

A SCOTTISH SYREN.

(The following lines were addressed to Miss Ellen Kennedy, at the termination of a vocal tour through Canada by the celebrated "Kennedy family.")

As when, through clouds dark-frowning, driven
Across the midnight vault of heaven,
Smiles on some lone belated wight,
Sudden, a star of beauty bright,
That with its gloom-dispelling ray
Quick-chases all his fears away,
Till, lo! as sudden from his ken
'Tis gone, and all is dark again!
'Twas thus upon my pathway drear,—
A stranger long to Scotland dear—
Her music sweet, her wealth of song—
The tartan sheen—the Doric tongue—
Thou camest, Nature's own bright child!
To cheer me with thy "wood-notes wild."
Such music! O thou Syren sweet!
I could have kissed thy very feet
What time the tuneful keys along
Thy fairy fingers moved, and flung
Such wealth of melody around
As made yon hall seem hallowed ground,
And thou—less of Earth's daughters fair
Than some bright spirit of the air!

Ye've marked some sky-lark, singing sweet
High up above earth's dust and din,
Stop sudden, as if heaven's gate
Had ope'd and let her in:

'Twas thus it seemed, each time withdrew
 My bird of beauty from my view,—
 Withdrawing only to enhance
 The joys that each return attend,
 Keeping my heart's tumultuous dance
 Increasing to the end.

O "nicht" of rapture so complete !
 Alas, the morn my song-bird sweet
 Flew hence afar ! while here am I
 In gloom still deeper than before,
 Much fearing that so great a joy
 May mine be nevermore !

Thou'rt gone — yet still, in thought, I trace
 Thy faultless form, thy winsome face
 Beaming with intellect and grace,—
 Thy sunny smile, thy forehead fair,
 The gleaming of thy auburn hair,
 And all the other graces rare,
 Which with me, spite of time and tide,
 A "joy forever" shall abide !
 Thou'rt gone, yet evermore to me
 Thy name will wake the memory
 Of dear old Scotia's hills and haughs,
 Her woody dells, and sylvan shaws,—
 Her matchless Rants, and Lilts and Reels
 So dear to Highland hearts and heels,
 From *Fuidhle Thulachain's* delights,
 And *Gille Callum's* airy flights,
 To *Tullochgorum's* whirls and flings,
 And famous Neil's immortal springs !*

* Neil Gow, the composer of many of Scotland's most popular Reels and Strathspeys.

Yet most of all, bewitching elf !
 Whene'er I think of thee,
Loves long since laid on memory's shelf
 Again revive in me ;
Maidens as lovely as thyself
 In laughing groups I see,—
Now, at " the milking o' the fauld,"
 Now, " when the kye come hame,"
Now, by " the Birks of Invercauld,"
 And now by Aray's stream,
Fond fancy, roaming free as wind,
One after one, the long-lost find,
And with a loving, ready will,
Paints each dear charmer charming still !
Well might a bard be proud to please
And sing of maidens such as these ;
Small wonder Scotia's bards always
Sing best whene'er they sing *their* praise,—
Those darling girls whose graces rare
Might make the coldest lover there
Less lover than idolator !

Long may old Scotia's sons rejoice
In lays so worthy of her choice ;
Long may such minstrels as thy sire
Be hers to honour and admire ;
And aye may Scotia's daughters be
What with such joy and pride I see
The bright epitome in thee !

SONNETS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SCENERY
OF LOCH-AWE, ARGYLESHIRE.

I.

LOCH-AWE—SEEN FROM CROIS-AN-T-SLEUCHDAIDH.*

No time nor tide can dim a genuine joy ;—
 In thought I wander to that far-off day
 When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,
 And from me brought Loch-Awe a sudden cry
 Of ecstasy, as proudly to mine eye
 It spread its glories. O ! but now to be
 Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see,
 The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently !
 Here, kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky,—
 There, tower'd Ben-doran's head above the cloud,—
 While on the lake's calm breast lay, lovingly,
 Islets of which Elysium might be proud :—
 When fades that landscape from my memory,
 Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

* *Crois-an-t-sleuchlaidh* (a term suggestive of Catholic times in the West Highlands) is the name of that moorland ridge where the road from Inveraray to Dalmally reaches its highest elevation, and from which the tourist, travelling northward, obtains his first view of Loch-Awe—its bosom adorned with many islands of great beauty. Chief among those more immediately in view are *Innisfail*, famed for its sepulchral crosses ; *Innis-Druidhnich*, with its Druidical circle, and *Fraoch-Eilean*, no less distinguished by its stern, old, dilapidated castle telling its own tale of times of feud and foray.

II.

INNIS-DRUIDHINICH.

Fair Innis-druinich ! though, in this our age,
 Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,
 Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage
 From him who would, in thought, the Past explore.
 By nature sole instructed, here, of yore,
 The Druid taught his votaries to see
 In day's bright orb the great creative power
 To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee
 Beneath the branches of some old oak tree
 Tow'ring above you circle of grey stones :
 Grateful to God that better light have we,
 Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,
 And own, whate'er his faults, he reasoned well
 In choosing in this paradise to dwell !

III.

FRAOCH-EILEAN.

Fraoch's lonely isle ! if of a hermit life
 I were enamoured, 'tis on thee I'd dwell,
 Where all around, afar or near, seems rife
 With grace and grandeur more than tongue can tell.
 Yon time-worn Keep would yield a ready cell ;
 My drink would be the lake's pure crystal tide ;
 My rod and gun with fish and fowl would well
 An ample feast at any time provide.
 If ever nature's face to bard supplied
 True inspiration, 'twould, methinks, be here, —
 Loch-Awe in beauty slumbering him beside,
 The sound of distant torrents in his ear,
 And every feature of the landscape wide
 Speaking of God in language loudly clear.

IV.

THE BRANDER PASS.

Hark ! 'tis the Awe loud-moaning in its course
 Through yonder Pass, where once, in days of old,
 Lorn's haughty lord met Bruce in conflict fierce,
 And traitor dirks struck well for English gold !
 It is enough to make one's blood run cold
 To think what Scotland would have lost that day,
 If, when through that deep gorge war's tide was rolled,
 And chief met chief in battle's stern array,
 The Bruce's sword hewed not a ready way,
 Resistless through the thickest of the foe !—
 Well may his country's scorn pursue for aye
 The memory of the wretch who thus could show
 Himself too base to ever rule a Clan
 Oft found since then in Freedom's battle-van.

V.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

Lo ! yonder veteran pile by Urchay's flow—
 Kilchurn ! proud home of many a warlike chief,
 Seem'st thou there brooding o'er the long ago,
 Like some old warrior musing, in his grief,
 On years that shall return not : Time, the thief,
 Has robbed thee of thy ancient pomp and pride,
 Leaving thee there, all hopeless of relief,
 Nodding to thine own spectre in the tide.
 Thy sole friend seems the ivy spreading wide
 Its dark-green mantle round thy aged form ;
 The owl loves well within thee to abide,
 A lonely tenant, safe from all alarm ;
 While through thy halls, where beauty once enjoyed
 The minstrel's song, oft howls the midnight storm.

VI.

GLENORCHY.

Talk not to me of Tempé's classic vale,
 With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view !
 If of *its* charms he sung, I could right well
 Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
 What were his boasted groves in scent or hue
 To lady-birches and the stately pine,
 The crimson heather and the hare-bell blue ?
 Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine !
 No faun nor dryad here I care to see,
 More pleased by far to mark the bright-eyed roe
 Through Craig's green woodlands bounding airily ;
 Nor less the joy when, in the glen below,
 Some milking Hebe sings her *luinneag* free,
 All hearts enchanting with its graceful flow !

VII.

A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn : the lark is up in heaven's blue,
 Flooding the air with melody divine !
 A misty mantle made of morning-dew
 Half-hides the valley in its silky shine :
 The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,
 Come to my gladdened ears from strath and hill ;
 While blackcocks, owning each a harem fine,
 Yon nearer copsewood with their crooning fill.
Here flows the winding Urchay, sweetly-still
 As some fair fancy through a poet's brain ;
There lifts it up its voice, with stronger will,
 In fitful chanting,—to yon shepherd swain
 A sign of rain ere yet the day is o'er—
 To *me* a music glorious evermore !

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, BOYS.

(Verses suggested by the threatened invasion of England by the French
in 1859.)

HARK ! how the Gallic cock loud-crows
A war-note, vain-reliant—
A note whose mood Britannia knows,
And treats with scorn defiant !
The hour is coming soon, I ween,
That will your mettle try, boys ;
Then for your country and your Queen
Just keep your powder dry, boys !

Long did the knave, with guileful art,
Of our alliance boast, boys ;
Peace was the idol of his heart,
And peace with Britain mest, boys !
'Tis thus the serpent seeks to charm
The bird he dooms to die, boys :
Let fools maintain he means no harm,
Yet, keep your powder dry, boys !

The Dutchman's game within a trench,
The Russ behind a wall, boys ;
But Fat loves, when he meets the French,
A fair field—that is all, boys !
No Scotelman then has e'er a thought
But just to do or die, boys ;
John Bull has faith in steel and shot,
So keep your powder dry, boys !

Just let the upstart false come on
As soon as e'er he may, boys ;
He and his bragging host will soon
For coming dearly pay, boys ;
Losh man ! I think I see the clans
Slash at them as they fly, boys ;
We all must help to break their bones,
So keep your powder dry, boys !

Quite long enough we've listened to
Their senseless, vain bravado ;
We'll give them, should they come, I trow,
The fate of Spain's Armada.
From the Land's End to Pentland's Heads,
"Have at them!" be the cry, boys ;
Then trim your flints and whet your blades
And keep your powder dry, boys !

THE PRESS.

(Written in 1861.)

Of all the arts by man's inventive mind
Devised to bless and benefit mankind
Good Guttenburg's invention we may deem
Possessed of the best claim to our esteem.
Wanting the offspring of his fruitful brain,
The world might look for "Quarterlies" in vain.
Earth's Pharaoh's may build pyramids, yet be
Forgotten soon for all their trouble,—he
Built up the Press and lives immortally !

The Press !—What meaning in that common phrase !
 What feats unthought of in old Caxton's days
 Are of its daily triumphs ! Could he know,
 How would his honest heart with rapture glow !
 The friend of all progression justly owned —
 Alas, that land where no Free Press is found !
 What champion like it to defend the right ?
 Who strikes a hoary wrong with such a might ?
 With such a pow'r to back Emmanuel brave,
 Thy rescued rights, fair Italy, are safe :
 With such a pow'r against him to contend,
 Thy tyrant, France, becometh Freedom's friend ;
 With such a weapon 'gainst thy foes to cope,
 For thee, poor Anderson,* there yet is hope ;
 The Law's decree may to the South seem good,
 And yet a Matthews miss the price of blood ;
 Such human blood-hounds, scent they ne'er so well,
 It waveth off with execrating yell ;
 The monsters ! human only but in name,
 Their sight polluted hell itself would shame !

Joy to the Broadsheet ! In its might we prove
 The real lever fit the world to move :
 Where'er with earnest aim its power it wields,
 Oppression trembles, spite of all her shields,
 And Truth a victor stands in Error's chosen fields ;
 Grey Superstition hides her ghastly face,
 Skulking reluctant from her pride of place,

* A fugitive slave who, in 1860, was tracked by his owner all the way from Missouri into Canada, where a restoration of his "property" was at once, though, of course, vainly insisted on by the Missourian.

While Cant and Bigotry, oppressed with light,
To glooms congenial take with her their flight !
Commerce and Industry go hand in hand
To bless and beautify a smiling land ;
Science steps forward, queenly in her mien,—
The Arts that life embellish in her train—
The very lightning harnessed to her car—
She sweeps majestic on to realms afar !
Lo, with fresh triumphs ever in her view,
Dauntless she cleaves the Empyrean blue,
Or, diving down through ocean's depths profound,
Weaveth a thread by which two worlds are bound—
That wondrous cord along whose slender bars
Speech travels faster than the flight of stars !

'Tis thus, wherever thought has fitting scope,
Man reaches all we here of him can hope ;
Yea, wheresoever a Free Press we find,
No truth need fear, no sophistry can blind ;
Genius is free to spread her wings of flame,
And on all human hearts engrave her name ;
Dagons adored are from their temples driven,
No more to fool mankind or outrage Heaven ;
Progress is stamped on everything we see,
While, over all, glad-shines the sun of liberty !

DOMHNULL PIOBAIRE AND THE BAG-PIPES.

(Written for a Social Gathering of the Kingston Caledonian Society.)

AIR—" *Wooded an' married an' a'.*"

OUR Gathering Night—more's the pity—
 But once in a year cometh round ;
 Good-bye the dull cares of the city,—
 This evening we're heatherward bound !
 The bag-pipes to charm and to cheer us—
 The darlings we love in full sight—
 The tartan around us and near us—
 Who would not be proud of our Night !
 List'ning Mac's gathering call,
 Surely his sense must be small
 Who would not declare such rare piping
 Enough any heart to enthrall !

Away with your brass-bands a-braying !
 John Bull thinks them grand—but you'll own
 When Tubal invented such playing
 'Twas surely worse discords to drown ;
 Some think that such music he planned, sirs,
 The wolves of his time to affright,
 Then fashioned the bag-pipe so grand, sirs,
 For times like our Gathering Night.
 Heard or in hut or in hall,
 Who, save one deaf as a wall,
 But owns of all music 'neath Heaven
 There's nothing to match it at all !

Let Donald but screw up his chanter,
 And give us the *Tullaichean* rare,
 What mortal but feeleth instanter
 As if he could dance in the air !
 He strikes up a charge, and proud Preston,
 Or famed Killicrankie's fierce fight
 We fight o'er again as we listen,
 Loud lauding both Mac and our Night.
 Piobrachs, marches and all,
 Eri to charm even a Saul—
 These are of the witcheries endless
 That minstrel has aye at his call.

There's life in the voice of the *Clarsach*,*—
 But would you join rapture to praise,
 Just hear some sweet spring from the *Oinnseach*,†
 Just dance to its Reels and Strathpeys !
 Its Coronach sets us a-weeping,
 Its flings make us wild with delight ;
 It has tones for all moods in its keeping—
 Rare treat for a Gathering Night !
 Out on the thick-headed thrall
 Who his dislike o't would draw !
 The right way to deal with such creatures
 Were nailing their ears to the wall !

A bicker of good Athol brose is
 Not bad when a battle is near ;
 But the right thing, when coming to blows, is
 The pipe's stirring notes in your ear :

* The Harp. † The Bag-Pipes.

From Bannockburn down to this hour, sirs,
Its place is the front of the fight ;
Then hey for the gallant *Piob-mhor*, sirs,
The glory and pride of our Night !
Drums and bugles and all
Such things may well suit a roll-call,
But the Clans, when their foes they would scatter,
The pipes takes to open the ball !

Long, long may fair Scotia flourish,
Rejoicing in Rant and in Lilt !
That day will her liberties perish
She lacketh the Clans and the Kilt.
To keep her proud triumphs still swelling,
Her plan is to stick to them tight,
And honor the patriot feeling
Begot of a Gathering Night.
Joy then, joy be to all
Ready to hasten their fall
Who would in the Gael's loved homesteads
The deer and the stranger instal !

“STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?”

LAND of the Bruce ! I marvel how,
With scarce a murmur, comest thou
 To let it seem
 As if thy name
Were off the list of nations now.

Shall those who ne'er, as foes,
Could their rule on thee impose
 Not in vain
 Ceaseless strain
Now thy history's page to close ?

Up ! or evermore disown
Thy once well-won fair renown !
 If, of two,
 One must do,
Let the Saxon name go down.

Strange how word so brief as “Scot”
Sticketh in the Anglo throat—
 That Maelstrom,
 Like a doom,
Gulping down all else we've got !

Is there any noble deed
Told of men born north the Tweed ?
 Ten to one,
 “Times” or “Sun,”
'Tis of *Englishmen* we read !

If a battle has been won
By a Campbell, Gough or Gunn,
 Take the blows,
 Macs and *O's*,
England takes the *praise* alone !

Scribblers of the Cockney school,
Verily you've crazed John Bull ;
 Saxon blood,
 Clear as mud !
Who but he the world should rule !

Scotsmen, 'tis high time that we
Ceased to feed such vanity,—
 Time to show
 Our old foe
He is only one of *three*.

Sooner we our rights should yield
Fighting on some battle-field
 Than thus be
 Quietly
Worse than from earth's map expelled !

Teach we, then, those braggarts tall
Theirs alone their own to call,
 And, save in drink,
 To never think
That England yet is all-in-all.

TO MARY, SLEEPING IN AN ARBOUR.

Thou feigning fair one, ope thine eyes !—
She hears me not : My darling dear
Seems dreaming more of Paradise
Than of her lover's presence near !

Such sacred calm surrounds her bower,
So rich the balm its blooms dispense,
I marvel not *my* fairer flower
Thus sleeps the sleep of innocence.

Well may the zephyrs fanning her
Be glad to pilfer from her breath ;
I trow they find more fragrance there
Than in all flowers that grace the heath.

She dreams, methinks ! Ah ! can it be
The vision of some chaste embrace
That causes that warm blush I see
Quick-crimsoning her neck and face ?

My beautiful, my darling one !
How fondly round that neck I'd throw
My arms, save that no mortal man
Seems pure enough to touch its snow !

Those lips of Phydian curve divine,
That bosom too, fair-heaving nigh,
Once—only once—to press to mine,
Methinks that I could gladly die !

Her guardian angel, hovering near.
 Could hardly blame me much, I trow,
 If, tempted by a chance so rare,
 I kissed at least her lily brow.

Hush, hush, my heart, thy wild ado !
 Here, freedom such as that would be
 A sin 'gainst her and heaven too,
 So pure, so holy, seemeth she !

A DAY WITH THE MUSE.

(The following effusion was written by way of apology to a friend who expected the author to devote his "next holiday" to the production of a poem wanted for a certain national celebration, then at hand—a task which he unluckily failed to accomplish.)

"THERE'S no place like home ;"
 Quite true, I presume,
 If spoken regarding the Deaf and the Dumb.
 A bard, I opine,
 Should at least be both these,
 In a home such as mine
 To feel much at his ease
 Though each one of the Nine
 Did her utmost to please.
 Just fancy a house with a dozen or so
 Of hearty young hopefuls, all trained *a la Combe*—
 A day to myself, and the muse all aglow
 Some web, long bespoken, to work off her loom !

The breakfast is taken,—
As deskward I draw,
The young ones I beckon
Away with "Mamma;"
On silence I reckon—
My word being law.
All right!—so I think,—
Not the ghost of a sound;
The muse in a blink
At my elbow is found,
When—horror to hear!
Comes some ash-man's loud knock;
That man, it is clear,
Thinks our door is a rock!
Anon, shouts the baker,
"Bread wanted to-day?"
"The baby's awake here,"
Cries Fanny to May,
While Betty—deuce take her!
Falls down with a tray.
A cry of despair
Is now heard up the stair—
'Tis Angie, who will not let Kate comb his hair,
And strikes, in the struggle, his head 'gainst a chair!

By and bye, comes the blessing
Of silence once more;
My desk again facing,
I muse as before,
While Dan sits caressing
The cat on the floor.

Now Dan, if he may,
 Will have his own way,
 And puss is not overly partial to play :
 Her beard he would catch—
 She gives him a scratch,
 Quick-causing a roar only thunder could match !
 The baby its lungs
 (Two miniature gongs)
 Now worketh with energy fine ;
 The school is let out,
 And now with a shout
 Our quota are on us to dine.
 Each tongue goes quick as an alarm bell ;
 Mamma herself confesses—sooth to tell—
 The din of Babel imitated well !
 O mercy ! mercy ! how they ever go
 In one unceasing flow !
 Not one there cares a jot
 Who listens, or does not,—
 And yet they seem in keen contention hot,
 Till I could almost wish a millstone in each throat !
 In vain with sudden tramp
 Upon the floor I stamp ;
 In vain I hope for peace 'mid forks and knives,
 And hungry girls and boys
 Whose very heaven seems noise :—
 I own that man is mad who ever wives !

The dinner over, and the youngsters gone
 Once more to school—a riddance blest ! anon,
 With zeal redoubled I proceed anew
 The thread of some fond fancy to pursue,

When—hark you there !
I do declare
That horrid kitchen-maid begins her scrubbing !
A damsel with red hair who brooks no snubbing.
Flop—slop—
Bucket and mop
Splashing about till I swear she must stop.
What now ? Bless our lives !
She's scouring the knives ;
You'd think—such the discord—a saw-mill she drives !
Now plies she the poker
Till I feel like to choke her ;
That woman would make a first-rate steamboat stoker !

Provoked to a passion, I swear by the saints
To go for the fashion of living in tents,
Or choose me a cave, in some solitude far,
Where no such dread discords my musing may mar,
And, donning my hat in a terrible ire,
I bolt from the house as if all were on fire,
Convinced that if ever I finish that stave
It can only be after I find out the—*cave*.

MY ROWAN TREE.

FAIR shelterer of my native cot—
That Cot so very dear to me,—
O, how I envy thee thy lot,
My long-lost Rowan Tree !

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea ;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice happy Rowan Tree !

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee :
A Kingdom now were less my care
Than then my Rowan Tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round !
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my Rowan Tree !

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grandpapa to see ;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my Rowan Tree !

'Twas thus I dreamed : That happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way
Far from my Rowan Tree.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry :
A stranger to me sits beside
My well-loved Rowan Tree ;

Yet still, in fancy, I can mark
Thy lily-bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perched on my Rowan Tree.

Like rubies red on Beauty's breast
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some spring-warbler's nest
Built in my Rowan Tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

The forest many trees can boast
More fit perhaps for keel or knee,
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the Rowan Tree.

How beautiful above them all
Its snow-white summer drapery !
A cloud of crimson in the Fall
Seems Scotland's Rowan Tree !

Well knows the boy, at Beltane time
 When near it in a vocal key,
 What whistles perfectly sublime
 Supplies the Rowan Tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
 Might look for, who would carelessly
 Home in his load of firewood fetch
 Aught of the Rowan Tree.

In vain might midnight hags colleague
 To witch poor Crambie's milk, if she
 Had only o'er her crib a twig
 Cut from the Rowan Tree!

Alas, that in my dreams alone
 I ever now can hope to see
 My boyhood's home, and thee, my own,
 My matchless Rowan Tree!

ERIN MACHREE.*

(Written for, and read at the Kingston St. Patrick's Day celebration
 of 1868.)

WHEN darkness barbaric plunged Europe in night,
 One spot still remained where Truth's daystar shone bright;
 'Twas a land whose mere name is like music to me—
 That fair Ocean-Eden, old Erin machree!

*Erin of my heart. The term "machree" is here used in deference to a popular though erroneous orthography. It is more properly spelt "mo-chri," or "mo-chridhe."

Land of minstrels the sweetest on earth to be found—
Land for eloquent speech and rare wit most renowned !
Pat may spoil for a fight now and then, all agree,
Still the kindest of hearts beat in Erin machree.

Talk of Venus just sprung from the ocean-foam light !
Old Erin has thousands of charmers as bright
'Mong the white-bosom'd maids, all so modest, yet free,
Who bloom thick as flowers in old Erin machree !

Would you wish for fair scenes, there's a choice of them
there ;
Would sweet songs please you best, she has plenty to spare ;—
Would you like to make love to some smiling Banshee,
You should just make your home in old Erin machree !

Would you find the true Lethé of every ill,
You should taste her poteen just fresh down from the hill ;
Would you charm away grief or get dizzy with glee,
All you want is the music of Erin machree.

Bad luck to the bards in whose verse she appears
A Niobe-nation, for ever in tears :
Though caught in a " caoiné " * she sometimes may be,
There's still heart and hope in old Erin machree.

O guard her, kind Heaven, and make her once more
The envied of nations—the Erin of yore !
That day so long looked for, methinks I can see
At last fairly dawning o'er Erin machree.

*A sorrowful wail—lamenting.

A ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT IN CANADA.

(A free-and-easy sketch addressed to a distant friend.)

NEVER yet in "houff" or hall, sir,
Was there such a carnival, sir,
As we "Kingston Scots" had all, sir,
At our late St. Andrew's.

Verily, we feasted rarely,
Merrily we preed the barley ;
Good Glenlivet had no parley
From us on St. Andrew's !

The Piob-mhor, so justly vaunted,
Each and all of us enchanted ;
"Mac" seemed by Macrimmon haunted,
Piping on St. Andrew's.

MacIntosh, with jibe and joke there,
Saints to laughter would provoke there ;
Whitehead ably played the "gowk" there
For us on St. Andrew's.

Shaw was great in whoop and yell, sir,
Gunn in grinning did excel, sir ;
Kinghorn's horse-laugh bore the bell there,
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

Judge MacKenzie, as he cast there
A proud glance at Scotland's past, sir,
All her foes, in fancy thrashed, sir,
Bravely, on St. Andrew's.

The MacEwen clan was there, sir,
Emblem'd by a spirit rare, sir,
Charming every heart and ear there,
Singing on St. Andrew's.

Tailor John, MacKay, and Keeiey
Cut and cabbaged pretty freely ;
In them each enough for three lay,
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

With the haggis fairly stuffed there,
Losh, how Ramage groaned and puffed there !
The mere flavour o't set Duff there
Dancing on St. Andrew's !

Little wonder though old Dixcn,
Lured by Drummond's hot-scotch mixing,
Took of it enough for six in,
Gladly, on St. Andrew's.

'Twas no feast of scones and scuddan
Made McDonald to unbutton ;
Dan on sheep's-head plays the glutton
Aye at a St. Andrew's.

Far too narrow for his orbit
Was the door to Sheriff Corbett
With the good things he absorbéd
With us on St. Andrew's.

When the bree had thawed Carruthers,
 Who but *he* above all others
 Claiming all mankind for brothers,
 Blythely, on St. Andrew's !

Not one Saxon guest attended
 But spake Erse ere all was ended ;
 Pat, of course, is " Scotch-descended "
 Always on St. Andrew's !

The finalé—fitting close there—
 Was a dance of Macs and O's there,
 Ending with three grand hurros there
 For our next St. Andrew's !

IN MEMORIAM OF DR. H. S. LAYCOCK, OF
 WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

My Laycock's star already set !
 Laycock the gifted and the good !
 In thought, I seem to see thee yet
 Where last we met, by Mersey's flood.

Our feet were then on England's soil,—
 Thou, from thy kindred far away,
 Donning thine armour for the toil
 And tug of life's stern battle-day.

With gifts that well might make thee brave
All obstacles to fair renown,
Alas, that thy untimely grave
Should cheat thee of the laurel crown !

Alas, that on thy path to save
Others, thine own dear life was lost !
How must thy friends across the wave
Mourn, when the tale shall reach their coast !

MacLennan, Greatrex, Strype, MacBride,*
And Bailey too—that gifted one
Whose ardent spirit, eagle-eyed,
Has often soared where thou hast gone.

If grief could aught avail, there's room
Abundant to indulge it here ;
Could but their prayers avert his doom,
The suffering still were Laycock's care.

How vain this stage of life ! Its hopes
How evanescent ! All seems gay,
When, announced, the curtain drops,
And man, the actor, turns to clay.

Peace to the dead ! However keen
Our sorrow for the early lost,
There's less for grief than glory in
A soldier dying at his post.

* Members of the Liverpool Athenic Club—a literary society of which Dr. Laycock and James Phillip Bailey, the author of *Festus*, were at one time the leading spirits. Laycock's death was the result of an accident.

A TIME THAT YET SHALL BE.

(Written on reading a report of the proceedings of the Peace Congress,
sitting in Berlin, in 1877.

OH, who would not unite in a loud chorus
Of praise to those brave spirits of our race
Who o'er this blood-drenched earth would hasten for us
The hallowed reign of universal peace !

Blest be they for the promise they are bringing
Of angry nations sheathing up their swords—
Wisely resolved, for discords 'mong them springing,
To make their battle-fields be Council Boards :

Fair prelude to that time when, wholly ceasing
From War's dread work, men shall see, satisfied,
Nature's rude forces all employed in blessing,
Power protecting where it once destroyed.

Oh for a fuller, joyful realizing
Of earth's march onward to that happy goal
When her Immanuel King shall see, rejoicing,
The full fruit of the travail of his soul,—

That time millennial when all earth shall own him
Her Sovereign Lord supreme, the Prince of Peace,—
The sons of those who once with thorns did crown him
The first to share the richness of His grace !

Not as the monarch vainly wished by Judah,
But as the Victor over Death and Sin
Shall Zion hail, 'mid many a hallelujah,
The Lord of Life once more her gates within.

Well may the joy be great on Mount Moriah ;
Well may, in him, at last poor Israel see
Not hers alone but the whole world's Messiah,
And gladly own the Lord her God is He.

Time that shall change all rancour and division
To holy concord and assurance blest,—
Time that shall give our earth, 'mid peace elysian,
From sin and sorrow a long Sabbath rest !

Time of the light and glory all-illuming !
Era of bliss unmatched since Eden's day !
No wonder that the hope of thy sure coming
Finds joyful utterance in the Poet's lay.

Well might the seer of old, the future glassing,
Be lost in rapture thy approach to see ;
If then to *him* it was a joy surpassing,
What to *our* surer vision should it be ?

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

'THERE'S a foe within our borders,
 One of most malignant might,—
 One who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,
 Though oft smiting in the light.
 Crowds of every rank and station,
 Year by year, become his prey ;
 What of that ? He pays state tribute ;
 Wise men license him to slay !

Here, 'tis some once wise bread-winner
 Helpless struggles in his hold ;
 There, to graves untimely hastes he
 Men who senates once controlled ;
 Often from the very altar
 Draggeth he a victim down :
 Would you learn to scorn and hate him,
 Only think such fate your own !

If poor Bruin in some corn-field
 Worketh e'er so slight a skaith,
 How we make quick war upon him !
 How we hunt him to the death !
 Not a wolf within our forests
 But a price has on his head ;
 Meanwhile, 'mid our streets, unchallenged,
 Strikes his prey this demon dread.

Well ye know, ye guilty nations,
 Alcohol, the fiend I sing,
 Works ye more of ill than ever
 Famine, war, or pest could bring.

These can only kill the body,
 This corrupts and kills the soul ;
Wise indeed are they who never
 Touch or taste the "social bowl."

Talk of Juggernaut or Moloch !
 Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims, many-millioned,
 Matched with Alcohol's account.
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
 Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
 Suc'. law-sanctioned misery.

Think not, ye whose better vision
 Helpeth you the pit to shun
Which your brother, less observant,
 Falls into, and is undone—
Think not that a passing pity
 Is the sole account ye owe ;
Only such as try to save him
 Guiltless of his fall can go.

Honour be to all whose chosen
 Best-loved drink is "Adam's wine ;"
Quickly may their good example
 Thin the crowd at Bacchus' shrine,
Leading them to break the fetters
 Of a worse than Circean thrall,—
Earning thus all good men's praises,
 And God's favour, best of all.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

(Lines suggested by a glance at the visitors' Album, kept at the
Museum, Niagara Falls.)

GIVE up, ye would-be bards, your rhymes to tag here so,
In vain you rack your brains to paint Niagara ;

A theme which even Milton's muse might beggar, you
Had better let alone when at Niagara.

To all who can stand boasting fit to stagger me,
I'd recommend a visit to Niagara.

Hear yon sleek slaver—not a bit in waggery—
Toasting the " Flag of Freedom " at Niagara !*

" You Canucks," quoth he, " need the starry flag o'er you
To make you worth your salt benorth Niagara !

You can't too quickly have that British rag o'er you
To disappear entirely from Niagara !

He calculates some day to blast a crag or two
And drain Lake Erie all up from Niagara.

He speculates, just as myself I drag away,
How Ætna's throat would like to gulp Niagara.

Oh, cousins, cousins ! what a set for brag are you !
When will you learn mere froth is not Niagara ?

But I must cease, lest they should lynch or dagger me ;
Already they have fleeced me at Niagara.

* The above lines were penned previous to the abolition of slavery in the
United States of America.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE AND HIS
TRADUCERS.

(Written on his retirement from public life, in 1858.)

ASSES, avaunt ! be careful how you kick !
The *lion* ye deem dead is only sick,—
Sick to the heart to see how all in vain
Is freedom won for slaves who hug their chain ;
Sick at beholding knaves to honour mount,
The test of talent a well-cooked account,
Votes in the House, like apples, bought and sold,
Chiseling and quirks as statesmanship extolled,
A Punch-and-Judy Cabinet in power,
A French man-monkey hero of the hour,
While, over all, a HEAD—ill-omened name—
Smiles blandly on, and shields them in their shame !

'Tis true, ye dastards, that, to earn your hire,
Ye must abuse,—abuse then till ye tire ;
The head at which in vain your filth is cast
Will honoured be when ye have flung your last,
Finding, as fitting for such scribbling knaves,
Your last, best recompense in nameless graves.

Alas for public virtue in a land
That brooks the curse of such a helot band !
The loathsome of Egypt's plagues, I trow,
Were far less fatal to our weal than you,—
Creatures whose praise is censure—hate, no less
The highest compliment to uprightness.

O for the time when, weary of their thrall,
 The people shall deal justice to you all,
 And with befitting tar-and-feathers deck
 Each well-whipped scoundrel up from heel to neck !
 A retribution righteously due,—
 Hanging's too good for wretches such as you !

A GIRL I KNOW.

“ Love's a fire that needs renewal
 Of fresh beauty for its fuel.”—CAMPBELL.

WERE the vain bard who thus could write, but once
 Blest with the smile of one dear girl *I* know,
 The joy exceeding born of her love-glance
 He surely would not for a world forego.

In vain would any mortal try to see,
 Unmoved, the wondrous beauty of her face,
 Which, as her humour for the time may be,
 Is grave or gay, yet ever full of grace.

Oh, but to bask forever in the light
 Of her sweet, sunny smile, now lost to me
 Save only when in visions of the night
 My soul with hers holds fond communion free !

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.

(Written on the declaration of war against Russia, in 1854.)

HARK ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
 Marshalling his millions for the fray !
 Britons ! up and on at the despot base,
 Dashing in between him and his prey.
 Up ! 'tis Freedom's cause ;
 Up ! nor ever pause
 Till some ditch Crimean be his grave.
 Who, that day to see,
 Would not shout with glee,
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

On the Euxine's wave on the Baltic tide
 Soon shall our proud banners be unfurled ;
 Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
 Well may dare to battle half a world !
 On then, stern as fate—
 Striking ere too late
 Europe you from Cossack rule would save ;
 Onward in your might,—
 God defend the right !
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Waken, Poland, wake from thy dream of death !
 Think of all thy wrongs yet unavenged ;
 Hungary, arise ! proving in thy wrath
 The oid hate of tyranny unchanged :

By thy sword of flame,
 Schamyl ! son of fame,
 Swear that now or never thou shalt have
 Thy Circassia free,—
 Her best hope is thee :
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Glory to the brave ! soon may they return
 Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame,
 Leaving Russia's lord, now so crouselly stern,
 Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
 Potent though he be,
 Europe shall him see
 Mercy on his knee from you crave.
 Such be quick the fall
 Of earth's despots all :
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC.

(A remonstrance addressed to a certain church choir-leader of the
 Old School.)

AIR—" *Alister MacAlister.*"

How canst thou, John, with conscience clear,
 Join sacred song to tones so drear ?
 Have pity on us, and forbear
 This owlet harmonie !
 A choir of ghosts would less appal
 Than those dread sounds you "singing" call :
 One would need ears as deaf's a wall
 To stand such melodie !

O, weary sir ! O, weary sir !
 'Twould tire a saint to hear thee, sir ;
 Job's patience, were he near thee, sir,
 Would quick exhausted be.

There's something lively in the chant
 Of tom-cats on some spree gallant ;
 The bull-frog, though his notes be scant,
 Ne'er strikes a drawling key ;
 But you, whate'er the Psalmist's tone
 Of thought may be, go m-o-a-n-i-n-g on,
 Till some poor Crumbie's dying groan
 Your model seems to be !

O, weary sir ! O weary sir !
 If David could but hear thee, sir,
 He well might wish some thistle-burr
 A down thy throat to see.

Now some old wife's asthmatic croon
 Seems the sole spirit of the tune ;
 Now some long *ba-a*, much like a drone,
 Breaks from thy choir and thee ;
 And now the climax grand you reach,—
 A something 'tween a scream and screech,—
 Your sole ambition seeming which
 The most can torture me.

O, weary sir ! O, weary sir !
 O, dismal, dismal, dreary sir !
 A whip-saw rasped, or yelping cur,
 I'd sooner stand than thee.

The "kist o' whistles" may be bad,
 Yet, where's the mortal man not mad,
 Who once heard you, would not, right glad,
 Give it a welcome free ?

Oh ! any, anything at all
 To drown this Kirk-nursed caterwaul :
 How Scotland can it "sacred" call
 None but herself can see.

O, weary sir ! O, weary sir !
 Small wonder that, anear thee, sir,
 I sometimes wish thyself and choir
 Down where the mermaids be !

THE WORK BEFORE US.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY REVERIE.

YEAR just born, while bells rejoicing
 Ring thy advent, I would be
 In thy youthful ear fond-voicing
 What a most desire of thee.

May'st thou witness triumphs mighty
 In Truth's holy battle-field—
 Shafts unerring going right through
 Hoary Error's triple shield !

May he prosper who, sans swither,
 Helps his brother man in need,—
 Helping without asking whether
 This or that may be his creed.

Shame o'ertake the wretch whose only
Care is to increase his pelf !
The mean money-grub unmanly,—
May it all end with himself !

Down with every form of folly !
Earth with hollow shows is cursed,—
At her age, 'tis melancholy
To see shams so fondly nursed.

Knaves are everywhere abounding :
With enough of "brass" at call,
Mountebanks go empire-founding
Where their betters seek the wall.

Lo ! where Low looks on, scarce heeding
How sleek Traffic's wires are pulled,—
Here, the few to fortune speeding ;
There, the millions robbed and fooled !

Half the wealth kings waste, so mad, on
War's proud panoply alone,
Year by year, would feast and gladden
All the poor beneath the sun.

Time 'tis men were realizing
They are brothers, one and all,
And each other's welfare prizing,
Ban all knaves that would them thrall.

To improve the world we live in,
Folded arms will never do ;

He who hopeth all from Heaven
Wrongs himself and Heaven too.

Ho, for praying less than toiling
For the good time long delayed !
Never faileth Heaven to smile on
All who thus its advent aid.

A MISSING MINSTREL.

(His friends, in consultation with a Wizard, thus address the
ghostly Presence.)

KNOW you aught of Erin's Bard ?*

Igo and ago.

Is he in this life still spared ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Has he gone in a balloon,

Igo and ago,

O'er the seas or to the moon ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he, above or under ground,

Igo and ago,

In some foul enchantment bound ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Taken to a Gipsy life ?

Igo and ago :

Ta'en a broomstick ride to Fife ?

Iram, coram, dago.

* Not Tom Moore; but the well-known Scoto-Canadian bard, Alexander MacLachlan, from whom the above bagatelle in the *Scottish-American Journal* soon brought the author a reply to a long unanswered letter. MacLachlan at the time in question lived in the township of Erin, Ontario.

Is he 'mong New Yorkers "guessing" ?
Igo and ago,
Or fair Bostonian maids caressing ?
Iram, coram, dago.
'Neath Canadian snow-wreaths smothered ?
Igo and ago,
Or in Kentucky tarred and feathered ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Was he shot at Harper's Ferry ?
Igo and ago.
Crossed he Styx in Charon's wherry ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Stands he now beyond Death's portal,
Igo and ago,
Fittly crowned a bard immortal ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Was he murdered for his gear ?
Igo and ago,
A poor-paying job that were !
Iram, coram, dago.
Was he drowned in Morton's *bree* ?
Igo and ago—
A more likely case, say we !
Iram, coram, dago.
Wizard ! haste, resolve all doubt,
Igo and ago :
Let us have the truth right out.
Iram, coram, dago.
Ghostly shade or man alive,
Igo and ago,
We fain would hear how Mac does thrive.
Iram, coram, dago.

January, 1860.

JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

JOHN BULL goes on a tour through France ;—

Its people dance

And laugh and sing—all happy, rich and poor :

“What brainless fools these French are, to be sure !

He never saw such goings on ;—

He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't :

That land is blest—that land alone

Where Saxons rule, that's all about it !”

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,

Self-superfine,—

Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,

And the calm German “such a muff !”

A boor not fit to come between

The wind and his nobility !

The Teuton thinks the man insane,

And leaves him to his humours free !

Anon, he roams through Switzerland :

Its mountains grand,

If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question

Dependent on the state of his digestion.

He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord

Or duke or marquis—men who must

Be rulers born : the thing's absurd !

He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,

Scenes fair to view

Are fair or foul to him, just as the sinner
 Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner !
 He owns indeed the Greeks one day
 'Mong nations held the foremost place ;
 Yet all that granted, what were they
 Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race !

At last arrived in Italy—
 What does he see ?
 Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere,—
 A contrast vile, of course, to England fair !
 Such sights our traveller sets a loathing,—
 He sighs for England once again,
 Where, though men starve, 'tis counted nothing,
 If only they but starve unseen.

TO A FAIR FAVOURITE FRIEND

ON HER MODESTLY DOUBTING HER RIGHT TO BE THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL.

It may be bards, like love, are blind
 To faults which others quickly find,
 But *thou*—the flow'r of womankind—
 Why this mistrust ?
 Thy doubts prove more a modest mind
 Than judgment just.

Thou speak'st of maidens many a one
 Fair as thyself to look upon :
 If such there be, 'tis strange that none
 I ever see—
 Blinded perhaps by looking on
 My sun in thee !

Well may he bless his stars whose fate
 It is to be thy wedded mate,
 When thy mere friendship is so sweet
 To hearts like mine,
 That my whole being, when we meet,
 Seems lost in thine.

Were mine the bliss to meet thee when
 My years were only three times ten,
 How more than that of any queen
 Thy love I'd prize !
 How would I count thy hand to win
 The joy of joys !

Fate willed not this—yet be thou sure
 That, ever till my life's last hour,
 Thou in my bosom's inmost core
 Shalt live enshrined,
 My beau ideal evermore
 Of womankind.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT

versus

"OLD HUMPHREY."

(The following verses were written by way of a rejoinder to a letter which appeared, anonymously, in a Kingston paper during the time that subscriptions were being taken up in Canada towards the erection of a monument to William Wallace—that now adorning the Abbey Craig, near Stirling.)

WHAT a Solon hath the *News*
 Got in Master Humphrey !
 Of good counsel so profuse
 Is old Master Humphrey !

Liberal of nought beside—
Wherefore should old Humphrey chide
Men of sympathies more wide ?
Fie, fie on thee, old Humphrey !

Little reck we how John Bull
Likes our purpose, Humphrey :
John's wishes ne'er were Scotia's rule
To go by, Master Humphrey.
Poor Pat, accustomed to his yoke,
May well indulge a jealous joke,
But thou, a Scotchman, thus to croak
Seems downright baseness, Humphrey !

A Scot, indeed ! Alas the day
That Scotland, Master Humphrey,
Can boast no sons of nobler clay
Than chine, good Master Humphrey !
He's no true Scot who does not own
He's rich in Wallace's renown,
Though parting with his last half-crown
To prove it, Master Humphrey.

A Cairn to Wallace—what a crime
To think of, Master Humphrey !
A thing, forsooth, so " out of time !"
A " slight to England," Humphrey !
As if a wholesome hate of wrong
Can ever be indulged too long,
Or Scotchmen care a cricket's song
For Cockney humours, Humphrey !

Out on thy Judas charity !
Five centuries, old Humphrey,
We owe the debt that now shall be
Paid, will ye, nill ye, Humphrey.
Cease, then, thy craven counsels tame !
Enough for England is the shame
Of his foul end—nor less to blame
All Scots who think like Humphrey.

In fancy, I already see,
Tow'ring triumphant, Humphrey,
That pile which for all time shall be
A pride to Scotland, Humphrey,—
A nation's homage to the brave
Who died her liberties to save :
Stern-frowning o'er ambition's grave,
Think of it looming, Humphrey !

Yes—standing there, an altar grand
To freedom, Master Humphrey,—
A sign that Scotland, heart and hand,
Is still old Scotland, Humphrey,—
A monitor perpetual to
Earth's Edwards,—to all patriots true
An inspiration ever new
To deeds heroic, Humphrey !

LET US DO THE BEST WE CAN.

Nor in riches, rank, or power
Is true greatness to be found,—
Mere possessions of an hour,
By the sordid often owned.
Better far than noble blood
Is the deed Samaritan :
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

Mark yon worldling, lost in self,
Dead to every social glow ;
Would'st thou, to own all his pelf,
All life's purer joys forego ?
Truest wealth is doing good—
Doctrine strange to him, poor man !
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

Did we all with one accord
Labour for the common good,
Nature at her ample board
Would see no one lacking food.
Let us then, in loving mood,
Make the most of life's short span :
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

TO JOHN F. CAMPBELL, YOUNGER, OF
ISLAY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "POPULAR TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS."

Thou whose delight it is to stray
The bowers of Fairyland among—
Renewing o'er our hearts the sway
Of Fairy tale and song,—

This book of thine will long endear
Thy name to all who love the land
Where thou hast gleaned, with zeal so rare,
Those legends quaintly grand.

As shells that on some lonely strand
The sea casts careless, may confine
Pearls which, when touched by skilful hand,
With peerless lustre shine,

So these stray waifs of ancient lore
Turn, touched by thee, to treasures rare,
Rich gems of which for evermore
The world will well take care.

Well do I mind that long-past day
I met thee first and sought thy smile,—
I, a poor minstrel—thou, the gay
Young heir of Islay's isle.

No seer am I—yet in the boy
Before me, right well could I trace
The man who yet would prove a joy,
A pride to Diarmid's race,—

One who, with every grace endowed
Befitting rank and lineage high,
Would win, withal, a place as proud
In Mind's nobility.

What though a stranger lords it now
O'er that fair isle so dear to thee,
Still lord o'er all its hearts art thou,—
The land alone hath he.

Fortune hath wronged thee much—yet still
A heritage more rich remains
Than any subject to *her* will—
Thy place in Thought's domains.

Long in a field, now all thine own,
Be thine to work with loving care ;
Rare gems of wisdom, random-strewn,
Will yet reward thee there—

Gems which, when thou in death dost rest,
More green shall keep thy memory
Than if arose above thy breast
A Cairn as Cruachan high.

CANADA'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF
WALES.

Blow gently, ye winds, o'er yon wide waste of ocean ;
 Ye waves, for a season, your brawling calm down :
 A bark for the West o'er its breast is in motion ;
 Its freight is the heir of Britannia's crown !
 Sovereign already of
 Canada's warmest love,
 Soon shall he prove this no idle pretence :
 Welcome, then, o'er the tide,
 Albion's hope and pride ;
 Hail to thee, Albert, hail ! God save the Prince !

New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and green Nova Scotia
 Watch for thy presence, exultant and proud ;
 Ontario, too, gladly grants that she owes thee
 A "*ciad mile failte*" as warm and as loud.
 Saxon, and Celt, and Gaul,
 Building up arches tall,
 Seem all as one in their zeal to evince
 Homage befitting thee,—
 Well may that homage be
 Blent with the fervent prayer, God save the Prince !

From stormy Cape Sable to far-off Vancouver
 Triumphantly sweepeth the flood-tide of joy ;
 The whole land awaits, like a bride for her lover,
 Each hour seems an age till thy sails we descrie.

Then shall by thee be seen
 How we all love our Queen,—
 Then shall our pride be thy heart to convince
 Britain need never fear
 Traitor or treason here
 Where we, as one, all pray, God save the Prince !

Already, in fancy, I see thee approaching
 'Mid booming of cannons and chiming of bells :
 What's that, so electric, the Highland heart touching ?
 The "set" of thy Tartan the secret reveals !
 Long on thy princely breast
 May its rich foldings rest—
 Garb ever foremost in FREEDOM'S defence !
 Well may the Clans rejoice,
 Proud of thy kingly choice,
 Rending the welkin with, God save the Prince !

May the wisdom of Alfred be thine to inherit,
 The Bruce be thy model to do and to dare,—
 Thy grandeur be found still eclipsed by thy merit,
 Till earth's farthest ends learn to worship thy star.
 Humble, with all thy state—
 Thus be thou truly great,
 Thus may kind heaven its blessings dispense
 Ever on thee and thine :
 Kings rule by right divine
 Only where men can pray, God save our Prince !

A VERY ILL-USED SQUAD, SIR.*

LET Clear Grit scribblers vent their jibes
 As freely as they may, sir,
 They'll find us governmental scribes
 Well worthy of our pay, sir :
 If mother Public plays the goose,
 And lays so very gleg, sir,
 All own we do the cackling crouse,
 And bravely suck the egg, sir !

CHORUS.—Scarce work for one in every three—
 This really is too bad, sir !
 We're kilt entirely, so we be—
 A very ill-used squad, sir !

There's Smith, who nothing has to do
 Throughout the livelong day, sir,
 Gets Jones to help him to pass through
 The time as best they may, sir.
 At brandy " nips " those zealous chips
 Have quite a stiff, hard time o't :
 " Good fellows they ! increase their pay,"
 Their patrons well may chime out !

Scarce work, &c.

*The author is willing to believe that the above picture of Civil Service life in Ottawa twenty years ago will be found scarcely applicable to the present time (1883).

Arrived at ten—love-notes we pen,
Or read the papers through, sir ;
If more we write, 'tis to indite
Perchance an I. O. U., sir,
What time comes lunch, at drinking punch
We pass a pleasant hour, sir,
Then yawn away, as best we may,
The time till it is four, sir.
Scarce work, &c.

Sometimes indeed, by way of change,
Our nails we pick or pare, sir,
Or through the lobbies chatting range,
Or lark from stair to stair, sir ;
Or slyly pin to some one's skirt
Some dusting-cloth or stamp, sir,
Or watch for duns, who oft athwart
Our pleasures cast a damper.
Scarce work, &c.

Good luck be to the bees that hive
Our honey in such store, sir !
Long may they in their labours thrive,
And help to bring us more, sir !
A health to all who do their best
In such snug berths to inclose us ;
To thin us here would be, I fear,
To overcrowd the poor-house !
Scarce work, &c.