love's silken twine.

I ween'd she might be the fairies' queen,
She was sae jimp and sma';
And the tear that dimm'd her bonnie blue e'e
Fell owre twa heaps o' snaw.

Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whar may your dwelling be?
Can the winter's rain an' the winter's wind
Blaw cauld on sic as ye?

I haena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
I haena a ha' nor hame;
My father was ane o' "Charlie's" men,
An' him I daurna name.

Whate'er be your kith, whate'er be your kin,
Frae this ye mauna gae;
An' gin ye'll consent to be my ain,
Nae marrow ye shall hae.

Sweet maiden, tak' the siller cup,
Sae fu' o' the damask wine,
An' press it to your cherry lip,
For ye shall aye be mine.

An' drink, sweet doo, young Charlie's health,
An' a' your kin sae dear;
Culloden has dimm'd mony an e'e
Wi' mony a saut, saut tear.

LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

That life's a faught there is nae doubt,
A steep and slipp'ry brae,
And wisdom's sel', wi' a' its rules,
Will aften find it sae.
The truest heart that e'er was made
May find a deadly fae.
And broken aiths and faithless vows
Gi'e lovers mickle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
It frights a body sair,
And gars them think they ne'er will meet
Delight or pleasure mair.
But though the heart be e'er sae sad,
And prest wi' joyless care,
Hope lightly steps in at the last,
To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
And fret baith late and air',
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mite to spare:
A leal true heart's a gift frae Heav'n,
A gift that is maist rare;
It is a treasure o' itsel',
And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,
And boast o' what they ha'e,
Compared wi' truth and honesty,
They are nae worth a strae.
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
Whate'er the world may say,
And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,
That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,
And drive ilk care awa':
Contentment is a dainty feast,
Although in hamely ha';

It gi'es a charm to ilka thing,
And mak's it look fu' braw,
The spendthrift and the miser herd,
It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave
To keep the heart in tune,
And but for that the weary spleen
Wad plague us late and soon;
A bonnie lass, a canty wife,
For sic is nature's law;
Without that charmer o' our lives
There's scarce a charm ava.

BLINK OVER THE BURN.

Blink over the burn, my sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn, love, to me;
O, lang hae I look'd, my dear Betty,
To get but a blink o' thine e'e.
The birds are a' sporting around us,
And sweetly they sing on the tree;
But the voice o' my bonny sweet Betty,
I trow, is far dearer to me.

The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,
That wave o'er thy bonnie e'ebree,
I'll twine wi' the flowers o' the mountain,
That blossom sae sweetly, like thee.
Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,
Come over the burn, love, to me;
O, sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,
To live in the blink o' thine e'e.

CALEDONIA.

The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,
The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,
Where the scented hawthorns blaw,
White as the drifted snaw,
'Mang the bonnie woods and wilds o' Caledonia.

There's mountain, hill, and dale in Caledonia,
There's mountain, hill, and dale in Caledonia;
There's mountain, hill, and dale,
Where lovers tell their tale,
By the bonnie siller streams o' Caledonia.

The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia,
The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia;
The twilight hour is sweet,
When fa's the dewy weet
On the bonnie banks and braes o' Caledonia.

The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia,
The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia;
The glens are wild and steep,
And the ocean's wide and deep
That encircles thee, my native Caledonia.

There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia,
There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia;
Ilka airt the wind can blaw
She's fairest o' them a',
An' the dearest ane to me in Caledonia.

TO A LINNET.

Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
Lovely minstrel of the grove,
Charm no more the hours away
With thine artless tale of love:
Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
Sad it steals upon mine ear;
Leave, O leave thy leafy spray
Till the smiling morn appear.

Light of heart thou quitt'st thy song,
As the welkin's shadows lower;
Whilst the beetle wheels along,
Humming to the twilight hour.
Not like thee I quit the scene,
To enjoy night's balmy dream;
Not like thee I wake again,
Smiling with the morning beam.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARRY.

The sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
O, bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Doun yon glen ye never will weary,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green,
Bonnie lassie, on bank sae briery,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Oh! ye sall ever be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

There's nae Covenant noo, lassie!
There's nae Covenant noo!
The Solemn League and Covenant
Are a' broken through!
There's nae Renwick noo, lassie!
There's nae gude Cargill:
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyrs' Hill.

It's naething but a sword, lassie!
A bluidy, bluidy ane,
Waving owre puir Scotland
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, lassie!
Scotland's a' wrang —
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill's forsaken
In simmer's dusk sae calm;
There's nae gathering noo, lassie,
To sing the sacred psalm!
But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn;
And the martyr sound will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern!

JOHN LEYDEN.

Born 1775 — Died 1811.

John Leyden, a poet and distinguished classical and oriental scholar, was born at Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, in September, 1775. His ancestors for generations had been small farmers, and his father was but a poor shepherd, yet the sturdy and ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and fame. His parents, observing his desire for instruction, determined to make any sacrifice in order to educate their son for the church. He received the rudiments of knowledge from his paternal grandmother, attended the parish school of Kirkton, where his parents then resided, was afterwards placed under the tutorship of a Cameronian clergyman, and in his fifteenth year entered the University of Edinburgh. Leyden made wonderful progress, mastering Greek and Latin as well as French, German, Italian, and Spanish, besides studying Arabic, Hebrew, and Persian. He was also a proficient in mathematics and various branches of science, and during his college days numbered among his friends some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of Edinburgh.

On the expiration of his studies Leyden accepted a situation as tutor, and accompanied his pupils to the University of St. Andrews, where, in 1798, he was licensed as a probationer of the Scottish Church. Here he pursued his researches connected with oriental learning, and the following year published in a small volume "An Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Central Africa, at the close of the Eighteenth Century." In 1800 he was ordained, but the opposition of the aged incumbent prevented his obtaining the position of assistant and successor in his native parish of Cavers. An effort on the part of several influential friends, including Richard Heber, Henry Mackenzie, Walter Scott, and Lord Woodhouselee, to obtain for him the position of professor of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, also failed. Leyden however continued to study and write, composing verses and translations from the Scandinavian and oriental languages for the *Edinburgh Magazine*—which had then passed from the editorial charge of James Sibbald to that of Dr. Robert Anderson, with whom the Borderer was on terms of intimacy—and contributing to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*. So eager was he in

assisting Sir Walter, that on a certain occasion he walked nearly fifty miles and back, to visit an aged person who could recite an old ballad.

Leyden's second publication was a new edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," which he enriched with an introduction, copious notes, and a glossary. He also undertook for six months the editorship of the *Scots Magazine*, with which the *Edinburgh Magazine* was incorporated by Archibald Constable in 1802. His well-known passion for oriental travel and for the languages and literatures of the East induced his friends to endeavour to obtain for him from the government some appointment by which these tastes might be gratified. In this they failed, but procured for him the appointment of an assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service, for which he qualified himself by intense study in less than six months. About the same time the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews. The somewhat sudden change of his profession afforded very great amusement to his troops of friends.

Before his departure (December, 1802) from Scotland, to which he was never to return, Leyden finished his longest poem, "The Scenes of Infancy," descriptive of his loved native vale, and intrusted its publication to his friend Dr. Thomas Brown. The poem was published in Edinburgh in 1803, and during the same year there appeared another 12mo volume from his pen, entitled "Scottish Descriptive Poems, with some Illustrations of Scottish Literary Antiquities."

Dr Leyden's last winter in Great Britain was spent in London, where he enjoyed the society of many distinguished men of letters. He sailed for India, April 7, 1803, arriving at Madras, August 19th. His health soon gave way, and he was obliged to go to Prince of Wales Island, where he resided for some time. He also visited Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca, and collected much information concerning the languages, literature, and relationship of the Indo-Chinese tribes. On this subject he wrote a dissertation for the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. He left Prince of Wales Island on being appointed professor of Hindostanee in the Bengal College. This was however soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment—that of judge of the twenty-four Pergunnahs of Calcutta, followed by the position of commissioner of the court of requests, and assay master of the mint. Every moment that Leyden could spare from his official duties was devoted to the study of oriental MSS. and antiquities. "I may die in the attempt," he wrote to a friend, "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer."

Leyden's literary services being required by the governor-general, he left Calcutta for Madras, and afterwards proceeded with the army in the expedition against Java. "His spirit of romantic adventure," says Sir Walter Scott, "led him literally to rush upon death: for with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movement of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order: the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever." The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British Empire. His untimely death was the subject of general lamentation in England and Scotland, as well as in India. Sir John Malcolm, Sir Walter Scott, and many learned societies honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. In the "Lord of the Isles" occurs the following lines as a tribute to the distinguished Scottish scholar, patriot, and poet, which evidently came warm from the heart:—

> "Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
> Still rings to Corrievrekin's roar,
> And lonely Colonsay,—
> Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His brief and bright career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

The poetical remains of Leyden were published in 1819, with a memoir by the Rev. James Morton; and a new edition of his principal poem was issued in September, 1875, as a contribution to the centennial celebration of his birth in Roxburghshire, entitled "Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale, by John Leyden, M.D., with a biographical sketch of the author, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., Parish Church, Kelso." His ballads are much superior to his "Scenes of Infancy." Scott has said that the opening verses of "The Mermaid" exhibit a melody of sound which has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Leyden left numerous MSS. on subjects connected with oriental literature, in a thorough knowledge of which he was unrivalled. Next to his passion for learning was his passion for athletic sports, in which he took the greatest delight, and desired fame not less for feats of running and leaping than in the pursuits of literature—a fit companion for Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd. Enthusiastic love of Scotland, and especially of his own district of Teviotdale, was also a prominent characteristic of his character. Lord Cockburn, in his agreeable *Memorials of his Time*, remarks that Leyden's "love of Scotland was delightful. It breathes through all his writings and all his proceedings, and imparts to his poetry its most attractive charm." Dr. Leyden's intense abstraction whenever he had a book in his hand is said to have suggested to his friend Sir Walter the amusing character of Dominie Samson; and Allan Cunningham has remarked, "I never heard Scott name Leyden, but with an expression of regard and a moistening eye."

The writer cannot omit from this brief memoir the conclusion of a charming biography of Leyden, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811, and which, from its "careless inimitable grace," is evidently the composition of Sir Walter. After quoting his friend's affecting farewell to the graves of his ancestors, in the solemn passage which concludes the "Scenes of Infancy," Scott continues: "But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge: the best monument the regret of the worthy and the wise: and the rest may be summed up in the sentiment of Sanazzaro:—

"Haeccine te fessum tellus extrema manebat
Hospitii post tot terraeque marisque labores?
Pone tamen gemitus, nec te monumenta parentum
Aut maneant sperata tuis tibi funera regnis;
Grata quies patriae, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum."

SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART I.

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,
When, in the soften'd light of summer-skies,
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!
I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling prime,
By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by time,
To lose amid your winding dells the past:
Ah! must I think this lingering look the last?
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!
How soft ye smil'd, when Nature's charms were new!
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm;
While as each scene in living lustre rose,
Each young emotion wak'd from soft repose.

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream:
The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky;
While through inverted alder boughs below
The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks thine ancient bards no more,
Enchanting stream! their melting numbers pour;
But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,
Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young:
And those who tread with ho'y feet the ground,
At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound;

When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,
And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead—
He round the poplar's base shall nightly strew
The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,
And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,
When round him deepen sighs from shapes unseen,
And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,
The leaves self-moving tremble on the trees.
When morn's first rays fall quivering on the strand,
Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

If thou, Aurelia, bless the high design,
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine!
Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall fling
Melodious accents from each elfin string.
Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw,[1]
When from his dreams the mountain-sprites withdrew;
While, trembling to the wires that warbled shrill,
His apple-blossoms wav'd along the hill.
Hark! how the mountain-echoes still retain
The memory of the prophet's boding strain!

"Once more, begirt with many a martial peer,
Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,
In ancient pomp his mailed bands display;
While nations wondering mark their strange array,
Their proud commanding port, their giant form,
The spirit's stride, that treads the northern storm.
Where fate invites them to the dread repast,
Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every blast;
On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient roar;
The war-horse wades with champing hoofs in gore;
The scythed car on grating axle rings;
Broad o'er the field the ravens join their wings;
Above the champions in the fateful hour
Floats the black standard of the evil power."

Though many a wondrous tale of elder time
Shall grace the wild traditionary rhyme,
Yet, not of warring hosts and faulchion-wounds
Again the harp of ancient minstrels sounds:
Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,
And silver streams, which dear Aurelia loves.

From wilds of tawny heath and mosses dun,
Through winding glens scaree pervious to the sun,
Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,
The Teviot leads her young, sequester'd stream;
Till, far retiring from her native rills,
She leaves the covert of her sheltering hills,
And, gathering wide her waters on their way,
With foamy force emerges into day.

Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver sand,
The daisied meads in glowing hues expand;
Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows;
Broad o'er the stream the pendent alder grows:
But, more remote, the spangled fields unfold
Their bosoms, streak'd with vegetative gold;
Gray downs ascending dimple into dales;
The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping vales;
While, far remote, where flashing torrents shine,
In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,
And dusky heaths in sullen languor lie,
Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky.

As every prospect opens on my view,
I seem to live departed years anew:
When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,
Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguil'd:
The wabret leaf,[2] that by the pathway grew,
The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,
The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,
The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,
Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,
And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
To count the gems that stud the nightly sky.
Or think, as playful fancy wander'd far,
How sweet it were to dance from star to star!

Again I view each rude romantic glade,
Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,
Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,
Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless toil,
At summer-eve become the woodman's spoil.

How lightly then I chas'd from flower to flower
The lazy bee, at noon-tide's languid hour,
When, pausing faint beneath the sweltering heat,
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum repeat!

Nor scenes alone with summer-beauties bright,
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,
With fringed flakes of snow that idly sail,
And windows tinkling shrill with dancing hail:
While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,
White showers of blossoms seem'd the fields to strew.

Again, beside this silver riv'let's shore,
With green and yellow moss-flowers mottled o'er.

[1] Merlin of Caledonia, from his habits of life named "The Wild," is said to have been one of the earliest poets of the south of Scotland whose name is preserved by history or tradition.

[2] *Wabret*, or *Wabron*, a word of Saxon origin, is the common name for the plantain-leaf in Teviotdale.

Beneath a shivering canopy reclin'd
Of aspen leaves, that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir,
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,
When peers in scatter'd tufts the yellow bloom,
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'er-run;
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie
Serenely in the green-ribb'd clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form, and undisturb'd thy rest!
Oft have I listening mus'd the sultry day,
And wonder'd what thy chirping song might say:
When nought was heard along the blossom'd lea,
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since with weak step I trac'd each rising down,
Nor dream'd of worlds beyond yon mountains brown,
These scenes have ever to my heart been dear;
But still, Aurelia, most when thou wert near!

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclin'd,
Thy angel-features haunted still my mind;
And oft, when ardent fancy spurn'd control,
The living image rush'd upon my soul,
Fill'd all my heart, and mid the bustling crowd
Bade me forgetful muse or think aloud;
While, as I sigh'd thy favourite scenes to view,
Each lingering hour seemed lengthening as it flew.
As Ovid, banish'd from his favourite fair,
No gentle melting heart his grief to share,
Was wont in plaintive accents to deplore
Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore;
A lifeless waste, unfann'd by vernal breeze,
Where snow-flakes hung like leaves upon the trees:
The fur-clad savage lov'd his aspect mild,[1]
Kind as a father, gentle as a child,
And though they pitied, still they bless'd the doom,
That bade the Getæ hear the songs of Rome.

Sweet scenes, conjoin'd with all that most endears
The cloudless morning of my tender years!
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And wondering feel myself the child no more:
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same;—
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

Aurelia! mark yon silver clouds unroll'd,
Where far in ether hangs each shining fold,
That on the breezy billow idly sleeps,
Or climbs ambitious up the azure steeps!
Their snowy ridges seem to heave and swell
With airy domes, where parted spirits dwell;
Untainted souls, from this terrestrial mould
Who fled, before the priest their names had told.

On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,
I follow'd to the grave a sister's bier.
As sad by Teviot I retir'd alone,
The setting sun with silent splendour shone;
Sublime emotions reach'd my purer mind;
The fear of death, the world was left behind.
I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,
Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky:
As each its silver bosom seem'd to bend,
Rapt fancy heard an angel-voice descend,
Melodious as the strain which floats on high,
To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy;
While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,
To hail the parted spirit on its road.
"To realms of purer light," it seem'd to say,
"Thyself as pure, fair sufferer, come away!
The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,
Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue;
Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,
Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me."
As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,
A wilder influence charm'd and aw'd my soul;
Each graceful form that vernal nature wore
Rous'd keen sensations never felt before;
The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tombstone, and the church-yard green,
Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen.
Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
Heard on the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.
The lyre of woe, that oft had sooth'd my pain,
Soon learn'd to breathe a more heroic strain,
And bade the weeping birch her branches wave
In mournful murmurs o'er the warrior's grave.

Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee,
Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree.
No verdant wood-bine wreaths their age adorn;
Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots upturn.
Here shone no sun-beam, fell no summer dew,
Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,[1]
True to his country, as a traitor died.

Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters plac'd,
Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,
Mark where the gallant warriors lie:—but long
Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song;
The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones
Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,

[1] See Ovid, "De Ponto," lib. iv. eleg. 9, 13.

[1] Johnnie Armstrong, a famous Border warrior. He was hanged, with all his retinue, by James V. about 1530.

When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain
Swells its bold notes triumphant o'er the slain.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,
When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
As by red ember-light the damsels spin:
Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallow'd ground;
While narrowing still the circle closes round,
Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

What minstrel wrought these lays of magic power,
A swain once taught me in his summer-bower,
As round his knees in playful age I hung,
And eager listen'd to the lays he sung.

Where Bortha[1] hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs in scatter'd tufts the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale;
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain-home;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And, as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her lattic'd hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:
Scar'd at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor lov'd the scenes that scar'd his infant view.
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding-hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He liv'd, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier;
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung
Sav'd other names, and left his own unsung.

Nurs'd in these wilds, a lover of the plains,
I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains,
Who climb their loftiest mountain-peaks, to view
From far the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.
But not, like his, with unperceiv'd decay
My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away:
For soon yon sun, that here so swiftly gleams,
Shall see me tossing on the ocean-streams.
Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,
And conjure up the days which might have been,
Live o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,
And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,
Paint the fair scenes which charm'd when life began,
And in the infant stamp'd the future man.

From yon green peak black haunted Slata[2] brings
The gushing torrents of unfathom'd springs:
In a dead lake, that ever seems to freeze,
By sedge inclos'd from every ruffling breeze,

[1] Bortha, the rivulet Borthwick, which falls into the Teviot a little above Hawick. The vale was formerly inhabited by a race of Scotts, retainers of the powerful family of Harden.

[2] Slata is the Sletrig, which rises on the skirts of Wineburgh, runs through a wild romantic district, and falls into the Teviot at Hawick. Wineburgh, from which it derives its source, is a green hill of considerable height, regarded by the peasants as a resort of the fairies, the sound of whose revels is said to be often heard by the shepherd, while he is unable to see them. On its top is a small, deep, and black lake, believed by the peasants to be bottomless; to disturb the waters of which, by throwing stones into it, is reckoned offensive to the spirits of the mountain. Tradition relates that, about the middle of last century, a stone having been inadvertently cast into it by a shepherd, a deluge of water burst suddenly from the hill, swelled the rivulet Sletrig, and inundated the town of Hawick. However fabulous be this assigned cause of the inundation, the fact of the inundation itself is ascertained, and was probably the consequence of the bursting of a water-spout on the hill of Wineburgh. Lakes and pits on the tops of mountains are regarded in the Border with a degree

The fountains lie; and shuddering peasants shrink
To plunge the stone within the fearful brink:
For here, 'tis said, the fairy hosts convene,
With noisy talk, and bustling steps unseen;
The hill resounds with strange, unearthly cries;
And moaning voices from the waters rise.
Here oft in sweetest sounds is heard the chime
Of bells unholy from the fairy clime;
The tepid gales, that in these regions blow,
Oft on the brink dissolve the mountain-snow;
Around the deep that seeks the downward sky,
In mazes green the haunted ringlets lie.
Woe to the upland swain who, wandering far,
The circle treads beneath the evening star!
His feet the witch-grass green impels to run
Full on the dark descent he strives to shun;
Till, on the giddy brink, o'erpower'd by charms,
The fairies clasp him in unhallow'd arms,
Doom'd with the crew of restless foot to stray
The earth by night, the nether realms by day;
Till seven long years their dangerous circuit run,
And call the wretch to view this upper sun.
Nor long the time, if village-saws be true,
Since in the deep a hardy peasant threw
A ponderous stone; when, murmuring from below,
With gushing sound he heard the lake o'erflow.
The mighty torrent, foaming down the hills,
Call'd with strong voice on all her subject rills;
Rocks drove on jagged rocks with thundering sound,
And the red waves impatient rent their mound;
On Hawick burst the flood's resistless sway,
Plough'd the pav'd streets, and tore the walls away,
Floated high roofs, from whelming fabrics torn;
While pillar'd arches down the wave were borne.

Boast! Hawick,[1] boast! Thy structures, rear'd in blood,
Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,
Still doom'd to prosper, since on Flodden's field
Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,
Fell with their martial king, and (glorious boast!)
Gain'd proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost.

Between red cziar banks, that frightful scowl,
Fring'd with gray hazel, roars the mining Roull;
WhereTurnbulls[2] once, a race no power could awe,
Lin'd the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw.
Bold was the chief, from whom their line they drew,
Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew;
The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,
Whose bounding course outstripp'd the red deer's speed.
By hunters chaf'd, encircled on the plain,
He frowning shook his yellow lion-mane,
Spurn'd with black hoof in bursting rage the ground,
And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around.
On Scotia's lord he rush'd with lightning speed,
Bent his strong neck, to toss the startled steed;
His arms robust the hardy hunter flung
Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,
With writhing force his neck retorted round,
And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,
Crush'd with enormous strength his bony skull;
And courtiers hail'd the man who *turn'd the bull*.

How wild and harsh the moorland music floats,
When clamorous curlews scream with long-drawn notes,
Or, faint and piteous, wailing plovers pipe,
Or, loud and louder still, the soaring snipe!
And here the lonely lapwing whoops along,
That piercing shrieks her still-repeated song,
Flaps her blue wing, displays her pointed crest,
And cowering lures the peasant from her nest.
But if where all her dappled treasure lies
He bend his steps, no more she round him flies;
Forlorn, despairing of a mother's skill,
Silent and sad, she seeks the distant hill.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow;
The russet moor assumes a richer glow;
The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,
Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume;
While from their cells, still moist with morning dew,
The wandering wild bee sips the honeyed glue:
In wider circle wakes the liquid hum,
And far remote the mingled murmurs come.

Where, panting, in his chequer'd plaid involv'd,
At noon the listless shepherd lies dissolv'd,

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of superstitious horror, as the porches or entrances of the subterraneous habitations of the fairies; from which confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments, are often supposed to be heard. Round these hills the green fairy circles are believed to wind in a spiral direction, till they reach the descent to the central cavern, so that if the unwary traveller be benighted on the charmed ground he is inevitably conducted by an invisible power to the fearful descent.

[1] Few towns in Scotland have been so frequently subjected to the ravages of war as Hawick. Its inhabitants were famous for their military prowess. At the fatal battle of Flodden they were nearly exterminated; but the survivors gallantly rescued their standard from the disaster of the day.

[2] The valley of the Roul or Rule was till a late period chiefly inhabited by the Turnbulls, descendants of a hardy, turbulent clan, that derived its name and origin from a man of enormous strength, who rescued King Robert Bruce, when hunting in the forest of Callender, from the attack of a Scottish bison. The circumstance is mentioned by Boece in his history of Scotland. . . . From this action the name of the hero was changed from Rule to Turnbull, and he received a grant of the lands of Bedrule.

Mid yellow crow-bells, on the riv'let's banks,
Where knotted rushes twist in matted ranks,
The breeze, that trembles through the whistling bent,
Sings in his placid ear of sweet content,
And wanton blows with eddies whirling weak
His yellow hair across his ruddy cheek.
His is the lulling music of the rills,
Where, drop by drop, the scanty current spills
Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,
Or filters through the yellow, hairy moss.
'Tis his, recumbent by the well-spring clear,
When leaves are broad, and oats are in the ear,
And marbled clouds contract the arch on high,
To read the changes of the flecker'd sky;
What bodes the fiery drake at sultry noon;
What rains or winds attend the changing moon,
When circles round her disk of yellowish hue
Portentous close, while yet her horns are new;
Or, when the evening sky looks mild and gray,
If crimson tints shall streak the opening day.
Such is the science to the peasant dear,
Which guides his labour through the varied year;
While he, ambitious mid his brother swains
To shine, the pride and wonder of the plains,
Can in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,
As close their petals, read the measur'd hours,
Or tell, as short or tall his shadow falls,
How clicks the clock within the manse's walls.

Though with the rose's flaring crimson dye
The heath-flower's modest blossom ne'er can vie,
Nor to the bland caresses of the gale
Of morn, like her, expand the purple veil,
The swain, who mid her fragrance finds repose,
Prefers her tresses to the gaudy rose,
And bids the wild bee, her companion, come
To soothe his slumbers with her airy hum.

Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun
Retiring still for converse with the sun,
Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,
And from thy cells the honied dew-bell scoop,
Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,
Yet boast, thou rival of the purpling vine!
For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh
In pearly cups, which monarchs lov'd to quaff;
And frequent wake the wild inspired lay,
On Teviot's hills, beneath the Pictish sway.

When clover-fields have lost their tints of green,
And beans are full, and leaves are blanch'd and lean,
And winter's piercing breath prepares to drain
The thin green blood from every poplar's vein,
How grand the scene yon russet down displays,
While far the withering heaths with moor-burn blaze!
The pillar'd smoke ascends with ashen gleam;
Aloft in air the arching flashes stream;
With rushing, crackling noise the flames aspire,
And roll one deluge of devouring fire;
The timid flocks shrink from the smoky heat,
Their pasture leave, and in confusion bleat,
With curious look the flaming billows scan,
As whirling gales the red combustion fan.

So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,
And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,
Grind their silicious joints with ceaseless ire,
Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,
A brazen light bedims the burning sky,
And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye;
The forest roars, where crimson surges play,
And flash through lurid night infernal day;
Floats far and loud the hoarse, discordant yell
Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell
While boa-snakes to wet savannahs trail
Awkward a lingering, lazy length of tail;
The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,
To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore;
Curb'd of their rage, hyenas gaunt are tame,
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

But far remote, ye careful shepherds, lead
Your wanton flocks to pasture on the mead,
While from the flame the bladed grass is young,
Nor crop the slender spikes that scarce have sprung;
Else your brown heaths to sterile wastes you doom,
While frisking lambs regret the heath-flower's bloom!
And ah! when smiles the day and fields are fair,
Let the black smoke ne'er clog the burden'd air!
Or soon, too soon, the transient smile shall fly,
And chilling mildews ripen in the sky,
The heartless flocks shrink shivering from the cold,
Reject the fields, and linger in the fold.

Lo! in the vales, where wandering riv'lets run,
The fleecy mists shine gilded in the sun,
Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale
Unfurls no more its lightly skimming sail,
But through the hoary flakes that fall like snow
Gleams in ethereal hue the watery bow.
'Tis ancient Silence, rob'd in thistle-down,
Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown;
His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,
While curling fogs compose his airy throne;
Serenely still, self-pois'd, he rests on high,
And soothes each infant breeze that fans the sky.
The mists ascend—the mountains scarce are free,
Like islands floating in a billowy sea;
While on their chalky summits glimmering dance
The sun's last rays across the gray expanse:
As sink the hills in waves that round them grow,
The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow;
The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurl'd,
As ocean once embrac'd the prostrate wor'

So round Caffraria's cape the polar storm
Collects black spiry clouds of dragon form:
Flash livid lightnings o'er the blackening deep,
Whose mountain-waves in silent horror sleep;
The sanguine sun, again emerging bright,
Darts through the clouds long watery lines of light;
The deep, congeal'd to lead, now heaves again,
While foamy surges furrow all the main;
Broad shallows whiten in tremendous row;
Deep gurgling murmurs echo from below;
And o'er each coral reef the billows come and go.

Oft have I wander'd in my vernal years
Where Ruberslaw his misty summit rears,
And, as the fleecy surges clos'd amain,
To gain the top have trac'd that shelving lane,
Where every shallow stripe of level grain,
That winding runs the shatter'd crags between,
Is rudely notch'd across the grassy rind
In awkward letters by the rural hind.
When fond and faithful swains assemble gay,
To meet their loves on rural holiday,
The trace of each obscure, decaying name
Of some fond pair records the secret flame.
And here the village maiden bends her way,
When vows are broke and fading charms decay,
Sings her soft sorrow to the mountain gale,
And weeps that love's delusions e'er should fail.
Here too the youthful widow comes, to clear
From weeds a name to fond affection dear:
She pares the sod, with bursting heart, and cries,
"The hand that trac'd it in the cold grave lies!"

Ah, dear Aurelia! when this arm shall guide
Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
When I to pine in eastern realms have gone,
And years have pass'd, and thou remain'st alone,
Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,
Regard the turf where first I carv'd thy name,
And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,
False to his heart, was ever true to thee?
Why bend so sad that kind, regretful view,
As every moment were my last adieu?
Ah! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,
Nor break the tortur'd heart that bleeds for thee.
That snowy cheek, that moist and gelid brow,
Those quivering lips that breathe the unfinish'd vow,
These eyes, that still with dimming tears o'erflow,
Will haunt me when thou canst not see my woe.
Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,
Mine eyes reverted linger o'er the main;
But, sad, as he that dies in early spring,
When flowers begin to blow and larks to sing,
When nature's joy a moment warms his heart,
And makes it doubly hard with life to part,
I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,
And fearful listen for the flapping sail,
Seek in these natal shades a short relief,
And still a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes, in these shades this fond, adoring mind
Had hop'd in thee a dearer self to find,
Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,
And wonder it so long remain'd unseen;
Hop'd those seducing graces might impart
Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,
While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,
Fond thought! should borrow manlier beams from mine.
Ah, fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be!
Shall but this lonely heart survive to me?
No! in the temple of my purer mind
Thine imag'd form shall ever live enshrin'd,
And hear the vows, to first affection due,
Still breath'd—for love that ceases ne'er was true.

LINES TO MRS. CHARLES BULLER.[1]

That bonnet's pride, that tartan's flow,
My soul with wild emotion fills,
Methinks I see in fancy's glow
A princess from the land of hills.

O! for a fairy's hand to trace
The rainbow tints that rise to view,
That slender form of sweeter grace
Than e'er Malvina's poet drew.

Her brilliant eye, her streaming hair,
Her skin's soft splendour to display,
The finest pencil must despair,
Till it can paint the solar ray.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

[1] These hitherto unpublished verses were addressed to Mrs. Charles Buller by Dr. Leyden on seeing her, about 1805, in a Highland dress at a ball in Calcutta. This lady, *née* Barbara Isabella Kirkpatrick, was the second daughter of Colonel William Kirkpatrick of the British army, and the mother of the celebrated Charles Buller. – Ed.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

"'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'"

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray.
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O! shun the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

"If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and writhed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge
That streaks with foam the ocean green:
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow.
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say.
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay.

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair.
And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell:
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid langnor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung.

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

"Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight scene

"And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

"Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein;

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet-down, proud swelled her breast,
Her eye confessed the pearly tear:
His hand she to her bosom pressed,
"Is there no heart for rapture here?

"These limbs sprung from the lucid sea.
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love;
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

"E'en now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbed fin the main.

"Dwell here alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return,
It kindles at thy cold disdain,
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon
He heard afar the mermaid sing;
And oft to many a melting tune
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain:
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad;
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns
The charm-bound sailors know the day:
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.

A gentle vision comes by night
  My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
  Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
  Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
  I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
  To roam in climes unkind and new.
  The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
  Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
  A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
  Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
  From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
  Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
  Fair star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
  Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror stream,
  To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
  To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
  The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light,
  Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
  When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
  That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
  As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
  In love's delicious ecstacy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
  That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
  But sweeter to be lov'd again.

THE RETURN AFTER ABSENCE.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUDEKI.)

Oh! the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,
Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall meet;
And the rocks of the desert, so rough where we roam,
Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home;
The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through their speed,
Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.

Rejoice, O Bokhara, and flourish for aye!
Thy king comes to meet thee, and long shall he stay.
Our king is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,
Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall rise—
Bokhara our orchard, the cypress our king,
In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destined to spring.

SONNET ON SABBATH MORN.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
  That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
  A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
  And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
  The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
  The sun a placid yellow lustre throws:
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
  Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose.
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
  So smil'd the day when the first morn arose!

JAMES SCADLOCK.

Born 1775 — Died 1818.

James Scadlock, one of the minor minstrels of Scotland, and a friend of Robert Tannahill, was born at Paisley, October 7, 1775. He was at first apprenticed to a weaver, but feeling dissatisfied with the vocation selected for him, he abandoned it after a year's trial, and obtained employment in a bookbinder's establishment. Before attaining his majority he turned himself to copperplate engraving, and became an accomplished engraver. From his boyhood he had been addicted to verse-making, and having made the acquaintance of Tannahill, he became ambitious to distinguish himself, as his friend had already done by his beautiful lyrics. Scadlock, by his judicious praise and excellent judgment, also stimulated his friend Tannahill to greater efforts. He continued to pursue the business of copperplate engraving until he was thrown out of employment by a general stagnation of trade. After a period of inactivity he obtained work at Perth, where he remained a year, returning again to Paisley. He continued to write songs, and to improve himself in drawing and painting and by the study of classical literature and the modern languages, as well as by cultivating the society of Tannahill and other kindred spirits. He died of fever July 4, 1818, leaving a wife and four children, for whose benefit his poems and songs were collected and published. "October Winds," and several other lyrics by Scadlock, still enjoy no small degree of popularity in his native land.

HARK, HARK, THE SKYLARK SINGING.

Hark, hark, the skylark singing,
While the early clouds are bringing
Fragrance on their wings;
Still, still on high he's soaring,
Through the liquid haze exploring,
Fainter now he sings.
Where the purple dawn is breaking,
Fast approaches morning's ray,
From his wings the dew he's shaking
As he joyful hails the day,
While echo, from his slumbers waking,
Imitates his lay.

See, see the ruddy morning,
With his blushing locks adorning
Mountain, wood, and vale;
Clear, clear the dewdrop's glancing,
As the rising sun's advancing
O'er the eastern hill;
Now the distant summits clearing,
As the vapours steal their way,
And his heath-clad breast's appearing,
Tinged with Phœbus' golden ray,
Far down the glen the blackbird's cheering
Morning with her lay.

Come, then, let us be straying,
Where the hazel boughs are playing
O'er yon summits gray;
Mild now the breeze is blowing,
And the crystal streamlet's flowing
Gently on its way.
On its banks the wild rose springing,
Welcomes in the sunny ray,
Wet with dew its head is hinging,
Bending low the prickly spray;
Then haste, my love, while birds are singing
To the new-born day.

OCTOBER WINDS.

October winds, wi' biting breath,
Now nip the leaves that's yellow fading:
Nae gowans glint upon the green,
Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's cleading.
As through the woods I musing gang
Nae birdies cheer me frae the bushes,
Save little robin's lanely sang,
Wild warbling where the burnie gushes

The sun is jogging down the brae,
Dimly through the mist he's shining,
And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass
As day resigns his throne to e'ening.
Oft let me walk at twilight gray,
To view the face of dying nature,
Till spring again, wi' mantle green,
Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

ALONG BY LEVERN STREAM.

Along by Levern stream so clear,
When spring adorns the infant year,
And music charms the list'ning ear,
I'll wander with my Mary,
My bonny, blooming Mary;
Not spring itself to me is dear,
When absent from my Mary.

When summer's sun pours on my head
His sultry rays I'll seek the shade,
Unseen upon a primrose bed
I'll sit with little Mary,
My bonny, blooming Mary;
Where fragrant flowers around are spread,
To charm my little Mary.

She's mild's the sun through April shower,
That glances on the leafy bower,
She's sweet as Flora's fav'rite flower,
My bonny little Mary,
My blooming little Mary;
Give me but her, no other dower
I'll ask with little Mary.

Should fickle fortune frown on me,
And leave me bare's the naked tree,
Possess'd of her how rich I'd be,
My lovely little Mary,
My bonny, blooming Mary;
From gloomy care and sorrow free
I'd ever keep my Mary.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

BORN 1775 — DIED 1822.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart., the author of a number of very popular Scottish songs, was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, and a grandson of Lord Auchinleck. He was born October 9, 1775, and received his education at Westminster School and the University of Oxford. On the death of his father in 1795 he succeeded to the paternal estate of Auchinleck, and after a tour of Europe took up his residence in the family mansion. Inheriting his father's love of literature, and deriving from his mother a taste for elegant accomplishments, he by reading and study became a highly cultivated gentleman. From his boyhood he had been passionately fond of the ballad poetry of his native land, and indulged in the pastime of poetic composition, the results of which appeared in a small volume published anonymously in 1803, and entitled "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." Subsequently he contributed to "Thomson's Collection," and Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." In 1810 appeared an amusing poem, "Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty, a sketch of Former Manners, with notes, by Simon Gray," followed the year after by "Clan-Alpin's Vow, a Fragment." The latter poem, founded upon a terrible tragedy connected with the clan Macgregor, was perhaps the most popular of all his productions. Boswell's latest poetical work, entitled "Skeldon Haughs, or the Sow is Flitted," is a tale founded on a traditionary story regarding an Ayrshire feud of the fifteenth century between the Crawfords and the Kennedys. It appeared in 1816. From his private printing-press at Auchinleck appeared various fragmentary poems, ballads, burlesques, and songs of his own composition, besides reprints of a number of rare and curious brochures, chiefly tracts preserved in the Auchinleck library. One of these was the disputation between John Knox and Quentin Kennedy at Maybole in 1562, of which at that time his own was the only copy known; another

has since been discovered. A complete edition of Boswell's Poems, with a memoir by Robert Howie Smith, was issued in 1871.

To Sir Alexander Boswell we are chiefly indebted for the erection of the Burns Monument on the banks of the classic Doon. With a friend who like himself was an enthusiastic admirer of Scotland's greatest poet, and who warmly approved of the design, he advertised in the papers that a meeting would be held at Ayr on a certain day, to take into consideration the proposal of erecting a monument to Robert Burns. The day and hour arrived, but save the projectors not a single individual was present. Nothing disheartened, Boswell took the chair, and his friend proceeded to act as clerk; resolutions were proposed, seconded, and recorded, thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned. These resolutions being published and circulated, were the means of raising by public subscription nearly two thousand pounds. Sir Alexander laid the foundation stone January 25, 1820.

At a time of great political excitement he unfortunately wrote and published some personal pasquinades, for one of which he received a challenge from James Stuart of Duncarn, a leading member of the Liberal party in Edinburgh, which was promptly accepted, the parties meeting near the village of Auchtertool in Fifeshire, March 26, 1822. Feeling himself in the wrong, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his antagonist; but Stuart's shot took effect; the unfortunate baronet fell, mortally wounded. He was carried to Balmuto in the vicinity, where he expired the following day, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Auchinleck.

Sir Alexander was a member of parliament for his native county, and lieutenant-colonel of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry, devoting much time to drilling and disciplining his troops. The corps afterwards acknowledged his services by presenting him with a handsome testimonial. In 1821 his zeal and patriotism were rewarded by the honour of a baronetcy. He was much devoted to elegant pursuits, was a member of the celebrated Roxburghe Club, and in his earlier years was fond of field sports. He was full of anecdote and humour, and a general favourite in society. Had he been a poorer and socially humbler man than he was—had he had his bread and position to make like so many of Scotland's sweetest singers—he would probably have achieved immortality. Some of his songs are as familiar as household words, though their author is comparatively unknown—as, for instance, the song of parental farewell beginning—

> "Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a',
> Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart,"

and ending with this fine and genial touch:—

> "The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
> Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
> Yer ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
> Anither's aye hae heart to feel:
> So, ere I set I'll see you shine,
> I'll see ye triumph ere I fa';
> My parting breath shall boast you mine—
> Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

Boswell's "Jenny dang the Weaver," "Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle," and "Jenny's Bawbee," are of another character, and display considerable comic humour, as well as the peculiar spirit of the man, which consisted in hitting off the deeper and typical characteristics of Scottish life with an easy touch that brings it all home at once. His compositions seem as if they were the spontaneous expressions of nature, rather than the result of efforts of talent or genius.

THE HIGH STREET OF EDINBURGH.

(FROM EDINBURGH, OR THE ANCIENT ROYALTY.)

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth, the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madifies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,

Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening easements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Link'd, six a row, six hours in Princes Street;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then at the Cross each joined the motley mob—
"How are ye, Tam? and how's a' wi' ye, Bob?"
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would mourn his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill.
. . . . . .
Yes, mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There, 'midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven,
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
And there an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
But mark that motley group, in various garb—
There vice begins to form her rankling barb;
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss;
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs and faces lang;
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, "Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel'
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee."

The first, a Captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he had through a' the toon,
But tradesmen's tongues nae mair could droon;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup;
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie it till a tree.
What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'-boxes and tubs,
A Thing came neist (but life has rubs):
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
Ah! wae's me!
A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girned "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gang comb his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig;
The Fool cry'd, "Te-hee!
I kent that I could never fail!"
She priu'd the dishclout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie came, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel',
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

AULD GUDEMAN.

Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle;
A' the lang day ye are winkin', drinkin', gapin', gauntin';
O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,
Ill-faur'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Heeh, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;
Will ye ha'e walth, troth; but, Gude be praised! the *wit's* awantin'.
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.
Mak na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man;
Ye get fou, auld man;
Fye shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man;
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to cleid your back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife;
It's your tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife.
fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolic, jest and frolic.
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
In't werena just aiblins to cure the cholick, cure the cholick,
Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, auld gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon—soon to tak a cholick, whan it brings a cappy;
But twascore o' years we ha'e fought thegither, fought thegither;
Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,
Ower lang, auld John;
For nought, gude John,
We ha'e fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far ower feckless now to fecht.

Ye're richt, gudewife;
The nicht, gudewife,
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a',
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan,
Frae boasting foes their banners tore;
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the waud'rer came,
I gave him of our hardy fare—
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear:
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
Yer ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So ere I set I'll see you shine;
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange
To live at a court, and yet never to change;
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe.
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country and king I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;

I've done what I could for my country's weal,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannocks o' barley meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side!
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,
Whilst violets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.
Taste life's, &c.

Though tim'rous Nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Yet, ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.
Taste life's, &c.

To him who spleen and envy flies,
And meek contentment well can prize,
The humble plant a tree shall rise
Which golden fruit will yield him.
Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distressed,
There shall contentment build her nest,
And flutter round his bosom.
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand,
Thus onward to a better land,
Man journeys light and cheer'ly.
Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willie's wedding o' the green,
The lassies, bonnie witches!
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches;
Auld Maysie bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock wad na believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver:
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel,
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat doun, then he sat doun,
And till her wad be gabbin';
Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her;
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
Gude haith, I needna swither;
Ye've bonnie een, and gif ye're kind
I needna court anither;
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried, Pheugh,
And bade the fool no deave her;
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

COME, REST YE HERE.

Come, rest ye here, Johnnie; what news frae the south?
Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drouth;
Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,
I'm fear'd, John, to spier if my Jamie's in being?

Aye, troth, lass, they're landed, and norward they're comin',
In braw order marching, wi' fifing and drummin':
I sell't my gray plaid, my cauld winter's warm happin',
To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.
Your father's gude-brither, the sergeant, wi' glee
Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughing, quo' he,
"Ye're owre auld to list, or ye'd rug this fast frae me—
Mair drink here!"

But, John, O, nae news o' poor Jamie?

The deil's i' the lassie! there's nought in her noddle
But Jamie, ay Jamie; she cares na ae boddle
For gray-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,
The chiel's safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?

He's weel! Gude be praised, my dear laddie is weel!
Sic news! hech man, John, ye're a sonsy auld chiel!
I'm doited!—or daiz'd!—it's fu' time I were rinnin'—
The wark might be done or I think o' beginnin';
I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,
And link owre the hills where the caller wind blaws,
And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,
And dorty nae mair—O I'll part wi' him never!

EWEN MACLACHLAN.

Born 1775 — Died 1822.

Ewen MacLachlan, a Highland poet and philologist, was born at Torracalltuinn, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. While yet a child his parents removed to Fort-William, where he had an opportunity of attending the grammar-school of that village. Ewen soon took rank among the first five on the master's list of merit in a school attended by 150 scholars, and on the completion of his studies he spent several years as a tutor in Lochaber. Devoted to classical learning, and cultivating the Gaelic muse, his career was at this period a peaceful and happy one, to which in after years he looked back with delight. In 1798 there was published at Edinburgh a volume of poetry by Allan MacDougal, to which MacLachlan contributed several pieces, including a translation of Pope's "Messiah," "Dain nan Aimsirean," and "Dan mu Chonaltradh." The same year he entered the University of St. Andrews, where he took the degree of A.M. with honours. Entering the divinity hall he distinguished himself there also as an ardent and successful student. On completing his theological studies, instead of following the usual course, and taking a license as a preacher, MacLachlan became assistant-librarian of King's College, and head-master of the grammar-school of Old Aberdeen, positions which he occupied till his death, March 29, 1822, in the forty-seventh year of his age. In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, the poet on his death-bed directed that his body should be buried with the ashes of his ancestors at the foot of his native mountains: *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.* Every mark of respect was paid to his memory at Aberdeen, and on the 15th of April the mortal remains of Ewen MacLachlan, preceded by the wild wail of the pibroch, and escorted by an immense assemblage of his Lochaber friends and admirers, were laid by the side of his father's grave. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps the sweet Highland poet, without a stone to mark his last resting-place.

MacLachlan was the compiler of the Gaelic-English department of the Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary, a work of immense labour,

and an abiding monument of his thorough knowledge, not only of Scottish Gaelic and its cognate dialects, but of the Arabic, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Persian, and other oriental tongues. He also enjoys an enviable reputation as a poet. His Greek and Latin odes have been by competent judges pronounced as second only to George Buchanan's, while the same authorities consider his translation into Gaelic heroic verse of the "Iliad" of Homer to be "deserving of great praise for its fidelity to the original, at the same time that the versification, in its fulness and freeness, its eloquence and grandeur, is truly Homeric."

A DREAM.[1]

"Dreams descend from Jove."—POPE'S HOMER.

Late was the hour. With weary toil opprest
My spirits crav'd the fresh'ning balm of rest.
On the soft down with outstretcht limbs I lay,
When thought through devious glooms began to stray:
'Twas thus I mus'd:—"Great God! how vain is man!
His strength, a moth's! his term of life, a span!
His hopes, a bubble! all his fairy schemes
Confusion's tow'r, a moon-struck maniac's dreams!
O fool! on earthly props to build his trust,
When the next hour may blend those props with dust!
Dear BEATTIE! soul of worth! for ever gone!
Heav'n's planet quench'd, ere half its glory shone!—
Just as a grateful country wove the bays,
To crown thee with the well-earn'd meed of praise!
Ah! who could dream that fate had form'd the snare
For manhood's blooming prime—for worth so rare!
The precious lodge of that transcendent mind
By all the golden stores of wit refin'd,
Reason's own Fane—a mass of lifeless clay,
And those exalted powers—a vapour flown away!
But Nature, Conscience, and the God above
Proclaim my fears absurd: for God is *love!*
The wondrous fates that rule the earth and skies
Are God's supreme decrees: and God is wise!
He gives and takes his own! then, thought, be still,
And learn submission to the sov'reign will!
As thus I ponder'd, thoughts came crowding fast,
Empty and vagrant as the veering blast;
A thousand forms th' illusive imps assume
By Fancy textur'd in her magic loom;
Sporting along, th' unnumber'd phantoms glide,
In no determin'd channel flow'd the tide;
Thick-streaming swarms all op'ning portals send;
These, in one undistinguish'd whirlpool blend;
Till Reason left her charge, and sleep profound
In its soft chains th' abstracted senses drown'd.
In vision trane'd, methought I roam'd alone
Through dismal wastes where not a starlet shone:
Down the tall forests rush'd the winds amain,
Heav'n pour'd its torrents o'er the floated plain:
The rest, my verse, unfold, along thy changeful[2] strain.

ODE.

What thick'ning glooms o'erspread the dreary scene!
Black-vested Darkness on his throne of clouds,
Apparent monarch of the vast domain,
Hath stretch'd his veil o'er mountains, fields, and floods!
Fierce Boreas raves athwart the starless skies,
Before him driving all the vap'ry world:
In mountains see the battling deeps arise,
A roaring waste, in wild confusion hurl'd!
See! see! whence yon keen-dazzling flash?
Creation in one blaze of fire!
Yon horrid, heart-appalling crash
To conscience speaks th' Eternal's ire!
Flash after flash, and peal on peal
Add tenfold horror to the gloom!
The mountains on their bases reel,
All Nature's works the tumult feel.
And Chaos gaping threats a gen'ral tomb!

Anon! upon the whirlwind's blast,
From orb to orb Jehovah's tow'rs!
Creation, through its boundless vast
Did homage to the Pow'r of pow'rs!
"Hush, uproar!" said all nature's Lord;
Uproar obeyed th' Omnific word!
Fierce turbulence was calm'd to peace,
The bolts expire, the thunders cease:

[1] Written subsequent to the death of James Beattie, professor of humanity and natural history in Marischal College, Aberdeen, who died Oct. 4, 1810.—ED.

[2] The measure of the ode is irregular, excepting in the two anthems.

The hurricane's all-rending breath,
Hush'd by the voice, was still as death!
The ocean's billowy empire strown
Like a great glassy pavement shone:
Aloft the vap'ry columns rise
In thin white flakes dispers'd o'er all the skies,
The azure dome high swelling to the view,
While Night's red-trembling fires illume th' unmeasur'd blue.

When lo! where Jove the space adorns,
Girt by his circumvolving fires,
Between the Bull's refulgent horns,
And the gay Pleiads' dancing choirs,
Methought there shot a lucid tide
Effusive billowing o'er the sky,
As a huge ocean, far and wide
O'erflowing all the tracts on high;
Thick, and more thick, the inundation roll'd,
It seem'd descending to our world below,
Myriads of figures fledg'd with wings of gold,
Rank above rank, the circling orders glow:
Myriads of spirits, once who bore
The cumb'ring load of mortal clay,
Now starry crowns in triumph wore,
And look'd like blazing orbs of day:
Of ev'ry creed, of ev'ry tongue,[1]
Of ev'ry age, from pole to pole,
The first-born church,[2] in one harmonious throng,
One gracious Father of the world extol:
From the five zones of our terrestrial ball,
Jews, Brahmins, Turks, and Christians, side by side,
In one great host ador'd the God of all,
And Him who for the worst offenders died.

That moment, in my wond'ring view,
Just issu'd from the mortal frame,
Ascending on th' aereal blue,
(BEATTIE was once his earthly name;)
With a fair angel,[3] such as guards the good,
High on the vapour's ridgy breast he stood:
Aloft to meet the radiant pomp they sail'd;
A general shout the soul's arrival hail'd,
Loud as of thunder roll'd through turbid clouds,
Or the hoarse roar of Ocean's rushing floods!
All heav'n's melodious minstrelsy was strung,
While harp and voice attuned, this anthem sung:

Welcome, welcome, earthly guest!
Welcome from thy home of clay!
Welcome to Immanuel's feast!
Welcome to the thrones of day!

Bid adieu to trembling fears,
Mercy blots each guilty stain;
Bid adieu to grief and tears;
Sin and death no more can pain!

Welcome to the realm of love
Purchas'd by Immanuel's blood!
Welcome to th' excursive rove
Through the boundless works of God!

Welcome from the stormy main!
Welcome to the peaceful shore!
Welcome to thy friends again,
Now rejoin'd, to part no more!

Welcome to the vital tree,
Fraught with sweets that never cloy!
Welcome to the mystic Three!
Welcome to perennial joy!

So hymn'd the choral bands. Th' enraptur'd guest,
At once transform'd, a sp'rit[4] of light became:
A crown of sparkling stars his temples grac'd;
Redundant round him wav'd his train of flame!
An awful majesty adorn'd his brow;
His cheeks with morning's loveliest blushes glow!
He breath'd celestial sweets; his angel-eye
Outshone the planet of the ev'ning sky;
What late convulsive throbb'd in fev'rish clay,
Now bloom'd immortal youth amidst the hosts of day!
A globe of shining forms inclos'd him round,
Palms in their hands, their heads with garlands crown'd;
These deck'd him with a wreath that burn'd like fire,
And there, with Christ's elect, he tun'd his golden lyre!
At once, th' august assembly sail'd along
Through the great void, on clouds of radiance borne,
Numbers, unnumber'd as the flow'ry throng.
The stars of night, or glitt'ring dews of morn!
The pomp ascending on th' aereal gales,
O'er all the sky the floating music swells:
Heav'n's arch their peals of "Hallelujah!" rings,
While thus, in choir, they praise the King of kings:

Æthereal thrones! with one accord,
"Now let us join and praise the Lord!"[5]
Through all his spacious works ador'd,
Jehovah's might be sung!
When Darkness brooded o'er the wild,
Effulgence at his mandate smil'd,
And Beauty, Order's loveliest child,
From dire confusion sprung.

He launch'd upon the voids of space
The hosts of rolling orbs that trace

[1] Genesis xii. 3—xv. 5; Rev. viii. 9, 10—xxi. 24-26; Acts x. 28-34, 35.
[2] Heb. xii. 22-24. [3] Ps. xxxiv. 7.

[4] "And chiefly, O thou *Sp'rit*, who dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure."
—*Milton.*

[5] These were almost the last words uttered by an amiable pupil of the author's, who died in old Aberdeen, May 6, 1810, after two days' illness. Eheu! quam tenui pendent mortalia filo!

From age to age the destin'd race
Their central suns around:
His arm supports the mighty frame!
He smiles! Creation shouts acclaim!
He frowns! red bolts disruptive flame,
And all her spheres confound!

Æthereal thrones! adore the plan
Whose depths in vain we try to scan,
The work of sov'reign grace for man,
A fallen world to save!
The glories of the cross resound,
The streaming blood, the gaping wound,
In brazen chains the dragon bound,
The triumph o'er the grave!

When, answ'ring to the notes sublime
That spheres along their orbits chime,
The hours began to measure time,
We sung Immanuel's praise!
His name shall with Jehovah's blend,
When time hath reach'd his destin'd end,
And suns and planets all ascend
In one devouring blaze!

Then death, and sin, and hell shall die,
His ransom'd, then, shall mount on high,
Along the wide empyreal sky,
With angel-hosts to rove:
A new creation rise again,
Exempt from darkness, guilt, and pain,
And all existence sing the reign
Of universal love!
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!

As thus they chanted to their harps of gold,
And wide thro' echoing space their music roll'd,
Behold a wondrous scene! from either end
The vast-disparting concave seem'd to rend!
A blaze as of ten thousand thousand suns,
From GLORY'S SOURCE in dreadful effluence runs,
Kindling th' immense! In this abyss of light
The host was wrapt—thick darkness veil'd my sight,
And all the splendid dream, dissolving, mix'd with night.

———

THE MAVIS OF THE CLAN.[1]

Clan Lachlan's tuneful mavis, I sing on the branches early,
And such my love of song, I sleep but half the night-tide rarely;
No raven I, of greedy maw, no kite of bloody beak,
No bird of devastating claw, but a woodland songster meek.
I love the apple's infant bloom, my ancestry have fared
For ages on the nourishment the orchard hath prepared.
Their hey-day was the summer, their joy the summer's dawn,
And their dancing-floor it was the green leaf's velvet lawn.
Their song it was the carol that defiance bade to care,
And their breath of life it was the summer's balmiest air.
. . . . . .
The sun is on his flashing march, his golden hair abroad,
It seems as on the mountain-side of beams a furnace glow'd.
Now melts the honey from all flowers, and now a dew o'erspreads
(A dew of fragrant blessedness) all the grasses of the meads.
Nor least in my remembrance is my country's flowering heather,
Whose russet crest nor cold, nor sun, nor sweep of gale may wither;
Dear to my eye the symbol wild, that loves, like me, the side
Of my own Highland mountains, that I climb in love and pride.

Dear tribes of nature! co-mates ye of nature's wandering son—
I hail the lambs that on the floor of milky pastures run;
I hail the mother flocks, that, wrapp'd in warm and sheltering fleece,
Defy the landward tempest's roar, defy the seaward breeze.
The streams they drink are waters of the ever-gushing well,
Those streams, oh, how they wind around the swellings of the dell!
The flowers they browse are mantles spread o'er pastures wide and far,
As mantle o'er the firmament the stars, each flower a star!
I will not name each sister beam, but clustering there I see
The beauty of the purple-bell, the daisy of the lea.—

Of every hue I mark them, the many-spotted kine,
The dun, the brindled, and the dark, and blends the white its shine;
And 'mid the Highlands rude I see the frequent furrows swell,
With the barley and the corn that Scotland loves so well.
. . . . . .

[1] In this allegorical composition the poet assumes the character of a song-bird, a not uncommon custom among the Gaelic bards, several of whom assume the character of the "mavis" of their own clan.—ED.

And now I close my clannish lay, with blessings
on the shade
That bids the mavis sing her song, well-nurtured,
undismay'd—
The shade where bloom and cresses, and the ear-
honey'd heather,
Are smiling fair, and dwelling in their brother-
hood together;
For the sun is setting largely, and blinks my eye
its ken;
'Tis time to loose the strings, I ween, and close
my wildwood strain.

THE MELODY OF LOVE.[1]

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the
shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore;
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the
pail,
Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of
the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's
high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dews on the morning of
May.

As the planet of Venus, that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love;
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon when the stars are bedimm'd with
her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless, the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet
strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with
flowers,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from
the bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella
I'll rove,
And feast, unrestrained, on the smiles of my love.

THOMAS M. CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1776 — DIED 1834.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM was born at Culfaud, Kirkcudbright, June 25, 1776. He received his education at the village school of Kellieston, not far from Dumfries, and subsequently at the Dumfries Academy. His father's circumstances being much reduced by unfortunate farming speculations, it became needful that Thomas should learn some trade, and he was accordingly apprenticed by his own desire to a mill-wright. It was during intervals of leisure, while acquiring a knowledge of his laborious occupation, that he first composed verses, which, being submitted to his father's notice, were highly praised. In 1797 he obtained employment at Rotherham, near Sheffield, and a few years later entered the establishment of Rennie, the celebrated London engineer. He afterwards became foreman to Mr. Dickson, also an engineer, and superintendent of Fowler's chain-cable manufactory. In 1812 he returned to Rennie's establishment as a clerk, and was ultimately promoted to the position of chief clerk, with a liberal salary. He was much esteemed by his employer, being noted for his regularity and industry.

On leaving his father's house to seek his fortune, Thomas Cunningham had been advised by friends to abjure his poetical proclivities, and he seems for a time to have followed their advice. For a period of nine years nothing appeared from his pen. At length, in 1806, he became a contributor to the *Scots Magazine*, the editor of which was enthusiastic in praising his compositions. James Hogg, also a contributor, took pains to discover the author, and sent him an epistle expressive of his admiration. An intimacy ensued between the poets, which ever after continued, and when the Shepherd planned the *Forest Minstrel* he made application to his friend Cunningham for contributions. No less than twenty-five of the songs contained

[1] The first verse of this lyric was composed by a lady. The poet completed it in Gaelic, and then translated the whole into English.—ED.