

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All shall be subject to the main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And many hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

AGAINST THE CRUSADES.

(FROM EDWARD AND ELEONORA.)

I here attend him,
 In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
 In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father.
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit

Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
 Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
 To every mischief prompt.
 Sure I am, 'tis madness,
 Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
 To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
 Each art of peace, each care of government;
 And all for what? By spreading desolation,
 Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half;
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.
 I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and pro-
 phets,
 By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
 But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
 And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
 His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
 Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars
 A kind of persecution. And when that—
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
 And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

DAVID MALLET.

BORN 1700 — DIED 1765.

DAVID MALLET is believed to have been a descendant of the clan Macgregor, so celebrated for its misdeeds and its misfortunes. When, under the chieftainship of Rob Roy, the race was proscribed by an act of parliament, and the few who escaped from the fearful massacre of Glencoe were compelled to hide themselves in the Lowlands under fictitious names, the ancestor of the poet assumed that of Malloch. His father kept a public-house at Crieff, in Perthshire, where David was born about the year 1700. F. Dinsdale, the editor of "Ballads and Songs by David Mallet," states that he belonged to the Mallochs of Dunrochan, an old and respectable family of Perthshire, who were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and were thereby reduced to poverty. Where David received the rudiments of his education is not known, but probably at the parish school of Crieff. We know that he

studied under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and then at the University of Edinburgh. In 1723 he was recommended by the professors as a tutor to the two sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he the same year proceeded to London, and soon after made the tour of Europe. On his return he continued to reside with his noble pupils, and from his station in so illustrious a family gained admission into the most polished circles of society.

In 1724 Mallet published in Hill's periodical named *The Plain Dealer* his ballad of "William and Margaret," which, with one or two lyrics, have given him more fame than all his elaborate productions. It at once won for him a place among the poets of the day, and he soon numbered among his friends Pope, Young, and other eminent men, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste recommended him. In the

year 1726, in the list of subscribers to Savage's *Miscellanies* appeared the name of David Mallet, and from that time forward he was known by that name, "for there is not one Englishman," he said, "that can pronounce Malloch." Dr. Johnson writes, "By degrees, having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation, so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover."

In 1728 he published his poem "The Excursion," written in imitation of the blank verse of his classmate and friend Thomson, the defects of whose style are servilely followed, without the least approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. In 1733 appeared his poem on "Verbal Criticism," and he was soon after appointed under secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 a year. In 1739 his tragedy of "Mustapha" was produced, owing its temporary success to some satirical allusions to the king and Sir Robert Walpole, which were probably written to please his patron the Prince of Wales, then at the head of the opposition. In 1740, by command of the prince, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the masque of "Alfred," which was twice performed in the gardens at Clifden. In this dramatic composition, which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and produced at Drury Lane in 1751, the national song of "Rule Britannia" first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, will be the political hymn of Great Britain as long as she maintains her political power. Whether written by Thomson or Mallet is not known with any degree of certainty. The lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly spirit of Thomson.

A second marriage which Mallet entered into with a lady of considerable fortune rendered our author's circumstances comparatively opulent; and his disposition being indolent, seven years elapsed without anything appearing from his pen. In 1747 he published his longest poem, "The Hermit, or Amyntor and Theodora." On the death of Pope, Mallet, who was greatly indebted to him for

many kindnesses, was employed by Lord Bolingbroke to defame the character of his friend, a task which, to his shame be it said, he performed with great malignity in the preface to the revised edition of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, Pope's only offence being that he had allowed the first version of that work to be surreptitiously printed. The unprincipled poet was rewarded by a bequest of all Bolingbroke's writings, the publication of which led to a prosecution on account of the immorality and infidelity contained in them. It was on the noble author and his editor that Dr. Johnson uttered one of his most pointed conversational memorabilia: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left a half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." Mallet's next act of perfidy was to direct the public indignation, for the disgrace brought on the British arms at Minorca, towards Admiral Byng; and accordingly, while that unfortunate officer was on his trial, he wrote a letter of accusation, under the signature of "A Plain Man," which, printed on a large sheet, was circulated with great industry by the Newcastle administration. "The price of blood," says Dr. Johnson, "was a pension." Mallet accepted a legacy of £1000 left by the Duchess of Marlborough at her death, as the price of a life of her illustrious husband, of which he never wrote the first line. Besides this bequest he received a considerable sum annually from the second duke to induce him to go on with the work, which Mallet continually represented to be nearly completed. On Lord Bute becoming premier he wrote "Truth in Rhyme," and the tragedy of "Elvira," with the design of promoting the political views of the new administration. He was rewarded by being appointed keeper of the book of entries for ships in the port of London, a position worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London April 21, 1765.

Both Mallet and his second wife—little or nothing is known of the first—professed to be freethinkers or deists; and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by enforcing her dogmas in a truly authoritative

style, prefacing them with an exclamation of—"Sir, we deists." When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from Oxford for embracing Popery he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalized, he says, than reclaimed by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with Smollett; the lady wittily answered, "Madam, there is a short remedy; let your husband keep his own name." There is a good anecdote told of the way in which Mallet tricked Garrick into the performance of his play of "Elvira," that great actor being opposed to its representation. He made him believe that in the *Life of Marlborough*, with which he always pretended to be so busy, he had not failed to make honourable mention of Garrick's name. The vanity of the theatrical hero was flattered by the compliment, and there was nothing at that moment which he would not do "to serve his good friend Mr. Mallet." When Pope published his "Essay on Man," but concealed the authorship, Mallet entering one day, Pope asked him what there

was new. Mallet told him that the newest piece was *something* called an "Essay on Man," which he had inspected, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away; whereupon the little poet, who has been said to have resembled an interrogation point, to punish Mallet's self-conceit, told him he wrote it.

In conclusion, we will quote the words of Dr. Johnson, who says, "Mallet's conversation was elegant and easy; his works are such as any writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally, from time to time, into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying but little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement."

A new edition of Mallet's ballads and songs, with notes and illustrations and a memoir of the author by Frederick Dinsdale, was published in 1857. The work bears evidence on every page that its preparation was a labour of love.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.¹

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?

¹ In the other songs of Mallet there is more polish and much prettiness, and a fine subdued modesty of language and thought, which make them favourites with all lovers of gentle and unimpassioned verse; but we have no more Williams and Margarets.—*Allan Cunningham*.

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.¹

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay!

¹ Three other stanzas sometimes appear with Mallet's song, which was a great favourite with poor Fergusson. They are generally attributed to the Rev. Alexander Bryce, 1713-1786.—Ed.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour,
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meekest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow:
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul—

To lift it to the Maker's praise,
Who first informed our frame with breath,
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes:
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last

Receives him on her flowery shore;
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan:
 Ah! is my love, she said, to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
 Ere you'd forget your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind;
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous, constant, I
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt:
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

A YOUTH ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

A youth, adorn'd with every art
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret, mine possess:—
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale
 That wakes the flowery year.
 What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy nature form'd to please,
 Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and fell,
 The fatal evening heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed:
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;
 For, ah! no sighs the past recal,
 No cries awake the dead!

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS
 UNKNOWN.

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,
 O waft the sad sound to his ear;
 And say, tho' divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.
 Then tell him what years of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt when I liv'd in his sight!
 I feel 'til I see him again!

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

BORN 1701 — DIED 1780.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, second son of the Episcopal clergyman of Ardnamurchan, was born at Dalilea, in Moidart, in the first year of the eighteenth century. His father wished

him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education, while the Clanranald of that day desired young Alexander, of whom great hopes were entertained, to be educated

for the bar. Like many a wayward son of the Muse he disappointed both his chief and his father. While at college he inconsiderately married Mary Macdonald, on whom he had composed several songs; and without completing his course, he, to support himself and his young wife, became a teacher. It is said that he was first employed as such by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge; afterwards as parochial schoolmaster at Ardnamurchan, residing in a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory. While in this agreeable position he prepared a vocabulary for the use of Gaelic schools, the first work of the kind in the language. It was published at Edinburgh in 1741. When Prince Charles landed he laid down the ferule and took up the sword. He was the Tyrtæus of the Highland army, and his warlike strains aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the followers of the ill-fated Stuart.

At the close of the rebellion, in which he bore an officer's commission, Macdonald and his elder brother Angus escaped pursuit, and for a time sought shelter in the woods and caves of Borradale, in the district of Arasaig. After a time Jacobite friends invited the poet to Edinburgh to take charge of the education of their children. While residing in the metro-

polis he prepared for the press and published by subscription a volume of Gaelic poems, containing nearly all his best productions. Returning to his native district he attempted farming, but his efforts, as in the case of a greater Scottish bard—Robert Burns—were not attended with success, and for several years before his death at Santaig, about 1780, he was chiefly dependent for support on the liberality of his more prosperous relations.

Some Gaelic scholars esteem Macdonald's "Blessing of the Biorlinn" as equal to Ossian's poems of the same length, and pronounce the force of thought and energy of poetical ardour with which he

"Hurls the Biorlinn through the cold glens," unsurpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, by any modern Highland poet. His poem in praise of Mòrag contains many lofty and impassioned lines, and his Odes to Spring and Winter are indicative of high poetic power. Collections of his poems were published in 1751 and 1764, and a third volume of his poetry appeared in 1802. It is asserted by Mackenzie that but a small portion of this bard's poems have been preserved in print. His son Ronald, having published a volume, and not meeting with encouragement for a second, destroyed all his father's manuscripts.

THE LION OF MACDONALD.

Awake, thou first of creatures! indignant in their frown,
Let the flag unfold the features that the heather¹ blossoms crown;
Arise, and lightly mount thy crest, while flap thy flanks in air,
And I will follow thee the best that I may do or dare.
Yes, I will sing the Lion King, o'er all the tribes victorious;
To living thing may not concede thy meed and actions glorious;
How oft thy noble head has woke thy valiant men to battle,
As panic o'er their spirit broke, and rued the foe their mettle.
Is there thy praise to underrate, in very thought presuming

O'er crested chieftaincy² thy state, O thou of right assuming?
I see thee, on thy silken flag, in rampant³ glory streaming,
As life inspired their firmness thy planted hind feet seeming.
The standard-tree is proud of thee, its lofty sides embracing,
Anon unfolding to give forth thy grandeur any space in.
A following of the trustiest are cluster'd by thyside,
And woe, their flaming visages of crimson, who shall bide?
The heather and the blossom are pledges of their faith,
And the foe that shall assail them is destined to the death.

¹ The Macdonald badge is a tuft of heather.

² The clan claimed the right wing of the battle.

³ A lion rampant is the Macdonald cognizance.

Was not a dearth of mettle among thy native kind,
They were foremost in the battle, nor in the chase
behind.

Their arms of fire wreak'd out their ire, their
shields emboss'd with gold—

And the thrusting of their venom'd points upon
the foeman told;

O deep and large was every gash that marked
their manly vigour,

And irresistible the flash that lighten'd round
their trigger;

And woe, when play'd the dark blue blade, the
thick-back'd, sharp Ferrara,

Though plied its might by stripling hand, it cut
into the marrow.

Clan Colla,¹ let them have their due, thy true and
gallant following,

Strength, kindness, grace, and clannishness their
lofty spirit hallowing.

Hot is their ire as flames aspire, the whirling
March winds fanning them;

Yet search their hearts, no blemish'd parts are
found, all eyes though scanning them.

They rush elate to stern debate, the battle call
has never

Found tardy cheer or craven fear, or grudge the
prey to sever.

Ah, fell their wrath! The dance of death² sends
legs and arms a flying,

And thick the life-blood's reek ascends of the
downfallen and the dying.

Clandonuil, still my darling theme, is the prime
of every clan;

How oft the heady war in has it chased where
thousands ran.

O ready, bold, and venomful, these native war-
riors brave,

Like adders coiling on the hill, they dart with
stinging glaive;

Nor wants their course the speed, the force—nor
wants their gallant stature

This of the rock, that of the flock that skim
along the water.

Like whistle-shriek the blows they strike, as the
torrent of the fell;

So fierce they gush, the moor-flames' rush their
ardour symbols well.

Clandonuil's root,³ when crowd each shoot of
sapling, branch, and stem,

What forest fair shall e'er compare in stately
pride with them?

Their gathering might what legion wight in
rivalry has dar'd,

Or to ravish from their Lion's face a bristle of his
beard?

¹ Coll, or Colla, is a common name in the clan.

² The "mire chatta," or battle-dance.

³ The clan consisted of several septs, as Clanranald,
Glengarry, Keppoch, &c.

What limbs were wrenched, what furrows
drench'd, in that cloud-burst of steel,
That atoned the provocation, and smok'd from
head to heel;

While cry and shriek of terror break the field of
strife along,

And stranger notes are wailing the slaughter'd
heaps among.

When, from the kingdom's breadth and length,
might other muster gather,

So flush in spirit, firm in strength, the stress of
arms to weather?

Steel to the core, that evermore to expectation
true,

Like gallant deer-hounds from the slip, or like
an arrow flew,

Where deathful strife was calling, and sworded
files were closed,

Was sapping breach the wall in of the ranks that
stood oppos'd,

And thirsty brands were hot for blood, and quiver-
ing to be on,

And with the whistle of the blade was sounding
many a groan.

O, from the sides of Albyn, full thousands would
be proud,

The natives of her mountains gray, around the
tree to crowd;

Where stream the colours flying, and frown the
features grim

Of yonder emblem Lion, with his staunch and
crimson⁴ limb.

Up, up, be bold, quick be unroll'd the gathering
of your levy,⁵

Let every step bound forth a leap, and every
hand be heavy;

The furnace of the mêlée, where burn your swords
the best,

Eschew not; to the rally, where blaze your stream-
ers, haste!

That silken sheet, by death-strokes fleet and
strong defenders mann'd,

Dismays the flutter of its leaves the chosen of the
land.

ADDRESS TO THE MORNING.

Son of the young Morn! that glancest
O'er the hills of the east with thy gold-yellow
hair,

How gay on the wild thou advancest
Where the streams laugh as onward they fare,

And the trees, yet bedewed by the shower,
Elastic their light branches raise,

While the melodists sweet they embower,
Hail thee at once with their lays.

⁴ The Macdonald armorial bearings are gules.

⁵ Prince Charles Edward was then expected.

But where is the dim night duskily gliding
 On her eagle wings from thy face?
 Where now is darkness abiding,
 In what cave do bright stars end their race,
 When fast, on their faded steps bending,
 Like a hunter you rush through the sky,
 Up those lone lofty mountains ascending,
 While down yon far summits they fly?

Pleasant thy path is, great lustre, wide gleaming,
 Dispelling the storm with thy rays;

And graceful thy gold ringlets streaming,
 As wont, in the westerling blaze.
 Then the blind mist of night ne'er deceiveth,
 Nor sends from the right course astray;
 The strong tempest, all ocean that grieveth,
 Can ne'er make thee bend from thy way.

At the call of the wild morn appearing,
 Thy festal face wakens up bright,
 The shade from all dark places clearing,
 But the bard's eye that ne'er sees thy light.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1704—DIED 1754.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, one of the first lyric poets who sought to communicate a classic grace and courtly decorum to Scottish song, was born of an ancient Ayrshire family in the year 1704. He received a liberal education, and early in life cultivated a taste for poetry, having before he was twenty assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. His first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry, and he soon became distinguished for his poetical talents. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native county, possessing, as he did, rank, education, and various accomplishments, and was known as "the elegant and amiable Hamilton." In 1745 he took the side which most young men of generous temperament were apt to take in those days—he joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and became the poet-laureate of the Jacobite army by celebrating their first success at Prestonpans, in the ode of "Gladsmuir." When the cause of the Stuarts was lost by the battle of Culloden, Hamilton, after many hardships and perils among the mountains and glens of the Highlands, succeeded in effecting his escape to France. His exile, however, was short. He had many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, who soon obtained a pardon for the rebellious poet, and he was restored to his native country and his paternal estate. His health was always delicate, and a pulmonary complaint soon compelled him to seek a more genial climate.

He proceeded to the Continent, and took up his residence at Lyons, France, where he continued to reside until a lingering consumption ended his career, March 25, 1754, in the fiftieth year of his age. His body was brought back to Scotland, and interred in that once great Walhalla, the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The poet was twice married into families of distinction; and by his first wife, a daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, he left a son, who succeeded to his estate.

A volume of his poems was, without his consent or name, published at Glasgow in 1748; another edition of his works was issued at Edinburgh in 1760; but the latest and most complete edition, including several poems previously unpublished, and edited by James Paterson, appeared in 1850. "Mr. Hamilton's mind," says Lord Woodhouselee in his *Life of Lord Kaimes*, "is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress, but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." Of Hamilton's poems not devoted to love, the most deserving of notice is "The Episode of the Thistle," which is an ingenious attempt, in blank verse, by a well-devised fable, to account for the national emblem of Scotland:—

“How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride.”

There is another fragmentary poem by Hamilton, an extract from which appears among our selections. It is called “The Maid of Gallowshiels,” and is an epic of the heroic-comic kind, intended to celebrate a contest between a piper and a fiddler for the fair maid of Gallowshiels. The only poem which he

wrote in his native dialect is “The Braes of Yarrow,” which has been almost universally acknowledged to be one of the finest ballads ever written. Wordsworth was signally impressed with it, as appears from his trio of beautiful poems of “Yarrow Unvisited,” “Yarrow Visited,” and “Yarrow Revisited.” Mr. Hamilton of *Bangour*, who made the first translation from Homer in blank verse, is sometimes mistaken for and identified with another poet of the same name—William Hamilton of *Gilbertfield*, in Lanarkshire, who was a friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, and the author of a modern version of Harry the Minstrel's poem on Sir William Wallace.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.¹

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”
“I gat her where I darena weel be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?”

“Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hing on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow;
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

¹ Among the many admirers of this pathetic poem may be mentioned the name of Wordsworth, who calls it the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, and in his own immortal lines makes frequent allusions to it. There is a much older composition with the same title, which appears to have been the prototype of all the ballads in celebration of the tragedy of the Yarrow.—Ed.

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and well beloved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?"

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing;
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheeded of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move
me;

My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,—
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.¹

Accept, O Eglinton! the rural lays
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays.
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invoked! and, pleased, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening, negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st approve,
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cured of her scorn, and vanquished of her hate,

¹ This poem, so laudatory of the celebrated Ayrshire beauty, was appended to "The Gentle Shepherd."—Ed.

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here, in each extreme, is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that failed not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspired,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.
His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor raised by hope, nor yet depressed by fear;
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practised to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fixed her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came, a welcome guest;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Bribed from their innocence uncautious hear's.
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed.
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed.
Then dowdless beauty lost the power to love;
The rust of lucre stained the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blushed with strangers'
blood:

The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise:
The peaceful household filled with dire alarms;
The ravished virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crowned:
Unpunished violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh! Happiness, from human search retired,
Where art thou to be found, by all desired?
Nun, sober and devout, why art thou fed,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?

Virgin! of aspect mild, ah! why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet, when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much-loved
power,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nursed,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurs'd!
Unlike, O Eglinton! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise! how guiltless to defame!
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,
And backward Merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blessed by Heaven, Heaven's richest
grace
Confessed is thine—an early blooming race;
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm:
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine:
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintons of other days.

Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains:

In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
The garb our Muses wore in former years.
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling Goodness looked in days of old;
Nor blush to read, where Beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own:
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious
Heaven

To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglinton, delight thee most,—
'T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

THE MAID OF GALLOWSHIELS.

(EXTRACT.)

Now in his artful hand the bagpipe held,
Elate, the piper wide surveys the field.
O'er all he throws his quick discerning eyes,
And views their hopes and fears alternato rise.
Old Glenderule, in Gallowshiels long fam'd
For works of skill, the perfect wonder fram'd;
His shining steel first lopp'd, with dexterous toil,
From a tall spreading elm the branchy spoil.
The clouded wood he next divides in twain,
And smoothes them equal to an oval plane.
Six leather folds in still connected rows
To either plank conformed, the sides compose;
The wimble perforates the base with care,
A destin'd passage opening to the air;
But once inclosed within the narrow space,
The opposing valve forbids the backward race.
Fast to the swelling bag, two reeds combin'd,
Receive the blasts of the melodious wind.
Round from the twining loom, with skill divine
Emboss, the joints in silver circles shine;
In secret prison pent, the accents lie,
Until his arm the lab'ring artist ply:
Then duteous they forsake their dark abode,
Fellows no more, and wing a sep'rate road.
These upward through the narrow channel glide
In ways unseen, a solemn murmuring tide;
Those thro' the narrow part, their journey bend
Of sweeter sort, and to the earth descend.
O'er the small pipe at equal distance, lie
Eight shining holes o'er which his fingers fly.
From side to side the aërial spirit bounds:
The flying fingers form the passing sounds,
That, issuing gently thro' the polish'd door,
Mix with the common air, and charm no more.

This gift long since old Glenderule consign'd,
The lasting witness of his friendly mind,
To the fam'd author of the piper's line.
Each empty space shone rich in fair design:
Himself appears high in the sculptur'd wood
As bold in the Harlean field he stood.
Serene, amidst the dangers of the day,
Full in the van you might behold him play;

There in the humbler mood of peace he stands,
Before him pleas'd are seen the dancing bands,
In mazy roads the flying ring they blend,
So lively fram'd they seem from earth t' ascend.
Four gilded straps the artist's arm surround,
Two knit by clasps, and two by buckles bound.
His artful elbow now the youth essays,
A tuneful squeeze to wake the sleeping lays.
With lab'ring bellows thus the smith inspires,
To frame the polish'd lock, the forge's fires;
Conceal'd in ashes lie the flames below;
Till the surrounding lungs of bellows blow;
Then mounting high, o'er the illum'd room
Spreads the brown light, and gilds the dusky
gloom;

The bursting sounds in narrow prison pent,
Rouse, in their cells, loud rumbling for a
vent.

Loud tempests now the deafen'd ear assail;
Now gently sweet is breath'd a sober gale:
As when the hawk his mountain nest forsakes,
Fierce for his prey his rustling wings he shakes;
The air impell'd by th' unharmonious shock,
Sounds clattering and abrupt through all the
rock.

But as she flies, she shapes to smoother pace
Her winnowing vans, and swims the aërial space.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD?

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heav'n, erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
What may this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear maid, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged, at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends.
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and the offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doomed to live and doomed to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling;
 Thy every look and every grace
 So charm whene'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

STREPHON'S PICTURE.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air;
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever loved, and loved but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
 plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my
 strain;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine!
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine:
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath;
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
 sighs.

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.
 I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with
 care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
 The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.
 Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot
 admire:
 Hush all thy complaining; and, dying her slave,
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE
PAST.

Alas! the sunny hours are past;
The cheating scene, it will not last;
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade,—
Ah! must I say that it will fade!
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Grim winter, from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands, in icy chains,
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains,
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.

Frequenting now the streams no more,
Thou fliest, displeas'd, the frozen shore:
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade;
Shall I, ah, horrid! shalt thou say,
Be like to this some other day!

Ah! when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly, we know not where,—
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare;
Tho' ecstasy with beauty dies,
Esteem is born when beauty flies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee!
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT
VALE.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,

Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkins' tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:

All nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave
She spoke, and blessed my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by:

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
All nature joyed along.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

BORN 1709 — DIED 1779.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D., author of the well-known poem "The Art of Preserving Health," was born, it is believed, in 1709, in the parish of Castleton, Roxburghshire. He completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, and having chosen the medical profession, he took his degree as physician in 1732, and soon after repaired to London, where he became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. In 1735 he published "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Medicine," being a humorous attack on quacks and quackery, in the style of Lucian. Two years afterwards appeared "The Economy of Love," for which poem he received £50 from Andrew Millar, the bookseller. It was an objectionable production, and greatly interfered with his practice as a physician. He subsequently expunged many of the youthful luxuries with which the first edition abounded. In 1744 his principal work was published, entitled "The Art of Preserving Health," one of the best didactic poems in the English language, and the one on which his reputation mainly rests. It is certainly the most successful attempt in the English language to incorporate material science with poetry.

In 1746 Armstrong was appointed physician to the Hospital for Sick and Lame Soldiers, and in 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence," followed by an "Epistle on Taste, addressed to a Young Critic." His next work, issued in 1758, was prose,—"Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects, by Lancelot Temple, Esq.," in two parts, which evinced considerable humour and knowledge of the world. Its sale was wonderful, owing chiefly to a fable of the day, that the celebrated John Wilkes, then in the zenith of his popularity, had assisted in its production. In 1760 Dr. Armstrong received the appointment of physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote "Day, a Poem, an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq.," his friendship for whom did not long continue, owing to his publishing the piece, which was intended

for private perusal. Having in two unlucky lines happened to hit off the character of Churchill as a "bouncing mimic" and "crazy scribbler," the author of the "Rosciad" resolved to be revenged, and in his poem called "The Journey," thus retaliated on the doctor, by twenty stabs at the reputation of a man whom he had once called his friend, and had joined with all the world in admiring as a writer:—

"Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence;
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna*, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids to rest;
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear."

At the peace of 1763 Armstrong returned to London, and resumed his practice, but not with his former success. In 1770 he collected and published two volumes of his "Miscellanies," containing the works already enumerated; the "Universal Almanack," a new prose piece; and the "Forced Marriage," a tragedy. The year following he took "a short ramble through some parts of France and Italy," in company with Fuseli the painter, publishing on their return an account of their journey, entitled "A Short Ramble, by Lancelot Temple." His last publication was his *Medical Essays*, in 1773. Dr. Armstrong died September 7, 1779, in the seventieth year of his age. In Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," to which Armstrong contributed four stanzas, describing the diseases incidental to sloth, he is depicted as

the shy and splenetic personage, who "quite detested talk." His portrait is drawn in Thomson's happiest manner:

"With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
Nor ever uttered word, save, when first shone,
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is
done!'"

The poet was of a somewhat querulous temper, and his friend Thomson remarked of him, "The doctor does not decrease in spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques's in the play."

Armstrong's style, according to the judgment of Dr. Aitken, is "distinguished by its simplicity—by a free use of words which owe

their strength to their plainness—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraseology. His sentences are generally short and easy; his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by a repeated perusal. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. When the subject sinks his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description or of the oratory of sentiment. He had from nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, though apparently without study to render them smooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality."

PESTILENCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.¹)

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within.
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.

The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labour-
ings heaved.

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till, by art provoked,
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope re-
mained),

With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,

¹ This poem has been warmly commended by Campbell and other eminent authorities. Warton praises it for classical correctness. Dr. Beattie predicted that

it would make Armstrong known and esteemed by posterity, but adds, "And I presume he will be more esteemed if all his other works perish with him."—Ed.

Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the
third.

Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the
main,

To seek protection in far-distant skies;
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heaven

Involved them still, and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their
prayers;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

RECOMMENDATION OF ANGLING.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry: such through the
bounds
Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
such

The Esk, o'erhaung with woods; and such the
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air;
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream
Through meads more flowery, more romantic
groves,

Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred
flood!

May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain.
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved;
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the wanton
swarms.

Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce
humane;

Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

ADDRESS TO THE NAIADS.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead,
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrud. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding
Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there in Gothic solitude reclined
The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the
gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world?

A land of genii? Say beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to
 sing

Your gifts (so Paeon, so the powers of health
 Command), to praise your crystal element:
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.
 O comfortable streams! with eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff

New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
 Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they lived; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!
 Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

MRS. ALISON COCKBURN.

BORN 1712—DIED 1794.

ALISON or ALICIA RUTHERFORD, the authoress of a song which has immortalized her name, was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fairnlee in Selkirkshire, where she was born October 5, 1712. But few details concerning her youth have been preserved. It is known that she was a great beauty, and that a youthful lover, to whom she was deeply attached, died at the age of twenty-two. Her beautiful lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest," is believed to have been written before her marriage, in March, 1731, to Patrick Cockburn of Ormiston, a son of the lord justice-clerk of Scotland, who had been called to the Scotch bar a few years before. Mrs. Cockburn's name was thenceforth linked with all that was brilliant in Edinburgh society, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, she helped to mould and direct the social life of the old aristocratic parlours of that city, as the De Rambouilletts and the Dudevants had in those of Paris. Mrs. Cockburn survived her husband more than forty years, dying in her own house in Crichton Street, Edinburgh, November 22, 1794, and was buried in Buccleuch Churchyard, where also rest the remains of David Herd, and Blacklock the blind poet. She was the authoress of several poems and parodies, and appears to have written an

epitaph for herself, as in some directions about her funeral she adds, "Shorten or correct the epitaph to your taste." Scott when a youth wrote a poem which drew from Mrs. Cockburn the following among other lines:—

"If such the accents of thy early youth,
 When playful fancy holds the place of truth,
 If so divinely sweet thy numbers flow,
 And thy young heart melts with such tender woe:
 What praise, what admiration shall be thine,
 When sense mature with science shall combine
 To raise thy genius and thy taste refine!"

Mrs. Cockburn's version of "The Flowers of the Forest," written in a turret of the old family mansion of Fairnlee, is most justly admired for its great beauty and tenderness. Allan Cunningham says, "I have classed these two poetesses (Miss Elliot and Mrs. Cockburn) together, not from the resemblance of their genius, for that was essentially different, but from the circumstance of their having sung on the same subject, and with much the same success—the fall of the youth of Selkirk on the field of Flodden. The fame of both songs has been widely diffused. They were imagined for a while to be old compositions, but there was no need to call antiquity to the aid of two such touching songs; and I have not heard that

even an antiquary withdrew his admiration on discovering them to be modern. They are each of them remarkable for elegiac tenderness: with one it is the tenderness of human nature, with the other that of allegory, yet the allegory is so simple and so plain that it touches the most illiterate heart; and though it expresses one thing by means of another all must understand it. Nature, however, is the safest com-

panion in all that seeks the way to the heart, and with nature the song of Miss Elliot begins and continues. The history which tradition relates of these songs is curious; each has an origin after its kind, and one may almost read in them the readiness with which honest nature submits to the yoke of poetry, compared to the labour of reducing what Spenser calls a 'dark conceit' to the obedience of verse.'

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.¹

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

ROBERT MACKAY.

BORN 1714—DIED 1778.

This celebrated Gaelic bard, whose proper name has yielded to the more familiar one of Rob Donn, *i.e.* Brown Robert (from the colour of his hair), was born in 1714 at Durness, in the heart of that extensive district in the north of Scotland which, having been inhabited from a period beyond the reach of history by the Mackays, has always been designated, in common parlance, as "the country of the Lord Reay," the chief of that ancient clan, and which may probably continue to be so designated for ages to come, although the whole of it has now passed into the hands of the princely house of Stafford and Sutherland. Although Robert's talents excited much attention, even in early childhood, he never received a particle of what is (too exclusively) called education—he never knew his alphabet; but the habit, inherited from

his Highland mother, of oral recitation, enabled him before attaining manhood to lay up a prodigious amount of such lore as had from time immemorial constituted the intellectual wealth of his countrymen. Mackay's mastery of Highland traditions, ballads, and *oran* of all sorts, was extraordinary; and his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was equally remarkable, although, be it remembered, that at the time he lived no Gaelic Bible had been printed.

The poet, in his youth, tended cattle on the hillside; and when he had advanced sufficiently in years and strength it became part of his business to assist in driving droves of Highland cattle to the markets of the south

¹ Ettrick Forest. "The Forest" was the name given to a great part of the county of Selkirk, and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale.—Ed.

of Scotland and England. His witty sayings, meantime, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love songs, had begun to make him famous not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the Tryst of Falkirk or the Fair of Kendal. Donald, lord Reay, a true-hearted chief, now claimed for himself the care of the rising bard of the clan, and Mackay was invested with an office which more than satisfied his ambition, and carried with it abundant respect in the eyes of his fellow-mountaineers. He became *boman* or cow-keeper to the chief, a calling which must not be confounded with that of a cowherd. Of these he had many under him; his business was to account for the safety and increase of the herds, and he became bound to make certain annual returns of dairy produce, stipulated for by contract.

Mackay, having recovered from a disappointment in love, now married most happily, and his household soon became noted for its religious observances and habits of piety. He was a faithful *boman*, and his master esteemed him highly; but the bard's inveterate love of the mountain chase entangled him, like a much greater bard, in trouble, and the connection was broken off, though happily without any interruption of good-will on either side. After being employed for some time by Colonel Mackay, to whose estate the poet removed with

his wife and children, he entered the military service in the year 1759. Of his army life it is related that although he enlisted in the Sutherland Highlanders as a private soldier, Mackay was never called upon to take part in any troublesome duties, but, as the bard of the regiment, was expected to celebrate, in case of opportunity, their warlike achievements, leaving guard and drill to whom they concerned. The poet died in 1778, and was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument of some mark and importance has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, Greek, English, and Latin.

Twoscore years after the death of the celebrated bard of Lord Reay's country his poems were collected and published at Inverness, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, successively minister of Laggan and Dunoon. Of this volume a reviewer remarks, referring to the songs among our selections, "Rude and bald as these things appear in a verbal translation, and rough as they might possibly appear even if the originals were intelligible, we confess we are disposed to think they would of themselves justify Dr. Mackay in placing this herdsman-lover among the true sons of song."

THE SONG OF WINTER.

At waking so early
 Was snow on the Ben,
 And the glen of the hill in
 The storm-drift so chilling,
 The linnet was stilling
 That couch'd in its den;
 And poor robin was shrilling
 In sorrow his strain.

Every grove was expecting
 Its leaf shed in gloom;
 The sap it is draining,
 Down rootwards 'tis straining,
 And the bark it is waning
 As dry as the tomb,
 And the blackbird at morning
 Is shrieking his doom.

Cease thriving the knotted,
 The stunted birk shaw,
 While the rough wind is blowing,
 And the drift of the snowing
 Is shaking, o'erthrowing,
 The copse on the law.

'Tis the season when nature
 Is all in the sere,
 When her snow-showers are hailing,
 Her rain-sleet assailing,
 Her mountain winds wailing,
 Her rime-frosts severe.

'Tis the season of leanness,
 Unkindness, and chill;

Its whistle is ringing,
 An iciness bringing,
 Where the brown leaves are clinging
 In helplessness still;
 And the snow-rush is delving
 With furrows the hill.

The sun is in hiding,
 Or frozen its beam,
 On the peaks where he lingers,
 On the glens where the singers,¹
 With their bills and small fingers,
 Are raking the stream,
 Or picking the midstead
 For forage—and scream.

When darkens the gloaming,
 Oh, scant is their cheer!
 All benumbed is their song in
 The hedge they are thronging,
 And for shelter still longing
 The mortar² they tear;
 Ever noisily, noisily
 Squealing their care.

The running stream's chieftain³
 Is trailing to land,
 So shabby, so grimy,
 So sickly, so slimy,
 The spots of his prime he
 Has rusted with sand;
 Crook-snouted his crest is
 That taper'd so grand.

How mournful in winter
 The lowing of kine;
 How lean-back'd they shiver,
 How draggled their cover,
 How their nostrils run over
 With drippings of brine.
 So scraggy and crining
 In the cold frost thy pine.

'Tis Hallowmas time, and
 To mildness farewell!
 Its bristles are low'ring
 With darkness; o'erpowering
 Are its waters aye showering
 With onset so fell;
 Seem the kid and the yearling
 As rung their death-knell.

Every out-lying creature,
 How sinew'd soe'er,
 Seeks the refuge of shelter:
 The race of the antler,

They snort and they falter,
 A-cold in their lair;
 And the fawns they are wasting
 Since their kin is afar.

Such the songs that are saddest
 And dreariest of all;
 I ever am eerie
 In the morning to cheer ye!
 When foddering, to cheer the
 Poor herd in the stall—
 While each creature is moaning
 And sickening in thrall.

HOME SICKNESS.⁴

Easy is my pillow press'd,
 But oh! I cannot, cannot rest;
 Northwards do the shrill winds blow—
 Thither do my musings go!

Better far with thee in groves
 Where the young deers sportive roam,
 Than where, counting cattle droves,
 I must sickly sigh for home.
 Great the love I bear for her
 When the north winds wander free;
 Sportive kindly is her air,
 Pride and folly none hath she!

Were I hiding from my foes,
 Ay, though fifty men were near,
 I should find concealment close
 In the shieling of my dear.
 Beauty's daughter! oh, to see
 Days when homewards I'll repair;
 Joyful time to thee and me—
 Fair girl with the waving hair!

Glorious all for hunting then,
 The rocky ridge, the hill, the fern,
 Sweet to drag the deer that's slain
 Downwards by the piper's cairn!
 By the west field 'twas I told
 My love, with parting on my tongue;
 Long she'll linger in that fold,
 With the kine assembled long!

Dear to me the woods I know,
 Far from Crieff my musings are;

⁴ Upon one occasion Mackay's attendance on his employer's cattle business detained him a whole year from home. During this period he composed these lines one sleepless night which he spent at Crieff, in Perthshire.—Ed.

¹ Birds. ² The sides of the cottages. ³ Salmon.

Still with sheep my memories go,
 On our heath of knolls afar:
 Oh, for red-streak'd rocks so lone!
 Where in spring the young fawns leap;
 And the crags where winds have blown—
 Cheaply I should find my sleep.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.¹

Heavy to me is the shieling, and the hum that
 is in it,

Since the ear that was wont to listen is no more
 on the watch.

Where is Isabel, the courteous, the conversable,
 a sister in kindness?

Where is Anne, the slender-browed, the turret-
 breasted, whose glossy hair pleased me when
 yet a boy?

Heich! what an hour was my returning!

*Pain such as that sunset brought, what availeth me
 to tell it?*

I traversed the fold, and upward among the
 trees—

Each place, far and near, wherein I was wont to
 salute my love.

When I looked down from the crag, and beheld the
 fair-haired stranger dallying with his bride,
 I wished that I had never revisited the glen of
 my dreams.

*Such things came into my heart, as that sun was
 going down,*

*A pain of which I shall never be rid, what availeth
 me to tell it?*

My sleep is disturbed—busy is foolishness within
 me at midnight.

The kindness that has been between us,—I can-
 not shake off that memory in visions.

Thou callest me not to thy side; but love is to me
 for a messenger.

*There is strife within me, and I toss to be at liberty;
 And ever the closer it clings, and the delusion is
 growing to me as a tree.*

Anne, yellow-haired daughter of Donald, surely
 thou knowest not how it is with me—

That it is old love, unrepaid, which has worn
 down from me my strength;

That when far from thee, beyond many moun-
 tains, the wound in my heart was throbbing,
 Stirring and searching for ever, as when I sat
 beside thee on the turf.

*Now, then, hear me this once, if for ever I am to be
 without thee—*

*My spirit is broken—give me one kiss ere I leave
 this land!*

Haughtily and scornfully the maid looked upon
 me;

Never will it be work for thy fingers to unloose
 the band from my curls;

Thou hast been absent a twelvemonth, and six
 were seeking me diligently,

Was thy superiority so high that there should be
 no end of abiding for thee?

Ha! ha! ha!—hast thou at last become sick?

*Is it love that is to give death to thee? Surely the
 enemy has been in no haste.*

But how shall I hate thee, even though towards
 me thou hast become cold?

When my discourse is most angry concerning thy
 name in thine absence,

Of a sudden thine image, with its old dearness,
 comes visibly into my mind,

And a secret voice whispers that love will yet
 prevail!

And I become surety for it anew, darling,

And it springs up at that hour lofty as a tower.

DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BORN 1716.—DIED 1768.

DUGALD BUCHANAN, a Gaelic poet of dis-
 tinction, and justly celebrated as a writer of
 hymns, was born at Strathire, in the parish of
 Balquhider, Perthshire, in 1716. His father,

who was a farmer and miller, gave him such
 education as he could afford, and that appears
 to have been more than was commonly taught at
 country schools at that time. Young Dugald

¹ On the poet's return to Strathmore after a prolonged
 absence he found that a fair maiden to whom his troth
 had been plighted of yore was on the eve of being mar-
 ried to a young carpenter, who had profited by his

sojourn in the south. This song describes Mackay's
 feelings on the discovery of his damsel's infidelity. The
 airs of "Home Sickness" and "Disappointed Love"
 are his own, and are said to be very beautiful.—Ed.

led a rather irregular life for many years, but at length reformed, and in 1755 the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kinloch Rannoch. In this secluded spot he laboured with diligence during the remainder of his days; and here he wrote various poems and hymns, which latter will render his name as lasting as the Gaelic in which they were written. Besides his sacred poems and lyrics, he wrote a diary, which has been published with a memoir of the author. He possessed a most felicitous style, and it is to be regretted that his poetical writings, which resemble those of Cowper, have never been properly translated. His "Day of Judgment," displaying great power of imagination, is among the most popular poems in the language; "The Dream" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits; and "The Skull" is a highly poetic composition.

He rendered very essential service to the Rev. James Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into Gaelic, and accompanied that gentleman to Edinburgh in 1766, for the purpose of supervising its publication. During his sojourn in the Scottish capital he attended the university classes in natural philosophy, anatomy, astronomy, and divinity. Among the men of distinction to whom Buchanan was introduced in Edinburgh was the celebrated David Hume, who kindly invited him to his house. While discussing the merits of various authors the historian observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than some of the passages in Shakspeare, and in support of his assertion that they were far superior to any contained in the Bible he quoted the magnificent lines from "The Tempest"—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The poet admitted the great beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he could furnish a passage from the New Testament still more sublime, and recited the following verses: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no

place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life. . . . And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Buchanan's beautiful hymns, which are sung in every Highland cottage, were first published in 1767. Since that time upwards of fifteen editions have been issued. "It may be truly said," remarks a recent writer,¹ "that we have one hymn-writer, Dugald Buchanan, that has never yet been surpassed by any hymn-poet of any country, ancient or modern. The great characteristic of our hymns is their devotional and evangelical tone. A heterodox mist, or even an unscriptural or doubtful expression, is never met with. They have, however, one great fault in common—their length. The same fault characterizes all the popular songs of the Celts. The singing of fifty or one hundred stanzas with our ancestors seemed a common and quite a feasible thing. Dugald Buchanan is perhaps the only modern (Gaelic) poet that possesses much sublimity: many verses of his minor pieces, and nearly the whole of his 'Day of Judgment,' are dramatically vivid and very sublime." Soon after the publication of his little volume of hymns the poet returned to his useful and pious labours at Rannoch, where he died, June 2, 1768. His many friends there desired that his remains should be buried among them, but his wife and children preferred that he should be interred in the burial-place of his ancestors at Little Leny, near Callander. A meeting was held there more than a century after the poet's death by the Dugald Buchanan Memorial Committee, when a large number of influential gentlemen were present. Suggestions were made about establishing a Dugald Buchanan bursary, and about placing a tombstone in Little Leny churchyard over the poet's grave, but the committee agreed to restrict their operations for the present to the erection of a monument in Strathire, where the poet was born and bred.

¹ *Remarks on Scottish Gaelic Literature*, by Nigel M'Neil, Inverness, 1873.

THE SKULL.

As I sat by the grave, at the brink of its cave
Lo! a featureless skull on the ground:
The symbol I clasp, and detain in my grasp,
While I turn it around and around.

Without beauty or grace, or a glance to express
Of the by-stander nigh a thought;
Its jaw and its mouth are tenantless both,
Nor passes emotion its throat.

No glow on its face, no ringlets to grace
Its brow, and no car for my song;
Hush'd the caves of its breath, and the finger of
death
The raised features hath flatten'd along.

The eyes' wonted beam, and the eyelids' quick
gleam—
The intelligent sight, are no more;
But the worms of the soil, as they wriggle and coil,
Come hither their dwellings to bore.

No lineament here is left to declare
If monarch or chief wert thou;
Alexander the Brave, as the portionless slave
That on dunghill expires, is as low.

Thou deliver of death, in my ear let thy breath
Who tenants my hand unfold;
That my voice may not die without a reply,
Though the ear it addresses is cold.

Say, wert thou a may, of beauty a ray,
And flatter'd thine eye with a smile?
Thy meshes didst set, like the links of a net,
The hearts of the youth to wile?

Alas! every charm that a bosom could warm
Is changed to the grain of disgust!
Oh! fie on the spoiler for daring to soil her
Gracefulness all in the dust!

Say, wise in the law, did the people with awe
Acknowledge thy rule o'er them—
A magistrate true, to all dealing their due,
And just to redress or condemn?

Or was righteousness sold for handfuls of gold
In the scales of thy partial decree;
While the poor were unheard when their suit
they preferr'd,
And appeal'd their distresses to thee?

Say, once in thine hour, was thy medicine of power
To extinguish the fever of ail?
And seem'd, as the pride of thy leech-craft e'en
tried,
O'er omnipotent death to prevail?

Alas! that thine aid should have ever betray'd
Thy hope when the need was thine own;
What salve or annealing sufficed for thy healing
When the hours of thy portion were flown?

Or, wert thou a hero, a leader to glory,
While armies thy truncheon obey'd;
To victory cheering, as thy foemen careering
In flight, left their mountains of dead?

Was thy valiancy laid, or unhilted thy blade,
When came onwards in battle array
The sepulchre-swarms, ensheathed in their arms,
To sack and to rifle their prey?

How they joy in their spoil, as thy body the while
Besieging, the reptile is vain,
And her beetle-mate blind hums his gladness to
find
His defence in the lodge of thy brain!

Some dig where the sheen of the ivory has been,
Some, the organ where music repair'd;
In rabble and rout they come in and come out
At the gashes their fangs have bared.

Do I hold in my hand a whole lordship of land,
Represented by nakedness here?
Perhaps not unkind to the helpless thy mind,
Nor all unimparted thy gear;

Perhaps stern of brow to thy tenantry thou!
To leanness their countenances grew—
'Gainst their crave for respite, when thy clamour
for right
Required, to a moment, its due;

While the frown of thy pride to the aged denied
To cover their head from the chill,
And humbly they stand, with their bonnet in hand,
As cold blows the blast of the hill.

Thy serfs may look on, unheeding thy frown,
Thy rents and thy mailings unpaid;
All praise to the stroke their bondage that broke!
While but claims their obeisance the dead.

Or a head do I clutch whose devices were such
That death must have lent them his sting—
So daring they were, so reckless of fear,
As heaven had wanted a king?

Did the tongue of the lie, while it couch'd like a
spy
In the haunt of thy venomous jaws,
Its slander display, as poisons its prey
The devilish snake in the grass?

That member unchain'd by strong bands is re-
strain'd,

The inflexible shackles of death;
And its emblem, the trail of the worm, shall pre-
vail

Where its slaves once harbour'd beneath.

And oh! if thy scorn went down to thine urn,
And expired with impenitent groan;
To repose where thou art is of peace all thy part,
And then to appear—at the throne!

Like a frog, from the lake that leapeth, to take
To the Judge of thy actions the way,
And to hear from his lips, amid nature's eclipse,
Thy sentence of termless dismay.

The hardness thy bones shall environ,
To brass-links the veins of thy frame
Shall stiffen, and the glow of thy manhood shall
grow

Like the anvil that melts not in flame!

But wert thou the mould of a champion bold
For God and his truth and his law?
Oh! then, though the fence of each limb and
each sense
Is broken—each gem with a flaw—

Be comforted thou! For rising in air
Thy flight shall the clarion obey;
And the shell of thy dust thou shalt leave to be
crush'd,
If they will, by the creatures of prey.

THE DREAM.

As lockfasted in slumber's arms
I lay and dream'd (so dreams our race
When every spectral object charms,
To melt, like shadow, in the chase),

A vision came; mine ear confess'd
Its solemn sounds: "Thou man distraught!
Say, owns the wind thy hand's arrest,
Or fills the world thy crave of thought?"

"Since fell transgression ravaged here,
And reft man's garden-joys away,
He weeps his unavailing tear,
And straggles, like a lamb astray.

"With shrilling bleat for comfort hie
To every pinfold, humankind;
Ah! there the fostering teat is dry,
The stranger mother proves unkind.

"No rest for toil, no drink for drought,
For bosom-peace the shadow's wing—
So feeds expectancy on nought,
And suckles every lying thing.

"Some woe for ever wreathes its chain,
And hope foretells the clasp undone;
Relief at handbreadth seems: in vain
Thy fetter'd arms embrace—'tis gone!

"Not all that trial's lore unlearns
Of all the lies that life betrays,
Avaits, for still desire returns—
The last day's folly is to-day's.

"Thy wish has prosper'd;—has its taste
Survived the hour its lust was drown'd;
Or yields thine expectation's zest
To full fruition, golden-crown'd?

"The rosebud is life's symbol bloom—
'Tis loved, 'tis coveted, 'tis riven;
Its grace, its fragrance, find a tomb,
When to the grasping hand 'tis given.

"Go, search the world wherever woe
Of high or low the bosom wrings,
There, gasp for gasp, and throe for throe,
Is answer'd from the breast of kings.

"From every hearth-turf reeks its cloud,
From every heart its sigh is roll'd;
The rose's stalk is fang'd—one shroud
Is both the stinging's and honey's fold.

"Is wealth thy lust—does envy pine
Where high its tempting heaps are piled?
Look down, behold the fountain shine,
And, deeper still, with dregs defiled!

"Quickens thy breath with rash inhale,
And folds an insect in its toil?
The creature turns thy life-blood pale,
And blends thine ivory teeth with soil.

"When high thy fellow-mortal soars.
His state is like the topmast nest—
It swings with every blast that wars,
And every motion shakes its crest.

"And if the world for once is kind,
Yet ever has the lot its bend;
Where fortune has the crook inclined,
Not all thy strength or art shall mend.

"For as the sapling's sturdy stalk,
Whose double twist is crossly strain'd,
Such is thy fortune—sure to baulk
At this extreme what there was gained.

“When heaven its gracious manna hail’d,
 ’Twas vain who hoarded its supply,
 Not all his miser care avail’d
 His neighbour’s portion to outvie.

“So, blended all that nature owns,
 So, warp’d all hopes that mortals bless—
 With boundless wealth, the sufferer’s groans;
 With courtly luxury, distress.

“Lift up the balance—heap with gold,
 Its other shell vile dust shall fill;
 And were a kingdom’s ransom told,
 The scales would want adjustment still.

“Life has its competence—nor deem
 That better than enough were more:
 Sure it were phantasy to dream
 With burdens to assuage thy sore.

“It is the fancy’s whirling strife
 That breeds thy pain—to-day it craves,
 To-morrow spurns—suffices life
 When passion asks what passion braves?

“Should appetite her wish achieve,
 To herd with brutes her joy would bound;
 Pleased other paradise to leave,
 Content to pasture on the ground.

“But pride rebels, nor towers alone
 Beyond that confine’s lowly sphere—
 Seems as from the eternal throne
 It aim’d the sceptre’s self to tear.

“’Tis thus we trifle, thus we dare;
 But, seek we to our bliss the way,
 Let us to Heaven our path refer,
 Believe, and worship, and obey.

“That choice is all—to range beyond
 Nor must, nor needs; provision, grace,
 In these he gives, who sits enthroned.
 Salvation, competence, and peace.”

The instructive vision pass’d away,
 But not its wisdom’s dreamless lore;
 No more in shadow-tracks I stray,
 And fondle shadow-shapes no more.

ADAM SKIRVING.

BORN 1719—DIED 1803.

ADAM SKIRVING, a wealthy farmer of Haddingtonshire, was born in the year 1719, and educated at Preston Kirk, in East Lothian. He long held the farm of Garleton, near Haddington, on the road to Gosford. Skirving was a very athletic man, and excelled in all manly sports and exercises. He died in April, 1803, and was buried in the church of Athelstaneford, where his merits are recorded in a metrical epitaph:—

“In feature, in figure, agility, mind,
 And happy wit rarely surpass’d,
 With lofty or low could be plain or refined,
 Content beaming bright to the last.”

Skirving composed in 1745 two songs, which have for more than a hundred years held a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and in nearly every collection of Scottish minstrelsy. Among the various personages referred to in one of these, was a certain Lieut. Smith, an Irish-

man, who displayed much pusillanimity in the battle of Preston, or, as the poet calls it, Tranent Muir. He, however, challenged Skirving for the manner in which he was spoken of. “Gang back,” said the rustic poet to the officer who brought the message, “and tell Lieut. Smith that I ha’e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I’ll tak’ a look o’ him, and if I think I’m fit to fecht, I’ll fecht him; and if no—I’ll do as he did—I’ll rin awa.”

Skirving’s other lyric, “Johnnie Cope,” doubtless owes much of its popularity to its spirit-stirring air. Perhaps no song in existence has so many variations. Sir John Cope, as is well known, made a precipitate retreat from the field, followed by his dragoons, and did not draw rein till he reached Dunbar. He was tried by court-martial for his “foul flight,” as Colonel Gardiner called it, but was acquitted. The Muses, however, did not acquit him; but

have immortalized his cowardly and disgraceful retreat from the field of battle, called according to the different local positions of the conflicting parties, Gladsmuir, Prestonpans, and Tranent Muir. Of the three generals whom the presence of mind and great personal

bravery of Prince Charles, aided by the impetuous charge of the clans, defeated, a punning rhymster made the following ludicrous but accurate epigram:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,
Nor Hawley haul his cannon on the foe.

TRANENT MUIR.¹

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame—O, fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

And Simpson keen, to clear the cen
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man;
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;

Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, among the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding gray he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae doun wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

¹ Two objectionable verses—the third and fifth—of this song are omitted.—ED.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;
 And they, as gain for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man,
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa', man;
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar: —
 Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waiking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were waiking, I wad wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the
 morning.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword;
 And dinna flee away like a frightened bird,
 That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To ha'e a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa' in the morning.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
 It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 Sae early in the morning.

Oh! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs—
 So I wish you a' gude morning.

JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1720—DIED 1789.

The author of "The Clyde," a descriptive poem of considerable merit, was born in the parish of Lesmahagow, in Lanarkshire, June 30, 1720. He was the son of a small farmer, who, to maintain his family, was obliged to divide his labours between the anvil and plough—a practice not uncommon in Scotland in former times. John was sent to the grammar-school of Lanark, where he remained until his fourteenth year, when the death of

his father compelled him to withdraw. He had made such rapid progress in his studies that even at this early age he was able to begin instructing others, and from this period till he arrived at manhood he maintained himself by private teaching. In 1746 he was appointed schoolmaster in his native parish, and in this situation he continued many years. His first production as an author was a "Dramatic Essay," which he afterwards expanded

into the "Earl Douglas," a tragedy. This he published at Glasgow in 1764, with his poem of "The Clyde."

In the year 1767, on a vacancy occurring in the grammar-school of Greenock, Wilson was offered the situation of master on the singular condition, it is said, that he should abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." With this Gothic proposition the poor poet, having a wife and children to maintain, was compelled to comply. He was in a situation not dissimilar to that of the bard of "Bara's Isle," who, to save his Mora from death, made a fire of his harp:—

"Dark grows the night! and cold and sharp
Beat wind and hail, and drenching rain;
Nought else remains.—'I'll burn my harp!
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain."

To avoid the temptation of violating his promise, which he esteemed sacred, he took an early opportunity of destroying his unfinished manuscripts. After this he never ventured to replace the forbidden lyre, though the memory of its departed sounds often filled his heart with sadness. Sometimes, when the conversation of friends restored the vivacity of these recollections, he would carelessly pour out some extemporaneous rhymes; but the inspiration passed away, and its fleeting nature palliated the momentary transgression. Wilson died June 2, 1789, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

A few poetic fragments that had escaped the flames were found among his papers. These were chiefly hasty effusions on temporary subjects, or juvenile paraphrases of passages of Scripture. An improved edition of "The Clyde," which he had prepared for the press

before being appointed master of the Greenock school, was published by Dr. Leyden in the first volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, to which he prefixed a memoir of the author. Wilson had two sons, both of whom gave great promise of poetical talents. "James the eldest," says Dr. Leyden, "was a young man of more than ordinary abilities, displayed a fine taste for both poetry and drawing, and, like his father, possessed an uncommon share of humour. He went to sea, and after distinguishing himself in several naval engagements, was killed Oct. 11, 1776, in an action on Lake Champlain, in which his conduct received such approbation from his commanding officer, that a small pension was granted by the government to his father. George, who died at the age of twenty-one years, was distinguished for his taste and classical erudition as well as his poetical talents."

It is somewhat remarkable that the Greenock magistrates, in placing an embargo on the muse of Wilson, did so in contravention of one of the acts of the General Assembly, that venerable body having in 1645 enacted that, "for the remedy of the great decay of poesy, no schoolmaster be admitted to teach a grammar-school in burghs, or in other considerable parishes, but such as, after examination, shall be found skilful in the Latin tongue, not only for prose, but also for verse." Of this law, however, the enlightened bailies and skippers of Greenock were (as well as the poet), of course, quite ignorant when they issued their interdict against the cultivation of poetry. Our readers will peruse with pleasure the subjoined opening lines of "The Clyde," together with the brief extracts which follow, taken from the same fine descriptive poem.

THE CLYDE.

(EXTRACT.)

Thy arching groves, O Clyde, thy fertile plains,
Thy towns and villas, claim my filial strains.

Ye Powers! who o'er these winding dales reside,

Who shake the woods, who roll the river's tide;
Who wake the sylvan song, whose pencils pour
The forms of beauty o'er each painted flower;
Inspire the numbers, let the verse display

The charms that grace the imitative lay,
When gently flows the stream, then let the song
In softest, easiest numbers glide along:
When swell'd with rains, o'er rocks it rages fierce,
Swell, rage, and war, and thunder in my verse.

And thou! to whom indulgent Heaven con-
signed

The power to bless, the fair angelic mind;

Formed thy soft breast to melt at human woe,
 Generous to cherish worth, and wise to know;
 Each finer passion of the breast to move,
 To awe with virtue, and inspire with love;
 With native goodness all mankind to charm;
 With love thy noble Hyndford's soul to warm:
 This tribute of a humble muse regard,
 Who scorns to flatter, or to court reward;
 Who, proud to mark with partial eye the fair,
 Still makes their virtue, and their charms her
 care;

But chiefly joys to pour her peaceful strains
 On Clyde's delightful banks and fruitful plains.

From one vast mountain bursting on the day,
 Tweed, Clyde, and Annan urge their separate
 way.

To Anglia's shores bright Tweed and Annan run,
 That seeks the rising, this the setting sun;
 Where raged the Border war, and either flood
 Now blushed with Scottish, now with English
 blood;

Both lands by turns their heroes lost deplore;
 But blest Britannia knows these woes no more.

Clyde far from scenes of strife and horror fled,
 And through more peaceful fields his waters led;
 But ere he issued from their deep abodes,
 He sagely thus addressed his brother floods:

"Full well you know the imperial mandate given,
 His salutary law who rules in heaven!
 That, hasting hence, our waters seek the day,
 And from a thousand fountains force their way,
 Pour on the plain, and genial moisture yield
 To verdant pasture, and to golden field;
 Nurse the fair flowers which on our margins rise,
 And forests proud which sweep the lofty skies;
 See populous cities on our banks extend,
 And through their crowded gates their thousands
 send;

Full mighty fleets on our fair bosoms ride,
 Loading with war or wealth our labouring tide;
 Round spacious islands stretch our silver arms,
 And in our caverns feed the scaly swarms.
 Then in the ocean poured, our journey run,
 Forced by rude winds, or courted by the sun,
 Our waters, from the brine, disdainful rise,
 Through air aspire, and sail along the skies;
 On deluged plain, or parched pasture, pour
 In sounding tempest or in silent shower;
 Adorn the fields, mature the golden grain,
 And blot from fields of death the sanguine stain;
 Or load with low'ring mists the mountain's brow,
 Sink through the soil, and feed the springs below;
 Or, darkly from the bottom of the deep,
 Along the beds of sand in silence creep;
 Through earth's dark veins work out their wind-
 ing way,

And fresh to light from countless fountains play.
 Heaven's generous purpose let us glad assist,
 For general good. To yield is to be blest."
 The river said; and with impetuous force
 Rent the huge hills, and rushed along his course.

Along his infant stream, on either side
 The lofty hills, in clouds, their summits hide;
 In whose vast bowels, treasured dark and deep,
 Exhaustless mines of lead in secret sleep.
 But man, audacious man! whose stubborn pride
 Free gifts disdains, and longs for all denied,
 Mid central earth, bids hardy hands combine
 To drag the metal from its parent mine;
 Which, forced to light, forms the destructive ball,
 At whose dire touch fleets sink and armies fall;
 Seas blush with blood, while floats the crimson
 field;

Walls sink to dust, to rapine cities yield.
 Nor death alone to fated realms it brings:
 It to the cistern guides the distant springs;
 The lofty palace or the temple crowns,
 Or, raised on high, a sage or hero frowns.
 Yet, mortals, fear the first of crimes, be wise;
 Prize what Heaven gives, forbear what Heaven
 denies;

Who numerous flocks o'er every mountain pours,
 And makes the fleece and harmless bearer yours;
 Burdened with milk, o'er all the hills they beat,
 Or, clad with wool, they crop the pasture sweet.

THE CLYDE PERSONIFIED.

To whom the parent flood—"My children dear,
 The festive sounds of peace salute mine ear.
 Henceforth our peaceful ports, from insult free,
 Anchor'd secure, their loaded fleets shall see;
 And, to my honour, happy world shall know,
 They to a son of mine their safety owe.
 Great Bute! who, warm with patriot zeal, arose
 To still wild war, and give the world repose;
 And having done the good his heart desir'd,
 Scorning reward, to shades obscure retir'd.
 For all he valued was already given,
 Approven of his soul, his prince, and Heaven!
 He calmly smil'd. Eclips'd ambition rav'd,
 To see a world by worth superior sav'd!

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

By Crookston Castle waves the still green yew,
 The first that met the royal Mary's view,
 When, bright in charms, the youthful princess led
 The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:
 Emboss'd in silver, now its branches green
 Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian green.
 But dark Langside, from Crookston view'd afar,
 Still seems to range in pomp the rebel war;
 Here, when the moon rides dimly through the
 sky,
 The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly,

And one bright female form, with sword and
crown,
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

STAG-HUNTING.

Not so the stately stag, of harmless force;
In motion graceful, rapid in his course.
Nature in vain his lofty head adorns
With formidable groves of pointed horns.
Soon as the hound's fierce clamour strikes his ear,
He throws his arms behind, and owns his fear;
Sweeps o'er the unprinted grass, the wind out-
flies;—
Hounds, horses, hunters, horns, still sound along
the skies;
Fierce as a storm they pour along the plain;
Their lively chief, still foremost of the train,
With unremitting ardour leads the chase;—
He, trembling, safety seeks in every place;

Drives through the thicket, scales the lofty steep;
Bounds o'er the hills, or darts through valleys
deep;
Plunges amid the river's cooling tides,
While strong and quick he heaves his panting
sides.
He from afar his lov'd companions sees,
Whom the loud hoop that hurtles on the breeze
Into a crowded phalanx firm had cast;
Their armed heads all outward round them plac'd:
Some desperate band, surrounded, thus appears,
Hedg'd with protended bayonets and spears:
To these he flies, and begs to be allow'd
To share the danger with the kindred crowd;
But must, by general voice excluded, know
How loath'd the sad society of woe.
The cruel hounds pour round on every hand;
Desperate, he turns to make a feeble stand:
Big tears on tears roll down his harmless face;
He falls, and sues in vain, alas! for grace:
Pitied and prized, he dies. The ponderous prey
The jolly troop in triumph bear away.

JOHN SKINNER.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1807.

REV. JOHN SKINNER, a popular poet and ecclesiastical historian, was born October 3, 1721, at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire. His father was schoolmaster of that parish, and his mother was the widow of Donald Farquharson, Esq. of Balfour. At the age of thirteen John entered the University of Aberdeen, where he pursued his studies with diligence and great success. After he graduated he became assistant in the parish schools of Kennay and Monymusk. In 1740 he went to Shetland in the capacity of a private tutor. Returning to Aberdeenshire he was ordained a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, and called to the parish of Longside. A few years later, after the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, his chapel was destroyed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland; and on the plea of his having transgressed the law by preaching to more than four persons without subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he was during six months kept a prisoner in Aberdeen jail.

From early youth Skinner had composed verses in the Scottish dialect, but his entering

the ministry checked for a time his poetical propensities. His subsequent productions, which include all of his popular songs, were written to please his friends or to gratify the members of his family. In a letter to Burns, dated 1787, he says:—"While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted these effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions; at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

A poetical epistle addressed by him to Robert Burns, in commendation of his talents, was termed by the Ayrshire bard as "the best poetical compliment he had ever received." It led to a regular correspondence, which was carried on to the gratification of both parties. They, however, never met. Burns, who some-



REV. JOHN SKINNER,

[AUTHOR OF TULLOCHGORUM']

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF
THE RIGHT REV W SKINNER D D ABERDEEN

Blackie & Son London, Glasgow & Edinburgh



how failed to inform himself as to his friend's locality before going on his northern tour, had the mortification of learning on his return that he had been in his immediate neighbourhood without having seen him. To his son, Bishop Skinner, he afterwards said: "I would have gone twenty miles out of my way to visit the author of 'Tullochgorum.'" After ministering at Longside for sixty-five years, Mr. Skinner gave up his parish, and went to reside with his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, where he died June 16, 1807, twelve days after his arrival.

Besides his poetical works, which appeared in a volume with the title *Amusements of Leisure Hours, or Poetical Pieces, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Mr. Skinner was the author of *An Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, from the first appearance of Christianity in that Kingdom*, issued in 1788; and several theological treatises and numerous compositions in Latin verse, which were published, together with a memoir of the author, under the editorial supervision of his son the bishop in 1809. Fifty years later an edition of his poems appeared at Peterhead, with a memoir from the pen of H. G. Reid.

A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* gives a beautiful picture of Skinner and his cottage at Linshart, near Longside, which he occupied for sixty-five years. He says: "There are old people still alive who have conversed with him. He was a man of the same cheerful, happy temperament as Ross; a skilful player on the violin, and vocalist enough to be able to sing his own songs. During part of his ministry, he, in common with his brethren, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the house of Hanover; they were Jacobites to a man, and suffered some persecution in consequence. It was illegal for more than four persons to assemble in one place for worship. We have been told that Skinner evaded this law by reading the service at an open window in his cottage to the people assembled outside. The cottage at Linshart,

which he occupied for sixty-five years, has now disappeared. He thus alludes to it in one of his songs:—

' And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time;
And I hope we shall never need another.'

In this cottage he reared a numerous family, to whom he thus refers:—

' What though we canna boast of our guineas, O!
We have plenty of Jockeys and Jeanies, O!
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a poek full of poor yellow steenies, O!'

It was well that he thought so, as few of 'the poor yellow steenies' ever came his way. It is doubtful whether his income ever reached that of Goldsmith's village pastor; but a shilling in those days went a long way. With the salary of a footman he had the soul of a gentleman, the genius of a poet, and the learning of a scholar; the poor cottage at Linshart was ennobled by his presence. He lived to see his son bishop of his diocese. He was a pure-minded, pure-hearted noble old man, with a soul overflowing with love to God and contentment with his lot, without one spark of religious bigotry. A pleasing proof of this may be related:—On one occasion he was passing with a friend close to a Dissenting place of worship, and on hearing the sound of the psalmody reverently took off his hat. 'What!' said his friend, 'are you so fond of the Anti-burghers?' There was much of dignity and Christian charity in the old man's answer—'Sir, I respect and love any of my fellow-Christians who are engaged in singing to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.' It was the same in politics. He had taken his side; from principle he had thrown in his lot with the losing party; but the sympathies of his soul were not cribbed by narrow creeds or political exclusiveness. He loved the whole human race, and was as dear to the Presbyterians around him as to his own little flock."

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide

For what was done before them;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing along wi' me
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him;
 For blithe and cheery we'll be a',
 Blythe and cheery, blythe and cheery,
 Blythe and cheery we'll be a',
 And make a happy quorum;
 For blythe and cheery we'll be a'
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themselfs distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,
 Like old philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum!¹

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Were I but able to rehearse
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw;
 The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Wha had kent her might hae sworn
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Here about nor far awa':
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Here about nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keel
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a';
 She never threatened scab nor rot,
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor caw:
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw;
 Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,

¹ This extremely popular song owes its origin to the following incident. In the course of a visit Skinner was making to a friend, a dispute arose among the guests on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, which, becoming somewhat too exciting for the comfort of the lady of the house, she, in order to bring it to a close, requested our author to suggest appropriate words for the air of "Tullochgorum." Mr. Skinner readily complied, and before leaving the house produced what Burns characterized as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." The lady's name at whose request it was written was Mrs. Montgomery, hence the allusion in the first stanza.—ED.

My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teesed about the barn wa':
 My ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa:
 The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head awa':
 And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
 Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
 Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa':
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn
 Well deserved baith girse and corn,
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa':
 Sic a ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?)
 A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my ewie, horn, and a';
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa':
 I got my ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
 Sworn I have as well as said it,
 Though a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra';
 I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this sin' ever I was born,
 My ewie, wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie, stown awa':
 My ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' croup or cauld,
 As ewies do when they grow auld,
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a';
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa':
 The loss o' her we could hae borne, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life
 Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fleyt that our gudewife
 Will never win aboon't ava:
 O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,

Call your muses up and mourn
 Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, and fell'd and a'!
 Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

When I began the world first,
 It was not as 'tis now;
 For all was plain and simple then,
 And friends were kind and true:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!
 The times that I now see;
 I think the world's all gone wrong,
 From what it used to be.

There were not then high capring heads,
 Prick'd up from ear to ear,
 And cloaks and caps were rarities
 For gentle folks to wear:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now
 But what sets up for taste;
 And not a lass in all the land
 But must be lady-dressed:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

Our young men married then for love,
 So did our lasses too;
 And children loved their parents dear,
 As children ought to do:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

For oh! the times are sadly changed—
 A heavy change indeed!
 For truth and friendship are no more,
 And honesty is fled:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride,
 Among both high and low;
 And strife, and greed, and vanity
 Is all that's minded now:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

When I look through the world wide,
 How times and fashions go,
 It draws the tears from both my eyes,
 And fills my heart with woe:
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!
 The times that I now see;
 I wish the world were at an end,
 For it will not mend for me!

JOHN O' BADENYON.¹

When first I cam' to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there and everywhere
 Was like a morn in May;
 No care I had, no fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town;
 I still was pleased where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tuned my pipe and pleased myself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find,
 For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
 And e'en improved the mind:
 On Phillis fair above the rest
 Kind fortune fixed my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice;
 To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do;
 But when at last I breathed my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguiled
 With foolish hopes and vain;
 To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
 And laughed at lovers' pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine:
 And now whatever might betide
 A happy man was I;

¹ "An excellent song," says Burns; and Allan Cunningham writes, "There is something of the sermon in this clever song: the author puts his hero through a regular course of worldly pursuits, and withdraws him from love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, with the resolution of finding consolation in his own bosom. When the song was composed John Wilkes was in the full career of his short-lived popularity; and honest Skinner, incensed probably at the repeated insults which the demagogue offered to Scotland, remembered him in song."—ED.

In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply.
 A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
 I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a *patriot* turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne.
 Their manly spirit I admired,
 And praised their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintain'd the public weal;
 But e'er a month or two had pass'd
 I found myself betrayed;
 'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,
 For a' the stir they made;
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 Insult the very throne,
 I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused awhile,
 Still hoping to succeed;
 I pitched on *books* for company,
 And gravely tried to read;
 I bought and borrow'd everywhere,
 And studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way;
 Philosophy I now esteemed
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully through many a page
 I hunted after truth.
 A thousand various schemes I tried,
 And yet was pleased with none;
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here
 Is but an empty name,
 And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books* also,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advised, and warning take
 From such a man as me;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure everywhere;
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves
 With John o' Badenyon.

THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

How happy a life does the parson possess
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 Who depends on his book and his gown for support,
 And derives no preferment from conclave or court!

Derry down, &c.

Without glebe or manse settled on him by law,
 No stipend to sue for, nor vic'rage to draw;
 In discharge of his office he holds him content,
 With a croft and a garden, for which he pays rent.

Derry down, &c.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,
 With a spare room to welcome a friend now and then;
 With a good-humour'd wife in his fortune to share,
 And ease him at all times of family care.

Derry down, &c.

With a few of the fathers, the oldest and best,
 And some modern extracts pick'd out from the rest;
 With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,
 To afford him instruction each day of the week.

Derry down, &c.

What children he has, if any are given,
 He thankfully trusts to the kindness of Heaven;
 To religion and virtue he trains them while young,
 And with such a provision he does them no wrong.

Derry down, &c.

With labour below, and with help from above,
 He cares for his flock, and is bless'd with their love;
 Though his living, perhaps, in the main may be scant,
 He is sure, while they have, that he'll ne'er be in want.

Derry down, &c.

With no worldly projects nor hurries perplex'd,
 He sits in his closet and studies his text;
 And while he converses with Moses or Paul,
 He envies not bishop, nor dean in his stall.

Derry down, &c.

Not proud to the poor nor a slave to the great,
 Neither factious in church nor pragmatic in state,
 He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,
 And finds work sufficient in preaching and prayer.

Derry down, &c.

In what little dealings he's forced to transact,
 He determines with plainness and candour to act;

And the great point on which his ambition is set
 Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.

Derry down, &c.

Thus calmly he steps through the valley of life;
 Unencumber'd with wealth and a stranger to strife;
 On the bustlings around him unmoved he can look,
 And at home always pleased with his wife and his book.

Derry down, &c.

And when, in old age, he drops into the grave,
 This humble remembrance he wishes to have:
 "By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,
 Contented he lived, and lamented he died!"

Derry down, &c.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

When fops and fools together prate,
 O'er punch or tea, of this or that,
 What silly, poor, unmeaning chat
 Does all their talk engross!
 A noble theme employs my lays,
 And thus my honest voice I raise
 In well-deserved strains to praise
 The worthy Man of Ross.

His lofty soul (would it were mine!)
 Scorns every selfish, low design,
 And ne'er was known to repine
 At any earthly loss:
 But still contented, frank, and free
 In every state, whate'er it be,
 Serene and staid we always see
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Let misers hug their worldly store,
 And gripe and pinch to make it more;
 Their gold and silver's shining ore,
 He counts it all but dross:
 'Tis better treasure he desires;
 A surer stock his passion fires,
 And mild benevolence inspires
 The worthy Man of Ross.

When want assails the widow's cot,
 Or sickness strikes the poor man's hut,
 When blasting winds or foggy rot
 Augment the farmer's loss;
 The sufferer straight knows where to go
 With all his wants and all his woe;
 For glad experience leads him to
 The worthy Man of Ross.

This Man of Ross I'll daily sing,
 With vocal note and lyric string,
 And duly, when I've drank the king,
 He'll be my second toss.
 May Heaven its choicest blessings send
 On such a man, and such a friend;
 And still may all that's good attend
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Now, if you ask about his name,
 And where he lives with such a fame,
 Indeed, I'll say you are to blame;
 For truly, *inter nos*,
 'Tis what belongs to you and me,
 And all of high or low degree,
 In every sphere to try to be
 The worthy Man of Ross.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1791.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the blind poet and divine, was born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, November 10, 1721. Before he was six months old he was deprived of his sight by the smallpox. As he grew up his father, a poor bricklayer, educated him at home, and read to him instructive and entertaining books, particularly Spenser, Milton, Pope, Prior, and Addison. The blind boy became enthusiastically fond of poetry, his special favourites being Allan Ramsay and Thomson. He began to compose poetry when he was twelve years of age, and one of his early pieces is preserved in the collection published after his death. When twenty years old some of his poetical compositions came under the notice of Dr. John Stevenson, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, who kindly invited him to that city, with the benevolent design of improving his genius by a liberal education. Young Blacklock arrived in Edinburgh in 1741, and after attending a grammar-school for a short time he was enrolled as a student at the university, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he retired to the residence of a sister in Dumfries.

At the close of the civil commotions Blacklock returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies at college for six years longer. He was licensed as a preacher of the gospel in 1759, and, three years afterwards married the daughter of Mr. Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. The year of his marriage he was presented to the church-living of Kirkcudbright, although at the time labouring under the loss of eyesight. It is related that when he was preach-

ing one of his trial discourses an old woman who sat on the pulpit stairs inquired whether he was a reader of his sermons. "He canna be a reader, for he's blind," responded her neighbour. "I'm glad to hear't," rejoined the old wife; "I wish they were a' blin'." In 1746 Blacklock published at Glasgow a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. The last edition attracted the attention of the Rev. Joseph Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford, who wrote an account of Blacklock's life and writings, with the design of introducing his name and character to the English public.

The parishioners of Kirkcudbright having refused, on account of his blindness, to acknowledge him as their pastor, a lawsuit was commenced, which after two years was compromised by Blacklock retiring upon a moderate annuity. He then removed to Edinburgh, and added to his income by receiving as boarders into his house a number of young gentlemen, whom he assisted in their studies. This system he continued until 1787, when age and increasing infirmities compelled him to give it up. In 1766 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marischal College, Aberdeen. "The Graham," a heroic ballad in four cantos, was published in 1774, but was excluded from Mackenzie's collection of his works, as being inferior to his other poems.

Dr. Blacklock was one of the first to appreciate the genius of Robert Burns; and it was owing to a letter from him to the Rev. Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudoun, that Burns in

November, 1786, relinquished the design of leaving his native land for Jamaica, and resolved to try his fortune in Edinburgh. On his arrival in the metropolis the doctor treated him with great kindness, and introduced him to many of his literary friends. Blacklock died at Edinburgh, July 7, 1791, and was buried in the ground of St. Cuthbert's chapel of ease. A monument was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription written by his friend Dr. Beattie. In 1793 a quarto edition of his poems, with a memoir by Henry Mackenzie, was published in Edinburgh. In addition to his poems Dr. Blacklock wrote several theological treatises; an ingenious and elegant article on "Blindness" for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; and two dissertations, entitled "Paraclesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion," one of them original, the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero. "In his person," says Alexander Campbell, "Dr. Blacklock exceeded not the middle size, but his erect posture gave an air of dignity mingled with perfect simplicity; and a peculiar involuntary motion, the effect of habit, added not a little to interest the beholder, as it usually accompanied the glow of his feelings in conversation." "To his

accomplishments," continues the same writer, "he added a taste for music, and he excelled in singing the melodies of his country. I have heard him often bear a part in a chorus with much judgment and precision. His knowledge of the scientific part of music was by no means inconsiderable."

Of Dr. Blacklock, of whom it was said that he never lost a friend or made a foe, Robert Heron remarks:—"There was, perhaps, never one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called an angel upon earth. He was guileless and innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity and penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of overflowing benignity; his feelings were all tremblingly alive to the sense of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the pious, and the virtuous. Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness; cheerfulness even to gaiety was, notwithstanding that irremediable misfortune, long the predominant colour of his mind. In his latter years, when the gloom might otherwise have thickened around him, hope, faith, devotion, the most fervent and sublime, exalted his mind to heaven, and made him maintain his wonted cheerfulness in the expectation of a speedy dissolution."

ODE TO AURORA ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.¹

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

ABSENCE.

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
All the beauties that vary the year,
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!

¹ Of this ode Mackenzie says:—"A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed."—Ed.

How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Marg'ret the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze,
 As far as the view can extend!
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend!
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Marg'ret with me to admire!
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
 How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
 Or catch as it swells from the grove
 The music that floats on the gale.
 Alas! the delusion how vain!
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonizing with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
 To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume!
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sunbeams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
 Does she number the hours of my stay?
 First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
 When with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

BENEATH A GREEN SHADE.

Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain
 Ae evening reclined to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceased to breathe and the fountain to
 flow;

Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey;
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see, the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,
 With a heart full of love, and a vapourish head,
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding-day:
 "What would I give for a wedding-day!
 Who would not wish for a wedding-day!
 Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,
 With all ye can boast, for a wedding-day."

"Should Heaven bid my wishes with freedom
 implore
 One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,
 For Jessie, dear Jessie, alone would I pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day!
 Blessed be the approach of my wedding-day!
 Hail, my dear nymph, and my wedding-day!
 Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine
 more gay!
 For happiness dawns with my wedding-day."

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
 O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's
 mind:
 O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!
 "Why was I born to a wedding-day!
 Cursed, ever cursed, be my wedding-day."
 Colin, poor Colin, thus changes his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-
 day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,
Be taught from your freedom to measure your
bliss,
Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
And blast all your joys on your wedding-day.
Horns are the gift of a wedding-day;
Want and a scold crown a wedding-day;
Happy and gallant who, wise when he may,
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day!

A N N A.

Shepherds, I have lost my love.
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove
Upon the banks of Banna?
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green-wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever!

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;
Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round
Encompass all thy ways.
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat,
Felt Heaven's avengful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

TOBIAS G. SMOLLETT.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1771.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, an eminent his-
torian, novelist, and poet, was born in Dal-
quhurn House, near the village of Renton,
Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father
dying while he was very young, his education

was undertaken by his grandfather Sir James
Smollett. After completing his rudimentary
studies at the neighbouring school of Dum-
barton, he was sent to the University of Glas-
gow, where he studied medicine. His wish