# ROBERT GRANT.

Born 1785 — Died 1838.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, was born in the county of Inverness in 1785. He was descended from one of the most ancient families in Scotland. With his elder brother Charles, the late Lord Glenelg, he was entered a member of Magdalene College, in the University of Cambridge, of which they both became fellows. Here he graduated with the highest honours in 1806, and adopting the profession of the law he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1807. In 1813 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Expediency Maintained of Continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now Regulated," and also "A Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its First Foundation to the Passing of the Regulating Act of 1773." He held the office of King's Sergeant in the Duchy Court of Lancaster and was made one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1826 he was elected to Parliament for the Inverness district of burghs; and he afterwards sat for Norwich and the new borough of Finsbury. He was appointed one of the commissioners of the Board of Control, was sworn a privy-councillor in 1831, and the year following was appointed Judge-Advocate-General. In June, 1834, he received the appointment of governor of Bombay, and continued to discharge the duties of this important office till the time of his death, which took place at Dapoorie July 9, 1838, in his fifty-third year. An elegant volume, entitled "Sacred Poems, by Sir Robert Grant," was published by Lord Glenelg in 1839. In the preface he says:—"Many of them have already appeared in print, either in periodical publications or in collections of sacred poetry; but a few are now published for the first time."

## LITANY.

Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
O! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

## "WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price,
Love—a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light:
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumber'd seraph-strings.
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest!
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lur'd thy wandering child:
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe.
Yet should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me!
Whom have I in each but thee?

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## "BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENEST."

O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way;
Ador'd be the power which illumin'd my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow—I caught at the toy;
And still, in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;—
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of woe;
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So cur'd of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe—
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

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## COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

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### THE BROOKLET.

Sweet brooklet ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay;
For oh! by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest,
In my parent ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy pass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
I may not stay;
For oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Oh! rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"O! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay;
But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
There held, I must need be blest,
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"

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# GEORGE BEATTIE.

Born 1786—Died 1823.

George Beattie, a man who, both from the value of the poetry he left behind him, and the tragic nature of the closing years of his brief life, has claims on the sympathetic remembrance of a generation other than his own, was born in 1786 in the parish of St. Cyrus, in the south-east corner of Kincardineshire. The son of a crofter, who in the season could take to salmon-fishing to help him to support his family, he was born and brought up in a small cottage, which boasted only of a "but and a ben," along with his three brothers and two sisters, who went regularly every morning in merry band to the parish school. These

were the days of simple homely pleasures and rural festivities, when the more serious business of life was enlivened at stated periods by the merrymakings of Hallowe'en, Hogmanay, Yule, Pasch Saturday, and earlin play at harvest-home, and George's nature seems to have been considerably influenced by the frolic and simplicity of these rustic rites. When he was about thirteen years of age his father obtained a situation in the excise, and this led the family to remove to Montrose, a distance of about five miles. It was probably with some sorrow that the children left their pretty country home, and it is said that George walked all the distance to their new abode with a tame "kae" (jackdaw) on his shoulder.

Some time after the family settled at Montrose George was sent to learn a trade, but he continued at it a very short time. He managed to procure a situation as clerk in an office in Aberdeen. His employer died six weeks later, however, and left to his clerk a legacy of £50. This was quite a little capital to the young man. He returned to Montrose, and entered the office of the procurator-fiscal of the place. After passing a year or two in Edinburgh he commenced business for himself in Montrose as a writer. In this capacity he succeeded well, and attracted many friends by the kindliness of his manner, the accuracy of his official habits, and his conversational gifts. He soon established for himself the reputation of being both a humorist and a poet by his poem of "John o' Arnha'," the first sketch of which appeared in the columns of the *Montrose Review* in 1815. In this shape the poem is bare and meagre compared with its finished form. It was afterwards extended to four times its original length, and made much richer and fuller.

Six years later the tragic interest of Beattie's life begins, but we cannot more than briefly outline the story. After successfully wooing a certain lady, she inherits a large fortune, and, abandoning the humble poet for a more aristocratic suitor, who is suddenly smitten with her solid charms, the sensitive Beattie is so overwhelmed with grief and despair that he provides himself with a pistol, walks out to a favourite resort known as the Auld Kirkyard, and is found the following day lying dead by the side of his sister's grave. Since the time of his death (September 29, 1823) his poetical writings have passed through several editions. The latest collection is accompanied by an interesting memoir of the poet from the pen of A. S. M'Cyrus, M.A.; also memoranda from manuscripts left by Beattie. His principal poem, "John o' Arnha'," is full of wild rollicking fun and humour, and has been well called an amplified and localized "Tam o' Shanter." Mingled with its grotesque imagery there is a vein of deep pathos.

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## JOHN O' ARNHA'.

(EXTRACT.)

It was in May, ae bonny morn,
When dewie draps refresh'd the corn,
And tipt ilk stem wi' crystal bead,
That glissent o'er the spangelt mead
Like gleam o' swords in fairy wars,
As thick and clear as heaven's stars;
While Phœbus shot his gowden rays
Asklent the lawn—a dazzling blaze;
The wind but gently kissed the trees,
To waft their balm upon the breeze;
The bee commenced her eident tour,
Culling sweets frae ilka flower;
The whins in yellow bloom were clad,
And ilka bush a bridal bed;
A' nature smil'd serene and fair;
The la'rocks chantit i' the air;
The lammies frisket o'er the lea—
Wi' music rang ilk bush and tree.

Now "sighs and vows," and kisses sweet—
The sound of lightly-tripping feet—
Love's tender tale—the sweet return—
The plaints of some still doomed to mourn;
The rustic jest and merry tale
Came floating on the balmy gale;
For smiling, on the road were seen
Baith lads and lasses, trig and clean,
Linkin' blythely pair and pair,
To grace Montrose's annual fair!—
Montrose, "wham ne'er a town surpasses"
For Growling Guild and ruling Asses!
For pedants, with each apt specific

To render barren brains prolific;
For poetasters, who conspire
To rob Apollo of his lyre,
Although they never laid a leg
Athort his godship's trusty naig;
For preachers, writers, and physicians—
Parasites and politicians:
And all accomplished, grave, and wise,
Or sae appear in their own eyes!
To wit and lair, too, make pretence,
E'en sometimes "deviate into sense!"
A path right kittle, steep, and latent,
And only to a few made patent.
So, lest it might offend the sentry,
I winna seek to force an entry,
But leav't to bards inspir'd and holy,
And tread the open field of folly;
For certes, as the world goes,
Nonsense in rhyme's as free's in prose;
And are we not distinctly told
By Hudibras, in days of old,
That "Those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
And one for sense and one for rhyme
Is quite sufficient at a time."

As for your critics, ruin seize them,
I ken I canna sing to please them;
A reason guid—I dinna try—
They're but a despicable fry,
That vend their venom and their ink,
Their praise and paper eke for clink.
Thae judges partial, self-elekit,
Why should their sentence be respeckit;
Why should the silly squeamish fools
Think fouk will mind their measur'd rules;
They spill not ink for fame or glory,
Nor paper blacken *con amore;*
'Tis Mammon aye their pens inspire,
They praise or damn alike for hire:
An', chapman-like, their critic treasure
Is bought and sold again by measure;
Some barrister new ta'en degrees
(Whase purse is lank for lack o' fees),
Or churchman just come frae the college,
Wi' skull weel cramm'd wi' classic knowledge,
Draw pen to laud some weary bard,
Or deal damnation by the yard.
But first they toss them up a maik,
To learn what course they ought to take;
If "tails," the critics quickly damn him,
If "heads," wi' fousome flattery cram him.
In either case they're paid their wages,
Just by the number o' their pages.

How soon are mortals led astray—
Already I am off my way;
I've left my bonny tale, to fesh in
A wicked scandalous digression;
By bards of yore who sang of gods,
Clep'd underplots and episodes:
But, "Muse, be kind, an' dinna fash us
To flee awa' ayont Parnassus,"
Or fill our brains wi' lies and fiction,
Else fouk will scunner at your diction.

I sing not of an ancient knight,
Wi' polish'd lance and armour bright;
Nor, as we say, wi' book bedeckit
In iron cap and jinglin' jecket,
High mounted on a champion steed,
Enough to fley puir fouk to deid—
Or modern Dux, wi' noddin' crest,
An' starnies glancin' on his breast—
Or garter wappin' round his knee
To celebrate his chivalry;—
Heroes fit for southern bardies!
Mine walks a-foot and wields his gardies;
Or, at the warst, his aiken rung,
Wi' which he never yet was dung,
Unless by more than mortal foe—
By demons frae the shades below—
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme.

The valiant hero of my story
Now rang'd the fair in all his glory,
A winsome strapper trim and fettle,
Courting strife, to show his mettle,
An' gain him favours wi' the fair—
For dastard coofs they dinna care.
Your snools in love, and cowards in war,
Frae maiden grace are banished far;
An' John had stak'd his life, I ween,
For favour frae a lassie's een;
Stark love his noble heart had fir'd—
To deeds o' pith his soul aspir'd;
Tho' these, in distant climes, he'd shown,
'Twas meet to act them in his own.

Now thrice he wav'd his hat in air—
Thrice dar'd the bravest i' the fair.
The Horner also wav'd his bonnet,
But wish'd belyve he hadna dune it;
For scarcely could ye counted sax,
Before a double round o' whacks
Were shower'd upon his banes like hail,
Right, left, and centre, crack pell-mell—
Sair to bide, and terrible to tell.
The hardest head could ne'er resist
The fury of his pond'rous fist;
He hit him on the ribs sic dirds,
They raird and roove like rotten girds;
His carcass, too, for a' the warl',
Was like a butt or porter barrel.
Now John gaed round him like a cooper,

An' showed himsel' a smart tub hooper;
Wi' mony a snell an' vengefu' paik,
He gar'd his sides an' midriff ake;
Upon his head-piece neist he hammert,
Until the Horner reel'd and stammert;
He cried out, "Mercy! plague upon it!"
Up gaed his heels—aff flew his bonnet,
An' raise to sic a fearfu' height,
It soon was lost to mortal sight:
Some said, that witnessed the transaction,
'Twas cleckit by the moon's attraction,
Or nabbit by the fairy legions,
To whirl them through the airy regions.

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## THE DREAM.

Last night I dreamed a dream of horror. Methought
That, at the hour of midnight, the bell tolled,
With slow and solemn peal; and straight, beneath
The pale cold moon, a thousand spectres moved,
In "dread array," along "the church-way path,"
All swathed in winding-sheets as white as snow—
A ghastly crew! Methought I saw the graves
Yawn and yield up their charge; and I heard the
Coffins crack, and the deadal drapery
Rustle against their hollow sides, like the
Wing of the renovated chrysoly,
As they flutter against the ruins of
Their winter dormitory, when the voice
Of spring awakes them from their drowsy couch,
To float aloft upon the buxom air.
Although the round full moon shone bright and clear,
Yet did none of these awful phantoms cast
Their shadows on the wan and silent earth,
Nor was the passing breeze interrupted
By their presence. Some skimmed along the earth,
And others sailed aloft on the thin air;
And I observed, when they came between me
And the moon, they interrupted not her
Pale rays; for I saw her majestic orb
Distinct, round, and clear, through their indistinct
And airy forms; and although they moved
Betwixt me and the tomb-stones, yet I read
Their sculpture (deeply shaded by the bright
And piercing beams of the moon) as distinctly
As if nought, dead or living, interposed
Between my eyes and the cold monuments.
The bell ceased to toll; and when the last peal
Died away on the ear, these awful forms
Congregated in various groups, and seemed
To hold converse. The sound of their voices
Was solemn and low, and they spoke the language
Of the "days of other years." In seeming
Woe, they spoke of events long gone by; and
Marvelled at the changes that had taken
Place since they left this mortal scene, to sleep
Within the dark and narrow house. Voices
Issued from the mould, where no forms were seen;
These were still more hollow and sepulchral;
They were as the sound of the cold, bleak wind,
In the dark and danky vaults of death, when
It moans low and mournful, through the crannies
Of their massive doors, shattered by the hand
Of time—a serenade for owls most meet,
And such the raven loves, and hoarsely croaks
His hollow response from the blasted yew.
Often have I heard, when but a stripling,
'Twas meet to speak a troubled ghost, to give
It peace to sleep within the silent grave.
With clammy brow, and joints palsied with fear,
I said, in broken accents, "What means this
Awful congress, this wild and wan array
Of shadowy shapes, gliding here, and moaning
At the silent, solemn hour of midnight?
Have the crying sins, and unwhipt crimes
Of mortals, in these latter days, reached you
Ev'n in the grave, where silence ever reigns,
At least as we believe? Or complain ye
Of holy rites unpaid,—or of the crowd
Whose careless steps those sacred haunts profane."
Straight a fleshless hand, cold as ice, was pressed
Upon my lips; and the spectres vanished
Like dew before the morning sun: and as
They faded on my sight a sound was heard
Like the peal of many organs, solemn,
Loud, and sonorous; or like the awful
Voice of thunder in the sky,—or mighty
Tempest, roaring in a boundless forest,
Uprooting trees, razing habitations,
And sweeping the earth with desolation;
Or like the voice of millions, raised in song;
Or the dark ocean, howling in its wrath;
Or, rather, like all these together, in
One wild concert joined. Now the mighty coil
Died gradually away, till it resembled
The last murmur of the blast on the hill;
Of storms, when it lulls itself to rest; and
The echo of its wrath is faintly heard
In the valley; or the last sigh of the
Æolian harp, when the breeze, that erewhile
Kissed its trembling strings, is spent and breathless!
The next whisper was still lower; and the last
Was so faint and feeble that nothing seemed
To live between it and silence itself.
The awful stillness was more appalling
Than its dread precursor; and I awoke
In terror! But I never shall forget
What I heard and saw in that horrid dream.

# JOHN DONALD CARRICK.

BORN 1787—DIED 1837.

JOHN DONALD CARRICK, a meritorious but unsuccessful literary man, and the author of numerous songs and poems chiefly of a humorous character, was born at Glasgow, April, 1787. His parents, being in humble circumstances, could only afford their son an ordinary education; and at an early age he was placed in the office of an architect in his native city. In his twentieth year, unknown to his parents, he left Glasgow, and travelled to London on foot, there to seek his fortune. On his arrival he offered his services in various places in vain, but at last found employment with a fellow-countryman who took compassion on the friendless lad. For some time he was employed by a house in the pottery business, and in 1811 he returned to Glasgow, and opened a large china and stoneware establishment, in which trade he continued for fourteen years. In 1825, being deeply read in old Scottish literature, he began the preparation of a "Life of Sir William Wallace," which was written for *Constable's Miscellany*. The same year he gave up his own business, and was for some time employed by a Glasgow house as their travelling agent in the West Highlands. Afterwards he became assistant editor of the *Scots Times*, a newspaper then published in Glasgow. To the first volume of *Whistle-Binkie* Mr. Carrick contributed the subjoined and many other songs, which he used to sing with inimitable effect. In 1833 he went to Perth as editor of the *Advertiser*, and the year following accepted the editorship of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. In 1835 he returned to Glasgow, owing to ill health, and superintended the first edition of the *Laird of Logan*, an unrivalled collection of Scottish anecdote and facetiæ, to which he was the principal contributor. Mr. Carrick died August 17, 1837, and was interred in the burying-ground of the High Church of his native city. His biographer says:—"We may observe generally, that as a descriptive painter of the comic and ludicrous aspects of man and society, and as equally skilful in the analysis of human character, combined with a rare and never-failing humour, a pungent but not malicious irony, and great ease and perspicuity of expression, few writers have surpassed John Donald Carrick."

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## THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

"The snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and
heavier grows the lift;
The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen
him frae the drift;
I fear this night will tell a tale among our
foldless sheep,
That will mak many a farmer sigh—God grant
nae widows weep!

"I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi'
elshin an' wi' lingle
Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the
cosie ingle;
It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring
that's now awa',
When you was carried thowless hame, frae
'neath a wreath o' snaw.

"That time I often think upon, and make it
aye my care,
On nichts like this, to snod up a' the beds we
hae to spare;
In case some drift-driven strangers come for-
foughten to our beild,
An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what
the house can yield.

"'Twas God that saved you on that nicht,
when a' was black despair,
An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you
his care;
Then let us show our grateful sense of the
kindness he bestowed,
An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders
frae his road.

"There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might drive a body blin',
But, Praise be blessed for a' that's guid, there's meat and drink within;
An' be he beggar, be he prince, that Heaven directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best we hae."

The guidman heard her silentlie, an' threw his elshin by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the tear was in his eye;
He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife sae loving to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep expressed.

"Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that helped us in our strait,
An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it was great;
An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's state thy care,
An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God is there."

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to partake;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as the flake,
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of woe,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hodden gray attire,
Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the cottars' fire;
Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman rubbed his breast,
An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returning life confess'd.

How it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show,
Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous overflow!
So fared it with our simple ones, who found the youth to be
Their only son, whom they were told had perish'd far at sea.

The couch they had with pious care for some lone stranger spread—
Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their lov'd wanderer's head:

Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show
Return again to our own hearts with joyous overflow.

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## THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O England! dear home of the lovely and true,
Loved home of the brave and the free,
Though distant—though wayward—the path I pursue,
My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.
Deep, in my heart's core,
Rests the print of thy shore,
From a die whose impression fades never,
And the motto impressed
By this die on my breast
Is "England, dear England, for ever,"
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of light
Aloft on the white-crested wave,
While billows surround her, as guards of her right
To an island where breathes not a slave.
And her sceptre of light
Shall, through regions of night,
Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,
Till the unfetter'd slaves,
To the queen of the waves,
Shout "Freedom and England for ever,"
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

How often hath fame, with his trumpet's loud blast,
Praised the crimes of mock heroes in war,
Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,
And drag the fallen foe to their car!
But a new law from heaven,
Hath by England been given
To fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever—
"No hero but he
Who saves and sets free,"
Saith England, free England, for ever,
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

---

## THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,
And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—
A whistle to mak' o' the castle lum,
To souf his music sae sairlie, O!
And the roast on the speet is sapless and sma';
And meat is scant in chamber and ha',
And the knichts hae ceased their merry guffaw,
For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,
'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute;
The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,
An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!
An' lofty and loud were the tones she assumed,
An' boasted how ladies and knichts gaily plumed,
Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,
To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

"While the Haggis," she said, "was a beggarly slave,
An' never was seen 'mang the fair an' the brave;"
"Fuff! fuff!" quo' the Haggis, "thou vile lying knave,
Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O?
Can it fill a toom wame? can it help a man's pack?
A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
But when starving at hame will it keep him, alack!
Fra trying his hand at the hanging, O?"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,
But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
Wha stood list'ning bye, an' to settle the plea,
They begged he would try his endeavour, O!
For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot.
But a haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it's *hot*,
So his bowels were moved in his favour, O!

"Nocht pleasures the lug half sae weel as a tune,
An' whar hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon?"
The Harp in a triumph cried, "Laddie, weel done,"
An' her strings wi' delight fell a tinkling, O!
"The Harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,
"But what is the harp to put in the mouth?
It fills nae the wame, it slaiks nae the drouth,—
At least—that is *my* way o' thinking, O!

"A tune's but an *air*, but a haggis is *meat*,—
An' wha plays the tune that a body can eat?—
When a haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,
My word she has gallant attendance, O!
A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tangs,
But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs;
But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his sangs,
Waes me, has a puir dependence, O!

"How often we hear, wi' the tear in our eye,
How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,
Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,
Without e'er a friend within hearing, O!
But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost,—
Lay his head on a haggis to gie up the ghost?—
O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,
An' truntled awa' to the shearing, O!

"Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup:
Gie the haggis the lead be't to dine or to sup:—
Till the bags are well filled, there can no drone get up,—
Is a saying I learned from my mither, O!
When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,
An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—
An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,
Gude grant ye may be thegither, O!"

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# ALEXANDER LAING.

Born 1787 — Died 1857.

Alexander Laing, familiarly known as "the Brechin poet," was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, May 14, 1787. His education at school was exceedingly limited, having been there only during two winters; but the want was largely supplied by the careful home-training of his parents and his own self-application. When only eight years old he was employed herding cattle during the summer months, and while thus engaged he read many of the modern Scottish poets. He was afterwards apprenticed to the flax-dressing business, at which he continued for fourteen years, when he was accidentally disabled by a heavy plank falling upon his shoulder. On recovering from the accident he turned packman, a business which he carried on until within a short period of his death.

Laing's effusions first appeared in the columns of provincial newspapers. In 1819 several songs from his pen were published in the *Harp of Caledonia*, edited by John Struthers, and he subsequently became a contributor to the *Harp of Renfrewshire* and Smith's *Scottish*

*Minstrel.* In 1846 he published by subscription a collected edition of his poems and songs under the designation of *Wayside Flowers.* A second edition appeared in 1850, and a few days before the poet's death a third edition was published, with illustrative notes and additions by the author. His extensive and reliable information regarding the poets and poetry of Scotland brought him into correspondence with some of the more celebrated poets of the day, from many of whom he received presentation copies of their works. He edited two editions of Burns; furnished his friend Allan Cunningham with numerous notes for his four volumes of Scottish songs; compiled the biographical notices for the *Angus Album,* published in 1833; contributed *facetiæ* to the *Laird of Logan;* and edited an edition of his favourite song-writer Robert Tannahill. It is also worthy of mention that the improvement which took place in the penny chap-book and ballad literature of Scotland was owing in some measure to Laing, who carefully superintended the Brechin editions of those once celebrated pieces, often enriching them with short historical or biographical sketches.

Mr. Laing died at Brechin, October 14, 1857, aged seventy. A handsome marble tablet has been erected over his grave by the church in Brechin, of which he was for many years a consistent and valued office-bearer.

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## ARCHIE ALLAN.

Ay! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour ne'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befel?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts an' twenty are gane
Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bere,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.
An! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung;
We were lang fellow-servants and neebours fu' dear:
Folk ne'er thocht o' flittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Mysel' an' my Jeanie were best man an' maid:
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the gloe's.

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' Luve never low'd on a happier pair;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breaking her vow.
They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to be
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free;
Sae clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrave out an' in, like the buss i' the beil';
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma'—
Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was a';
Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the warld, to want, an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,
They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or len';
Whan a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,
They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill;
They had hearts that could part, they had hands that were free,
An' leuks that bade welcome, as warm as cou'd be;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same;
There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours like them!

Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa',
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa,
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope o' their days,
Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease.
Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'ed till her, but death winna cure;
She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass;
Some luve disappointment, they said, ail'd the lass—
Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be a mean:
Her grave wasna sad, an' her truff wasna green,
Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
Wi' trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind,

Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel
sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard!

O! sirs, sic a change! it was waesome to see;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be;
Whan the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity aften comes down:
I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends of my youth are a' dead an' awa';
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;
For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane;
Whan left i' the house, wae an' wearie, his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' our neighbour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa'.
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail fadin' nature of a' earthly things,
Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len';
That the Giver, when he wills, has a right to his
ain;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's
name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness, and faith,
Believe in his merits, and trust in his death;
To them, though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven
they shall meet—
Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we aften beguiled
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers
smil'd;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry, an' lessen'd his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Sometime then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's
a-gaun?
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae folk nor
ane,
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yes-
treen."
"Aweel, weel," quo' I, "it e'en may be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld fouk, we'll a' get a day;"
But when it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thocht it a lie!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;
But to think he wad ever tak ane for a wife,
Wha had liv'd sic a loose an' a throwither life—
Wha had been far an' near whar it cou'dna be
nam'd,
An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'dna believ't;
But I was, an' mony forbye were deceiv't;
For, the Sabbath thereafter, wha think ye was
cried?
But Archibald Allan an' Marg'ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather'd an' a' that befel,
Tho' it's painful to speak o't, ye'll wish me to tell.
She cam' in-about here as it happened to fa',
An' was nearest door neebour to him that's awa';
An' seein' a fu' house an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'dna the warld, wi' her wiles she began—
Seem'd sober an' decent as ony ye'll see,
As quiet an' prudent as woman cou'd be—
Was aye brawly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—
Was better nor monie, an' marrow't by few,
Till a' cam' about as she wish'd it to do;
But scarcely her hand and her troth he had ta'en,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours again.
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymune!
It's aye rue'd at leisure what's owre rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde! she's a bauld Ne'er-do-
weel!
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gathered, in pounds it was spread;
Her worthless relations, an' ithers siclike,
Cam' in about swarmin' like bees till a bike;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profaned the
blest Name,
An' Sabbath an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' laid up a' sae free,
To comfort an' keep him when ailin', or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an'
bauld;
An' sair was he troubled to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in;
Yet, griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say it was ill that they did!

But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means an'
himsel',
For constant an' on, as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit were gane—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain—
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow—
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou'!

Aweel, neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-licht cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy snaw,
Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa',
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the high.
O! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad ta'en him inbye to my ain couthie bield;
An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee!

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the day,
What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say;
But whan the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fire-side o' some distant farm-town—
Wi' the door halflin's up, an' the sneck in his han',
He faintly inquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
"We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna come back"—
Said beggars and gang'rels were grown unco rife—
Speer'd what place he cam' frae—gin he had a wife?
Ay! that was a question! O! sirs, it was sair;
Had he no ha'en a *wife*, he had never been there!
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he sat,
An' cauld was the bed an' the beddin' he gat,
The floor an' the roof-tree was a' they could spare,
An' he lay down, alas! but to rise never mair.
Was he lang or sair ill, there was nane heard nor saw,
Gin day-licht poor Archie had worn awa'!
Wha ance wad ha'e thocht it that he wad ha'e been
A beggar, an' dee't in a barn a' his lane!
But we needna think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
For, the langer we live, the mae uncos we see.

---

## THE BROWNIE OF FEARNDEN.

Thair livit ane man on Norinsyde,
Whan Jamis helde his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene.

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir?
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to thresh or dichte,
Or barne or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy houre at nicht,
Atweene the twall and ane;

And thonch the sna' was never so deip,
So wylde the wynde or rayne,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke could be,
And for the skilly mammy-wyfe
She wantit ane to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
Wald venture doun the glen,
For feir that he micht heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far to seeke,
For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he mychte,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
And throch the wynde and rayne;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
That she micht bettere heir,
"Thair is a mothere wald gyve byrth,
But hasna strengthe to beir.

"O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the rayne."
"Whaur do you want me?" quoth the wyfe.
"O whaur but owre the den!"

Whan baythe waur mountit on the mear,
And ryding up the glen;
"O watt ye, laddy," quoth the wyfe,
"Gyne we be neir the den?

"Are we com neir the den?" she said;
"Tush! wyshte, ye fule!" quoth he,
"For waure na ye ha'e in your armis,
This nicht ye wynna see!"

They sune waur landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit doun—
"I've lefte the house but ae haufe houre,
I am a clever loun!"

"What mak's your feit sae brayde?" quoth she,
"And what sae reid your een?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sichtis I've seen!

"But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the weane,
And see that all gae richt;

And keip the beyld of biggit land
Till aynce the mornyng licht:

"And gyne they speir wha brocht you heir,
'Cause they waur scaunte of men!
Even tell them that ye rade ahint
The Brownie of Fearnden!"

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## THE TRYSTING-TREE.

The evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain;
The yellow moon is on her way
Wi' a' her glinting starry train.
The moment dear to love an' me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lanely trysting-tree
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise,
An' meek the summer e'enings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
An' light the blasts o' winter blaw;
Where Keithock winds her silver stream,
By birken tree an' blooming thorn;
Of love and bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love;
Her wistfu' look, an' winning smile,
So sweetly kind, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lov'd Eliza! wert thou mine!
My own endear'd—endearing wife,
How blest! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life;
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts;
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

---

## THE HAPPY MOTHER.

An' O! may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot, and I've ane on my knee;
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye, lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil and the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name,
The cares o' the warld they fear na to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving and fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

---

## ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoitet ben,
Sairly was he pechan;
Spak' a wee, but tint his win',
Hurklit down, an' hostit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's een,
An whaistl't a' forfoughten.

But, his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth't the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An' leugh to Auntie Madie:
Cried, "My callans, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or onything,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
O' ilka lass an' laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blythe the piper blew,
Tho' shakin' han's wi' ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro';
Wha wad thocht his comin' now
Was for our maiden auntie!

She had ne'er been sought,
Cheerie hope was fadin',
Dowie is the thocht
To live and dee a maiden.

How it comes, we canna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An' sune we'll ha'e a weddin'.

---

### AULD EPPIE.

Auld Eppie, poor bodie, she wins on the brae,
In yon little cot-house aneath the auld tree;
Far aff frae a' ithers, an' fu', fu' o' flaws,
Wi' rough divot sunks haudin' up the mud wa's;
The storm-tattered riggin' a' row'd here an' there,
An' the reekit lum-framin' a' broken an' bare,
The lang raggit eaves hangin' down the laigh door,
An' ae wee bit winnock amaist happit ower;
The green boor-tree bushes a' wavin' aroun',
An gray siller willow-wands kissin' the grun'!

"Auld Eppie's a weird-wife," sae runs the rude tale,
For ae nicht some chiels, comin' hame frae their ale,
Cam' in by her biggin', an' watchin' apart,
They saw Eppie turnin' the beuk o' black art;
An' O! the strange sichts an' the uncos that fell,
Nae livin' cou'd think o', nae language cou'd tell.
Nae body leuks near her, unless it may be
When cloudie nicht closes the day's dowin' e'e,
That some, wi' rewards an' assurance, slip ben,
The weils an' the waes o' the future to ken!

Auld Eppie's nae weird-wife, though she gets the name,
She's wae for hersel', but she's waer for them;
For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,
She's blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.
Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME o' LICHT,
An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—
In a' crooks and crosses, she calmly obeys,
E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise.
She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
That's a' the *strange sicht* ony body can see.

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### THE YOUNG INQUIRER AND AGED CHRISTIAN.

"Old man! I would speak a word or two!
I long have wished to learn of you—
Your kindred and friends to the grave are gone,
And helpless and poor you are left alone,
Yet, aged Pilgrim, as happy you seem
As Youth with its gay and golden dream!
Oh! tell me—I would fain possess
The secret of your happiness."

"Young man! your answer is shortly given,
My will is the sovereign will of Heaven,
Believing, whatever my lot may be,
That all things work for good to me—
And trusting alone to saving grace
For the blessings of pardon, hope, and peace,
I rest on the promise now and ever—
'My loving-kindness faileth never.'

"Young man! would you my happiness share,
With humble heart and fervent prayer—
The voice of the contrite sinner raise
To God your life and length of days—
That He as a father, forgetful of none,
Would give you the portion of a son,
As He in Christ hath given to me
The hope of a happy eternity!"

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# ALEXANDER CARLILE.

BORN 1788—DIED 1860.

ALEXANDER CARLILE, the author of several spirited songs, was born at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets, in the year 1788. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and then in the University of Glasgow. He afterwards established himself in Paisley as a manufacturer, and devoted much of his leisure time to literature, contributing to the leading magazines both in prose and verse. In 1855 he collected and published his poetical compositions under the title of *Poems*. His popular song "Wha's at the Window?" composed in early life, finds a place in all the collections of Scottish songs. Mr. Carlile, who was greatly interested in all movements tending to benefit the social and moral welfare of his fellow-citizens, died in his native town, August 4, 1860, aged seventy-two. A friend who was well acquainted with him, as well as his most estimable and accom-

plished brother, the Rev. Dr. Carlile of Dublin, tells us that he was one to whom the words of the old dramatist might most truthfully be applied:—

"A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness;"

and Dr. Rogers, in his *Century of Scottish Life*, remarks "that during his latter years, when I knew him, he was a grave and reverend-looking old man. He was much in his library, which was well stored with the best books."

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### WHA'S AT THE WINDOW?

Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Wha but blithe Jamie Glen,
He's come sax miles and ten,
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa', awa',
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa'.

He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',
Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a',
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he loe's her, she lo'es him, 'bune a', bune a',
He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal-maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal-maidens are braw, braw;
But the bride's modest e'e,
And warm cheek are to me
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a', and a',
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a'.

It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';
There's quaffing and laughing,
There's dancing and daffing,
And the bride's father's blithest of a', of a',
The bride's father's blithest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is sae weary,
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
It's just that she'll aye be awa'.

---

### THE VALE OF KILLEAN.

Oh yes, there's a valley as calm and as sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
So bland in its beauty, so rich in its green,
'Mid Scotia's dark mountains—the Vale of Killean.

The flocks on its soft lap so peacefully roam,
The stream seeks the deep lake as the child seeks its home,
That has wander'd all day, to its lullaby close,
Singing blithe 'mid the wild-flowers, and fain would repose.

How solemn the broad hills that curtain around
This sanctuary of nature, 'mid a wilderness found,
Whose echoes low whisper, "Bid the world farewell,
And with lowly contentment here peacefully dwell!"

Then build me a cot by that lake's verdant shore,
'Mid the world's wild turmoil I'll mingle no more,
And the tidings evoking the sigh and the tear,
Of man's crimes and his follies, no more shall I hear.

Young Morn, as on tiptoe he ushers the day,
Will teach fading Hope to rekindle her ray:
And pale Eve, with her rapture tear, soft will impart
To the soul her own meekness—a rich glow to the heart.

The heavings of passion all rocked to sweet rest,
As repose its still waters, so repose shall this breast;
And 'mid brightness and calmness my spirit shall rise
Like the mist from the mountain, to blend with the skies.

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### THE CORBIE AND CRAW.

The corbie wi' his roupy throat,
Cried frae the leafless tree,
"Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch,
Come o'er the loch to me."

The craw put up his sooty head,
And look'd o'er the nest whare he lay,
And gied a flaf wi' his rousty wings,
And cried, "Whare tae? whare tae?"

*Cor.* "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon meikle stane."

*Cra.* "Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alane."

*Cor.* "He cam' frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer."
*Cra.* "I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer."

*Cor.* "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the lave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back sinsyne."

---

### MY BROTHERS ARE THE STATELY TREES.

My brothers are the stately trees
That in the forests grow;
The simple flowers my sisters are,
That on the green bank blow.
With them, with them, I am a child
Whose heart with mirth is dancing wild.

The daisy, with its tear of joy,
Gay greets me as I stray;
How sweet a voice of welcome comes
From every trembling spray!
How light, how bright, the golden-wing'd hours
I spend among those songs and flowers!

I love the spirit of the wind,
His varied tones I know;
His voice of soothing majesty,
Of love and sobbing woe;
Whate'er his varied theme may be,
With his my spirit mingles free.

I love to tread the grass-green path,
Far up the winding stream;
For there in nature's loneliness
The day is one bright dream,
And still the pilgrim waters tell
Of wanderings wild by wood and dell.

Or up the mountain's brow I toil
Beneath a wid'ning sky,
Seas, forests, lakes and rivers wide,
Crowding the wondering eye.
Then, then, my soul on eagle's wings,
To cloudless regions upwards springs!

The stars—the stars! I know each one,
With all its soul of love,
They beckon me to come and live
In their tearless homes above;
And then I spurn earth's songs and flowers,
And pant to breathe in heaven's own bowers.

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# THOMAS PRINGLE.

Born 1789—Died 1834.

Thomas Pringle, a poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blacklaw, in Roxburghshire, January 5, 1789. When young he met with an accident by which his right hip-joint was dislocated, and he was obliged ever after to use crutches. In his fourteenth year he was sent to the grammar-school at Kelso, and three years afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh. In the year 1808 he obtained a situation in the General Register House, and in 1811, in conjunction with his friend Robert Story, published a satirical poem entitled "The Institute," which obtained for its young authors great praise but small profit. In 1816 he became a contributor to Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology;* he also composed an excellent imitation of Sir Walter Scott's poetical style for the Ettrick Shepherd's *Poetic Mirror.* In the following year he assumed the editorship of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine,* projected by James Hogg and himself, and published by William Blackwood, as a rival to the *Scots Magazine.* Brewster, Cleghorn, Lockhart, the Shepherd, and Professor Wilson were among the contributors to this periodical, which afterwards became the famous *Blackwood's Magazine.* Pringle soon withdrew from its management, but he continued to be the conductor of the Edinburgh *Star* newspaper and editor of Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany.* Before this time he had married, and finding the emoluments from these literary sources insufficient to maintain his family, he was fain to abandon them and return in 1819 to his old place in the Register House.

Pringle published during the same year the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems," but the poetical field at that season was so pre-occupied by greater singers, that his little volume, though appreciated by the judicious few, brought him but small profit. In 1820, in company with his brothers and other relatives and friends, in all twenty-four persons, he embarked for South Africa, where they landed in safety, and took possession of a tract of twenty thousand acres assigned to them by the government, which they named Glen Lynden. The poet afterward removed to Cape Town, where he filled the position of government librarian, and kept a large boarding-school. Here, after some difficulty, he established the *South African Journal*, a magazine which appeared in Dutch and English, and he also assumed the editorship of a weekly newspaper. But ere long he had disagreements with the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, and weary of his Caffreland exile he returned to England in 1826, and obtained the appointment of secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, a post which he retained until the abolition of slavery in the colonies of Great Britain rendered the society unnecessary. Meantime he was a constant contributor of prose and verse to the chief periodicals of the day; edited an annual, *Friendship's Offering;* and published a "Narrative of his Residence in South Africa," also "Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems." Failing health induced him to decide to remove to a warmer climate as the only means of saving his life, and he was preparing to return to the Cape with his wife and sister-in-law, when he became worse, and died December 5, 1834. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, and a tombstone with an elegant inscription marks the spot where they lie.

Pringle's poetical works, with a memoir written by Leitch Ritchie, were published in 1839. Many of his compositions exhibit a highly cultivated taste, combined with deep and generous feeling. The fine pastoral lyric "O, the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," left unfinished by Lady Grizzel Baillie (see vol. i. p. 91), was completed by our author. Allan Cunningham wrote:—"Thomas Pringle is a poet and philanthropist: in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance." Another Scottish poet says:—"His poetry has great merit. It is distinguished by elegance rather than strength, but he has many forcible passages. The versification is sweet, the style simple and free from all superfluous epithets, and the descriptions are the result of his own observations. His 'African Sketches,' which consist of poetical exhibitions of the scenery, the characteristic habits of animals, and the modes of native life in South Africa, are alone sufficient to entitle him to no mean rank as a poet." The first of our selections was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott and many other distinguished poets of Pringle's period. Coleridge was so highly delighted that he did little else for several days than read and recite it.

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## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none.
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice and meanness and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert land—
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vley, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shricking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Korauna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A "still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

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## THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Would'st thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim,
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambush'd brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste
With glaring eye and headlong haste.
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need.

For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

---

## COME AWA', COME AWA'.

Come awa', come awa',
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your southern wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie!
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie;
But I've a heart that's leal and true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And see the kindly north, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlair,
And by the links o' Forth, lassie!
And when we tread the heather-bell,
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You'll view the land o' flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And leave your southland hame, lassie;
The kirk is near, the ring is here,
And I'm your Donald Graeme, lassie!
Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie;
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
I ken your heart is mine, lassie;
And true love shall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie!
Your father he has gi'en consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie;
O that our feet were on the bent,
An' the lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie;
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
By bonnie Avondhu, lassie!
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brackens waving fair, lassie,
And gleaming lochs and mountains gray—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa', come awa', &c.

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## FAREWELL TO TEVIOTDALE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

---

## MAID OF MY HEART.

Maid of my heart—a long farewell!
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate ambition's haughty name,
And the heartless pride of wealth and fame;
Yet now I haste through ocean's roar
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief?
Can absence calm this feverish thrill?
—Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,
Thy voice by nature fram'd to suit
The tone of love's enchanted lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
Where tender thought and feeling lie!
Thine eyelid like the evening cloud
That comes the star of love to shroud!

Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrin'd in angel innocence,
Combin'd to frame the fatal spell—
That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

---

# JOHN BURTT.

Born 1789 — Died 1866.

The Rev. John Burtt was born at Knockmarloch House, in the parish of Riccarton, Ayrshire, May 26, 1789. While he was still a child he lost his mother, and went to reside with his maternal grandfather, with whom he spent his boyhood, during which time he attended school and became a good classical scholar. He was then sent to learn the weaving trade, but he soon abandoned the loom and returned to his books. In his sixteenth year he was decoyed into a small boat by a press-gang, carried on board the *Magnificent*, a ship-of-war stationed near Greenock, and compelled to serve as a common sailor. Effecting his escape after being five years in the service, he returned to Scotland and opened a private school at Kilmarnock. In 1816 he removed to Glasgow, where he attended the medical lectures at the university.

During his career as a sailor Burtt had occupied many of his leisure hours in the composition of verses, and had also written some lyrics during the period of his teaching at Kilmarnock. These he collected and published at Glasgow in 1817. The same year he proceeded to the United States, and soon after entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, where he studied theology. On leaving that institution Burtt for some time acted as a domestic missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Trenton and Philadelphia, until called to a ministerial charge at Salem, N.J. In 1831 he removed to Philadelphia and assumed the editorship of a weekly journal named *The Presbyterian*. Two years later he became the pastor of a church in Cincinnati, at the same time acting as editor of *The Standard*. In 1842 he accepted the charge of a congregation at Blackwoodtown, where he remained until 1859, when the infirmities of age induced him to resign and retire to Salem, N.J., where he died, March 24, 1866. Mr. Burtt married Miss Mary N. Fisher of Philadelphia, Sept. 29, 1820. Of his family a daughter survives, to whom the writer is chiefly indebted for the particulars of her father's career; and two sons, one of whom has served his country as a surgeon both in the army and navy, while the other is doing his Master's work as a missionary among the American Indians.

During the first years of Mr. Burtt's residence in the New World he wrote a number of poems, which, with those published in Scotland, were issued in 1819, at Bridgeton, N.J., with the title of *Horæ Poeticæ*. Later in life he occasionally contributed verses to the columns of *The Presbyterian* and other religious periodicals. "The Rev. John Burtt," remarks a correspondent, writing to us in 1875, "was a man of great excellence of character, and in the vigour of his years was one of our best preachers and poets. His was truly a remarkable life, with the golden ending so seldom allotted to the children of song."

## ON THE DIVINE MERCY.

Shall the wanderer's harp of sorrow
Always tell the tale of woe?
Shall the night no joyful morrow
Of unclouded transport know?
Shall the bosom filled with sadness—
Shall the boiling blood of madness
Never know the calm of peace,
Balm of hope and beam of bliss?

Wake, my harp! nor weak nor mildly
Let thy notes of rapture swell:
Wake, my harp! and warbling wildly,
Of immortal triumphs tell.
Holy fire—seraphic feeling—
O'er my melting mind are stealing;
Heavenward rolls my raptured eye,
Loud I strike the harp of joy!

Weeping orphan! God has found thee,
Led thee to thy mother's breast;
Wandering stranger! all around thee
Smiles the blissful home of rest.
Strengthen'd is the arm of weakness;
Cool'd the fever'd heart of sickness;
Mortal strifes and pangs are o'er—
Mortals live to die no more.

Sons of earth! behold Him bending—
God, your Father, from above;
Peace and mercy sweetly blending
With His tender looks of love.
Sweeter than a seraph's vespers
Is the welcome which He whispers;—
"Come, ye weary and opprest,
Come, ye heavy laden—rest!

"Rest ye from the care and sorrow,
Which in seasons past ye knew:
'Tis an everlasting morrow—
Scenes of endless bliss ye view:
From the snares of guilt and error,
From the grasp of death and terror
Rest secure!—on Me depend—
Me, your Father and your Friend."

---

## THE FAREWELL.

O welcome winter! wi' thy storms,
Thy frosts, an' hills o' sna';
Dismantle nature o' her charms,
For I maun lea' them a'.
I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd laid
Upon its wallow bier;
I've seen the rosebud drooping fade
Beneath the dewy tear.
Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,
For I maun lea' you a'.
O will ye sometimes shed a tear
For me, when far awa'?
For me, when far frae hame and you,
Where ceaseless tempests blaw,
Will ye repeat my last adieu,
An' mourn that I'm awa'?

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,
In gay green mantle drest;
But now its leafless branches wave
Wild whistling in the blast:
So perish'd a' my youthfu' joy,
An' left me thus to mourn;
The vernal sun will gild the sky,
But joy will ne'er return.
Then fare ye weel, &c.

In vain will spring her gowans spread
Owre the green swairded lea:
The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
Will bloom in vain for me:
In vain will spring bedeck the bowers
Wi' buds and blossoms braw—
The gloomy storm already lowers
That drives me far awa'.
Then fare ye weel, &c.

O winter! spare the peacefu' scene
Where early joys I knew;
Still be its fields unfading green,
Its sky unclouded blue.
Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe
The social crack ye ca',
O spare the tribute of a sigh
For me, when far awa'!
Then fare ye weel, &c.

---

## O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFFS.[1]

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the gray mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

---

[1] This song enjoyed for many years the distinction of being attributed to Burns, and of being included in several editions of his poems. It celebrates Burtt's first love, who died young, and was written at Kilmarnock when in his twenty-second year, before he bade adieu to Scotland.—Ed.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower that bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast—
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

---

### O! LASSIE I LO'E DEAREST!

O! lassie I lo'e dearest!
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest,
How sweet to think o' thee.
When blythe the blue-ey'd dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honey'd dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee.
An' when by stream or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or on the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out-owre the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow,
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
Oh, think when cares distress thee,
Oh, think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee.

---

### SWEET THE BARD.

Sweet the bard, and sweet his strain,
Breath'd where mirth and friendship reign,
O'er ilk woodland, hill, and plain,
And loch o' Caledonia.
Sweet the rural scenes he drew,
Sweet the fairy tints he threw
O'er the page, to nature true,
And dear to Caledonia.
But the strain so lov'd is o'er,
And the bard so lov'd no more
Shall his magic stanzas pour
To love and Caledonia.

Ayr and Doon may row their floods,
Birds may warble through the woods,
Dews may gem the opening buds,
And daisies bloom fu' bonnie, O:
Lads fu' blythe and lasses fain
Still may love, but ne'er again
Will they wake the gifted strain
O' Burns and Caledonia.
While, his native vales among,
Love is felt, or beauty sung,
Hearts will beat and harps be strung
To Burns and Caledonia.

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# WILLIAM KNOX.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1825.

WILLIAM KNOX, the author of the pathetic poem which was so great a favourite with the late President Lincoln, beginning,

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and he received a liberal education, first at the parish

school of Lilliesleaf, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, but he was so unsuccessful as a farmer that at the end of five years he gave up his lease, and commenced that precarious literary life which he continued to the close. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published *The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems*, followed six years later by *The Songs of Israel*. In 1825 appeared a third volume of lyrics, entitled *The Harp of Zion*. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. Professor Wilson also thought highly of his poetical genius, and was ever ready to befriend him. He was a kind and affectionate son, and a man of genial disposition; but he unwisely squandered his resources of health and strength, and died of paralysis at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825, in his thirty-sixth year.

Knox's poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his *Songs of Israel* he says—"It is my sincere wish that, while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes mentioned above he also wrote *A Visit to Dublin*, and a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter." Much of his authorship, however, was scattered over the periodicals of the day, and especially the *Literary Gazette*. As a prose writer his works are of little account, but the same cannot be said of his poetry, which possesses a richness and originality that insure for it a more lasting popularity. Sir Walter Scott, alluding to our poet, remarks—"His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, "The Lonely Hearth," far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses." He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been greatly gratified had he known that a poem of his would one day go the rounds of the American press and that of the Canadas as the production of a president of the United States.

## THE WOOER'S VISIT.

My native Scotland! how the youth is blest
  To mark thy first star in the evening sky,
When the far curfew bids the weary rest,
  And in his ear the milk-maid's wood-notes die!
  O! then unseen by every human eye,
Soon as the lingering daylight hath decayed,
  Dear, dear to him o'er distant vales to hie,
While every head in midnight rest is laid,
To that endearing cot where dwells his favourite maid.

Though he has laboured from the dawn of morn,
  Beneath the summer sun's unclouded ray,
Till evening's dewdrops glistened on the thorn,
  And wild-flowers closed their petals with the day;
  And though the cottage home be far away,
Where all the treasure of his bosom lies,
  O! he must see her, though his raptured stay
Be short—like every joy beneath the skies—
And yet be at his task by morning's earliest rise.

Behold him wandering o'er the moonlit dales,
  The only living thing that stirs abroad,
Tripping as lightly as the breathing gales
  That fan his cheek upon the lonesome road,
  Seldom by other footsteps trod!
Even though no moon shed her conducting ray,
  And light his night-path to that sweet abode,
Angels will guide the lover's dreariest way,
If but for her dear sake whose heart is pure as they.

And see him now upon the very hill,
  From which in breathless transport he doth hail,
At such an hour so exquisitely still,
  To him the sweetest, far the sweetest, vale
  That e'er was visited by mountain gale.
And, O! how fondly shall be hailed by him
  The guiding lamp that never yet did fail—
That very lamp which her dear hand doth trim
To light his midnight way when moon and stars are dim.

But who shall tell what her fond thoughts may be,
  The lovely damsel sitting all alone,
When every inmate of the house but she
  To sweet oblivion of their cares have gone?
  By harmless stealth unnoticed and unknown,

Behold her seated by her midnight fire,
And turning many an anxious look upon
The lingering clock, as if she would require
The steady foot of time to haste at her desire.

But though the appointed hour is fondly sought,
At every sound her little heart will beat,
And she will blush even at the very thought
Of meeting him whom she delights to meet.
Be as it may, her ear would gladly greet
The house-dog's bark that watch'd the whole night o'er,
And O! how gently shall she leave her seat,
And gently step across the sanded floor,
With trembling heart and hand, to ope the creaking door.

The hour is past, and still her eager ear
Hears but the tinkle of the neighbouring rill;
No human footstep yet approaching near
Disturbs the night calm so serene and still,
That broods, like slumber, over dale and hill.
Ah! who may tell what phantoms of dismay
The anxious feelings of her bosom chill—
The wiles that lead a lover's heart astray—
The darkness of the night—the dangers of the way?

But, lo! he comes, and soon shall she forget
Her griefs, in sunshine of this hour of bliss;
Their hands in love's endearing clasp have met,
And met their lips in love's delicious kiss.
O! what is all the wealth of worlds to this!
Go—thou mayest cross each foreign land, each sea,
In search of honours, yet for ever miss
The sweetest boon vouchsafed by Heaven's decree—
The heart that loves thee well, the heart that's dear to thee.

And may I paint their pleasures yet to come,
When, like their hearts, their willing hands are joined,
The loving inmates of a wedded home,
For ever happy and for ever kind?
And may I paint their various charms combined
In the sweet offspring that around them plays,
Who—tho' on mountains with the bounding hind
Be rudely nursed—may claim a nation's praise,
And on their native hills some proud memorial raise?

My native Scotland! O! thy northern hills,
Thy dark brown hills, are fondly dear to me;
And aye a warmth my swelling bosom fills
For all the filial souls that cling to thee—
Pure be their loves as human love can be,
And still be worthy of their native land
The little beings nursed beside their knee,
Who may at length their country's guardians stand,
And own the undaunted heart, and lift the unconquered hand!

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## MORTALITY.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

A child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

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## HARP OF ZION.

Harp of Zion! pure and holy!
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the songs I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day,
When a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay—
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
While the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain.—
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again.

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## THE DEAR LAND OF CAKES.

O! brave Caledonians! my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds;
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast.
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart;
The goblet is filled, and each worn one partakes,
To drink 'plenty and peace to the dear Land of Cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth;
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear Land of Cakes.

O! valour, thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth!
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When called in defence of the dear Land of Cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud,
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No, by heavens! we will stand to our honour and trust,
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestors' dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear Land of Cakes.

O! peace to the ashes of those that have bled
For the land where the proud thistle raises its head!
O! peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth!
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit remains,
And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins;
Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes,
For the honour and weal of the dear Land of Cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never depart;
Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound;
And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes,
May happiness beam on the dear Land of Cakes.

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### TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself may'st pass away.

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### THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime!
Ere thy brow shall be traced by the ploughshare of time—
Ere the twilight of age shall encompass thy way,
And thou droop'st, like the flowers, to thy rest in the clay.

Let the banquet be spread, let the wine-cup go round,
Let the joy-dance be wove, let the timbrels resound—
While the spring-tide of life in thy bosom is high,
And thy spirit is light as a lark in the sky.

Let the wife of thy love, like the sun of thy day,
Throw a radiance of joy o'er thy pilgrimage way—
Ere the shadows of grief come, like night from the west,
And thou weep'st o'er the flower that expired on thy breast.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime.
But muse on the power and the progress of time;
For thy life shall depart with the joy it hath given,
And a judgment of justice awaits thee in heaven.

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# WILLIAM GLEN.

Born 1789 — Died 1826.

William Glen, the author of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," perhaps the most popular and pathetic of modern Jacobite lyrics, was born at Glasgow, Nov. 14, 1789. His ancestors were for many generations persons of consideration in Renfrewshire. William received a good education, and on the organization of the Glasgow Volunteer Sharpshooters joined

the corps as lieutenant. He entered upon a mercantile career, and was for some time a manufacturer in his native city, carrying on a prosperous trade with the West Indies, where he resided for several years. In 1814 he was elected a manager of the Merchants' House of Glasgow and a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Soon after he met with several heavy losses, which caused his failure in business, which he never again resumed. His latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot—poverty and misfortune. During the last few years of his short life he spent his summers with relations of Mrs. Glen residing at Rainagour, in the parish of Aberfoyle, and received pecuniary assistance from an uncle living in Russia. He died of consumption in his native city, December, 1826, and the Editor's father was one of the few friends of the unfortunate poet who followed his remains to their last resting-place in God's acre.[1]

In 1815 Glen published a small volume of verses, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.* The lovers of Scottish minstrelsy will rejoice to learn that a large number of unpublished songs and poems which he left behind him in MS. are soon to be issued, together with a memoir of the bard by the editor the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and a narrative, written by a lady, of the interesting educational work carried on at Aberfoyle for many years by the widow and daughter of Glen.

## THE BATTLE-SONG.

Raise high the battle-song
To the heroes of our land;
Strike the bold notes loud and long
To Great Britain's warlike band.
Burst away like a whirlwind of flame,
Wild as the lightning's wing;
Strike the boldest, sweetest string,
And deathless glory sing—
To their fame.

See Corunna's bloody bed!
'Tis a sad, yet glorious scene;
There the imperial eagle fled,
And there our chief was slain.
Green be the turf upon the warrior's breast,
High honour seal'd his doom,
And eternal laurels bloom
Round the poor and lowly tomb
Of his rest.

Strong was his arm of might,
When the war-flag was unfurl'd;
But his soul, when peace shone bright,
Beam'd love to all the world.
And his name through endless ages shall endure;
High deeds are written fair
In that scroll, which time must spare,
And thy fame's recorded there—
Noble Moore.

Yonder's Barossa's height,
Rising full upon my view,
Where was fought the bloodiest fight
That Iberia ever knew,
Where Albion's bold sons to victory were led.
With bay'nets levell'd low,
They rush'd upon the foe,
Like an avalanche of snow
From its bed.

Sons of the "Lonely Isle,"
Your native courage rose,
When surrounded for a while
By the thousands of your foes,
But dauntless was your chief, that meteor of war,
He resistless led ye on,
Till the bloody field was won,
And the dying battle-groan
Sunk afar.

[1] Aberfoyle, though neither the birth-place of the poet nor the spot where he breathed his last, has nevertheless many interesting associations connected with William Glen. It was here he often wandered in his youth, here that he won the fair Kate of Aberfoyle, here on the banks of the lovely Loch Ard,

"Bright mirror set in rocky dell,"

that he composed many of his sweetest songs, and it was here that he spent, on the farm of Rainagour, the closing years of his brief career. A few weeks before his death he said to his amiable wife, "Kate, I would like to go back to Glasgow." "Why, Willie?" she asked, "are ye no as well here?" "It's no myself I'm thinking about," he answered. "It was of you, Kate; for I know well it is easier to take a living man there than a dead one." So the sorrowful woman with her dying husband departed from the place, and the warm Highland hearts missed and mourned for him, forgetting his faults and remembering only his virtues.—Ed.

Our song Balgowan share,
Home of the chieftain's rest;
For thou art a lily fair
In Caledonia's breast.
Breathe, sweetly breathe, a soft love-soothing strain,
For beauty there doth dwell,
In the mountain, flood, or fell,
And throws her witching spell
O'er the scene.

But not Balgowan's charms
Could lure the chief to stay;
For the foe were up in arms,
In a country far away.
He rush'd to battle, and he won his fame;
Ages may pass by,
Fleet as the summer's sigh,
But thy name shall never die—
Gallant Graeme.

Strike again the boldest strings
To our great commander's praise;
Who to our memory brings
"The deeds of other days."
Peal for a lofty spirit-stirring strain;
The blaze of hope illumes
Iberia's deepest glooms,
And the eagle shakes his plumes
There in vain.

High is the foemen's pride,
For they are sons of war;
But our chieftain rolls the tide
Of battle back afar.
A braver hero in the field ne'er shone;
Let bards, with loud acclaim,
Heap laurels on his fame,
"Singing glory" to the name
Of Wellington.

Could I with soul of fire
Guide my wild unsteady hand,
I would strike the quivering wire,
Till it rung throughout the land.
Of all its warlike heroes would I sing;
Were powers to soar thus given,
By the blast of genius driven,
I would sweep the highest heaven
With my wing.

Yet still this trembling flight
May point a bolder way,
Ere the lonely beam of night
Steals on my setting day.
Till then, sweet harp, hang on the willow tree;
And when I come again,
Thou wilt not sound in vain,
For I'll strike thy highest strain—
Bold and free.

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.[1]

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie.
O! when I heard the bonnie soun'
The tears cam' happin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow,
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's press'd by want,
On every side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,

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[1] Alexander Whitelaw, in his admirable collection entitled *The Book of Scottish Song*, relates that during one of her Majesty's earliest visits to the North, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" received a mark of royal favour, which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the marquis had engaged the celebrated vocalist John Wilson to sing before the Queen. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to her Majesty, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when the Queen immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Cam' ye by Athol," and "The Laird of Cockpen." The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better or more varied one, both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into consideration, could not easily be made.—Ed.

An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he sheuk his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

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## HOW EERILY, HOW DREARILY.

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
When my love's in a foreign land, far frae thae arms o' mine;
Three years ha'e come an' gane sin' first he said to me,
That he wad stay at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to live and die;
The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is wild and drear,
An' every hour that passeth by I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonnie baby—I clasp it to my breast,
Ah! aft wi' sic a warm embrace its father hath me prest!
And whan I gaze upon its face, as it lies upon my knee,
The crystal drops out-owre my cheeks will fa' frae ilka e'e;
O! mony a mony a burning tear upon its face will fa',
For oh! it's like my bonnie love, an' he is far awa'.

Whan the spring-time had gane by and the rose began to blaw,
An' the harebell an' the violet adorn'd ilk bonnie shaw,
'Twas then my love cam' courtin' me, and wan my youthfu' heart,
An' mony a tear it cost my love ere he could frae me part;
But though he's in a foreign land, far, far across the sea,
I ken my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' unto me.

Ye wastlin' win's upon the main, blaw wi' a steady breeze,
And waft my Jamie hame again across the roarin' seas;
O! when he clasps me in his arms, in a' his manly pride,
I'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the world beside,
Then blow a steady gale, ye win's, waft him across the sea,
And bring my Jamie hame again to his wee bairn and me.

---

## THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Sing a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Snchet crously crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth and honour to the Dane,
Gie German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gie Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' mony fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,

An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Hielan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria!

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## THE MAID OF ORONSEY.

Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain;
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, oh! warble it again,
Thou'st touched the string o' a' my woes;
Oh! lull me with it to repose,
I'll dream of her who's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of Oronsey.

Could'st thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove
Thou'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonnie maid of Oronsey.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
Oh! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Oronsey.

Then, bonnie bird, wi' mony a tear
I'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here
Ere thou can'st hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chant a sang o' love and wae,
An' soothe me weeping at the scorn
Of the sweet maid of Oronsey.

And when around my weary head,
Soft pillowed where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perched on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit passing by"
To meet the maid of Oronsey.

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## MARY GRAY.

Once William swore the sacred oath,
That I my love had never weary;
And I gave him my virgin troth,
But now he's turned awa' frae Mary.
I thought his heart was link'd to mine,
So firm that it could never stray;
Yet, William, may that peace be thine
Which thou hast ta'en frae Mary Gray.

I once was happy in his love,
No gloomy prospect made me dreary;
I thought that he would never rove,
But aye be faithfu' to his Mary.
Bright on me shone sweet pleasure's sun,
I sported in its gladdening ray;
But now the evening shades are come,
And soon will close round Mary Gray.

Yet, William, may no gloomy thought
Of my love ever make thee dreary;
I've suffer'd much—'twas dearly bought,—
Peace now has fled frae wretched Mary.—
And when some maid more loved than me,
Thou lead'st to church on bridal day,
Perhaps the lowly grave you'll see
Of poor neglected Mary Gray.

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# JOHN MACDIARMID.

BORN 1790—DIED 1852.

JOHN MACDIARMID, a gifted writer and journalist, was born, it is said, in Edinburgh in 1790. The death of his father, the Rev. Hugh MacDiarmid, for many years minister of a Gaelic church in Glasgow, left him at an early age to make his own way in the world. He

first became a clerk in a counting-house, and afterwards obtained a situation in the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, where he rose to a good position. During this time he managed to attend several classes in the university, and devoted all his leisure hours to reading and study. He also for two years acted as occasional amanuensis to Professor Playfair, from whom he obtained the privilege of attending his classes, and the free use of his library.

MacDiarmid's first literary effort seems to have been some spirited verses on the battle of Waterloo, which he wrote in 1815, on the occasion of erecting a commemorative monument at Newabbey, near Dumfries. The poem attracted notice, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* signified his willingness to receive contributions from MacDiarmid's pen, while the publishers Oliver and Boyd engaged him to compile several works, for which service he was paid £50. This, the first-fruits of his literary labour, had not been half an hour in his possession before he gave the whole amount to an impecunious poet-friend, who, it is almost needless to remark, never returned it. In 1816, in company with two friends, he established the *Scotsman* newspaper in Edinburgh, now perhaps the most prosperous journal in Scotland; and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*.

Although devoted to the business of his newspaper, MacDiarmid still continued to cherish his literary enthusiasm. In 1817 he published an edition of *Cowper's Poems*, with a well-written memoir of the poet, which passed through several editions. The *Scrap Book*, a volume of selections and original contributions in prose and verse, appeared in 1820, and was soon followed by a second volume, both of which were highly successful. In 1823 he prepared a memoir of Goldsmith for an Edinburgh edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1825 he originated the *Dumfries Magazine*, and five years later published his *Sketches from Nature*, chiefly illustrative of scenery and character in the districts of Dumfries and Galloway. He also contributed an interesting account of the ancient burgh and its neighbourhood to the *Picture of Dumfries*, an illustrated work published in 1832; and in the intervals of his leisure wrote a description of Moffat and a memoir of Nicholson the Galloway poet.

The *Courier*, which ultimately became MacDiarmid's exclusive property, and in which most of his poems appeared, acquired a character rarely attained by a provincial paper, and its editor was highly esteemed by Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Lockhart, and other leading literary men of his day. To his kind heart and liberal patronage many young aspirants for poetic fame were indebted for assistance. Isabella, the youngest sister of Burns, told the Editor in 1855 that her brother's widow and children had found in Mr. MacDiarmid a most faithful friend, and that after the death of Mrs. Burns he acted as her executor. Not even Robert Chambers possessed a more minute knowledge of the life and writings of Scotland's great national poet, or enriched the world with more original anecdotes concerning him, than did John MacDiarmid. He died universally respected by his fellow-men, November 18, 1852, leaving several children, one of whom became his biographer. As a fitting tribute to his memory, a number of friends subscribed a sufficient sum to found a bursary bearing his name for £10 annually in the University of Edinburgh, to be competed for by students from the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton.

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## EVENING.

Hush, ye songsters! day is done;
See how sweet the setting sun
Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
Smiling as he sinks to rest;
Now the swallow down the dell,
Issuing from her noontide cell,
Mocks the deftest marksman's aim,
Jumbling in fantastic game:
Sweet inhabitant of air,
Sure thy bosom holds no care;
Not the fowler full of wrath,
Skilful in the deeds of death—
Not the darting hawk on high
(Ruthless tyrant of the sky!)

Owns one art of cruelty
Fit to fell or fetter thee,
Gayest, freest of the free!

Ruling, whistling shrill on high,
Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
Teasing with thy idle din
Drowsy daws at rest within;
Long thou lov'st to sport and spring
On thy never-wearying wing.
Lower now 'midst foliage cool,
Swift thou skimm'st the peaceful pool,
Where the speckled trout at play,
Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
While the treach'rous circles swell
Wide and wider where it fell,
Guiding sure the angler's arm
Where to find the puny swarm;
And with artificial fly,
Best to lure the victim's eye,
Till, emerging from the brook,
Brisk it bites the barbed hook;
Struggling in the unequal strife,
With its death, disguised as life,
Till it breathless beats the shore,
Ne'er to cleave the current more!

Peace! creation's gloomy queen,
Darkest Night, invests the scene!
Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
Leaves her home amid the wild,
Tripping soft with dewy feet
Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
Morpheus—drowsy power—to meet.
Ruler of the midnight hour,
In thy plenitude of power,
From this burthen'd bosom throw
Half its leaden load of woe.
Since thy envied art supplies
What reality denies,
Let thy cheerless suppliant see
Dreams of bliss inspired by thee—
Let before his wond'ring eyes
Fancy's brightest visions rise—
Long-lost happiness restore,
None can need thy bounty more.

---

## MY FAITHFUL SOMEBODY.

When day declining gilds the west,
And weary labour welcomes rest,
How lightly bounds his beating breast
At thought of meeting somebody.
My fair, my faithful somebody,
My fair, my faithful somebody;
When sages with their precepts show,
Perfection is unknown below,
They mean, except in somebody.

Her lovely looks, sae kind and gay,
Are sweeter than the smiles of day,
And milder than the morn of May
That beams on bonnie somebody.
My fair, &c.

'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
We heard the cushat cooing near,
I softly whispered in her ear,
"He woos, like me, his somebody."
My fair, &c.

With crimson cheek the fair replied,
"As seasons change, he'll change his bride;
But death alone can e'er divide
From me the heart of somebody."
My fair, &c.

Enrapt I answer'd, "Maid divine,
Thy mind's a model fair for mine;
And here I swear I'll but resign
With life the love of somebody."
My fair, &c.

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## NITHSIDE.

When the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives to drown,
And schoolboys seeking nests find each nursling fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, array'd in all their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nithside!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home beyond the sea;

And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nithside!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands brown and sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the waning year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our valley wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every hill with snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at eventide,
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie Nithside!

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### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But ah! what sighs or tears can heal
Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest?

What art thou, spirit undefined,
That passest with man's breath away,
That givest him feeling, sense, and mind,
And leavest him cold, unconscious clay?

A moment gone, I look'd, and, lo!
Sensation throbb'd through all her frame;
Those beamless eyes were raised in woe;
That bosom's motion went and came.

The next, a nameless change was wrought,
Death nipt in twain life's brittle thread,
And, in a twinkling, feeling, thought,
Sensation, motion,—all were fled!

Those lips will never more repeat
The welcome lesson conn'd with care;
Or breathe at even, in accents sweet,
To Heaven the well-remembered prayer!

Those little hands shall ne'er essay
To ply the mimic task again,
Well pleased, forgetting mirth and play,
A mother's promised gift to gain!

That heart is still—no more to move,
That cheek is wan—no more to bloom,
Or dimple in the smile of love,
That speaks a parent's welcome home.

And thou, with years and sufferings bow'd,
Say, dost thou least this loss deplore?
Ah! though thy wailings are not loud,
I fear thy secret grief is more.

Youth's griefs are loud, but are not long;
But thine with life itself shall last;
And age shall feel each sorrow strong,
When all its morning joys are past.

'Twas thine her infant mind to mould,
And leave the copy all thou art;
And sure the wide world does not hold
A warmer or a purer heart!

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But, ah! what sorrowing can unseal
Those eyes, and wake the slumberer's rest?

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# DAVID VEDDER.

Born 1790 — Died 1854.

David Vedder, a lyric poet of considerable originality, was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. Having early lost his parents, he chose, as was natural to an island boy, a sailor's life, and at the age of twelve shipped as a cabin-boy on board a small coasting vessel. He proved an apt scholar in the nautical profession, and when quite young obtained the command of a trading vessel, in which he made several successful voyages. In 1815 he entered the British Revenue service as first officer of an armed cruiser, and at the age of thirty he was promoted to the position of tide-surveyor of customs; successively discharging the duties of his office at the ports of Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Montrose, and Leith. In 1852 he was

placed on the retired list, when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and died there, February 11, 1854, in his sixty-fourth year.

David Vedder had from his early boyhood indulged in the pleasure of rhyming, and before he had attained to manhood his compositions found admission to the columns of the magazines. Encouraged by the favourable reception extended to his poetic efforts, he commenced the career of an author in earnest, and in 1826 issued through Blackwood the publisher *The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems.* The volume was so favourably received that the whole impression was soon exhausted. Six years later his *Orcadian Sketches* appeared, a volume of prose and verse recounting many reminiscences of his early life. This was followed by a memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which was much read and admired, until it was superseded by Lockhart's well-known life of his distinguished father-in-law. In 1839 Vedder edited the *Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser*, for which he wrote an interesting memoir; and three years later he published a collected edition of his own poetical writings, entitled *Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive.* In 1848 he supplied the whole of the letterpress for an illustrated volume entitled *Lays and Lithographs*, published by his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck the lithographer. His last work was a new English version of the old German story of *Reynard the Fox*, adorned with numerous elegant illustrations. At the time of his decease he was engaged on a beautiful ballad, the subject of which was the persecutions of the Covenanters. His prose productions are good specimens of vigorous composition, and his numerous songs and ballads are characterized by deep pathos and beauty. Many of his productions enjoyed a remarkable degree of popularity, and one of his devotional pieces, "The Temple of Nature," was an especial favourite with Thomas Chalmers, who frequently quoted passages from the poem in the course of his theological lectures.

Thomas C. Latto, who was intimate with "the sailor-poet of Orkney," as Hugh Miller called him, informs the Editor that Vedder was the biggest poet in Scotland, or England either, weighing twenty-two stones, but that he was active to the last—a prudent, warm-hearted, God-fearing man. His countenance was weather-beaten and corrugated in rather a singular manner; his aspect somewhat threatening and forbidding, but his first words made you forget all that, for his breast was warm, and his conversation of a kindly and high order. His words had weight, for while he talked he instructed. His voice was deep as a boatswain's, but when he sang some of the sweet songs of Scotland, it was marvellous how softly and gently he could mould it to the tenderest expression or archest humour. He was pretty well grown before he could read or write. At last he mastered the alphabet, and as he used to say, "What more does a man want than that, to make his way in the world?" His widow, "Bonnie Jean," a son in the royal navy, and two amiable daughters, still survive.

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## SIR ALAN MORTIMER.

### A LEGEND OF FIFE.

The morning's e'e saw mirth an' glee
  I' the hoary feudal tower
O' bauld Sir Alan Mortimer,
  The lord o' Aberdour.

But dool was there, an' mickle care,
  When the moon began to gleam;
For Elve an' Fay held jubilee
  Beneath her siller beam.

Sir Alan's peerless daughter was
  His darling frae infancie;
She bloomed in her bower a lily flower,
  Beneath the light o' his e'e;

She equalled Eve's majestic form,
  Saint Mary's matchless grace;
An' the heavenly hues o' paradise
  O'erspread her beauteous face.

The diamond grew dim compared wi' her e'e,
  The gowd, compared wi' her hair,—
Wi' the magic o' her bewitching smile
  There was nacthing on earth to compare.

An' the dulcet music o' her voice
Excelled the harmonie
Which Elve an' Fay sae deftly play
When halding high jubilee!

The woodbine an' the jessamine
Their tendrils had entwined;
A bower was formed, an' Emma aft
At twilight there reclined.

She thought of her knight in Palestine;
An' sometimes she would sigh,—
For love was a guest in her spotless breast,
In heavenly purity.

The setting sun had ceased to gild
Saint Columb's haly tower,
An' the vesper star began to glow
Ere Emma left her bower;

An' the fairy court had begun their sport
Upon the daisied lea,
While the gossamer strings o' their virginals rang
Wi' fairy melodie.

That night the king had convoked his court
Upon the enamelled green,
To pick an' wale thro' his beauties a'
For a blumin' fairy queen;

An' ere ever he wist, he spied a form
That rivalled his beauties a';
'Twas Emma—Sir Alan Mortimer's pride—
Coming hame to her father's ha'.

Quick as the vivid lightning gleams
Amidst a thunder storm,
As rapidly the elve assumed
Lord Bethune's manly form:

As flies the cushat to her mate,
So, to meet his embrace she flew;—
Like a feathered shaft frae a yeoman's bow
She vanished frae human view!

The abbey bell, on the sacred isle,
Had told the vesper hour;
No foot-steps are heard, no Emma appeared,
Sir Alan rushed from his tower;

The warders they ha'e left their posts,
An' ta'en them to the bent;
The porters they ha'e left the yetts—
The sleuth-hounds are on the scent.

The vassals a' ha'e left their cots,
An' sought thro' brake an' wold;
But the good sleuth-hounds they a' lay down
On the purple heath, an' yowled!

Sir Alan was aye the foremost man
In dingle, brake an' brier;
But when he heard his sleuth-hounds yowl,
He tore his thin gray hair.

An' aye he cheered his vassals on,
Though his heart was like to break;
But when he saw his hounds lie down,
Fu' mournfully thus he spake:

"Unearthlie sounds affright my hounds,
Unearthlie sights they see;
They quiver an' shake on the heather brake
Like the leaves o' the aspen tree.

"My blude has almost ceased to flow,
An' my soul is chilled wi' fear,
Lest the elfin or the demon race
Should ha'e stown my daughter dear.

"Haste, haste to the haly abbot wha dwells
On Saint Columb's sacred shores;
An' tell him a son o' the haly kirk
His ghostlie aid implores.

"Let him buckle sic spiritual armour on
As is proof against glamourie;
Lest the friends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' me."

The rowers ha'e dashed across the stream
An' knocked at the chapel door;
The abbot was chauntin' his midnight hymn,
Saint Columb's shrine before;

His saint-like mien, his radiant een,
An' his tresses o' siller gray,
Might ha'e driven to flight the demons o' night,
But rood or rosarie!

The messenger dropt upon his knee,
An' humbly this he said;—
"My master, a faithfu' son o' the kirk,
Implores your ghostlie aid;

"An ye're bidden to put sic armour on
As is proof against glamourie,
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' thee."

The abbot leaped lightlie in the boat,
An' pushed her frae the strand;
An' pantin' for breath, 'tween life and death,
The vassals rowed to land;

He graspit the mournfu' Baron's hand—
"Ha'e patience, my son," says he,
"For I shall expel the fiends o' hell
Frae your castle an' baronie."

"Restore my daughter," Sir Alan cries,
"To her father's fond embrace,
An' the half o' my gold, this very night,
Saint Columb's shrine shall grace;

"Yes, if thou'lt restore my darling child,
That's from me foully been riven,
The half of my lands, ere morning's prime,
To thine abbey shall be given."

The abbot replied, with priestly pride,
"Ha'e patience under your loss;
There never was fiend withstood me yet,
When I brandished the haly cross.

"Forego your fear, and be of good cheer—
I hereby pledge my word
That, by Marie's might, ere I sleep this night,
Your daughter shall be restored."

The abbot had made a pilgrimage
Barefoot to Palestine;
Had slept i' the haly sepulchre,
An' visions he had seen;

His girdle had been seven times laved
In Siloam's sacred stream,
An' haly Saint Bride a rosarie hung
Around his neck, in a dream!

A bead was strung on his rosarie
That had cured ten men bewitched;
An' a relic o' the real cross
His pastoral staff enriched;

He carried a chalice in his hand,
Brimfu' o' water clear,
For his ain behoof, that had oozed frae the roof
O' the haly sepulchre!

He sprinkled bauld Sir Alan's lands
Wi' draps o' this heavenly dew;
An' the gruesome elves betook themselves
To the distant Grampians blue:

Anon he shook his rosarie,
An' invoked Saint Marie's name,
An' Emma's lute-like voice was heard
Chauntin' our lady's hymn!

But when he brandished the haly rood,
An' raised it to the sky,
Like a beam of light she burst on their sight
In vestal purity!

---

## THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Talk not of temples—there is one,
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

The Alps array'd in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallow'd victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemm'd earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All nature worships there!

The grateful earth her odours yield
In homage, mighty One! to thee;
From herbs and flowers in every field,
From fruit on every tree,
The balmy dew at morn and even
Seems like the penitential tear,
Shed only in the sight of heaven—
All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine
In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
From tower, and tree, and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

---

## GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

Oh! Israel, thy hills are resounding,
The cheeks of thy warriors are pale;
For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,
His legions are closing their mail,

His battle-steeds prancing and bounding,
His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard in haughtiness streaming
Above his encampment appears;
An ominous radiance is gleaming
Around from his forest of spears:
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,—
But, ah! they are beaming through tears.

Our matron survivors are weeping,
Their sucklings a prey to the sword;
The blood of our martyrs is steeping
The fanes where their fathers adored;
The foe and the alien are reaping
Fields,—vineyards,—the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,
With the blood of the brave in our veins?
Shall we crouch to the tyrant for ever,
Whilst manhood—existence—remains?
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh, never!—
Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,
Encamped in the valley below;
The sabre must freedom restore us,
The spear, and the shaft, and the bow;—
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,—
Rush!—rush like a flood on the foe!

---

## JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

Let wrapt musicians strike the lyre,
While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
A never-dying name to gain;
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
Pursue some high or holy theme:
Be't mine, in simple strains, to sing
My darling Jeanie's welcome hame!

Sweet is the morn of flowery May,
When incense breathes from heath and wold—
When laverocks hymn the matin lay,
And mountain-peaks are bathed in gold—
And swallows, frae some foreign strand,
Are wheeling o'er the winding stream;
But sweeter to extend my hand,
And bid my Jeanie welcome hame!

Poor collie, our auld-farrant dog,
Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes;
And baudrons, on the ingle rug,
Will blithely churm at "auld gray-thrums."
The mavis, frae our apple-tree,
Shall warble forth a joyous strain;
The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy
Shall welcome Jeanie hame again!

Like dew-drops on a fading rose,
Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise like those
Which soothed thy slumbering infancy.
Come to my arms, my timid dove!
I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more;
The fountain of thy father's love
Is welling all its banks out o'er!

---

## THE SUN HAD SLIPPED.

The sun had slipped ayont the hill,
The darg was done in barn and byre;
The carle himself, come hame frae the mill,
Was luntin' his cutty before the fire:
The lads and lasses had just sitten down,
The hearth was sweepit fu' canty an' clean,
When the cadgie laird o' Windlestraetown
Cam' in for till haud his Hallowe'en.

The gudewife beck'd, and the carle boo'd;
In owre to the deis the laird gaed he;
The swankies a', they glowr'd like wud,
The lasses leugh i' their sleeves sae slee;
An' sweet wee Lilias was unco feared,
Tho' she blumed like a rose in a garden green;
An' sair she blush'd when she saw the laird
Come there for till haud his Hallowe'en!

"Now haud ye merry," quo' Windlestraetown,
"I downa come here your sport to spill,—
Rax down the nits, ye unco like loon,
For though I am auld, I am gleesome still:
An' Lilias, my pet, to burn wi' me,
Ye winna be sweer, right weel I ween,
However it gangs my fate I'll dree,
Since here I am haudin' my Hallowe'en."

The pawky auld wife, at the chimly-cheek,
Took courage an' spak', as a mither should do;
"Noo haud up yer head, my dochter meek,—
A laird comesna ilka night to woo!
He'll make you a lady, and that right soon,
I dreamt it twice owre, I'm sure, yestreen."—
"A bargain be't," quo' Windlestraetown,—
"It's lucky to book on Hallowe'en!"

"I'll stick by the nits, for better, for waur,—
Will ye do the like, my bonny May?
Ye sall shine at my board like the gloaming star,
An' gowd in gowpins ye's hae for aye!"—
The nits are cannilie laid on the ingle,
Weel, weel are they tented wi' anxious een,
And sweetlie in ase thegither they mingle;
"Noo blessed for aye be this Hallowe'en!"

# JOHN NEVAY.

Born 1792 — Died 1870.

John Nevay was born in the town of Forfar, January 28, 1792. He tells us that when a boy he loved to wander among the Grampians and by the streams, imbibing from the beauties of nature the spirit of poesy. His verses soon became locally known, and in 1818 he was induced to collect and publish them under the title of "A Pamphlet of Rhymes," which, being favourably received, was followed by a second collection in 1821. After an interval of ten years he brought out "Emmanuel: a Sacred Poem, in nine cantos, and other Poems," followed in a short time by "The Peasant: a Poem in nine cantos; with other Poems." In 1835 he published "The Child of Nature, and other Poems." In 1853 he printed by subscription a volume entitled "Rosaline's Dream, in four duans; and other Poems;" followed in 1855 by "The Fountain of the Rock: a Poem." Mr. Nevay's latest poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," are still in manuscript. He died in May, 1870, after having been favourably known in the literary world for half a century. He was of a very sensitive, retiring disposition, simple in all his manners and ways, and his life was a life of poverty and privation, borne bravely and uncomplainingly.

In an autobiographic sketch, prepared by Nevay in 1866 for this volume, he remarks in conclusion: "The third and last epoch has yet to be written,—wherein there may be, now and then, a blink of summer sunshine breaking through the clouds of care and regret; and even through the rimy fog of disappointment, a glimpse of morning light may appear in the horizon of my destiny." He had the honour of being introduced as "John o' ye Girnal" by Christopher North in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, accompanied by a quotation from his beautiful poem of "The Yeldron." "I beg to mention," the venerable bard wrote to the Editor in his last letter, "sans vanity, that many of my lyrics have been translated into both the French and German languages. The French translator is the Chevalier de Chatelain. This you will allow is very gratifying to my muse. I am delighted to learn that you are so well pleased with the MS. pieces intended for insertion in your valuable and interesting work."

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The summer flowers are gone,
And o'er the melancholy sea
The thistle-down is strewn;
The brown leaf drops, drops from the tree,
And on the spated river floats,—
That with a sullen spirit flows;
Like lurid dream of troubled thoughts;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

The summer birds are mute,
And cheerless is the unsung grove;
Silent the rural flute,
Whose Doric stop was touched to love,
By hedgerow stile at gloaming gray:
Nor heard the milk-maid's melody,
To fountain wending, blithe as gay;
In wain-shed stand, all pensively,
The hamlet fowls,—the cock not crows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Nor heard the pastoral bleat
Of flocks, that whitened many hills;
Vacant the plaided shepherd's seat—
Far up above the boulder-leaping rills:
Young Winter o'er the Grampians scowls,
His blasts and snow-clouds marshalling;
Beasts of the fields, and forest fowls,
Instinctive see the growing wing of storm
Dark coming o'er their social haunts;
Yet fear not they, for Heaven provides
For them; the wild bird never wants;
Want still with luxury resides!
Prophetic, on the rushy lea,
Stalk the dull choughs and crows;

While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick on the unsunn'd lake
Float, murmuringly, its blasted reeds;
And on the pebbles break,
To rot among the oozy weeds;
The wreck of summer grand and beauteous spring,
The hearse-like, pensive, chilly fret
Of the bleak water seems to sing
The elegy of bright suns set,
And all their balmy blossoms dead;
Like young life's verdant pastimes fled;
Nor sapphire sky, nor amber cloud,
Lies mirrored in the sombre wave:
The gloomy heaven's like Nature's shroud;
The water's lurid depth seemeth the grave
Of beauty gone. And beauty's eye
No more with floral pleasure glows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

There long decay hath been;
Through the rank weeds, and nettles vile,
Whistle the surly winds of e'en,
Where Scotland's Queen was wont to smile;
Who, in a dark and savage age,
Was learned and pious; read the sacred page
Unto her lord; taught maids of lowliest home
To know and love the Saviour-Lord;
To read his soul-uplifting word,
And understand the kingdom yet to come:
Now sainted Margaret's bonny summer-bower
Is reft of all its sylvan joy;
Nor vestige left of the Inch Tower;
Nor that which charmed the roaming boy;
The ancient Bush of glossy sloes:
Nought but the lightning-scathed tree
Remains; that, from its leafless boughs
Drops the cold dew incessantly,
Like Eld weeping for a young maiden's woes;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Browse not the kine and horse;
Rusted the harrow and the plough;
And all day long upon the gorse,
Brown-blighted on the brae's rough brow,
The night-dew, and thin gossamer,
Hang chilly; and the weary sun
Seems tired amid the troubled air;
And, long ere his full course be run,
Besouth the Sidlaws wild, sinks down;
Night gathers fast o'er cot and town;
Around, and far as eye can see,
Day has a dreary, death-like close;
While mournfully, most mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick glooms fall on the wood;
A cold and thrilling sough is there;
'Tis like the heart's mirk mood,
That makes this fleeting world its care;
And hath no joys, nor hope of joys,
Above the vulgar mortal aim
Which all the grovelling soul employs,
Till quenched is its ethereal flame!
From sky to earth now all is night;
In every nook old Darkness creeps;
And art the halls of wealth must light,
Where beauty smiles; nay, haply weeps,
Amid the grandeur of a station high;
Tears from the fount of sympathy—
For hapless worth, worth which the world not knows;
O! blessed is the tear that flows,
Like manna-dew from a celestial tree,
For uncomplaining woes.
Now happy—O how happy they,
The toil-tired sons of honest industry,
Who, by the cheerful hearth, 'mid children gay,
In cottage-home, enjoy health's blithe repose,
While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

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## A SUMMER LOVE-LETTER.

Let us rove, Jessie, rove; now the summer is brightest,
The sky pure azure, earth a green grassy sea;
And clear are the fountains, where gowans bloom whitest,
But heaven has nae light, earth nae beauty like thee.

Of a' that is fair, thou, dear Jessie, art fairest;
Of a' that's bright, brighter thy thought's modesty,
That hallows each feeling—the sweetest and rarest;
Love declares that a beauty mair heaven couldna gie.

And a' things are happy where'er thou appearest;
The darkness o' light's on thy lily e'ebree;
Compared wi' which, night and her stars come the nearest:
The love in thy breast is a heaven-ecstacy!

The pride o' my heart is to sing thee the fairest,
The sweet rays o' song are the morn in thine e'e:
And in thy bright bosom a jewel thou wearest,—
O were it mine, richer than kings I would be!

O, how shall I win it—that jewel sae simple?
I'll think it a flower on the untrodden lea,
My love a pure stream that, wi' clear, sunny wimple,
Sings—heaven is mair blessed that lily to see!

Let us rove, Jessie, rove, for a' nature is blooming;
The siller burns dance o'er the pebbles wi' glee;
And flowers in their prime are the saft breeze perfuming;
Oh, surely the flowers steal their fragrance from thee!

We'll rove by the burnie where summer is sweetest,
Where every wee blossom gi'es balm to the bee:
But thou, fairest Flower! fair nature completest,
And every bird sings—nature's perfect in thee!

We'll rove in the woodland, where violets are springing,
They wait to unfold their chaste virtues to thee;
In the dell, to her children loved, summer is singing:
But thou art the Muse o' my heart's melodie.

Youth is the gay season o' love—the prime blessing;
Without love, life's summer joys ne'er would we pree;
Then let us, dear Jessie, con summer's sweet lesson,—
Our love like her bright dewy morn aye to be.

Oh, then, let us saunter where a' things are loving—
The air and the sunlight, and bird, flower, and tree:
And we too will love, by the blithe waters roving,
And sweetly our joy shall wi' summer's agree.

Hark! Nature invites us. Her reason is thrilling,—
'Tis love, hope, and rapture—thy soul's poesie;
Let us rove, then, where summer our love-cup is filling;
We'll drink, and sae blest, heaven mair blest couldna be!

And we shall be happy, our hearts sae united,—
Joy blending wi' joy in a love melodie;
And in it sae sweetly our troth shall be plighted:
Oh, then, my ain Jessie, to love we'll be free!

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## THE DREAMING LOVER.

O sweet the May morn, and fair every flower,
And every sweet song-bird makes love its theme;
But sweeter and happier the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O the summer day's bright, green every bower,
And blithe is the song of the silver stream;
But brighter and blither the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O rich autumn's sun of the golden shower,
And the corn-fields drink of his mellowing beam;
But richer the *star* of the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O sweet winter's hearth, while music's power
Encharms heart and soul, like a joy supreme;
But sweeter by moonlight the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O! brightest and sweetest o' the twenty-four,
Announced by the silver peal,—like a gleam
Of hope from heaven, was the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

When the heart was young, and life seemed a dower,
The maiden all lovely—my soul's esteem,
'Twas heaven to tryst in the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

I cared not for wealth, I envied not rank;
All nature was mine, and the sunlight above,—
The sweet gushing stream, and the primrose bank,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught which the vain world pursues;
With *her* only happy was I to rove;
Her smile was like that of a heavenly *Muse*,
When my dream was love.

Afar from the world and its pleasures vain,
At calm summer eve, in lily alcove,
I thought not of aught but to be her swain,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for books; for morality,
Religion, and song in her smile were wove;
The melody of heaven was in her eye,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the beautiful,
For that was the joy of her bosom's dove,—
The feeling that well all chaste things could cull,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the gems of her choice,
Fair Nature's own blooms in the woodland and grove;
And there with my Jeanie were all life's joys,
When my dream was love.

# HEW AINSLIE.

Hew Ainslie, one of the best living writers of Scottish songs and ballads, was born April 5, 1792, at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, on the estate of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, in whose service his father had been employed for many years. He was educated first by a private tutor at home, afterwards at the parish-school of Ballantrae, and finally at the Ayr Academy. At the age of fourteen delicate health induced him to forego the further prosecution of his studies, and to return to his native hills. Sir Hew was at this time engaged in an extensive plan for the improvement of his estate, under the direction of the celebrated landscape-gardener White, and a number of young men from the south. Young Ainslie joined this company, as he says, "to harden my constitution and check my overgrowth. Amongst my planting companions I found a number of intelligent young men, who had got up in a large granary a private theatre, where they occasionally performed for the amusement of the neighbourhood the 'Gentle Shepherd,' 'Douglas,' &c., and in due time I was to my great joy found tall enough, lassie-looking enough, and flippant enough, to take the part of the pert 'Jenny;' and the first relish I got for anything like sentimental song was from learning and singing the songs in that pastoral,—auld ballads that my mother sung—and she sang many and sang them well—having been all the poetry I cared for. For three years, which was up to the time we removed to Roslin, I remained in this employment, acquiring a tough, sound constitution, and at the same time some knowledge of nursery and floral culture."

In his seventeenth year he was sent to Glasgow to study law in the office of a relation, but the pursuit proving uncongenial he returned to Roslin. Soon after he obtained a situation in the Register House, Edinburgh, which he retained until 1822, a portion of the time being passed at Kinniel House, as the amanuensis of Prof. Dugald Stewart, whose last work he copied for the press. Having married in 1812, and finding his salary inadequate to the maintenance of his family, Ainslie resolved to go to the United States, and accordingly set sail, arriving in New York in July, 1822. He purchased a small farm in Rensselaer county, N. Y., and resided there for three years. He next made trial for a year of Robert Owen's settlement at New Harmony, Indiana, but found it a failure, and then removed to Cincinnati, where he entered into partnership with Price and Wood, brewers. In 1829 he established a branch at Louisville, which was ruined by an inundation of the Ohio in 1832. He erected a similar establishment the same year in New Albany, Indiana, which was destroyed by fire in 1834. Satisfied with these experiments, he employed himself—till his retirement from business a few years ago—in superintending the erection of mills, factories, and breweries in the Western States.

In 1864 Ainslie visited Scotland, after an absence of more than forty years, and was warmly welcomed by old friends and many new ones to his native land. From the leading literary men of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and especially from the poets, he received many most gratifying marks of attention and respect. He still enjoys good health for a person upwards of fourscore years of age, and continues to reside in Louisville. On the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the birth of Burns a large company assembled in Louisville to celebrate the day so dear to all Scotchmen. The chairman was the venerable poet, whose memory dates back nearly to the days of the Ayrshire bard, and who, in a humorous address delivered on the occasion, told how he had had the honour of kissing "Bonny Jean," the wife of the great poet.

Ainslie was a poet from his early years, and had composed verses before he left his native Carrick. A visit to Ayrshire in 1820 renewed the ardour of his muse, which, on the eve of his departure from Scotland, burst forth into authorship under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns.* A second volume from

his pen, entitled *Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems,* appeared in 1855. A new edition of his poetical writings is now in preparation for the press. Many of Ainslie's compositions are to be found in *Whistle Binkie, Gems of Scottish Song,* and other collections of the lyric poetry of his native land. They well deserve the reputation they acquired half a century ago, and which they still retain in the New and Old Worlds.

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## "STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"

Hoo's dear auld mither Scotland, lads,
Hoo's kindly Scotland noo?
Are a' her glens as green 's of yore,
Her hills as stern an' blue?

I meikle dread the iron steed,
That tears up heugh and fell,
Has gi'en our canny old folk
A sorry tale to tell.

Ha'e touns ta'en a' our bonnie burns
To cool their lowin' craigs?
Or damm'd them up in timmer troughs
To slock their yettlin' naigs?

Do Southern loons infest your touns
Wi' mincing Cockney gab?
Ha'e "John and Robert" ta'en the place
O' plain auld "Jock an' Rab?"

In sooth, I dread a foreign breed
Noo rules o'er "corn an' horn;"
An' kith an' kin I'd hardly fin',
Or place whare I was born.

They're houkin sae in bank an' brae,
An' sheughin' hill an' howe:
I tremble for the bonny broom,
The whin an' heather cowe.

I fear the dear auld "Deligence"
An' "Flies" ha'e flown the track,
An' cadgers braw, pocks, creels an' a',
Gane i' the ruthless wrack.

Are souple kimmers kirkward boun,
On Sabbath to be seen?
Wi' sturdy carles that talk o' texts,
Roups, craps, an' days ha'e been.

Gang lasses yet wi' wares to sell
Barefitit to the toun?
Is wincie still the wilicoat
An' demitty the goun?

Do wanters try the yarrow leaf
Upon the first o' May?

Are there touslings on the hairst rig,
An' houtherings 'mang the hay?

Are sheepshead dinners on the board,
Wi' gousty haggis seen?
Come scones an' farls at four hours;
Are sowens sair'd at e'en?

Are winkings 'tween the preachings rife
Out-owre the baps an' yill?
Are there cleekings i' the kirk gates,
An' loans for lovers still?

Gang loving sauls in plaids for shawls
A courtin' to the bent?
Has gude braid lawlins left the land?
Are kail and crowdy kent?

Ah! weel I min', in dear langsyne,
Our rantin's round the green;
The meetings at the trystin' tree,
The "chappings out" at e'en.

Oh bootless queries, vanish'd scenes;
Oh wan and wintry Time!
Why lay alike, on heart an' dyke,
Thy numbing frost and rime?

E'en noo my day gangs doun the brae,
An' tear draps fa' like rain,
To think the fouth o' gladsome youth
Can ne'er return again.

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## THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

The Rover o' Lochryan he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel
Ne'er bowled o'er the back o' a wave.

It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
When naething disturbs it ava;
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
An' the splash o' the gray sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the wind sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the deafening roar.

It's then that I look thro' the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my Rover hame,
And the sea that he glories to ride.

Merrily he stands 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his e'e's upon Galloway's land—

"Unstent and slack each reef and tack,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
And she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.

"When landsmen drouse, or trembling rouse,
To the tempest's angry moan,
We dash thro' the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on.

"It's braw, boys, to see, the morn's blythe e'e,
When the night's been dark an' drear;
But it's better far to lie, wi' our storm-locks dry,
In the bosom o' her that is dear.

"Gi'e her sail, gi'e her sail, till she buries her wale,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet!"

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## THE SWEETEST O' THEM A'.

When springtime gi'es the heart a lift
Out ower cauld winter's snaw and drift,
An' April's showers begin to sift
Fair flowers on field an' shaw,
Then, Katie, when the dawing's clear—
Fresh as the firstlings o' the year—
Come forth, my joy—my dearest dear—
O! sweetest o' them a'!

When pleasant primrose days are doon—
When linties sing their saftest tune—
And simmer, nearing to his noon,
Gars rarest roses blaw—
Then, sheltered frae the sun an' win',
Beneath the buss, below the linn,
I'll tell thee hoo this heart ye win,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

When flowers hae ripened into fruit—
When plantings wear their Sabbath suit—
When win's grow loud, and birdies mute,
An' swallows flit awa'—
Then, on the lee side o' a stook,
Or in some calm an' cosie nook,
I'll swear I'm thine upon the Book,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

Tho' black December bin's the pool
Wi' blasts might e'en a wooer cool,
It's them that brings us canty Yule
As weel's the frost an' snaw.
Then, when auld winter's raging wide,
An' cronies crowd the ingle-side,
I'll bring them ben a blooming bride—
O! sweetest o' them a'!

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## ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Do ye like, my dear lassie,
The hills wild an' free,
Where the sang o' the shepherd
Gars a' ring wi' glee;
Or the steep rocky glens,
Where the wild falcons bide?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!

Do ye like the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er were in riggs,
Or the bonny lowne howes,
Where the sweet robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the lintie,
When wooing his bride;
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride.

Do ye like the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns,
Or the bonny green holmes
Where it cannily rins;
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side;
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride.

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## THE LAST LOOK OF HOME.

Our sail has ta'en the blast,
Our pennant's to the sea,
And the waters widen fast
'Twixt the fatherland and me.

Then, Scotland, fare thee well—
There's a sorrow in that word

This aching heart could tell,
But words shall ne'er record.

The heart should make us veil
From the heart's elected few,
Our sorrows when we ail—
Would we have them suffer too?

No, the parting hour is past;
Let its memory be brief;
When we monument our joys,
We should sepulchre our grief.

Now yon misty mountains fail,
As the breezes give us speed—
On, my spirit, with our sail,
There's a brighter land ahead.

There are wailings on the wind,
There are murmurs on the sea,
But the fates ne'er proved unkind
Till they parted home and me.

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## THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hill side,
When hums the hinny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs ha'e a' the scented ware
That simmer's growth can gi'e;
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e;
That makes to us a warld complete—
O! the ingle side for me!

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## A HAMEWARD SANG.

Each whirl o' the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The hame o' my youth;
Every object grows dearer.
The hills, an' the huts,
The trees on that green;
Losh! they glour in my face,
Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
As gif they would crack;
An' the sang o' the bird
Seems to welcome me back.
O! dear to the heart
Is the hand that first fed us;
An' dear is the land,
An' the cottage that bred us.

An' dear are the comrades,
Wi' whom we once sported;
But dearer the maiden,
Whose love we first courted.
Joy's image may perish,
E'en grief die away;
But the scenes o' our youth,
Are recorded for aye.

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## SIGHINGS FOR THE SEASIDE.

At the stent o' my string,
When a fourth o' the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland—
Dear land o' my birth,—

Wi' the richest o' valleys,
And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
Illumes wi' his light.

And surrounded wi' a'
That the heart or the head,
The body or the mou'
O' mortal could need.—

I hae paused in sic plenty,
And stuck in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
Would mak me look back,—

Look back to auld hills
In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies,
And hillocks o' broom,

To some loop in our lock,
Whar the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
That bulwark the deep;

Wi' the sea lashing in
Wi' the wind and the tide—
Aye, 'twas then that I sicken'd,
'Twas then that I cried—

O! gie me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has brought on this breast and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit's bow'd and my heart is dow'd
Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving woods,
Look brave in the suns o' June;
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp,
And there's death in the dark lagoon.
Aye, gie me the jaup o' the dear auld saut,
A scent o' his brine again!
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has laid on this bosom and brain.

# THOMAS LYLE.

Born 1792—Died 1859.

Dr. Thomas Lyle, like his friend John Wilson, a native of Paisley, was born in that town, September 10, 1792. He received a liberal education, and afterwards studied at the University of Glasgow, where in 1816 he obtained his diploma as a surgeon, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Cherishing as he did a love for the old minstrelsy of his native land, he was zealous in collecting such ancient airs as he met with, and to one of these he composed his exceedingly popular song of

"Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O."

It was written in the year 1819, when he was in the habit of resorting, in his botanical excursions, to the then wooded and sequestered banks of the Kelvin, about two miles from Glasgow. Since that date the huge city has swallowed up Lyle's rural retreat of Kelvin Grove. Not meeting with the success in his profession that he anticipated, he removed in 1826 to Airth, a few miles from Falkirk. But it does not appear that he met with any greater success in his new field of labour; for, as in Glasgow, he was regarded as a man more devoted to the muse and to the gathering of rare plants than to the practice of his profession. In the following year he appeared as the author of a volume entitled "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Works, with Biographical and Illustrative Notices." This entertaining work, the result of long investigation into the popular poetry of Scotland, contained numerous compositions of Lyle's: but much the most valuable portion of it to antiquarians consists of the miscellaneous poems of Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan. After a residence at Airth for above a quarter of a century, he returned in 1853 to Glasgow, and resumed his profession. Two years later the Editor found him living there in obscurity, with little practice, and apparently as much forgotten as the spot celebrated in his most popular song. Lyle died in Glasgow, April 19, 1859.

## KELVIN GROVE.[1]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

[1] It is worthy of mention that this song, on which Lyle's poetical reputation chiefly rests, was originally attributed to another writer. Macdonald, in his *Rambles round Glasgow*, says—"The song was first published in 1820 in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of poetical pieces to which an introductory essay on the poets of the district was contributed by William Motherwell. In the index to that work the name of John Sim

O! Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented breer,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

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## I ANCE KNEW CONTENT.

I ance knew content, but its smiles are awa',
The broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phebe an' a',
So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how gay!
The broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms fair;
Till Phebe was crowned our Queen of the May,
When the bloom o' the broom strew'd its sweets on the air.

She was mine when the snaw-draps hung white on the lea,
Ere the broom bloom'd bonnie, an' grew sae fair;
Till May-day, anither wysed Phebe frae me,
So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

Sing, love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
When broom waves lonely, an' bleak blaws the air;
For Phebe to me now is naething ava',
If my heart could say, "Gang to the broom nae mair."

Durst I trow that my dreams in the night hover o'er,
Where broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no more,)
Whisp'ring, "Love, will ye gang to the broom ony mair?"

No! fare thee well, Phebe; I'm owre wae to weep,
Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an' fair;
Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,
'Neath the broom on the lea, an' the bawm sunny air.

---

## DARK DUNOON.

See the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp,
From a beam of the rising moon;
On the heathy shore at evening fall,
'Twixt Holy-Loch and dark Dunoon;
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad, moorland flower,
Invite my wandering footsteps there,
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way;
All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty gray.

---

is given as that of the author of 'Kelvin Grove.' Mr. Sim, who had contributed largely to the work, and for a time had even acted as its editor, left Paisley before its completion for the West Indies, where he shortly afterward died. In the meantime the song became a general favourite, when Mr. Lyle laid claim to it as his own production, and brought forward evidence of the most convincing nature to that effect. So clearly, indeed, did he establish the fact of his authorship that a music-seller in Edinburgh, who had previously purchased the song from the executors of Mr. Sim, at once entered into a new arrangement with him for the copyright. Mr. Lyle, it seems, was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim on literary matters, and on one occasion sent him 'Kelvin Grove,' with another song, to be published anonymously in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In the meantime Mr. Sim, who had transcribed both the pieces, was called abroad; and after his death his executors, finding the two songs among his papers and in his handwriting, naturally concluded that they were productions of his own genius, and published them accordingly." Dr. Lyle, when upwards of threescore years of age, and his authorship to the piece in question admitted by all, still alluded with considerable acrimony to the wrong and injustice which he had been subjected to in being compelled to prove his just claim to his own property.—ED.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
And the night breeze sweeps the hill;
It's sweet on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.

Eliza! with thee in this solitude,
Life's cares would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,
At the wake of early day.

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# WILLIAM FINLAY.

Born 1792 — Died 1847.

William Finlay, the son of a weaver, was born at Paisley in 1792. At an early age he attended Bell's School, and subsequently the Grammar School, where he made such progress that before he was nine years of age he could read and translate Cæsar with facility. For twenty years he followed his father's occupation, after which he was employed in a cotton mill at Duntocher. In 1840 he became an assistant in the office of Mr. Neilson, printer, Paisley, with whom he remained for eight years. He afterwards removed to a bleachfield on the Gleniffer Braes, where he died November 5, 1847.

As early as his twentieth year Finlay became known as a composer of verses, and ultimately as a successful writer of humorous and satirical poems, which he contributed to the Paisley and Glasgow journals. Several of the most agreeable of his productions are those in which there is a combination of the descriptive, the humorous, and the kindly, delicately spiced with the satirical. "The Widow's Excuse" is a favourable specimen of this class of composition. In 1846 Finlay collected a number of his pieces, which were published in Paisley in a volume entitled *Poems, Humorous and Sentimental*. He was fond of music and society, and yielding to the fascinations of conviviality he sometimes committed excesses which he deeply regretted. Frequent and touching allusions to his besetting sin are to be met with in his writings, as well as vain regrets at the time squandered among his friends, to the neglect perhaps of the necessary pursuits of a labouring man. He says—

"While others have been busy, bustling
After wealth and fame,
And wisely adding house to house,
And Bailie to their name;
I, like a thoughtless prodigal,
Have wasted precious time,
And followed lying vanities
To string them up in rhyme."

It has been truthfully said that William Finlay's pictures of the evils of intemperance are equal to Rodger's or Alexander Wilson's.

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## THE MIGHTY MUNRO.

Come, brawny John Barleycorn, len' me your aid,
Though for such inspiration aft dearly I've paid,
Come cram up my noddle, and help me to show,
In true graphic colours, the mighty Munro.

O! could ye but hear him his stories rehearse,
Whilk the like was ne'er heard o', in prose or in verse,
Ye wad laugh till the sweat down your haffets did flow,
At the matchless, magnificent, mighty Munro.

With such pleasing persuasion he blaws in your lug,
Ye wad think that the vera inanimate jug
Whilk stan's on the table, mair brichtly doth glow
At the wild witching stories o' mighty Munro.

Such care-killing capers—such glorious riggs,
Such cantrin' on cuddies, and cadging' in gigs,
Such rantin,' and jauntin', and shunting, and show,
Could ne'er be displayed but by mighty Munro.

Great Goliath o' Gath, who came out and defied,
With the great swelling words o' vainglory and pride,
The brave armies of Israel, as all of ye know,
Was a dwarf-looking bodie compared wi' Munro.

And Samson, that hero, who slew men *en masse*
Wi' naething but just the jaw bane o' an ass;
And drew down a house on himsel' and the foe,
Was a puir feckless creatur' compared wi' Munro.

The chivalrous knight of La Mancha, 'tis true,
And Baron Munchausen, had equals but few;
Their exploits have astonished the warl', but lo!
Both the Don and the Baron must bow to Munro.

But a tythe o' his merit nae words can impart,
His errors are all of the head, not the heart;
Though his tongue doth a little too trippingly go,
Yet a guid chiel at bottom is mighty Munro.

Though the lamp o' his fame will continue to burn
When even his dust to the dust shall return,
And for ages to come a bright halo will throw
O'er the mouldering remains o' the mighty Munro.

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## THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

Once more, Eliza, let me look upon thy smiling face,
For there I with the "joy of grief" thy mother's features trace;
Her sparkling eye, her winning smile, and sweet bewitching air—
Her raven locks which clust'ring hung upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile, and eye of joyous mirth,
Which beamed so bright with life and light in her who gave thee birth;
And strongly do they bring to mind life's gladsome happy day,
When first I felt within my heart love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few—my heart was pure; for vice and folly wore
A hideous and disgusting front, in those green days of yore:
Destructive dissipation then, with her deceitful train,
Had not, with their attractive glare, confus'd and turn'd my brain.

Ah! well can I recall to mind how quick my heart would beat,
To see her, in the house of prayer, so meekly take her seat;
And when our voices mingled sweet in music's solemn strains,
My youthful blood tumultuously rush'd tingling through my veins.

It must have been of happiness a more than mortal dream,
It must have been of heavenly light a bright unbroken beam;
A draught of pure unmingled bliss; for to my wither'd heart
It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow of ecstacy impart.

She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom the brow doth never shade—
Where on the cheek the rosy bloom of youth doth never fade;
And I've been left to struggle here, till now my locks are gray,
Yet still I love to think upon this "dream of life's young day."

---

## THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

"O, Leezie M'Cutcheon, I eanna but say,
Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day;
The crape aff your bannet already ye've tane;
Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle au' fain.
Ye sich't and ye sabbit, that nicht Johnnie dee't,
I thought my ain heart wad hae broken to see't;
But noo ye're as eanty and brisk as a bee;
Oh! the frailty o' women I wonner to see:
The frailty o' women I wonner to see,
The frailty o' women I wonner to see;
Ye kiss'd his eauld gab wi' the tear in your e'e;
Oh, the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

"When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist
That the sound o' the mools as they fell on his kist,
While yet like a knell, ringing loud in your lug,
By anither man's side ye'd be sleeping sae snug.
O Leezie, my lady, ye've surely been fain,
For an uneo-like man to your arms ye have ta'en;
John M'Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,
The e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through:
O, the e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through,
His nose it is shirpit, his lip it is blue,
Oh, Leezie, ye've surely to wale on had few,
Ye've looted and lifted but little, I trow."

"Now, Janet, wi' jibing and jeering hae dune,
Though it's true that anither now fills Johnnie's shoon,
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,
Was a handy bit body, and lived but and ben.

He was unco obliging, and cam' at my wag,
Whan wi' grief and fatigue I was liken to fag:
'Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I've seen
His e'e glisten wi' gladness when Robin cam' in.
Then, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun!
Oh, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun;
When I needed his help he was aye at comman';
Then how can ye wonner I gied him my haun?

"At length when John dee't, and was laid in the clay,
My haun it was bare, and my heart it was wae;
I had na a steek, that was black, to put on,
For wark I had plenty wi' guiding o' John;
Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan
He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at comman',
And he lent me as muckle as coft a black gown,
Sae hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon?
Then hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon,
My heart-strings wi' sorrow were a' out o' tune;
A man that has worth and twa notes at comman',
Can sune get a woman to tak him in haun."

# WILLIAM BEATTIE.

Born 1793—Died 1875.

William Beattie, M.D., the friend and biographer of Thomas Campbell, was born in the parish of Dalton, Dumfriesshire, Feb. 24, 1793. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the Clarencefield Academy, he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1813, where in 1820 he took the degree of M.D. He then continued his studies in London and on the Continent for ten years, when he commenced practice in London, where he ever afterward continued to reside. While actively pursuing his profession, Dr. Beattie, like the late Sir Henry Holland, found leisure for literary pursuits and foreign travel. His first work, giving an account of a four years' residence in Germany, appeared in 1827, followed by "John Huss, a Poem." Dr. Beattie's next poetical publication, "Polynesia, a Poem," celebrated the labours of the missionaries in the South Seas. He is also the author of professional writings, including a Latin treatise on pulmonary consumption. His most popular work, and the one most likely to keep his name before the public, is his admirable memoir of the poet Campbell, whose personal friendship he enjoyed for many years. It was through Dr. Beattie's persevering efforts that a statue of Campbell was placed in Westminster Abbey. His latest literary work was an entertaining memoir, published in 1855, of William Henry Bartlett, whom he had assisted in the preparation of several of his illustrated works.

Dr. Beattie was well known as the genial entertainer of men of letters, as a contributor to the magazines, as rendering professional services gratuitously to authors and clergymen, and as a hearty lover of his native land. At upwards of fourscore years of age he continued to mingle in the literary society of London, and to indulge in occasional poetic composition. He was much esteemed for his amiable character and ability in his profession. He died at his residence in Portman Square, London, March 17, 1875, aged eighty-two years, and was buried at Brighton by the side of his wife, to whom he was married in the summer of 1822. During the last few years of his life Dr. Beattie amused his leisure hours in the preparation of an autobiography, which it is to be hoped that his literary executors, one of whom is Dr. Robert Carruthers of Inverness, will ere long give to the world. From his residence of half a century in the great metropolis, and his wide acquaintance with many literary and distinguished people, such as Samuel Rogers, Lady Byron, and the Countess of Blessington, it can hardly fail to be an attractive book.

## MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[1]

Hark!—'Tis the death-knell, from Bononia's shore,[2]
Startles the ear, and thrills in every core!
Pealed from these cliffs, the echoes of our own
Catch, and prolong the melancholy tone,
As fast and far the mournful tidings spread—
"The light is quench'd—the 'Bard of Hope' is dead!"

Campbell is dead! and Freedom on her wall
Shrieks—as she shrieked at Kosciusko's fall!
And warrior-exiles, as the dirge they hear,
Heave the deep sigh, and drop the bitter tear.

Friends of the poet!—ye to whom belong
The prophet's fire—the mystic powers of song—
On *you* devolves the sad and sacred trust
To chant the requiem o'er a brother's dust!
His kindred shade demands the kindred tear—
The poets' homage o'er a poet's bier!
While *I*—who saw the vital flame expire,
And heard the last tones of that broken lyre—
Closed the dim eye, and propp'd the drooping head—
And caught the spirit's farewell as it fled—
With your high notes my lowly tribute blend,
And mourn at once the poet and the friend!

Twice twenty summers of unclouded fame
Had shed their lustre on our poet's name;
And found him ever arm'd, and in the van,
To guard the rights and dignity of man.
On Freedom's altar sacrificing wealth,
To Science consecrating life and health;
In age retaining all the fire of youth—
The love of liberty, the thirst for truth—
He spent his days—improved them as they pass'd,
And still reserved the brightest for the last!

'Twas here—where Godfrey's sullen rampart frowns[3]
O'er wave-worn cliffs and cultivated downs;
Where the cool breeze a bracing freshness throws,
Where shade and solitude invite repose;
And whispering elms, in soothing cadence, wave
O'er Churchill's death-bed and Le Sage's grave[4]—
'Twas here our poet—on the stranger's soil,
Retired to pause from intellectual toil;
Resign'd the well-fought field, with honours rife,
To trim with frugal hand the lamp of life;
To solve the mystic writing on the wall—
Adjust his mantle ere he let it fall;
Weigh life's great question—commune with his heart,
Then, hail the welcome signal and depart.

And here—tho' health decay'd—his taste still warm
Conferr'd on all it touch'd a classic charm;
Dispell'd the gloom, and peopled every shade
With forms and visions brilliantly portray'd.
Thoughts well directed—reason well applied—
Philosophy with cheering faith allied—
Inspired a fresh and healthful tone of mind
That braced the spirit as the body pined;
While freedom strew'd her laurels at his feet,
And song and science dignified retreat.

But soon life's current darken'd as it flow'd;
Gladness forsook the poet's new abode;
His hearth grew sad, and swiftly pass'd away
The cheerful evening of his well-spent day!
The books, the lyre, the lov'd Achaian strain,
That charm'd the fancy, could not lull the pain,
That now, in fatal ambush, hour by hour
Bore witness to the fever's wasting power.—
Yet pain, depression, anguish never wrung
Complaint, regret, or murmur from his tongue:
Or if—amidst his pain, a tear, a sigh
Rose on his lip, or trembled in his eye,—
'Twas when sweet memories o'er his spirit came,
And his lips mov'd to some beloved name,
Which, while the soul was yearning to depart,
Still kept its mansion sacred in his heart!—
But else, unmov'd, he watch'd the close of life—
Brac'd on his armour for the final strife;
Resolv'd in death, to fall beneath his shield,
Conqueror—not captive—to resign the field.

The hour arriv'd: the star of Hope arose
To light her poet to his last repose!
Life ebbed apace: the seraph, stooping down,
Illumed his couch, and showed the future crown.
"Welcome!" she whispered—"welcome be the hour
That clothes my votary with celestial power!
Enough hast thou achieved of earthly fame,
To gild the patriot's and the poet's name;
Thou hast not pandered to a vicious age,
Nor left thy sins recorded in thy page;

[1] Written at Boulogne shortly after the poet's decease, and now published for the first time.—Ed.

[2] *Bononia Gallice*—the Gessoriacum of antiquity, or Boulogne-sur-Mer of the present day, "Gessoriacum quod nunc *Bononia*."

[3] Godfrey (of Bouillon), whom history represents as having been born in the citadel of Boulogne, not Bouillon in Lorraine.

[4] Churchill—the English Juvenal—died at Boulogne in 1764; and Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, in 1747: "Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas, 1747," is engraved on a stone over the door of his house.

But, kindred with the source from which it came,
Thy song hath minister'd to virtue's flame.
And now—that longer life were lengthened pain—
In brighter realms revive the hallowed strain;
That heaven-born genius to thy keeping given,
Pure and unsullied, render back to heaven!"
So said—the radiant herald waved her torch,
And, beckoning onward, showed the dismal porch—
Death's dreary vale, thro' which the fleeting soul
Flies to its fount, like streamers to the pole.

As o'er yon headlands,[1] where the sun has set,
Beams of reflected glory linger yet;
So now—to gild the last and closing scene—
Fresh on the poet's cheek and brow serene,
The setting sun of life's eventful day
Has left a soft and sanctifying ray!

Campbell is dead!—dissolved the spirit's bond—
The bourne is past—and all is light beyond!
Dead—yet not silent!—still to memory dear,
His latest accents linger on my ear;
His words—his looks, like spirits from the urn—
With awful force and tenderness return;
While here I watch, beside the breathless clay,
The lines, and fleeting hues of life decay.

All—all is changed!—the master-lyre unstrung,
Quenched the bright eye, and mute the inspiring tongue,
That erst with generous glow, and godlike art,
Subdued—exalted—sway'd the stubborn heart;
Abashed the proud, dispelled the exile's fears,
And even from despots wrung reluctant tears—
In British hearts infused a Spartan zeal,
That stirred our spirits like a trumpet-peal.
Speak thou, Sarmatia! When the spoiler's hand
With blood and rapine filled thy smiling land—
When beauty wept, and brave men bled in vain,
And reeking slaughter stalked on every plain—
Whose voice uprose?—as with a mighty charm,
To shield the weak and foil the despot's arm—
Whose voice first taught our sympathies to flow
In streams of healing through a land of woe?
'Twas *his!* 'twas Campbell's soul-inspiring chord,
That nerved the heart, and edged the Patriot's sword—
That changed—nor faltered—nor relaxed the song,
Till, roused to vindicate thy nation's wrong,
Britannia, seconding her poet's art,
Received thy band of heroes to her heart;
And o'er the wreck of Freedom's gory field
Threw the broad shade of her protecting shield!

He loved thee, Poland! with unchanging love;
Shared in the sorrows he could not remove!
Revered thy virtues, and bewail'd thy woes;
And—could his life have purchas'd thy repose—
Proud of the sacrifice, he would have bled,
And mingled ashes with thy mighty dead!

And ye—who in the sad or social hour
Have seen, and felt the minstrel's varied power—
Say how his soul rejoiced with you to share
The noon of sunshine, or the night of care!
His heart—to tenderest sympathies awake—
His mind—transparent as the summer lake—
Lent all his actions energy and grace,
And stamped their manly feelings in the face—
Feelings—no sordid aim could compromise—
That feared no foe, and needed no disguise.

To you—his cherished friends and old compeers—
The frank companions of his brightest years;
Whose friendship strengthened as acquaintance grew—
Warmed—glowed, as fate the narrowing circle drew;—
To you—a mournful messenger—I bear
The minstrel's blessing, and the patriot's prayer.

"Be firm!" he said; "Freedom shall yet strike home;
Worth shall be crowned—the brave shall cease to roam;
The exile shall regain his father's hearth,
And Justice recommence her reign on earth!
Thrice happy days!—tho' but to gild my urn—
Fulfil the prophecy—return! return!"

Britons! when next in Freedom's wonted hall
Assembled patriots hold high festival;
When, face to face, Sarmatia's sons ye meet—
Miss the loved voice, and mark the vacant seat!
When thro' the soul conflicting passions throng,
Your poet will be present in his song!
His spirit will be there!—a shadowy guest—
Unseen—unheard—but felt in every breast!
He will be there, the minstrel-chair to claim,
And fan the sparks of freedom into flame.—

I knew him well!—how sad to say *I knew!*
That word alone brings all my loss to view—
I knew his virtues—ardently and long
Admir'd the poet for his moral song;
But soon—when closer intercourse began,
I found the poet's rival in the *Man*—
The man, who blended in the minstrel's art
The brightest genius with the warmest heart.

And thus bereaved—in this her two-fold grief—
Where shall the mourning spirit find relief?
She turns instinctive to his page, and hears
The voice of Hope, triumphant in her tears!
"Weep not for him," she cries, "who leaves behind

[1] The headlands alluded to are the English cliffs, as far as Beachy Head: the sunset over which, as seen from the ramparts of Boulogne, is often very beautiful, and was strikingly so at the time mentioned.

The fruits and flowers of an immortal mind.
Weep not for him—the minstrel hath a part—
A living home in every kindred heart!
Fraught with high powers, his lay in every clime
Still warms the soul, and prompts the thought sublime.

His songs, that haunt us in our grief and joy,
Time shall not chill, nor death itself destroy!
But, long as love can melt, or hope inspire
One heart imbued with Nature's hallowed fire—
So long the lay—to virtuous feeling true—
Shall breathe, and burn, with fervour ever new."

Sweet Bard of Hope!—Shrined with the glorious dead,
A nation's love shall guard thy hallow'd bed;
While patriots, as their poet's name they scan,
Shall pause, and proudly say—"Here lies the man
Whose upright purpose, force nor fraud could bend;
Who, serving Freedom, served her to the end;
Gave to her sacred cause all man could give,
Nor ceased to love her, till he ceased to live!"

My task is done; nor care I now to weigh
What praise or censure may await my lay:
The mournful theme had better poets sung—
This voice had slept—this harp remained unstrung:
Deep, but not loud—as warriors mourn their chief—
My heart had grieved, but not confessed its grief.
But now—when kindred genius stands aloof
And friendship calls my loyalty to proof;
Shall I—tho' least of England's minstrels here—
Awake no requiem at her poet's bier?—
But, coldly mute, renounce the saddest part?
No! silence *now* were treason to the heart!
Grief must have voice—the wounded spirit vent—
The debt be paid—before my day is spent:
And if—at friendship's call—the numbers flow
In seemly warmth—'tis sorrow gives the glow.[1]

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## LINES ON A PORTRAIT.[2]

Well hath the master's hand depicted here
The worth we love, the veteran we revere!
Genius by genius, mind by kindred mind:
Science by science, truthfully defined.
The features speak: the canvas seems to live
With all the glow that finished art can give.

. . . . . .

Apollo answered: and, with smile benign,
Said: "Painter and physician—both are mine.
This, with a Nestor's wisdom I inspire;
And that, with all a Zeuxis could desire.
By my divine 'afflatus' I reveal[3]
The soul to paint; the sacred power to heal.
Patron of arts, god of the silver bow,
To me their skill, their excellence they owe."—

He said: then, soaring to Olympus' height,
Around the picture threw a flood of light.

Watson! when closed a long and bright career:
When missed and mourned by friends and colleagues here:
Be thine, no sacred duty left undone,
To hail the rising, in the setting, sun!
In hope rejoicing, take the "promised rest,"
And leave thy monument in every breast.

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## EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

Brothers, the day declines,
Above, the glacier brightens;
Through hills of waving pines
The "vesper-halo" lightens!
Now wake the welcome chorus
To Him our sires adored:
To Him who watcheth o'er us;—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord.[4]

From each tower's embattled crest
The vesper-bell has toll'd;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
To the shepherd and his fold:

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[1] Having watched at the poet's bedside—during the last ten days of his life—the writer has described several circumstances attending the closing scene, with as much fidelity as he could; and the poem—if it deserves the name—was written partly in the death-chamber, and altogether in the house, of the lamented poet. This fact may account for various allusions in the text, which to the general reader would otherwise appear obscure or overwrought. But it is to the biographer that this affecting period—the last few months of the poet's life—will present a series of particulars which, if recorded, can hardly fail to awaken a deep and lasting interest in a reflecting mind.

[2] In a letter to the Editor, dated March, 1873, Dr. Beattie remarks, "I inclose unpublished lines on a celebrated portrait of our President of the Royal College of Physicians (Sir Thomas Watson, Bart.), which my colleagues have received with gratifying indulgence. —Ed.

[3] Nemo vir magnus sine *afflatu aliquo divino* unquam fuit.

[4] Every evening at sunset "Ye shepherds, praise the Lord" was sung, and repeated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus.

From hamlet, rock, and châlét
Let our evening song be pour'd,
Till mountain, rock, and valley
Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
Our glorious mountain-land!
Who deigned to shield and save us
From the despot's iron hand:
With the bread of life He feeds us;
Enlightened by His Word,
Through pastures green He leads us;—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lakes, calm and soft
As a virgin in her shroud;
New strength our anthem gathers,
From alp to alp 'tis poured;
So sang our sainted fathers:—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! from flood and fell
Let the voice of old and young,—
All the strength of Appenzel,
True of heart and sweet of tongue,—
The grateful theme prolong
With souls in soft accord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
Hallelujah to the Lord!

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# HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Born 1793 — Died 1847.

Fifty years ago Professor Wilson wrote: "Have you seen a little volume, entitled 'Tales in Verse, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte,' which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte shows how the sins and sorrows of men flow from irreligion, in simple yet strong domestic narrations, told in a style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Goldsmith and sometimes of Crabbe. A volume so humble in its appearance and pretensions runs the risk of being jostled off the highway into by-paths; and indeed no harm if it should, for in such retired places it will be pleasant reading—pensive in the shade, and cheerful in the sunshine. Mr. Lyte has reaped

> "'The harvest of a quiet eye,
> That broods and sleeps on its own heart;'

and his Christian tales will be read with interest and instruction by many a fireside. 'The Brothers' is exceedingly beautiful. He ought to give us another volume."

The gentle poet, who did "give us another volume," stands next to James Thomson on the roll of sacred Border poets. They were both natives of Ednam, a village beautifully situated on the Eden, a tributary of the Tweed. He was the second son of Captain Thomas Lyte, and was born June 1, 1793. Though of somewhat gentle blood, and having all the early advantage of a loving mother's influence and holy lessons, he was soon made to feel the misery of narrow resources. He, however, finally entered Trinity College, Dublin, matriculating there, and carrying off on three occasions the English prize poem. He took holy orders in Ireland, and was called to a desolate and dreary Irish curacy. After several changes he settled in the quiet little town of Marazion, Cornwall, on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Mount St. Michael. Here he married Miss Anne Maxwell, and finally removed to the parish of Brixham, Devonshire, where he laboured acceptably and successfully for twenty years. It was here that he composed most of his hymns, so remarkable for their pure Christian sentiment and simplicity of diction, and which are held in high estimation by all sections of the Christian Church. Some of them were written "from under the cloud"—clouds of personal suffering, clouds of pastoral difficulty and discouragement.

Failing health induced Lyte to seek for a time a milder climate in the south of Europe. Before his departure he preached on the "Holy Communion," and it was solemnly significant to hear their dying pastor say, "O brethren! I can speak feelingly, experimentally, on this

point; and I stand here among you seasonably to-day as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, dependence on, the death of Christ." This was his last appeal, and for the last time he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing flock; and then, exhausted with his effort, he retired with a soul in sweet repose on that Saviour whom he had preached with his dying breath; and as the evening drew on he handed to a near relative his undying hymn—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,"

which has taken its place in nearly all the sacred collections of the Protestant English-speaking world. It was written in September, 1847, and it was his last hymn upon earth. A few days later he reached Nice, and there, on November 20, the spirit of the sweet singer entered into rest. After his death a volume was published containing a memoir of the faithful pastor and preacher, together with a selection of his poems and hymns. Another beautiful hymn, beginning "Jesus, I my cross have taken," the authorship of which has been erroneously attributed to James Montgomery and others, was written by Lyte in the year 1833.

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## EVENING.

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

The weeping eye, that loathes the day,
Finds peace beneath thy soothing sway;
And faith and prayer, o'ermastering grief,
Burst forth, and bring the heart relief.

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made—
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own;
And Jesus loved to be alone.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

The very birds cry shame on men,
And chide their selfish silence, then:
The flowers on high their incense send;
And earth and heaven unite and blend.

Let others hail the rising day:
I praise it when it fades away;
When life assumes a higher tone,
And God and heaven are all my own.

---

## ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

There is, in the wide lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene, and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever:

It was his home while he had breath;
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee.
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout, above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riven,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in heaven.

---

## GRACE DARLING'S DEATH-BED.

O wipe the death-dews from her brow!—prop up her sinking head!—
And let the sea-breeze on her face its welcome freshness shed!
She loves to see the western sun pour glory o'er the deep;
And the music of the rippling waves may sing her into sleep.
Her heart has long, 'mid other scenes, for these poured out the sigh;
And now back to her Highland home she comes—but comes to die.

Yes, fearful in its loveliness, that cheek's prophetic bloom;
That lustrous eye is lighted from a world beyond the tomb;
Those thin transparent fingers, that hold the book of prayer;
That form, which melts like summer snow, too plainly speak despair.
And they that tend around her bed, oft turn to wipe the tear
That starts forth, as they view her thus, so fleeting, and so dear.

Not such was she that awful night when o'er Northumbria's foam
The shipwrecked seaman's cry was heard within that rocky home.
Amid the pauses of the storm it loud and louder came,
And thrilled into her inmost soul, and nerved her fragile frame:
"Oh, father, let us launch the boat, and try their lives to save."
"Be still, my child, we should but go to share their watery grave."

Again they shriek. "Oh, father, come, the Lord our guide will be:
A word from him can stay the blast, and tame the raging sea."
And lo! at length her plea prevails; their skiff is on the wave.
Protect them, gracious Heaven! protect the gentle, kind, and brave!
They reach the rock, and, wond'rous sight to those they succour there,
A feeble girl achieving more than boldest men would dare!

Again, again her venturous bark bounds o'er the foaming tide;
Again in safety goes and comes beneath its heavenly guide.
Nor shrinks that maid's heroic heart, nor fails her willing hand,
Till all the remnant of the wreck are ferried safe to land.
The cord o'erstrung relaxes then, and tears begin to fall;—
But tears of love and praise to Him whose mercy saved them all.

A deed like this could not be hid. Upon the wings of fame,
To every corner of our isle, flew forth Grace Darling's name;
And tongues were loud in just applause, and bosoms highly beat,
And tributes from the great and good were lavished at her feet;
While she, who braved the midnight blast, and rode the stormy swell,
Shrank timid, trembling, from the praise that she had earned so well.

Why did they tempt her forth to scenes she ill was formed to share?
Why bid her face the curious crowd, the question, and the stare?
She did not risk her life that night to earn the world's applause:
Her own heart's impulse sent her forth in pity's holy cause.
And richly were her toils repaid, and well her soul content
With the sweet thought of duty done, of succour timely lent.

Her tender spirit sinks apace. Oh, bear the drooping flower
Back to its native soil again—its own secluded bower!

Amidst admiring multitudes, she sighs for
home and rest:
Let the meek turtle fold her wing within her
own wild nest;
And drink the sights and sounds she loves,
and breathe her wonted air,
And find with them a quiet hour for thought-
fulness and prayer!

And she has reached her sea-girt home—and
she can smile once more;
But ah! a faint and moonlight smile, without
the glow of yore!
The breeze breathes not as once it did upon
her fevered brow;
The waves talk on, but in her breast awake no
echoes now;
For vague and flickering are her thoughts, her
soul is on the wing
For Heaven, and has but little heed for earth
or earthly thing.

"My father, dost thou hear their shriek? dost
hear their drowning cry?"
"No, dearest, no; 'twas but the scream of the
curlew flitting by."
Poor panting, fluttering, hectic thing, thy
tossings soon will cease;
Thou art passing through a troubled sea, but
to a land of peace!
And He, who to a shipwrecked world brought
rescue, O may He
Be near thy dying pillow now, sweet Grace, to
succour thee!

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## "LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL, AND FOLLOWED THEE."

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show thy face, and all is bright!

Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me!
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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## ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

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# JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Born 1794 — Died 1854.

John Gibson Lockhart, a poet of fine genius and a distinguished miscellaneous writer, was born in the manse of Cambusnethan, near Glasgow, June 12, 1794. From both his parents he inherited an honourable descent. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, who for nearly fifty years was minister of Blackfriars' Church, Glasgow, was well known for his remarkable wit and extreme absence of mind—two qualities which are seldom found united in the same character. Of this pious and amiable divine John Gibson Lockhart was the second son, and the eldest by a second marriage, his mother having been a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. At an early age he prosecuted his studies at the University of Glasgow, and with such success that he received one of the richest tokens of approval in a Snell exhibition to Baliol College, Oxford. Here he could prosecute with increased facilities those classical studies to which he was most addicted. At his graduation, in his eighteenth year, he was numbered in the *first class*—an honour rarely attained by the most accomplished Oxonians.

His studies at Baliol, which were directed to the law, were followed by a continental tour, and on his return to Scotland he was called to the bar in 1816. It was, however, soon evident that Lockhart was not likely to win fame or fortune by the profession of an advocate—he could not make a speech. Had his success depended upon writing, or on pictorial pleading, he would have been the most persuasive of silent orators, for during the trial of a cause his pen was occupied, not in taking notes, but in sketching caricatures of the proceedings, the drollery of which would have overcome both judge and jury. As it was he proved a briefless barrister, and decided to abandon law for literature. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner which was given by his friends in Edinburgh on his departure to assume the charge of the *Quarterly Review*. He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual, but covered his retreat with, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we would not have been here."

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was established, and Lockhart became, with John Wilson, the principal contributor. It was now that the whole torrent of thought, which the bar may have kept in check, burst forth in full profusion. Eloquence, and wit, and learning distinguished his articles, and imparted a character to the work which it long after retained; but unfortunately with these attractive qualities there was often mingled a causticity of satire and fierceness of censure that engendered much bad feeling and hatred. In 1819 Lockhart's first separate publication appeared, entitled *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a work in which an imaginary Dr. Morris gives a series of eloquent, vigorous, and truthful sketches of the more distinguished literary

Scotchmen of the period. Of this volume Sir Walter Scott thus wrote to its author:—"What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago; and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber which have now mouldered away! When I think that, at an age not much younger than yours, I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours."

In 1820 Lockhart married Sophia, Sir Walter's eldest daughter. The marriage took place at Edinburgh, and the "Great Unknown," who was the worshipper as well as recorder of good old Scottish fashions, caused the wedding to be held in the evening, and "gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple." Lockhart and his wife took up their abode at the little cottage of Chiefswood, about two miles from Abbotsford, which became their usual summer residence; and thither Sir Walter, when inundated by sight-seers and hero-worshippers, was occasionally glad to escape, that he might breathe in a tranquil atmosphere, and write a chapter of the novel that was in hand, to despatch to the Edinburgh publisher.

Continuing to furnish varied and sparkling contributions to Blackwood, Lockhart now began to exhibit powers of prolific authorship. In the course of a few years he produced *Valerius*, one of the most classical tales descriptive of ancient Rome and the manners of its people which the English language has as yet embodied. After this came *Adam Blair*, a tale which, in spite of its impossible termination, so opposed to all Scottish canon law, abounds with the deepest feeling as well as descriptive power. The next was *Reginald Dalton*, a three-volume novel, in which he largely brought forward his reminiscences of student life at Oxford, and the town-and-gown affrays with which it was enlivened. The last of this series of novels was *Matthew Wald*, which fully sustained the high character of its predecessors. In 1823 he came forth in a new character by his translations from the Spanish ballads; and such was the classical taste, melody of versification, and rich command of language which these translations evinced, that the regret was general that he had not been more exclusively a poet, instead of a prose writer. Tickner, in his *History of Spanish Literature*, characterizes the collection as "the admirably spirited translations of Mr. Lockhart. . . . A work of genius beyond any of the sort known to me in any language;" and the historian Prescott alludes to the poems as "Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of the Moorish ballads."

Lockhart's next publications were in the department of biography, in which he gave an earnest of his fitness to be the literary executor and biographer of his illustrious father-in-law; these were the *Life of Robert Burns* and the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. At this period he resided in Edinburgh, spending some of the summer months at the cottage of Chiefswood. The varied attainments of Lockhart, and the distinction he had won in so many departments of authorship, obtained for him at the close of 1825 the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, the great champion of Toryism, a position for which he was admirably fitted, and which he held for more than a quarter of a century. On the death of Sir Walter in 1832 he became his literary executor, and in 1838 published the memoirs of his father-in-law, which is one of the most interesting biographies in the language, and will probably remain the best-known and most enduring of Lockhart's productions. During the latter years of his life his health was greatly impaired; but for this his intellectual exertions, as well as family calamities and bereavements, will sufficiently account. In the last volume of Scott's memoirs Lockhart thus mournfully writes:—"Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced seem to haunt me as I write. . . . She whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like in all

things as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she too is no more."

In the summer of 1853 Lockhart resigned his editorship, and spent the following winter in Italy; but the maladies under which he laboured, like Scott's, although assuaged for a time, came back with renewed violence on his return home. Arranging his affairs in London he left it never to return, and went to reside with his elder brother, Mr. Lockhart, M.P., at Milton of Lockhart, near Lanark. Here his strength rapidly failed, and he was removed to Abbotsford, that his dying pillow might be smoothed by his only surviving child, Mrs. Hope Scott. Here he breathed his last November 25, 1854, in his sixty-first year. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, near those of his illustrious father-in-law.

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## CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.[1]

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we forgather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit;
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.
There was also a little Malmsay,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Pass'd nimbly to and fro!
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,

[1] Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. He died in 1807.—Ed.

Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.!*
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain
Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn Kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

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## BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Tho' he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore:
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Yea a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth—
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords

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## THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

At the gate of old Grenada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;

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1 "Long esteemed," says Scrymgeour, "for the spirit and elegance with which the poet has exhibited the

There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe!
"What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen, a star is set—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand, beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Beneerraje's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
For he was Grenada's darling knight—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters—each wrapped in sable veil—
Between the tambour's dismal strokes, take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people far and near cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,—
The flower of all Grenada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament,—but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing,—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas for Celin!"

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## BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

With some ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard;
With cap in hand, and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitors' blood should spring save traitors like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Pancho's grave."

peculiar beauties of this literature in our English dress;" and another critic remarks, "Fine spirit-stirring strain in general, translated and transfused into our tongue with admirable felicity."—ED.

1 These Spanish ballads are known to our public, but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart. —*Henry Hallam.*

"Whoever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard; "here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne, what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, lord king, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown; I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;
But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see—
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."—

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! catiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death:—Cries Bernard, "Here am I;
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me—
Fain would I know who dares his point—king, Condé, or grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew (it hung below his cloak).
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke:
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling, pass'd away;
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

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## ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça I cannot, cannot tell."—
'Twas thus, Grenada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,
"The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me—I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been

[1] "All other translations fade away before them," says Allan Cunningham; and Miss Mitford speaks of "Mr. Lockhart's spirited volume of Spanish ballads, to which the art of the modern translator has given the charm of the vigorous old poets."—ED.

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed:
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame,—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.—
My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—oh! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve:
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,—
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

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## BEYOND.

When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May.—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision wane,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.—

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so.

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## LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

SEPTEMBER THE 18TH, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small;
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
Once more within the minstrel's blazon'd hall.

"Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!"

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
At thought beneath his roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes?—what exiled lord
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns,
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And "wake the minstrel's soul?"—The boy of Burns.

O, sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—
It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
More noble than a galaxy of peers.

And he—his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had king or kaiser been,
And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a Border spear,
While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires:—
Serene among them sat the hoary knight;
And, if dead bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,
Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
Health yet, and strength, and length of honoured days,
To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
That bears her poet far from Melrose' glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
When happy breezes waft him back again!

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## THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air:—
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace:
Through all the land of Xeres, and banks of Guadalquivir,
Rode bridegroom forth so brave as he, so brave and lovely never!
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night:—
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa!—what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say, on many a day—and sure you said the truth!—
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go,
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow:—
Then rise—oh, rise, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all the town;
But, though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove:

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[1] These translations derive, as I have said, not a little of their excellence from Mr. Lockhart being himself a poet—of fine genius, clear in his conceptions and masculine in execution. . . . What was tame he inspired; what was lofty gained additional grandeur; and even the tender grew still more pathetic under his touch.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

One bonny rosebud she had traced, before the
noise drew nigh,—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping
from her eye.
"No, no!" she sighs; "bid me not rise, nor
lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla, with all the gazing
town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa!—nor lay your
cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa! with all the gazing
town?
Hear—hear the trumpet how it swells, and
how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate!—why sit ye
still—oh, why?"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate! in him
shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth,
with tears,—and was my lover.
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my
cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla, with all the gazing
town!"

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# JANET HAMILTON.

Born 1795 — Died 1873.

The Scottish muse found Burns at the plough when turning over the "wee, modest, crimson-tippet flower," and once more she has shown that there is no royal road to poetic fame, for she "threw her inspiring mantle" over Mrs. Janet Hamilton amid the greatest poverty and under the most unfavourable circumstances. Janet Thomson was born in the village of Corshill, parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, October 12, 1795, and on her mother's side was a descendant of the Covenanter John Whitelaw, who was executed at Edinburgh in 1683 for his share in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. At the age of fourteen she married John Hamilton, a young man who worked with her father at the trade of shoe-making. Although before the age of nineteen she had composed a few religious pieces, Mrs. Hamilton was fifty before she learned to write, and fifty-five before she again attempted poetical composition. She made her first appearance as a writer of verses in Cassell's *Working-man's Friend*. In 1863 she published a volume of *Poems and Songs;* in 1865 *Poems and Sketches* appeared; three years later *Poems and Ballads* was issued; and in 1871 she increased her fame by bringing out a fourth volume, being in part a reprint of her former collections of poetical and prose sketches. Prefixed to the work is a portrait of the venerable poetess, who, though poor, old, and blind, seems to have bated no jot of either poetic heart or hope. Early on Thursday, October 27, 1873, the day of her death, Mrs. Hamilton made reference to a proposed testimonial in happy and cheery tones, evidently gratified by the interest being taken in her affairs by a number of wealthy friends and admirers; and during the afternoon of the same day her blindness had passed away. She entered into the light of that sinless land of which she had so often and so sweetly sung. Her remains were honoured with a public funeral, at which some five hundred persons were present, including all the clergymen of the place.

Janet Hamilton, the daughter, wife, and mother of working men, all struggling with the vicissitudes of life, received her education at a shoe-maker's hearth, her only teacher being a hard-working mother, who, while she plied the spinning-wheel, taught her daughter by her side to read the Bible, the only education that either ever received. She furnishes the world with another example of success in the pursuit of knowledge under the greatest difficulties. Her handwriting, viewed at arm's length, seems something akin to Greek manuscript written with a very blunt pen. She composed some good English verses, but it is to her Scottish poems that she owes her fame as more than a local writer. In the introduction to her last volume Dr. Alexander Wallace says—"It is remarkable that she has never seen a mountain, nor the sea, nor any river but

the Clyde, the Falls of which she never visited, and she has never been the distance of twenty miles from her dwelling. Her region of song, so far as scenery is concerned, has been very limited. It may be comprised in the glen of the Calder and the bosky dells and breckan-covered banks of her favourite stream, the Luggie (poor David Gray's Luggie), before it was polluted with the refuse of the furnaces, and its 'sweet wilding flowers' covered with slag." It is not easy to understand how the Coatbridge poetess —certainly one of the most remarkable Scottish singers of the present century—could have lived to such a comparatively great age before her poetic genius was evinced, and it is hard to say what she might have accomplished had she enjoyed the early advantages of a Joanna Baillie or Lady Nairne.

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## THE SKYLARK—CAGED AND FREE.

Sweet minstrel of the summer dawn,
Bard of the sky, o'er lea and lawn
Thy rapturous anthem, clear and loud,
Rings from the dim and dewy cloud
That swathes the brow of infant morn,
Dame Nature's first and fairest born!
From grassy couch I saw thee spring,
Aside the daisy curtains fling,
Shake the bright dew-drops from thy breast,
Prune thy soft wing, and smooth thy crest—
Then, all the bard within thee burning,
Heaven in thine eye, the dull earth spurning;
Thou soar'dst and sung, till lost on high
In morning glories of the sky!
  Not warbling at thine own sweet will,
Far up yon "heaven-kissing hill."
With quivering wing, and swelling throat,
On waves of ambient-air afloat—
Not so, I saw thee last, sweet bird;
I heard thee, and my heart was stirred,
Above the tumult of a street,
Where smoke and sulphurous gases meet;
Where, night a id day, resounds the clamour
Of shrieking steam, of wheel, and hammer—
A Babel rude of many a tongue:
There, high o'erhead, thou blithely sung,
Caged, "cribb'd, confin'd," yet full and clear,
As silver flute, fell on my ear
Thy joyous song: as void of sorrow
As when, to bid the sun good morrow,
Just rising from his couch of gold,
Thou sung, and soar'dst o'er mead and wo!d.
Thy prison song, O bird beloved,
My heart hath strangely, deeply moved.
In reverie, a waking dream
Steals o'er my senses, and I seem
The joyous girl that knew no care,
When fields were green, and skies were fair;
And, sweetest of the warbling throng,
The thrilling, gushing, voice of song
I seem to hear—Ah! 'tis the lark,
That, mounting, "sings at heaven's gate," hark!
These rapturous notes are all his own;
Bard of the sky, he sings alone!
  Sweet captive, though thy fate be mine,
I will not languish, will not pine;
Nor beat my wings against the wires,
In vain regrets, and strong desires
To roam again, all blythe and free,
Through Nature's haunts—again to see
The blooming, bright, and beauteous things
That in her train each season brings:
Spring's bursting buds and tender leaves,
The summer flowers, the autumn sheaves,
The purple hills, the shining streams,
Where lingering memory broods and dreams:
But, never more—ah! never more
To climb the hill, or tread the shore
With foot untiring, swift and free—
It may not—nay, it cannot be.
Ah! cannot be! my eyes are dark—
A prisoner too, like thee, sweet lark:
But I have sought and found content;
And so our songs shall oft be blent—
I, singing in my hermitage,
Thou, warbling in thy prison cage,
Aspire! thou to thine own blue sky,
I to a loftier sphere on high!

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## GRAN'FAITHER AT CAM'SLANG.

He donn'd his bannet braid and blue,
  His hame-spun suit o' hodden gray,
His blue boot-hose drew o'er his knees,
  An' teuk the gate at skreigh o' day.

His Bible had he in his pouch,
  O' scones an' cheese a guidly whang;
An' staff in haun', he's off to see,
  The godly wark at auld Cam'slang.

"The lingerin' star that greets the morn"
Was twinklin' thro' the misty blue;
The muircock craw'd, the paitrick whirr'd,
An' roun' his head the peesweep flew.

He trampit on ower muir an' moss
For thritty miles an' mair, I ween,
Till to the kirk o' auld Cam'slang
He cam' on Saturday at e'en.

He lodged him in a hamely hoose,
Syne dauner'd oot intil the nicht;
The mune was down, the win's were lown,
But a' the lift wi' stars was bricht.

Nae soon' o' youngsters oot at e'en,
Nae voice o' whisp'ring lovers there;
He heard nae soun' but that o' praise—
He heard nae voice but that o' prayer.

By ilka bush o' whin or broom,
By lown dyke back or braeside green,
Folk greetin', prayin', praisin' there,
A' sittin', kneelin', roun' war seen.

He teuk the bannet aff his heid,
An' liftit up to heaven his e'e;
Wi' solemn awe, an' holy fear,
His heart was fu' as fu' could be.

He kneel'd ahint a boortree bush,
Whaur but the e'e o' God could see,
Whaur but the ear o' God could hear—
An' pray'd baith lang and fervently.

Neist day, frae a' the kintra roun',
By tens o' hunners folk cam there,
To hear the words o' grace and truth
Frae preachers in the open air.

He thocht to sit within the kirk
He rather wad than sit ootbye,
Sae in he gaed, an' there he sat
Till stars were blinkin' in the sky.

Nae cries he heard, nae fits he saw,
But sabs were rife, an' tearfu' een
That ne'er leuk'd aff the preacher's face,
Was a' that could be heard or seen.

The dews were fa'in on the yirth—
On mony a heart the dews o' grace
Had fa'en that day, e'en while they sat
At Jesus' feet, in Mary's place.

At dawnin' o' the morn he rose
On Monday—hame he bou'd to gang;
And a' his days he ne'er forgat
That Sabbath-day at auld Cam'slang.

When years had gane, a printed beuk
Cam' oot, whilk I hae aften seen,
An' it was seal'd, an' it was sign'd,
By ministers a guidly wheen.

It said that mony hunner souls,
What time the wark was at Cam'slang,
War turn'd to God, an' a' their days
Had leev'd an' gane as saints shoud gang.

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# THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle, the "censor of the age," who has rather tried than exercised his powers as a poet, belongs to the common people, and like his countryman Robert Burns comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. He was born at Ecclefechan, near Annan in Dumfriesshire, December 4, 1795, and so has lived to complete fourscore years. Proud of his birth, at once popular and noble, he could say of himself what in one of his works he says of Burns and Diderot, two plebeians like himself—"How many kings, how many princes are there, not so well born!" In *Sartor Resartus* he tells us of the impressions of his childhood, and the influence which those impressions, such as places, landscapes, and surrounding scenery, made upon his mind. The cattle-fairs to which his father sometimes took him, the apparition of the mail-coach passing twice a day through the village, seeming to him some strolling world, coming from he knew not where, and going he knew not whither—all this he describes with a freshness and vivacity which clearly indicate that they are the ineffaceable impressions of childhood. Besides this education Carlyle received another at the high-school of Annan, where he acquired the rudiments of his scholastic training.

Here he had for a schoolfellow Edward Irving, the distinguished orator and divine, whom Carlyle afterwards nobly delineated.

It was the ambition of his parents to see Thomas "wag his pow in a poopit," and he was accordingly, after the necessary preparation, sent to the University of Edinburgh, where his life was one of comparative poverty and privation. After having graduated, he was for several years tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office—in many, and indeed most families, one of dependence and drudgery, unbefitting a strong-hearted, self-reliant man, and accordingly he abandoned it, launching out in 1823 on the career of a man of letters—a calling which he has so well described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." His first efforts were published in a country paper; then came translations of Legendre's *Geometry* and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, followed by his *Life of Schiller*, which led to a lengthened correspondence between him and Goethe. Then appeared some of his finest essays, and *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in *Fraser's Magazine*. His brilliant articles on "Burns," "Characteristics," and "Signs of the Times," contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, marked the advent of a man of genius. Finding the inconvenience of residing among the moors of Dumfriesshire, he decided to remove to London, the great centre of books, of learning, and intellectual movement. Here he has since resided at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, producing his *French Revolution*, *Past and Present*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and many other valuable contributions to literature, including his remarkable *Life of Frederick the Great*. His latest work, *The Early Kings of Norway*, appeared in 1874.

In November, 1865, Carlyle was elected to the rectorship of the Edinburgh University, which, in spite of his stoicism, real or assumed, must have sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart. Throughout many of his works there is to be found a deep under-current of affection for his native land, and although so many years absent from her heathery hills, he has not forgotten Scotland, nor has Scotland forgotten her gifted son. If one thing more than another could gratify him in his declining years, it must have been this public recognition of his services to literature, and of his talents as a teacher of men, by his native land.

After a happy married life of forty years Mr. Carlyle, who is childless, lost his wife. The epitaph he placed on her tombstone is one of the most eloquent and loving memorials ever penned. Since her death his household has been presided over by his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, who in 1874 gave to the world an admirable collection of Scottish song. In 1872 the great writer was called to mourn the death of his eldest brother, John Carlyle, who died in Canada, at the age of eighty-one. Another brother, the translator of Dante, resides at Dumfries, which is also the residence of their sister, Mrs. Aitken, to whom the philosopher makes an annual visit after the close of the London season. On his eightieth birthday Carlyle received from various quarters of the globe, far and near, congratulatory addresses, epistles, and gifts, commemorative of the completion of fourscore years.

The opinions of Carlyle's youth are not in all cases the opinions of his old age. In early life he had some claim to the title of a poet, as the following pieces will testify, but in 1870 he wrote a characteristic letter in which he gives it as his mature opinion that the writing of verse, in this age at least, is an unworthy occupation for a man of ability. It is by no means impossible that the "Philosopher of Chelsea" may be indebted to some of the poets whom in his curious letter he beseeches not to write except in prose, for embalming in deathless strophes his own craggy and majestic character, and transmitting through the magic of rhyme his name and fame to the remotest generations of mankind.

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## TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT-MOTH.

*MAGNA AUSUS.*

'Tis placid midnight, stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in heaven;
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see! a wandering night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright;
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-*savante* with rapture gazing
Or fount whence life and motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread;
At length her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts and—puff!—the moth is dead!

The sullen flame, for her scarce sparkling,
Gives but one hiss, one fitful glare;
Now bright and busy, now all darkling,
She snaps and fades to empty air.

Her bright gray form that spreads so slimly,
Some fan she seemed of pigmy queen;
Her silky cloak that lay so trimly,
Her wee, wee eyes that looked so keen,

Last moment here, now gone for ever,
To naught are passed with fiery pain;
And ages circling round shall never
Give to this creature shape again!

Poor moth! near weeping I lament thee,
Thy glossy form, thy instant woe;
'Twas zeal for "things too high" that sent thee
From cheery earth to shades below.

Short speck of boundless space was needed
For home, for kingdom, world to thee!
Where passed, unheeding as unheeded,
Thy little life from sorrow free.

But syren hopes from out thy dwelling
Enticed thee, bade thee earth explore,—
Thy frame so late with rapture swelling,
Is swept from earth for evermore!

Poor moth! thy fate my own resembles;
Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

Like thee, with common lot contented,
With humble joys and vulgar fate,
I might have lived and ne'er lamented,
Moth of a larger size, a longer date!

But nature's majesty unveiling
What seemed her wildest, grandest charms,
Eternal truth and beauty hailing,
Like thee, I rushed into her arms.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show;
And thoughts like these, for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are—death more slow!

---

## THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seedsheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As years that are past have been.
Fall gently, &c.

Old mother, receive this corn,
The son of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently, &c.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

---

## ADIEU.

Let time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;

In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,—
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu for ever now,
My dear,
Adieu for ever now.

---

## CUI BONO?

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;—
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets.

---

## PSALM XLVI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER.)

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The city of God remaineth.

---

## MASON-LODGE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.[1])

The mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

---

[1] Originally published in *Past and Present*, and introduced there by the following words:—"My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips—a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout, yet wholly credible and veritable; full of pity, yet free of cant: to me, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German man, sounds like a stanza in the grand 'Road Song' and 'Marching Song' of our great Teutonic Kindred—winding, winding, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time! He calls it *Mason-lodge*, not Psalm or Hymn."—ED.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages
Choose well: your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not.

---

### THE FROG AND THE STEER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ULRICH BONER.)

A frog with frogling by his side
Came hopping through the plain, one tide;
There he an ox at grass did spy:
Much angered was the frog thereby:
He said: "Lord God, what was my sin,
Thou madest me so small and thin?
Likewise I have no handsome feature,
And all dishonoured is my nature,
To other creatures far and near,
For instance, this same grazing steer."
The frog would fain with bullock cope,
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.
Then spake his frogling: "Father o' me,
It boots not, let thy blowing be;
Thy nature hath forbid this battle,
Thou canst not vie with the black cattle."
Nathless let be the frog would not,
Such prideful notion had he got;
Again to blow right sore 'gan he,
And said, "Like ox could I but be
In size, within this world there were
No frog so glad to thee, I swear."
The son spake: "Father, me is woe
Thou shouldst torment thy body so;
I fear thou art to lose thy life:
Come, follow me, and leave this strife:
Good father, take advice of me,
And let thy boastful blowing be."
Frog said: "Thou needst not beck and nod,
I will not do it, so help me God!
Big as this ox is, I must turn,
Mine honour now it doth concern."
He blew himself, and burst in twain;
Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such
Who grasp at honour overmuch;
They must with none at all be doing,
But sink full soon, and come to ruin.
He that, with wind of pride accurst,
Much puffs himself, will surely burst;
He men miswishes and misjudges,
Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,
Of all his equals is a hater,
Much grieved he is at any better;
Therefore it were a sentence wise,
Were his whole body set with eyes,
Who envy hath, to see so well
What lucky hap each man befell,
That so he filled were with fury,
And burst asunder in a hurry;
And so full soon betid him this
Which to the frog betided is.

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# DANIEL WEIR.

BORN 1796 — DIED 1831.

DANIEL WEIR, a poetical bookseller of Greenock, was born in that town, March 31, 1796. Of humble parentage, he received but a limited education, and at the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a bookseller in his native place. Here he enjoyed many opportunities for improving his education by reading, and of gratifying his verse-making propensities. At nineteen he left his amiable employer to follow the calling on his own account. Weir contributed several pleasing songs to Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and himself edited for a Glas-

gow firm three volumes of songs under the titles of *The National Minstrel, The Sacred Lyre,* and *Lyrical Gems.* In these compilations a majority of his own poems first appeared, while others were published in the Glasgow newspapers. In 1829 the poet published a *History of the Town of Greenock,* and at his death (November 11, 1831) left behind him numerous unpublished pieces, and a long MS. poem entitled "The Pleasures of Religion."

"Possessed," writes Rev. Charles Rogers, "of a fine genius, a brilliant fancy, and much graceefulness of expression, Weir has decided claims to remembrance. His conversational talents were of a remarkable description, and attracted to his shop many persons of taste, to whom his poetical talents were unknown. He was familiar with the whole of the British poets, and had committed their best passages to memory. Possessing a keen relish for the ludicrous, he had at command a store of delightful anecdote, which he gave forth with a quaintness of look and utterance, so as to render the force of the humour totally irresistible. His sarcastic wit was an object of dread to his opponents in burgh politics. His appearance was striking. Rather malformed, he was under the middle size; his head seemed large for his person, and his shoulders were of unusual breadth. His complexion was dark, and his eyes hazel; and when his countenance was lit up on the recitation of some witty tale he looked the impersonation of mirthfulness. Eccentric as were some of his habits and modes of action, he was seriously impressed by religious principle. Some of his devotional compositions are admirable specimens of sacred poetry."

## THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
  Which seem'd, to fancy's ear,
The mournful music of the mind,
  The echo of a tear;
And still methought the hollow sound,
  Which, melting, swept along,
The voice of other days had found,
  With all the powers of song.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
  And thought of friends untrue—
Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twined,
  That nought could e'er undo;
Of cherish'd hopes once fondly bright—
  Of joys which fancy gave—
Of youthful eyes, whose lovely light
  Were darken'd in the grave.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind
  When all was still as death;
When nought was heard before, behind—
  Not e'en the sleeper's breath.
And I have sat at such an hour,
  And heard the sick man's sigh;
Or seen the babe, like some sweet flow'r,
  At that lone moment die.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And wept for others' woe;
Nor could the heart such music find
  To bid its tear-drops flow.

The melting voice of one we loved,
  Whose voice was heard no more,
Seem'd, when those fancied chords were moved,
  Still breathing as before.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And sat beside the dead,
And felt those movings of the mind
  Which own a secret dread.
The ticking clock, which told the hour,
  Had then a sadder chime;
And these winds seem'd an unseen pow'r,
  Which sung the dirge of time.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  When, o'er the new-made grave
Of one whose heart was true and kind,
  Its rudest blasts did rave.
Oh! there was something in the sound—
  A mournful, melting tone—
Which led the thoughts to that dark ground
  Where he was left alone.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And courted sleep in vain,
While thoughts like these have oft combined
  To rack the wearied brain.
And even when slumber, soft and deep,
  Has seen the eyelid close,
The restless soul, which cannot sleep,
  Has stray'd till morning rose.

### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Oh! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,
Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on;
'Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone;
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

The world, to him, with its sorrows and sighs,
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
No more to revisit this valley of tears;—
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Few, few were his years; but, had they been more,
The sunshine which smiled might have vanish'd away,
And he might have fallen on some far friendless shore,
Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate bay:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered here;
But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and woes;
Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sorrowful day?
Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
When perils and toils encompass'd his way?
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

---

### 'NEATH THE WAVE.

'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps,
And cold, cold is his pillow;
O'er his bed no maiden weeps,
Where rolls the white billow.
And though the winds have sunk to rest
Upon the troubled ocean's breast,
Yet still, oh still there's left behind
A restless storm in Ellen's mind.

Her heart is on yon dark'ning wave,
Where all she lov'd is lying,
And where, around her William's grave,
The sea-bird is crying.
And oft on Jura's lonely shore,
Where surges beat and billows roar,
She sat—but grief has nipt her bloom,
And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

---

### RAVEN'S STREAM.[1]

My love, come let us wander
Where Raven's streams meander,
And where, in simple grandeur,
The daisy decks the plain.
Peace and joy our hours shall measure;
Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!
Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,
Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,
We'll talk of love, my dear.
None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

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# WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BORN 1797 — DIED 1835.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, an antiquary, journalist, and poet, and the author of two Scottish ballads unsurpassed for tenderness and pathos, was born in Glasgow, October 13,

[1] A small stream in the neighbourhood of Greenock. — ED.

1797. His father was an ironmonger in that city, and came of a Stirlingshire family who for thirteen generations had possessed a small property named Muirmill on the banks of the Carron. His mother was the daughter of a prosperous Perthshire farmer, from whom she inherited a considerable property. The family removed to Edinburgh early in the century, and in 1805 William became a pupil of Mr. W. Lennie, in whose school he met the heroine of his beautiful song. The year following he entered the high-school, but was soon after sent to reside with an uncle at Paisley, where he completed his education at the grammar-school, with the exception of attending the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow during the session of 1818–19. He was placed as an apprentice in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and his ability and diligence combined secured for him at the age of twenty-one the honourable position of sheriff-clerk depute of Renfrewshire.

While fulfilling the duties of this office Motherwell steadily pursued those literary occupations upon which his claims to public notice are founded. He early evinced a taste for poetry, and in his fourteenth year had produced the first draft of "Jeanie Morrison." In 1818 he contributed to a small work published at Greenock called the *Visitor*, and in the following year he edited an edition of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a valuable collection of songs. In 1827 he published his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, a work of great merit and research, which at once gave him rank and influence as a literary antiquary. In the introduction Motherwell exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the ballad and romantic literature of his native land. In 1828 he commenced the *Paisley Magazine*, the pages of which he enriched with some of his best poetical productions; and during the same year he assumed the editorship of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Tory newspaper previously under the management of his friend William Kennedy. In January, 1830, he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, an influential journal conducted on Tory principles. In his hands the journal maintained its high character as an able exponent of ultra-Tory opinions, and he continued its editorship up to the date of his death.

In 1832 there appeared from the press of his friend David Robertson a small volume of his best poetical compositions, entitled *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*. With the publication of this little book, containing such lyrics as "Jeanie Morrison," "My Heid is like to rend, Willie," and "Wearie's Well," compositions which for soft melancholy and touching tenderness of expression have never been excelled, William Motherwell at once took rank among Scotland's sweetest singers. Miss Mitford says—"Burns is the only poet with whom, for tenderness and pathos, Motherwell can be compared. The elder bard has written much more largely, is more various, more fiery, more abundant; but I doubt if there be in the whole of his collection anything so exquisitely finished, so free from a line too many or a word out of place, as the two great lyric ballads of Motherwell; and let young writers observe, that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and re-touching, during many years, did 'Jeanie Morrison' attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an inexpressible gush of feeling that *would* find vent. In 'My Heid is like to rend, Willie,' the appearance of spontaneity is still more striking, as the passion is more intense—intense, indeed, almost to painfulness."

In 1835, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd, Motherwell edited an edition of Burns, to which he contributed the principal part of the biography, with copious notes; and he was collecting material for a life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly struck down by apoplexy, and died after a few hours' illness, Nov. 1, 1835, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Glasgow Necropolis, where an elegant monument with a life-like bust has been erected to his memory.

As a poet Motherwell was happiest in pathetic and sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels. The translations of Scandinavian poetry which he produced are among the most successful and vigorous which have appeared. After his death a new edition of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir written by his friend

and physician James M'Conechy, who concludes with the following paragraph:—"Upon the whole his place as a minor poet is a distinguished one. He has undoubtedly enriched the language with many noble specimens of manly song; and when it is remembered that he prosecuted his poetical studies in silence and retirement, animated alone by the love of his art, and sustained through many long years of trial by the distant gleam of posthumous fame, it will not be disputed that his motives to action were exalted, and his exertions in the cause of human improvement disinterested." Another competent critic—Christopher North—said of Motherwell: "All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound: he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions we feel—

> 'The ancient spirit is not dead,—
> Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine: he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

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## THE MASTER OF WEEMYS.

The Master of Weemys has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres,
Doe beare him companie.

They have hoistit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermayd,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermayd,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless hame!"

"Oh Norroway is a gay gay strande,
And a merrie land I trowe;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway
Gin the mermayd keeps her vowe!"

Down doukit then the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa', and they saylit awa',
They have saylit leagues ten;
When lo! uplap by the gude ship's side
The self-same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her richt hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame,
And shee kembit her haire, and aye she sang
As shee flotterit on the faem.

And shee gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan;
O nevir againe on land or sea
Shall be seen sik a faire woman.

And shee shed her haire aff her milk-white bree
Wi' her fingers sae sma' and lang;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea;
"If ye bee men of Christian moulde
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld
If ye bee Christian men;
But an' ye faile, though fast ye sayle,
Ye'll nevir see land agen!"

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
"Sayle on and nevir blinne,
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall never win!"

It's never word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her brieht bricht eyne
Leming like coals o' fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bricht hair
Gae flashing through the tide,
And the sparkles o' the glass shee brake
Upon that gude ship's side.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The wind blaws unco hie;"
"O there's not a sterne in a' the lift
To guide us through the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The storm is coming fast;"
"Then up, then up, my bonnie boy,
Unto the topmost mast.

"Creep up into the tallest mast,
Gae up, my ae best man;
Climb up until the tall top-mast
And spy gin ye see land."

"Oh all is mirk towards the eist,
And all is mirk be west;
Alas there is not a spot of light
Where any eye can rest!"

"Looke oute, looke oute, my bauldest man,
Looke out unto the storme,
And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do ye see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh alace! alace! my master deare,"
Spak' then that ae best man;
"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing,
Do I spy on any hand."

"Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see;"
"O Lord! I spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermayden
Fast sayling on the mirk sea,
For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht,
Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
But as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
Fast coming out owre the sea;
And fast therein the grim mermayden
Is sayling on to thee!

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
Shee is coming, alace! more near:"
"Ah wae is me now," said the master bauld,
"For I both do see and hear!

"Come doun, come doun, my ae best man,
For an ill weird I maun drie;
Yet, I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou my trew companie!"

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## THE WOOING SONG.

Bright maiden of Orkney, star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters to gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter, I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee, to kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar, golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark, and lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean, of warfare and wind,—
Hath boune him to woo thee, and thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland, in Iceland, on Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow my gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty, harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere it thrilled in thy gaze.
Aye, daughter of Einar, right tall mayst thou stand;
It is a Vikingir who kisses thy hand;
It is a Vikingir that bends his proud knee,
And swears by great Freya his bride thou must be!
So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming with treasures untold;
The circlet that binds up thy long yellow hair,
Is starred thick with jewels, that bright are and rare;
But gifts yet more princely Jarl Egill bestows:
For girdle, his great arm around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king, for palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus, nor toss so thy head,
'Tis a Vikingir asks thee, land-maiden, to wed!
He skills not to woo thee, in trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in so sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart and a hand that are strong;

He comes then as Jarl should, sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee with glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren, thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly,—yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim, or this arm failed its blow;
I had not well taken three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons in death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though in battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors, in worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall and through sights that confound,
I sought the weird women within their dark cell,
And made them surrender futurity's spell;
I made them rune over the dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped with lovers like me;
Yes, maiden, I forced them to read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare as jolly bridegroom.
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned, they passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er their faces of snow;
Their stony eyes, moveless, did glare on me long,
Then sullen they chanted: "The sword and the song
Prevail with the gentle, sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose each evil-shaped mood!"
Fair daughter of Einar, I've sung the dark lay
That the weird sisters runed, and which thou must obey.
So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip, the flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom, so full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin thine eagle eye glows;
Ha! firmly and boldly, so stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber, as bark rides the sea;
This likes me,—this likes me, stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose; bold hearts love the bold.
So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then, I have thy small hand:
Joy with me,—our tall bark now bears toward the strand;
I call it the Raven, the wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin o'er islands of light;
Once more on its long deck, behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it great kingdoms do quail;
Thou shalt see then how truly, my noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can be won by this blade.
So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Aye, gaze on his large hilt, one wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt with blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly, but nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer with cunning spells made.
I call it the adder, death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness it scatters pale light.
Fair daughters of Einar, deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade, proud Egill's loved mate!
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

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## THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside:
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:

And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name:—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth, like untamed colt, the reckless truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but, oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!

---

## JEANIE MORRISON.[1]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think,
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

---

[1] The heroine of this song, Miss Jane Morrison, afterwards Mrs. Murdoch, was daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Morrison, brewer in Alloa. In the autumn of 1807, when in her seventh year, she became a pupil of Mr. Lennie, and for several months occupied the same class room with young Motherwell. Of the flame which she had excited in the susceptible heart of her boy-lover she was totally unconscious. Mr. Lennie, however, in a statement published by the editor of Motherwell's poems, refers to the strong impression which she made on the young poet; he describes her as "a pretty girl, and of good capacity." "Her hair," he adds, "was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming." In 1823 Miss Morrison became the wife of Mr. John Murdoch, commission-agent in Glasgow, who died in 1829. She never met the poet in after life, and the ballad of "Jeanie Morrison" had been published for several years before she became aware that she was the heroine. —*R. v. Charles Rogers.*

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burn side,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees—
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

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## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
I'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
Sair grief maun hae its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,—
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie—
I downa seek to blame;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:

Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up, and let me kiss
That brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel, fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luved ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That fill my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

———

## THE MERMAIDEN.

"The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws shill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see!"
Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blythe and free,
"I never said to my bonny bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie preest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hald my luve and me."
"And whare is that preest, my bonny maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"
"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?"
"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermaiden,
"In the bonny green howes o' the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea:
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand;
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht sternes will schine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine."
A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud laugh the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

———

## WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
You're bridegroom to be:
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come—
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

---

## THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

## THE DYING POET.[1]

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall;
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;

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[1] This pathetic poem was written the very month of the poet's death. He handed it to a friend a few days before his decease. On its first publication in a Glasgow paper it was accompanied by the remark that no slight interest had been excited in that city in noticing how the prophetic yearning of the dying poet for the memory of affection had been realized – his grave having been frequently visited by a young female, keeping fresh the floral memorials of love and grief offered there. – Ed.

And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain, for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

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### THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed!
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse—
All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
Be soundes from heaven that come.

And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
When as their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Hearte-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe, and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
And like to heroes, die!

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# DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1851.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR, an accomplished poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Musselburgh, Jan. 5, 1798. He received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, and subsequently attended the medical classes of the University of Edinburgh. In his eighteenth year he obtained the diploma of surgeon, and entered into partnership with Dr. Brown of Musselburgh. Dr. Moir wrote verses from an early age, and in 1816 published anonymously a volume called *The Bombardment of Algiers, and other Poems*, which was distributed almost wholly amongst his friends. From its commencement he was a contributor to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*, and during a long series of years wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, subscribing his graver pieces for the latter with the Greek letter Δ (Delta). In 1824 he published his *Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems*, which comprised selections from his contributions to the magazines and several new pieces. His next volume was an admirable imitation of the style of Galt, under the title *Autobiography of Mansie Waugh, Tailor in Dalkeith*. Most of this amusing book had previously appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and it was greatly relished for its simplicity, shrewdness, and exhibition of genuine Scottish character. Moir's biographer says of this entertaining autobiography: "Burns has almost completely missed those many peculiar features of the national character and manners which are brought out so inimitably in *Mansie Wauch*. Mansie himself is a perfect portraiture; and how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle!"

In 1831 appeared *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*. During the fearful visitation of cholera which swept over Europe at this time, when many physicians abandoned their duty in despair or fled from it in terror, Moir was to be found daily and hourly at the bedsides of the infected, endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of the sick by the resources of his skill, or to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion. In 1832 he issued a pamphlet entitled *Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera*, which he followed by *Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera*. In 1843 another volume of poems appeared, entitled *Domestic Verses*. In 1851 he delivered a course of six lectures at the Edin-

burgh Philosophical Institution on the poetical literature of the past half century, which was afterwards published and met with a very large sale. In June of that year his health became much impaired, and in July he proceeded to Dumfries for a change of air and scene, but he died there suddenly, July 6, 1851. His remains were interred in his native place, where a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory.

After Dr. Moir's death a collected edition of his best poems was published in Edinburgh, under the editorial superintendence of Thomas Aird, who prefixed to the work an interesting memoir of his friend. Lord Jeffrey in a letter to Moir said of his *Domestic Verses*, a new edition of which appeared recently, "I cannot resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and I hope *bettering*, emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have ever read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent." Jeffrey has very correctly set forth the character of Moir's poetry. "Casa Wappy," perhaps the best known of his poems, was written by Dr. Moir on the death of his favourite child, Charles Bell—familiarly called by him "Casa Wappy," a self-conferred pet name—who died at the age of four years. It is one of the most tender and touching effusions in the English language.

We cannot conclude this notice of the Christian poet and accomplished gentleman without quoting a few lines from an old volume of *Maga:* "His, indeed, was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandizement—a life whose value can only be appreciated now, when he has been called to receive his reward in that better world, the passport to which he sought so diligently—in youth as in manhood, in happiness as in sorrow—to obtain. Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian. We have represented Delta as he was—as he must remain ever in the affectionate memory of his friends: and with this brief and unequal tribute to his surpassing worth we take farewell of the gentlest and kindest being, of the most true and single-hearted man, whom we may ever hope to meet with in the course of this earthly pilgrimage."

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## CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given:
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven.
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart.
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair:
Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wallflower and wild pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;—
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
And truth a lie;—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn, apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

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## THE WINTER WILD.

How sudden hath the snow come down!
Last night the new moon show'd her horn,
And, o'er December's moorland brown,
Rain on the breeze's wing was borne;
But, when I ope my shutters, lo!
Old earth hath changed her garb again,

And, with its fleecy whitening, snow
O'ermantles hill and cumbers plain.

Bright snow, pure snow, I love thee well,
Thou art a friend of ancient days;
Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise;—
Far—to remotest infancy—
My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
I watch'd to earth your mazy track—

And upward look'd, with wondering eyes,
To see the heavens with motion teem,
And buttertlies, a thousand ways
Down flaking in an endless stream;
The roofs around all clothed with white,
And leafless trees with feathery claws,
And horses black with drapery bright—
Oh, what a glorious sight it was!

Each season had its joys in store,
From out whose treasury boyhood chose;
What though blue summer's reign was o'er,
Had winter not its storms and snows?
The giant then aloft was piled,
And balls in mimic war were toss'd,
And thumps dealt round in trickery wild,
As felt the passer to his cost.

The wintry day was as a spell
Unto the spirit—'twas delight
To note its varying aspects well,
From dawn to noon, from noon to night,
Pale morning on the hills afar—
The low sun's ineffectual gleam—
The twinkling of the evening star
Reflected in the frozen stream:

And when the silver moon shone forth
O'er lands and lakes, in white array'd,
And dancing in the stormy North
The red electric streamers play'd;
'Twas ecstasy, 'neath tinkling trees,
All low-born thoughts and cares exiled,
To listen to the Polar breeze,
And look upon "the winter wild."

Hollo! make way along the line:—
Hark how the peasant scuds along—
His iron heels, in concord fine,
Brattling afar their under-song:
And see, that urchin, ho-ieroe!
His truant legs they sink from under,
And to the quaking sheet below,
Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

The skater then, with motion nice,
In semicirque and graceful wheel,
Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
His chart of voyage with his heel;

Now skimming underneath the boughs—
Amid the crowd now gliding lone—
Where down the rink the curler throws,
With dext'rous arm, his booming stone.

Behold! upon the lapsing stream
The frost-work of the night appears—
Beleaguer'd castles round which gleam
A thousand glittering crystal spears;
Here galleys sail of shape grotesque;
There hills o'erspread with palmy trees;
And, mixed with temples Arabesque—
Bridges and pillar'd towers Chinese.

Ever doth winter bring to me
Deep reminiscence of the past;
The opening flower and leafing tree—
The sky without a cloud o'ercast
Themselves of beauty speak, and throw
A gleam of present joy around,
But, at each silent fall of snow,
Our hearts to boyhood's pulses bound—

To boyhood turns reflection back,
With mournful pleasure to behold
Life's early morn, the sunny track
Of feet, now mingled with the mould;
Where are the playmates of those years?
Hills rise and oceans roll between:
We call—but scarcely one appears—
No more shall be what once hath been.

Yes! gazing o'er the bleak, green sea,
The snow-clad peaks and desert plain,
Mirror'd in thought, methinks to me
The spectral past comes back again:
Once more in retrospection's eyes,
As 'twere to second life restored,
The perish'd and the past arise,
The early lost, and long deplor'd!

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## HEIGH-HO!

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,
In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely."

"O! no, no, no!" the maiden said—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
On that summer morning so early.
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;

I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave,
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, I believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?"

"O, no, no, no! I am all too young"—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
"I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

---

## TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

There is no sound upon the night,
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in smiling beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallow'd to us shall be the hour,
Yea, sacred through all time to come,
Which gave us thee,—a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another hue, and makes
The wither'd green—the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies;
And Heaven is read in every look;
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back;
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already, like a vernal flower,
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!

Ah! little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before;
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are destined thine, alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with woe.

Yet, could a father's prayers avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou should'st glide beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea:

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
His sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace, and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn!—
And cling to virtue; though the road
Be thorny, boldly travel on!

Yes; travel on—nor turn thee round,
Though dark the way and deep the shade;
Till on that shore thy feet be found,
Where bloom the palms that never fade.

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name:
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as fancy's wish could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
To duty wed, from malice free:
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see.

---

## MARY DHU.

Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew;
But sweeter art thou,
My Mary dhu.
Oh! the skies of night,
With their eyes of light,
Are not so bright
As my Mary dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,
The clouds of sorrow depart from me;
As the shadows fly
From day's bright eye,
Thou lightest life's sky,
My Mary dhu!

Sad, sad is my heart,
When I sigh, Adieu!
Or gaze on thy parting,
My Mary dhu!
Then for thee I mourn,
Till thy steps' return
Bids my bosom burn,—
My Mary dhu.
I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills,
I muse but of thee by the moorland rills;
In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me
Like the breeze,
That ruffles, in gladness,
The leafy trees;
'Tis a wafted tone
From heaven's high throne,
Making hearts thine own,
My Mary dhu.
Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet,
With colours glowing and incense sweet;
And when thou must away,
May life's rose decay
In the west wind's sway,
My Mary dhu!

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## THE SABBATH.

If earth hath aught that speaks to us of heaven,
'Tis when, within some lone and leafy dell,
Solemn and slow, we list the Sabbath bell
On music's wings through the clear ether driven;
Say not the sounds aloud, "Oh man, 'twere well
Hither to come, nor walk in sins unshriven!
Haste to this temple, tidings ye shall hear,
Ye who are sorrowful, and sick in soul,
Your doubts to chase—your downcastness to cheer;
To bind affliction's wounds, and make you whole;
Hither—come hither; though, with Tyrian dye
Guilt hath polluted you, yet, white as snow,
Cleansed by the streams that from this altar flow,
Home ye shall pass to meet your Maker's eye."

## MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

Round thee, pure moon, a ring of snowy clouds
Hover, like children round their mother dear
In silence and in joy, for ever near
The footsteps of her love. Within their shrouds,
Lonely, the slumbering dead encompass me!
Thy silver beams the mouldering Abbey float,
Black rails, memorial stones, are strew'd about;
And the leaves rustle on the hollow tree.
Shadows mark out the undulating graves;
Tranquilly, tranquilly the departed lie!—
Time is an ocean, and mankind the waves
That reach the dim shores of eternity;
Death strikes; and silence, 'mid the evening gloom,
Sits spectre-like the guardian of the tomb!

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## RURAL SCENERY.

Receded hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute,
And wild flowers all around of every hue—
Sure 'tis a lovely scene. There, knee-deep stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine,
And to the left, where cultured fields expand,
'Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline,
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please;
O how inviting to the traveller's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, 'mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, in earth and sky,
And pastoral beauty and Arcadian ease.

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## THE SCHOOL BANK.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I—
A lapse of years had intervening pass'd
Since I had heard his voice or seen him last;
The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.
Silent we thought upon the school-boy days
Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;
When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
Alone amid the landscape—'twas the same;
Where were our loud companions? Some, alas!
Silent reposed among the church-yard grass,
And some were known, and most unknown, to fame:
And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;
And where they all were happy—we did weep.

# ALEXANDER SMART.

BORN 1798—DIED 1866.

ALEXANDER SMART, the author of numerous excellent songs, was born at Montrose, April 26, 1798. A portion of his school education was received from one Norval, a teacher in the Montrose Academy, and a model of the tyrant pedagogues of the past, whose mode of infusing knowledge was afterwards satirized by Smart in his poem entitled "Recollections of Auld Langsyne." He was apprenticed to a watchmaker in his native town, and on the completion of his time of service removed to Edinburgh, where he followed the vocation of a compositor. In 1834 he issued a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Rambling Rhymes*, from which we make the subjoined selections. His volume attracted considerable attention, and Francis Jeffrey wrote to its author in the following terms:—"I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged the receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary and often laborious industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artisans of our country." A second and enlarged edition was issued in 1845. Smart is also the author of numerous excellent prose sketches, some of which have appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*. He died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, October 19, 1866, after a protracted mental illness, bringing to a close a life of strenuous toil, generous thoughts, and noble aspirations. Many of Smart's sweetest lyrics were the offspring of his happy domestic relationships and his tender friendships. Several of his short pieces, such as "Better than Gold" and "The Empty Chair," breathe a spirit of true poetry. His *Songs of Labour* contain many admirable compositions, and in his *Rhymes for Little Readers* the fables of Æsop are admirably versified.

## SPRING-TIME.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
Reels round yon bonny mill;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
Comes laughin' ower the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
Rin singin' to the sea.

The lintie whids amang the whins,
Or whistles on the thorn;
The bee comes hummin' frae his byke,
And tunes his bugle-horn;
The craik rins rispin' through the corn,
The hare scuds down the furrow;
The merry lav'rock frae the lift
Pipes out his blythe gude-morrow.

Now springs the docken by the dyke,
The nettle on the knowe;
The puddock's croakin' in the pool,
Where green the rushes grow;
The primrose nods its yellow head,
The gowan sports its charms;
The burrie-thistle to the breeze
Flings out its prickly arms.

Now moudiewarts begin to howk
And bore the tender fallow;
And deuks are paidlin' in the pool,
Where skims the gapin' swallow;
The clockin' hen, wi' clamorous din,
The midden scarts an' scrubs;
The guse brings a' her gaislins out,
To daidle through the dubs.

Now bairns get aff their hose an' shoon,
And rin' ther'out a' barefit;
But rantin' through the bloomin' whins,
The rogues get mony a sair fit.
Ill fares it then, by bush or brake,
If on the nest they light,
Of buntlin' wi' the tuneless beak,
Or ill-starred yellow-yite.

The gowk's heard in the leafy wood,
The lambs frisk o'er the field;
The wee bird gathers taits o' woo,
To busk its cozy bield;
The corbie croaks upon the tree,
His auld paternal tower;
While the sentimental cushie doo
Croods in her greenwood bower.

The kye gae lowin' o'er the loan,
As cheery daylight fades;
And bats come flaffin' through the fauld,
And birds gae to their beds;
Then jinkin' out by bent an' brae,
When they are seen by no man,
The lads and lasses blithely meet,
And cuddle in the gloamin'.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
Reels round yon bonny mill;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
Comes laughin' ower the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
Rin singin' to the sea.

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## MADIE'S SCHULE.

When weary wi' toil, or when cankered wi' care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
In awful authority Madie was seen;
Her close-luggit mutch towered aloft in its pride,
Her lang winsey apron flowed down by her side,
The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—
Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she!

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons would sing,
On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glowered aff his book,
Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
She ne'er spak' a word, but the taws she would fling!
The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,
While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies would fa',
Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could reward,
The gude and the eydant aye won her regard—
A Saturday penny she freely would gi'e,
And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.
It sweetened the joys o' that dear afternoon,
When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,
And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,
And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin' day,
When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,
And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e;
The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight—
E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
While Madie, dread Madie! would laugh in her chair,
As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er again meet—
Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
The taws and the penny are vanished for aye,
And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead and gane—
But dear to remembrance wi' them wha remain,
Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stool,
An' conned ower their lesson in auld Madie's schule.

---

## OH, LEAVE ME NOT.

Oh, leave me not! the evening hour,
So soft, so still, is all our own;
The dew descends on tree and flower,
They breathe their sweets for thee alone.
Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
And dying echoes, faint and far,
Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
That lip to press, those smiles to win,
Will lend a rapture to the night.

Let fortune fling her favours free
To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine;
Oh, what is all the world to me
While thus I clasp and call thee mine!

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# JOANNA B. PICKEN.

Born 1798 — Died 1859.

Joanna Belfrage Picken, authoress of several admired Scottish songs and *vers de société*, was born at Edinburgh, May 8, 1798. She was a daughter of the "Poet of Paisley," as Ebenezer Picken was familiarly called, and Robina, sister of the Rev. Dr. Henry Belfrage, the Christian author and philanthropist. Her earliest poems were contributed to the *Glasgow Courier* and *Free Press* in 1828. Miss Picken emigrated to Canada in 1842, settling in the city of Montreal, and during her residence there contributed under the signature of "Alpha" to the *Literary Garland* and *Transcript*. She maintained herself principally by teaching music, in which art she was a thorough proficient. Miss Picken died at Montreal, March 24, 1859. Her poems were never collected for publication in a volume, and the manuscript of some forty-five pieces is now in the possession of her brother H. B. Picken.

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## AN AULD FRIEND WI' A NEW FACE.

A queer kind o' lott'ry is marriage—
Ye never ken what ye may draw,
Ye may get a braw hoose an' a carriage,
Or maybe get nae hoose ava.
I say na 'tis *best* to be single,
But ae thing's to me unco clear:
Far better sit *lane* by the ingle
Than thole what some wives hae to bear.
It's braw to be dancin' and gaffin'
As lang as nae trouble befa'—
But heeh! she is sune ower wi' daffin'
That's woo'd, an' married, an' a'.

She maun labour frae sunrise till dark,
An' aft tho' her means be but sma',
She gets little thanks for her wark—
Or as aften gets nae thanks ava.
She maun tak just whatever may come,
An' say nocht o' her fear or her hope;
There's nae use o' lievin' in Rome,
An' tryin' to feeht wi' the Pope.
Hectored an' lectured an' a,
Snubbed for whate'er may befa',
Than *this*, she is far better aff—
That never gets married ava'.

Oh, then come the bairns without number,
An' there's naething but kisses an' licks—
Adieu then to sleep an' to slumber,
An' the Pa is as cross as twa sticks.
A' the week she is makin' their parritch,
An' turnin' auld frocks into new;
An' on Sunday she learns them their carritch,
Puir wife! there's nae rest-day for you.
Warkin' an' fechtin' awa,
Saturday, Sunday, an' a';
In troth she is no that ill aff
That never gets married ava.

In nae time the cauld an' the wheesles
Get into your family sae sma',
An' the chincough, the croup, or the measles
Is sure to tak' aff ane or twa.
An' wi' them gang the puir mither's joys,
Nae comfort seems left her ava—
As she pits by the claes an' the toys
That belanged to the wee things awa'.
Doctors an' drugs an' a',
Bills an' buryin's an' a',
Oh surely her heart may be lichter
That never was married ava.

The married maun aft bear man's scornin',
An' humour his capers an' fykes;
But the single can rise in the mornin',
An' gang to her bed when she likes;
An' when ye're in sickness and trouble,
Just tell me at wha's door ye ca';

It's no whar ten bairns mak' a hubble,
But at *hers* that has nae bairns ava.
Usefu', an' peacefu', an' cantie,
Quiet, an' eanny, an' a',
It's gude to ha'e sister or auntie
That never was married ava.

A wife maun be humble an' hamely,
Aye ready to rise, or to rin;
An' oh! when she's brocht up a family,
It's then her warst sorrows begin;
For the son, he maun e'en ha'e a wife;
An' the dochter a hoose o' her ain;
An' then, thro' the battle o' life,
They ne'er may forgather again.
Cantie, an' quiet, an' a',
Altho' her bit mailin be sma',
In truth she is no that ill aff
That never gets married ava.

It's far better still to keep single
Than sit wi' yer face at the wa',
An' greet ower the sons and the dochters
Ye've buried and married awa'.
I fain wad deny, but I canna,
Altho' to confess it I grieve,
Folks seldom care muckle for grannie,
Unless she has something to leave.
It's nae that I seek to prevent ye,
For that wad be rhyme thrown awa';
But, lassies, I pray, just content ye,
Altho' ye're ne'er married ava.

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### THE DEATH-WATCH.

Tic, tic, tic!—
I've a quarrel to pick
With thee, thou little elf—
For my heart beats quick
As thy tic, tic, tic,
Resounds from the old green shelf.

When I cease to weep,
When I strive to sleep,
Thou art there with thy tiny voice;
And thoughts of the past
Come rushing fast,
E'en with that still, small voice.

'Tis said thou hast power,
At the midnight hour,
Of death and of doom to tell;
Of rest in the grave,
That the world ne'er gave,
And I love on this theme to dwell.

Dost thou call *me* home?—
Oh! I come, I come;
For never did lone heart pine
For a quiet berth
In its mother earth,
With a deeper throb than mine.

Then tic, tic, tic—
Let thy work be quick;
I ask for no lengthen'd day—
'Tis enough, kind one,
If thy work be done
In the merry month of May.

For birds in the bowers,
And the blooming flowers,
Then gladden the teeming earth;
And methinks that I
Would like to die
In the month that gave me birth.

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# ERSKINE CONOLLY.

BORN 1798—DIED 1843.

ERSKINE CONOLLY, author of the popular song of "Mary Macneil," was born at Crail, Fifeshire, June 12, 1798. He was educated at the burgh-school of his native place, and afterwards apprenticed to a bookseller in Anstruther—the birthplace of Chalmers, Tennant, and Charles Gray. He then started business on his own account as a bookseller in the small town of Colinsburgh, but after a few years gave it up and went to Edinburgh. Here he became a messenger-at-arms—a vocation, it would naturally be inferred, of all others unsuited for a poet; but in "Auld Reekie" a great part of the messenger's business consists in serving merely formal writs, and he is rarely a witness to scenes of real

distress. Conolly's manner was exceedingly gentle and refined—his disposition amiable and affectionate. He never married, and his friends surmised that some mystery in this respect overshadowed his life. He was a favourite in society, and had a wide circle of friends, among whom may be mentioned the poets Gilfillan, Gray, Vedder, and Latto, to the last-mentioned of whom the Editor is chiefly indebted for the information contained in this brief notice. Conolly did not write much, but had considerable versatility; he could be witty, quizzical, dignified, or sentimental, as the humour prompted. In his piece "The Greetin' Bairn" there is much weird power, and several of his songs and poems are highly finished. He was fastidious in polishing his verses, and had a happy faculty of imitating some of the early bards, especially "Peter Pindar" and the author of "Anster Fair." Conolly's poems were never collected or published. He died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1843.

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## THE GREETIN' BAIRN.

Why hies yonder wicht wi' sic tremblin' speed
Whar the saughs and the fir-trees grow?
And why stands he wi' sic looks o' dreid
Whar the waters wimplin flow?

O eerie the tale is that I could impart,
How at Yule's black and dreary return
Cauld curdles the bluid at the bauldest heart,
As it crosses the Dennan Burn!

'Twas Yule's dread time, when the spirits hae power
Through the dark yetts o' death to return;—
'Twas Yule's dread time, and the midnicht hour
When the witches astride on the whirlwinds ride
On their way to the Dennan Burn!

The ill-bodin' howlet screight eerily by,
And loudly the tempest was ravin',
When shrill on the blast cam' the weary woman's cry,
And the screams o' the greetin' bairn!

"O, open the door, for I've tint my gate,
And the frost winds snelly blaw!
O save my wee bairn frae a timeless fate,
Or its grave is the driftin' snaw!"

"Now get on your gate, ye fell weird wife—
Ower my hallan ye sall na steer;
Though ye sicker can sweep thro' the tempest's strife,
On my lintel-stane is the rowan-tree rife,
And ye daurna enter here!"

"O nippin' and cauld is the wintry blast,
And sadly I'm weary and worn;
O save my wee bairn—its blood's freezin' fast,
And we'll baith live to bless ye the morn!"

"Now get on your gate, ye unco wife;
Nae scoug to sic gentry I'll gi'e;
On my lintel the red thread and rowan-tree is rife,
And ye daurna lodge wi' me!"

Sair, sair she prigget, but prigget in vain,
For the auld carle drove her awa';
And loud on the nicht breeze she vented her mane,
As she sank wi' her bairn, ne'er to waken again,
Whar the burn ran dark through the snaw.

And aften sin' syne has her ghaist been seen
Whar the burn winds down by the fern;
And aft has the traveller been frighted at e'en
By the screams o' the greetin' bairn.

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## MARY MACNEIL.

The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;
An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
A' glowin' wi' gladness she leaned on her lover,
Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover
The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily,
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces played sportive around her;
She smil'd, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;

An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in,
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein';
The autumn, his corse on the red battlefiel';
The winter the maiden found heartbroken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf ower Mary Macneil.

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## TO MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Herald of old age, or offspring of care,
How shall I greet thee? my first gray hair!
Comest thou a soother, or censor? in ruth
For the woes, or in ire for the errors of youth?
To speak of thy parent's companionship past,
Or proclaim that thy master will follow thee fast?

Comest thou like ark-dove, commission'd to say
That the waters of life are fast ebbing away,
And soon shall my tempest-toss'd bark be at rest?
Or, avenger of talent-buds recklessly slain,
Art thou sent like the mark to the forehead of Cain?
Thou art silent, but deeply my heart is impress'd
With all thy appearance should stimulate there—
May it cherish thy lessons, my first gray hair!